

878
Rod & Gun

FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL, PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,
FISHCULTURE, YACHTING AND CANOEING,

AND THE

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST
IN OUTDOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

VOLUME LVII.

JULY, 1901—DECEMBER, 1901.



PUBLISHED BY THE
FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK

1901

FOREST AND STREAM.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 1.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

That old story about the little boy with the pin hook who ketched all the fish, while the gentleman with the modern improvements who stood alongside of him "kep' throwin' out his beautiful flies and never got nothin'," is a pure lie.—Frank R. Stockton.

THE HOME OF THE BASS.

AN illustration supplement goes with this issue. It is "The Home of the Bass," from a drawing by W. P. Davison, whose trout stream picture "Between Casts" was given with our issue of June 1. Others of the series were: April 6, "The Trapper's Camp"; May 4, "Rap Full." Early announcement will be made of a new series.

This is the weather when if one could not go fishing in cool waters the next best thing would be to play first assistant to Game Protector Overton in the exploration of the Arctic Freezing Company's cold storage rooms.

Your prophets who foretell the future of a game species are no more sure of their ground than those who prognosticate of other things. The freaks of fashion may stimulate or discourage the pursuit of an animal hunted for its fur; invention may provide an oil to take the place of that obtained from another species; the unanticipated settlement of a remote district may wholly change conditions. In Lieut. Schwatka's account of his raft journey down the Yukon in 1882, he prophesies of the moose, "The Yukon Valley will give them a safe refuge from civilization when the hunting of them in Maine and Canada will exist only in books and stories." There were two factors affecting this matter which Schwatka did not take into consideration—the discovery of gold on the Yukon and the development of the game protective idea in Maine and the Provinces. The Yukon gold has attracted a vast population into what was in Schwatka's time an unsettled and practically unexplored wilderness; and with the coming of the gold seeker the price of moose meat has been put up, and the game has been and is now so persistently hunted that the prophet of 1901 would reverse the prophet of 1882, and declare that the chances of longer survival were with the game of Maine and Canada. With right protection the Maine game will last for many generations of moose and men.

The small boy hunter, who stalks the mother robin in June and kills her if his aim is lucky or true, comes in for a generous share of hard words from those who have never been boys themselves—that is to say, women and some men—and none of us have any too much patience with the predatory youngster when he invades our own orchards or lawns and pots the birds in which we have a quasi proprietary interest. But the boy is not the one to blame. It is his mother. Boys don't think. Their mothers ought to. The mother woman should protect the mother bird.

Send a lock of your hair, your photograph and ten dollars and receive by return mail a non-resident license to hunt in Illinois. The photograph is the latest wrinkle. It must be pasted on to the license for purposes of identification. But if the shooters who go shooting in Illinois are like the sportsmen of other parts, the rough and disreputable looking tramp who comes to town after a week of burning gunpowder could not be identified as the original of his own photo on his license.

Another new wrinkle in Illinois is the omission of quail and woodcock from the protection of the game law. This is only one more in a long series of blunders which mark our game legislation. Here is an ambiguity in the New York law intended to protect wild birds other than game. Prior to the revision of this year the section read:

"Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird,

kingfisher, and birds for which there is an open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time," etc.

In this text the intent clearly was to except the "birds for which there is an open season" from the class to be protected at all times, and the term "birds for which there is an open season" clearly refers to game birds.

But as revised this year, the prohibition reads, "Wild birds other than the English sparrow, crow, hawk, crane, raven, crow-blackbird, common blackbird, kingfisher, and birds for which there is no open season, shall not be taken or possessed at any time," etc. The wording and punctuation remain the same as before, and the meaning of the section is then that the English sparrow and other named species and all other birds except game birds for which there is an open season may be killed at any time. "Birds for which there is no open season" are all birds other than game, and for them the New York law now provides no protection whatever.

Still another example of "English as she is wrote" is contained in the law which the American Ornithologists' Union has induced a number of States to adopt. The admirable purpose of this law is to define the game birds and to protect all others. By an ingeniously stupid employment of a double negative in several instances these laws forbid the killing of non-game birds, but permit their sale. For example, in Maine the law reads: "No person shall kill * * * any wild bird other than a game bird, nor shall purchase, offer or expose for sale any such wild bird." In other words, no person shall not purchase. And in New Jersey "no person shall take nests or eggs of wild birds," nor shall have such nests or eggs in possession, which is to say that no person shall not have the eggs in possession. To declare that no person shall not, is equivalent to saying that every person shall.

The Society for the Protection of Native Plants is a Boston institution, founded by persons interested in wild flowers, and cognizant of the fact that many of our native plants are exposed to the danger of extermination. It is the announced intention of the Society to publish brief articles, or leaflets, calling the attention of thoughtful people to the matter, and to point out what plants especially need protection and in what way the desired end may be best effected. The leaflets will be distributed to teachers in schools, to flower missions and village improvement societies, and in other places where they will be effective. The co-operation of wild flower lovers is invited, and the movement is one which should have cordial support. There is at present no membership fee. The secretary is Miss Maria E. Carter, Curator of Herbarium, Boston Society of Natural History, Boston, Mass.

The State Forest, Fish and Game Commission has placed in the Adirondacks a herd of twenty elk, four of them males. They were presented to New York by William C. Whitney, and come from his Table Mountain preserve in the Berkshires of Massachusetts. It is given out that George J. Gould is arranging to procure a herd of moose in Canada to be presented to the State for the Adirondacks.

The sportsmen of Havana are considering the introduction of desirable game into Cuba, and when the Cuban legislative machinery is in running order a new game code will be adopted. It is suggested by some persons who have no reverence for antiquity that the ancient Spanish laws on game should make way for something embodying modern progress. There is one statute which we trust no one will venture to relegate to oblivion. It is the one which provides that rabbits shall not be tracked in the snow. As Cuba has neither rabbits nor snow, it is evident that here is one game law which absolutely cannot be broken, and a law like that our Cuban brothers of the gun should be proud to possess.

Among the objects upon which we come on our field excursions none are more provocative of speculation and dreaming than the chance memorials of man's former occupation.

It may be that in our outing under Southern skies we come upon little heaps of stones disposed at regular intervals, which mark the spot where in the years of strife was bivouacked a winter encampment of troops; and as we study out the street plan of the camp we may conjure up in fancy, or in recollection, perhaps, the scenes of

those momentous years, and see again the evening fires or hear the reveille.

In the further South, where the surface of the ground is not subject to the leveling effect of frost, it is not at all unusual to find an "old field" with the ridges of the crop still rising above the surface, clearly marking the rows, and with giant pines growing from them, showing that the cultivators of the soil who labored here had gathered their last crops before nature planted the trees.

Sometimes in our quest of big game in the mountains of the West we come upon a series of stones and rocks so disposed as to form the wings of a V, with the long sides converging gradually to its point at the brink of a cliff, and we know that here in the long ago was an Indian buffalo piskan. If not too eager in our own quest, we may pause a moment to recall the exciting scenes that were enacted here in the days of the red hunter, when the game was craftily lured to the mouth of the fatal chute, and then the thundering herd was driven down the ever-converging, always narrowing lane of death, and over the precipice to its doom. Game and hunters both alike have long since passed from the land; but to one who can read the story these weather-worn piskan stones are eloquent with their suggestion of the old-time ways.

Or it may be that an old cock grouse has lured us on and on in the cover until we stumble upon the fallen stone chimney and the vine-clad foundations of an old New England homestead. Here stood the house; there was the well; the barn was just over there, and the apples gone wild tell us of the orchard. Beyond on a gently swelling knoll shaded by great elms, and most pathetic of all, is the little inclosure where, in keeping with a custom not uncommon, the family laid their dead to sleep the long sleep. All this we may study out, but the old partridge devoid of sentiment has stolen away, and we may carry home the picture of New England family life our fancy has painted, but no game in the bag.

It is a law of nature that relaxation should follow effort. It matters not whether the effort is of the mind or body, or both, nature ordains that if the organism is best conserved rest must follow. This does not signify that a period of activity is necessarily followed by a period of inactivity or dormancy. The mere alternation from one to the other has no significance in respect to wholesome recreation. True rest and development require change of scene, change of thought and change of effort. After engaging for weeks or months in the narrow confines of a vocation the best powers of either man or woman gradually decline. All that is pleasurable is worn away and in time without any relaxation, a vocation and drudgery are one.

A change from a contemplation of man's own handiwork to a contemplation of the work of omnipotence is the best restorative. The rest and change conferred by the benefit of the trees are indicated by a vivacity of mind and vigor of body, a broader view of life and appreciation of life's purposes, and the probabilities of added years.

Rest and wholesome recreation are best where the trees grow. The camper can erect his tent and live in the environment of primitive man and still enjoy the luxuries of civilization.

The sunlight, the fragrance of the wilderness and fields, the beauties spread everywhere so gratifying to the eye, the pure air free from the contaminations of the city, are a tonic to mind and body, far transcending any of the nostrums of mankind.

For him whose recreation is with rod and reel, the benefits of the trees, too, are free. They enhance the charms of the waters wherein dwell the brave and wary trout or bass, and gratify the angler's eye as the touch of rod and reel is gratifying to his hand.

In the unrelenting struggle of civilization, men are prone to believe that they cannot afford the time to partake of the benefits of the trees. In such a narrow view they fail to perceive that they are certain to live a shorter life as measured by years, and a narrower life as measured by the social and business horizon, and by individual capabilities. If the artificial phases of life predominate to the neglect of the natural, the time will come when nature will exact a settlement. The allotted span of life can be reached more happily by taking the rest enjoined by the doctrine of recreation told in the whisperings of the trees.

The Sportsman Tourist.

By Clifty Creek.

By Clifty Creek in this lone wood
I'm Nature's charmed and honored guest.
For me she decks her maidenhood
In colors bright and loveliest;
For me her song birds tune their throats,
And warble blithesome, sweetest lays;
While o'er it all a memory floats
Of cherished bygone days—
Of days when these cool, limpid pools,
And these bright, laughing ripples free,
Sang me a song not learned in schools,
Of faith and hope and constancy.
Ah! that was years and years gone by,
But as I linger list to-day,
They sing the same old glad refrain—
They'll sing it on and on for aye.

COLUMBUS, Ind.

WM. J. BECK.

Old Duke.

It was the hottest part of a hot August day. The sun beat down from a sky of brass overhead upon the dry, arid plain, sending back great waves of quivering, scorching heat; the earth seemed transformed into a vast fiery furnace, and the creatures of the plains gladly sought the meager protection afforded by the scanty shade of the scraggly mesquit or the spreading cottonwood. It was therefore no wonder that the ever inquisitive prairie dogs poked their heads out of doors, half-curious, half-alarmed, as the quick thud, thud, thud of light hoof beats on the hard ground, like the distant tattoo of a drum, told them that in spite of the overpowering heat danger was abroad, and that some animal was fleeing for its life.

The prairie dogs dodged back into their holes as a herd of panting, half-exhausted antelope swept by with their tongues lolling from their mouths and their wide expanded nostrils showing red as blood, while their breath came in short, wheezing gasps through their parched throats. They disappeared over the next rise, heading in the direction of Sweetwater Creek, and scarcely were they lost to view when another creature appeared in sight following fast on their trail, and the cause of their wild flight through the terrible heat became apparent. The pursuer was a huge Scotch staghound. He ran with his head well up, covering the ground with mighty bounds with a speed known only to his kind. He looked neither to the right nor to the left, but ever straight ahead in the line of the antelopes' flight, panting heavily as he ran, and it was easy to see that the strain of the chase was beginning to tell on him as on the ones he was pursuing.

He had been running for two long hours, and would gladly have given up the exhausting struggle, but his master had commanded him, and it was his duty to follow the trail until called off, or until he could run no more. To him it seemed a cruel thing to ask a dog to run on such a day. If it were only a wolf—one of his mortal enemies—that was leading him this chase, there would be some consolation in it, but to run antelope in such weather seemed not only foolish, but criminal and unsportsmanlike as well. It might be sport for his master to watch this race of death, but it was cruel sport at best, appealing to his master alone. The hound's strong limbs worked automatically as he sped over the ground with the same unbroken stride. The scorching sun beat down upon him, the suffocating waves of heat smote him in the face and parched his throat and half-blinded him; still he ran on. Oh, for a drink of fresh, cold water to quench the thirst that consumed him! As if in answer to his prayer the trail led down into a hollow where, at certain seasons of the year, a noisy stream was wont to flow. The course of the channel was now marked merely by a dry, rock-strewn gully, but in the shelter of a high bank there still remained a shallow pool of stagnant water. The antelope had paused here to drink and had trampled the pool and fouled the water, but to the thirsty staghound the miry puddle that was left was gratefully welcomed and proved his salvation. He lapped up the fetid water eagerly, and then dropped to the ground in the scanty shade of a small, crooked mesquit tree for a brief respite from the killing run.

He rested but a moment, and again took up the trail. As he left the hollow and mounted the next rise, he commanded a wide view of the plain before him, and there, not a quarter of a mile away, he espied his quarry. The antelope had paused to look back, thinking, no doubt, that their relentless enemy had at last wearied of the chase, but as the hound appeared in sight they sped away and the never-ending race began anew. Gradually one of the herd, a young buck, dropped behind the others, unable to longer endure the killing pace. It was a terrible struggle that followed. The young buck, worn out and exhausted, made a mighty effort to regain the herd, but his tired limbs would not respond. The staghound drew nearer and nearer, running unsteadily, all his strength, all his will power, brought to his aid in this last dash. He closed in on the doomed buck, and with a final desperate spring caught the antelope by the throat, and together they rolled on the ground. The buck was too exhausted to make any resistance. He had run his last race, and succumbed to his fate without an effort. The hunter and the hunted, both had reached the limit of their endurance. The staghound had not the strength to rise but lay beside his victim, waiting for the master for whom he had striven so hard, at whose command he had slain an innocent unoffending creature.

The rays of the setting sun lingered for a moment on the two forms lying there so still, the living as silent as the dead; then the great, red, fiery disk sank below the horizon and the scorched earth gave a sigh of relief, gladly welcoming escape from the withering heat and the faintly stirring breezes of the approaching night. As the twilight deepened into darkness the moon rose and flooded the rolling stretches of sand hill and plain with her pale light. The skulking wolf stole forth from his hidden lair and sent up his evening serenade to the moon before starting on his nightly prowling in search of food. The scent of blood from the newly slain antelope was borne to his nostrils from afar, and gradually three or four shadowy, flitting forms drew near, in answer to the summons to the feast, and cautiously approached the spot

where the dead buck lay, half fearful of some hidden ambush, or the cold clutch of one of those dreaded traps which the hated men creatures oftentimes concealed near the carcass of an animal for the undoing of all unwise, unsophisticated wolves. Suddenly a tall, gaunt form rose slowly from the shadow where the dead buck lay, and the cowardly wolves fled in affright as they recognized the form of their most implacable foe.

The staghound stood for a moment beside the fallen buck, and then with tottering, swaying steps started on the long, painful journey home. His strength failed him ere he had proceeded far, and he sank to the ground with a pitiful whine. If he could only reach the pool of stagnant water he felt that he might yet save himself. Half crawling, half dragging himself along, he continued on his way, until, after what seemed an eternity of suffering, he reached the gully and the miry pool only to find that some other creature had been there before him and drunk the last drop of the precious fluid. The patient hound sought the shelter of the mesquit tree, and with a last despairing, mournful cry laid himself down to die. His cry was answered by the deep-toned baying of a hound, sounding faint and far away. As in a dream he heard the sound of a horse, hard-riden, rapidly approaching, and then a shrill whistle followed by a familiar voice shouting his name:

"Duke! Duke, old fellow! Where are you? Where is he, Music? Hunt him out!"

He gave a weak answering bark, and the next instant the cold muzzle of his old friend Music, the big fox hound, was thrust in his face, and Old Duke, the best dog in the State of Texas, knew that he was saved at last.

At sundown of that same day Harry Reynolds, owner of the H Horizontal Bar Ranch (so named from its brand, which read H—), threw the saddle over J. C.'s back and reckoned he would jog over to the B Diamond Ranch on a matter of business. It was only a five-mile ride, but owing to the extreme heat he did not hurry his pony, and it was dusk when he finally drew rein before the abode of his friend, Beady Miller, owner of the B Diamond Ranch. He found that gentleman seated on an upturned bucket before the door of his house smoking his Texas meerschaum.

"Howdy, Hal," the latter drawled, rising to his feet and extending a huge paw as Reynolds swung himself from the saddle and advanced to meet him. "What brought you out on such an infernal hot night?"

"Hello, Beady!" Harry responded. "Just thought I'd ride over and have a talk. How's everything?"

"Sizzlin', just at present. I fried my bacon on the grindstone this evenin', and all our hens are layin' hard-boiled eggs. I'm thinkin' of reducin' the cook's wages."

Harry grinned and eyed his friend with an amused expression on his handsome face.

"You're about the hottest looking proposition I've been up against this summer," he observed.

"I reckon I be," said Beady Miller, complacently. The owner of the B Diamond Ranch had rightfully earned his sobriquet. He had a great, bushy head of very red hair, but the thing that most attracted the attention was the profuse growth of the same material that covered his face, concealing all his features, save his eyes and nose. Luckily for the peace of the community at large, his disposition was less fiery than appearances would seem to indicate.

The two men chatted a while over their pipes, and Harry had just risen to go when something seemed to occur to him.

"Where's Old Duke?" he inquired. "He generally comes to meet me."

"I left him runnin' a herd of antelope," Beady Miller replied. "I don't reckon he caught 'em, and for all I know he's runnin' yet."

"You don't mean to say you ran the dogs such a day as this, do you?" Reynolds cried in amazement. "You must be crazy."

"No; not all of them—only Old Duke. We was out together, and he spotted that old herd and looked to me for orders. I couldn't resist seein' a little fun, so I says, 'Get after 'em, and of course he got. I followed for a spell, but it got too hot, so I come home, and Duke was too far away to hear me when I called him. I reckon he'll be along after a bit."

"He'll wind himself and drop in his tracks, that's what he'll do," Harry declared, with emphasis, and without another word turned away, filled his canteen at the well and sprang into the saddle. "Where's the rest of the dogs?" he demanded.

"In the kennel. What you goin' to do?"

"Go after Old Duke. The moon will be out to-night. Let me have one of the dogs."

"Tain't any use—" Beady Miller began.

"I'm going to try, anyhow," the other interrupted.

"Let me have Music."

"Oh, all right! If you're dead set on goin'," Beady Miller declared. He knew that when Harry Reynolds made up his mind to do a thing arguments were futile. He disappeared in the direction of the kennel, and in a few moments a large, deep-chested, finely marked fox hound came trotting up to Reynolds and looked at him inquiringly.

"Where did you last seen the antelope?" Harry called out to Beady Miller, impatiently.

"About a mile up the big hollow. Better strike straight across for the divide. They always circle in that direction you know."

"All right; I'll strike their trail. Come on, Music." He wheeled his pony and started away at a canter, with Music running a little in the lead. "The crazy fool, to run a dog on such a day as this," he muttered angrily to himself.

"He's a queer one," Beady Miller soliloquized, as he resealed himself on the bucket. "But he'll never find Old Duke."

If there was one thing Harry loved more than another it was a good horse; next to horses came dogs in his affections, and Old Duke, Beady Miller's Scotch staghound, was just about his ideal of what a dog should be. Swift in the chase, strong in endurance, a brave fighter and a staunch friend, and next to a horse a man's best companion—that is what a dog should be. Old Duke was all of this and more, and Harry said hard things about Beady Miller as he and his two companions hurried along through the gathering darkness on their mission of mercy. And just as the full moon appeared above the

edge of the plain, like some huge lantern hanging in the heavens, just as the noble staghound, half-crazed with thirst and almost wholly exhausted, began his ineffectual struggle to drag himself home; just then Music struck the trail and proclaimed the news in the rich, vibrant tones that had gained for him his name, and J. C. pricked up his ears and quickened his pace, ready to perform his share of the work in hand, whatever it might prove to be.

Had they followed where the trail led they would have had a long run before them, but Harry knew the ways of this particular herd, that they would double in a wide circle and head for the divide, so he called off the hound and struck straight across country. He was more fortunate than he had dared to hope to be in picking up the trail again. He was nearing the gully now where the staghound had paused to drink, when suddenly the mournful death cry of the hound sounded faintly far ahead. Music sent back the answering cry; J. C. responded to the quick spoken word and broke into a run, and Harry gave vent to the shout that had reached the ears of the dying staghound.

There was a quick scramble through the rocky gully. Harry sprang from the saddle while his horse was still running, and rushed forward after Music to the crooked mesquit tree where Old Duke lay dying of thirst. Making a basin of his hat, Harry filled it with water from his canteen, and raising the dog's head, supported him while the life saving draught trickled down his parched throat.

When he had done everything in his power to relieve Old Duke's sufferings, Harry endeavored to coax the hound to follow him, but all to no avail. Old Duke's strength was spent; he made a feeble effort to stand, and then sank back with an appealing look which Harry could not resist. Stooping, he lifted the big dog in his strong arms and placed him across his saddle. Mounting carefully behind him, he held the hound in place, and with a word to J. C. started back for the B Diamond Ranch.

Beady Miller had found the house too warm for comfort, and had made his bed out in the open air on the ground. The approach of the rescuing party awakened him, and he sat up, rubbing his eyes in astonishment as he saw Harry carefully lift Old Duke down and then hurriedly draw a bucket of water from the well and proceed to give the staghound a good bath and a rubbing down.

"What in thunder are you all doin'?" Beady Miller at last inquired, wonderingly.

"Trying to save Old Duke's life," the other grunted, in response.

"I thought you gave the hunt up long ago. What's wrong with the hound?"

"Dead beat and nearly dead for want of water. I don't reckon he'll ever run again. If I had him over at my place I might pull him through."

"You don't say he's that bad? I didn't suppose he'd run himself to death, but then I ain't used to these yere sight dogs. If you want the hound you can have him. I reckon you think more of him than I do, and you say he's winded so he won't be good for much."

"All right. I'll be glad to have him," Harry responded. "He'll do now till morning. I'll ride over to-morrow and see how he's getting on. So long." He swung himself into the saddle—this man who was never known to get tired—and before the sound of his horse's hoof beats had died away in the distance Beady Miller was snoring peacefully; but a tired, worn out staghound raised his head, listening until the last faint hoof beat had sounded, and then, with a deep breath that was like a sigh, his head sank wearily between his paws, and he too fell asleep.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Companions on Outings.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the interesting discussions in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, little, if anything, has been written as to the advisability of taking one's outing alone, or with companions. It seems that such a discussion might prove interesting and instructive. The novice, at least, might profit from reading the experiences of those competent to be heard on both sides.

It must be generally admitted that on outings which take one a long distance from home, a congenial companion or two lends a feeling of confidence and security, and tends to ward off homesickness. But must not all this be purchased at the price of unfettered independence? Is the price not worth more than the purchase?

If one prefers big-game hunting, the employment of the same guide each trip supplies a companion who comes not to be a stranger. Trips like this allow the widest realization of liberty, and completely free one from all delicacy of feeling that he might trespass on the rights of others. If one desires a few days' canoeing, he has but to command and the guide is ready and willing to obey. If camping, in a spot that strikes the fancy, is wished, the thought has but to be communicated to the guide and the wish is fulfilled. If fishing is desired, just pass the word, and the faithful guide is ready. Then, too, one is kept clear of companionship that might not prove congenial to him—or vice versa. Then the chances of some one being shot by mistake for game are nearly eliminated, and the absence of boisterous excitement brings one's being into closer communion with nature and her wonderful works.

It has been truly said and written that "one man knows another thoroughly only when he has camped with him." Where one indulges in an outing with untried companions the success and pleasures of the outing are reduced to the chances of a lottery. This, I know, is plain talk, and I intend it shall be so. I know of instances where men who had known one another for years and been the best of friends, became the bitterest enemies on an extended outing. This could not have happened had each taken his outing alone.

Then there is the question of economy. Some like a more expensive outing than others, and what might be called economy by some, would be classed as penury by others. Economy is all proper enough, but the really penurious individual has no business indulging in a fishing, hunting or yachting outing, for some one has truthfully said, "Such pleasures are among the luxuries of life." Penury and the price of luxury cannot travel hand in hand. Whether in camp or not, the penurious individual is apt to look upon the naturally generous person as being demented, and the generous person (rightly, I think)

associates the penurious individual with the word "swine." Put the two under canvas, miles away from home, and how will they enjoy their outing together?

Each individual has his peculiarities and imperfections, although there are persons who think they are exceptions to this rule. If one is determined, therefore, to take his hunting or fishing outing with a companion, judgment should be exercised in the selection. Let the person be as near your own temperament and tastes as possible. My own experience has been that men of far better education than myself have made the most considerate and enjoyable company. Refinement usually travels hand in hand with education, and the outgrowth of both is consideration for the feelings and failings of others. Of course there are thousands of uneducated persons who have been endowed by nature with feelings of consideration and sympathy. But the fact remains that these excellent qualities are more apt to be found with good breeding than otherwise.

I have found guides excellent company and the very best of companions. They are intelligent, too, for their vocation naturally brings them in the company of people of education. Many a guide has eaten and slept under the same canvas roof, for weeks, perhaps, with men whose names are household words throughout the civilized world. This being the case, it is not surprising that the majority of guides can talk intelligently and interestingly on nearly all questions of the day. Yet, many of them fail to see a newspaper for weeks, or, perhaps, months.

If one takes his outing with a guide (which I freely admit to my mind is the ideal way), he should not consider that, in Maine at least, \$2 per day is enough wages for guide hire, for \$3 is not an exorbitant price, but about what should be the average in these days. The average guide doesn't earn that much for perhaps 125 days in the year, and \$375 per annum is not much of a salary. I have heard penurious individuals argue that \$1.50 per day is enough to pay any guide. They are business men, too, and if you should deal with them they would demand the highest price for their wares. Such persons would luxuriate at a guide's expense, but they are not even willing that the guide should receive living wages from them. If, by accident, you should get into camp with such as these for companions, look out, for they will surely live at your expense.

Days or half-days afield or afloat near home can be tolerated if one finds himself in distasteful company—it is soon over then. But on an extended outing the whole trip is spoiled, and one would be better off to stay at home.

The most despicable individual that fate can throw an honest sportsman into the company of, even for the fractional part of a second, is the worthy who knows it all, and growls at the weather. Invariably he is an ignoramus of the first degree, but too brainless to know it. He blats of the ignorance of geologists, biologists, fishcultists, naturalists and all other scientists, and presumes to set up his own silly reasoning as the highest standard of intelligence. As Mark Twain would say, "He fails to mention that he is a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass." But intelligent people know it.

This worthy would be amusing if the above were his worst characteristics. But he rides rough-shod over other people's property, breaks down fences, shoots trespass signs to pieces, helps himself to anything he sees (if the owner isn't looking) and blows of how he "would do up the game warden" if that person should happen across his path. But I can't do him justice, so I stop.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.

Mosquitoes Galore!

LIEUTENANT SCHWATKA's experience with mosquitoes reminds me. Years ago I crossed the Newtown salt meadows on a horse car. It was from a point where Williamsburg left off and Newtown, then called Maspeth, began. Both are now included in Greater New York. The sun had set and in the twilight from the surface of the meadows could be seen innumerable coils of smoke, each one as clearly defined and separate as if emanating from the dying embers of a redman's camp-fire.

First would the dark mass of smoke leave the ground in a slender spiral thread to broaden out as it ascended, keeping up the spiral twining of the cloud.

This phenomenon could be seen upon the entire stretch of meadow ahead of us. It was a curious and interesting sight to watch those thousands of small camp-fires giving forth their spiral canopies of smoke.

The air had been still and quiet and the smoke ascended slowly and gracefully from the grass. Suddenly a gust of wind passed over the meadows, blowing toward us, and instantly the spiral harmony of the situation was changed into a grayish atmosphere, and as it reached the open car in which I sat a realization that we were looking at spiral clouds of mosquitoes arising from the grass, instead of smoke, was forcibly thrust upon myself and the well-filled car of passengers.

The woodwork of the car, the inside of the roof, the backs of the seats, the hats and clothing of the passengers instantly assumed a dark gray color. The horses were covered from head to foot and became almost unmanageable. The car became, as some one once remarked, "all bustle and confusion."

While the passengers with handkerchiefs whipped the mosquitoes from their necks and faces, the driver urged the frantic horses to their utmost speed, and after a race of about ten minutes we emerged from the meadows and spent the remainder of the trip gradually getting rid of those mosquitoes that were traveling in our car.

I know nothing about Alaska mosquitoes, but if they are as thick every summer's day in Alaska as they were that particular evening twenty years ago on the Newtown Creek meadows, then I wonder how grizzly bears, moose or any other furred animals can live in Alaska and thrive.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Natural History.

A Plea for the English Sparrow.

I SEE in magazines and papers so many articles denouncing the sparrow that I feel it my duty to tell of my thirty-five years of close companionship with this little chap. While I read the accounts of his alleged murders, and depredations on other birds, I have yet to see any such disgraceful acts on his part.

My experience with him has proved to me that he is the farmer's best friend. He is the first little fellow in the spring to pounce on and destroy all the caterpillars and insects that are destructive to the farmer's crops; and he keeps pegging away at these vermin until the grain is ripe. Then the crops are so far advanced that they are safe. All he then asks in return for the benefit he has been to the farmer is a little grain to carry him through the fall and winter.

So few know the reason for the introduction of the English sparrow to this part of the world that I wish to give it. Many years ago the streets of New York were lined with beautiful trees. In the spring, as soon as they began to put on their summer foliage, they were attacked by an ugly looking green worm called the inch worm. These would devour all the leaves, leaving the tree perfectly bare, and then hang from the trees in millions by a silken thread. They became such an intolerable nuisance that a great many people had the trees cut down to get rid of them. After the introduction of the sparrow this nuisance ceased to exist. He did his work bravely and well. This certainly is a proof of the benefit he is to the farmer. You can depend on it that he destroys more harmful insect life in proportion than he takes back in pay for what grain he eats. While now and then there may be cases of disgraceful acts on his part to others of our most beautiful feathered creatures, he has always behaved himself in my presence.

At this writing he is living in peace with the catbird, robin, brown thrush, oriole and many other birds in and around my premises. The little chap cheers us with his presence and cheery note all winter; thousands of them are killed off by deep snow, cold and want of food. Not only is he a benefit to us in the way above mentioned; he is a shield, a protector to all the other birds, in that he gives up his life to tramp cats, hawks and the boy with rifle. If he were not with us surely all the other birds would have to suffer.

I saw an article in one of our magazines advising the wholesale destruction of the sparrow with grain soaked in poisoned water. What a terrible combination that is to get in the hands of some idiot, who would use it, and destroy numberless other feathered songsters. Last winter one of my neighbors soaked corn in poisoned water and scattered it for the destruction of crows. He killed a bevy of quail. I saw the dead birds. Besides, many other birds may have suffered with the quail.

Before condemning this little chatterbox make your home with him summer and winter, and the more you see of him the more you will see his value to the farmer, and you will find on the long, cold and dreary days in the country in the winter, when all the other warblers are in the sunny South, these little innocents will brighten your pathway with their cheerful notes.

I am agreeably surprised this season to see the large increase in our most dressy song birds. Can it be possible that we are reaping our reward so soon by protecting the birds under the new law?

I have studied bird life for the last thirty-five years, and in all that time never saw a bird like one I was interviewed by this week. This little creature gave me the pleasure of his company for some minutes one day this week while I was sitting on my piazza. He was about the size of a female sparrow, but more slimly built, with sharper bill. All his markings were dark, except decided pure white stripes three-fourths of an inch long lengthwise across his head and down his back. These white bars looked as if they were made by the pencil or brush of an artist, coming to a point at both ends.

I wish to ask what has our beautiful red-wing blackbird been guilty of that he is not protected by law? I cannot understand why he should be classed with the crow blackbird. I have as yet to see anything that we might term disgraceful on his part. He is the first beautiful creature to reach us in the spring; he always comes to our swamps the first week in March, and gladdens our hearts with those sweet liquid notes. We are fast becoming educated to the fact that all our feathered friends have been put here for some wise purpose, and all at some time in the near future will be protected. Were the scales to drop from our eyes we then without a doubt would see the important mission that the birds are meant to fill.

ALFRED A. FRASER.

OAKDALE, L. I.

Remedy Against Mosquitoes.

CONSUL E. H. PLUMACHER writes from Maracaibo: A simple remedy against mosquitoes has been employed in several places in South America and is equally well adapted to the temperate zone. It consists in planting the castor-oil plant (*Ricinus communis*), or "palma christi," around the house and premises.

In cold and temperate climates the castor-oil plant grows to a height of 4 or 5 feet; in these countries it becomes a tall tree, and is perennial. It seems that the smell of the plant is disagreeable to mosquitoes and other insects, and it is an acknowledged fact that where these plants grow few mosquitoes will be found.

My personal experience bears this out. My residence is surrounded by plaitain and banana trees, and I have been much troubled in the past by the great number of mosquitoes which gathered between the leaves. Following the example of old settlers in the country, I planted the castor seeds, which grew up in profusion, and there are now no mosquitoes to be found among the plaitain and banana trees, although I keep the ground well irrigated. By keeping branches and the seeds of the plant in rooms, the mosquitoes are driven away from the latter.

Experience with Wild Animals.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 30 Mr. Wm. Wells discussed an article of mine in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 23, and answered it so completely to his own satisfaction that he closed with a challenge to "hear from the other side." Only a series of circumstances beyond my control have prevented an earlier reply. Material was not wanting. Mr. Wells seems to know a great deal about the panther, but not all. The experience of others counts, because just as real as his. The experiences recorded by me, though not my own, were, nevertheless, just as real and well authenticated as those of Mr. Wells. Yet forsooth, because not in line with his own, he refuses to believe them—a clear instance of the too broad generalization referred to in my article. Not only so, but he makes statements clearly at variance with other writers just as well qualified to judge. He says, "North and South, East and West, *Felis concolor* is the same," and that his people, though for a century and a half fighters of wild beasts, have no tradition showing that a panther is ever to be feared.

Vice-President Roosevelt is pretty good authority both on the scientific and the practical side of this question of "Experience with Wild Animals." He says: "It is foolish to deny that in exceptional instances attacks may occur. Cougars vary wonderfully in size, and no less in temper. * * * In the old days, when all wild beasts were less shy than at present, there was more danger from the cougar." ("The Wilderness Hunter," pp. 344-5.)

Speaking of size, Mr. Wells does not tell us whether the several he killed by one blow over the head with a six-shooter were full grown adults or only kittens. It would be interesting to know. It would help to an understanding.

Mr. Wells does not believe in "attacks," and says there is not a case on record of a man being killed by a panther. Let me enlighten him. In the "Big Game of North America" (pp. 414 ff.) are several instances: "In Washington, Joseph Jorgenson, a young and powerful man, at work with a spade, received an unprovoked attack from a cougar. On his defending himself, the cougar returned again and again to the attack, until finally killed by a blow from the spade, splitting his skull. The man was so badly injured in this fight for life that it was many weeks before he recovered." Another: "Mr. Cathcart, of Snohomish, Wash., was also attacked by a cougar in daylight. He was returning from a visit to a neighbor, and was a short distance from his own residence when a cougar sprang out of the place where he had been concealed in a dense thicket and attempted to strike him down, but luckily missed him and landed in the path at his feet. With a large cane that he held in his hand he made such a determined fight for his life that he held the cougar at bay, at the same time calling lustily for help. His faithful dog heard him and came to the rescue, and none too soon, for Cathcart was almost exhausted with his battle with the animal. On the appearance of the dog, the cougar took to a tree and was afterward shot."

Several other instances are given, one by Hon. Orange Jacobs, ex-delegate to Congress from Washington. The incident took place in 1864. Jacobs had just killed a large male panther and was about to measure him. A slight noise attracted his attention, and he saw not 20 feet away the female getting ready to attack him. Her spring and the crack of the rifle were practically simultaneous, and though he jumped aside, she brushed his shoulder. Fortunately the one shot finished her.

In "The Wilderness Hunter" Mr. Roosevelt records the killing of an Indian by a cougar in 1886 near Flathead Lake. Also an experience of Prof. John Bache McMaster in 1875. "He was camped near the head of Green River, Wyoming. One afternoon he found a couple of cougar kittens, and took them into camp. * * * Happening to look up he suddenly spied the mother cougar running noiselessly down on them, her eyes glaring and tail twitching. Snatching up his rifle he killed her when she was barely 20 yards distant." Mr. Roosevelt also records that Gen. Hampton had told him of the killing of a negro on his Mississippi plantation years ago. Now then, it is not claimed that these instances prove that all panthers are dangerous, nor that Mr. Wells' experience is not both interesting and valuable so far as it goes, but these recorded facts do puncture his balloon in several places, and if he keeps his promise, as of course he will, he must come down—i. e., believe. He said: "Whenever any one brings forward an undoubted case of a man in America being killed by either wolf or panther, I will believe that they will make an unprovoked attack on man, not before."

To say nothing of the other cases cited, Gen. Hampton and Col. Roosevelt do not need any indorsement of their statements.

Pardon my taking so much space on this much-written-of theme. I only wanted to show that while experience is good, life is so short that no man's experience can cover all known facts nor the sum of human knowledge on any subject.

JUVENAL.

MAY 29.

A Black Chipmunk.

PHENICIA, N. Y., June 27.—Editor Forest and Stream: After having seen thousands of chipmunks in my lifetime, it was my good fortune yesterday to discover a black one. The little fellow lives within 200 yards of this station. I have made it my business to call on him several times already, and nearly every time find him at home. He is quite tame—so much so that I have been able to approach within 6 or 8 feet of him. He seems just a shade smaller (or is he a young one?) than his common brother; does not show the least sign of the familiar stripes, but has the same little chick! chick! of his fellows. Are they not rare?

J. G. LEIPOLD.

[Black or melanotic chipmunks are rare; but as with albino specimens, they may be looked for one in the thousands seen in a lifetime.]

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen. Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 246 Broadway, New York.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Los Angeles County Association.

THE citizens of Los Angeles county, Cal., have organized a fish and game protective association, which, starting with twenty-three members, has in a month grown to a membership of 250. Secretary L. Herzog thus explains the character and purpose of the association in an address to the residents of the county:

"Realizing that all wild birds and animals, including game birds and fish, are being rapidly exterminated, owing to the non-observance of our laws, and believing it is right to do that which will conduce to preserve our animal life for the benefit of the many, a meeting was called some months ago and responded to by many citizens who admire nature for nature's cause, and which has resulted in the organization of what is known as the Los Angeles County Fish and Game Protective Association. This organization has no connection with any gun club, nor is it organized for any purposes of hunting or sport; it is non-political and was conceived and will be conducted solely for the purpose of protecting all harmless animals and all game during its lawful close and breeding season. Also to introduce more game birds in our fields and foothills and more game fish in our streams. This Association is maintained solely by private money obtained by membership fees, which are \$1 per year. This Association is only one of many of the same character in this State and which have convicted almost every guilty man who has been arrested through its or other agencies, and who have in return for their misdeeds paid fines ranging from \$20 to \$250 each. This Association can and will convict those who may be brought before its prosecuting board with the necessary evidence. But one of the greatest factors to promote this good work, in the judgment of its present membership, is the hearty, enthusiastic and honest assistance of those living in the game districts. Just as soon as it becomes known that the farmers, cattlemen, large ranch owners and all persons living in the game sections are aroused and declare they will assist us by informing upon violators, and in all ways work in harmony with our efforts, then the objects of this Association will be attained and violations become a thing of the past.

"This Association has no desire to make arrests or cause friction in any way, but hopes to begin an education of the general public in regard to the self-government of game and other useful and ornamental wild animals. We also wish to warn all persons not to resist or interfere with the deputy commissioners of this Association in the discharge of their duty, as they are working under authority of the California Fish and Game Commission, and have all the authority and power to make arrests, with or without warrants, that are vested in any sheriff. Our deputies are all furnished with proper papers and badges.

"Kindly note that all game and other wild life belongs to the State of California, and not to those property owners upon whose land it may roam, and neither does the possession of such land invest any special privileges in regard to shooting out of season. If every man will do his duty in now protecting the game during its breeding season there will be enough game for all, and the many will have their chance of sport in the proper time, instead of the few, as is now the case.

"And, further, it is our aim to prevent wanton destruction of harmless birds and animals by parties when out hunting game. In other words, when hunting rabbits kill rabbits; if quail, kill quail, but do not make, as a side issue, a mark of all the harmless birds and animals crossing your path.

"Realizing the people hold the key to the situation, we ask you to help us—and that means all the people. This can be done by you joining our organization and enlisting in the work as above suggested. We wish it distinctly understood, however, that this Association is only organized for the purpose of enforcing the State and county laws, treating all alike, for the purpose of protecting and increasing the supply of all game, fish, song and insectivorous birds, and for this purpose only."

We give the by-laws as a useful guide to others:

BY-LAWS.

of the

LOS ANGELES COUNTY FISH AND GAME PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

Following are the by-laws adopted by the Los Angeles County Fish and Game Protective Association:

1. This organization shall be named the Los Angeles County Fish and Game Protective Association.

2. Its object shall be to protect the fish and game of the country by enforcing the fish and game laws, as passed by the Legislature of the State of California, and all ordinances passed by the Board of Supervisors of Los Angeles county, California.

3. The officers of the organization shall consist of a president, a vice-president, a secretary, a treasurer, a prosecuting attorney, a prosecuting board of three, to serve for the term of one year or until their successors are duly elected and qualified.

4. The duties of president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer shall be such as usually devolve on such officers respectively in other organizations.

5. The duties of prosecuting attorney shall be to prosecute vigorously all cases of arrest made by the advice of the prosecuting board.

6. It shall be the duty of the prosecuting board to carefully weigh and consider all information and reports that may be brought to their notice of violations of any of the fish or game laws, and to determine whether or not the evidence produced or obtainable is sufficient to warrant a prosecution in any such case, and to instruct the prosecuting attorney accordingly.

7. The meetings of this Association shall be held on the second Wednesday of each month at 3 P. M.

8. Nine members present at any meeting shall constitute a quorum.

9. Order of Business.—1. Reading of minutes of the previous meeting. 2. Reading of communications. 3. Reports of officers. 4. Reports of committees. 5. Election of members. 6. Unfinished business. 7. New business. 8. Good of the Association. 9. Adjournment.

10. The organization shall offer a standing reward of \$25 for any information of any violation of any fish and game law or ordinance that shall result in a conviction of the person informed against.

11. The initiation fee and dues of this Association shall be \$1 per year, and are payable at time of initiation.

12. The by-laws of this Association shall be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the members present at a meeting. Two weeks' notice thereof shall be given to the members before amendment.

Commenting upon the work done by such organizations, the Game and Fish Commissioners say in their last report:

"The formation of clubs and associations for the enforcement of the game laws of the State and counties has become more general. The success attending these local efforts has been most gratifying. In several leading counties of the State these associations have become strong and active, and have so influenced public opinion that any violator of the game laws is almost certain of arrest and conviction. The results of these combinations plainly exemplify that the interested public have a successful remedy for enforcing these laws. As soon as the peace officers of a county understand that there is a public sentiment back of the game laws, and determined local effort to enforce them, they will join in the effort, and not before. To foster and encourage this movement has been one of our aims. We have issued commissions to men named by these associations, and have paid the men for services rendered, until such time as the Association were able to compensate them. Thus the efforts first made in Humboldt, Fresno, Santa Clara and Marin counties have resulted not only in the observance of the laws in those counties, but their influence has extended to many others, and in time will, we trust, cover the entire State."

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Illinois Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 29.—A letter just at hand from State Game Commissioner A. J. Lovejoy, of Roscoe, Ill., explains some of the details regarding the peculiar transactions which left us in Illinois without protection for our quail. Mr. Lovejoy states that the real condition of the law is not so bad as was at first supposed. True, the statute as it reads now will not prohibit the shooting of quail and of woodcock, but the original clause forbidding their being held in possession still stands under the old law, and this offers a very strong leverage for protective work. Mr. Lovejoy states that so nearly as can be determined the blunder in the law is attributable to the carelessness of the clerk of the committee which had the draft in charge. In the engrossing a whole line was left out, including the words "quail and woodcock," as well as some words of less material importance. The clause regarding the possession and selling of quail was not thus changed.

Now here we have a beautiful example of modern civilization. The law as it is printed is not the wish of the people, but the wish, or rather the fault, of one man—an obscure clerk in a committee room. Yet the courts will tell us that this law stands and must be observed as it is written. I used to live out in the West in earlier times, and if we had had a fool law like that out there it would not have had respect enough accorded it to last it over night. The sentiment of the people was what made the law in that region, and it is what should make it here. Technicalities did not go in New Mexico, and they ought not to go in Illinois. In the good old times men used to meet and size up together about what they thought was right, and then everybody had to do about what everybody else thought was right, and if he did not he had no standing in the community, because he was pretty apt to get hung. We have changed a good many of these things in this high geared modern civilization of ours, but I am not sure that we have improved upon the old ways very much after all.

Of course with the men who are really law abiding, this error in the law will not make the slightest difference in the world. Many so-called sportsmen of the swinish sort will avail themselves of this slip of the committee clerk and will feel themselves free to shoot quail at any time in this State. The facts having been made generally known in the sporting press, the shooters of the country are not so badly off as they might be. All the decent shooters will bear in mind the intent of the law and not its letter. They will hold their own quail dates just as the law intended they should be printed. If you know any shooter who goes out without regard to dates simply because there is this blunder in the law, you may set that shooter down as anything on earth but a sportsman.

The Roar of Wild Beasts.

The daily newspaper has a vocabulary of its own. Such words as "roar," "flash," "shock," "thud," etc., are essential to the get-up of a daily. We shall always have the "blinding flash of the revolver," the "crash of the bullet through the brain," and we shall always hear about the "roar of wild beasts," regardless of the fact that revolvers do not flash and wild beasts do not roar. Now here was a Chicago woman, a Miss Mason, who, with a friend, got lost this week in the mountains back of San Bernardino, Cal. "From midnight to daybreak," the story reads, "the young women struggled through the forest. At times, exhausted, they would sink to rest upon a bed of sagebrush, only to be aroused again by the roars of wild beasts about them," etc. There are a few sportsmen in the United States who would be tickled to death to know just what sort of wild beasts these were which roared in the night time just back of San Bernardino. A grizzly does not make a business of roaring. A coyote does not roar. A mountain lion screams once in a while, and so perhaps does the wildcat, but they do not roar. The pine squirrels do not roar, and neither does the horned frog of California. Prithee, what were these roars?

Hollow-Points for Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Chicago is not usually rated as of first consequence as an outfitting point for parties intending to visit Greenland, yet this week a large outfit was bought here with the intention of use in the latter named locality. Mr. A. W. Church, of Elgin, Ill., is to be one of the members of the Peary expedition which will sail from New York a week from next Monday, and Mr. Church has, after counseling with Mr. Hirth, of Spaldings, decided to get most of his outfit there. He has determined also upon a .30-40 rifle and the hollow-point nickel-jacketed bullets which have recently been found so successful in that arm. Mr. Church laid in a quantity of this ammunition in the belief that it would prove serviceable among the big game of the Arctic country to which the party is going.

Mountain School.

Gen. E. V. Sumner, U. S. A., retired; Col. Schuyler Crosby, of New York, and W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)

have established a singular sort of school out at Cody, on the Q. Railroad in Wyoming. It is called the Cody Military College and International Academy of Rough Riders—certainly a circus-like appellation enough. Yet carried out in proper fashion, the purposes of this school are not so bad. The buildings are to be made of logs. It is not of special interest to state that they will contain baths, gymnasiums, reading rooms and library, but they may be something in the fact that rough riding, as well as practical camp life in the mountains, will be taught. As to the school which will teach big-game hunting, the thing has its humorous aspects. No school can approach the old free life which was once natural to the West. But if even its ghost can be revived or perpetuated, perhaps so much the better.

Big Silver-Tip.

Mr. F. M. Stephenson, of Menominee, Mich., is in town to-day, and leaves for the Gaylord Club, of Wisconsin, to-morrow. Mr. Stephenson and a friend had the luck to kill a big silver-tip bear in the mountains of Mexico this spring. The bear was found eating at the carcass of a cow which had been mired down in a bog hollow. The skin of the bear, which was a silver-tip, was so long that when hung on the wall with the feet just touching the floor, Mr. Stephenson could not reach up to the tip of its nose. Mr. Stephenson is about 6 feet 4 inches in height himself, hence one may imagine what a height this was.

E. HUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Lost Chance at Elk.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It sometimes happens in the course of human events that a blunder which causes a keen disappointment and lifelong regret to the blunderer is extremely ridiculous and laughable to all but the blunderer.

Three young men, acquaintances of mine from Fort Collins, drove to my ranch in the mountains of northern Colorado, a distance of 140 miles, for a little outing. They were all tenderfeet and inexperienced in ranch life and hunting, but were enthusiastic to kill something. Deer were so abundant that scarcely a day passed without some being seen from the house, out in the meadow. While I was getting breakfast in the morning, just at break of day, which was too early for the city chaps to be up, I would generally see deer in the meadow. I would call the boys and report deer in sight. Then there would be a wild scramble for "duds," and they would be out with eyes half open, groping around in the early dawn like chickens scared from their roost at night; and shivering in the chill of the morning.

Then my attention would be all taken up watching their tactics in the effort to get a shot. It was like watching a "sight unseen" trade when you know the property of both traders. I could see both the hunted and the hunters from the house, which was on a bluff overlooking the meadow, through which flowed a creek heavily bordered with willows, which afforded cover for stalking. Such morning escapades would always terminate in an overdone or burnt breakfast, and the exit of the deer from the meadow in their usual health.

One of the boys, Frank, claimed to have killed deer, and was not so enthusiastic over them, but his whole heart was set on getting a shot at an elk. He thought it would be the crowning effort of his life if he could only kill one, and he was confident that a chance was all he needed.

I proposed going to Big Creek Lake, a beautiful sheet of water one by one and a half miles in size, situated high up in the mountains, about six miles from the ranch, and surrounded by heavily timbered mountains, where elk were always to be found, with several bear and plenty of deer. Frank was especially anxious to go, thinking he might get a shot at an elk. We drove as far as we could, then picketed our horses and proceeded on foot. All the way Frank was training his gun on objects and picturing himself shooting an elk.

The country was rough, and I picked out the smoothest possible way of getting through, and yet the boys were loud in their imprecations against such a rough trail, and asked in a sort of "you-don't-know-the-country" way if I couldn't take them back by a rougher trail. I said I certainly could and would. While two of the boys and myself were wandering leisurely along near the edge of the lake Frank had taken a circle further out in the woods, and had come around ahead of us, but all the while in our sight. We were sitting on a log, and saw him get up on a log which was lying up several feet from the ground and gaze steadily ahead into a little swampy park for more than a minute; then he jumped down and came on toward us, and when he got about half-way to us he called out in a loud voice, "Say, do any of you fellows want a shot at some horses?" The situation was plain to me like a flash. There were no horses within several miles of there, and I said to the boys in a "stage whisper," "It's elk." We jumped to our feet, and just then we saw two cow elk trot through the little park and then stop about 100 yards away and stand long enough for several good shots. I urged them to shoot, but the excitement was running too high through their nerves, and, with all their aiming and efforts at self-control, not one of them fired a shot, and the elk left in disgust.

Then Frank came and made full confession. All the time he was standing on that log looking, he was within close range of the elk, and it never occurred to him that they might be elk, but he thought they were horses. The scene which followed is easier imagined than described.

Later, while we were strolling along the shore of the lake, and while one of the boys was off a short distance in the woods looking for deer, we made some artificial bear tracks in the sand and put a little muddy water in them to make them look very fresh. Then we called the fellow out of the woods to see them, and soon had him worked up to a high state of excitement. He was never enlightened, so far as I know, and he had the story well circulated. I heard it long afterward in town, as he had told it.

I fulfilled my promise to show them rough country as we went back. I knew a place directly on our way back which was as nearly impassable as I cared to

tackle myself. While I was leading the way over a windfall, walking logs and jumping from one to another from 5 to 8 feet from the ground, having my shoes shod to prevent slipping, I heard a commotion behind. I looked back and our fellow had disappeared entirely. He was easily located by his liberal use of words, such as they were, which came forth as if they had been pent up for some time for that particular occasion. As he came crawling up in sight from among the logs, I assured him that this was smooth compared with some parts of the Rockies. Of course he couldn't see how any comparison could make it smooth.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

The Adirondack Deer.

BUFFALO, June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last word regarding game preservation will not be said so long as deer and gun endure. I therefore feel justified in committing trespass on your pages.

The good God evidently considered the greatest good of the greatest number when He created the Adirondack forests, for He placed them where they are accessible to millions of those who need them most—denizens of cities, inmates of shops and factories, offices and stores. He made them wild enough to tempt the game and yet surmountable by the man. Most of us are selfish in our natures and look at things from our own view points. I think mine is that of many thousands to whom this wilderness can be the nearest earthly approach to paradise. I love the woods, the sunlight and shadows, the dashing waterfalls, the majestic forest trees, the storm-beaten crags. I love the silence and all the woodland sounds. Then I do love the hunt, and am sportsman enough that I count two weeks well spent with cold and weary limbs if I can get one deer, but oh! how I want that deer, and my purpose now is to state some ways in which I can be helped to get him.

My notion is that many who write on game protection in the North Woods have never been nearer their subject than Newspaper Row. There is just one provision in the game law, which, if enforced, would give every man who goes into the woods all the sport and all the venison he ought to have—don't let any man kill but two deer. The average guide kills from thirty to fifty in a season; there are hundreds of residents of near by towns who make four or five excursions a year and kill a dozen or so, and there are many lumber camps that serve venison all the year round to fifty or a hundred hungry wood choppers. It is the only fresh meat they have, and they keep hunters out all the time to supply it. Deer breed in the Adirondacks with almost the same facility that cattle possess in the pastures. If they were given half a show they would multiply sufficiently to furnish the veriest tenderfoot that keen stimulus of the chase that causes the blood to course as no liquor ever brewed; yet the last time I was in these woods, during two whole weeks, I saw but a single white flag waving over the witchapple 500 yards away in a direction where some of my friends were guarding another runway, so I dare not shoot, and they never saw him.

The administration of the game laws is a farce. In our cities the officials are frequently engaged in daily violation of the laws through their relations with saloons and gambling houses, so in the mountains the deputy game wardens are among the most flagrant marauders. They use their pull as the alderman does his, and sin without fear. The remedy for all this is easy. A dead deer is worth to a guide about \$3; he can buy its equivalent in meat for this amount, and when he learns that a live sportsman is worth \$30 a year and that his friends are worth \$30 a head, there will be some effort on the part of the craft to see that the buttered side is up. Let the guides organize a union and fine (themselves) members who violate the law and treat as scabs and bring to justice all outside the organization who violate the statutes. In sixty days ninety per cent. of the illicit killing would stop; in two years they could drive a fine deer within shotgun range of every man who employed them and the fame of each guide would grow great in club and hostelry—in all places where hunters do congregate.

And now I am going to switch off on a branch of the subject where I expect to stir up controversy. I am in favor of a shorter and later open season—the months of October and November, with two weeks open to the hounds. September has been a very warm month, even in these mountains, for a number of years—so warm as to rob the chase of the vigor which is a large part of the inspiration, and warm enough to spoil much of the meat, while the snows have held off all through November—at any rate to such a nextent as to impede the running of the deer. The cold, brisk days of late autumn are the ideal ones for him who loves the sport and finds the game in the best condition to make a lively run and furnish extra juice and flavor to the steak. As for the hounds, the average city man is not able for a week or so after he goes into the woods to endure the tramping; he does not possess the woodcraft necessary to make still-hunting anything but a delusion, so the guide goes out and plays dog—and a mighty poor dog he makes. The man who only takes down his Winchester once a year is not enough of a shot so any one need begrudge him all he hits.

I don't believe in driving the deer into a lake, paddling out within boat's length and putting a ball in his shoulder, but nine out of every ten of them run the streams, and any doctor, lawyer, merchant or priest who fires a fatal ball from stand on riverside or at swimming buck from the shore of a lake is welcome to his potpie and can feel it well earned.

And then the music of the hounds! Even the college professor learns the first day to distinguish the deep bay of good old Spot from the sharp yelp of saucy Nell; and the long hours on the fern bank behind the rock are cut in two by the occasional tingle brought by the distant roicing of the pack, no matter whether they drive toward one or not. The hounds very seldom make more than two runs a day, and usually only one, and with a party of half a dozen will not bring in more than the law allows in a fortnight's season. Enforce the provision as to the killing of only two deer and make it unlawful to sell venison at any time and the dogs may easily gain their freedom for a brief race each year.

GEO. S. HULL.

From Shore to Shore.

PORT RICHMOND, N. Y., June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I want to say a word through FOREST AND STREAM to your Staten Island correspondent who signs himself with the well-known trade mark of Hennessy's famous Three Star brand.

His letter is very interesting—no sarcasm, Hennessy, if this reaches your eye—but he's away off on his rabbit statement.

Staten Island is a good big little place, and while there may be plenty of rabbits down around Princes Bay where Three Stars scintillates, I beg to assert firmly, but politely, that the north shore of Staten Island from New Brighton to the Arthur Kill bridge is not so dangerously overrun with hares as your correspondent would lead one to believe.

Last year the Richmond County Game and Fish Protective Association experimentally blew in a lot of money on quail for the south shore (Princes Bay and vicinity), and I am glad to learn that they are prospering. Next year we north shore members of the Association hope to



COMMISSIONER A. J. LOVEJOY.

see enough hares liberated to enable our hounds to keep their toe nails run down smooth.

As it is now, we have a few good chases in the early part of the season, but later it becomes hard work to start a hare.

I think your correspondent is All-en-tangled in his rabbit remarks, but if he will come to Port Richmond and verify my statement I will come to Princes Bay to verify his, though I have not the slightest doubt of its truth.

OLD CROW.

Commissioner Lovejoy.

STATE GAME COMMISSIONER A. J. LOVEJOY, of Illinois, is a man of affairs. In addition to his game commissionership, Mr. Lovejoy is President of the American Association Fairs and Expositions; Vice-President State Board of Agriculture, Illinois, and General Superintendent State Fair; President Beloit Interstate Fair and Driving Association; member Live Stock Committee University of Illinois; member Executive Committee International Live Stock Exhibition, and chairman Finance Committee Board of Supervisors of Winnebago county.

Black Game and Capercaillie in Vermont.

SWANTON, Vt., June 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the importer of the capercaillie and black game that were brought into Vermont, we were very much interested in Mr. Von Hoffmann's article on capercaillie, and we would be pleased to hear what proof he has of the untimely death of any of the birds that were released in our State.

In one locality we have good evidence that the black game are thriving and increasing in numbers.

N. P. LEACH.

Times Have Changed.

How times have changed! Last Sunday all day long four men worked in the south meadows, not a hundred rods from Fort Hill, planting potatoes. They had a horse to furrow the rows, and some of the time two women were present. Hundreds of people saw them, but they were not molested. Of course the law against Sunday labor was violated, but what of that? The laws seem to be made, some to be observed and some to be violated. If the law protecting trout of less than six inches in length is violated the violator is in immediate danger of being arrested and fined. The game warden is on the watch for him. So it seems that a 5¼-inch trout is held to be more sacred hereabouts than the Sabbath day.—Northampton (Mass.) Gazette.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

How Frank Saved the Trout.

BY GEORGE E. GOODWIN.

THE pleasures and benefits that are derived from vacations and outings spent with dog and gun or with rod and line in the woods of northern New York, the wilds of Canada, the none-too-well-known depths of the Rockies and in many other sections of our great North American continent where game and fish are yet to be found, are known already to many ardent sportsmen, and the time when a fortnight can be passed on some favorite range or water is looked forward to with keenest anticipation, and many an hour is given up during the months of waiting to studying routes and time cards, overhauling fishing tackle and hunting outfits, purchasing an article here and another there to take the place of some one that has served its days of usefulness in seasons past or to supplant some other that is relegated to disuse because of more modern and (not always) improved ones having been devised, and, perhaps greatest pleasure of all, to picturing mentally the hoped for battle royal with some particular old and wily trout that was lost last year by the parting of a frayed leader in an only too well remembered pool, or to conjecturing in what way the mistake that cost the opportunity of a shot at that grand old buck that frequented a particular range of beech timber and carried the "biggest set of horns in the woods" can be avoided when the cares of business are once more thrown aside, the burdens imposed by modern civilization dropped from weary shoulders and the too often unwilling, but nevertheless exacted worship of Mammon exchanged for and supplanted by that free communion with nature which brings man nearest to the Great Father.

Many a weary plodder, with the instinctive love of the chase passed down to him, through long generations, from an ancestry that ate, slept and lived apart and far removed from the dull and deadening grind of the wheels of commerce, pauses at his tasks and gives up a moment to the thought of what delight and happiness would be his if such an outing was or could be brought within his reach, and then, with a sigh, turns back to his work, realizing that it is not for him.

Many a man, however, works along under such impressions, and grows old in consequence thereof more rapidly than he ought, to whom there comes from time to time opportunities unnoted in which he could in part, satisfy his longings if he only knew how to take advantage of them, and that too without in any way materially interfering with or neglecting his business. Acting on the principle of the old adage that "half a loaf is better than no bread," at least some of us who cannot get a stated vacation can from time to time find a few hours, a half-day, or perhaps even a whole day, which by good management and planning can be given up to some pet sport, and if this little sketch will bring to but one care-burdened lover of nature a full realization of that fact, it will not have been written in vain.

A certain Friday evening in May a few years since, the writer found himself in a little northern New York village, the business which had called him there completed, and with nothing to do on Saturday but make his homeward trip. In the course of a conversation with a business acquaintance that evening, the subject of fishing came up, and after some talk this gentleman, whom we will call Avery, said:

"By the way, as you are fond of fishing, if you will stay over to-morrow and go home on the night train I will put in the day with you, and we will try and get some trout. I have plenty of tackle and can fit you out in good shape, and we can have a royal good time. What say you?"

And I said just what any sensible man would or should say under like conditions, that I would be only too glad to take him at his word, and would remain.

The next morning, bright and early found us on a train speeding along toward Rainbow Lake, some eighteen miles distant, and as the breakfast bell was sounding from the snug little hostelry of mine host Wardner, located but a few rods from the station, and about the same distance from the lake, we alighted, our appetites sharpened by our early start, and were soon seated at the table and doing ample justice to the trout breakfast which was set before us. Avery had telegraphed the night before, advising them of our coming, and by the time we had finished our meal, lighted our pipes and walked down to the boat house, Frank, our host's son, and one of the best men who ever pulled a trout fisherman, had his boat in the water and everything in readiness for the start, and you may be assured that we were not long in stowing away both our tackle and ourselves and telling Frank to "Let her go." Lake trout was the object and trolling the game, and rods were quickly rigged and lines in the water. Avery put on a phantom minnow, while I, not liking anything artificial in the midst of such surroundings, started with a live one. Frank informed us as he pulled slowly along that the fishing had been very poor for nearly a week, and, while the wind had changed during the night and the conditions seemed more favorable, he did not regard the day as ideal, and was afraid we would have but indifferent sport. Under certain conditions this would have been decidedly disappointing, but to the writer, who had not had a line in the water in a whole year, it conveyed little or no meaning. Freed from business cares for a day, gliding over the surface of a beautiful sheet of water, rippled by a gentle breeze, wooded hills and rock capped mountains meeting the eyes in every direction, the question of a large or small catch, or, in fact any catch at all, did not seem of any particular importance. But it so happened that Frank, wise as even he was in trout learning, was not entirely right in his prognostications, for we had hardly been at it half an hour before the phantom aroused either the appetite or the anger of a 2½-pound trout, and after a few minutes of lively work Avery held it up for inspection with the remark to Frank that it did seem to be rather a poor day. Then an hour and a half passed, and Frank's judgment seemed likely

to prove better than the first operations had indicated, for neither of us had a single strike in all that time. We had covered all the best ground in the lake proper, and the question arose as to whether we should run down the outlet and fish the river or go through a cut, just large enough to permit the passage of a boat, into Clear Pond, a little gem of a lake lying west of Rainbow and separated from it by a strip of land only 15 or 20 feet wide, through which the cut had been made. The decision finally reached was in favor of Clear Pond, and I do not believe that any one of us has ever regretted it. As soon as the boat cleared the ditch our lines were run out and my minnow, hitherto undisturbed, had gotten hardly ten yards from the boat when he was struck viciously and the light rod I was using had about all the strain it could stand for the next five minutes, and when it was finally allowed to straighten out, Frank had a 3½-pound beauty in the landing net, and I could not resist the inclination to remark, with a side glance at Avery, that it did seem to be rather a poor day. A fresh minnow was hooked on, lines run out and we were soon at work again, and during the next hour Avery landed two and I had two strikes and failed to hook either of them.

By this time it was past noon, and in spite of the breakfast we had stowed away at seven, thoughts of lunch began to manifest themselves, and we put ashore under some large pines, discussed the contents of the hamper which had been prepared for us, and then threw ourselves down on the soft pine needles, and for an hour enjoyed an idleness which only like conditions and surroundings make possible. But the possibilities contained in the clear waters of the lake spread so temptingly before us called us back to action, and our traps were soon snugged away, the boat again on the water and every nerve, a few minutes before so perfectly relaxed, now on the alert for a strike. The next hour brought three fine fish into the boat, one coming to Avery and two falling victims to their liking for live bait. Then came a period of, as Frank remarked, "just fishing," and we began to feel that our day's sport was over, and although we had as fine a catch as one could wish for, the longing for just one more was present, and we decided to try the ground opposite the mouth of the ditch, where Avery had taken his first fish, and, that failing us, to cross back to Rainbow and fish over the likely places on our way to the hotel. Avery reeled in his line as we started and examined his phantom with the greatest care before again consigning it to the water, while I had Frank pick out the liveliest minnow from the pail and put it on my hook in the most tempting way possible, and, thoroughly prepared for whatever might come, we drew near the opening and waited, with every faculty alert, as the slow movement of the boat drew our lines closer to the spot where we hoped the game might be lurking. On and on, closer and closer, now in the exact place, then over it and drawing quietly away, but no spiteful snap was signaled over either line, but the looks of inquiry that were exchanged were quickly interpreted and Frank was told to try it again. So swinging well out into the lake, we turned back over the same ground and again settled down in eager expectancy. Once more the bait nears the opening, then is drawn silently by, and Avery turns to me and in a somewhat dejected tone remarks, "I guess it's all up. Let's reel in and get into the other lake," so quickly acquiescing, I began taking in my line, when a quick movement which fairly makes the boat lurch informs me, even without Avery's shout of "I've got him," what had happened. And judging from the way his slender rod was bending and his line whizzing through the water, the "him" in the case was something that would do one's eyes good to look upon. Avery, after the first burst of excitement, settled down in his grim, cool way and brought all his skill to bear on the task before him, but try as he would he could not keep the fish from getting a little further away with each lunge. I had noticed, earlier in the day, a snag which came just even with the surface of the water, lying pretty well inshore, and felt that the fish was so near it that he was bending every effort to get into it, and said to Avery, "If you don't stop him he will get fouled on that snag," but he replied, "Nonsense; he isn't within 30 feet of it."

"Well," I answered, "perhaps not, but if he was on my line I would want him a good deal further away, and what is more, I would put my tackle to the test to get him there, too."

At this time the fish was sulking almost directly astern of the boat, but, in response to a little urging, he concluded to move, and having made up his mind he went at it right heartily, darting like lightning shoreward, then stopped suddenly and remained quiet, and all that Avery could do did not budge him. Avery looked at me with a bit of an anxious expression, and I remarked, as if in answer to an unspoken question, "Old man, your 30 feet was, I am afraid, not far enough. It looks to me as if your jig was up," and by the expression of Frank's face I could see that he agreed with me. And, in fact, after a few more vain efforts, Avery reluctantly came to our way of thinking, and told Frank to back the boat while he reeled in his line, and in a few minutes the fact was demonstrated to us that the tackle was firmly fouled well down at the bottom in 10 or 12 feet of water. Then Avery, usually calm, lost his serenity, said a few emphatic, but repeatable, words and was about to smash something with a vicious pull, when Frank stopped him with, "Don't do that. Your fish may not be lost after all. Let's investigate a bit before giving up." We looked at him in astonishment, for having already discovered that the snag on the surface was an end of a limb attached to a good sized tree that lay in a water-logged condition on the bottom of the lake, there seemed nothing to do but to break away and go home. Frank, however, was serious, and moving the boat so it rested above the point where the line was fast, he leaned over the lee side where the water was still and began peering into it. After a bit he straightened up, turned to us and said, "The fish is there and Mr. Avery has, by trying to start him, pulled the line, which seems to be fouled around several small branches so hard that his nose is drawn tightly up against one of them, and he has no leeway at all and can't move."

"Well," said Avery, who had not calmed down to any appreciable extent, "what of it? He is 10 feet under water, fastened to a tree that weighs a ton, and we are not particularly well supplied with either diving bells or derricks, and there is nothing left but to break the line and let him hang there until he tears himself loose or dies."

"Let us have a try at him at any rate," Frank replied,

and Avery, yielding rather to my appeal than to any hope of success, consented. Frank then, after cautioning him to keep his line taut, turned the boat until it lay directly over the trunk of the tree, the bow resting over the point where the fish was tangled in the top, and the stern pointing back toward the butt. He took one oar, stuck it down on the lee side, caught the end in a crotch and told Avery to hold the handle with his disengaged hand, so that its center rested against the gunwale, and, acting as a lever, kept the boat from being driven out of its position over the trunk of the submerged tree by the breeze, which for an hour past had been growing fresher and harder. At the same time I was delegated to hold fast to a limb that stuck up near the surface, opposite my position in the stern, and prevent the boat from turning on Avery's oar. This all arranged, Frank got out a half-inch rope about twenty-five feet long, which he carried as an anchor line, took it and the remaining oar, went up in the bow and began operations. Looping the middle of the line over the end of the oar blade he stretched himself over the bow, resting on his stomach, and began prodding about in the water with the oar, holding it with his right hand and hanging on to the rope with the other, so it would not slip off the end of the blade. We waited as patiently as possible, hanging on to the oar and the limb respectively with grim determination, and after about five minutes heard Frank give a satisfied grunt, and saw him straighten up and draw the oar inboard with the remark, "I've got it." We both exclaimed, almost in a breath, "Got what? The fish?" but he answered in his exasperatingly deliberate way, "No, the tree." At this Avery began to show signs of breaking out again, but he was cut short by Frank telling him to draw up his oar and move carefully into the bow, taking care meantime to keep his line good and tight. Frank then took the place he had vacated midships, gathered up the ends of the anchor line and began hauling on them. The first effect was to draw the boat forward and downward, but after a bit the tendency changed, and we, who were all eyes, saw the tree, trunk, branches and all, begin to slowly rise toward the surface. The ropes were drawn up on the side of the boat opposite to that on which I was gripping my limb, and as the tree began to stir I was requested to take hold with both hands and lift. And lift I did, for the fact began to dawn on me that there were some things about fishing that I had yet to learn, and that in Frank I had a particularly bright and competent instructor. This raising process did not last long, however, for we soon reached the limit and could not stir it another inch. So Frank made his ropes fast to the gunwale, told me to hang on to the limb, and, putting out the oars, began pulling the boat, stern foremost, shoreward. I say "began" advisedly, for it seemed for a time that it was to be nothing but begin, as we had not apparently raised the tree so it was clear of the bottom, but after a bit his powerful strokes began to tell, and the boat and tree moved, slowly and laboriously it is true, yet moved shoreward. This, of course, could not continue long, for the water shoaled gradually as we progressed, and soon Frank, pretty well winded with his exertions, dropped the oars and leaned over to see what change had been produced in the situation, and his satisfied look as he straightened up was full of encouragement, and I think it gave new strength to my arm, which had been getting pretty tired by reason of my long and steady pull at the limb I was yet hanging to. After a moment's rest Frank released the rope from the branch to which it had been fast, using an oar for that purpose, moved the boat forward until the bow was again over the point where the line was fast, stationed Avery with his oar lever on the middle thwart, had me grip a new branch, and then betook himself to prodding around in the water again with the rope looped over the blade of the remaining oar and his body hanging over the bow of the boat as before. Pretty soon the oar was drawn up and carefully shoved back into the boat, and then we sat and waited to see what Frank was doing with his hands, but realizing, both from the way his body was contorting and from the vigorous grunts that emanated from his direction, that he was busy. Avery and I must have been pretty well stiffened up, he hanging to the oar with one hand and to his rod with the other, and I grasping the branch with both mine, but the proceedings had gotten to a point where such things were entirely overlooked, and we were both waiting with the utmost interest, and wondering what Frank's next move would be, when we heard a dull, snapping noise and saw him turn himself over and back into the boat with sort of a compound convolution movement, and hold up a piece of tree top about three feet long, the larger end almost fringed where it had been twisted off, and hanging from its center was the trout.

It hardly seems necessary to say more, but it will do no harm to record the fact that no thought was given to tired muscles, that no regret was expressed because of our performance, or rather Frank's, having used up so much time that we could not fish on the homeward way, that the day with its incidents was one of the most enjoyable and will be one of the longest to be remembered of any that was ever given to such sport, and that the trout that Frank saved tipped the scales at exactly 5½ pounds.

The Rainbow Trout in Michigan.

SAGINAW, East Side, Mich.—The law that applies to the Au Sable and its tributaries is a grand one. It makes your basket look slim, though beautiful. I have just had three days on the North Branch. We got fish enough, but not many. Yesterday afternoon, my friend, W. A. Avery, of Detroit, pleaded for us to stop the wagon as we were on our way to the car, so he could try a nice looking stream that we were passing. He jumped out and with a No. 6 Cahill made a cast and hooked and fought until I got it into the net a big rainbow trout, 4¾ pounds, 23 inches long and 5¼ deep. It was a magnificent fish, and I think probably as large a one as has been taken with a fly in any Michigan waters. I do not mean but what a great many larger rainbow trout than this have been taken, but they usually have been taken with some sort of bait at night.

W. B. MERSON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

ANGLING NOTES.

Flopping of Trout.

YESTERDAY I was talking with an old gentleman who is an inveterate fisherman and asked of his success in angling this year. He fishes the trout brooks far and near from his home, always with worm bait, and I am told that he will to-day struggle through thick alder growth with the enthusiasm and energy of a boy in his teens. He said: "The brush is so thick on Sproat Brook nowadays that you have to stick your pole in through any hole you can find, and I have to let 'em swallow it pretty well down before I yank, and then I can handle 'em, generally; but the other day I lost three and only saved one—a good 10-inch trout. I ought to have had one fish that I lost, and it was surely a pound trout or better. The hook came out because I did not give him time enough to swallow it way down, but I landed the trout all of four feet from the edge of the water, and there he was flopping all right, and the bank was not sloping, so I thought I had him sure, though the brush was so thick that I could not get to him in a minute, and he kept flopping, flopping, flopping, straight as a gun barrel toward the water, and into it, before I could put a hand on him. If the brush had not tangled me all up I could have saved him."

Did any boy or man ever know a trout under similar circumstances to flop away from the water? Did any one ever know of a trout (or any other fish, for that matter) that was thrown on the bank, be it far or near from the water, that it did not flop toward the water by the most direct route? There is never an instant's hesitation as to the direction in which the water is to be found, and unless the fish falls into a depression from which it cannot flop, it will generally get back into its native element unless the fisherman is quicker than the fish. The remark of the old man about the flopping of the trout caused me to think about the times, as a boy, that I have thrown trout out on the bank and the thought gave rise to the questions I have asked.

The brain of fishes is exceedingly small, and consists of the enlargement of the extremity of the spinal marrow, and in a pike the proportionate weight of brain as compared to body is as 1 to 1,300. I never have seen it figured as to a trout, but as I look back to some trout that have flopped away from me into the water after I thought them reduced to possession—I mean to my possession—it would appear from their generalship in escaping that their brain as compared to body, proportionately, is as 1,300 to 1, or just the reverse of the pike.

Running of Elvers.

A year or two ago I wrote an article for FOREST AND STREAM on the common eel, and it was after reprinted in one of the reports of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission, and it has been the means of bringing a number of letters to me, asking for further information about the eel. Some of the queries I could answer and some I could not, and I began to ask some questions on my own account. What I wish particularly to know is the exact time that elvers run up any given stream, and the duration of the run, and this information I have not been able to obtain thus far. In a general way I know the elvers run up from the sea in the spring, but I have no memorandum of the exact time in any particular stream.

A friend very kindly sent me a newspaper clipping lately with the date line Belleville, N. J., June 15, which states: "The Passaic River on both sides this afternoon was fringed by a continuous ribbon of young eels, which were so thick that many were forced upon the banks."

This information, I must confess, was a little startling to me, for it was the first intimation I have ever received that the elvers ran up on both banks of a stream at the same time. I saw one run of elvers, but saw it only from one side of the stream, and I never dreamed that there could be a similar run on the other side, and of course never investigated. For years I have been gathering all sorts of information about eels, and this evening I looked over a stack of clippings and memoranda, and nowhere is there a suggestion that elvers run up both banks of a stream at the same time, and if this is true of all streams it simply doubles the enormous run of elvers, as it has been estimated from one bank alone. The duration of the run of elvers is another thing about which we know little positively from anything which has been printed. One item, which I cut from the Christian World, says: "The elvers have been seen to travel along the bank of a river in a continuous band, or eel rope, which has been known to glide upward for fifteen days together." This is the only reference I have ever found given in days of the length of the run of elvers, and without knowing why, I have always had a feeling that this period of time was not well established. The elvers when they run are about four inches long, and they make a solid ribbon in the water along the shore, and if they do run for fifteen days and one out of a hundred survives, and grows to a foot in length, the total number would seem to be sufficient to fill our fresh-water streams and ponds, which they select for temporary abiding places, so full that there would be no room for anything else. Possibly some one on the Passaic or elsewhere can give through FOREST AND STREAM definite information as to the length of time the elvers do run, and confirm the statement that during the run they are found in the water on both sides of the stream they are ascending.

Striped Bass.

Some years ago when the matter of providing a close season in the Hudson River for striped bass (*Morone lineatus*) was agitated, there was a diversity of opinion as to the exact spawning season of this fish in the river and all sorts of conflicting evidence on this subject was presented, and all presented in good faith, apparently.

Last winter the question came up again, when it was proposed to amend the law, and I had considerable correspondence with law makers and anglers who were interested in protecting the bass during the spawning period. Not only the spawning season was under discussion, but the place of spawning and the age when the fish first spawned. The present law protects the striped bass in the Hudson from net fishing from April 30 to July 30, and it also provides that no striped bass under 8 inches in length shall be taken. Last week I spent part of a day at

the New York Aquarium, visiting Mr. Spencer and Mr. De Nyse, and we discussed a number of things, and among them the spawning of the striped bass. Mr. De Nyse has some records on the subject which I noted. When he was connected with the old aquarium at Thirty-fourth street and Broadway, where the Herald Square Theater now is, he was notified that a large striped bass was held alive at 155th street. With an assistant he went there at once when the notice was received, and it happened to be late in the evening, and found a fish fastened with a rope through the gills to the shore. It was on the 15th of May, and in handling the bass ripe eggs ran from her freely. This bass was caught in a drift net in the Hudson and weighed 55 pounds. On the 28th of May he received notice of the capture of another striped bass in the Hudson. This fish, weighing 70 pounds, was also a ripe fish, the eggs running as freely as did the eggs from the first mentioned bass. Major Ferguson and Holton are, I believe, the only ones who have artificially hatched the striped bass, and both secured the eggs in May—one in the Potomac and the other in North Carolina—and there never has been any good reason that I could discover to doubt that the season in the Hudson would differ materially from more Southern waters.

Age of Spawning Striped Bass.

The age at which striped bass first deposit eggs seems to be an open question. Mr. De Nyse is of the opinion that they do not spawn until they are ten or twelve years old, but his opinion is based largely upon observations of fishes in confinement. There are now in the New York Aquarium striped bass that have been there since 1894, and are consequently seven years old, and some of them are estimated to weigh from 30 to 35 pounds each, but so far none have been observed to cast eggs, but confinement may have retarded their sexual development, and it is also barely possible that they may have spawned unobserved, though Mr. Spencer and Mr. De Nyse think this unlikely; but they will make it a point to observe the fish closely another season.

Smelt and Codfish.

For two years past the State of New York has been unable to obtain smelt eggs on Long Island, though in former years they have been obtained by the millions, as the plant of fry in 1896 was 34,000,000, in 1897 45,000,000 and in 1898 48,000,000, all from eggs taken in Long Island streams. There was a falling off in 1899 to a very few millions, still worse in 1900, and this year none at all, though the north and south shores were explored at the usual time for smelt to run. In 1900 it was thought that the heavy storms which prevailed at the spawning season prevented the smelts from running into the streams where they were in the habit of spawning, but this would not be an excuse this year. Talking of this to Mr. De Nyse, he said, quite positively, that he believed the codfish artificially hatched by the United States Fish Commission and which now swarmed in Long Island waters, had preyed upon the smelt to such an extent that they were practically destroyed where they were formerly so abundant. He did not say what evidence, if any, he had of this, except the presence in vast numbers of the young codfish, where formerly smelt were so plentiful, but it may be a reasonable explanation of the disappearance of the smelt. In other than Long Island waters the smelt have been known to spawn in deep water off the mouths of the streams to which they usually resort for spawning, and I had hoped after 1900 that the smelts would again show themselves in the streams as formerly, but they have not done so, and if the codfish are responsible for their absence it may be a case of the survival of the fittest, such as we will miss the smelt.

Black Bass in New Jersey.

A New York newspaper—the Sun—on June 23 had an item about black bass fishing in New Jersey. It said: "There hasn't been such a black bass season as this in New Jersey in years, according to Jersey fishermen. * * * More black bass are being landed, and the fish are finer than Jerseymen have seen for a long time. In Greenwood Lake large messes of fish from 3 to 5 pounds apiece are being landed, and in some of the smaller and less known waters the catches are even better. The fishermen are praising the enactment of the close season law for black bass, which is comparatively new in the State." It might be well to stop right there with the testimony that the fishermen are praising the enactment of a close season law for black bass, and FOREST AND STREAM may well congratulate itself that after many years this is so, but I cannot forget that it is to Greenwood Lake that New York owes the enactment of a law which opened the black bass season in New York on May 30, and that the law was in force for long years in spite of the weekly teachings of this paper that the law was all wrong, and that it must result eventually in a scarcity of black bass. There never was a reason given for opening the season on May 30 except that it would enable fishermen from the city to fish on a national holiday—Memorial Day. The New Jersey Fish Commissioners, after New York had advanced the season to June 15, advocated a similar law in their State, and the fishermen are praising it. The sleep was longer than Rip Van Winkle's, but there must be rejoicing that finally there was an awakening, and the next step will be to advance the close season to July 1, and there will be more rejoicing and more praise singing.

From the Ristigouche.

Mr. Mitchell sends me another letter in regard to salmon fishing, the letter being dated at his home, Norwich, Conn., June 20: "I left Metapedia on the morning of the 14th at 3:15, and arrived home on the 15th at 7:05 P. M. That looks like quick traveling, and makes one feel that he is not so very far away from salmon fishing after all. But I made two trips this year, as Archie and I returned home to a funeral, not intending to go back again this season. After the funeral I found I had a week to spare, and went back to Canada. On my first trip I got but one fish, which I wrote you about. On the second trip, six days' fishing, my score was four fish, and the average was low—10½, 13, 17 and 20½ pounds. I have just received a letter from Mr. Porteous, who is fishing the water. He killed a 22-pound fish last Friday, and on Saturday one of 20 pounds, the last the first of the season on the Alford water. I wrote you about the water being

so very low when we arrived on May 24. Before I left for home the second time the water was actually higher than at the same time last year, which accounts for the Alford water not fishing earlier.

"Mr. Ayer killed two fish last Saturday on the lower water below the Pine Tree. They weighed 20½ and 26 pounds. I think it very likely that they will have fine fishing this week and next. I sail on the 26th. It was awfully hard, though, for me to cut my fishing in two this year, even for a trip to Europe. I shall do a little fishing as usual in Loch Leven, but will not take any trouble to find salmon fishing on the other side."

I heard, indirectly, that Mr. Charles H. Wilson, or Mr. Williams, fishing the Mowat water at Deeside, on the Ristigouche, killed a salmon of 32 pounds.

Water Pollution.

At a sitting of the Royal Commission to investigate the salmon fisheries of Great Britain, Prof. W. H. Perkin, of Owens College, Manchester, gave evidence in regard to water pollution and its effects, which may be summed up in a few words. That while few acids and alkalies were in themselves injurious to fish, the substances contained in sewage robbed the water of dissolved oxygen so necessary to fish life. Land and Water commenting upon this said: "This is a point which is apparently not very generally grasped, for people seem to think that if effluent is not actually offensive to the smell, it is harmless. There can, however, be no doubt that in many cases crude sewage would be actually less injurious to fish life than sewage, which has been treated chemically, for the latter de-oxygenates the water to an extent which renders it quite incapable of supporting fish life."

Mr. J. B. Fielding, who represents the Royal High Commission now investigating the salmon fishery of Great Britain, is now in this country collecting evidence to be used by the Commission.

Sturgeon.

Last year I mentioned that one day when I was out in a shad boat on the Hudson a drift net fisherman caught a salmon which brought him something like \$60 or \$70. A single fish which will make such a return is valuable, and the sturgeon are getting very scarce in the Hudson. This year I learned that at the Albany water works pumping station something like twenty-five young sturgeon are killed annually—fish 2 to 3 feet long. Such fish are worth saving. A. N. CHENEY.

The Emperor of Wisconsin Waters.

THE fierce and voracious mascalonge (*Lucius masquinongy*) well deserves its title of fresh-water shark and river pirate. It is the undisputed, absolute master of its watery domains, and rules therein with iron-clad laws, always watchful, ever aggressive and frightfully relentless.

It is perhaps no more destructive to animal life than the shiner, sucker and other harmless fish, but the prey which it devours are of larger size, and its means of destruction are so conspicuous and powerful that its reputation for pitiless rapacity has become universal. It preys on and destroys with impunity and without any apparent mercy every fish that happens near it, none seeming able to escape its terrific onslaughts except the black bass and perch, whose array of sharp dorsal spines daunts even the confirmed predatory habits of this watery wolf. The reptile wariness of the black bass, combined with its celerity in maneuvering, renders its capture almost impossible by any of its natural enemies, and those protective spines referred to are seldom used except in cases of emergency.

The mascalonge has pronounced cannibalistic habits, and when its appetite becomes greater than its love for its own kind it will pounce upon a younger, weaker member of its kindred and devour it without any remorse.

Its voracity is universal. Frequently have I found squirrels and muskrats in the stomach of a 'lunge, and often have I heard of cases where ducks were found in a perfect state of preservation in the stomach of an old patriarchal 'lunge. When a scarcity of food prevails the mascalonge has a striking propensity for seizing everything that comes within its vision. The tail of a deer, a gaudy piece of cloth, almost anything of any appreciable size or attractive color proves a deadly lure. Then again when a competency of food exists, it will go into a trance or quiescent state and remain so for several weeks, taking no heed of the almost countless varieties of lures that you troll past it. They are not, however, as capricious about their food as is the bass. They merely cease biting for weeks at a time, and nothing can induce them to change these idiosyncrasies into more favorable ones for the fisherman.

The mascalonge spawns annually from 100,000 to 400,000 eggs during the month of May, just as the ice is going out. These eggs are deposited in shoal water along the shores of a lake, in a thoroughfare, or in a shallow creek, and are sufficiently mucilaginous for them to become attached to the rushes and the grass where they supposedly remain till they hatch. It is a fact that but comparatively few are permitted this quiet, peaceful rest, as many more timid marauders such as the sucker and the shiner are always on the lookout for such palatable and such easily gained food upon which they thrive throughout the spring. This wise provision of nature accounts for the scarcity of these noble fish. But a surprisingly small quantity of the eggs spawned in a season ever reach maturity. If nature, in a moment of recklessness, had provided that the majority of them should mature, we would now find, much to the disgust of the angler, nothing but the 'lunge inhabiting those myriads of beautiful and picturesque lakes that add so much grace and charm to the Northern latitudes.

The growth of the young 'lunge is extremely rapid. It attains a length of 10 inches during the first year of its life. If it receives sufficient food thereafter the growth will continue at a tolerably uniform rate of about 3½ pounds per year, and this increase will be maintained for six or seven successive years, after which the yearly increase in avoirdupois becomes almost imperceptible. These fish are very long-lived and constantly increase in size, provided they are well supplied with food. There is ostensibly no limit to their growth. A fish of 18 pounds weight is considered a splendid specimen, though we have authentic record of fish that have attained the tremendous weight of 80 pounds.

The mascalonge can easily be distinguished from the true pike or great northern pickerel, although much confusion exists among anglers in reference to the identification of the two. The mascalonge is indisputably a member of the great pike family, but the different climatic and environmental changes that it has undergone have given it a few distinguishing characteristics. The most conspicuous of these is the number of branchiostegals. In the mascalonge the number varies from seventeen to nineteen, while in the pike there are but from fourteen to sixteen. In the case of the mascalonge the lower halves of both cheeks and gill covers are naked, while the upper halves are almost entirely covered with scales. The gill covers of the pike are similar to those of the mascalonge, while the entire cheek is covered with scales.

Some anglers assert that three distinctive species of the 'lunge inhabit the waters of the North. From my own observations and investigations I find that in the number of branchiostegals, the squamation of the cheeks and gill covers, and in structure, they are all of one specific likeness. There is, however, to be perceived a marked variation in coloration. This is attributable to the fact that fish invariably assume the color of the water in which they reside. In dark, brackish, dull water we find fish of a dark, brackish, dull color. In bright, silvery water the fish are decidedly of a lighter shade than those found in a dark water. In this way wonderful and omniscient nature has provided a process by which her children are afforded a protective resemblance to their natural surroundings. The same phenomenon may be observed in the case of the Northern deer, whose glossy and beautiful coat undergoes three distinctive changes in order that its color will harmonize with its environments and aid in protecting it from its enemies.

The young mascalonge is always covered with dark spots or with dark bars, and a lighter colored ground. As the age increases those spots or bars, as they may be, become obsolete and the fish assumes a uniform grayish coloration with brownish or greenish reflections and a white belly.

The cavernous mouth, the large tongue and the powerful jaws of the mascalonge are all armed with an array of long, sharp teeth which form the chief weapons of attack, which they use relentlessly on an ill-fated prey. I was unfortunate enough once to get my hand in the mouth of an 8-pound 'lunge. When I removed it, after no little effort, it looked as if some one had been running a cross-cut saw across it.

The mascalonge is solitary in its habits, and lies ensconced among bulrushes at the edge of a stream, close to the shore of a lake, at the edge of a sandbar or just within the borders of a grass bed, where its predacious instincts are held in check till the appearance of some unsuspecting fish, upon which it rushes with a concentrated force and gobbles it up in an incredibly short time.

On a bright day when the sun sends its beaming warmth upon the water the mascalonge delights in running up into shoal water and there basks lazily for hours at the time. On such occasions the most highly inviting lure will not tempt it from its paradise of perfect beatitude. If the angler continues to annoy it by persistently trolling backward and forward in front of it, it will ultimately become exasperated, and, with a terrible swirl, swim rapidly to a more peaceful abode in the depths of the lake.

Many sportsmen advocate the use of a gaff for landing a 'lunge, but to me the most humane as well as the most sportsmanlike method of disposing of your quarry is to first work it up to your boat within reasonable pistol shot and then, with a deliberate aim at the top of the head, fire point blank. The result is invariably instantaneous death to the fish, while you gaze upon your prize with admiring eyes and a clear conscience, for you are well aware that you caused it none of the pains and agonies attendant upon gaffing.

From my experience in fishing for these fish I find that in the spring of the year either a large sucker or phantom minnow works admirably for enticing these wary monsters from their secluded retreats. The former should be cast just at the outskirts of some likely looking weed bed, and then be permitted to swim about for a minute or two before the process of slowly reeling it in commences. The latter should be trolled close in to the bars and rushes at a slow gait.

During the summer months and especially in the fall there is nothing more alluring to them than a spoon ranging from a No. 6 to a No. 12. It is always advisable to use a silver spoon in dark water, while a brass or copper spoon proves exceedingly satisfactory in clear, silvery water. On a hand line a No. 12 spoon is always preferable, and by the use of this water luminary exceptionally large fish can be attracted and caught. The largest mascalonge I ever caught (30¼ pounds) was caught on such a rigging in Big Crooked Lake, Vilas county, Wisconsin. If one prefers to use a rod a good substantial split bamboo, not exceeding 9½ feet in length, or 12 ounces in weight, is by far the best obtainable. If one is exceedingly adroit in handling a rod, a much lighter one affords all the more exciting sport, but I would hesitate before recommending a rod lighter than 10 ounces to a novice.

There are, strictly speaking, no infallible signs or criteria to which a fisherman may adhere and have inviolable success. I have seen mascalonge caught on every kind of a day imaginable, but a dark, gloomy day, when the water is turbulent and the wind is blowing a gale and the barometer registers about 28, is unmistakably the most favorable day for catching these matchless beauties.

The striking power of a 'lunge is tremendous. They go at the lure with a rush and a vim in which all their great vitality and weight are concentrated, and if the person governing the rod is not always watchful and expectant a complete wreckage of his tackle is inevitably the result. An extremely taut line should always be maintained while the fish is under play, for if you permit it to rise to the surface of the water and give one of those awe-inspiring leaps, its freedom is a certainty.

Mascalonge have a striking individuality in their methods of play. You meet with the sounder, whose presence you are aware of only by its frantic jerks in its violent efforts to escape capture. This is the commonest kind, and you rest your eyes on his sleek, shining body only after it has become exhausted and drawn in beside the boat. Then you occasionally hook a leaper, whose aerial flights are even greater and more gracefully exe-

cuted than those indulged in by the black bass. Just before performing this wonderful feat the 'lunge rises to the surface of the water, and with a few mysterious body contortions it swirls, spreading and disturbing the water till a veritable whirlpool exists.

A mascalonge is by no means ready to submit to a blow from a club or a pistol shot simply because it allows itself to be drawn up beside the boat without offering any resistance. Quite frequently have I seen 'lunge display a wonderful amount of resource when hooked. After exhausting their supply of tricks they would resort to a stratagem peculiarly their own. Their struggles would suddenly cease and they, like so much dead weight, would allow themselves to be reeled in until they almost touch the boat, apparently oblivious to what was happening. They would lie on the water like a great log, no signs of life being discernible, till an effort was made to give them the finishing touch, when, with an unexpected, terrible swirl, down they would go to a seemingly bottomless lake. When such exigencies arise the fisherman must necessarily have his wits collected or rod, line, reel and all are liable to lead a useless existence thereafter in the dark, isolated depths of the lake.

It is never safe for the person handling the fish to attempt to kill it. This is unexceptionably the business and the duty of the guide, who, as a rule, is very skillful in the art. When such an act is done the fish should always have free play with the line, for if the angler neglects this vastly important point the hook will invariably become disengaged and the fish will gain its liberty.

The biggest 'lunge I ever caught was the 'lunge that got away. How vividly do I recall my amateurish actions on that occasion. I had fished but little previous to that exhibition, and the misery and disappointment I suffered for many days afterward came near causing me to abandon the delights and fascinations of further piscatorial activity. It was like this: I had gone but a short distance from camp when the canoe stopped very abruptly. I was jerked forward rather unceremoniously and narrowly escaped a capsize. Surely my gang was caught on a sunken log, so great was the pull in that direction. I attempted to reel in, when to my profound astonishment I realized that I had a 'lunge hooked. In my excitement and inexperience I began, by superior strength alone, to bring my beauty up alongside the canoe, all the while utterly disregarding the remonstrances of my guide. I wanted that fish, so what cared I for the pet theories and instructions that had been unfolded for my special benefit? In a few minutes a prodigious 'lunge came wriggling up to the surface of the water and lay absolutely motionless. I afterward thought I discerned at the time a broad smile playing over his face as if he were thinking, "What young fool has got me on his line this time? I don't do a thing to his tackle." In my eagerness to land him I grabbed a club that was lying inconveniently near and made a wild pass to strike him. To me the unexpected happened, of course. The fish gave one of those terrific jerks and splashed and sprawled about, disturbing the water like a Mississippi tug boat, and then shot off with surprising quickness to a safe retreat, leaving the empty hook dangling in the water. If my line had not been one of exceptional strength, I would undoubtedly have lost the spoon and much of my line. As it was, one of the hooks of a No. 8 gang was actually straightened out, so great was the force that was brought to bear upon it.

A mascalonge is not your property until it is safely stowed away in the bottom of your boat with life extinct. On numerous occasions I have known a gamy 'lunge to leap clear of the sides of a boat and escape, while its proud owner was seeing it in the fancy of his imagination deliciously baked and floating in a clemency of egg gravy while his companions were lauding his dexterity and making him feel content with the world.

The universally accepted method of playing a large 'lunge is not to rush matters, but to be content with a slow, steady, even, cautious play until the fish becomes thoroughly exhausted and then work it in gradually toward your boat.

Certain fish, the same as certain persons, have greater or more pronounced fighting qualities than others. It is never advisable, however, to judge a fish too quickly. Those fierce, ferocious fighting qualities often remain latent until the battle is obviously at an end, then very unexpectedly they manifest themselves and if the angler has allowed himself to become reckless and careless he will invariably lose his fish.

Successful fishing is the same as every other phase of life. It requires study, practice and broad experience. One must necessarily acquaint himself with fish; their habits; their fighting tactics; their food, and their habitat, in order to catch them in great quantities. He must thoroughly familiarize himself with all these things and then persevere with the spirit of a true fisherman. Fishermen may be classified the same way as men of a profession. We but seldom meet a good one, occasionally a fair one, often a poor one, and then again those who cannot fish and never will be able to.

Wisconsin with its infinitude of beautiful lakes, its almost boundless tracts of grand and solemn forests; its lovely sunsets and pure, exhilarating air, offers to the serried men of office confinement an ideal retreat during the summer months. The shores of the larger lakes are nearly all dotted with summer resorts, where comfortable lodging and good, wholesome food may be secured at very reasonable rates. Fifteen years ago it was considered a hazardous undertaking to travel from one lake to another, especially in an untrodden, strange country in quest of the fur and fin. Nowadays most of that wildness has disappeared and well-beaten trails lead from one lake to another. Multitudes of people seeking recreation visit these happy fishing grounds annually, and many elegant private summer houses grace the shores of more than one silvery lake.

Fishing, as one would naturally suspect, is not comparable to what it was a few years ago; but there still remain countless fish awaiting only a passing hook. There are so many lakes that the supply of fish is almost inexhaustible, which fact will leave Wisconsin as the fisherman's paradise for years to come.

WILBUR CARLIN McINTOSH.

A Few Days in Maine.

BOSTON, June 28.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to record another successful trip to my favorite fishing grounds at Redington, Me. The day I went down was cool and comfortable, and the ride, though a long one, was delightful. At Farmington I found that Mr. F. N. Beal, the popular manager of the Sandy River road, had shown another evidence of his desire to cater to the wants of the traveling public, and had added a parlor car to the rolling stock of his road, running to Rangeley on the afternoon train, making the return trip on the train leaving there at noon, so that hereafter sportsmen from New York and Boston may have the luxury of a Pullman the entire route. On arriving at Redington what a change awaited me! The mill was shut down and the people that made the place a pretty busy one were all gone. Only the railroad section men and the people necessary to care for property remained. But the Redington House was open, and Mr. William Miller, who runs a house at Phillips, was in charge. My old friend, Harrison, who for many years catered to the wants of the patrons of the house, was also gone—he had died by his own hand a few weeks before. I was told that Mrs. Harrison was at the Round Mountain Lake camps—the guests there will know what good cooking is. The fishing was good, although not what it was the past few years. I believe it is the intention of the owners of the property to run it as a sportsman's resort. If that is the case they ought to stop the indiscriminate fishing in the pond, and having done that they should also take measures for restocking the pond. It has been great fishing there for years, the number of trout taken out of the pond and in the stream being simply enormous, but the steady drain has begun to tell and the fishing was the poorest I have ever had there. I brought home eighty trout, which I am free to admit was a good enough catch for any man, but other years I have taken more in number in the same time. It is still good fishing there, and can be made better by the means I have suggested, and in the hunting season it is one of the best regions for deer in Maine. Mr. Miller is a good man to run such a place, and sportsmen going there will be sure to find accommodations that cannot fail to be satisfactory.

WM. B. SMART.

The Salmon Rivers.

BOSTON, June 24.—The salmon angling season is on, and many of the noted fishermen are already at their preserves or are gathering there. A special to the daily papers says that while Mr. Vanderbilt and friends, Lord Minto and party, and Louis Cabot, of Boston, and party, are fishing their preserves on the south side of the St. Lawrence, the fishermen on the north side include Grover Cleveland, Col. D. Lamont, J. J. Hill, of the Northern Pacific; George Baker, president of the First National Bank of New York; Lord Lovedale and others. Lord Savordale and his friend, Mr. Harris, from England, are fishing a preserve called Migan, 465 miles below Quebec. Mr. Hill and party are fishing the St. John, on the Labrador coast, 500 miles below Quebec. Mr. Hill is reported to pay the Provincial Government \$3,000 a year for the rod fishing on this river. E. C. Chapman, of New York; F. S. Hodges, of Boston; H. K. S. Williams, of New York, and R. W. Johnson, of New Brunswick, N. J., are fishing the Nantashquan, 570 miles below Quebec. E. C. Fitch, of Waltham, Mass., is to fish the Romaine River this year. He pays \$1,000 a year for the lease. Mr. T. Gorham Peters and Waldron Bates, of Boston, are fishing the rough waters of the Nepisquit. Messrs. H. P. King and J. T. Spaulding, with Mr. L. D. Ahl, have gone to their preserve on the Ristigouche. Col. Whitehead, of Montreal; John Manuel, of Ottawa; John Law and Robert Patterson, are on the Godbout. Ivers W. Adams, of Boston, who recently purchased the salmon privileges of the River Moisie, will be there this season. The latest reports from the most of these rivers is that the fishing is not yet up to the standard of former seasons. Still, there has been sent up to Montreal from the Ristigouche Salmon Club a salmon weighing 42 pounds. Other large fish have been taken, but not a great number yet. Mr. Archibald Mitchel and his son were the first fishermen at the Ristigouche this year. The young man killed the first salmon of the season May 24, a very early date for salmon to rise to the fly at those waters. The tributaries of the Saguenay are reported to be earlier than usual. The anglers are already gathering at the several preserves along the St. Marguerite. Mr. Walter M. Brackett, the Boston salmon artist, has already taken up his summer residence at his preserve there. Mr. D. H. Blanchard, of Boston, after having landed an 8-pound togue at Lake Hebron, Monson, Me., with two or three friends, will start for his preserve on that river within a few days. Mr. John Fottler, of Boston, with several friends, is fishing the St. John at Gaspé. Mr. Harry Dutton, of Boston, is at the Little Pabos. Several members of the H. W. De Forest Club, of New York, are fishing the Grand Cascapedia, the rental of which is \$7,500 a year. Mr. E. N. Fenno, of Boston, is fitting out for a salmon fishing trip to Bedeque, Cape Breton. He will also try the trout fishing of that part of the country.

At Moosehead the trout fishing continues good, with an occasional salmon to keep up the interest. Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Hartshorn, of Boston, have made the record of the week at Kineo—fourteen trout and seven togue, the string weighing 35 pounds. Judge Charles Allen, of Boston, is fishing at Kineo. At Moosehead Inn, Greenville Junction, the fishing is reported excellent. Dr. H. C. Hichborn and Dr. S. R. Lancaster, of Boston, have taken in a few days' fishing there all the fish the law will allow them. A string of 38 pounds of togue is credited to an Arlington party there last week. One of the togue weighed 8 pounds. At the Rangeleys the fishing is holding out remarkably well. A number of good catches have recently been made. Mr. L. O. Crane, of Boston, has taken a salmon at the Upper Dam that weighed 4¾ pounds. Mr. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, at the same place, has caught a salmon weighing 6 pounds 3 ounces. Lewiston and Auburn, Me., people have also taken a number of good fish at the same place. Mr. George B. Bearce, of Lewiston, has broken the salmon record there with a fish of 8¾ pounds. There is a movement on foot to establish a fish hatchery at the Upper Dam. It is proposed to form an association and push the matter. There is no better

place in the world for a trout hatchery. It is understood that some money is already pledged. From all the Rangeleys come reports of good fishing. Mr. Jacob Hecht and Mr. S. L. Hecht, of Boston, have been having good fishing at Haines' Landing. Mr. Jacob Hecht has taken a good many salmon, but no very large ones, though hooking on to one that broke his rod short off. Mr. S. L. Hecht made a record for the week of ten trout and salmon, the largest a salmon of 5 pounds. Dr. Edwin N. Whittier landed five trout and salmon there Friday, the largest a salmon of 4½ pounds.

At Rangeley Lake the fishing has continued good. Among the successes of Boston anglers, reported from the Rangeley Lake House the past week, may be noted: Westley Jones, 2¾ and 3 pound salmon; R. H. Hinckley, Jr., 3¾ and 5 pound salmon; J. A. Atwood, 3-pound salmon and 3-pound trout; C. H. Hayes, 3½-pound salmon; J. E. Pushee, 3½-pound salmon; Mrs. J. F. Steel, 3, 4 and 4½ pound salmon; W. S. Patten, Lowell, Mass., 6 and 3 pound salmon; O. K. Dexter, Lowell, Mass., 3 and 3½ pound salmon; C. B. Coutrell, Brookline, Mass., 6 and 4½ pound salmon.

It has been decided that the extension of the Portland and Rumford Falls Railway from Bemis to the foot of Rangeley Lake will go on the east side of Bald Mountain. This has made a positive boom in camp lots on that shore of Mooselucmagantic. Several surveys are at work running out the lots. It is understood that the Rickers, of Poland Springs, have purchased lots there, and that they will build "something fine" this season. It is suggested that they desire a place to send some of their guests who desire camping and hunting and fishing.

BOSTON, July 1.—Reports from the Rangeleys and Moosehead are that trolling for trout and salmon is about done for the season, and that fly-fishing is now about the only method practiced. This has to be done nights and mornings, since the recent extremely hot weather has rendered it almost impossible to endure the glare of the sun on the water, even if any trout would rise in the middle of the day. A Kineo report says that S. S. Hibbard, of Boston, took sixty-two trout in a single afternoon, the largest 3¾ pounds. Mr. Hibbard says that the trout were all taken on the fly, and many of the smaller ones returned to the water. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Thomas, of Boston, are out of the woods from a two weeks' canoeing and camping trip about the vicinity of Eagle Lake. They found the fly-fishing all they could ask. From Greenville Junction, at the foot of Moosehead, come reports of good fishing. Herbert Lawton, of Boston, has captured a trout of 7 pounds at Greenwood Lake.

The fishing continues good at the resorts above Bangor. A salmon weighing about 16 pounds has recently been taken from the Caribou Pool, the largest fish ever caught there. The season opens on white perch July 1 and great fishing is promised at Field's Pond, Swett's Pond, Lake Chemo, Lake Pushaw, Silver Lake and Lake Sebasticook. Commissioner Henry O. Stanley says that the sport with these perch will be great. Large ones can be caught by trolling with a Rangeley spinner, while smaller ones rise to the fly readily.

There are reports of good fly-fishing at Haines' Landing, Mooselucmagantic Lake, especially at the Outlet, in the vicinity of the Oquossoc Angling Association camps. Among the anglers who have lately taken trout and salmon may be noted H. M. Curtis, A. B. Sederquist, George F. Steele, S. L. Hecht, J. H. Hecht, J. B. Sleight, E. N. Whittier, Miss Whittier, Boston; E. F. Coburn, Lawrence; J. P. Proctor, Fitchburg; John M. Cheeney, Southbridge. Mrs. J. O. McFadden, Boston, has secured ten salmon, the largest 6½ pounds. Mrs. W. G. Soule, of Boston, has secured four salmon, the largest 4 pounds. Rangeley Lake reports mention the best fly-fishing of the season. Farmington, Me., reports note good fishing at Venum and Clearwater ponds, with great fly-fishing for small trout at Sweet's Pond.

Plans are about matured for the annual excursion of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association to Kineo, Moosehead, July 6 to 10.

SPECIAL.

Pennsylvania Fishing Points.

SAYRE, Pa.—Early reports from the trout streams in this locality were exceedingly discouraging—more so, in fact, than for several years past. The long continued rain flooded the streams to overflowing, and the anglers who ordinarily find much pleasure in seeking the trout while he is worm hungry were deprived of their accustomed sport.

Lately, however, some good reports from trout waters have come to hand, and possessed of the requisite skill the angler should be able to bring home some nice creels of trout. There are some likely streams around Cortland that should yield plenty of sport just now. For instance, take the head waters of Fall Creek, northwest of Cortland. The stream rolls along through a lovely country, and even though the catch of trout may not always equal expectations the delights of the landscape offer a redeeming compensation.

A number of streams which intersect the country south and east and west of Cortland invite the angler who wishes to catch some nice trout and study the beauties of a really glorious country.

At Slaterville Springs, a few miles southeast of Ithaca, there are a number of streams which for years have yielded plenty of fair sized trout.

At McClean and Hartford Mills are to be found a few good streams, and in years past have furnished a large number of trout. To some extent, perhaps, the glory of these waters has departed, but there are trout enough remaining to give the moderate angler a fine turn of sport.

From Owego go to Flemingville via the Southern Central branch of the Lehigh Railroad and there fish Owego Creek. The stream crawls lazily through a land fair to look upon, and some good sized trout should be taken on this reach of waters. A few streams in the vicinity of Wilseyville and Candor, reached from Ithaca or Owego via D., L. and W. R. R., contain a goodly stock of trout, and the country is comparatively easy to work out.

Reports from bass waters indicate that plenty of sport is in store for the disciples of this branch of angling a little later on. On the Chemung and Susquehanna rivers, opposite this juncture, a good many bass of fair size are taken. At the juncture of the two rivers, below Athens,

large bass are caught, and as one proceeds down the Susquehanna the fish and the fishing grow better. From Ulster to Towanda and below the latter place there are to be found many favored bass grounds. At Wyalusing are the far-famed bass grounds where the fish run plenty and large in size. A more delightful place to angle is hard to conceive than at Wyalusing, and a little further on in the season one should have splendid sport on the Susquehanna at that point.

At Harvey's Lake are annually taken some noble black bass. The fishing here is easy, the scenery inspiring and the air full of the freshness of the mountains. There are some wild, boisterous streams prowling through this mountain sentinelled country out of which magnificent brook trout are taken. But the streams impose hard work upon the angler, and this fact is sufficient to deter the less robust members of the craft from venturing on the sport.

While in Ithaca, N. Y., last week, I learned that the perch fishing at the head waters of Cayuga Lake is unusually good, the fish averaging nice as to size and plentiful. The bass fishing at the Ithaca end of the lake is never good until the season has well advanced. Along Fall Creek above the Ithaca gorge black bass of appetizing size are being taken. The cool, shady retreats from which the angling is to be enjoyed along this stream make the sport doubly enjoyable during these mid-summer days.

At Canoga, on Cayuga Lake, across from Union Springs, fishing on black bass, muscallonge, pickerel and pike is said to be good, with plenty of large perch to be caught during the intervals between the taking of the larger fish. One in quest of easy bass, pickerel and 'lunge' fishing cannot miss the best sort of sport, with all the attractions of a splendid lake country added, by going to Farley's Union Springs or Cayuga village. These are all complete fitting out points, easy of access, and the accompanying expenses are adapted to the angler of modest means.

M. CHILL.

Log of Schooner Privateer.

FOLLOWING is the log of the cruise of N. M. George, of Danbury, Conn., and S. B. Segar, of Boston, Mass., among the Florida Keys with Ball Brothers on the schooner Privateer, from March 28 to May 1, 1901:

Thursday, March 28.—Got under way at 6:45 A. M. Light N.W. to E. wind. Ran to Cape Florida and fished from dinghy. Caught twenty kingfish and a big hammerhead shark. Ran to Soldier Key.

Friday, March 29.—Ran to Ragged Keys. Got conches and crabs. Ran to reef, got crawfish, muttonfish and yellowtail. Ran to Caesar's Creek. Wind light—N.W. to E.

Saturday, March 30.—Lay at Caesar's Creek. Saw a few tarpon but they would not bite. The schooner Lawrence left for Angelfish Creek. The sloop Saracus arrived.

Sunday, March 31.—Ran to Bonefish Bank. The schooner Lawrence lay in Angelfish Creek. Caught at banks bonefish, groupers, cavalía, snappers, grunt and sailor's choice.

Monday, April 1.—Mr. George caught an 8-pound bonefish in morning. Ran to mouth of Jewfish Creek. Barnes Sound. Found a big school of tarpon in Barnes Sound. Anchored at 11:45 A. M. Returned to schooner at 12:40. Mr. George hooked three tarpon and landed two—6 feet long, 38 inch girth, 132 pounds, and 6 feet 2 inches long, 37 inches girth, 127 pounds. Segar hooked three and landed one—5 feet 1 inch long, 30 inches girth, 68 pounds. After dinner Segar hooked one and lost it. School went to eastward. Made sail and ran three miles after them. Returned at dark. Went out at 7 in the evening for tarpon. Full moon. Returned just before 8. Mr. George hooked three, landed two—one 5 feet 8 inches long, 34 inches, 98 pounds, one 5 feet 7 inches long, 33 inches girth and 91 pounds. Mr. Segar hooked five and landed one—5 feet 2 inches long, 28 inches girth, and 57 pounds. Total, fifteen hooked, six landed.

Tuesday, April 2.—Lay in Barnes Sound. Saw no tarpon. Trolled in Jewfish Creek. Caught groupers, snapper, cavalía. In evening caught five large snappers, three of them weighing 5 pounds each.



A 12-FOOT HAMMERHEAD.

Wednesday, April 3.—Rain squall, wind S.W. at 2 A. M. last night. At 6 A. M. wind came N.W. Ran through Jewfish Creek and kedged and beat through Boggy. Ran to Key Largo and sent mail to Planter. Kedged through Cow Pen. Anchored at East Key. Got crawfish. Wind backed to W. and blew hard.

Thursday, April 4.—Ran to East Indian Key Channel. Saw a few tarpon. Anchored and hooked one tarpon and broke the line. Rowed across the flats to Tea Table Channel. George landed a tarpon 5 feet 6 inches long, 32 inches girth, 85 pounds. Segar landed a big one, length 6 feet 11 inches, girth 40 inches, weight 166 pounds. Ran schooner around into Tea Table Channel. Saracus went to Alligator Light. Wind light N.N.W. in A. M. Heavy from W. in P. M. Cold. Total, two and a half hours, three hooked, two landed.

Friday, April 5.—Light E. wind, calm with low barometer. Hazlewood came over from the Saracus in forenoon. Many tarpon. Came in on first of ebb, but no bites. Saracus left for Miami in P. M. Saw a few fish in P. M. and fished an hour. Mr. George caught one 6 feet 8 inches long, 38 inches girth, 145 pounds.

Saturday, April 6.—Lay at Tea Table. No tarpon showed. Ran over to Indian Key Channel.

Sunday, April 7.—Ran to Knight's Key. Anchored at dark. Wind fresh N. and calm and fresh W.

Monday, April 8.—Ran to Bahia Honda; saw small school of tarpon. Went out at 1 P. M. Segar caught tarpon at once 6 feet 4 inches long, 35½ inches girth, 120 pounds. Mr. George hooked a large one at 1:44 P. M. and we gaffed him at 1:55. He proved to be the largest tarpon ever caught with rod and reel. Length 7 feet 2 inches, girth 46 inches, weight 213 pounds full. Made sail and ran to Key West and anchored at 12:30 A. M.

Tuesday, April 9.—Boxed tarpon and shipped by City of Key West to Miami to be mounted. Laid in supplies and left Key West at 5 P. M. with fresh N. wind. Anchored at Loggerhead Key at 9 P. M.

Wednesday, April 10.—Wind fresh N.E. Beat up to Bahia Honda and anchored at 10 A. M. Fished from 2 to 5 P. M. Mr. George hooked a tarpon and just before gaffing it a shark bit it in two and we got all of fish from bayonet forward. Estimated length 7 feet, girth 40 inches, estimated weight 168 pounds. Then Mr. Segar hooked



MR. GEORGE'S RECORD TARPON.

and fought one for over one and one-half hours, when a shark bit it in the back. Length 6 feet 8½ inches, girth 40 inches, weight 160 pounds. Before Segar got back George hooked another and shark took off some of its scales. Length 6 feet 8½ inches, girth 40½ inches, weight 169 pounds. In evening we caught on the shark line a hammerhead shark just 12 feet long. Had a great circus with him.

Thursday, April 11.—Interviewed natives. Ran to Jack Channel. Segar caught one shark and George caught one cavalía. Only one small tarpon in sight. Wind fresh N.E. and calm from noon.

Friday, April 12.—Got under way early and ran to Sable River. Wind heavy S.E. Trolled for small fish and caught bass, trout, and hooked two small tarpon and made them jump. Saw several tarpon, all small, but would not take the tarpon hook.

Saturday, April 13.—Ran to Long River and up to the Forks. Explored upper branches. Saw no tarpon and caught no small fish. Beat out of Long River when tide turned at noon and ran to Lossmans River. Wind S.S.W. threatening in N.W.

Sunday, April 14.—Left Lossmans River at daylight and beat up to Pavilion Key. Wind fresh W.N.W. Explored and looked for clams, but found none.

Monday, April 15.—Sailed and beat up the coast and through Caximbas Pass. Wind N.E. back to W.S. Fresh in P. M. Ran aground for a few minutes near the pass.

Tuesday, April 16.—Wind light N.E. Sailed and poled out of pass against strong heavy tide. Saw few tarpon at Caximbas Pass. Sailed and beat to Marco, where we got our mail and water, and after dinner started for Punta Rassa.

Wednesday, April 17.—Calm forepart of last night, then breeze from E. Sailed all night and anchored at 3:20 A. M. near Sanable Light to wait for daylight. Ran to Punta Rassa, and Segar and George went to Meyers on steamer.

Thursday, April 18.—George and Segar arrived on steamer. Ran to Captiva Pass. Wind very heavy from S.S.E. Visited Van Vleck Camp. No tarpon in sight. Photographed devilfish at Punta Rassa.

Friday, April 19.—Bar. 29.56 at 1:30 this A. M. Wind a gale from S.S.E. with rain. Run the Hurricane Anchor. Wind hauled in A. M. to N.W. and blew a gale.

Saturday, April 20.—Heavy wind from N.W. Beat up to Uzeppa for supplies. Left Uzeppa at 1 P. M., with a fine fair wind. Arrived St. James at 3 P. M. and laid in supplies. Yacht Cero lying at St. James.

Sunday, April 21.—Moderate N.W. wind. Ran to Punta Rassa.

Monday, April 22.—Left Punta Rassa at 10 A. M. Passed Bar buoy at 12 M. Passed Marco at dark. Anchored behind Cape Romano at 9 P. M.

Tuesday, April 23.—Got lumpy at our anchorage last night, so got under way at 2 this morning. Passed Pavilion Key at 5 A. M., N.W. Cape at noon. Wind hauled S.W. Made the Keys, two miles W. of Channel Key, and beat down to Bamboo Key.

Wednesday, April 24.—Ran to Key Vaca Creek. Moderate westerly wind. George had three strikes and

landed one—length 5 feet 9 inches, girth 35 inches, weight 109 pounds. Segar caught a big shark and George a small one. Left Key Vaca Creek at 3:15 P. M. and ran to Indian Key and anchored at 7:30 P. M.

Thursday, April 25.—Explored Indian Key and got crawfish. Ran to Tea Table Channel. Saw a few tarpon. George got two jumps out of one and lost him. Segar caught a fine jumping shark. Caught lots of bottom fish and one pompano. Wind N.W.

Friday, April 26.—Light N. wind, shifting to E. and getting warmer. Caught plenty of bottom fish. Saw very few tarpon.

Saturday, April 27.—Ran to Alligator Light. Caught two barracuda (largest 27 pounds), muttonfish, amber jack (20 pounds), groupers (largest 27 pounds), rockfish. Beat up to Tavinere Creek and ran aground.

Sunday, April 28.—Went afloat just before light. Ran through Tavinere Creek and up to Monieres. Walked across to Planter. Beat up to Boggy. Caught some grunts and snappers.

Monday, April 29.—Ran across Blackwater Sound. Kedged through Jewfish Creek. Saw a few tarpon in Barnes Sound near Steamboat Creek. Anchored at Bonefish Banks. Caught groupers, cavalía, runners. Wind N. and E.

Tuesday, April 30.—Rain and N. wind last night. Beat up to Caesar's Creek via Angelfish Creek. A few tarpon, but no hungry ones. Caught plenty of grunts, porgies, groupers, snappers, porkfish and crawfish.

Wednesday, May 1.—N. wind and rain last night. Ran to Fowey Rocks and caught seven large groupers from 15 to 25 pounds. Muttonfish and two dolphin. Ran to Miami. Arrived at 4 P. M. and ended the cruise.

[Mr. George's big tarpon is now on view at the store of Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son, 31 Park Place, this city.]

Fishing on the Delaware.

TRENTON, N. J., June 22.—The bass season opened here on the 15th of the present month under very favorable conditions. The largest catch recorded for the first day was a total of six, taken by Tom Lawton, above the Calhoun street bridge, averaging about 2 pounds apiece. Strange to say, the fishermen who ventured further up the river report very poor success, especially those who tried the Reading Railroad bridge; around this spot was always considered the best fishing grounds in the vicinity. But of late years the railroad company have had troughs placed almost the entire length of the bridge, where the fast liners took water on the scoop, and woe to the fisherman who happened to have a strike with the wind blowing a bit up river and an engine taking water about 85 feet above him at the rate of a mile in 1:30—a needle bath wasn't in it. But that is now a thing of the past, for the troughs have been taken up and placed further down the roadbed. It was discovered that the rust from the water had been making very serious inroads upon the iron work of the bridge.

In regard to bait, the fish do not seem to have any special preference, taking stoned catfish, sand pike, and helgramites equally as well.

The outlook for rock fishing was never brighter; large numbers of these fish have already been taken. Although they have been biting well through the day, the largest ones are caught at night. The principal and most successful bait used is blood worms. To J. R. Taylor, of Applegate & Co., belongs the credit of capturing the



A SHARK GOT THE REST.

largest fish to date on hook and line, with one tipping the beam at 12 pounds.

An occasional salmon has been taken by the shad fishermen in their nets this season. The river was stocked with the fish a number of years ago. Wm. White, superintendent of the water power, landed two while fishing for shad some time last month weighing 10 and 11 pounds respectively. These were taken above Scudder's Falls, about 6 miles from Trenton.

CANNIBAL.

Large Adirondack Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking over some old copies of your paper I saw a copy of June 16, 1900, with an article from John C. Phillips, of North Beverly, Mass., telling of his capture of a 6 pound speckled trout, and his statement that he thought it was the largest taken in Adirondack waters for some time. I know of a speckled trout taken from Piseco Lake, in Hamilton county, that weighed 7¾ pounds. Mr. Schermerhorn, of Poland, N. Y., made the capture. Although this is a little late I trust that you will publish, as this is a locality that is little heard of in your paper.

GEO. B. MAY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Heated Term.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 29.—We have been favored here in Chicago for the last week with a section of the hottest kind of hot weather. The usual consequences of a heated term in a large city have ensued—deaths, prostrations, suicides. As to the latter, one cannot avoid the reflection how much better it would have been had the suicide gone fishing instead of committing suicide. Indeed, how much better it would be for everybody suffering in the cities if, on the appearance of such a spell of weather as we have had this week, they would slam down their desk tops and simply go out where life is endurable. Big cities were never meant as a living place for humanity, and the fact that they are such is simply one of those perversions not sanctioned by nature.

As to the fishing pure and simple, or as viewed from the standpoint of returns, not so much could be said for this week. The hot weather has put the fish pretty much off their feed, and although a cool wave has made its appearance to-day, it is hardly to be expected that the weekend parties will have much success beyond that of having a good time and a cooling off. The best results in bass fishing of which I have had any word in the last ten days is that reported by Mr. E. R. Letterman and Mr. A. C. Smith, at the Lauderdale chain of lakes near Elkhorn, Wis., from which point the two above gentlemen returned this week. Their friend, Mr. F. N. Peet, came back a few days earlier than they did. Mr. Peet tells me that they had simply splendid bass fishing, and caught all the bass they cared to. They found their best successes in casting over the heavy weed beds with spoon hook and pork rind or frog bait. The bass were on the feed and bit ferociously at times, the sport for several days being of very fine and satisfactory quality. As to how many fish the party took, Mr. Peet declined to answer, excepting that he himself brought home three baskets full of bass.

One angling store reports this week that it is outfitting about fifty anglers for the regular Saturday afternoon exodus to the Fox Lake chain and the lakes of lower Wisconsin. This will show something of the angling traffic of this point in the summer time.

Good Muscallunge.

At last I get word of one decent muscallunge—indeed, the only good one I have heard about this summer so far. Mr. S. Pedlow, of this city, reports the news regarding the fish. It was caught in Trude Lake, Wis., by William Simpson, of Milwaukee, and a friend, who were guided by August Eastman, of Mercer, Wis. The fish was taken on June 15, and on the evening of the same day weighed 32 pounds, at which time it was weighed in Quinn's Hotel in Mercer. This is not a thumping big muscallunge, but 32-pounders are mighty rare these days.

Michigan Grayling.

Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich., in a letter to a friend states that he has had some good fishing for rainbow trout in the Au Sable this spring, and on one trip was so lucky as to catch three nice specimens of grayling. He does not report any other grayling taken in his immediate neighborhood. He thinks the North Branch of the Au Sable will not stand such heavy fishing as the main river. Mr. Alexander is trying to assemble a little party of friends for a trip down the Au Sable during the month of July, and is so good as to suggest that it might be a pretty good thing for FOREST AND STREAM to be represented on this trip, in which opinion I cordially agree with him.

The tendency of the news from the lower peninsula of Michigan seems to be that on the whole the trout season has not been very satisfactory. The rainbow trout can still report progress in Michigan. The grayling situation is more hopeful than it was at this time last year or the year before, or the year before that. It is not to be imagined that the grayling may be rated an angling fish in these days, but its chief interest lies in the fact that it is not yet extinct and may at a later time become an angling possibility once more.

Mr. F. H. Tinhoft and his friend, Mr. C. H. Harris, who fished in the Au Sable this spring, caught a few grayling, though not enough to amount to much as a basket of themselves.

Good Bass Fishing.

Mr. O. Von Lengerke, who has recently returned from the Neepeenauk on Lake Puckaway, Wis., reports excellent fishing in Puckaway Lake and the Fox River adjoining that place. He thinks that this spot is a splendid place for the all-round sportsman, there being bass fishing, duck shooting, prairie chicken shooting, grouse shooting and squirrel shooting, all within reach of that point and in the proper seasons.

Grand Rapids Carnival.

Mr. Ben Bush, of Kalamazoo, Mich., is taking charge of some of the details regarding the coming bait and fly casting contests which will be held in connection with the grand celebration and carnival at Grand Rapids, Mich., on July 3 and 4. A very liberal prize list has been established by the Grand Rapids citizens, and the entry to all the contests is free. Any and all sportsmen are invited to attend and to compete. It is the aim of the Grand Rapids men to popularize the sport of angling, and Mr. Bush sees no reason why this should not become as popular as trap-shooting. He requests that Chicago anglers keep in mind the dates and come over to Grand Rapids and help boom the boomiest carnival that ever was pulled off. It has been a pleasure more than once to call attention to the quality of the sportsmanship of this beautiful little Michigan city of Grand Rapids. We doubt if there is a place in the United States of its size which has more sportsmen to the square inch or a better class of fellows. For any one who can leave the dear ones at home on the glorious Fourth, Grand Rapids offers inducements of distinctly pleasing sort.

For the Mountains.

Mr. Bert Seaboldt, of Salt Lake City, Utah, an experienced, all-round sportsman and angler, is in Chicago this week outfitting for a long trip in the mountains. Mr. Seaboldt will be accompanied by Mr. C. H. Aldrich, At-

torney-General under the administration of the late President Harrison. The two are providing themselves with a splendid outfit at Spaldings', and will later in the season start for the mountains. They want trout and bear, and the entire likelihood is that they will get both, more especially as Mr. Seaboldt savies the Rocky Mountains a plenty.

Mr. Albert Hayden, of this city, starts in a few days upon an extended trip in Colorado, where he will spend several weeks, chiefly engaged in fishing for trout. Mr. C. H. Ferry, of this city, with his family, starts for Lac du Flambeau, Wis., to-day, and will be gone for a few weeks. Muscallunge will be his principal endeavor.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The next meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club will be held on July 13. This will be a re-entry day and will complete the first half of the 1901 schedule. All the members are requested to be present and make up their back scores. The club is two events behind the schedule owing to weather of an unfavorable nature, and Secretary Heston hopes that everybody will come on and finish up these back scores. The following scores were made at the last meet, June 22.

	Long Distance Fly. Feet.	Bait Casting. Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait. Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco.....	85	87 7-10	95 1-5
I. H. Bellows.....	100	84 9-10	94 2-3
H. Greenwood.....	85	86 2-5	89 1-2
H. Greenwood, re-entry.....		85 7-10	
H. G. Hascall.....	107	95 1-5	97 1-6
N. C. Heston.....	80	96 1-5	94 1-6
G. A. Hinterleitner.....		84 1-5	95
G. A. Hinterleitner, re-entry.....		93 1-5	
F. N. Peet.....	104	87 1-5	93 1-6
C. B. Robinson.....		79 1-5	71 1-3
C. B. Robinson, re-entry.....		81 1-2	
G. W. Salter.....		93 9-10	84 1-3
G. W. Salter, re-entry.....		95 7-10	

Winning scores: Long distance fly, H. G. Hascall 107 feet.; bait-casting, N. C. Heston, 96 1-5 per cent.; delicacy bait, F. N. Peet, 93 1-6 per cent.

At the "Wood Pile."

Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, dropped in at Chicago Tuesday last for a little visit. Mr. McLeod left Milwaukee on Friday for his weekly visit to the Wood Pile, as he has rather shabbily named the exquisite little lodge owned by Mr. Miller and himself on their preserved stream, the Pine River. Mr. McLeod invited two or three Chicago friends to join him this week, but unhappily every one of these gentlemen was unable to go. Mr. Graham H. Harris had a prior engagement and left the middle of the week for a bass and muscallunge trip at Manitowish, Wis. Mr. Hempstead Washburne and family have left Chicago for the season, and are now residing in their cottage at the Huron Mountain Club, on the south shore of Lake Superior.

Angler Poet.

Mr. John S. Zimmerman, of Chicago, who has occasionally appeared in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM, is well known among his friends as a touch of the lyre. His Chicago publishers announce this week the appearance of a book of poems by Mr. Zimmerman, entitled "The Rubaiyat of Mirza-Mem'n." The version is stated to contain 131 quatrains in the form immortalized by Edward Fitzgerald.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, June 22:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Casting %
Battu.....	80	71.8	83.8	75.10	79.9
Brooks.....	100	91.4	91.4	69.2	80.3
Everett.....	109	85.8	86	75.10	80.11
Grant.....	99	79.8	88	70	79
Mansfield.....		94.4	94.4	74.2	84.3
Mocker.....	98	87	94.8	75.10	85.3
Muller.....	103	91.4	89	80	84.6
Young.....	100	86	92	75	83.6
Smyth.....		81.8	85.4	73.4	79.4

Judges, Everett and Muller; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday, contest No. 6, held at Stow Lake, June 23. Wind, northwest; weather, warm and clear:

Battu.....	87	81.4	90.8	74.2	82.6	69.6
Blade.....	78	80	60.4	69.2	64.9	
Brooks.....	100	84	87	63.4	75.2	
Brotherton.....	110	81.8	90.8	75	82.10	
Daverkosen.....	105	89	81.8	75.10	78.9	
Everett.....	106	89.8	88.4	75.10	82.1	
Foulks.....	92	74.8	62.8	73.4	68	
Grant.....	103	80	77	73.4	75.2	65.11
Golcher.....	121	84.4	90.4	74.2	82.3	
Isenbruck.....	70					
E. Kenniff.....	100	76	77	74.2	75.7	89.7
C. R. Keniff.....	99	79	87.4	74.2	80.9	87.7
Mansfield.....		91	91.4	76.8	84	83.2
Mocker.....	95	85.4	91	75	83	
Muller.....	98	87.8	81.8	75.10	78.9	
Smyth.....		82.4	78	78.6	77.9	
Turner.....		90.8	89.8	75	82.4	
Young.....	90	94.8	83.8	76.8	80.2	

Judges, Young and Turner; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Smyth.

A Muskrat on the Fly.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I recently received a letter from the celebrated Adirondack guide, Charles O. Bartlett, of Saranac Lake, who probably knows as much about the Adirondacks as any guide now living, and as he gives me therein a very novel experience in fly-fishing, I thought the readers of FOREST AND STREAM would be interested to learn of a new kind of fly-fishing introduced in the North Woods by guide Bartlett. He writes me as follows:

"Well, I must tell you of my fishing experience last Saturday. I went down to the saw mill dam, near the Au Sable River, fly-fishing. I commenced casting, when I saw a muskrat swimming from the dam over toward the flume, about twenty feet below me, so I made three casts for him, and the third one struck the water about four inches in front of him, and I jerked and hooked him about one inch back of his jaw, and if ever I had fun it was then. First, he pulled for the flume, but could not make it; and then he turned and went to the bottom in about six feet of water, and he everlastingly did scratch the bottom. Finally, he came up and went for

the dam, and landed on a smooth, flat rock, and then I could hold him. He then turned and swam toward me, and I knocked him on the head with a club. You would have thought to have seen the rod, that I had a 10-pound trout on. After this experience, I went fishing in earnest for trout, and caught a brook trout weighing 2 pounds and 10 ounces, and also a rainbow trout weighing 1 pound and 14 ounces. The rainbow trout jumped three feet out of water when hooked, just like the landlocked salmon at the Adirondack League Club."

S. A.

Canoeing.

Notice.

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Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XIV.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"I AM afraid we won't reach Bear Lithia to-night," said George, as he struck match after match on the base of his match box, held under the shelter of his hat, in a futile effort to light his pipe, the rain meanwhile trickling gently down the back of his neck, as the overhanging boughs were by this time thoroughly saturated, and the only protection they now afforded was to break the force of the storm.

"I think not," said the Colonel, "if this continues much longer."

"It is not apt to rain long when it rains as hard as it does now," I said.

"How far is it?" asked Lacy.

"Well, it's about three miles from here to the Elkton dam, and about two more from there to Bear Lithia—say five miles in all."

"What time is it now?" asked George.

"Ten minutes to five," I replied, as I consulted my Waterbury.

"I expect we might as well give it up, then, and go into camp at the first good place," replied George. "It's full late enough now to make camp, and it will be nearly or quite dark by the time we reach Bear Lithia."

"Oh, I think we'll have time enough," I replied. "You must remember that we will have no supper work to attend to at Bear Lithia, as we are to be the guests of the house, and will, consequently, take our meals there, and all we will have to do will be to put up our tents, which won't take long, and can be easily done by lantern light after we come back from supper, if we wish," I replied; "besides, it is pretty much all swift water and rapids from here down."

"There's the Elkton dam with its slack water and its portage," he objected.

"I know it; but the dam is a low one and easily portaged, and the back-set is hardly half a mile long, with a current clear through it. Besides, I don't know of a single good camp place between here and there."

"What's the matter with going on then?" said Lacy. "We can't get wet in these rigs, and really might as well be shoving along as lying here under the trees."

"Well, there are three rapids between here and the dam," I replied. "One is broad and shallow and one is very rough and rocky, and all are long, and I don't like to tackle any of them with this rain beating up the water so and obscuring the channels. We'll need to take advantage of all favoring circumstances to run them all right."

"That's a fact; I didn't think of that," admitted Lacy.

"Weller was capsized in the rough one last month when he and Shepherd made their cruise," I continued.

"Was that the place?" asked George.

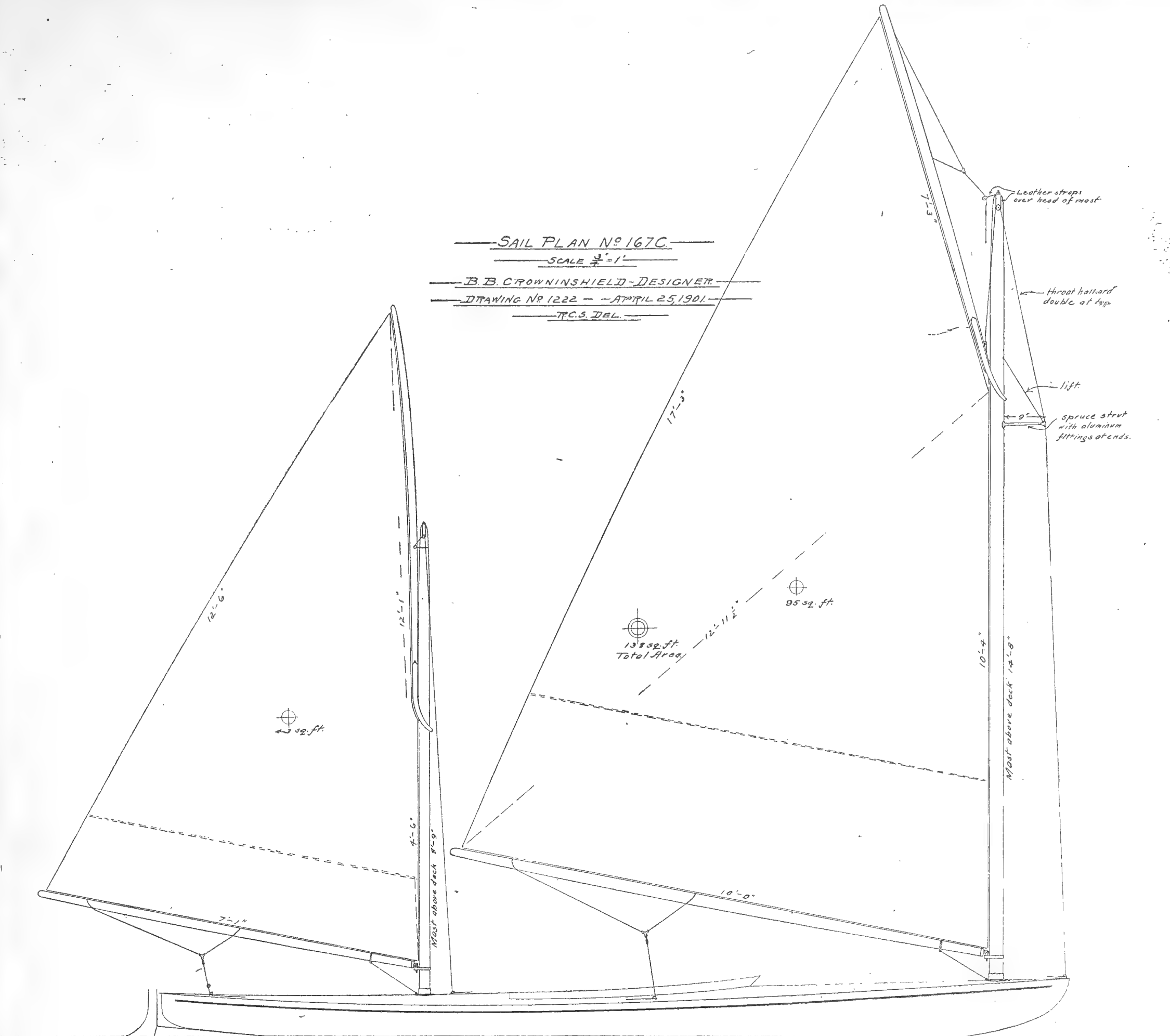
"That's the place," I replied.

"The boys told me it took half the night to dry his blankets out," added Lacy.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied George.

"The rain's slackening up now, and will soon be over," observed the Colonel.

This proved to be the case, and in ten minutes more we were able to pull out from under the dripping trees, and by the time we had rounded the bend below and were dancing swiftly and merrily down the first rapid, the rain had all passed over and was sweeping, in a rapidly receding gray veil, on down the valley, with the mountain ranges on either side of the river crawling up out of it at a brisk rate, their towering summits still enveloped in the heavy cloud masses, which hung lowering over the entire heavens, while white, fluffy patches wreathed and eddied along their rugged flanks, as though torn like fleece from the sides of the storm, as it swept along through the



SAIL PLAN OF RACING CANOE DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD; BUILT BY W. F. STEVENS, 1901.

rough, frowzy mat of trees and bushes along the mountain sides.

We ran all the rapids successfully, without a bump or a knock, the final rush down the big rough one shooting us far out on the smooth though swift waters of the Elkton dam.

The towers of the big summer hotel at Elkton loomed up conspicuously above the trees that crowned the bluff on the right, as we drifted slowly down the mill pool, and the small white house under the bluff, with the flight of steps leading down to the collection of rowboats moored in the water beneath, was identified as the boat house belonging to the hotel.

"Commodore, it's after 6 o'clock; hadn't we better abandon Bear Lithia and go into camp? It's raining again, too," said Lacy, as we drifted down the swift water and under the old, covered wagon bridge opposite Elkton, after portaging the dam.

"Well, it's only two miles further, and there's good, swift water all the way, and I know of no good camping place near here," I replied.

"I move we go on; we'll get there in time enough, and I hate to make camp in the rain," said the Colonel, as he hastily drew his gossamer cape out from under his front hatch and prepared himself for the returning rain.

"I say so, too," said I, as we all made haste to follow the Colonel's excellent example.

"Go on it is, then," said the others.

"This is my first experience in cruising in a rain," said the Colonel, as he secured a light for his pipe, the flickering rise and fall of the match as he puffed, puffed away enveloping his head and face in a faint little halo of light through the misty rain and in the gathering twilight.

"Is that so?" asked Lacy. "I would have supposed that you were well seasoned to all kinds of weather on camping trips by this time."

"Well, I am," replied the Colonel, "but it has just happened that in my several cruises with you fellows we have never yet had occasion to cruise—or been caught out—in a rain. We have had frequent rains, but always in camp."

"Yes; I believe you are right," added George.

"Well, how do you like it, so far as you have gone?" asked Lacy. "You have certainly had a pretty good initiation, for I don't recall in all my experience a more steady rainy day."

"Well, it isn't bad, as traveling in rainy weather goes," replied the Colonel. "The protection afforded by the canoes is excellent, and it is hard to see how it can be

improved upon, and I really don't mind a rainy day now and then in warm weather."

"Nor I," said Lacy. "It brings variety, and is all in the cruise, as the expression is."

"I draw the line, though, at making camp in the rain," said I.

"Yes; I don't fancy that myself," said the Colonel.

Twilight was gently stealing on apace, quickened and intensified, and the evening shrouded and gloomed, by the dense, low-hanging, leaden clouds that obscured the sky, and shrouded the mountains and hills from view, and from which descended a fine, light, penetrating rain, through whose dense, mist-like veil even the nearer objects—the hills and trees on the banks—were hazy and vague, while overhead the sky was blotted out, and the clouds merged in the leaden mist which descended from them.

Enveloped in our rubbers, we sped onward as fast as the swiftly flowing water and good, brisk paddling would speed us, our destination now not far away, and it had become a race between us and darkness, with the points considerably in favor of the latter.

Around the next bend the bluffs and headlands in the Bear Lithia neighborhood loomed up, vaguely visible through the rain and the gathering gloom, and, acting upon my suggestion, George produced his bugle and made the air resound with some of his most piercing blasts and choicest discords, so as to give notice of our approach in case any of our Bear Lithia friends might be patiently waiting for us. A light gleamed far away on a hill like a faint, twinkling star—it was in Naylor's house. George redoubled his musical exercises, and his performances on that bugle became something astonishing and ear-splitting.

We paddled around another little bend to the left, and the boulders and logs of the old, broken-out Naylor dam opposite Bear Lithia, which—like so many dams in this stream—is located in a sharp bend, and seems to be but a continuation of the left bank straight across the river, came into view.

"There they are!" Lacy exclaimed, as through the fast-darkening gloom and the thick veil of steadily increasing rain we could dimly make out a little group on the bank, in the angle at the further end of the dam, who were waving handkerchiefs, umbrellas, etc., at us with welcoming shouts, as we paddled swiftly up to them and beached our canoes just above the broken-down dam, down over which the water roared and tumbled in a whitened mass, and scrambled hastily ashore, where we were

warmly and heartily greeted by Will Compton, Tom Naylor and others.

"We had given you up, and were half-way home when Naylor heard your bugle and saw your fleet on the river from his house, and yelled to us that you were coming," said Compton.

"Yes; that yell of mine was almost equal to a blast of the bugle," said Naylor, laughing. "They were over a quarter of a mile away."

It was quite late, and Compton would not hear to our making camp, but insisted on our leaving our little fleet afloat just where it lay and repairing to the hotel during our stay.

In view of the hour and the discouraging state of the weather, it didn't need much urging to induce us to accept his kind and hospitable invitation, so taking out our clothes bags, the hatches and aprons were closed and locked, the canoes carefully made fast to the trees on the bank, with ample provision against any possible rise in the river consequent on the day's rain, the paddles sent up to Naylor's house, and we all set out for the Springs hotels, half a mile away.

We stretched our tired, cramped limbs along that muddy road and through the fast-falling rain with a feeling of relief and luxury, for the day's run had been a hard one, and we were tired; but after we had stopped at the little country store and post office kept by Naylor, and Compton had produced a bottle of beer apiece, which was thankfully disposed of, and after we had reached our rooms, where Compton joined us with a small pitcher of water, some glasses, sugar and a little ice, and a decoction of something hot and strong was partaken of, the principal ingredient of which was found in the mysterious depths of some one's clothes bag, we felt quite refreshed, and by the time we had ensconced ourselves in warm, dry clothing and had partaken of a good, hot supper in the hotel dining room we felt quite entirely ourselves again, and in good condition to enjoy our evening cigars on the veranda, in company with Will C. Compton, Sr., who happened to be spending a few days here, and some of the other gentlemen guests of the place, who braved the dampness of the rainy night for a half-hour's chat with us over their cigars.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Canoe Designs for the Int. Canoe Race.

THE international canoe race that is to be held next August in Langston Harbor, England, between the Winchester Boat Club, of Winchester, Mass., and the Royal C. C., of England, is a matter of no little interest to canoeists both here and abroad.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, well known as the owner of Independence, has a country place in Winchester, Mass., and being naturally interested in water sports and having no little local pride, is the backer of the enterprise. His representative will be Mr. Herman Dudley Murphy, a man well known as a skillful and capable canoe sailor.

It was Mr. Lawson's wish that two canoes should be built, and after a series of trial races have been sailed on Mystic Lake, the better of the two boats should be named Uncle Sam and sent to England.

Through the kindness of Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, the designer of both canoes, we are able to reproduce in this issue their lines and sail plans. Although Mr. Crowninshield is not a designer of canoes, his wonderful success in designing other types of sailing vessels has brought him the order for these canoes, and incidentally we might mention Mr. Crowninshield has designed boats for three international matches to be sailed on the water this year. They are, namely, Independence, for the America Cup races; Illinois, for the Canada cup races, and Uncle Sam, for the international canoe races. We wish him success in all three.

One of the canoes was built by Mr. W. F. Stevens, of Bath, Me., and the other by the Mather Launch and Canoe Co., of Atlantic, Mass.

The dimensions of the canoe built by the Mather Boat Works are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	17ft.
Waterline	15ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	1ft. 2 in.
Aft	10 in.
Beam—	
At deck	2ft. 6 in.
At waterline	2ft. 3½ in.
Freeboard—	
At stem	1ft. 1¼ in.
At taffrail	10¾ in.
Least	7 in.
Draft—	
Extreme	5½ in.
To rabbet	5¾ in.
Board down	2ft. 10 in.
Displacement	392lbs.
Area—	
Pounds per inch at L.W.L.	123.7
Lateral plain	8.09
Wetted surface	33.12 sq. ft.
Sails	120.00 sq. ft.
Rudder69 sq. ft.
Centerboard	2.66 sq. ft.
Ratio—	
Sail area to wetted surface	3.63
(Stem to C.B.) to L.W.L.493
Overhangs to L.W.L.133
Rudder to balance lateral plain ..	.0933

The dimensions of the canoe built by Mr. W. F. Stevens are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	17ft.
Waterline	13ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	2ft.
Aft	2ft.
Beam—	
At deck	2ft. 8 in.
At waterline	2ft. 6½ in.
Freeboard—	
At stem	1ft. 1¼ in.
At taffrail	9¾ in.
Least	7½ in.
Draft—	
Extreme	5¾ in.
To rabbet	5¼ in.
Board down	2ft. 11 in.
Displacement	378lbs.
Pounds per inch at L.W.L.	126.7
Area—	
Lateral plain	7.61 sq. ft.
Wetted surface	34.28 sq. ft.
Sail	138.00 sq. ft.
Rudder71 sq. ft.
Centerboard	3.2 sq. ft.
Ratio—	
Sail area to wetted surface	4.02
(Stem to C.B.) to L.W.L.519
Overhangs to L.W.L.267

Yachting.

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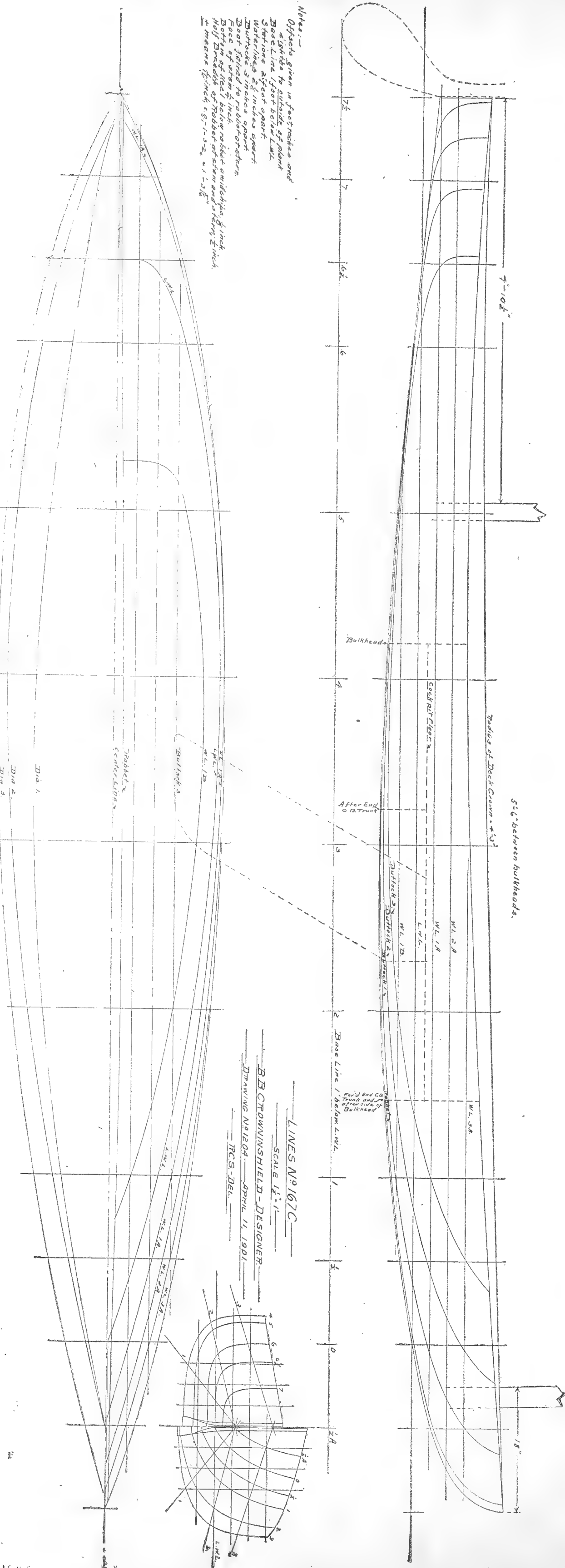
Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

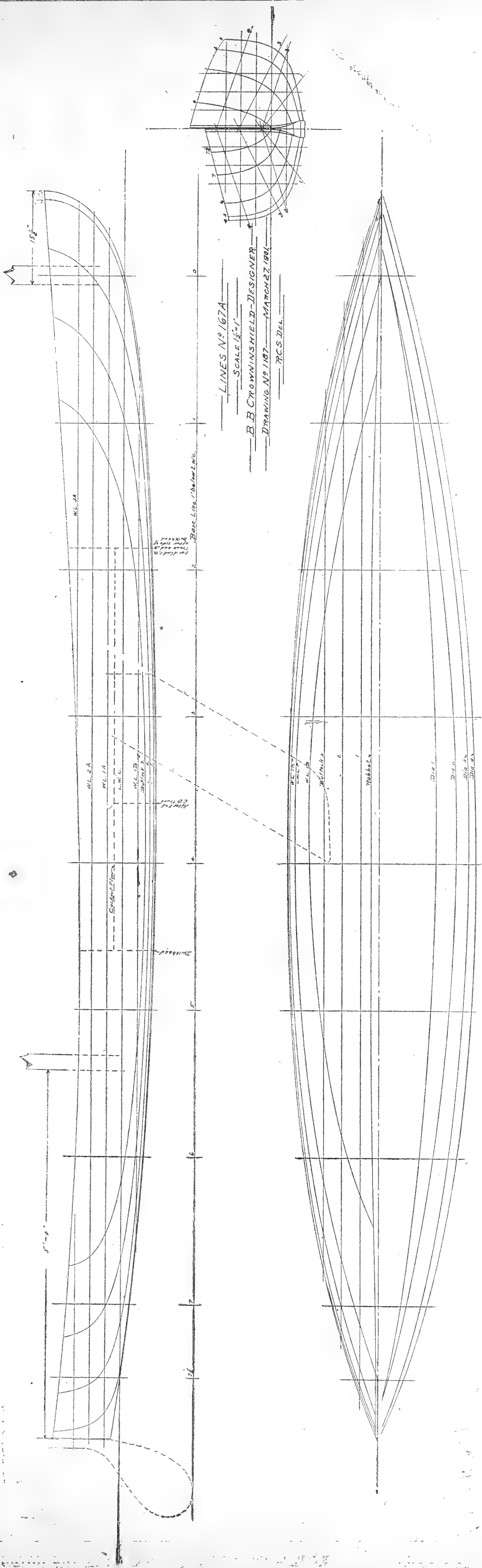
Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

1. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
2. Shelter Island, club regatta.
3. Duxbury, club race, Duxbury, Mass.
4. Boston City, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Corinthian, second club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
6. East Gloucester, open, Gloucester, Mass.
7. Gravesend Bay Y. R. A., first open regatta, Gravesend Bay.
8. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
9. Larchmont, annual regatta and schooner races for Colt cup, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Harford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
11. Seawanhaka Corinthian, club, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
12. Pavonia, McInnis cup, Bayonne, New York Bay.
13. Canarsie, parade, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
14. Penatiquit Corinthian, annual, Bay Shore, L. I.

RACING CANOE—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD, BUILT BY W. F. STEVENS, 1901.





RACING CANOE—DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNSHIELD. BUILT BY THE MATHER LAUNCH & CANOE CO., 1901.

4. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
4. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 4-5. Lake Michigan, Y. R. A., Lake Michigan.
- 4-7. Biloxi, club, Biloxi, Miss.
4. Cohasset, knockabout championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
4. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
- 5-11. Atlantic, cruise, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
6. Shinnecock Bay, club, Shinnecock Bay.
6. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
6. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
6. Mosquito Fleet, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Riverside, annual, Riverside, Long Island Sound.
6. Beverly, convention, Monument Beach.
6. Cohasset, knockabout championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
6. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
6. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, third race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
6. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
6. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
8. Norwalk, annual, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 8-9-10. New York, Newport series, Newport.
10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
13. Moriches, club.
13. Mobile, club, Point Clear, Alabama.
13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
13. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
13. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
13. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
13. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 15-19. Interlake meet, Put-in-Bay, O.
17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport
19. Quincy, open, Quincy, Mass.
20. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
20. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
20. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Mass.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Norwalk, club race, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Pass Christian, club, Pass Christian, Miss.
22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
- 25-26. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
27. Bay Waveland, club, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
27. Shelter Island, ladies' regatta.
27. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
- 29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
- 30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

Marine and Field Club.

June 22.

Fourth race of Y. R. A. of Gravesend Bay.

Class K—Start, 3:20.		Elapsed.
Susie, Cornelius Ferguson.....		Withdrew.
Class M—Start, 3:20.		
Akista, Geo. Hill.....	2 00 00	
Bonita, Haviland Brothers.....	2 06 00	
Class N—Start, 3:20.		
Squaw, H. G. Heath.....	2 09 30	
Class P—Start, 3:25.		
Cock-a-too, Hendon Chubb.....	1 23 30	
Song and Dance, E. F. Luchenbach.....	1 23 30	
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon	Withdrew.	
Class Q—Start, 3:25.		
Wraith, C. Tompkins.....	1 27 00	
Wink, Wm. Barstow.....	1 28 00	
Corodo, A. Peters.....	1 37 30	
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	Withdrew.	
Broncho, F. C. Moore.....	Withdrew.	
Class R—Start, 3:30.		
Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	1 38 00	
Peanut, C. Brewer.....	1 20 30	
Class V—Start, 3:25.		
Martha M., R. B. Moore.....	1 20 30	
Marine and Field Special—Start, 3:30.		
Vixen, W. S. Baylor.....	1 39 10	
Flying Fox, Buckman & Cone.....	1 38 00	
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	1 36 40	
Quinque, Louis H. Smith.....	1 37 00	
Singer, A. P. Clapp.....	1 40 06	
Jig-a-Jig, W. Hutcheson.....	1 38 10	

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, June 29.

THE fifty-fourth regatta of the Burgess Y. C. was sailed Saturday, June 29, in a strong S.W. breeze. Two classes started—the raceabouts and the 16-footers. In the raceabouts the Herreshoff designed Sintram won handily. The 16-footers sailed a close race, and off the Neck they had all they could do to handle the strong puffs. Raccoon, designed by Crowninshield, won by over a minute. The summary:

Raceabouts—Start, 2:45.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	4 01 40		1 16 40
Pompilia, R. Robbins.....	4 04 35		1 19 35
Indian, Lawrence	4 06 45		1 21 45
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	4 10 15		1 25 15
16-footers—Start, 3:00.			
Raccoon, J. Irving.....	4 07 04		1 07 04
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	4 08 08		1 08 08
Cyclone, R. Wiggan.....	4 13 42		1 13 42
Gea Whiz, Macomber.....	Withdrew.		

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, June 27.

No yacht club in recent years has had three consecutive days of such successful racing as the last days of last week. Each day was marked by a large entry list and fine weather with good sailing breezes.

Thursday, June 27, the first of the three days' racing, opened with exceptionally fine weather conditions, with a whole sail breeze from the W.S.W., which held until the boats were on the second round of the course, when it dropped considerably and hauled to the S. and freshened up considerably.

The courses were triangular, the first leg being a reach, with the wind on the port side. The second leg was a run, with spinakers carried to starboard, and the third leg was a beat. Each triangle was sailed twice around, the schooners, yawls and 51-footers sailing 23½ miles, the 30 and 36ft. classes, 16½ miles; the raceabouts and knockabouts, 13½ miles, and the Manhasset raceabouts and 21-footers, 8¼ miles.

The preparatory signal was at 12:30 o'clock, and five minutes later the yawls were sent off, Vigilant leading at the windward end and Ailsa being at the leeward end of the line. Vigilant was soon in the lead, which she held to the finish. Vigilant jibed around the first mark 40s. in the lead of Ailsa. Vigilant did her best when reaching and running, and Ailsa made a better showing on windward work. Vigilant gradually increased her lead and finished first by 1m. and 31s.

In the 75ft. class for schooners, Elmina, Quisetta and Muriel started. Elmina and Quisetta fought it out again, and Elmina won by 1m. and 25s. Elmina was protested by Quisetta for forcing her to give way when close hauled on the starboard tack. It is unfortunate that gentlemen who are in yacht racing for the sport of the thing should not observe the rules of the road. As this has happened several times so far this season, and boats continue on their course when they haven't the right of way, there will be some collisions before the season ends.

Altair and Humma met again, and the former boat sailed a fine race and crossed the finish line a winner.

In the 36ft. class Leda led all over the course and won from O'Shima San. Oiseau won in the 30ft. class, and Badger added another win to her long list of victories. The summary follows:

Yawls—Class G—Over 90ft.—Start	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant, Percy Chubb.....	3 51 51	3 22 57
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond.....	3 59 28	3 24 28
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft.—Start, 12:40.		
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	4 19 31	3 39 31
Quisetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 20 56	3 40 56
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	4 23 50	3 43 50
Sloops—Class K—43 to 51ft.—Start, 12:50.		
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.....	4 36 30	3 46 30
Humma, J. Rogers Maxwell.....	4 38 22	3 48 22
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft.—Start, 12:55.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell.....	3 57 40	3 02 40
O'Shima San, J. T. Pratt.....	4 15 47	3 20 47
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 1:05.		
Oiseau, J. Rogers Maxwell.....	4 10 57	3 05 57
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....	4 17 44	3 12 44
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	4 26 37	3 21 37
Raceabouts—Start, 1:10.		
Jolly Roger, S. Leroy Ackerly.....	4 16 05	3 06 05
Scamp, Johnston De Forest.....	4 14 43	3 03 43
Rogue, F. T. Bedford.....	4 16 54	3 06 54
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	4 14 18	3 04 18
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 1:15.		
Lucille, Henry H. Landon.....	4 38 05	3 23 05
Marcia, Dresser & Jacquelin.....	4 35 36	3 20 36
Vagrant, Brown & Low.....	4 32 17	3 17 17
Nakado, J. T. Sherman.....	4 37 10	3 22 10
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:20.		
Ox, R. W. Bavier.....	3 41 16	2 21 16
Gazabo, N. P. Vulte.....	3 33 35	2 13 35
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 1:20.		
Mist, J. W. Alker.....	3 37 48	2 17 48
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	3 38 06	2 18 06
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	3 35 09	2 15 09
Bab, Morgan & Phillips.....	3 44 59	2 24 59
Arizona, George A. Corry.....	3 30 19	2 10 19

Vigilant wins by 1m. 31s.

Elmina wins by 1m. 25s., but has been protested by Quisetta.

Altair wins by 1m. 52s.

Leda wins by 18m. 7s.

Oiseau wins by 6m. 47s.

Badger wins by 25s.

Vagrant wins by 3m. 19s.

Gazabo wins by 7m. 41s.

Arizona wins by 4m. 50s.

Mr. C. W. Wetmore, Mr. Walter C. Kerr and Mr. Chas. A. Sherman made up the Race Committee.

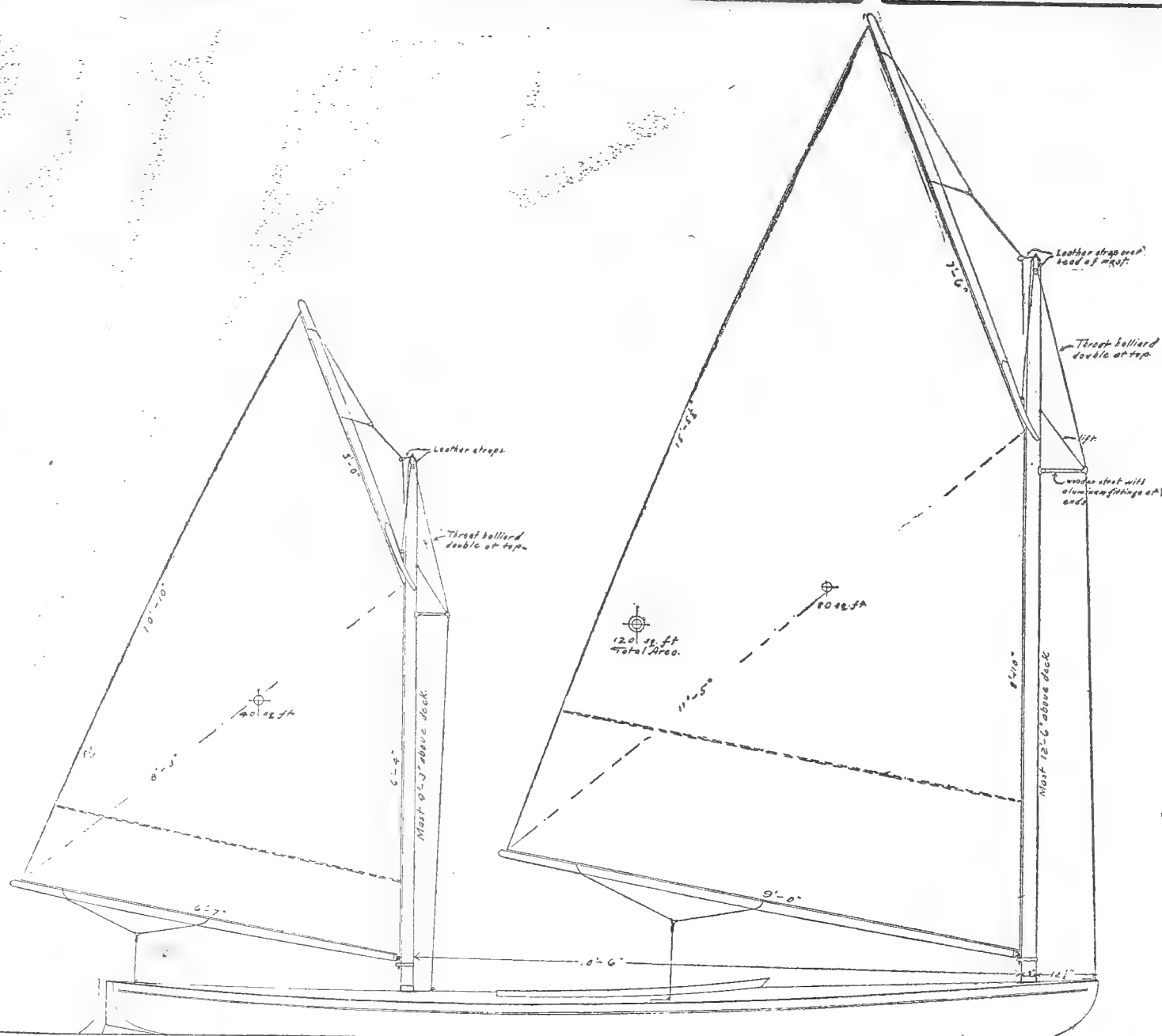
Friday, June 28.

The second day's racing at Oyster Bay was marred by collisions and protests.

As the schooners of the 75ft. class were reaching down to the starting line Muriel went afoul of Quisetta and punched a hole in her mainsail. Quisetta was at the windward end of the line and Muriel in her wake to leeward. As Quisetta was to cross before the starting signal her helmsman luffed her and finally brought her about on the starboard tack. Muriel could not clear Quisetta and her bowsprit went through the latter's mainsail. As no serious damage had been done, both boats crossed and started around the course. Elmina and Amorita had in the meantime started, and were well in the lead. A light breeze was blowing from the W., which made it a reach to the first mark. The second leg was a run with booms to starboard and booms to port. Owing to the haze and the small marks used by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., most of the boats overstood the stakeboats. At the first mark Elmina was in the lead, and she jibed over to reach the mark. Muriel followed suit, as did Quisetta. As Quisetta was to leeward, Mr. Lippitt luffed up under Amorita's stern in order to get a windward berth. When passing Amorita that yacht jibed and her boom caught in Quisetta's topmast stay and her bowsprit snapped off at the gammon iron. Soon after her fore topmast broke off and she was more or less of a wreck. As Amorita's boom had been damaged, she withdrew and hoisted a protest flag. Elmina now had only Muriel to beat, which she did with ease.

In the yawl class the race was uninteresting, as Ailsa was late in starting, and she never headed Vigilant over the course, which boat won by 4m. and 8s.

Mira got the best of the start in the 43ft. class, and was



SAIL PLAN OF RACING CANOE DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD; BUILT BY THE MATHER LAUNCH & CANOE CO., 1901.

in the lead at the end of the first round. At the second mark on the second round, Effort, Mira's only competitor, established an overlap and called for room. Mr. Irving Zerega, who was sailing Mira, claims he gave room, but Mira was fouled by Effort. Mira protested Effort. The times were:

Yawls—Class G—90-footers—Start, 12:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vigilant, Percy Chubb.....	3 24 15	3 19 15
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond.....	3 28 23	3 23 23
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft.—Start, 12:15.		
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	3 43 09	3 28 09
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	3 52 09	3 37 09
Quisetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	Disabled.	
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	Disabled.	
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.—Start, 12:25.		
Mira, Charles L. Poor.....	3 17 51	2 52 51
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3 14 56	2 49 56
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.—Start, 12:35.		
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	3 40 58	3 05 58
Alexion, A. H. Alker.....	3 44 30	3 09 30
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....	3 46 40	3 11 44
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	3 47 08	3 12 08
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 12:35.		
Ojibway, D. P. Morse.....	3 56 34	3 21 34
Raceabouts—Start, 12:45.		
Scamp, Johnston De Forest.....	3 55 10	3 10 10
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	3 51 26	3 06 26

Rogue, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	3 55 20	3 10 20
Jolly Roger, S. Le R. A. Merley.....	3 50 09	3 05 09
Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 12:50.		
Vagrant, Brown & Son.....	4 16 19	3 26 19
Marcia, Dresser & Jacquelin.....	4 15 04	3 25 04
Lucille, Hen H. Landon.....	4 23 04	3 33 04
Mistral, E. J. Low.....	4 18 36	3 28 36
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 12:55.		
Mist, A. H. Alker.....	3 17 25	2 22 25
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	3 06 15	2 11 15
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	3 10 00	2 15 00
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	3 05 27	2 10 27
Bab, Phillips & Morgan.....	3 07 53	2 12 53
Catboats—Class V—18 to 21ft.—Start, 12:55.		
Vera, Robert Smart.....	3 12 11	2 17 11
Arline, A. E. Randle.....	3 14 17	2 19 17
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 1:00.		
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....	3 13 44	2 13 44
Nora, Lewis Iselin.....	3 14 16	2 14 16
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	3 18 29	2 18 29
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.....	3 15 32	2 15 32
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	3 10 15	2 10 15

Vigilant wins by 4m. 8s.

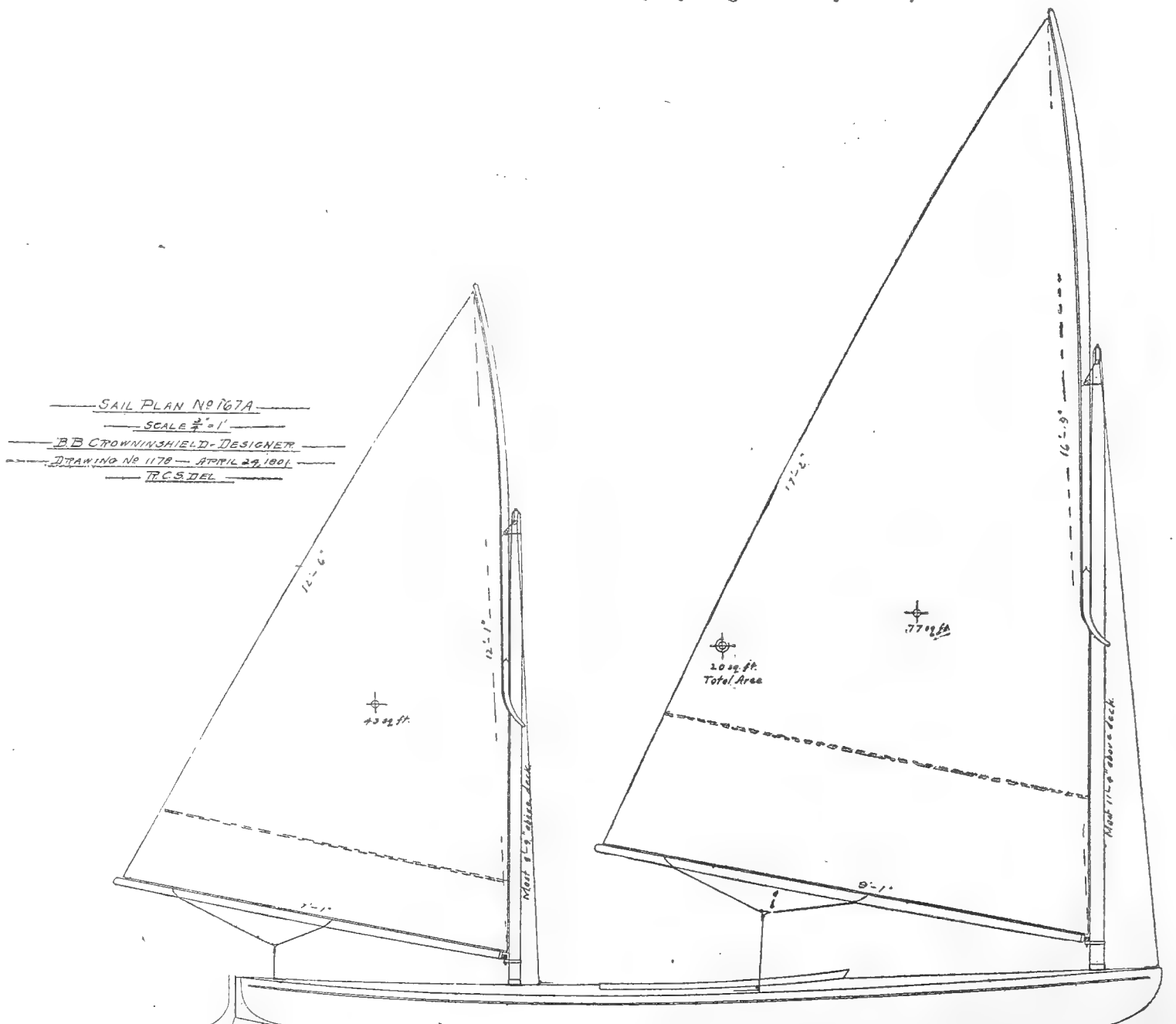
Elmina wins by 9m.

Effort wins by 2m. 55s.

Oiseau wins by 3m. 32s.

Ojibway, sail over.

Jolly Roger wins by 1m. 17s.



SAIL PLAN OF RACING CANOE DESIGNED BY B. B. CROWNINSHIELD; BUILT BY THE MATHER LAUNCH & CANOE CO., 1901.



SUPPLEMENT TO FOREST AND STREAM, July 6, 1901.

THE HOME OF THE BASS.

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Marcia wins by 1m. 15s.
Arizona wins by 48s.
Vera wins by 2m. 6s.
Mystral wins by 3m. 29s.

Saturday, June 29.
The third and last day of the series at Oyster Bay was made most interesting by a match race between the auxiliary Aloha, owned by Com. A. C. James, and the English auxiliary Lady Godiva, now under charter by ex-Com. H. C. Rouse. Aloha won.

The course was the same as on the previous days, and there was a good fresh breeze blowing, making it a close reach on the first leg, a run on the second and a beat on the third.

Vigilant scored her third consecutive win over Ailsa. Vigilant got the best of the start and led over the course, winning by over six minutes.

Owing to Quisetta and Amorita being disabled in yesterday's races, Muriel and Elmina were the only starters in the 75ft. class for schooners. From start to finish Elmina led and won by over eight minutes.

The schooners Latona and Katrina sailed a race. Both were in cruising trim. Latona won easily by 7m. and 25s.

In the 51ft. class Altair again beat Humma. Dorwina, the new boat designed for the 43ft. class by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, raced against Mira, also a Gardner design, and Effort. Mira was sailed by Mr. Irving Zarega, and was beaten by Dorwina, which was sailed by Mr. Addison G. Hanan, by a little over three minutes.

The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Yawls—Class G—Start, 12:05.		
Vigilant, Percy Chubb.....	3 03 07	2 58 07
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond.....	3 09 23	3 04 23
Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:15.		
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	3 23 41	3 08 41
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	3 31 42	3 16 42
Amorita, W. C. Brokaw.....	3 31 20	3 16 20
Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:15.		
Latona, H. C. Eno.....	3 39 56	3 24 56
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	3 47 21	2 32 21
Sloops—Class K—Start, 12:30.		
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	3 43 12	3 23 12
Humma, J. R. Maxwell.....	3 46 19	3 26 19
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:25.		
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	2 55 58	2 30 58
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3 00 51	2 35 51
Mira, C. L. Poor.....	3 04 09	2 39 05
Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:30.		
Leda, H. Maxwell.....	3 06 02	2 36 02
O'Shima San.....	Withdrew.	
Veda.....	3 23 19	2 43 19
Anoatok.....	3 24 10	2 54 10
Sloops—Class N—Start, 12:40.		
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	3 28 10	2 48 10
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	Withdrew.	
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....	3 40 30	3 00 30
Marion, F. M. Smith.....	Withdrew.	
Kit, T. H. Macdonald.....	3 40 18	3 09 18
Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:35.		
Ojibway, D. P. Morse.....	3 47 31	3 02 31
Raceabouts—Start, 12:50.		
Scamp, J. De Forest.....	3 44 50	2 44 50
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	3 44 05	2 44 05
Rogue, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	3 45 26	2 55 26
Jolly Roger, S. Le Roy Ackerley.....	3 39 40	2 49 40
Merrywing.....	3 29 31	2 39 31
Piper.....	Withdrew.	
Seawanhaka, Knockabouts—Start, 12:55.		
Lucille, H. L. Landon.....	4 02 36	3 07 36
Mistral, E. J. Low.....	3 56 34	3 01 34
Heron, C. Coudert.....	Withdrew.	
Marcia, Dresser et al.....	3 55 33	3 00 33
Nakodo, J. T. Sherman.....	4 02 15	3 07 15
Vagrant, Brown & Low.....	Disabled.	
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 12:30.		
Sakana.....	3 40 56	3 10 56
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:00.		
Vera.....	Withdrew.	
Arline.....	3 27 20	2 27 20
Kazaza.....	2 45 52	1 45 52
Auxiliary Class—Start, 1:10.		
Lady Godiva, Henry Rouse.....	3 36 02	2 26 02
Aloha, A. C. James.....	3 33 48	2 23 48
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 1:05.		
Bab, Morgan & Phillips.....	3 05 57	2 00 57
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	3 00 03	1 55 03
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	Withdrew.	
Lambkin, S. M. Roach.....	3 00 11	1 55 11
Mist.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:05.		
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....	3 02 19	1 57 19
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.....	2 59 51	1 54 51
Hope, C. O. Iselin.....	Withdrew.	
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	3 03 21	1 58 21
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	2 51 05	1 46 05
Nora, Lewis Iselin.....	2 59 32	1 54 32
Catboats—25ft. Class—Start, 1:00.		
Mollie S.....	4 04 19	3 04 19

Vigilant wins by 6m. 16s.
Elmina wins by 7m. 39s.
Latona wins by 7m. 25s.
Altair wins by 2m. 57s.
Dorwina wins by 4m. 53s.
Leda wins by 17m. 17s.
Oiseau wins by 12m. 20s.
Ojibway, sail over.
Merrywing wins by 4m. 34s.
Marcia wins by 1m. 1s.
Sakana, sail over.
Kazaza wins.
Aloha wins by 3m. 10s.
Arizona wins.
Neola, sail.
Mollie S., sail over.

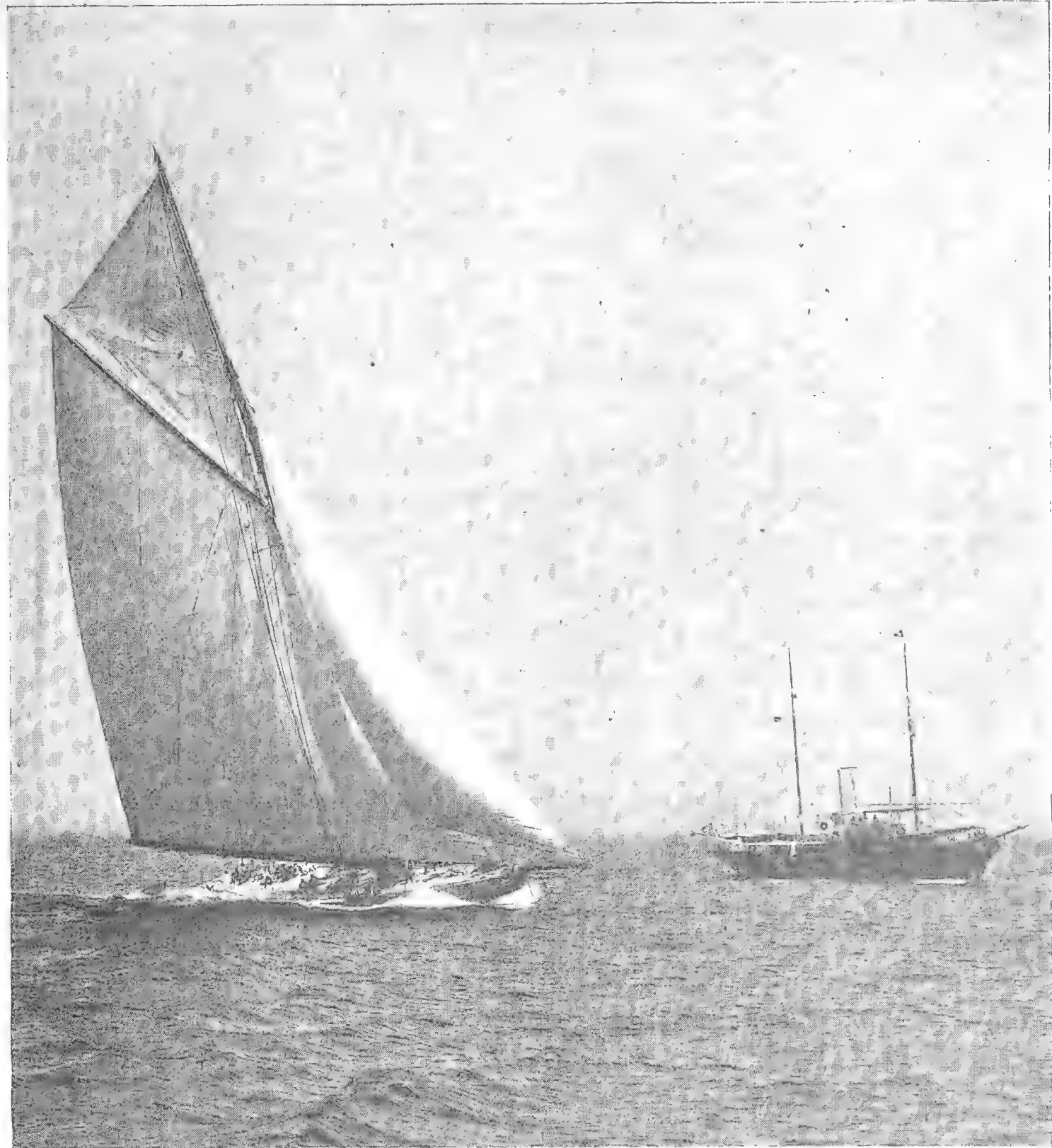
Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, June 29.

As has been the case with almost every race of the Eastern Y. C. in recent years, its annual open race, sailed Saturday, June 29, was attended by few yachts. Athene and Constellation had no competitors in their classes, but both sailed for record time over the course. Athene beat Constellation on every point of sailing and won the Puritan cup for the best actual time over the course. Golden Rod assumed length to race with Shark, but was no match for her.

The race which was of most interest was for the special class of 25-footers, in which Calypso, Chewink and Flirt were pitted against one another for the first time. Calypso got away with the two keel Crowninshield boats without any difficulty. This seems suggestive of things that might have been, for Chewink is a small Independence and Calypso embodies the features which Hanley would have put in a centerboard 90-footer.



INDEPENDENCE.

MR. T. W. LAWSON'S STEAM YACHT DREAMER.

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New York Y. C.—Glen Cove Cups.

GLEN COVE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, June 25.

THE New York Y. C. held its races for the Glen Cove cups on Long Island Sound on Tuesday, June 25. A special race had been arranged between the owners of the Cup defender Columbia and yawls Vigilant and Ailsa. On account of the difference of rig in these boats, Columbia was penalized by a large allowance. However, she won handily, saving her allowance and winning with minutes to spare. It was gratifying to see the way Columbia walked away from her competitors, for she seemed faster than ever before, and her crew is working in splendid shape.

Vigilant turned tables on Ailsa, and won by 3m. and 5s. When Ailsa beat Vigilant so badly at the annual regatta of the N. Y. Y. C. down the bay a few days ago, Vigilant was without her centerboard, and this very likely accounts for the poor showing she made on that day. Since then her board has been installed and the improvement was decidedly noticeable.

In the 51ft. class there was a good race between Altair and Humma. The latter boat led until they hauled on the wind, when Altair took the lead and won by 1m. and 34s.

Effort and Mira again met in the 43ft. class. Effort, sailed by Mr. Addison G. Hanan, won, beating Mira by 1m. and 57s.

The race between Elmina and Quisetta in the 75ft. schooner class was most interesting. Amorita and Muriel were on hand, but did not worry the first two boats.

The English cutter Hester was matched against the schooners Katrina and Shamrock.

The light northeast wind that prevailed in the morning dropped entirely at 11:30 o'clock, the time scheduled for the start of the race. It remained a dead calm up to nearly 2 o'clock, when a light southwest breeze came up and the preparatory signal was hoisted on the steam yacht Colonia, which served as the committee boat.

The course was from a line between the committee boat and a mark a quarter of a mile north from Matinicock Point buoy, six miles east by north to and around a mark one and one-quarter miles west by north from Lloyd's Point, four miles northwest to and around a mark one and three-quarter miles east by north from Great Captain's Island Light, five miles southwest, three-quarters south to a mark at start. This course was to be sailed twice over, but owing to the late start the committee stopped the yachts at the end of the first round.

The starting signal was given at 2:25, and Ailsa, Vigilant and Columbia crossed in the order named, with only a few seconds between them. Columbia took the lead almost immediately, leaving the other boats in bounds.

Anoatok was the next boat to start, followed by Mira, Effort, Humma, Altair and Leda. The starting signal for the schooners was made at 11:30 o'clock. They were all close together as they went over. Quisetta was the first to cross; Elmina was only 9s. behind. Then came Shamrock, Katrina, Hester, Amorita and Muriel.

It was a beam reach, with booms to port, to Lloyd's Point mark, a jibe there and a reach across the Sound

and back home on the wind. This is how the leaders jibed around the mark off Lloyd's Point:

Columbia.....	2 57 30	Humma.....	3 10 55
Vigilant.....	3 01 25	Amorita.....	3 11 05
Ailsa.....	3 02 07	Altair.....	3 11 54
Elmina.....	3 08 34	Muriel.....	3 12 06
Quisetta.....	3 09 35	Katrina.....	3 14 50

Reaching across the Sound to the Great Captain's Island mark, these positions were not materially changed, and this is the way they hauled on the wind:

Columbia.....	3 18 22	Amorita.....	3 35 15
Vigilant.....	3 24 12	Muriel.....	3 36 15
Ailsa.....	3 25 25	Katrina.....	3 38 33
Elmina.....	3 32 40	Humma.....	3 40 07
Quisetta.....	3 34 12	Altair.....	3 43 45

The marks were new in design, the floats carrying a black ball, with yellow band, surmounted by a bright metal cone. They worked well and could be readily seen.

The Regatta Committee was composed of Mr. S. Nicholson Kane, Mr. Newbury D. Lawton and Mr. J. Frederic Tams, the latter taking the place of Mr. Chester Griswold, who is out of town. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sloops and Yawls—Class G—Over 90ft. Racing Length.				
Columbia.....	2 52 32	3 57 20	1 31 48	1 31 48
Vigilant.....	2 25 29	4 17 12	1 51 43	1 47 37
Ailsa.....	2 25 27	4 20 14	1 54 47	1 54 47
Sloops—Class K—43 to 51ft. Racing Length.				
Altair.....	2 23 17	4 40 55	2 12 38	2 12 38
Humma.....	2 27 53	4 42 05	2 14 12	2 14 12
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft. Racing Length.				
Effort.....	2 26 34	4 59 39	2 33 05	2 33 05
Mira.....	2 26 24	5 01 26	2 35 02	2 35 02
Sloops—Class M—30 to 36ft. Racing Length.				
Leda.....	2 28 28	5 05 03	2 36 35	2 36 35
Anoatok.....	2 26 05	5 06 39	2 40 34	2 40 34
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft. Racing Length.				
Elmina.....	2 31 48	4 31 30	1 59 42	1 59 42
Quisetta.....	2 31 29	4 32 02	2 00 31	2 00 06
Muriel.....	2 33 23	4 39 07	2 05 44	2 05 44
Amorita.....	2 32 52	4 35 42	2 02 50	2 02 50
Special Class—Yawls.				
Vigilant.....	2 25 29	4 17 12	1 51 43	1 51 43
Ailsa.....	2 25 27	4 20 14	1 54 47	1 54 47
Special Class—Cruising Trim—Mixed Rig.				
Hester.....	2 32 48	4 46 12	2 13 24	2 13 24
Katrina.....	2 32 27	4 49 57	2 17 30	2 14 03
Shamrock.....	2 32 09	4 59 20	2 27 11	2 23 40

Columbia, after conceding Vigilant an allowance of 4m. 6s., beats Vigilant by 15m. 49s. and Ailsa by 22m. 59s.

Altair wins by 1m. 34s.
Effort wins by 1m. 57s.
Leda wins by 3m. 59s.
Elmina beats Quisetta by 24s.
Vigilant wins by 3m. 4s.
Hester wins by 39s.

The English-built steam yacht Christabel arrived at New York on June 22 from Cowes, England. She is under charter to Mr. Adrian Iselin, Jr., N. Y. Y. C. During the trip the yacht experienced bad weather and was hove to for seven nights. Christabel was built by D. & W. Henderson & Co., at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1893, from designs made by Mr. G. L. Watson. She is 150ft. long, 22ft. beam and 12.5ft. deep. She carries a crew of seventeen men.

New York Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, July 1.

CONSTITUTION sailed her first race on Monday, July 1, against Columbia, the successful defender of the America Cup in 1899. Columbia was in splendid shape, and her crew have had two solid months of constant drilling. Capt. Barr and a number of the men served on her two years ago. Constitution, on the other hand, is comparatively a green boat with a new crew. The loss of Constitution's mast caused a delay in the working out of the men which is noticeable. Columbia has not been measured since 1899, but taking that season's measurements, Constitution would have to allow her 1m. and 22s., thus making Columbia a winner by 2m. and 10s. corrected time.

To those yachtsmen who have seen both of the boats and taking everything into consideration, the result of the race was not a surprise.

Steam yachts and sailing craft were there in plenty. The new Alvina was conspicuous, Narada equally so, while Josephine, Eugenie, Kanawha, Taurus and Gralda were on hand. Then the schooner Endymion, bound across the ocean, and Palmer, the "seventy" Virginia and the cutter Hester were also out. The steamer Colonia carried the Regatta Committee, and the tug Storm King the guests of the club, under the charge of Capt. Sands. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, the owner of Independence, watched the races closely from his fine steam yacht Dreamer.

The preparatory signal was given at 11:30 o'clock. Jib topsails were broken out on both boats just before the starting signal at 11:40. Columbia crossed to windward of Constitution. Constitution seemed to foot faster than Columbia, but did not point as high. The wind was light at the start, but increased gradually up to the finish. About half an hour after the start Constitution was some distance off Columbia's lee bow. Constitution came about on the port tack, and as she neared Columbia Capt. Barr brought his ship around also. Constitution was doing finely on this tack, but her chances of winning were spoiled by the cringle on the clew of the jib drawing out. Before the sail could be secured, brought on board and another bent and set in its place, nearly ten minutes had been lost. The course was fifteen miles to windward and return. Columbia was first around the outside mark. The times there were:

	First Leg.		
Columbia	11 40 34	1 24 55	1 44 21
Constitution	11 40 37	1 26 55	1 46 18

Columbia's gain to windward, 1m. and 57s.

As Columbia bore around the mark she jibed her boom over to port and shortly after set her spinnaker to starboard. Some three minutes later her balloon was broken out. Constitution, lost considerable time after rounding the mark by not getting her light sails set in good time. On the run home Constitution's extra length and larger sail plan stood her in good stead, and she slowly but surely pulled up on Columbia.

The balloon had been doing so little good that it was taken in on Constitution. The mark at the finish was then close at hand. With only her spinnaker and mainsail she closed up on the leader very fast, but Columbia shot over the line first at 2:32:38. Constitution followed at 2:33:24, beaten 48s., in her first race.

The times on the second leg were as follows:

	Second Leg.		
Constitution	1 26 55	2 33 29	1 06 34
Columbia	1 24 55	2 32 38	1 07 43

Constitution's gain to leeward, 1m. and 9s.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	11 40 34	2 32 38	2 52 04
Constitution	11 40 37	2 33 29	2 52 52

Columbia beats Constitution 48s., elapsed time.

After the yachts had crossed the finish line Columbia met with a mishap. She jibed, and as the breeze was freshening this proved disastrous. The sheet slipped off the cleat, and the boom brought up with a jerk against the lee runner, and, as is so common with these peculiar steel spars, it collapsed. Capt. Barr at once luffed his sloop up and the drooping end of the boom was hauled on board.

E. D. Morgan manager of Columbia, has telegraphed to the Chapman-Merritt Wrecking Company to get the yacht's spare boom and bring it here. It is expected to be here in time to be shipped so that Columbia can start in Wednesday's race.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Saturday, June 29.

In the regular club race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Saturday, June 29, only one class lined up for the start—the 21ft. handicap class. The 25-footers were racing at Marblehead and the 18ft. knockabouts at City Point. In this class the starters were the knockabouts Holly II. and Dabster. They made a very pretty start, Dabster going over the line half a length ahead, and Holly II. on her weather. It was blowing fresh from the S.W., and both laid out pretty well under the breeze. It was Holly's breeze, however, and she commenced to go away from Dabster after she had crossed the starting line. On the first round Dabster's mainsail was torn at the leach and she withdrew, leaving Holly II. to finish it out alone. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Holly II., W. M. Ware	1 40 30	1 31 30
Dabster, G. P. Keith	Disabled.	

Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, June 29.

A Y. R. A. race was given by the Boston Y. C. on Saturday, June 29, for restricted 25-footers, restricted 21-footers and 18ft. knockabouts. There was a strong S.W. breeze blowing, and the racing was good in all classes. Interest was somewhat lost in the 25-footers through the absence of Calypso, Flirt and Chewink, but the race between Early Dawn and Marion was so close that it greatly made up for the absence of the other cracks. Early Dawn won by 42s., but she had to fight every inch of the course. There was a good race in the restricted 21ft. class. Zaza

added another victory to her list, but Tabasco II. gave her a hard chase. Tabasco II. is a new boat, designed by Fred D. Lawley for H. H. Wiggin. She had just come from the shop, and, for her maiden race, made a very good showing. The yawl Coquette finished a good third, beating out the new boats Opitsah III. and Eaglet.

In the 18ft. knockabouts Bacchante took her first prize for the first time this season, beating out Bonita by less than a minute. It seems that Bacchante has at last found out what her weather is, and, from the record of previous races, it appears to be in a stiff breeze. She is an out-and-out centerboard without a pound of outside ballast. The summary:

	25-footers.	Elapsed.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	1 37 00	
Marion, W. P. Gahal	1 37 42	
Little Peter, F. B. Doane	Withdrew.	
	21-footers.	
Zaza, W. P. Shute	1 38 10	
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggin	1 39 39	
Coquette, B. D. Amsden	1 39 46	
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess	1 41 16	
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	1 43 26	
Apache	1 46 24	
	18-footers.	
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	1 43 07	
Bonita, G. H. Wightman	1 44 04	
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	1 46 30	
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes	1 50 31	
Malillian, G. M. Permar	1 51 31	
Oriana, Alfred Douglas	1 53 43	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, June 29.

THE third race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed over the regular club course on Saturday, June 29. Two classes of knockabouts started. In the first of these Monsoon won her maiden race, and in the special class Fancy withdrew, leaving the field to Fly. The summary:

	Knockabout Class.	Elapsed.
Monsoon, J. Knowles	1 03 00	
Delta, R. B. Williams	1 11 41	
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr.	1 13 26	
Eleanor, Moor Brothers	1 16 00	
	Special Class for Knockabouts.	
Fly, C. W. Barron	1 13 00	
Fancy, C. W. Barron	Withdrew.	

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Saturday, June 29.

THE series of races to be held for the 30-footers opened on Saturday, June 29. In a stiff S.W. breeze the boats sailed from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and back. The start was at 2:33. The summaries:

	Start, 2:33.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 38 58	2 05 58	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 42 09	2 09 09	

The Canada Cup Challengers.

TORONTO, June 29.—The first week in July should end the uncertainty as to which 35-footer will try to wrest the Canada cup from the Chicago Y. C. The trial races for the selection of a challenger begin on July 3, and will be held on triangular and windward and leeward courses alternately. The issue is still much in doubt. Between Beaver and Invader, the Toronto boats, there is not very much difference; whatever there is favors the latter. Invader is the smarter running and in light winds; Beaver has beaten her in windward work in a breeze, but that was when her mainsail was not setting properly. How the Toronto yachts will compare with Canadian, the Hamilton craft, is still a matter of conjecture at this date, although it should not remain so long, as the three yachts are scheduled to come together at Hamilton in the race for the Queen's cup on Dominion Day.

There have been some changes in the committee of judges for the trial races at Toronto. The judges at present are: Messrs. A. G. Peuchen, F. A. Turner, F. J. Campbell, George E. Macrae and Owain Martin, all of Toronto. The Hamilton gentlemen invited were unable to accept.

The tuning-up process has been going on steadily in Invader. Little has been done to Beaver, for after two seasons of careful management she is in excellent trim, and about all that will have to be done to her before the trial races will be to replace the battens in the mainsail, clear out any superfluous weight aboard and blacklead her bottom. If selected as the cup challenger, which is just possible, she will probably have a new suit of sails. Her present canvas is in excellent condition, but if she receives a new suit it will probably be a larger one, ballast being removed from the lead bulb in order to even up the measurement. Such, at least, is current gossip, although her owners have not made any announcement on the subject. Invader is now very close to the best racing trim. After an immense amount of trouble her mainsail is setting fairly well. A piece had to be cut off the leach at the upper peak before the sag could be taken out of it. Canadian-made sails are all very well, but it takes a long time to get them into shape. Toronto yachtsmen are commencing to think that after all it is wiser to import sails from the old land.

Invader was again drydocked on Thursday. Her bottom was not very foul, but the lines of her butts and seams showed up very plainly—far more plainly than those of Beaver, after two seasons' racing. The new boat's long floors and little deadrise make her hard on herself in a choppy sea, unless there is wind enough to make her sail on the lee bilge. The deadwood of her fin is so far aft that there is a comparatively shallow body when the mast step comes. To overcome the effect of the straining at this point two large brass plates were screwed on, one on either side of the keel. They were blacklead over. Invader's whole bottom was carefully scraped, sandpapered and blacklead to the waterline. Her topsides were given another coat of black enamel. They are relieved by a gilt ribbon, with scroll work on the bows.

Com. Gooderham has evolved a scheme for saving measurement in his headsail triangle. In measuring this it is usual to take the distance from the mast to the bowsprit end as the base, and from the deck to the highest sheave

hole as the perpendicular, this latter being practically the height of the mast, for in these jib and mainsail sloops the forestay goes from the truck to the bowsprit end, and the jib halyard block is strapped right under the eye of it at the masthead. Invader's jib halyard block is arranged differently. The forestay and strut stay are connected with a wooden spur, about 4ft. above the strut and spreaders. At the junction of the spur and forestay one block is made fast on the under side. At the junction of the spur and strut stay another is made fast. The jib halyards run up through the first block, then aft to the second and then down to the deck.

This arrangement keeps the jib a trifle further forward, the pull of the halyards being in a direct line with the forestay, and it effects a saving in the measurement of the headsail triangle of about 60 sq. ft. It has its disadvantages, however. Invader's jib hoists quite high enough, but her balloon canvas cannot go up to the truck, as is usual. Of course the head of the spinnaker or balloon jib could easily be mastheaded, but the penalty would be the loss of the saving in measurement. Invader set her spinnaker for the first time on June 25. It is disappointingly small, the boom being only slightly over 20ft. in length, and the hoist being limited, as shown above. She only carried it for a few minutes on this occasion, and did not develop as much speed as the onlookers expected under the circumstances. Her balloon jib is also comparatively small. Both sails would work admirably in a fifteen or twenty mile breeze, but it seems a pity to starve the boat on balloon canvas when she seems to be at her best in running and in light winds.

Invader is, however, quite capable of taking care of herself in a blow. The puffs in the northwester of Sunday, June 23, traveled at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour occasionally, but the prospective cup challenger carried her whole mainsail. She was well heeled over, but her stability increases as she submerges her long lee side. She was not sailed for all she was worth, the sails being kept lifting in order not to stretch the new canvas out of shape. It was her first sail in a blow, and she did well. She carries more of a weather helm in a breeze, however, than is satisfactory.

There is considerable satisfaction expressed at the action of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes in seeking to postpone the operation of the amendment to the scantling rule providing that the keel, stem, sternpost and frames should be of oak. The Lake Yacht Racing Association clubs were not notified, and if the rule were enforced Invader, having a pitch pine keelson, might be debarred. All but three of the United States boats would be similarly affected. The postponement of the amendment has been left to a mail vote.

Beaver and Invader sailed for Hamilton on Saturday to take part in the Queen's cup race.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

The Cup Challenger.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When Shamrock II. was in dock at Southampton she was open to public inspection from the dock side, but nobody was allowed into the dock itself, as when Navahoe was docked. Nevertheless one could, by careful bearing, obtain a very fair idea of her principal length dimensions, and in the evening I made the rough sketch from memory which I now send you. You should have received it long ago, but I did not like to send it before discovering Mr. Watson's wishes on the subject. He now writes me offering no objection, so if you will you can publish the rough sketch for what it is worth.

The stern is perhaps a little finer in vertical profile. The draft is taken at 20ft., the freeboard at 6ft. amidships, and it may be even less. It is only a guess from sailing round her when at moorings. She has very little sheer.

You may perhaps have noticed my description of the accident which occurred when the King was on board. I was sailing about watching her at a distance of about 300 yards. I am convinced that the accident occurred from the eye fore-pin of bobstay shackle pulling out and breaking across the pin-hole. This eye was built into the hull of the boat, and certainly ought not to have given way.

Depend upon it the telescopic system of main and topmasts is a great mistake, and I wonder that any men can be found to volunteer for masthead work in a boat so fitted. If any part of the topmast gear gives way the heel strains the head of mainmast and away goes the whole sail plan.

The ancient plan of carrying the topmast in caps strains the masthead also, but the masthead, and, indeed, the entire length of the mainmast, can then be trussed internally and even made sectionally waterproof by suitable diaphragms at frequent intervals; so that, should a yacht be dismasted, the mast would float.

These cup challengers and cup defenders are becoming almost as thoroughly engineering problems as are great bridges or steamers. The designing of the hulls, the spars, the rigging, and the very sails themselves is, in these huge cutters, becoming more a question of strength of materials than of sailing efficiency.

Is it not time that in the America Cup competition some limit should be placed on the sail area for the cutter rig—say, 10,000 sq. ft.—and let the designers put the fastest ships they can under it? Ship-shape hulls, not freaks, a simple rating by sail area, would not be at all desirable for ordinary yacht racing, but for the cup races it seems preferable to the present regulations and rating which drive us into such huge sail plans and enormous spars. Yours faithfully,

THALASSA.

We regret that it was impossible to reproduce the sketch that accompanied the above article.—EDIT.

Clarence W. Dolan is having a house-boat built, which he will use on shooting trips in Chesapeake Bay. The new boat is in process of construction at Nyack, N. Y., from designs by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. The specifications call for every appointment which will add to the comfort of the owner. The principal dimensions of the boat are: Length, 115ft.; beam, 17ft. 6in., and draft of water, 2ft. 6in. The extreme lightness of draft will enable Mr. Dolan to navigate safely any of the shallow waters of the hunting grounds. Power will be supplied by two 75 horse-power motors.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Answers to Correspondents on Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

I HAVE been asked by the editor to reply to the numerous letters on these articles which have been received from readers in various parts of the country, and as there are too many of them for a separate reply to each, I will try and answer the main points only. Two correspondents point out omissions in the designs, one of which is owing to a detail being left out in tracing from the original design, while the other is a clerical error of my own. The first, and most important, is the absence of any pin or bolt for the plate to turn on the centerboard, and to make matters worse, there is a mark, somewhat like a bolt hole, in the construction plan which has nothing to do with the drawing at all. The position of the bolt may be found by taking half the distance from the underside of the keel to the top edge of the plate when it is lowered, and it will be a similar distance in from the fore edge, the corner of the plate being cut to a quarter circle, struck from the center of the bolt hole, the exact distance in from the edges of the plate to the center of the hole in this case being $\frac{3}{16}$ in., while the distance from the center of the hole in the case to the fore end of the case, inside, is $\frac{7}{16}$ in., allowing $\frac{1}{16}$ in. clearance.

The second error is in the sum of the rating of the 24 l. r. cruiser, and this is owing to the figure .1 being left out of the divisor, which should be 2.1 instead of 2. This would of course explain itself to any one acquainted with the Y. R. A. rule, as the figures 2.1 are the "constant" for all ratings. It will be found that all the dimensions for rating are correct, and that the sum of

50.40
2.1

gives a rating of exactly 24 l. r. Other writers complain of the cockpit arrangements of the centerboard boat, and the internal fittings of the keel boat. My only excuse for these faults is that I designed the two boats to suit the requirements of their owners; and merely chose them from a number of other designs as being fairly typical boats of their kind which any one could alter to suit himself. As one of these gentlemen says, it is easy enough to show a larger cockpit if required, but when he goes on to suggest that the builder would perhaps forget to make the alteration in building the boat, he evidently fails to see why the articles were written. My object in writing them is to try and explain some of the methods of boat building now in use in such a way as to help any one to build a boat who has not been brought up to the trade, and not to provide a design of that much-sought-after boat which shall satisfy everybody.

Those who have written to know what the cost of the materials for one of these boats would be, I can only refer to their local timber merchant and yacht chandler, as prices vary considerably in different places. I shall be very pleased to give the names of the best firms in London who supply timber and other materials, and quotations could be obtained from them.

One correspondent wishes to know if there will be any steam launch designs, but I regret to say I do not see my way to this. I will, however, answer any questions on the subject, provided they are of general interest.

Chapter VII—Center Case and Rudder Trunk.

The method of fitting the rudder trunk of the 24 l. r. cruiser has already been described, and it should be done before the frame is set up.

The center case of No. 1 design may also be partly fitted at the same stage—that is to say, the keel can be rabbetted and the slot cut. Both case and trunk, however, must be finished and fixed after the boat is planked, or else the joint between their lower edges and the keel may go out of shape and leak afterward.

Taking the center case first, we will go through the whole process from the commencement, and start by cutting the rabbet on each side of the slot in the keel, as described in Chapter III.

The width of this rabbet should be one-third of the thickness of the sides of the center case or rudder case, and should be on the outer edge. Its depth should be about half its width, and it must be exactly parallel with the slot in the keel and of a uniform width and depth throughout. It must be carefully set out in pencil on the keel before starting to cut it out, and it should be roughed out with a narrow chisel to nearly its full depth, and finished with the lower edge of the case, chalking and fitting them to each other till a good joint is obtained. Then the insides of the two side pieces should be painted with two coats of good red and white lead paint, with plenty of oil in it.

While they are drying, the end stanchions can be cut. These should be $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thicker than the width of the slot; having a shoulder $\frac{1}{4}$ in. on each side, to prevent them going too far through the slot when driven in their places. The sides of case are rabbetted $\frac{1}{4}$ in. at each end, to take the extra thickness of the stanchions, so that all joints are rabbetted, and bedded in white lead and varnish. When the sides of the case are ready the rabbet in the keel must be filled with white lead and varnish as thick as cream, and the stanchions being covered with the same mixture; the sides can be driven home into the keel and held in place by clamps on the ends, holding them to the stanchions.

Then screw up through the keel into the sides with long brass screws, as shown in the sketch, and screw the sides into the stanchions. Now fit the sills over the ends of the oak floors, which have previously been cut off to the side of the case. They should be dovetailed into the sills.

The sills must be bedded in white lead and varnish, and closely screwed to the case and fastened through the keel with stout copper nails. A pair of knees should be fitted over the sills on the sides of the case at the plate bolt, and another pair at each end of the case. The rudder case is fitted in the same manner, but the slot is wider at the fore end to take the stem of the rudder. No knees are required on the rudder case.

The knees at the sides of the center case, mentioned in the last paragraph, should be made of wrought iron, galvanized, and they should either be fitted on one of the regular floor timbers or else a short extra timber must be put in for them to rest on, as they should never be placed directly on the inside of the planking. They should be $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick at the angle of the case and keel, the arms being at least a foot long and tapered to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. by 3-16 in. at each end. The upper arm, against the case and sill, must be screwed to them with stout brass screws as long as possible; but of course they must not go quite through the case. The lower arm must be through fastened with stout copper nails, through planking, and floor timbers. Extra knees may be used at each floor timber all along the case if the boat has to knock about on the ground much, but they could be a bit lighter than the above. The knee which is fitted at the center plate bolt should be swelled out sufficiently to let the bolt go through it, and before it is fastened, a piece of leather should be placed between it and the case to make the bolt hole water tight.

The rudder trunk, or rather case, of the centerboard boat must be fitted water tight to the deck, and to insure this it should be left about an inch above the level of the deck till after the beams are in place, when it can be faired up with them. It must have a fillet or ledge along the top on each side to screw the deck into.

When the rudder is in place in the case, the head rests on a circular gun metal plate, which is fixed on the deck at the fore end of the case, being raised about an inch above the level of the deck on a small block of mahogany or teak, turned to fit the plate, the after part of both plate and wood being cut away to allow the blade of the rudder to pass if it is desired to remove the rudder entirely, but it is both stronger and simpler if the rudder only pulls up into the case and is held up by a pin through the rudder stem, as in this case, the top of the case is closed, and does not show on the deck. A stout metal washer should be placed between the under side of the tiller and the deck plate to reduce the friction, and a metal plate should be let into the keel at the bottom of the fore end of the case, to form a lower bearing for the rudder.

If it is not necessary to lift the rudder at all, owing to the boat being kept afloat, it will save a lot of work to use a piece of soft solid drawn brass tube for the rudder trunk. This tube must be $\frac{1}{2}$ in. larger inside than the stem of the rudder, and should have a gas thread on each end, the lower end being screwed tightly into the keel and filed off flush outside, while the upper end projects $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the deck with hardwood block and gun metal plate referred to above, screwed tightly on to the top of the tube, and then to the deck. This is the simplest and best form of trunk, and never leaks, but of course the rudder can only be removed from below.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The English cutter *Zinta*, which was purchased last winter by Mr. Edward M. Pedelford, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Greenport, L. I., on Sunday, June 23, at noon. *Zinta* left Gourock, Scotland, on May 16, and was thirty-seven days out. Pleasant weather was experienced throughout the passage. *Zinta* is a composite cutter designed and built by Wm. Fife & Son at Farlie in 1893. She is 68ft. over all, 46.4ft. on the waterline, 12ft. 6in. beam and draws 6.4ft. The boat was in command of Capt. George Litton, who had a crew of four men.

The English-built steam yacht *Tuscarona* arrived at New York on June 23 from Greenock, Scotland. The vessel is under charter to Mr. H. Ballantine, of Newark. She had a smooth passage. She was built by Scott & Son at Greenock in 1897, from designs made by Mr. G. L. Watson. She is 181.4ft. long, 26.8ft. beam and 14.55ft. depth. Her crew consists of thirty-one men.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Messrs. Huntington & Seaman:

Schooner yacht *Monhegan*, Clark A. Miller, New York, to J. P. Story, Jr., Washington, D. C.
Cruising launch *Curlew*, J. K. Tod, New York, to Samuel A. Beardsley, New York.

Yawl, *Bohemian* Leonard Ames, New York, to Samuel H. Groser, White Plains, N. Y., and Hermes, Haviland Brothers, Brooklyn, to W. A. Ruddick, Boston, Mass.

Knockabout *Sequel*, Garrie G. Smith, Port Jefferson, L. I., to Charles H. Lee, New York.

Schooner yacht *Fearless*, F. M. Welles, New York, to Charles S. Hamilton, New Haven, Conn.

Mr. James S. Watson's auxiliary schooner yacht *Genesee* dropped her anchor in Quarantine on Thursday night, June 27, after a passage of twenty-seven days from Gibraltar.

Mr. Frank A. Wilmot, of Bridgeport, Conn., has sold the auxiliary yawl *Hadassah* to Mr. D. B. Ogden, who will use the yacht at Bar Harbor. Mr. Wilmot is the owner of *Hussar II*, which he has changed to yawl rig and added a gasoline engine.

The following sales have been made through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh: Sloop yacht *Ilderim*, from James Gallatin to Edwin M. Post; schooner yacht *Orithyia*, from Frederick H. Lee to F. A. Root, and the knockabout *A'ta*, from H. Anderson to G. Searing Wilson, Manhasset Bay, Y. C.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

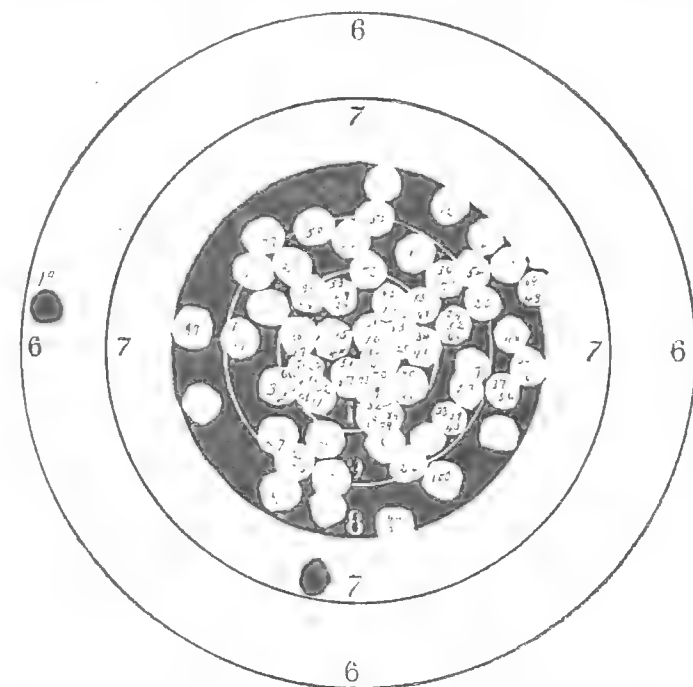
July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Off-hand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

The 100-Shot Revolver Record.

The accompanying target represents the new 100-shot revolver record at 50yds. on the standard American target, which was made at Avondale range, Savannah, Ga., June 1, by Capt. C. S. Richmond, the well-known expert revolver marksman.

This score of 918 points beats the previous record by 3 points.



Capt. Richmond used a .44cal. revolver and Peters factory mid-range loaded cartridges. The shooting was witnessed by trustworthy persons, and the correctness of the shooting sworn to before a notary public.

The Independent New York Schuetzen will be strongly represented at the National Schuetzen Bund of North America at San Francisco, July 14 to 23.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

July 3-4—Flint, Mich.—Second shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League. John Parker, manager; Chas. Caleb, Sec'y.

July 4.—Schenectady, N. Y.—All-day amateur target tournament of the Schenectady Gun Club. Harry Strong, Sec'y.

July 4.—Towanda, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Magantrap, M. F. Dietrich, Sec'y.

July 4.—Frankfort, N. Y.—Third annual target tournament of the Frankfort Fish and Game Protective Association. W. J. Weller, Sec'y.

July 4.—Haverhill, Mass.—Open handicap shoot of the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

July 4.—Ossining, N. Y.—Target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club.

July 4-5.—Champlain, N. Y.—Champlain Gun Club's tournament; all events open to amateurs; some events open to professionals. Wm. Fraser, Pres.

July 5-6.—Duluth, Minn.—Central Gun Club's tournament. J. W. Nelson, Sec'y.

July 9-11.—Pine Bluff, Ark.—Eleventh annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Pine Bluff Gun Club. E. A. Howell, Sec'y.

July 10.—Leominster, Mass.—Contest between teams of the Leominster, Fitchburg and Gardner gun clubs.

July 10-11.—St. Paul, Minn.—Sixth annual tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, at Inter-city Shooting park; \$340 added money. J. L. D. Morrison, 604 N. Y. Life Building, St. Paul.

July 15-17.—Columbia, Mo.—State Amateur shoot, under the auspices of the Columbia Gun Club. W. A. Vivion, Sec'y.

July 18.—Williamsport, Pa.—All-day tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

July 24-25.—Detroit, Mich.—Third shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Pastime Gun Club. John Parker, manager.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The County Gentleman, England, in explaining the admirably accomplished manner in which the English team lost, by shooting with gun below the elbow and two barrels to the Americans' one, says: "They buy guns specially made for clay bird shooting, which they one and all use in manner most productive for producing results, however ugly and unlike game shooting their style, while their cartridges are specially manufactured in every detail. They believe in heavy guns, over 10lbs. in weight, able to stand the heavy charges of both powder and shot, which their cartridges contain." After stating that the Americans "believe" in heavy guns, the aforementioned journal gives a list of the Americans' guns, all 10lbs., or under. There is an unconscious respectful tribute to American ammunition, machine loaded mostly, all alike loaded with precision, whether for targets, pigeons or game. However, it is just possible that the American team would consent to shoot a match, one barrel only, for all contestants, or the use of both barrels is of no advantage, let the Americans shoot both barrels, while the English shoot but one. On this side of the water, we have a belief that there is something in pointing the gun aright and shooting at the right time. But there is much conceded as to the effectiveness of American guns and loads, which should be gratifying to American skill and pride. And yet, while seeking to soften the defeat of the home team, the County Gentleman bestows unstinted praise on the skill of the American team, and there is a fair sentiment pervading its columns which denotes that they are all sportsmen.

The following is a complete list of the members of the St. Paul, Minn., Rod and Gun Club. They extend to you a most cordial invitation to be present on July 10 and 11, promising you not only a well attended tournament but a pleasant and enjoyable time as well: J. L. D. Morrison, G. F. Thomas, H. C. Hirsch, J. A. Quinn, J. C. Highhouse, C. A. Wheaton, Chas. Thompson, J. A. Hellenstein, C. R. Wilkinson, M. N. Goss, S. M. Kirkwood, T. C. Canfield, Paul, Hauser, Jr., Geo. Somers, Jr., Chas. Hauser, A. E. Boyesen, Frank Novotny, R. Schifmann, M. Defiel, E. M. Allen, P. H. Gotzian, Elijah Baker, Hart N. Cook, C. B. Bowly, Jacob Danz, 2d, I. Sheddon, A. E. Perry, Wm. Carling, J. C. Henry, Geo. G. Benz, W. A. Fonda, Al Fisher, E. B. Swygart, C. E. Robertson, J. C. Kennedy, A. E. Krebs, J. T. Rogers, Geo. R. Slocum, Lee Hall, W. B. Thorp, Otto Mueller, J. C. Famechon, Edwin Irl, W. P. Brown, W. C. Walther, L. C. Emerson, W. S. Flynt, H. W. Dezotell, John L. Townley, F. E. McKay, C. M. Leibrock, Geo. S. Burch, H. D. Defiel, Geo. McKee, Geo. E. Doll, M. F. Kennedy, A. R. Spear, G. C. Knox, J. J. Dwyer, H. E. Hunt, H. E. White, H. C. Lawrence, E. P. Roberts, J. H. Block, S. B. Shotwell, Jr., S. J. Gottschammer, J. B. Emerson, A. J. Schmitz.

The Shooting Times says, concerning the recent international match, and the guns used by the Americans: "Their guns, although not bearing comparison in style and finish with the best English made guns, yet gave extraordinary close patterns, and are extremely heavy from our point of view. Some of the cases (shells) used were 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and contained 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4lbs. of powder, with about 1in. of wads." If our English confreres continue to lengthen the shells with each successive mention, there will be but little of the bore which is not chamber. However, the same journal very fairly states: "It has been recorded that the extra 4oz. of shot is equivalent to 33 pellets, and the heavy charge of powder there is no doubt gives tremendous smashing power. Notwithstanding these advantages, we cannot but think that had the teams been equal in skill the second barrel would have given victory to the British. This was proved over and over again by the successful use of the second barrel, and a comparison of the individual scores shows that the majority of the American shooters were unquestionably far superior in the skillful use of their weapons."

Mr. Paul Parker won the second quarterly shoot of the Kansas City handicap championship trophy for 1901, at Blue River Park, Kansas City, by defeating eighteen contestants by killing 25 birds, straight, June 29. Also a match at 25 live birds per man for \$50 a side, and the price of the birds, was shot between Messrs. Guy Little and F. M. Berkley, both of the Washington Park Gun Club. The latter won by a score of 22 to 21.

The Daily True American, of Trenton, N. J., in its issue of the 29th ult., presents a portrait of Dr. George M. Thomas, the energetic and popular president of the New Jersey State Sportsmen's Association, and secretary of the Trenton Shooting Association. The text which accompanies the portrait expresses high esteem for the Doctor's worth, and proves that a man may be a profit even in his own country.

Through the medium of a catalogue, elaborately complete in every detail, the Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, 313-315 Broadway, New York, presents valuable information in respect to the kinds and qualities of its golf goods for the season of 1901-02. Of the 94 pages, 39 are devoted to illustrations of play and "Practical Hints on Golf."

The press dispatches have stated that the American team were booked to leave England for home on June 30, but Mr. Banks' letter, published elsewhere in our columns, reports that they will start on schedule time, on June 29. With the thermometer bobbing in the 90s, if it so continues they will find a hot time in the old town on their return.

In the third match between Messrs. J. E. Applegate, of Freneau, N. J., and S. M. Van Allen, on the grounds of the Middlesex Club, at South River, Mr. Applegate proved victorious by a score of 47 to 45. The conditions were 50 birds each, \$50 a side.

A cablegram received by Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, of the U. M. C. Co., conveyed information as follows: "Liverpool, July 1.—Team except Elliott, Merrill and Powers sailed Sunday. The team won everything in sight."

Mr. A. B. Cutcliffe, secretary, of Brantford, Canada, writes us as follows: "The Brantford Gun Club are arranging a target tournament for Aug. 6 and 7. Will send programmes when printed."

Messrs. Guy Little and J. W. Bramhall, of Kansas City, Mo., have been matched to shoot at 50 live birds each at Blue River Park, for \$50 a side and price of birds.

Messrs. Fisher and Perment have arranged to shoot a match at 25 live birds each for \$25 a side, July 11, on the grounds of Smith Brothers, Newark, N. J.

Mr. Paul North is deserving of much praise for originating and conducting to a successful issue the recent great international trapshooting match.

Mr. J. F. Welch, of Robeline, La., informs us that the local club will give a two-day shoot in the near future.

BERNARD WATERS.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island, June 29.—The following scores were made at a meeting of the Richmond Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Lewis	5	6	7	5	8	3	9	6
Albrecht	5	4	6	5	5	6	5	5
F. Schoverling	6	7	9	7	7	9	10	8
Bechtel	6	9	3	5	5	6	5	5
Duke	9	9	10	4	4	4	4	4
Hadkins	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Joline	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Murray	5	6	6	6	6	6	6	6

DUKE.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 2.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

If indeed you be an angler, join us and welcome, for then it is known to you that no man is in perfect condition to enjoy scenery unless he have a fly-rod in his hand and a fly-book in his pocket.—W. C. Prime.

A MATTER OF SENTIMENT.

THE lively sentiment displayed on the one hand by mankind for the things which are rare or which have passed away, and, on the other hand, the apathy displayed for the things which exist in common abundance, are nowhere so well exemplified as in matters pertaining to our wild animals. It would seem that man is pleased to preserve in the realm of mind what he has been pleased to destroy in the realm of matter.

When the buffalo roamed over the vast American prairies in millions unknowable, the spirit of slaughter dominated great numbers of men, of whom many were our own citizens and others were men who journeyed hitherward, all intent on destruction. The killing was conducted with relentless persistence. The buffalo meat, in quantities for a nation's food, was left to waste and decay where it fell, while the skins—the only part then of commercial value—were offered in such vast quantities that the market was glutted. The New Englander, many hundred miles from the scene of the killing, could buy a prime skin for a few dollars. The situation then evoked no more general feeling of sentiment than if the skins were cordwood or any other common article of commerce. Now, a fine buffalo head is eagerly possessed, not as an article of commerce, but as a relic of a once mighty big-game animal of America, or a trophy of prowess and success whose like is beyond the compass of man. A buffalo skin is at the present day so rare and of such high value that its possession is eagerly desired and greatly prized.

The alligator, in a different way, received the attention of man. The first estimates concerning it were unfavorable. It was rated as being a valueless reptile whose destruction was deserving of approbation rather than of censure. Many in consequence were killed as vermin. Estimates of it rose higher when it was later found that the reptile's hide made a dainty, excellent leather. Still later, when in certain districts the total extinction of the alligator impended, it was found that he was an essential part of the order of things in his semi-tropical habitat, and that the absence of his sleepy reptilian body on the banks of the lakes, lagoons, bayous and rivers was displeasing to the eye, as was the silence to the ear where his bellow once greeted it. When it was known that he was a component part of the surroundings, the sentimental valuation worked in his favor and he now basks in the favor of protection, guaranteed with more or less perfection by the law.

The beaver, on account of his skin with its coat of fur, won his place in the esteem of man from the very beginning, but when the destruction threatened extinction, then the beaver and his ways afforded a sentimental delight, and the man who owns now a colony, or knows of one's whereabouts, has a possession beyond the mere computation of dollars and cents.

The fishes, too, have the benefit of sentiment. The muscallonge has become more highly prized as his numbers become fewer and his habitat more confined. The grayling lives in tradition, excepting in a few limited areas. In like manner we have a sentimental feeling for the other species which have passed or are passing away. This impulse to destroy and regret over the destruction is indeed a curious phase of human nature. In the light of experience it teaches the lesson of moderation. Let the animals, whose existence is not incompatible with that of man, live without greater destruction than their reproduction. Regretful sentiments over wanton destruction or final extinction will have no cause to be exercised.

OPEN WATERS.

THE Chaleur Tourists' Association, of Campbellton, N. B., which has for its purpose the promotion of sportsman tourist travel in those portions of New Brunswick and Quebec which surround the Bay Chaleur, has found its efforts partly nullified by the lack of open fishing waters to attract anglers from abroad. All of the most desirable streams have been leased to individuals and clubs. Under these circumstances one of the first steps taken by the Association will be an endeavor to have the Provincial authorities reserve certain salmon and trout streams for public fishing.

This free fishing water question is one which has assumed a serious aspect in Pennsylvania, where the number of streams open to the public has within the past few years rapidly diminished. The last Legislature sought to make provisions for free fishing by this declaration, which is embodied in the new fish law, as to what are public waters:

"Section 23. That from and after the passage of this act, public fishing shall exist in the following waters of this commonwealth: All waters within land owned by the commonwealth; all waters and parts of waters that have been or may be declared navigable by acts of Assembly, or public by common law; and such other waters made public by its owners, by grant or usage."

If our interpretation of the concluding part of this be correct, it means that where an owner has in effect made waters public by usage—that is, by permitting the public to fish in them—he may not now close them to the public. For instance, a farmer who has in the past allowed fishing on a stream running through his meadow could not now by posting his land keep the public from entering to fish the water. It goes without saying that no such law as that could stand the test of the courts. A further provision of the new law makes free for fishing "waters tributary to public or free waters, in which fish received from the State are planted upon application of the owner." This is in effect just such a law as once existed in New York, which was that waters stocked by the State should be open to the public. To this so high a *lego-piscatorial* authority as our frequent contributor, J. S. Van Cleef, Esq., of Poughkeepsie, excepted that it was in conflict with well-established common law principles governing land possession and trespass, and would not be sustained by the courts. Such questionable statute building gives new point to the reply attributed by a writer in the New York Evening Post the other night to a distinguished Chief Justice of Massachusetts when a query was put to him by a lawyer and statesman of national reputation. "Are you reading law?" asked the lawyer, observing the Chief Justice reading what seemed to be a law book. "No; I am reading the Massachusetts statutes," replied the Chief Justice.

SNAP SHOTS.

There being in the parks of New York city not enough benches to provide seats for all the people who want to sit down, an enterprising individual—one Spate—believing that a public park is a private snap, has made a deal with President Clausen of the Park Board to put chairs into the parks and collect a five-cent fee from those who occupy them. No one blames Spate particularly for his impudent enterprise; he is only acting out the very common trait of human nature which impels a private individual to profit at the expense of public rights when he can. The Spates we have always with us, from the humble push-cart man who plants himself in a crowded thoroughfare to sell his bananas, to the railway combine which seizes the streets of a city, and the lumber company which despoils the public domain. We do not blame the Spates, we do blame the public guardians who have been appointed to defend the people's interests against the Spates, but who basely betray their trust. In this park paid chair case popular indignation has very properly been directed against Commissioner Clausen. It was an unfortunate day for the public parks of New York when this man Clausen was put into control of them. He signalized his accession to office by seizing the aquarium as political plunder, putting out its efficient superintendent and putting in an ignorant political heeler. Under the Clausen administration the parks have deteriorated to such an extent that it will take many years of intelligent

management to restore them. The philanthropic people who have been working to secure small playgrounds for the children of the poor in the congested quarters of the city, have found on the part of Commissioner Clausen consistently ignorant and pig-headed opposition. At this time when the city's population is increasing and the demands on the parks as breathing places, especially for the poorer classes, are all the time growing more insistent, the need of the hour is for a park control which shall have an enlightened appreciation of the problem and a sympathetic resolution to solve it. How far Commissioner Clausen is from appreciating the situation is demonstrated by his Spate chair deal and by his assertion that the continuance of the paid chair system will depend upon whether or not it shall be sufficiently well patronized to prove a paying enterprise. There is no doubt that if the chairs shall remain they will be profitable for the proprietor. If President Clausen should make another deal with another Spate to fence in the parks and charge a good stiff fee for admission to them, there is no question that a sufficient number of people would be found to pay the fee and to make the fenced park enterprise very profitable; and this, according to Commissioner Clausen's enlightened public park philosophy, would be sufficient to justify the maintenance of the fence.

The Society for the Protection of Native Plants, to which allusion was made last week, has sent out its Leaflet No. 1, which explains the growing necessity of restricting the destruction of some of our wild flowers by heedless plucking. Among the plants needing protection in the vicinity of Boston the leaflet names the Mayflower, whose slow-growing runners are pulled up bodily, and then the flowers are picked off and shipped to market in enormous quantities, so that its practical extermination within an area of a few hours' ride of the great cities is almost certain unless the ravages are checked. The kalmia, mountain laurel, ground pine, maiden hair fern, sabbatia and fringed gentian are others which in eastern Massachusetts are threatened with extinction by the excessive collecting for market purposes. This extensive picking for sale, which is a "serious menace to many plants which do so much to give the country one of its greatest charms, may be effectually discouraged," says the leaflet, "if the public appreciates the danger to the plants and abstains partly or entirely from purchasing those plants whose existence is threatened by wholesale collecting." The leaflet issued by the Society may be had on application by mail to Miss Maria E. Carter, Curator of Herbarium, Boston Society of Natural History, Boston.

While there has been some delay in getting the New York cold storage cases under way, we are assured that no stone will be left unturned in the effort to push them to a speedy settlement. Governor Odell has become interested in the matter, and has declared that the department must have the best counsel obtainable. The firm of Black, Olcott, Gruber & Bonyng, of this city, has been retained. The \$10,000 suit talked of has been estimated as being entirely insufficient in amount and a quite penalty will be sued for. It has been in that political influences would be exerted to defeat the ends of justice in this case, but this may safely be put down as mere talk. The New York authorities are not likely to let pass by such an opportunity to strike an effective blow at the illicit traffic which has so long made this city a dumping ground for Western game as well as for the unlawfully marketed game of the State. The public expects and will demand the severe punishment of these defiant New York dealers in prohibited game.

John M. Marlin, President of the Marlin Firearms Co., died at his home in New Haven, Conn., on July 1, aged sixty-five. Mr. Marlin was born in Windsor, Conn. In 1864 he founded in New Haven the firearms manufacturing company which has ever since borne his name and has become famous the world over. He was a skillful inventor, his first manufacture being of pistols of his own patent. Subsequently he engaged in the making of revolvers, and later of rifles and shotguns. Mr. Marlin enjoyed the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and his name as a manufacturer stood for a guarantee of honest workmanship and excellence.

What a waste of good white paper and ink was all that Lawson controversy over Independence.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Pair of Fishers.

BY BLANCHE TRENNOR HEATH.

IN the dewy morn they drifted down the silent river glade;
He was an artful fisherman, and she an artless maid;
And he, this angler up to date, was loaded to the brim
With the latest fads in rod and bait, chosen with care by him;
While she, the artless maiden, in a fetching sailor rig,
Had brought as her only outfit a luncheon basket big!

So across his line he watched her with a quite complacent smile,
As she trailed her pretty fingers in the sparkling stream the while;
Posing with grace unstudied, chatting of this and of that,
With flying glances from beneath her saucy sailor hat;
And he thought, as his rod he handled with a neat and knowing touch—

Seeming to feel the wily fish already in his clutch—
How very narrow in her range a woman really is,
Unfit to grasp the angler's art with all its mysteries!

Yes, the simple maid he pitied, that she could not know the thrill
Of joy and pride that follows the inborn fisher's skill!
Yet for all his smile complacent, in her aptness at the game,
She proved herself his equal when the test of trial came;
For the work begun in the morning by her fetching sailor rig,
At noon she neatly finished with the luncheon basket big!

And, ah! when they drifted homeward, as the slanting shades began,
Though the man had caught the wily fish, the maid had caught the man!

In Old Virginia.—XI.

ALL too soon the day came that was to mark the close of my first visit in the "Old Dominion."

The cousins had been in the day before to spend the day and make merry in a good old-fashioned way, seen only in its perfection in that favored section of the North American continent.

All lands and countries, all tribes and peoples, differ in conditions and customs. The anxious wooer of each land and clime seeks to conform to the customs required to insure success.

In some countries he has to win the parental consent by presents given, or services rendered, the paternal ancestor. In yet other lands the prize is won by sudden surprise and capture, and a speedy retreat. There are sections of our own great country where the consent of the fair one herself is all that is necessary, provided the State line is not too distant and the cruel parent has not the fleetest horse.

But it remains for the Old Dominion to differ from all other countries in this custom, as in many others. The wooer who seeks to win one of her daughters must work out his own salvation through a long and devious way, beset by many a seen and unseen danger. As there is no royal road to learning, so it is with a Virginia courtship. The lady, her immediate family, the old family servants, the cousins to the third and fourth generation removed, must be won over; and even the beloved thorough-bred horses and dogs must be reckoned with; but the man does not know the grand old commonwealth, the mother of Presidents and peerless women, who does not unhesitatingly admit the "game worth the candle."

And so my first chapter of a Virginia courtship and pleasant season of sport was drawing to a close.

As before stated, the cousins had been in the day before to make merry and enjoy such a dinner as can be served nowhere in like manner. The table pulled out to the length of a seaside resort plank walk, is loaded with everything good to eat known to the section or subject to importation.

A jolly lot of young people—young and not so young—with appetites only surpassed in excellence by their digestions, ready to give and take in a tilt at repartee, with nothing but the best of kind feeling even when routed and defeated by a more ready wit.

The soon to depart guest being spared at first is allowed to enjoy the parry and thrust merely as an interested spectator, and wonder at the universal flow of good spirits. Not a cynical or unkind word is to be heard from one of this large assembly, which for the same number elsewhere would show half dozen kill joys.

Even poor old Cousin Joe, with his right arm buried at Harper's Ferry, and his left leg stiffened with rheumatism and filled with Yankee lead, is as jolly as a grig, while Cousin Letty, with her sweet, pale face and gentle eyes, which seem to be always looking on the faded gray cap and fragment of bursted shell (all she ever got back from the bloody field of Gettysburg, where she sent her gallant soldier lover), is every ready with a bright little speech full of good cheer. All have their sorrows, great and small; but they have all been put off and laid aside for this festive occasion. Unorthodox they may sometimes be in their religion, but you find no one guilty of the unpardonable offense of heterodoxy in hospitality in the Old Dominion; and it is enjoy yourself and help others as far as lies in your power to enjoy themselves on all festal occasions. There are no long pauses in the conversation, finally broken by a trite commonplace, but every one is talking his or her level best, and thoroughly and genuinely interested. The snatches of conversation caught by the listener indicate the characteristics and tendencies of each speaker.

"Run? [It is the fox hunting cousin speaking.] No, sir, we couldn't call it running—he simply flew; never touched the ground except occasionally in the high places, in order to let out another link. We crossed at the lower ford down by the old mill, cut in on the chase through by the bog beyond, running three miles to the dogs' one. Just beyond the old pear thicket we struck a big dry ditch where it was 15 feet wide, and the little horse took it like a bird—never stopped to rise at all, but simply cleared it on the dead run, without breaking his gait. I wouldn't take two hundred acres of the best tobacco ever grown for the horse, game clear through from fore top to fetlock; never saw his match and never expect to."

"Yes, it was a tough fight. [Cousin Joe was speaking.] The forces were on opposite hills, not over 500 yards

apart, and the shot and shell flew as thick as minie balls, mowing down everything in sight and occasionally knocking a gun clear off the top of the hill. It was strictly a big-gun fight. We lay for two hours waiting for a lull, so that we might charge, and it seemed like I never saw a moment when the whole hilltop wasn't a seething mass of flame and a humming storm of shot and shell. Flag shot down three times, and put back each time by a man who had to feel his way through the clouds of dust and smoke."

"Yes, it is a perfect dream. [From one of the girls.] Aunt Mary wrote that it was the very latest thing out, and nothing like it had been seen as yet, even in Richmond. I will show it to you when you come over, and will probably wear it to church next Sunday."

"We had money up, you know [one of the sporting boys]; ten dollars, even money, that each fellow's own dog could kill the coon in three minutes. Jeff won the toss, and when the tree fell, let his dog loose. The old coon laid hands on him just once, and whipped him clean and fair before he ever broke his hold. As he lit into the bushes I let old Blue loose, and he killed that coon in just thirty-two seconds; never broke his first hold, nor got a scratch that drew blood."

"Yes, she is bright and cheerful [Cousin Lettie speaking], but lives entirely in the past. The old suit of gray, with the bullet hole and dark stain on the coat, are brought out with more and more frequency, and she's evidently failing fast."

"We got the old buck last week, the one that ran the persimmon blockade; and he was as fine a deer as ever wore antlers. [This from Rand.] Dick killed him by the 'leaning treestand'—shot him at 125 yards on the run, with a Winchester. No persimmon tree was near enough to save his life this time [with a meaning glance at me, which I thought it wise not to see]."

"Aunt Sally says [from a young lady cousin] that she has a new receipt for making perry, and promises to make up all my pears for me if I send them over. I promise you all a good time when it gets the bead on this fall."

"Birds? [From another sporting cousin.] Yes, they were thick, and I never saw my dogs do better. The pup never made a break, and I believe he is going to make the best dog I ever had. Old Shot put up a bird out to my right, which when killed fell squarely on the head of the pup, holding point on another bird, and—so help me smokeless powder!—he never bat his eye nor moved, and held his point like an old veteran until I came up and killed the bird."

"Yes [from a young lady], there will be twenty couples and we are all going down in the afternoon, spend the evening on the river and drive home by moonlight. You certainly must come; it will be the affair of the season."

And so they go on, each one talking about that which interests him the most; all in high spirits, laughing and unconventional. They finally work around, not unexpectedly, and begin to pay their respects to the parting guest. Uncle Joe unwittingly opens the way for some pleasantry at my expense, with the question, "You have enjoyed yourself hunting since you have been here, sir?" My reply is decidedly in the affirmative. "You have killed a little of all the game we have here?"

"Nearly everything," is my reply, except a deer, and it is my own fault that I have not added that game to my bag."

Cousin Rand nods a decided affirmative to this statement.

"But you haven't failed altogether in your deer hunts, have you?" [This from one of the young ladies.]

A sudden hush falls upon the company, and my hostess pretends to give some very necessary orders to one of the servants. The wait continues, and I see that I am bound to answer the question, and so with as bold a face as I can put on make reply, "I am not ready to say that I have entirely failed in all of my deer hunts, although candidly admitting that I have not yet bagged a deer."

"Are you coming back again?" This from one of the young men with an emphasis that indicates more in the question than appears on the surface. A direct answer to this question, I see, will prove very embarrassing to my hostess, and so make reply, "D. V., I hope to again return to Virginia, and trust that it may be to this very spot."

Here my hostess deems it prudent to excuse herself for a few moments on a plea of further instructions and assistance to her well trained and evidently fully competent servants, and with a good-natured laugh at my expense, the embarrassing questions cease. The delights of that jolly dinner party will live long in my memory as one of the happiest events of my visit in "old Virginia."

And now I come to the good-bys to the many darkies who had so affectionately taken me into their confidence. The boys, one and all, ducked and grinned, and grinned and ducked, with many a "good-by, sah; good-by, sah; I shore is sorry dat yo' is gwyne to leab us!" Old Uncle John, in the pathetic strain of the real old-time darky, bids me a most touching farewell. Dressed in one of my coats, a present which cost the poor old man untold agony by the strain put on his rheumatic shoulders (42 in size crowded into my 36 coat, the sleeves of which struck him about midway between wrist and elbow, and failed to meet across his chest by a bleak expanse of about 10 inches), he resignedly said, "Good-by, sah; good-by, young maastah; I is shoah proud ob dis fine coat you done gimme, an' I shoah is 'bleeged to you. I don't neber 'spect to see you no moah, sah, 'kase I ain't got long to stay heah now; but I desay Gawd bless you, sah; Gawd bless you." With a quiver in his voice and a tender moisture in his eye, the old man turned away, leaving me with the feeling that I had received a sincere and earnest benediction.

Old Aunt Emily flattered me by parting with me with the assurance, "I des feel lak you was one ob my own folks, an' I des hope dat you is comin' back, and dat rite soon; leasweise," she added quickly, "if you ain't goin' take my Miss Lady away when you does."

My gun bearer and general factotum, "Governor," was so affected when I came to bid him good-by that he was absolutely speechless. He stood digging his little brown toes into the ground, and twisting his wisp of straw,

the remnants of a hat, around and around in his little black hands, while I solemnly enjoined upon him that he pursue the path of rectitude and carefully protect and care for in every way in his power his young "mistus." The rather long speech ended, he took the coin I tossed him, and after about a moment of speechless gratitude, delivered an explosive "Thank you, suh; thank you, suh; I will take care of Miss Lady; I will, sah, all de time. I sho' will, des as well as evah I kin," and took to his heels around the house, where I observed him a few minutes later trying to relieve his feelings by turning somersaults.

My adieu finished in the house, Milly appeared at the door with the announcement, "Carriage is waiting, sir; Uncle Ben got your baggage all in and says it time to go to de train."

It was a kindly row of black faces arranged on either side of the big porch, and a fair picture of one sweet girlish face, framed in the old-fashioned door, that I saw, looking back as the carriage wound down through the grove, at the end of my happy visit "In Old Virginia."

LEWIS HOPKINS.

The Woodsman's Wild Garden.

THE greatest need of the nomadic woodsman is what we comprehensively call "garden stuff." Of meat he generally has a plenty, and is only too apt to make that practically his sole article of diet. The natural craving of the stomach for vegetable food, especially fresh green vegetables, is habitually ignored by hunters and trappers who penetrate far into the wilderness, and the result is that the system gets clogged with the waste of animal matter. The kidneys and bladder are irritated by excess of phosphorus, the blood is overheated, and constipation, with its invariable accessory of rheumatism, becomes the familiar ailment of the woodsman.

All this is the result, I believe, not so much of necessity as of ignorance. It is by no means impossible, as the woodsman commonly believes, to obtain fresh vegetable food, even in the remotest fastnesses of the wilderness. Indeed, the woods and ponds and streams are an inexhaustible wild garden, well stocked save in the dead of winter with native vegetables whose edible qualities need only to be understood by the camper in order to furnish him with a most wholesome and delightful addition to his meager bill of fare.

I am surprised that this fact seems so little known even by skilled and veteran woodsmen. Having camped with some of the best guides and sportsmen, I have invariably found that their knowledge of the edible plants of the woods was just about as extensive as a cat's knowledge of astronomy. The botany of their own domain is thus a *terra incognita* to them. And this seems all the stranger when we consider how intimately and thoroughly the trained woodsman understands everything else about him—everything that can minister to his comfort, health, profit or sport. He can tell you enough about birds and beasts, signs and seasons, to make an encyclopedia; but he will sit down to a meal of everlasting pork, venison and trout, and simply sigh for the tang of some green vegetable to "take the lump out of his stomach"—simply sigh for it, I say, when by going six rods from camp with a little elementary knowledge of his resources he might have his heart's (and stomach's) desire.

From May until December no woodsman who will take the trouble to study or learn from another's experience a little of the botany of the woods need go without a sufficient supply of vegetables from his wide-stretching wild garden. Or perhaps if he will only watch the deer and bear for a while, instead of shooting them on sight, he will learn, as the newspapers say, "something to his advantage."

There are times when it seems to the meat-clogged hunter and fisherman as if he would give half his kingdom for a mouthful of some tart or peppery or bitter vegetable, to cleanse and purge his alimentary canal and get the leaden feeling out of his stomach. At such times, instead of sighing for the vegetable pots of civilization, let him devote half an hour to gathering a bunch of the roots of the toothwort or crinkled root, which may be eaten, like radishes, dipped in salt, and will lend a delicious savor to a meal of meat and bread. Another pungent root or tuber growing plentifully in the woods is the ground nut or dwarf ginseng. You can find it in almost any moist clearing, though you must dig deep for the small round tuber that tastes so grateful to a meat-jaded palate.

I hesitate to speak of mushrooms, as an article of woodland diet, because, plentiful as they are about old stumps, logs, etc., a special knowledge of them is necessary to guard against confusing them with poison toadstools, which they so closely resemble. But if some member of the party only possessed this knowledge, what a feast might be enjoyed far from the luxuries of civilization!

The woodsman's wild garden, however, grows many varieties of wholesome and delicious "greens," which, in the spring, any camper may easily recognize and have for the picking. Along the brookside in how many old beaver meadows have I crushed while trout fishing the luscious leaves and stalks of marsh marigolds or cowslips! None in the river meadows of the settlements grows finer than this unmarketed vegetable of the wild woods. And how these cowslip greens refresh the whole system, when boiled in the camp pot and served with a dash of vinegar, salt and pepper! Every camper should take a small jug of vinegar with him into the woods, "just for greens," as the boys say.

Then there is that other wholesome and delicious pot herb of the woods called familiarly cow cabbage (botanically *Hydrophyllum virginicum*). This has not so wide a range as the marsh marigold, but in localities where it is found it grows abundantly, and has the advantage of leafing out earlier than cowslips, and remaining tender and edible for a longer period. Trilliums also make excellent greens, and as the camper will find them blooming late into June, in the open woods, he can prolong with them his pot herb diet until the very height of the trouting season.

The wild parsnip, found growing along water edges in May and June, is fully as palatable as the cultivated

variety, and is an excellent appetizer when fried or browned in the camp spider. The Indian cucumber root, which any field botanist can unearth for you in the fall, is not much behind the garden cucumber in succulence and flavor. The Indians used it for a relish, and the woodsman will find it a welcome addition to his bill of fare. Serve with vinegar, pepper and salt.

The roots of the yellow pond lily, chopped fine and fried, have a very pleasant taste, and make a wholesome and readily accessible vegetable food in the woods. Wild radish, if you know it and can find it, is a really crisp and pungent relish, with much the same taste as the garden radish, which was derived from it.

Almost every boy should remember the watercresses he used to gather in the cool brooks about his native town. The camper will find it in the quieter reaches of mountain streams, and under the banks of mountain lakes. In the latter, too, he will find the wild celery of which ducks are so fond, and which is grateful also to a discriminating human palate. How nicely either the cress or the wild celery spices the guide's biscuits and the flaky pink flesh of mountain trout! Wild mustard and horseradish, too, will put a keen edge on a dulled appetite, if you cannot find watercresses.

In Thoreau's "Maine Woods" he speaks of using hemlock leaves as a substitutes for tea. The woodsman should know of several other and better brews than that in case the tea caddy gets empty. Wintergreen leaves make a far better tea than hemlock. The leaves of red root (*Ceanothus americanus*) yield a pleasant drink, and wild chicory is better than either of the foregoing. Common dandelion roots, dried and crushed, furnish a coffee that is both palatable and wholesome.

I have not mentioned berries or high bush cranberries as one of the resources of the woodsman's husbandry because such a resource is evident to all. And yet many a camper in the summer and fall will allow himself to get half sick on perpetual meat and biscuits, rather than spend time to gather a few quarts of the luscious and abundant fruits with which the burned-over clearings abound. How differently he would feel physically, and how much more benefited he would be on coming out of the woods, if he would forego a little of his sport to supply the camp with a daily mess of berries! Let each man take his turn at berry picking; and who knows if he carries his rifle along with him whether the most faithful in this duty may not be the first of the party to add to his trophies the hide of a berry-loving bear?

JAMES BUCKHAM.

Gigging a Dolphin.

FAR, far out on the mighty ocean, hundreds of miles from land, thousands of miles from our desired haven, oppressed by the vast monotony of sea and sky, we sped along through days that seemed almost changeless. We were on a sailing vessel, seven passengers of us, bound from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, to New York. Our ship was a barque, the Adelaide Pendergast, owned in New York. She had been long out from her home harbor; first to Cadiz, Spain, with merchandise; thence to Rio de Janeiro, for coffee, with which she was now laden.

Her crew were Norwegians, her master, Capt. John Lawson, as jolly an Irishman as ever sailed the salty waves.

We had sailed out of port with a breeze which bore us southward, hoping by tacking to hold our own in a measure until the wind shifted. But Eolus did not favor us, and for days we pursued our course toward the southeast, below the Tropic of Capricorn, and our best efforts at tacking only brought us nearer the coast of Africa, instead of that of North America. To land lubbers, as we were, the delay was trying and the days seemed of interminable length.

Only those who have experienced it know the longing of the seabound for land, and when the captain remarked one morning that Africa lay just ahead of us, we declared that it smelled balmy, until chagrined by the information that it was 500 miles distant.

After the engrossing diversion of sea sickness was over, and we had been entertained by all of the tricks of Gyp and Blanco, the captain's poodles, and had seen the fattening hog, and fed the cooped chickens and ducks as many times as we desired, we settled down to the contemplation of sea and sky.

It is all photographed on memory's walls; the shifting, tinted clouds across the azure of the tropic sky, the long charge of the "white horse" across the watery plain, the phosphorescence of night, or the yellow moon overhead with the reflection below:

"Like a golden goblet falling,
And sinking into the sea."

Strange, with such scenes to charm us, that we longed for incident.

But we did, and every little diversion of the long forty-four days' of our voyage was hailed as of interest.

We watched the schools of porpoises, whirling in black circles above the waves, admired the flying fish as they flashed by on their silver wings, and the nautilus, with its inflated sails, gave us the colors of the rainbow to delight our eyes.

We loved the Mother Carey chickens that followed the wake of our vessel, the only path over the blue plain, and were wild with admiration of a mighty albatross, which went with us one long bright day, sometimes far ahead, then far behind, its snowy wings untiring in their flight. What did it seek? Was it lost? Such were our unanswered questions.

"Hurrah!" cried the captain one day. "Here is something new for you! Come and see a dolphin, the most beautiful fish that lives in water."

We made a rush for the bulwarks, and to our delight saw swimming along with us several emerald hued fish, from three to five feet long, graceful in shape and motion.

Their bodies were like satin, of a delicate green, shading to a deeper hue at the fins. Darting and whirling, they changed places rapidly, moving from one side of the ship to the other.

"I'll give you a sight you never saw before," exclaimed the captain. "You shall see a dying dolphin."

He brought out his gig, a small harpoon, with its cruel

fishhook darts, and fastening a line to its long handle, made it secure around his wrist.

"Can't hook these fellows with a hook and line," he said.

We had already been regaled with shark and barracuda from the line that hung at the stern.

The captain leaned over the rail. With lithe motion the fish darted under the weapon suspended over them. A quick plunge, with sure aim, a green flash through the air, and the struggling, leaping victim was landed on the deck. And now we saw the dying dolphin. Let scientists explain how it changes its colors; we can but make record of its appearance.

The glowing green died away into silver. This became spotted with blue, which gradually spread until the whole fish was a sapphire color. Waves of gold flashed over it, growing deeper until it was a golden fish, only to be transformed into a roseate one by spots which came and extended. Thus from color to color changed the gleaming sides of the quivering beauty of the deep, until pity was almost forgotten in admiration, and we exclaimed: "Never have we seen anything more beautiful than a dying dolphin."

We were practical enough to enjoy the fried fish of a delicate golden brown, which was a welcome relief to our salty bill of fare; but that is a commonplace recollection compared in the mind's eye with the memory of the fish, which, swanlike, yields its chief charms in the dying hour.

ANNA R. HENDERSON.

The Breaking of a Door Handle.

THE breaking of a door handle is not ordinarily a serious affair, but if it has been in constant use more than a hundred years, has been familiar to your touch since your hand could first reach it and has opened and closed the old door for beloved and revered forms to whom earthly portals long ago closed forever, one feels a personal loss. So I feel it, and the more keenly for remembering so well my good grandfather, whose cunning hands fashioned this slender bow of hickory so many years ago, very likely by the winter evenings' firelight of this same hearth where I sit, telling stories meanwhile to his children as I to mine.

Since then the fireplace has scarcely changed, and the room but little. A high-posted, curtained bed stood in the corner such as this generation of children never saw, and in another such obsolete furniture as the big spinning wheel for wool or the little one for flax. But the old cracked looking glass hangs between the windows and the high "chist o' draw's" stands in its place. Outwardly there has been a change that I can scarcely realize.

The smoothest of the few cleared fields was rougher than the roughest now, and thick set with blackened stumps. Within a little distance stood the primeval forest, its huge trunks fencing the clearings like wide-set palisades.

This ten-acre meadow east of the buildings was a black ash swamp in which grandfather got lost one day and wandered a long time till he came upon a strange house, but upon going to it he found it to be his own. When the frame of the house across the yard was raised, a fine buck jumped inside it, looked about a moment and bounded out and away into the woods. On the ledge, the favorite playground of the children, grandfather's "prentice boy," Bill Howard, shot a lynx.

It was a half-day's journey to the creek, only a mile away, over the rough and miry road that led to it. There were licks in the woods much frequented by deer and later by domestic cattle. They were very distinctly to be seen within my recollection—broad paths of naked earth among the thick herds grass.

To get to the nearest neighbor's, grandfather must go through the woods, often by blazed paths, and the nearest mill and store were miles away.

It was to such a half-wild region, then the youngest of the fourteen United States, that grandfather came from the long-established civilization of Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations, where he was born, as were his father and grandfather. When informed of his purpose one old neighbor cried out against it, "Tommy Robinson, what possesses ye to go up there, beyond the reach of all God's masses!"

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Notes from Central America.—I.

As to-night I reclined in my hammock, hanging in "el pórtico" of my Honduras home, with the Southern Cross radiant just above the high mountains, on whose slopes the pueblo of San Juanito is located, I could not help thinking that the untraveled Northerner really ought to see the Southern Cross and Honduras scenery through other eyes than those of the author of "Three Gringos in Central America," who found so little to admire in either—but then, you see, he admits that he did not visit San Juanito.

It certainly is not pleasant to ride three or four hundred miles on muleback over Central American caminos—climbing mountains approaching 10,000 feet in height, fording rivers, and, at times, losing the trail when it diminishes to a mere path in the dense underbrush and is intersected by others of the same class leading to various destinations. It is true that during the dry season the sun's rays beat down at mid-day with intense heat, and that during the rainy season travel is both difficult and dangerous. But there are compensations in the landscape, the cool shade, the refreshing baths—in mountain scenery hardly surpassed anywhere in the world, and the general adornments of a tropical clime.

Then, too, it must be admitted that there are *garapatas* that there are *pulgas* (fleas) in abundance, that *tortillas* and *frijoles* are almost always in evidence, and that there is generally a dearth of good food along the journey; and yet one who speaks the language (Spanish) and understands the manners of the country, seldom travels hungry or destitute of rude comforts.

This morning as I threw open my window at break of day and heard the quail whistling in the bush, I could not help wishing that I had with me one of the various good bird dogs I have owned in "the States" and time for a trip afield—for good gun and ammunition I have. There are plenty of quail in Central America—and pheasants and turkeys, too—but the underbrush, except on cleared

plantations, is very bad and usually too full of *garapatas* (a sort of tick) to tempt invasion. Deer and other large game also abound in the mountains, but my time is fully occupied with my work, and as yet I cannot give, from personal experience, any details of hunting in Central America. Nor have I cast a line into the streams, in many of which are found excellent fish for the table, included a variety of bass that, when hooked, fights with a zeal to delight the angler's heart. But I am not unfamiliar with the method of fishing, altogether too common in the country, having, only a few days ago, amputated the remains of a hand and forearm, shattered by a stick of dynamite with short fuse that was not thrown quickly enough into the stream.

Here, as elsewhere, El Medico works Sundays as on other days, and it is patent to any observer that the natives in this—as in other mining camps—would be far better employed on the Sabbath if occupied with their usual daily labor, instead of following the regular Sunday programme of drinking, gambling, cock fighting and fighting among themselves.

Though hardly reliable at any time, the Central American native is decidedly reckless after having poured out liberal libations to the god of festivities in the form of *aguardiente*—or, as the Gringo frequently terms the clear native rum, "white eye." A discussion regarding the results of a throw at dice, a defeat in the cockpit, or even more simple difference of opinion, frequently results in knife thrusts or bullet wounds—the former generally extensive but seldom dangerous, the latter frequently fatal. Then come the *soldados* and practically always catch the injured, who is often too drunk or too badly injured to flee, while the victor in the scrimmage—the more criminal—frequently escapes to the mountains.

There is, outside of the jurisdiction of martial or military law, no capital punishment in Honduras. It was abolished in order that those in authority might not have the privilege of life or death over the masses. To convict a political or personal enemy of murder or of crime punishable by death was not considered difficult in a court composed of those whose positions, and, perhaps, very lives, depended upon their loyalty to a sovereign's will.

And now the Southern Cross has dropped behind the mountains. The night is advancing and the morning will come only too soon.

DR. J. HOBART EGBERT.

SAN JUANITO, Honduras, C. A.

Natural History.

More About the Beaver.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two articles in your last issue set memory going once more, and I am again tempted into the animal discussion. The first article that attracted my attention was about beaver (always an attractive subject). Among other things, the writer says, "I carried that 46-pound beaver six miles without stopping to rest." Now this was certainly a most wonderful feat, though scarcely recognizable by the average man.

In the waning days of the reign of the buffalo I was in camp on a Western stream where beaver were quite plenty. I had invested in some half dozen beaver traps and kept them set along the stream, getting a good many tufts of fur or claw, and an occasional beaver. One day a Mr. Beardslee, now of Hennessey, O. T., and myself were bringing the saddle of a black-tailed deer into camp on our shoulders, taking turns at the carrying. As we were coming along down the stream I bethought me of one of my traps that had not been visited for some time. Laying down the saddle, we went out of our way a short distance to the place where the trap was set. There was a large beaver in the trap which was still alive, the arrangement for drowning it having failed to work. We killed the beaver and then I gave Mr. Beardslee the choice of which he would carry, the saddle or the beaver. He promptly chose the beaver, which, while seeming the lighter, was soft and yielding on the shoulder. I had no great trouble with the saddle, as we rested often. But with poor Beardslee it was different; the beaver was perhaps heavier than the saddle, and soft and yielding to the shoulder, but it would not lie still. Being round and pliable, it was constantly shifting its position; now pulling on this side, now on that, and never at a balance; and at the end of a quarter of a mile Beardslee stopped to rest. An eighth did the trick the second time, and from that on it grew less and less, and the beaver was constantly being shifted from shoulder to shoulder, and forward and backward, down and up, and sideways. Beardslee wanted to change loads, but I declined, and I can see his look of disgust yet, when after two hours' struggle he threw it down in camp and remarked that it was the most deceiving thing he ever tackled. We estimated its weight at 60 pounds, but it is likely it would have shriveled as badly as fish in contact with the scales. Yes, I think the man who carried the beaver six miles without stopping to rest can get a fair donation toward a medal to commemorate the feat by addressing N. B. Beardslee, Hennessey, O. T.

The other article that attracted my attention was that of the Mr. Flynn who saw beaver swimming in the day time in the Pecos River, Texas. My first experience in the field of the beaver was like this: I was hunting big game (my very first), and went to a stream to get a drink. While there I saw six animals in the water playing very much as Mr. Flynn described his beaver as doing. After watching them for a time, I shot one, having made up my mind they were beaver. When I retrieved it it did not come up to my idea of a beaver, but noting its flat tail (slightly flattened like a muskrat's), even though it had fur on it, I skinned it for a beaver and tried to stretch the pelt on a hoop, but it absolutely refused to be drawn into a circle, and I finally gave it up—that beaver was an otter. Afterward I saw six otters playing in the water like so many kittens, and again shot one. This time I knew what it was, and skinned it properly, and the skin brought \$7. The first skin was spoiled.

Now Mr. Flynn's description of his beaver's antics was so like what I saw the otter doing that I shall likely always entertain a suspicion that these beaver, like my first, were indeed otters.

The otter is a constant traveler, and is often seen in day time, usually in pairs or families. The beaver has a permanent home, and only moves when increasing population compels it. It lies very close and is seldom seen in day time, though it is easy to understand how under the conditions described by Mr. Flynn the beaver might have been drowned out of their dens by the fresher and compelled to show themselves in day time, whether it was their nature or not, just as we see muskrats at flood time taking refuge in trees, stumps and logs.

E. P. JAGUES.

ELMO, Kan.

Animals and Man.

IN a recent FOREST AND STREAM W. Wade asks for information as to the effect contact with civilized man has on wild animals. It has been my experience that animals of the cat tribe change their habits least of all. I have gone into parts of the mountains where all game was very tame and had little fear of man. Ten or fifteen years afterward every animal but the cats had changed their habits more or less, but I never could see that the cats changed at all, even close to the settlements, where they were constantly hunted.

One spring a couple of us were trapping bear down near the Colorado-Utah line. There were no indications that the country had ever been trapped before for anything but beaver, and all game was very bold. The country was full of foxes, and do what we could we could not keep them out of the bear traps. As the foxes had shed we did not want to catch them, but they would get caught. At one trap we caught eight cross foxes in eight nights, in spite of the fact that we laid the body of each fox caught out in plain sight, hoping it would keep the others away. At another trap we got five cross and a jet black silver-gray inside of two weeks.

We blocked up the trap pans as stiff as we dared, but the foxes would run back and forth over the traps until they displaced the covering, and knocked out the sticks. As long as they did not spring the trap it was all right, as the bear didn't know what a trap was, but it would be aggravating to find a worthless fox in a trap and the bait taken away by a thirty-dollar bear. Bear would travel around all day, and we shot as many as we trapped. But though the country was full of cougar and bobcats (*Lynx rufus*), it was a rare thing to see one.

Ten years afterward one would never see a bear in daylight, and you could not get a fox anywhere near a trap unless you took great pains, but the cougars and cats were just the same—no shyer, no bolder—the same sly, sneaking brutes as always. I afterward had the same experience with foxes around Battle Lake, in Wyoming. In neither case could the foxes have been hungry, as the country swarmed with mice, moles and small game. It was simply that the foxes didn't know what a trap was.

Speaking about foxes, it was always my idea that the red, cross and silver-gray were all the same fox. A hundred skins from a good fox country would show all grades from red up, and I have watched litters of young foxes that were all colors, from red to black. One family that I watched for over a month consisted of a red dog, a bitch that looked nearly pure black, and four cubs that graded from red to dark cross. (A cross fox is a red fox with patches of the dark, silver tip, silver-gray fox fur on shoulders and rump. A first-class cross fox will have the silver-gray fur all over his back, shoulders and rump.) The den was only a mile or so from camp, and nearly every evening I used to go over and watch the outfit with a glass. The old foxes would bring in all sorts of game for the cubs. One evening I met the old she fox coming in with a mouthful of moles. She dropped them and bolted, and she had been carrying nine big moles in her mouth. How she did it was more than I could see.

For several years I hunted cougars with dogs in one small tract of country hardly ten miles square, killing in all fifty or sixty cougars, but they were just as thick and bold at the last as at first. The last year I was there the brutes killed every colt belonging to a bunch of twenty-five mares that were kept in a pasture close to the ranch house. A long range of rocky cliffs came down to the upper end of the pasture, and the cougar stayed among the rocks during the day, and as the scent would not lie on the hot, dry stone, the hounds could not work out a trail.

No matter what happens to the other game here in the Rockies, it is very likely that cougar and wolf will furnish plenty of sport for a long time.

Mr. Wade is right about the wildcat being a fighter. If the cougar had half as much grit he would be a bad thing to hunt. A cougar does not seem to be able to turn quickly, or to strike a quick blow with its paw. A bear is much more active on its feet, and handier with its paws. But a wildcat is all teeth and claws, and if cornered will put up a pretty good fight, though they are so small that an active dog that knows where to take hold can kill one at one bite. The big gray lynx does not seem to be much of a fighter.

I suppose that the explanation of the little effect that contact with civilized man seems to have on the cats is the natural habits of the beasts. Being a nocturnal animal and adept at hiding, they seem to know that they are safe when other animals would be in danger. When disturbed a cat will hardly ever run far, and will never make a wild, frightened dash for safety if it thinks it can creep away. I have many times run across cougars when I had no dogs or gun, and if tracking was good could always come back with the hounds during the day and jump the beast inside of a quarter of a mile, whereas if it had been a bear or wolf it would have been twenty miles away. And if one runs into a pair or family of cougars and the dogs tree one, the others will not go far. I have several times bagged a whole outfit that way one after another within a few hundred yards.

WM. WELLS.

WELLS, Wyo.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Fearless Robins.

TROY, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* About 100 feet from Second avenue, north, through which the United Traction Company run their noisy trolley cars every few minutes, there stands an apple tree fully sixty years old, in which the robins have built for years.

This season, however, a pair of these birds have built their nest inside the second story of a two-and-a-half-story brick building, within 12 feet of the old tree, on three strips of wood, making a platform not over 6 inches wide, near a window which has the upper sash lowered 8 inches, the nest being 7 feet from the floor.

This building is used as a floor oil cloth printing house, and the printers and presses make such a racket ten hours a day that they can be heard a square away when the windows are open. The occasional removal of the wooden bars on which the cloth is hung in folds within a few feet of the nest does not disturb the birds. After the nest was partly built it was thrown on the floor by one of the men, who thought it rubbish thrown in the window by some mischievous person, but one of the printers rearranged it four hours later, whereupon the birds finished building it, and within a week four eggs were found in the nest, and all four have hatched. The male birds seem to be the more shy of the two; but considering the noise and bustle within and without the building those of us who know of the circumstance consider it



A NEAR VIEW.

quite a remarkable occurrence. We succeeded on May 28, after quite a few failures, in obtaining a photograph of one of the old birds standing on the edge of the nest about to feed its young, but as will be seen from a copy which I mail, their constant motion has blurred the picture. The camera was held within 4 feet of the nest.

EDWARD F. POWERS.

Later.—The robins which built their nests inside the brick building commenced the same April 29, and in about seven days later commenced to set.

The four birds were hatched about May 16, and they left the nest on the 31st. The old birds seemed to have no difficulty in getting three of their young through the window near the nest, and on the old apple tree, but the fourth bird flew about the building and was caught by one of the printers, who let it go near the other birds, and the old ones showed their appreciation of the kind act by flying at him with many angry cries. We have seen two of the young birds since their exit from the building, and believe all four are alive, and they seem to be almost as large as the old birds. The photograph was taken May 28.

E. F. P.

Hawks.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your very appreciative readers invariably indulges in a quiet smile upon reading in your columns or other publications the opinions of learned ornithologists and other observers to the economic value of hawks. Perhaps it is because his memory recalls the trials of a certain freckle-faced boy of eight or nine, or it may be his faith in the theory that early impressions are the strongest. He probably remembers the boy's love for pets, which was in a measure gratified by his father bringing home a pair of young pigeons, and how the little home was built for them, and more care and attention lavished upon those pretty fantails than upon all the "chores" allotted to him. On his coming home from swimming one day only one of the pigeons came to eat from his hand, and a thorough search failed to reveal the whereabouts of Spotty. It was with grave misgivings that the boy went to bed that night, hoping for the best. Next day the lad searched high and low for his lost pet, and still no trace. The following day, however, all doubts were set at rest by finding a mass of feathers, easily identified—mute evidence of the tragedy in which a hawk had played the part of villain. Then it was that the oath of vengeance was made. Through his tears the boy might have been heard to mutter, "Just wait till I'm old enough to have a gun!" Other pigeons were given the boy, but none seemed quite so dear as his lost one, and many also met a like fate. As the father frowned upon any suggestion that a gun would be a handy thing to have around the place, it was several years before the boy's opportunity came. Made bold by continued success, a hawk levied on

old Speckle's brood of chickens for ten consecutive mornings, whereupon the parent was heard to say that "we" would have to get a gun. Then the boy felt free to make a dicker for an exceedingly light single barrel shotgun, rather uncertain as to action of lock, etc. About this time the boy began to learn his trade in the village, so the gun was hidden away, and every opportunity was taken to wage war on the sworn enemy. Many and varied were his first experiences with his foe. He would frequently spend Sunday afternoons in the woods searching for the nests of the hawks, and when found would go there in the morning or evening and "do business." After firing at a large hawk sitting within easy range and getting no results save a handful of feathers, he concluded he needed a heavier weapon. However, he had several notches on his gun stock, when he became the proud possessor of a double 10-bore muzzle-loader. Then "business" improved. He learned a valuable lesson concerning recoil when, to make assurance doubly sure, he deliberately pressed both triggers at one and the same time (the gun having been heavily loaded with BBs for a chance shot at low-flying geese in the spring); but when he picked himself out of the brier bunch and saw the hawk toppling out of a distant tree he was satisfied.

And in after years, as he graduated in turn with the breechloader and finally a hammerless, and killed many quite beautiful pigeons himself, he would neglect no opportunity to get a shot at his enemy. Once he scored five straight within five minutes, and took them all home, too. And even to this day the boy will forsake the pursuit of legitimate game of any kind if he spies a hawk. Only recently while engaged in rifle practice with a few friends a short distance from the city he was at the score, with four of his ten shots still to shoot, when a hawk was observed on a distant tree. Result: a wild scramble, considerable laughter among his comrades, and another notch on the gun stock.

Thus it is that a smile more or less grim spreads over the face of the aforesaid reader as he notes certain scientific facts advanced. He has no quarrel with the scientist.

OCEAN.

To Domesticate the Zebra.

By name at least the tsetse fly of South Africa is well known to most readers and it is recognized as a measurable bar to the settlement of portions of the country. It lives not very far from the coast and renders the country that it inhabits impossible for horses. It is more or less migratory in tendency and it is impossible to say just what its boundaries are.

The tsetse fly is not much larger than a common house fly, is brown in color with yellow bars across the abdomen. It is especially active during the heat of the day, and its bite is almost certain death to ox, horse and dog. Wild animals of the country that it inhabits are not affected, nor is the jackass. The fly lives by sucking blood, and a few days after the animal has been bitten it dies.

Mr. R. J. Sturdy has recently written the report on veterinary work in British East Africa and Uganda protectorate, in which the question of this fly is touched on, and shows that by protecting horses from its bite by the use of horse boxes with fly proof windows, the disease may be practically eradicated. He urges in the same connection the domestication of the zebra as a means of transport, as this animal does not suffer from the ravages of the tsetse fly disease. He says:

"I am convinced that, should the government enter upon a scheme for its domestication, it would prove one of great value, and that at not very distant date a supply of animals would be available, not only for African service, but also for army transport work at home or in India. The great difficulty so far has been the domestication of the adult animal. I have, however, to suggest the following plan for obtaining a possible way out of the difficulty: I would propose that a kraal be formed within a district where firearms are non-existent, as in the case of a preserve. The kraal would have two extending arms leading from open country into it, and would be constructed large enough to hold a herd of, say, fifty adult animals. Several mounted Cape boys would be employed, whose duty, in the first instance, would be to accustom the zebras in the neighborhood of the kraal to the sight of horses and mules. If my anticipations prove correct, the zebras will in the course of a few days follow the horses or mules, and advantage could be taken of this to lead them into the kraal. If it were, however, found that they would not be led it would be necessary to have them driven in by the Cape boys, assisted by swift-footed natives.

"The animals being in this way confined within the kraal they would naturally propagate their species. It is with the offspring that I would propose that the experiment in the way of domesticity would begin. As is well known, it has been found nearly impossible to rear a zebra foal apart from its mother. I would not propose to separate them; they would live along with and be nurtured by their mothers. A few months after birth the young animals could be caught and by various ways become accustomed to the sight and presence of man. I am very hopeful that in this way a number of young animals of both sexes would become domesticated and prove useful for transport service, and also in propagating their species. The second generation, if my experiment prove in any way successful, would be even more domesticated than their parents, and I am sure that in the course of time a large supply of the domesticated zebra would be forthcoming for the future use of transport work at home and abroad. The initial cost would be a little more than the first results might justify, but there is no reason to doubt that in the long run the ultimate results would far more than compensate for the initial expenditure."

While the zebra has long been believed to be untamable there are a number of cases on record where it has been broken to harness and driven. Certain it is that it breeds quite readily in captivity, not only with its own kind, but has been used in crossing with other equine animals. Mr. A. E. Brown, superintendent of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, has, we believe, bred quite a number of zebra at one time and another.

Dog and Snake.

In August, 1844, I was a boy of fifteen, working with my father on the farm in northern Illinois. One afternoon he had just climbed on a load of straw he had been pitching up to me, when I heard a rattlesnake on the ground near by. After looking about a few minutes, we discerned him in the stubble, about 20 feet away, just coiling, ready for defense or attack. In those early days it was considered almost a religious duty to dispatch every venomous creature of that kind, so plentiful were they on the prairies. I was about to get down from the load for that purpose, when I thought of the little dog Penny. He was a slender little fellow of the proverbial "yaller dog" species, but had a great reputation as a snake killer. So I whistled for Penny, who came running, in cheerful response, from the house. Being directed and hissed on, he soon discovered the snake, still darting out his tongue and giving forth warning with his tail. We had a fine view from the load.

Penny approached cautiously, first on this side, then on that, till he had gone round the snake several times, always finding him ready for a fatal blow in any direction. Suddenly he stopped still, and turned his head to one side in serious contemplation. I think if he had had a finger he would have scratched his head just back of his right ear in search of an idea. After a few moments' reflection, his plan seemed formed. He stepped back a step or two, made a bound forward, toward the snake, and snapped at it with his teeth, coming very close to it, but not touching it; then bounded back as quick as a flash. The snake struck out his full length, and very fiercely, but he was not quick enough. Penny had dodged him. The snake, of course, was now straightened out, and the dog, springing so quick you could hardly see him, caught it in the middle of the body, and, giving it one quick, violent shake, dropped it on the ground, completely stunned, so that it was only a moment's work to seize it again and shake it into many pieces.—Correspondence Los Angeles Times.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

As Touching the Woodchuck.

WHAT can the commonplace pen of a commonplace mortal write on such a commonplace theme as this that isn't known to all and several humanity already? What new facts are deducible? Does not every treatise on natural history, every encyclopedia, exhaust the subject in all its possible ramifications?

Right here there impinges upon my inner consciousness a vision of my amateur gardening experience, and my mental economy shrieks an emphatic negative to those latter interrogatories. The books tell of the animal's habits, its good ones, such as building its home, getting its food in sequestered pasture lands, its hibernations, etc. I had read this sort of thing and regarded myself fairly well versed in woodchuck and other animal lore. But a few weeks of actually associating with him taught me that the brute has heights and depths and an illimitable penchant for pure, unadulterated cussedness that I'd never so much as dreamed of, and that is not so much as suggested in the books.

"Dem 'chucks is de mos' ornerey cusses livin'," said Pete, my man of all work, a title never more aptly misapplied, for, I think, without exception, he was the laziest negro who survived the disruption of the "Peculiar Institution." He had ventured this opinion one morning after informing me that "de 'chuck's bin a samplin' de garding fer sho'." While viewing the wreck of several rows of lima beans, which had been my especial care, and which I found had been pulled up bodily and left scattered on the ground, Pete resumed: "Dey hain't no sorter use fer dem beans an' wouldn't eat 'em ef dey wuz a-starvin', but dey jess pulls ob 'em up 'cause ob de nacheral, low down cussidness wots into 'em."

Pete's tirade failed to impress me deeply at that time, as I was inclined to attribute the visitation to one of the natural drawbacks attendant on gardening that I had been cautioned about. But, as time wore on, and I had to contemplate in seasonable succession the spoliation of my beet and onion beds, cucumber and squash vines, melons and, later, a fine growth of sugar corn, I not only agreed with Pete fully, but I invested my opinion with an unction that sprang from the innermost recesses of my soul. It is said, and I once believed, that there are no superfluities in the economy of nature, but I confess that I lack the perspicacity to find an essential niche for the woodchuck to fill. In health and full development the animal will yield a half pint of oil, worth in the marts of trade about one-twelfth of one dollar. To catch the 'chuck and extract the oil costs not less than twelve times that amount. Hence it is not a glaring commercial success. Under the pseudonym of "ground hog" the woodchuck attains notoriety and is more talked about on the 2d of February than any one of its useful contemporaries, and he bears the questionable distinction of figuring in the meteorology of the succeeding six weeks.

To desire the extinction of the woodchuck is one thing, to effect it is quite another. He is endowed with talents in excess of many animals. As a strategist he is simply great. On the sunny hillside, in plain view of all that pass, is the earth cone designating his subterranean home. The harried gardener, unused to his ways and wiles, says to himself: "Behold the lair of mine enemy! With pick and spade I will hie me thither, exhume the thieving rascal and do him to death." With willow branch thrust into the sinuous tunnel for a guide, the despoiled amateur bends to his task and digs with a zeal inspired by the recollection of a ruined garden. Hot, perspiring, with aching back and blistered hands, he finally reaches Mr. Woodchuck's nest only to find that the sly old rascal has utilized a blind channel of egress and escaped unhindered while he dug and fumed. He has learned something, however.

Instances of catching the woodchuck by digging are

now and then related at the Four-Corners Grocery, in which the digger took the precaution to securely plug the secret tunnel. But it is generally conceded along the countryside that the only really effective manner of woodchuck hunting is with a rifle that can be relied upon to shoot accurately at a forty-rod range; but the hunter must fulfill certain requirements himself in the way of acquiring facility with the rifle, and this is no trifling matter. The best use to which a dog can be put in woodchuck hunting is to chain him up securely at home. A man, to the leeward, can approach to within shooting distance of a woodchuck in an open field; but a dog can approach from no direction without being spotted by the game before the dog himself is aware of the animal's proximity. The 'chuck comes out of his burrow at frequent intervals during the day to get a bite of grass or other greens. At each alternate or third mouthful he rears up on his hind legs and looks into the eye of the wind to see if anything is coming. He seems possessed of a singular fatuity that there is no danger to the leeward; hence the hunter approaching from that direction may often get within easy shooting distance. It is but a matter of cool sight and steady hand then to introduce a leaden pellet along with Mr. 'Chuck's vegetable refectation.

I had a Flobert that I regarded as quite a fine shooting stick, an idea acquired from the man of whom I got the gun. One morning, after a particularly aggravating raid, Mr. 'Chuck seemed bent on adding insult to injury by spending much time gamboling over his earth-works in the meadow back of the garden, and leering across at me.

"Pete," I said, "I'm going to give him a dose of Flobert." I caught a faint suspicion of a smile on Pete's face as he responded:

"Dat ort to mek 'im t'row up de cawn 'n things 'e et las' night, ef so be an' you' hits 'im," with emphasis on "hits."

Scorning to notice the covert slur upon my marksmanship I inserted a long .22 shell in the Flobert, took a good rest to insure my aim, and banged away. With a flirt of heels that raised a fog of dust, Mr. 'Chuck disappeared. Rushing over to the burrow expecting to find a dead or dying woodchuck, I confess to quite a disappointment on beholding a clear tunnel free from sanguinary obstruction.

"Wonder if I could hit the side of a barn," I growled in chagrin.

"Not 'less yo' stood inside de bawn an' hed de do' shet," chuckled Pete, making no effort to conceal his merriment; "'den you wouldn't hit much wif dem cat-tiges."

"What fool notion possesses you now, you gibbering ace of spades?" I retorted, pushing another shell into the rifle with which to try my skill (or lack of it) at a target.

"Golly, boss, Ise jess hed t' laff; look at dem cat-tiges, dey's blank ez wite dominos," and Pete fairly exploded in a crescendo of mirth.

Sure enough, on looking at the cartridges, I found that what I had supposed was a pellet of lead was simply a hard twisted roll of brown paper. Half a dollar in hand and the promise of my second best brierwood secured Pete's word not to relate the incident. I have always believed that the sooty-faced rascal knew all about the cartridges from the first and kept quiet till I had committed myself, for the sake of an anticipated bribe.

"Get some hay and brush-wood and we'll smoke the brute out and club his head off," was my next utterance and Pete lost no time in doing my bidding. But the smoke wouldn't go into the hole. Pete blew till apoplexy seemed imminent, but to no avail.

"If we could make a draft through the burrow we'd have him all right," I ventured to observe.

"Dat 'if hez done spiled more'n one hunter's luck," was Pete's astute rejoinder. "But wha'd de mattah wif a stovepipe?" and the black face glowed with a spark of sense. I thought he was joking at first, but he went on to explain: "Jess stick 'bout two len'ts o' pipe inter de blin' hole an' dere'd be draf' 'nuff to pull yo' hat t'rough."

The idea seemed tenable and I sent Pete to the attic for the pipe that had done service in our parlor in the early spring time. We spliced three lengths and placed one end firmly in the escape end of the tunnel, stuffing the chinks with clods. There was a stiff west wind blowing and, on lighting a heap of straw and mulch at the tunnel entrance, we had the satisfaction of seeing a dense cloud of gray smoke pour from the pipe.

I felt certain that no woodchuck could stand much of that sort of thing and confidently expected to see him rush out, dazed and blinded, when he would fall an easy prey to a club. But the fire burned out and no 'chuck rewarded my anticipations. We increased the fuel supply, adding some wet hay to enhance the volume of smoke; but no results.

Just then Pete, who had been crouching on the ground, sang out: "Shuah's I lib and breve dat hawg's digging away from de smoke." Following his example I listened with my ear to the ground and could plainly hear the sound of the 'chuck's paws, scratching away down in the depths for dear life. It was plain that, when the smoke penetrated his nest, instead of rushing out to be killed, Mr. 'Chuck had simply gone to burrowing, piling the earth behind him, and thus escaped suffocation.

"He's too much for us," I remarked.

"Jes wait twel 'es got ober 'is scare an' has fixed up 'is house ag'in, an' I'll show yo' how to ketch 'im," replied Pete, but when pressed as to ways and means he merely looked wise and uttered one word, "Turtle!"

Several days later Pete appeared one morning with an ordinary speckled turtle and invited me to see him catch the 'chuck.

Reaching the burrow, Pete folded a strip of asbestos and bound it on the turtle's back with a bit of wire. To this he fastened a bunch of tar-soaked oakum and set it on fire. The turtle proceeded to gyrate his legs and, when released, started off at a most prodigious pace—for a turtle. Pete headed the fiery traveler into the main entrance to Mr. 'Chuck's domains, seized a stout hoe's tail that he had brought with him and waited at the exist. Very soon, with an introductory snort and

a cry of terror, my garden despoiler bounded into daylight, sneezing, blinking and quaking in mortal fear. Swish! The bolt descended and I felt that my garden was in a measure avenged.

"How came you to think of the scheme?" I asked Pete as we contemplated the woodchuck's remains.

"Huh! Allus ketched 'em that-a-way w're I cum frum."

And that old black excrescence on nature had witnessed the spoliation of my garden for six weeks and held his peace.

SAMUEL MANSFIELD STONE.

From a Letter.

SEYMOUR, Wis., June 9.—*Dear Friend:* Last Tuesday night, June 4, after we had the chores all done, I was sitting in the house reading, and Frank and Bruce started to go over to our neighbor that lives on the Rice farm south of here. When about half way from the corner to the creek they saw a bear cross the road from the west. This was about 7 o'clock. You can bet they made quick time getting back to the house, and told me. I grabbed my gun and plenty of cartridges, and told Frank to go over to Dave Sherman's and get their Winchester—it is one that old Jim Sherman used to have. I took the Winchester and Frank took my gun. I sent him down to watch where the bear had crossed, and ran across to the upper corner of the woods—there is about twenty acres in the piece. I had just got to the woods, when I saw him poking along up the creek in the weeds and brush. I held low down behind the fore shoulder and pulled. He turned a back somersault, lit on his feet and took the back track at thirty miles an hour. I threw in another cartridge and let him have it to help him along. The last I saw of him he was headed straight for Frank. I followed along and my dog came to me—in fact he was running all over the woods. I expected every instant to hear Frank open up. I went clear through to where he was, and he said no bear had come out there. Then I thought I had killed him. We yelled to Evans to come with his dog to help find the bear, but he was slow about getting started, so I went back alone to find my dead bear. I went back through the south side of the woods, went east nearly to the creek before I found him, and I tell you he was awful lively for a dead bear. When I saw him he was six or eight rods from me, head up, looking at me. I got my gun to my face, but could not get down into the back sight, it was so dark. I got down as fine as I could and aimed at where his feet ought to be and let her go. Say, that bear went into the air about six feet and came straight at me under a full head of steam. He got within 50 feet of me, when I gave him another. It turned him so he went past me, not over 20 feet. My dog got there just then and I set him on, and I guess he thought it was a sheep. He ran up and grabbed it in the side; it stopped the bear; he whirled around, made a spring into the air 5 or 6 feet and came down where he thought the dog was. But the dog was gone. I thought the dog was a goner. The bear seemed to think there was going to be trouble; he turned over on his back, drew his legs up, raised his head up as if looking for the dog, and as that was the chance I was looking for, I broke his neck, and the fun was all over. After awhile my hair limbered up so it was smooth again, and I would never have known how many shots I fired, but the folks counted and they say I made seven shots and hit him four times.

I took him to the butcher shop and had him dressed, and I have the hide tacked down in the granary. It is 5 feet long and 3 feet wide in the narrowest place. He weighed 83 pounds dressed, but it was the liveliest 83 pounds I ever ran up against. This was all done within a mile of the main street of the city of Seymour, Wis.

Ducks Breeding on Conneaut Lake.

THE Meadville, Pa., Tribune of June 22 reports: The Conneaut Lake steamboat men are doing a commendable act in protecting from slaughter about 100 ducks that have settled on the lake for a summer home, breeding there instead of going further north. As is generally understood, it is now illegal to shoot ducks, and whenever some enthusiastic camper, spying the birds, starts out to shoot them, one or more steamers as promptly start after the shootist, with the warning that "If you shoot any of those ducks you'll have to settle with the court before you get back to camp."

The state of affairs has become so generally well known about the lake that it is only an occasional over-venturesome new comer who now requires "going after," and the ducks are becoming very tame, and especially so since Capt. Charles Niece, a few days ago, rowed out and fed them about a peck of corn. A flock of about thirty of the birds were feeding along the west shore, and Capt. Niece, with his corn, rowed quietly along between the ducks and the shore. As he approached the birds they swam out a few rods, but plainly manifested an interest when he began throwing handfuls of the corn out on the water.

As he continued to scatter the corn the captain rowed slowly toward the shore, and then along the shore, scattering the corn where the water was a couple of feet deep. In a few minutes the ducks began to swim cautiously toward the shore on an investigating tour, and it didn't take them long to discover that the bottom was scattered with corn, and then followed an exhibition of diving that was worth seeing. The ducks would go to the bottom where the water was fully 4 feet deep, and it wasn't long until every duck on the lake was participating in the banquet.

The result of this and subsequent scatterings of corn has been to make the ducks very tame and it is an easy matter for one to row up within 50 feet of them, while they frequently follow a rowboat and swim close to the steamers looking for the feed which they have learned from experience is pretty certain to be forthcoming.

Two families of youngsters have already been brought out by the hopeful mothers, and it is likely that others will soon appear. The Conneaut Lake boatmen are elated over the success which has thus far rewarded their efforts to protect the feathered summer sojourners, and are more than ever determined to see to it that the birds are not killed. This is the first time, so far as can be learned, that any number of ducks have made their summer home at the lake.

The Appalachian National Park.

ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A distinguished party from Washington have been in Asheville and the surrounding country this week on an investigating tour regarding the establishment of the Appalachian National Park, of which I have written you several times. This party was composed of Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, his secretary, J. A. Wilson; W. J. Magee, of the Bureau of Ethnology; Gifford Pinchot, of the Bureau of Forestry; S. H. Newell, United States Geological Survey, and J. A. Holmes, State Geologist.

The party was investigating the timber conditions of western North Carolina, and during the next week purpose to spend the time in the woods along the State line between North Carolina and Tennessee.

Secretary Wilson has been kindly disposed toward our park movement from the first, and this personal investigation which he is making will undoubtedly only add to his enthusiasm in the cause and more fully acquaint him with the necessities of such a movement.

Prof. Holmes, chief of the Government Forestry Bureau, stated while in Asheville that the numerous floods which had recently occurred in the various portions of the southeastern section are due in great part to the timber destruction which has been carried on during the past ten years. He further stated that these floods, while doing an unlimited amount of damage, are, nevertheless, going to be among the strongest arguments for our forest reserve when the matter comes before Congress next winter.

The Appalachian National Park Association feels that in securing the personal investigation by Secretary Wilson and his party we have greatly strengthened our cause.

C. P. AMBLER.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

When a Bass Gets on My Line.

WHEN the springtime's o'er me stealing,
And my heart is often thrilled
With the overflow of feeling
With which the world is filled,
There can be no joy or privilege
That is comparable to mine
When I have a seven-pounder
At the end of hook and line.

I have tasted all the pleasures
That the wells of life afford;
I have feasted on the bounties
That the world delights to hoard;
But I'd leave the festal table,
With its wealth of ruby wine,
To feel a seven-pounder
"Cutting capers" with my line.

I have been inspired by music
By the masters in the art;
I have listened to the eloquence
Of intellect and heart;
But no melody enchants me
With its harmony divine,
Akin to that which follows
When a bass gets on my line.

There is music in the woodlands,
When the summer lingers there;
There are carols in the meadows,
When the skies are blue and fair;
But all these charms of nature
I would willingly resign,
To hear the hum of reeling
When a bass gets on my line.

There is nothing nearer heaven,
When a fellow's tired quite,
Just patiently awaiting
For a fish to come and bite,
To have your rod bent double
By a bass, with mad design,
And feel a seven-pounder
Fiercely tugging at your line.

If I should get to heaven,
I presume I'd want to know
What the chances are for fishing—
Like the sport I knew below—
For, though 'mid joys supernal,
I would certainly repine
For a day upon the river
And a bass upon my line.

JAMES ROBERT ALLEN.

Texas Tarpon.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just received from my friend, the Rev. Father O'Dwyer, of Kansas City, a letter from Aransas Pass, where he is at present having a great time among the tarpon and other game fishes of the Gulf.

The record that the good father has made is so extraordinary that I feel impelled to send it to you for publication, even if by so doing I run the risk of displeasing his reverence by publishing what he intended for a private communication.

I know, though, that if he be offended he is such a good fellow that all I have to do is to say "*culpa mea, peccavi*," and he will reply, "*Absolve te. Pax tecum*," or something similar, and all will be well again. The following is a copy of his letter:

"Tarpon, Tex., June 23.—Mr. Waddell.—Dear Friend: I got here at 12 P. M. Tuesday. Caught five tarpon Wednesday, six Thursday, nine Friday and four Saturday forenoon, interspersed with six jackfish and two large jewfish.

"You may judge for yourself what kind of fishing is

here and what a time I have had. I am writing according to promise, and to communicate what I know will be agreeable information. It may induce you to come here before I leave, which will be about two weeks from next Wednesday. Yours sincerely, M. J. O'Dwyer."

Just think of landing in three and a half days twenty-four tarpon, six jackfish and two large jewfish! Such sport puts the Florida fishing entirely in the background. It is true that one would get more bites in Florida than at Aransas Pass just now, but they would be from mosquitoes.

It is with feelings of deepest regret that I have had to decline the good father's invitation to join him, although perhaps by the time I could get there he would have caught all the fish in the Pass, and have left none for me. My professional duties this busy year will prevent me from going so far from my office. However, I hope to go soon with a friend to Galveston to try the sport there for a few days.

Inclosed is a clipping from a late Galveston paper, which you may see fit to reproduce in whole or in part for the benefit of those of your readers who are tarpon cranks.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

From the Galveston Tribune.

"Galveston Bay is teeming with tarpons." So says Robert I. Cohen, who is about the most persistent fisherman to be found anywhere in Texas. Mr. Cohen belongs to the Missouri class of people. When he makes a statement he is generally prepared to prove what he says. He has been tarpon fishing. He caught a tarpon and the fish was landed and brought to Galveston.

Mr. Cohen is very enthusiastic on the subject of tarpon fishing. He says—but let him tell his own story: "The flats are fairly alive with the big silver-scaled fish," said Mr. Cohen. "They are not there in twos or in threes, but hundreds of tarpon are making sport right within a stone's throw of the Galveston wharves.

"I have been fishing for mackerel for a long time. Mackerel fishing is fine sport, and I thought it was good enough for me. But Dr. Mayfield is responsible for my forsaking the gamy mackerel for the still more gamy tarpon. Dr. Mayfield telephoned me yesterday morning there were more tarpon in front of the quarantine station than there were stars in the heavens.

"Well, to make a long story not so long, I got a lot of paraphernalia needed in the landing of a tarpon and hired a man to row me to where Dr. Mayfield said the tarpon were making merry. I had hardly thrown my line over, when 'whir' and a big fish had been hung. Sport? Well, I should say so! He jumped out of the water ever so many feet, swam this way and then that, when all at once he managed to cut the line, and I began to think that what I didn't know about tarpon fishing would fill a big book.

"Just as I thought a brilliant opportunity had passed by, my son, Robert I., Jr., hung another fish, if anything larger than the one that had gotten on my line; but he was no more fortunate in landing him than I was. It did not take two jiffies for us to lose two fine tarpon hooks.

"After that the big fish bit almost as fast as we could throw the baited mullet overboard, and in one instance a tarpon was hooked with nothing but a piece of white handkerchief for bait.

"After we had been out about half an hour the fellow that we at last managed to land got fastened on the hook. When Mr. Silver-Scaled Fish ascertained that he was hung good and hard he made as gallant a fight for liberty as one would care to witness. He would throw himself out of the water with the speed of a locomotive, and as soon as he reached the surface would dart away first this way and then that. But I was beginning to learn a trick or two about landing a tarpon. When he would give slack in the line I would wind up the reel just as fast as I could, and as he would bear away from the skiff I played out the line just fast enough to keep him well tantalized.

"After I had toyed with him for perhaps twenty minutes and was beginning to think that he had the vitality of a Mexican burro—for I was nearly played out myself—he began to give signs of weakening. By slow degrees we coaxed and towed him to Pelican spit, where, with the aid of a big sharp knife, he gave up the ghost.

"I don't think there is a place in the earth that can touch Galveston Bay for tarpon fishing. The big fish are there in great numbers, and are as hungry as they can be. They are giving the mullets a hard fight for existence. One can see in the course of a half hour dozens of tarpon swimming near the surface and leaping out of the water in their efforts to get a dainty meal of a good-sized mullet. During the time we were out at least twenty-five of the big fish got fastened on our lines. But tarpon are not the kind of fish to be easily caught, and I think we played in big luck to land even one."

Mr. Cohen brought the tarpon he caught to town with him, and the fish was on exhibition all morning in front of a sporting goods store on Mechanic street.

If F. W. Muller, Jr., is to be believed, tarpon fishing is not the only kind of sport that can be found in the waters around Galveston these days. According to Mr. Muller the beach is swarming with fat Spanish mackerel. He says that he was on the beach this morning off the foot of Seventeenth street, and in less than no time had caught twenty of this kind of fish.

Pearl Fisheries in Venezuela.

CONSIDERABLE interest having lately been evinced in the United States regarding the Venezuelan Island of Margarita, I transmit a short description of one of the principal sources of the island's wealth—its pearl fisheries. The pearls of Margarita have been known to white men since the discovery of the island by Columbus and his followers. It was on this island, and on the mainland adjoining, that the Spaniards found the natives decked with pearls. History claims that these pearls were one of the prime causes of trouble among the adventurers who first visited and settled on these shores.

Pearls having lately risen in value, there has been extraordinary activity on the island. Buyers from different parts of the world reside there and purchase from the native fishermen the products wrested from the depths.

About four hundred sailboats are used by the natives

in the fisheries of Margarita and its neighboring Islands of Coche and Cubagua. The principal beds are at El Tirano, northeast, and Macanao, northwest of Margarita. About two thousand men find constant employment in this trade. The fishers use metal scoops, which are dragged over the oyster beds and, when filled, brought to the surface, where the shells are opened and carefully examined. The boats in use are from 3 to 15 tons, and pay to the Venezuelan authorities 15 bolivars (\$2.90) each for permits to fish.

The pearls are very fine in quality, beautiful in luster and run from white to yellow; occasionally a black one, priceless in value, is brought to the surface. One white pearl of large size and good quality was sold in Margarita within two weeks for \$1,700. The shell of the oyster is not of much commercial value, being too thin for the manufacture of buttons and other fancy articles, such as are made from the Oriental pearl shell; this is due, I am told by an authority, to the short life of the Margaritan pearl oyster, eight years being about the average age.

Pearls from dead oysters have very little value, as they lose their luster.

A French company has recently started fishing for pearls by means of divers and diving apparatus, and expects great results from the enterprise. The divers claim they can select the larger oysters and leave the smaller undisturbed, giving them time to grow and increase in value. The value of pearls found near Margarita is estimated at about \$600,000 per year. Most of these pearls go to the Paris market, which, sellers claim, gives the best results.

LOUIS GOLDSCHMIDT, Consul.

LA GUAYRA, May 25.

A Raid on the Kidels.

From "Her Majesty's Tower," by William Hepworth Dixon.

ONE of the King's officers, the Tower warden, was a man with extensive powers, and a hundred archers at his back. A subject always in dispute between this officer and the city folk was a claim put forth by him to catch fish in what the commons called an unfair way. The warden claimed a right to put kidels in the water, not only in front of the wharf, but in any other part of the stream. A kidel was a weir filled up with nets, which caught all fish coming down with the tide, both the small fry and the old flappers. * * * For a small sum of money any rascal on the river could buy his license, and set up kidels in the Lea and in the Medway as well as in the Thames. The effect of netting these rivers was to destroy the salmon and shad, as well as to capture the flounder and the trout. * * * In the Great Charter there was a special clause on kidels; King John consenting, among other things, that, under pain of excommunication, all kidels should be removed from the Thames and from his other streams. Yet the warden, paying scant attention to a parchment which he probably could not read, laid down his weirs and nets as before, only desisting for a time when the Sheriff of London, backed by an armed band, dropped down the river and seized his nets. * * *

Complaints were laid before Andrew Buckrell, Mayor; Henry de Cotham, Sheriff, and other magistrates, that many new kidels had been laid in the Thames and the Medway, by authority of the Tower Warden, contrary to the City Franchise, and to the great injury of the common people. More than elsewhere this wrong was being done to them in the Medway, in the neighborhood of Yantlet Creek. This was a ticklish thing, for, although the Thames lay under the jurisdiction of London for many purposes, it was not clear that the Mayor and a city band had any right to pursue offenders up the Medway, and to seize them under the walls of Rochester Castle. They put their right to the test. Jordan de Coventry, Second Sheriff, with a body of men, well armed and resolute, started on Jan. 6, 1236-37, for Yantlet Creek, where they fell suddenly and stoutly on the master fishermen and their servants. They found no less than thirty kidels beyond that creek toward the sea.

With little ado they tore up the nets and seized the masters: Joselyn and four good men of Rochester; seven good men of Strood; three good men at Cliff, all master-mariners, with nine others, their helpers and abettors in the wrong. Jordan brought these captured nets and culprits up to London, where he gave the nets to the First Sheriff, and lodged the master-mariners in Newgate.

When the news of this raid reached Rochester, Strood and Cliff, much din arose, and men from these towns rode up to London to see what could be done for Joselyn and his fellows. They applied to the king for help, on the ground that no man had power to seize the king's subjects by force and cast them into jail without his license. Henry inclined to take this view; but the mayor and sheriffs maintained their right to arrest offenders against the king's laws and the city franchises. Being then absent from London, Henry sent a writ to the mayor commanding him to accept bail for the appearance of his prisoners until such time as the king could hold a court to try the case. This court was called in the Palace of Kennington, when Buckrell and the citizens Joselyn and the master-mariners appeared before the Archbishop of York, the Lord Chancellor, and other great personages, among whom the most eminent was William de Raleigh, the famous justiciar, a collateral ancestor of Sir Walter.

William de Raleigh, who held a brief, as it were, for the Crown, put Buckrell and his men on their mettle. "How," he asked them, "had they, with such rash daring, seized the king's liegemen in their boats and cast them into a common jail?" Buckrell answered him: "That he had seized Joselyn and the rest for just reasons; because, being taken in the act of using kidels, they were infringing the rights of the city, lessening the dignity of the Crown, and incurring the ban of excommunication, in accordance with an express clause in the Great Charter." He asked, in conclusion, that the judges should enforce the law and punish the master-mariners by a heavy fine. William de Raleigh took this view of the kidel business, and his verdict gave immense delight at Guildhall. He sentenced Joselyn and the other masters to pay a fine of ten pounds each—the fines to be rendered to the chief men in the city. A great fire was lighted in Westcheape, and the captured nets from Yantlet Creek were burned in presence of a joyful crowd.

Some Great Bass Fishing.

Four Hundred and Twenty Small-Mouthed Bass in Two Days at Lake Ida, Minn.

MINNESOTA is credited with 10,000 lakes. Whether this be so or not I do not of my own knowledge know.

Twelve years ago I came out here from New York. It was in the early spring, and, after hearing of the fishing enjoyed around St. Paul, I naturally awaited with impatience the opening of the season. And I was greatly disappointed when it did open, for, while I caught bass galore, they were of the large-mouthed variety, which, because of prejudice, perhaps, I do not favor. To my idea they lack the gameness of the small-mouthed hero. It is needless to say that I came home disappointed after each visit to a new lake in quest of the small-mouthed bass. It finally became monotonous, going here and there on the assurance that in such and such a lake would I find the fish I was after—and not finding the red-eyed, small-mouthed denizen of the deep. I made one more back-breaking trip after this elusive fish and then came home and putting up my rods declared there were no small-mouthed bass in the State of Minnesota—and I was wrong, very wrong, indeed.

Out of curiosity I would sometimes go to the Union Depot when the Monday morning trains came in and watch the boys stagger in with their strings and gunny-sacks of bass, pickerel and croppies—bass being in the lead. I saw no small-mouthed friends among the arrivals.

I was bewailing my fate to some friends who knew this country, and was assured that we had small-mouthed bass in this State, but not in the lakes near St. Paul. Along the line of the Great Northern Railroad, from Osakis up, I was promised that I could get all the small-mouthed bass I could desire. Skeptical as I was, I started, stopped off at Alexandria, and drove to Lake Ida, and here I found them—the real, genuine, simon-pure article. And, like the tramp who used soap years ago and never used any since, I have fished no other lake since. I may find but a single day in a season in which to fish, but to Lake Ida I go. My veracity would suffer were I to relate my luck at that lake on various repeated occasions. The average fisherman hesitates to take a four hours' steam-car ride for a day or two of fishing, and they keep close to St. Paul. Those who do take the time and trouble are amply repaid.

The small-mouthed bass put up such a fight that men who have caught the large-mouthed fish only think they have hooked a grampus when a small-mouthed bass takes hold.

The waters of Lake Ida are deep and cold. Weeds and lily-pads are missed. Even the big-mouthed bass when taken in this lake fight and really make a good straight show at resistance before landing in the net, no doubt because of the coldness of the water.

They run large, 4-pound fish being quite common. I have a photograph of five fish taken there one afternoon by a friend weighing 26½ pounds, three small-mouthed and two large-mouthed. He states that they "towed the boat" in two or three instances after taking out all the line from the reel. I once got into a school of these gamy fellows; they hugged the sandy bottom ten feet down. I remembered Black's description in "White Heather" of fishing for salmon with two rods, and having in the boat two 6-ounce rods rigged for still fishing, I started in with two lines in the water. It was a succession of strikes and the landing of the fish first with one rod and then with the other. While playing a fish the second rod would demand attention, and reaching down and striking the second fish, I would hand the rod to the boatman, instructing him to keep the fish simply under control, and when I had brought my bass within reach of the landing-net of the guide and I would lay down the rod and reach back for the fish-laden one in the guide's hands and then play the bass until drowned, before which time the other line, baited with minnow and thrown in, would need attention; the fish would be struck and the rod handed to the boatman as before. This fishing lasted one hour; not more than half a dozen fish were landed, as they were large and fought furiously, but for an experimental, steady hour's fishing with two rods it was a success, and while it lasted, highly exciting.

The fish were voracious, and as the minnows were small they gulped the bait without much mouthing or running. I had already early in the day begun to throw my fish back, and these went "into the drink" to afford sport for another day.

And what prompts me to write this is that I have just had a friend call who spent two days at Lake Ida and landed 422 bass—returning the whole catch to the water as fast as taken, save the few eaten by himself and guide.

At Alexandria are lakes in plenty, in any one of which can the finest fishing be had. Those who go up there and who keep all they catch, express home a barrel filled with fish before they have been away three or four days. After returning home and having fault found with them for not sending the fish cleaned and skinned ready for the pan these people reform and let their neighbors buy their fish at the store when they want them in future.

An hour of fishing in the morning, between 9 and 10, a couple of hours from 5 until 7 in the evening, will give a man in numbers all the bass he needs. If he will send home a barrel every other day, why, then, it is simply a matter of keeping everlastingly at it, and getting there.

The lakes of Minnesota teem with bass, and those around Alexandria especially so, as to the small-mouthed variety.

Those of you who can find the time and have the inclination will do well to try our Minnesota bass fishing. It is a long way from the Bowery out here, to be sure, and not so handy as Greenwood or Hopatcong; yet, as is frequently said as to other things and places, "it is well worth the trip" to the man who loves bass fishing.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Hot Weather Hiatus.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 6.—As to local fishing news, there is not any worth mentioning, for the past week of hot weather has caused a hiatus in all sorts of angling plans. Such of our fishers as have been out this week report practically no sport at all. Harry Gobel was down to Cedar Lake, Ind., and he said that the only thing which had nerve enough to bite was the bullhead, and even the big bullheads were hidden somewhere in the shade and declined to come out and transact business with any kind of a bait.

In the lower portion of the Wisconsin lake region there have been a great many anglers out, more for summer resort purposes than for serious fishing. Of all those who have visited the lower Wisconsin lakes, Mr. S. D. Thompson, of Chicago, can report perhaps the best luck. He has sent down to be mounted a fine specimen of the fish usually called pickerel in this part of the world—the great Northern pike, in reality. This fish weighed 16 pounds, and was taken by Mr. Thompson at Eagle Lake, in Waukesha county. Every once in a while a good fish turns up in these restricted and much-fished waters. I did not hear whether this was taken in the lower lake, or mill pond lake, or in the deeper body of water known as Lulu Lake, or Schwartz's Lake, about a mile above there. I should rather guess that it came from the mill pond lake, for although that it is a good fish itself, it is very rarely indeed that one is taken in Lulu Lake which does not go even heavier, several specimens having been taken there which run over 20 pounds. It is well known that there are some of these monsters in this little piece of water, and it is always a part of the ambition of the visitor to get a for although that is a good fish itself, it is very rarely taken, however, excepting through the ice in the winter time or else in the very early spring. Usually there is about one good big fish taken in that lake every year, sometimes not so many as that. Billy Tuohy has been fast in one or two of these big fellows, and has a choice assortment of fish stories to tell about the possibilities of Lulu Lake.

Mr. Ambrose, of the American Book Company, came back from the Eagle water country of Wisconsin this week with the best lot of muscallunge which is reported for the past two weeks. He had some very decent fish.

Trout Season.

The hot weather has had the effect of hatching out all kinds of flies, bugs and insects, not to mention the particular brand known as the American mosquito. The grasshopper crop is now on, and all trout fishers know that the grasshopper is one of the things in animate nature which the trout is altogether unable to resist. As a consequence, the trout are now rising in a great many of the streams in lower Wisconsin. Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, reports very fine sport on the Pine River a week ago. He did not go up this week end to fish the stream, as the hot weather has practically killed the pleasure in such fishing, but he believes that as soon as the temperature is low enough to enable a man to get out of doors he will begin to get some good sport, as the fish were rising freely to the grasshopper when he was last up there, and hence also were disposed to take the artificial fly, which, of course, was the only lure employed.

The Au Sable.

The 8-inch law is reported to be doing wonders for the fishing along the Au Sable, of Michigan. I have not yet heard from Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, Mich., regarding the prospects on that stream, but Mr. McLeod, of Milwaukee, is anxious to see the old Au Sable once more, this being one of his earlier fishing haunts. It is among the possibilities that if the hot weather keeps up and business continues nil, we may all take a run with Mr. Alexander on the Au Sable one of these bright days. It will be our deliberate purpose to tangle up with big rainbow trout, and no little fish need apply. It is worth a dollar and a quarter to see Mr. McLeod handle a big trout when he gets a strike. He uses a little Leonard rod weighing about 4 ounces, which he has had wrapped with silk from end to the other. With this rod Mr. McLeod allows the fish no latitude and no mercy, but starts him in early in the game and keeps him coming with a supreme confidence in his tackle which always gives me cold chills up my back to witness.

The Fox.

There ought to be a little fly-fishing about now along the shallow reaches of the Fox River, where the bass are now feeding upon insect food to a greater or less extent. The Fox is not a bad wading stream at such points as Clintonville, Yorkville, Dayton, etc., and although one could not expect to take any bass except early in the morning or quite late in the evening, he might now and again have a little fun, and he would certainly be able to keep his feet wet and cool, which is something of a desideratum in this sort of weather. The rock bass, croppies, etc., which now and then one meets in his fly-fishing for bass on this stream, are not altogether to be despised. Given a light fly-rod, a No. 4 coachman and a half-pound rock bass, just in the cool of the evening, when the shadows are quite black on the water across the stream, and one ought to be at least more happy than he is sweltering in the fairly unsupportable heat of the city. Indeed, fly-fishing on a stream where one has to wade is nearly the only kind of angling which appeals to one in this kind of weather. As to bait-casting for bass from a boat under a sky as merciless as that which has prevailed all over the West for the past seventeen days, let those go in for that who fancy it. It means accumulating sunburn almost too swiftly for the average man, and moreover, it is a bootless employment, for the bass themselves are not taking chances of sunburn these glaring days.

All in all, the signs do not seem to point for very good fishing during this torrid month of July, which under the best average conditions for midsummer must be rated the poorest month of the year for fishing in this latitude. The muscallunge season, if we may be said to have one in this part of the world, is now practically closed. As to bass fishing, of course one can go up to any one of the hundred different lakes in the pine woods of Wisconsin and

get all the big-mouthed bass he cares for. Mr. Graham H. Harris, President of the School Board of Chicago, is still absent on his fishing trip on the Manitowish chain of Wisconsin. Mr. Harris is a fly-fisherman, and goes rather for bass than for muscallunge. He will in all likelihood have pretty good sport at bass.

The Wishininne Club purposed its regular annual pilgrimage to the Manitowish chain this summer, but the hot weather proved too much for everybody. Mr. George E. Cole hires him to his cottage at Spring Lake, Mich. Mr. W. L. Wells, Mr. C. S. Dennis and others are taking up golf in the cool of the day and not risking them on the waters at midday. Mr. J. V. Clark, another member of the club, has been practically prostrated by the heat this week, and unable to get out of town. All in all, we have nothing but disaster to report in an angling way this week in Chicago.

The Frog Question.

To make everything worse, there is such a scarcity of bait frogs here in Chicago. Frogs are hardly to be obtained at any kind of figure, and the local dealers are looking out for frog catchers who know of preserves where bait size frogs are not exhausted. This sort of thing is poorly distributed in the West just now. Last week they had a rain of frogs in one of the St. Paul suburbs, where the newspapers graphically report the fall of a "dark green mass" composed entirely of frogs. Nobody in Minnesota has been able to tell where these frogs came from, but in all probability they were taken from Indiana, which is the ordinary frog supply pond for this city, and which is this week producing almost nothing at all in the way of its old-time commodity. This rain of frogs at St. Paul happened during the prevalence of very high winds, and this would seem to be another illustration of the proverb which indicates that it "is an ill wind that blows nobody any good." We would welcome a frog cyclone here in Chicago just at the present time.

Big Rainbows.

I was talking with Harry Gobel, who collects rent in the Hartford Building, when he can get it, and who goes fishing when he is not trying to collect the rent. Harry asked me whether I knew anything about the Peshtigo River in Wisconsin, and, of course, I was able to tell him all about some big brook trout which I had seen taken from that stream some years ago. These big trout were captured by fishermen of Ellis Junction, who went by wagon up the Peshtigo to the mouth of Medicine Brook, where there is a deep hole well known as a feeding ground for big trout in the warm months of the summer. The Peshtigo at this part of its course gets too warm for trout, hence these trout naturally drift in to the mouths of the cold lesser tributaries such as the Medicine Brook. I saw a market basket full of brook trout, and of these I think there was not one fish which would lie down flat in the basket without having its head or tail turned up. The fish would thus seem to run somewhere between 3 and 4 pounds in weight. They were taken on minnow bait almost altogether, and snailed out on the bank without mercy.

Mr. Gobel told me then something which had already come to my ears by way of vague traditional rumor regarding other good fishing points on this big river. He tells me that some years ago he fished the Peshtigo on the rapid waters which run about a mile below the falls of the Peshtigo, a point to be reached from Athelstane, Wis., by a wagon road of about fifteen miles. Mr. C. E. Rollins, of this city, has often spoken of these fish of the Peshtigo, and I believe it was Mr. Rollins who first put Mr. Gobel on to the point. From Mr. Gobel's description there is a pool or so and a long reach of fast water, about a mile in all, and this is the only part of the river which offers any fish at all, anywhere in that district. It is here that the big rainbow trout lie, and Harry told me that he caught a rainbow trout there which weighed 7 pounds. This fish he took by means of a risky wade out in midstream, allowing his hook to float far down below him. When he struck the fish it was so large that he was very much excited, and hastening ashore fell over a rock and cracked the bone of one of his ankles, which to this day shows a lump in commemoration of the struggle he had with the big rainbow. He finally got him out upon the bank, and falling down upon him caught the fish in his arms and so saved it.

Yet Mr. Gobel says that this is not the record rainbow of that water by any means, but that he has known them to be taken weighing as much as 9 pounds. It should be known that the Peshtigo is a mighty water even this far up toward its head. Rainbows lie in the deep water out midstream and it is hard to get at them. Really a bait and a bass casting reel would be the most killing way of fishing for these big fish. Mr. Gobel tells me that they are so heavy and the water is so strong that the usual fate of the fly-fisherman is to have his flies snapped off at almost the first rush of the fish. It may readily be seen that fly-fishing for these fighting rainbows in a water like this must be a sport of as keen a nature as can be found in any part of the country. While I cannot state that there is good sport at this reach of water at this time, the likelihood is that the Peshtigo has not been exhausted in its rainbow supply, and that one could with proper care and due patience still get hold of one of these big fish. If he kill one anywhere near as big as that which Mr. Gobel took, it would pay him for a week of work. The native fishermen in quite a stretch of country round about that part of the Peshtigo are well aware of the excellence of the fishing there, and have hit the rainbows pretty hard with their long-gearred cane pole tackle.

A Good Thing.

In these days of extremely hot weather the average fisherman who has any kind of luck has a serious disappointment when he undertakes to bring his catch home with him. It is more than half the fun to bring home the products of one's sport. Nothing gives the angler more pleasure than to show his family and friends the fish which he has circumvented. A nice lot of trout laid out on a long, cold platter—what is a prettier sight than that, and who would rob his family of the pleasure of that sight? Even a nice take of bass or of croppies, or of rock bass, is a pleasure if brought home in good condition—and anything in the world but a pleasure if brought home spoiled or on the point of spoiling, as is only too often the case

in the summer season. I have often mentioned the pleasure I have experienced with a refrigerator basket of which I first got word from my friend, Mr. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich. It was with great pleasure, therefore, that I saw the much better basket of refrigerator pattern which is put on the market by the Burlington Basket Company, of Burlington, Ia. This is a tin-lined basket provided with an ice receptacle, and with a tight cover which can be locked down. It is in effect a little ice chest, and by its means one can bring home his fish perfectly dry and yet cold and stiff as wedges, and can keep them with little or no difficulty after the first arrangement of the basket. There is very much to sport nowadays besides the crude essentials which once were held necessary. Any modern angler who intends to bring a part of his catch home cannot afford to dispense with one of these very practical and very stoutly made baskets. I should not think of going fishing any more without taking along such a refrigerator as part of my outfit, and many and many is the good lot of fish which I have saved in that way which otherwise I should have been obliged to give away at the place where they were taken. It is after all a good thing to remember the folks at home once in a while, because if one establishes a sort of rapport between himself and the head of the family, the aforesaid head of the family is all the more willing to let him go fishing the next time. This tip, therefore, is very well worth keeping in mind.

Death of Mr. Meek.

In the death of Mr. Benjamin F. Meek, of Louisville, Ky., the angling fraternity not only of the grand old State of Kentucky but indeed of the entire United States suffers a very severe loss. Mr. Meek died at the ripe age of seventy-six, and he died full of honor. His was one of those conscientious, painstaking natures which was never satisfied with slighting anything. The maker of the early Kentucky reel, he set a pattern which has never been surpassed, and from the first he made reels as good as could be built. They were made honestly, like himself. In his specialty he reached a distinguished success, and there are few who have done more good in the world or have given men more pleasure than he has. The business of B. F. Meek & Sons will be continued, and the descendants of Mr. Meek will still continue to exercise the hereditary and painstaking care which has always gone into their product. Yet I fancy that many an angler will look with all the more pride upon the Meek reel which has been his possession for many years, and that it will now have a yet greater value as a product of the hands of the genuine and conscientious angler who has now gone fearlessly to his last accounting.

Experience of Mr. Parker.

I met Mr. Thomas Parker in one of the gold-mounted cafés of Chicago the other evening, and in the course of conversation Mr. Parker laid before me the facts of a singular occurrence which had recently happened to him.

"You see this little cigar cutter which I wear as a watch charm," said Mr. Parker, "and you may observe that the diamond which formerly adorned it is now missing. It was a little diamond, a mere trifle—perhaps worth \$300 or \$400—and the main interest attaches not to the stone itself but with the circumstances under which I happened to part company with it.

"I was up to Oconomowoc Lake not long ago and was lucky enough to hook a very decent sized pickerel, which I fought to a finish and was just upon the point of taking into the boat. As I bent over the fish to get hold of it firmly, my watch chain swung over the gunwale of the boat and in some way the diamond became detached from the cigar cutter and fell into the water. I could see it shining and gleaming as it took its zigzag flight 50 or 60 feet down into the water. Then, sir, if you will believe me, a peculiar thing occurred. The pickerel, which had been none too securely hooked, at that moment shook himself free. He must have seen the diamond as it sparkled down in the water, for he made a sudden dive as though following it in its flight. I know nothing of what went on below in the depths of the water, and had made up my mind sorrowfully to say good-by to both the pickerel and the diamond, when, later in the evening—

"The same fish struck again, of course," said one of the party.

"You are right," said Mr. Parker, his eyes lighting up with a certain interest, "and at nearly the same place where I had lost the stone."

"You cut a notch upon the side of the boat where you lost it," said another of the party.

"Of course I did," said Mr. Parker. "Otherwise how could I have located the spot?"

"And you opened the pickerel, didn't you?" said yet another.

"Of course I did," said Mr. Parker. "If you will only let me go on with this story—"

"And you found—"

"Yes; I found—what do you suppose?"

"Why, without any doubt you found a box of cigars," replied the second speaker, with a certain conviction in his tone.

Mr. Parker turned away and left the party. "It is a shame," said he, "how some people will spoil a good story."

A Frog Farm.

Mr. E. K. Stedman, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., writes: "A friend of mine is desirous of starting a frog pond. I am not up in frog culture, and none of my books touches upon the subject. If you will give us a column or two in the FOREST AND STREAM on this subject it will make interesting reading."

The question of frog farming is an old one in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, where it has been justly referred to as being a chimera of highly unsatisfactory if not impossible nature. The consensus of opinion is that frog farming cannot be carried on in a profitable manner. I believe, however, that there is still something to be learned regarding the frog proposition by a good many of us. In some localities the frogs—that is to say, the large bullfrogs, which I suppose are referred to in this communication—multiply with exceeding rapidity. In yet other localities it would be impossible to do anything with them, even although the mortal ken would be unable to distinguish the difference in the two places. For instance, I recall two frog ponds situated less than a quarter of a mile apart in the lower part of Wisconsin. I cannot state

whether these ponds are in Walworth or Waukesha county, but I think it is Walworth. We used to visit them sometimes when on bass fishing trips near Eagle Lake, Wis. We drove west about six or seven miles from Swartz's Lake, near Troy, Wis., over a rolling hilly country, and presently came to these two ponds or lakes. They were situated down in the hollows among the timbered hills, and excepting that they were very shallow and muddy, looked something like the average salt lake of that country. The borders of these lakes were lined for a distance of 30 or 40 yards out with a deep, soft mud. To look at, the lakes were no better than a dozen of the common bass lakes for the purposes of raising frogs. Yet for many years these little spots have been famous as a great place for bullfrogs. I am no frog sharp and I cannot tell how long it takes to raise a bullfrog. Yet the farmer on whose lands these ponds were located states that he has known 1,000 frogs to be killed on each of the ponds during the season. Any one of the frogs would be more than a foot in length. Naturally, toward the end of the summer season the frogs would be pretty well cut down, but next year by June or July there seemed to be pretty nearly as many as the year before. Now I always have supposed that it took two or three years to raise a bullfrog to its full stature. Yet, if so, then these bullfrogs certainly must migrate and come into these ponds, for there are more there every year in June than there are in September of the year previous, and they are not little ones, but big ones.

It is a favorite sport on these frog ponds to shoot bullfrogs with a .22 rifle, and resorters at the summer hotels thereabouts make this a part of their programme. I have mentioned in FOREST AND STREAM that we would sometimes kill dozens of frogs with a .22 rifle in a short time. The place was regularly visited by market-hunters who killed frogs for the market, as was also the Fox River, some dozen miles or more away.

Now if the gentleman of whom Mr. Stedman writes be fortunate enough to know a piece of natural frog ground like the above, he could surely raise frogs, and perhaps raise them profitably, unless his land cost him so much that it would take a pretty stiff return to keep up his interest on the investment. These ponds were worth nothing to the farmer who owned them, and he allowed any one to shoot frogs on them who cared to do so. Whether a man could get rich raising frogs even under these favorable circumstances is a question which ought properly to be referred to Dun & Co., or to Bradstreet, who, as I believe, do not report any very great number of millionaire frog farmers. On the whole, it would perhaps be safer to suppose that the frog flourishes best not as an exotic or a hot-house flower, but as one of the products of unfenced nature.

The great frog markets of Chicago—that is to say, the live bait markets—are supplied by men who make a business of catching bait frogs along the marshes and ditches of upper Indiana. These, however, are wild frogs, and I do not know of any one who has attempted a frog preserve.

Daily Hint from Paris.

One of the afflictions of our modern civilization is the light-colored Fedora hat. Almost every citizen has one of these things in his repertoire. No matter what might be his complexion—sallow, muddy, or bright, voluptuous red—he thinks himself safe in buying one of these lead-colored afflictions, and not only buying it but wearing it. There is only one real excuse for buying the pale Fedora, and that is with an eye to the future. Worn for two or three years, with its brim bent down, its binding removed and its high band properly stretched, the pale Fedora may in time, if it be not too heavy or too thick, be turned into a very decent sort of angling hat. In purchasing one it is well to prove its susceptibility to perforation. If in your judgment you can stick a No. 8 fly-hook through it, and not only stick it through but get it out again, then buy the hat.

While upon the subject of apparel, I am moved to mention a certain little incident in surgical tailoring which I saw during my late trip to Montana. My very good friend, Jack Monroe, joined us one evening at our bear camp on the Two Medicine Lake. Jack was wearing a pair of Mackinaw trousers, which had seen better days, especially in the neighborhood of the knees. He had been hunting coyotes and creeping and crawling along after antelope, wolves and one thing and another, until he had worn the knees of these trousers pretty much to pieces. This, however, did not disconcert him. "I will show you something," said he. And borrowing a needle and thread he did show us something. He took his hunting knife and calmly cut the legs off the trousers about midway on the thigh. Then he reversed the legs on the stumps and sewed them fast on again, with the result, that the worn out knees were now behind him instead of in front of him. Viewed from the front, his Mackinaws were now just as good as new. As to the rear view, it is enough to say that it was not quite the same. It was a little difficult for us for some time to tell at a distance whether Jack was a-coming or a-going, but he declared the arrangement entirely satisfactory to himself. "This," said he, "is what in the West we call upsetting a pair of pants." I have never heard the term used in that connection, but recommend both the term and its implied operation to the fashionable tailors of the larger cities, where I am satisfied it is not yet in general use. He who makes two pairs of pants grow where before there had been but one is properly to be called a benefactor of humanity.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

American Fisheries Society.

DETROIT, Mich., July 3.—The annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society will be held at Milwaukee, Wis., July 19, 20 and 21, 1901. The meeting will be called to order at 10 o'clock A. M. July 19, at the Hotel Pfister.

We earnestly desire a large attendance at this meeting, and to this end we urge every member to make special efforts to be present and to bring along as many new members as possible. The list of contributors of papers and lectures is a sufficient guaranty that the programme will be one of unusual merit and interest. In connection with the meeting, a trip will be made to Bayfield, Lake Superior, to inspect the new station of the Wisconsin Fish Commission, conceded to be one of the largest fish hatchery plants in the country.

Correspondence intended for the President, Secretary or Treasurer, not mailed to their regular address prior to July 17, should be mailed to them at Milwaukee, care of Hotel Pfister.

Papers and lectures for the Milwaukee meeting will include the following:

J. C. Parker, Michigan, "Man as a Controlling Factor in Aquatic Life."

S. P. Bartlett, Illinois, "More About Carp."

A. D. Mead, Rhode Island, "Experiments in Lobster Culture."

W. J. Orr, Michigan, "Fish Laws and Their Proper Enforcement."

W. C. Marsh, District of Columbia, "The Brook Trout Disease."

J. J. Stranahan, Georgia, "The Prevention of Cannibalism in Rearing Black Bass."

Charles G. Atkins, Maine, "The Study of the Diseases of Fishes."

Grant M. Morse, Michigan, "Uniform General Laws; the Keynote to Practical Protection and Perpetuation of Our Wild Life."

W. T. Thompson, New Hampshire, "Brook Trout Notes."

A. C. Babbitt, Michigan, "Transportation of Brook Trout Fry."

J. Bayard Lamkin, Georgia, "Feeding of Black Bass Fry."

J. W. Titcomb, Vermont, lecture.

C. H. Townsend, District of Columbia, lecture.

F. B. DICKERSON, Pres.
SEYMOUR BOWER, Sec.

Canadian Angling Notes.

THE reports from the ouananiche waters are more satisfactory this season, so far, than those from the salmon rivers. Some of the more famous of the latter have proved very disappointing this season. Especially is this the case on a number of the South Shore streams. The Cascapedia has not turned out at all well, and some anglers were therefore several days without getting a single fish. One gentleman who spent a day or two on the river lays the blame for this unfortunate condition of affairs upon the net fishing near the mouth of the river. The Margaree, in Cape Breton, and other salmon streams in the Canadian Maritime Provinces, have also turned out badly. Most of these have been overnetted in their estuaries.

Mr. Louis Cabot's fishing on the Grand River was unfortunately cut short by a summons to return home on account of illness in his family.

Up to within the last few days the water has been very low in many of these streams, and this may have had much to do in hindering the run of fish into them, and in keeping the salmon about the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and of the Baie des Chaleurs, where more than usual of them found their way into the nets. If the recent rains have reached to the country drained by these rivers there is every reason to suppose that the July run of fish will be very much ahead of the June one, and that this year, as last, the latter part of the season will furnish much more of fishermen's luck than the first part.

On the Grande Décharge the fishing continues good. The University Club party, already mentioned as having gone there, including Messrs. George Pollack, Woodbury Kane and H. E. McVicar, enjoyed very good sport, and some satisfactory catches have been made by Canadian anglers as well. Mr. Heald, of New York, and party, have lately left for the same waters.

It is interesting to note that within the last few weeks a number of salmon parr have been taken in some of the Lake St. John waters, showing that thus far the plant of *Salmo salar* in these waters is proving a success, as, in fact, there is no reason why it should not. Another large plant will be made in the autumn from the Roberval hatchery. From the letters of inquiry received concerning these fish, it would appear that quite an interest is being taken in the experiment. Its success must largely depend upon the perpetuation of the anadromous habit in the young fish. Will they go down the Saguenay to the sea as smolts, and if they do will they return to the tributary waters of Lake St. John, in which they were planted, to spawn? This is the question!

If the adult fish should remain during the winter, as many suppose the ouananiche to do, in the waters of Lake St. John, it will not likely require many generations to reduce the salmon to the size of the ouananiche.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, July 6.

A Phenomenal Record.

MR. HOWARD M. PAUL, of Camp Nawadaha, Blue Mountain Lake, N. Y., accompanied by Mr. James H. Carpenter, of Troy, N. Y., made a fishing trip into the heart of the Adirondacks, and had the pleasure of breaking the record for seasons back, in Terrell and Salmon ponds, that will be for years a hard one to equal.

Mr. Paul caught a lake trout, weight 25 pounds, length 41 inches, girth measurement 21¾ inches. This fish is the largest one ever known to have been caught in this section.

Mr. Carpenter caught three large trout in one hour, just before sunset. The weight and measurement of these fish, which may be of interest, proves to be as follows: No. 1, weight 4 pounds 11 ounces, measurement 25 inches; No. 2, weight 9 pounds 1 ounce, measurement 28 inches; No. 3, weight 15 pounds 2 ounces, measurement 32 inches.

Mr. Paul is very much elated over his 25-pound trout, and has had it mounted as a trophy for his office, which will certainly never fail to bring back pleasant recollections of the sport he had in landing such a rare specimen.

A Self-Burying Fish.

A FISH of curious habits exists in New Zealand, and is called by the Maories the *kakawai*. It is generally discovered when a man is digging out rabbits or making post holes in the summer time, and it lies at a depth of a foot or two feet under the soil. The character of the soil, whether sandy or loamy, does not seem to matter. The fish is from two to three inches long, silvery, shaped like a minnow, but rather more slender and tapering. It

appears to be dead when exhumed, and if dug up in the summer and put into water it dies at once. If, however, it is brought to daylight in May or early June (the end of autumn), when the rains are beginning to make the soil thoroughly wet, and put into a tub of water, a curious thing happens. After a day or two it casts its skin, which sinks to the bottom, and the fish plays about bright and lively. When dug up in summer there appears to be a growth of skin, or perhaps of a dry gummy exudation, which seals up the head and gills. Apparently this enables it to astate through the dry weather, and seals the fish as an Indian fakir is sealed up before he goes in for a long fasting burial. Of course in winter there must be marshy spots or pools in which the fish can swim and propagate, but often all evidence of such natation disappears in summer, and the hot, dry, waterless plain seems the last place on earth in which to find a fish.—New Zealand Correspondence Spectator.

The Antiquity of Fly-Fishing.

THE origin of the art of fly-fishing is so old as to be lost in the past. I have not the least doubt that long before the Bronze Age horse or human hair and hard thorn hooks (such as are used to this day for catching flatfish on some parts of our coasts) enabled the lake or cave dweller to catch fish with a natural May-fly. Even when artificial fly-fishing was first practiced is unknown; in England the first printed description of it of any importance is that given by Juliana, a daughter of Sir James Berners, of Roding, in Essex, who wrote on fishing, hunting, hawking, etc., and whose "Treatyse of Fysshynge" was published in Fleet street, London, at the Sygne of the Sonne, by Wynkyn de Worde, about the year 1500. It is a little black letter quarto volume, and contains such instruction on artificial fly-making and descriptions of flies for the different months as proves that artificial fly-fishing was no new art in England long before Henry VIII. Some modern iconoclasts question whether Dame Juliana Berners ever existed. I think it is very mean of them to throw doubt on such a charming and accomplished lady, whose account of fishing—and more particularly artificial fly-fishing—is the spring, the fountain head of that long series of works on angling which now number more than a thousand—a literature such as no other sport can show.—R. B. Marston in Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XIX.—Gunshyness and Blinking.

The dog flees from the sight of a gun or the report of it simply because he is afraid in respect to it, and this display of fear is called gunshyness. It is one of the most common educational troubles which embarrass and obstruct the efforts of the amateur. It is commonly the result of his own faulty attempts at training, or the acts of those who are equally thoughtless. The novice, in most cases, proceeds on a wrong theory in his endeavor to accustom the dog to the report of the gun. His own knowledge of it is generally and unconsciously made by the standard by which to measure the puppy's knowledge. Generally the trainer fails to consider that the puppy is wholly ignorant concerning the uses of the gun, and that its terrorizing reports, which cause fear in many boys, also may be to the puppy a cause of intense fear. If the trainer would keep in mind that his own early boyhood, with its timidity, ignorance and immaturity, is a better standard by which sympathetically to understand and school the puppy, he rarely, if ever, would have cases of gunshyness. Men of excellent sense in other matters assume as a matter of course that a dog and gun were made as a natural corollary of each other, and hence could be used together as if they were litter brothers. Anything short of success in the application of the theory is ascribed to the imperfection of the dog's nature. To punish a dog for his fears adds to and confirms him in them. The fact that so many dogs are cured of gunshyness is positive proof that they never would have been afraid of the gun if they had been properly accustomed to it from the beginning. It is a self-evident fact that if a dog's shyness of the gun can be allayed after he has acquired a fear of it, by proper treatment, before he had any fears of it at all, he could be familiarized with its use, without causing him alarm. A little care at first in familiarizing the pupil with the noise of the gun will oftentimes save many weeks or months of later trouble in curing him of gunshyness, and add so much more to his usefulness. However, the trainer will have cases of gunshyness to cure, resulting either from his own mistakes or those of others, and therefore it is necessary that he should know the best methods of treatment for it. Some apparently mild cases persist to a discouraging degree, while under favorable circumstances some bad cases may be cured readily. Nevertheless, the degree of shyness exhibited is no criterion of the length of time required to effect a cure, nor is there any arbitrary method by which a cure may be effected. Highly nervous dogs are easily made gunshy if the trainer has been so thoughtless as to frighten them by heedlessly firing the gun. Indeed, the dogs of steadiest nerves can easily be made gunshy if the report of the gun is associated with pain, as when punishment is inflicted in training the dog to drop to shot, or for breaking shot, etc. If the dog, furthermore, is afraid of his trainer, any unusual or extra serious acts of the latter are regarded with alarming apprehension, and evoke a purpose to seek safety by flight.

Gunshy dogs pursue quite distinct ways, seeking safety from the gun or avoiding it. Some run away entirely, either returning home or going afield, or taking advantage of the opportunity to self-hunt; others seek the first place which affords concealment, and tremblingly hide therein; or, terror stricken, others may lie down a few yards away and curl up apathetically; or they may range at a safe distance from the handler and outside of his control. Some will be afraid at the sight of a gun; others will show no fear of it till it is placed at the shoulder as if to fire it, while others again have fear only of the report.

There are three essentials to be observed in curing gunshyness—namely, the dog must not be permitted to run away, the gun must be used in a manner which impresses him that it has no reference to him at all, and the trainer must have his pupil's confidence and affection, for if the pupil is afraid of both gun and trainer (gunshy and trainershy), the prospect of a cure is not hopeful. Fear of the trainer, if such there be, must first be allayed before any successful attempt can be made to cure the dog's gunshyness.

There are different methods of cure. If the dog is inclined to run away when his gun fears are excited, he should be taken into an inclosed yard, from which he cannot escape. The trainer should assume a kind, careless, nonchalant air, and seem to be interested in anything other than his pupil. Above all, the serious, portentous air, such as the trainer assumes when he is about to give the puppy a thrashing, should be avoided, although such, nevertheless, is quite likely to be the air that the amateur will assume. By sternly concentrating the attention of a dog and advancing on him with more or less hostility of manner, the bravest dog will become fearful of harm.

If the dog will not bolt at the report of the gun, no precautions against running away are necessary, but whether in field or yard, the gun as a factor of the lesson should be kept in abeyance for a while. The effort should be directed toward making the incident as commonplace and unimportant as possible. There should be as much of the pleasurable and as little of the painful as possible in it. A few palatable morsels to eat, some gentle patting of the head and kind words of approval bestowed on the pupil will not be amiss at different stages of the lesson. After a time, when the pupil is not apprehensive of it, a cap is snapped, and the trainer looks at anything other than the dog at this juncture. He can see what the dog is doing without looking directly at him. The latter, when he hears the report, is likely to scrutinize the trainer closely, and if he detects no purpose referring to himself, he passes the incident by as a matter of no importance. On the other hand, let the trainer look hard at the dog and impress upon him that all the alarms are directed at him, and the matter is made worse instead of better. If he runs to corner and curls up in fancied security, he must be brought gently back, and the same deliberate procedure is repeated.

Another method, often successful, is to place the dog's food in its regular place at the regular time, and then to shoot at a reasonable distance away when the dog begins to eat. If he bolts into his kennel, the food is quietly removed and none given again till the next meal time, when the lesson is again repeated as at first. In time his hunger will become so ravenously importunate that he will appease it regardless of all fears. The noise of the gun coincidentally will have a grateful significance and a pleasant association, so that fears will give way to delightful eagerness. As a matter of course, under this method the dog's liberty is restricted at all times, otherwise he would seek food independently.

If the dog is a confirmed bolter, it is better to take him at once into the open field for his lessons. He must be prevented from running away, and hence the spike collar and check cord come into useful play at this juncture. The collar and cord do not in the least allay his fears of the gun, nor have they any inherent powers of cure concerning it. They simply prevent or deter him from running away, and thus prevented he must be, else a cure cannot be effected. Then, shooting with judgment and exhibiting kindness, an unconcerned manner, and judiciously bestowing rewards, will effect a cure in the majority of cases.

Dogs have been cured by taking them to a trapshooting tournament and chaining them in a safe place nearby the shooters. Neither dog nor man can remain continuously in a state of fright, whether the danger is real or imaginary. Continuous firing, hour after hour, merely wears out the dog's fright, and he becomes accustomed to it from habit.

If the dog has ordinary courage and sense, the cure is sometimes effected in the field in a moment. If he has a desire to pursue birds, he may be led on a long cord into a field where they are numerous, and when one attracts his attention it is shot, if not protected by law, and he is permitted to capture it. Again, if he can in any way be induced to chase a rabbit, if the trainer can shoot it close ahead of him while he is in close pursuit, a cure is in most instances effected then and there.

The company of an old, steady dog is at all times reassuring, regardless of his breed or special hunting proclivities. A rabbit dog, however, is likely to be the best assistant. Nothing so excites the spirit of the chase in a dog as to see or hear another dog in full cry after a rabbit.

A gunshy dog should never be worked on game birds before he is fully cured of his fault, otherwise the chances are great that he becomes birdshy and a blinker. If he has both faults, he must have exceptionally good qualities if he is worth the attempt to cure him.

A blinker is cured by kind treatment, by permitting him to eat the entrails of the birds which are shot, and by ignoring any faults and errors of which he may be guilty. Sometimes the one who caused the blinking can never cure it, and therefore it is necessary to place the pupil in the charge of another trainer.

Much has been written on the heredity of gunshyness, but most of the writers on it have succeeded better in proving that they were not quite familiar with what constitutes heredity than that the dog's fears were transmitted. Dogs of a highly nervous and excitable temperament, with a silly mentality, show alarm at any strange noises, whether caused by the gun or anything else. Inherited nervousness or cowardness would be a better term for the trait.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

- 10. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 13. Moriches, club.
- 13. Mobile, club, Point Clear, Alabama.
- 13. Corinthian, third club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 13. Beverly, club, Monument Beach.
- 13. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 13. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 13. Larchmont, open, first day of race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 13. Seawanhaka Corinthian, race for Roosevelt memorial cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 13. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 13. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 13. Manhasset, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 13-20. Larchmont, race week, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 15-19.—Interlake meet, Put-in-Bay, O.
- 17. Beverly, Buzzards Bay.
- 17. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 18, 20, 23. Newport Y. R. A., special races, Newport
- 19. Quincy, open, Quincy, Mass.
- 20. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 20. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
- 20. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 20. Westhampton C. C., club.
- 20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
- 20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
- 20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
- 20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 20. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Mass.
- 20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 20. Norwalk, club race, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
- 20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 20. Pass Christian, club, Pass Christian, Miss.
- 22. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
- 22. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
- 22. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 23. New York, cruise to the eastward.
- 24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
- 24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
- 25-26. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
- 27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
- 27. Bay Waveland, club, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
- 27. Shelter Island, ladies' regatta.
- 27. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
- 27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
- 27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
- 27. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
- 29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
- 30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
- 31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

• Thursday, July 4.

THERE was a cup race on Thursday, July 4, between the 30ft. sloops, the trophy being offered by Henry Walters. There was a light southeast wind, and the course was over an eight-mile triangle, the first mark being at Bishop's Rock and the second at Jamestown. The start was made from Brenton's Cove. The yachts crossed well bunched. Wawa a trifle in the lead. As soon as they had crossed spinakers were set and it was a run to the first mark. Five minutes after the start Barbara got hung up on a lobster pot and did not finish. The second leg was a broad reach and a beat to the finish line. Carolina won by 58s. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	3 25 00	4 57 34	1 32 34
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....	3 25 00	4 58 32	1 33 32
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	3 25 00	4 59 30	1 34 30
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	3 25 00	4 59 49	1 34 49
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis.....	3 25 00	5 01 11	1 36 11
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford.....	3 25 00	Did not finish.	

Friday, July 5.

Carolina, owned and sailed by Mr. Pembroke Jones, won her second cup of the season on Friday, July 5. A pretty trophy offered by Mr. Chester Griswold, of the Regatta Committee of the N. Y. Y. C. The wind was light from the northeast.

The yachts beat up the bay to Dyer's Island and ran back to Brenton's Cove, Carolina leading all the way. The start was at 3:20. The time follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	5 56 47	2 34 47
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 58 29	2 36 29
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan.....	5 58 42	2 36 42
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis.....	5 59 01	2 37 01
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....	6 03 19	2 41 19
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford.....	Did not finish.	

Canarsie Y. C.

CANARSIE, L. I.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Corinthian regatta of the Canarsie Y. C. was held on Saturday, July 6. The race was open to all boats belonging to the club and no time allowance was given.

The course was twice over a route four and a half miles, and the wind was from the south, veering to westerly and rather light. The first leg was a run to the Canarsie steamboat dock, thence out through the breakwater to a mark boat off the Grifflie and back. The summaries:

Canarsie Yacht Club Special Race.		Finish.	Elapsed.
Vision, G. B. Fitzmaurice.....	3 54 03	3 54 03	1 43 43
So So, Herbert F. Tuttle.....	3 54 12	3 54 12	1 43 50
Ideal, W. H. Sampson.....	3 57 13	3 57 13	1 47 00
Tam O'Shanter, Commodore D. J. Brusley.....	4 00 31	4 00 31	1 50 08
Yank, Charles Duhy.....	4 00 82	4 00 82	1 50 09
Black Diamond, W. R. Fleming.....	4 00 36	4 00 36	1 50 12
Irene, George Winters.....	4 05 00	4 05 00	2 10 20
Imp, J. Dunlap (Sharpie).....	4 05 01	4 05 01	2 10 01

Newport Y. R. A.

At a general meeting of the members of the Newport Yacht Racing Association held on July 2, a programme was arranged for an open regatta to be held off Newport Aug. 1 and 3, which will be one of the most important yachting events of the season. The classes to be represented will be the 60ft. yawl, special 70ft. and class 2 of 70ft. sloops, the 51ft. sloops, the 70ft. schooners and the special 30ft. sloops. Other classes may be added.

The Association, financially, is probably on a better footing than any similar organization in the world. It does not pretend to be a yacht club in any sense of the word, its object being solely to promote yacht racing. It has adopted as a burgee a white swallow tail flag on which is a red representation of the old stone mill for which Newport is noted. The following officers were elected to serve for one year:

President, George L. Rives; Vice-President, Herman B. Duryea; Secretary, Arthur T. Kemp; Treasurer, Ralph N. Ellis; Regatta Committee, Herman B. Duryea (chairman), Royal Phelps Carroll, A. Cass Canfield, Woodbury Kane, Winthrop Rutherford, Reginald Brooks and H. Yale Dolan.

Board of Governors, George L. Rives, Herman B. Duryea, Arthur T. Kemp, Ralph N. Ellis, Frank K. Sturgis, Woodbury Kane, A. Cass Canfield, Harry P. Whitney, Winthrop Rutherford, Royal Phelps Carroll, Reginald Brooks, H. Yale Dolan, Lloyd Warren, Henry F. Eldridge and Elbridge T. Gerry were elected.

Following is a full list of members of the Association: T. Lothrop Amed, Hugh D. Auchincloss, Maximilian Agassiz, John Edward Addicks, George Agassiz, Heber R. Bishop, Oliver H. P. Belmont, Edward J. Berwind, Henry D. Burnham, James Gordon Bennett, Henry W. Bull, Perry Belmont, Percy Chubb, A. Cass Canfield, Henry Clews, Julien A. Davies, Chauncey M. Depew, George B. De Forest, H. Yale Dolan, Clarence W. Dolan, John R. Drexel, J. De Forest Danielson, F. S. Grand, D. Hauteville, Elisha Dyer, Jr., Anthony J. Drexel, Arthur B. Edmons, John W. Ellis, Ralph N. Ellis, George P. Eustis, Gordon Fellows, Amos Tuck French, Joseph E. Fletcher, Daniel B. Fearing, Robert Ives Gammell, Robert Walton Golet, Theodore K. Gibbs, Elbridge T. Gerry, Henry O. Havemeyer, Jr., William R. Hunter, William F. Iselin, Pembroke Jones, H. Van Rensselaer Kennedy, Henry F. Lippitt, Louis L. Lorillard, Prescott Lawrence, John R. Livermore, William Starr Miller, Ogden Mills, Edward V. Morrell, Frank P. Mitchell, Guy Norman, George H. Norman, Herman Oelrichs, Frank P. Olney, Charles J. Paine, Francis K. Pendleton, Lloyd Phoenix, Almeric H. Paget, John M. Richmond, John C. Rhodes, John B. Rhodes, Henry S. Redmond, Charles L. F. Robinson, George L. Rives, William Greene Roelker, J. Clinch Smith, Lisperard Stewart, Robert Sedgewick, James Stillman, James A. Stillman, George Isham Scott, Frank K. Sturgis, Robert L. Stevens, Frederick Sheldon, Rutherford Stuyvesant, Joseph S. Stevens, Anson Phelps Stokes, Hamilton McK. Twombly, Benjamin Thaw, J. Frederick Tams, William R. Travers, William P. Thompson, Alexander Van Rensselaer, William H. Vanderbilt, James J. Van Alen, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Robert B. Van Cortlandt, James T. Woodward, Hamilton Fish Webster, William C. Whitney, Ross R. Winans, Whitney Warren, M. Orme Wilson, Payne Whitney, Francis M. Ware, William Woodward, Richard T. Wilson, John J. Wysong, James M. Waterbury, Henry Walters, the Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Lloyd Warren and Harry Payne Whitney.

Riverside Y. C. Annual Regatta.

RIVERSIDE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 6.

THE thirteenth annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, July 6. The race was spoiled by a thunder squall that struck the fleet about 4 o'clock, which made it necessary for some of the boats to withdraw. The catboat Cricket, owned and sailed by Mr. H. C. Pryer, carried sail too long and capsized. The tug Stamford, which served as the judges' boat, picked up Mr. Pryer and his sailing mate, who were none the worse for their wetting. A large number of boats had been entered, but only seven started. The 30ft. catboats Dot and Windora sailed over a course seven miles to leeward and return, starting off Captain's Island. The rest of the boats were to sail over a triangular course. At the start the wind was from the northeast, and it held from that quarter for about half an hour. All but Lambkin had rounded the first mark when the squall struck, and the catboats Dot and Windora lowered their mainsails and withdrew. The summary follows:

Yawls—36-ft. Class—Start, 3:15.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Memory, W. N. Bavie.	5 37 23	2 22 23
Catboats—30-ft. Class—Start, 3:15.		
Dot, T. T. Pierce.	Did not finish.	
Windora, John Green.	Did not finish.	
Catboats—18 to 21 Feet—Start, 3:20.		
Ox, R. J. Bavie.	5 39 30	2 19 30
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.	Disabled.	
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 3:20.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.	6 19 15	2 59 15
Catboat—18-ft. Class—Start, 3:20.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.	5 41 00	2 21 00

The winners were Memory, Ox, Kazaza and Lambkin.

Squantum Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE second race of the Squantum Y. C. was held this afternoon off the club house in a fair sailing breeze from the E. Maud went over the line first, but was soon overhauled by Peacock. Although the latter boat lost considerable time by failing to turn the first stake and having to return from the second leg to round the stake, she picked up in great shape, and soon was at the head of the procession, which position she held until the end of the race. She led Maud 2m. and Olande 5m. The judges were Frank McNamara and Hamilton Flood.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

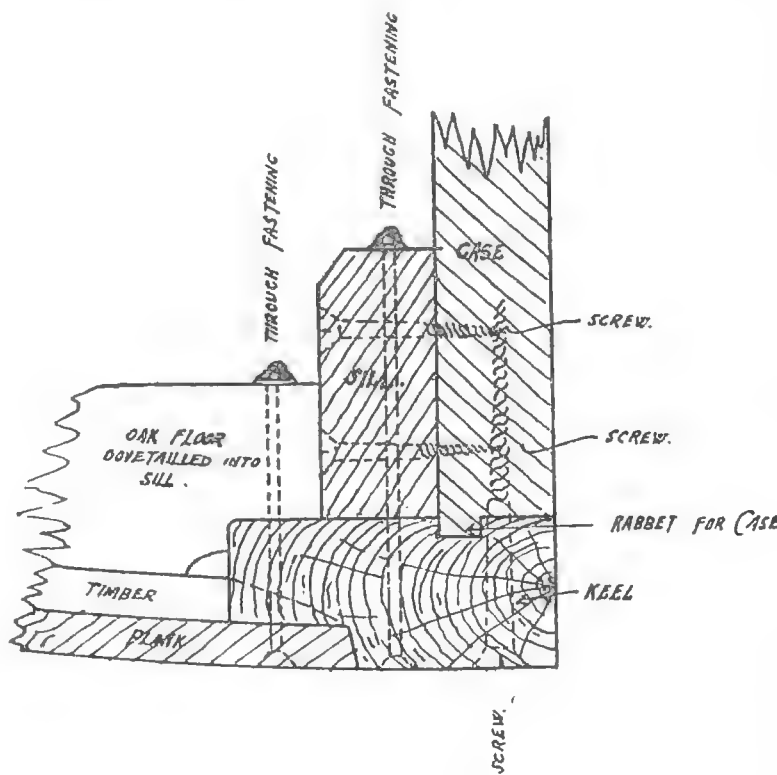
BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter VIII.—Laying the Deck, Coamings, Etc.

To those correspondents who write for the specifications and tables of offsets, etc., I must apologize for their non-appearance, but they will appear later, and will give full details. I may say that a bulb-fin could be fitted instead of the centerplate on No. 1 design if desired, only the area of the plate and the position of its center of lateral resistance must not be altered. I would suggest a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. plate 3ft. deep of equal area to the one shown with a $\frac{1}{2}$ wt. bulb of torpedo form.

Do not attempt to start on the deck until you have finished all the inside work, such as knees, floors, center and rudder cases, etc., which can be done before it is on. The more you can do before the boat is decked the better, as afterward you will not only have less light under the deck, but you will find it very cramped and awkward to work in such a small space.

Put in any bulkheads you may require, and line the cabin, etc.; in fact, do all the internal work that you can before the deck is on; but I shall leave the details of this for a subsequent chapter. The seats and flooring of the centerboard boat may be done either before or after decking. The deck of No. 1 boat will be made of best quality $\frac{1}{2}$ in. match boarding, and in laying it start from a center line working to the sides and letting the ends of the boards overlap the deck edge, and also the inside line of the cockpit. These ends can be trimmed off afterward. See that



all the tongues and grooves in the match boarding are unbroken and well painted before they are fastened in place, and of course keep the beads on the under side, which must have two coats of paint before it is fixed.

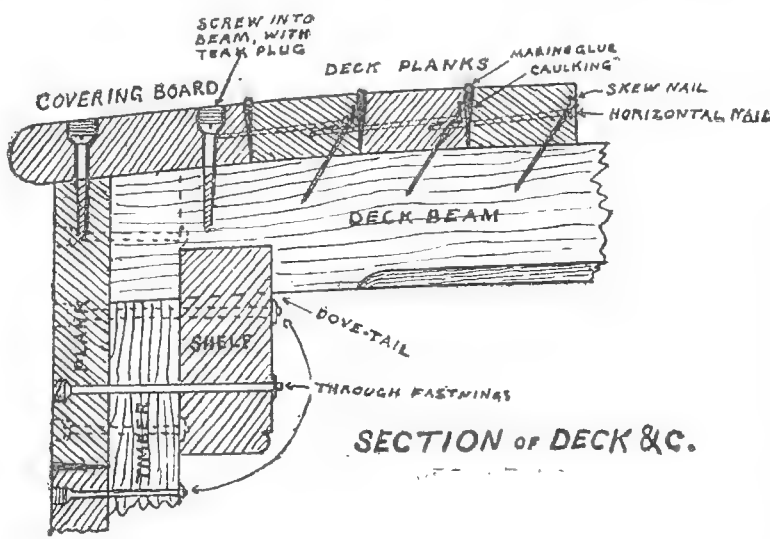
Drive each joint up tight, with shores from the shelf or planking, and nail to the beams on both edges and in the middle of the plank.

When all the deck is on, the edges must be trimmed off with a draw knife or saw, and planed to fit the planking, being screwed to it about every 3in. all around the edge, and also round the inside of the cockpit. Now punch the nails about $\frac{1}{4}$ in. below the surface, the screw heads being countersunk to a similar distance; plane the whole deck smooth and fair, and finally going over it with coarse glass paper to take out the plane marks. Dust it carefully, and give it a good coat of red and white lead, priming, and when this is dry, stop all nail and screw holes, and round the joint between deck and planking, taking care there are no "holidays" or forgotten places. A coat of white paint should go over the stopping, and be well rubbed down when dry, leaving the deck ready for canvasing.

The material generally used to cover the deck is stout unbleached cotton sheeting, which can be obtained wide enough to cover the whole deck in one piece.

The deck must be covered as thickly as possible with a coat of white lead and varnish as thick as cream, and while it is wet stretch the center of the cotton along the center line of the deck as tight as two or three men can pull it, tacking it at the ends of the boat and cockpit with $\frac{1}{2}$ in. copper tacks.

Now get several other men or strong boys to help you, and starting at the stern, stretch both sides at once across the boat, tacking the cotton over the edge of the deck every 3in. as you go along, and always rubbing it out from the center line to the sides to get rid of any air bubbles, as if you were mounting a photograph on card. Be careful to stretch it equally all over, and to



work out any creases, and when it is stretched and nailed tightly all over the deck, nail round the edge of the cockpit, and cut out the hole, turning the edges down into the cockpit and tacking them like the outer edges.

The white lead and varnish will now have soaked through the cotton, and another coat of the same paint over the whole deck will join the coat underneath, and become one solid piece with the wood deck when dry.

If a deck is covered in this way it should never show any wrinkles and bubbles afterward, but it all depends on the stretching, getting dry wood for the deck, and using plenty of paint.

The deck of No. 2 design is not covered with canvas, but is laid in narrow tapered planks of best yellow pine or kauri pine, with the center or king plank, and the outside plank or covering board, both of teak. All nails are hidden, and the seams are caulked, and paved or filled with marine glue.

This method of decking is the same as that in use on all large vessels, and looks far better than the canvas covered deck of the centerboard boat; but it entails a great deal of labor, and is much more costly, besides being difficult to make watertight. The canvas covered deck can be used equally well in the 24 l. r. cruiser if desired, but as the laid deck is the usual form, a description of it will be useful to any one building a larger boat.

Set out the width of the covering board and king plank on the beams, and treat the deck as if there were no openings for the cockpit and cabin top, putting in a rough temporary beam across the opening to set out the widths on. About 4in. will be a suitable width for the covering board amidships, and it should taper to 3in. fore and aft, with the shaped piece round the stern, about 6in. wide in the center. The covering board should project about

its own thickness, say $\frac{1}{2}$ in., outside the planking all around the boat, and it must be screwed into each deck beam and to the top strake of the planking with stout $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. brass screws, which should be countersunk $\frac{1}{2}$ in. below the surface, the holes being plugged with small pieces of teak to match the rest of the covering board, any joints in it being butt scarphed, as in the planking, but screwed and plugged instead of being nailed.

The king plank should be 2in. wider amidships than the diameter of the mast, and it should taper to 4in. wide at each end. It must not, however, be fitted till all the rest of the deck is on, as it is the closing plank, and must be driven tightly into its place.

When the covering board is fixed, divide the space between it and the king plank at the widest part of the boat into an equal number of parts as near $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. each as possible. Then divide into the same number of equal parts two other beams, one half way between the midship beam and the bow and the other half way between it and the stern. Bend a stiff batten through each set of marks and pencil the line on all the beams from end to end of the boat. In this way the exact width of each deck plank will be shown on every beam, and also the ending of all the planks in the covering board.

Get enough long, narrow planks for the deck, cut out to the greatest width required amidships, and have a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. bead worked on one of the lower edges, both sides being planed up. Take one of these planks, and mark off on it the positions of the deck beams; set off the correct widths for the first plank next to the covering board at each beam; and cut the edge to these marks, planing it with a slight bevel on the edge, so as to leave a caulking seam on the top; bend the plank into its place and fit it in the same manner as the outside planking described in a previous chapter; the edges with the bead being nearest to the center of the boat. Now bore horizontally through it from edge to edge, till the bit enters the edge of the covering board, taking care the bit does not run up or down, but is kept exactly parallel to the surface of the plank. These holes should be placed, one between each deck beam, and a long copper nail driven through each, so as to go at least an inch into the covering board. The plank is held flat on the beams by several cramps while being nailed, or else the edges may not keep in place.

When all the horizontal nails are in, drive a skew nail diagonally through the inner edge of the plank into each beam, punching the head well in, and taking care not to bruise the top edge; these two sets of nails hold both edges of the plank firmly, and neither of them shows on the surface. The sketch explains this method of nailing, and shows a seam with caulking and marine glue.

The rest of the deck planks must be cut out to shape and nailed in the same way, and the bead on the under side of each must always be kept on the inner side of the plank.

If, owing to long planks being unobtainable, a butt has to be made, it should be screwed up from below, taking care that the points of the screws do not come through.

After the deck planks are fixed the king plank must be exactly fitted to the gap between the two sets of planks, and driven tightly into its place and screwed down to the beams like the covering board. There should be no difficulty in getting it tight, as where the cabin top and cockpit come the planks will all be cut off a few inches inside the opening as they are laid, and the king plank will be put in, in two tapered pieces, one at each end of the boat.

Trim off all plank ends, etc., to the sides of the openings for the cabin top and the various hatches.

To get the shape of the coamings or sides of the cabin top in either boat, bend a thin piece of common wood about 8 or 9in. wide into the place where they are to go, shoring it well into its proper position as to curve and flair (or angle with the deck), then run a pencil around the deck and mark its level on the template, writing down the height, as shown on the design, at each end, and in about two or three other points along its length. Remove the template and cut the lower edge parallel to the deck level, but low enough down to reach the under side of the carlines and beams when in place. Lay it on a suitable piece of wood and run a pencil round the lower edge and set off the heights above the deck level to enable the top edge to be roughly cut about an inch too large.

The coamings of the No. 1 boat will be put in in two halves, meeting in a point forward, and they will require steaming at the fore ends before fitting to their places. A $\frac{1}{4}$ in. bead should be worked on the lower inside edge before steaming, and when finally fitted in place they must be screwed every 4 or 5in. with stout brass screws.

The sides of the cabin top in No. 2 boat will be in three pieces, the front semicircular piece being steamed and bent around in the same way as the other boat's coamings, except that as it is $\frac{3}{4}$ in. teak, and at least a foot wide, it will require several hands to get it in place, and very careful handling, with plenty of shores and cramps to keep it in place while it cools.

The two side pieces being nearly straight can be put in cold, and must be scarphed to the ends of the front piece.

The after ends of both boats' coamings will be mitred to the ends of the thwartship coaming, and a small chock of the same wood screwed inside. Small coamings must also be fitted to all hatchways in the deck.

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

GRAVESEND BAY.

Saturday, June 29.

THE Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. held their fifth race over the usual courses on Saturday, June 29, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C. The southerly breeze that was blowing at the start dropped at the middle of the second round, leaving the boats becalmed, but when nearing the finish it freshened again.

The larger yachts sailed eleven miles, and had a broad reach to the first mark, another reach to the second mark and a beat home.

The 21ft. catboat Minnetonka, which sailed over the course alone in her class, capsized, but was righted and finished the race. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class M—43 to 51ft.—Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Akista, George Hill.	5 56 18	2 51 18
Bonita, Haviland Brothers.	5 58 25	2 53 25
Sloops—Class N—30 to 36ft.—Start, 3:05.		
Narika, F. T. Cornell.	6 00 52	2 55 52
Vivian, A. E. Vernon.	5 23 31	2 18 31
Susie, C. Ferguson.	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class Q—21ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Minnetonka, A. E. Vernon.	4 40 00	1 30 00
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.	4 30 04	1 20 04
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.	4 30 44	1 20 44
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Elsie, C. P. Roseman.	4 40 15	1 30 15
Spots, D. D. Allerton.	4 37 35	1 27 35
Broncho, F. C. Moore.	4 34 39	1 24 39
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.	4 39 02	1 29 02
Sloops—Class R—Under 18ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Pebble, R. W. Speir.	4 46 23	1 36 23
Peanut, Calvin Brewer.	Did not finish.	
Catboats—Class V—Under 18ft.—Start, 3:10.		
Martha M., Richard Moore.	4 44 50	1 34 50
Marine and Field Club Knockabouts—Start, 3:15.		
Jig-a-Jig, W. Hutchinson.	4 45 07	1 30 07
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.	5 34 22	2 19 22
Flying Fox, Buckman & Cone.	5 56 36	2 41 36
Quinque, L. H. Smith.	5 57 00	2 42 00
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.	5 32 48	2 17 48

The winners were Akista, Vivian, Minnetonka, Cockatoo, Broncho, Pebble, Jig-a-Jig and Martha M.

Bar Harbor Y. R. A.

BAR HARBOR, ME.

Thursday, July 4.

THE first knockabout race of the season was sailed on Thursday, July 4. It was won by Rip, owned by Edgar Scott, of Philadelphia. Rip outsailed Bobs, owned by Antonio Stewart, of New York, by 35s. Iroquois finished third and Cherub fourth. The boats had a fresh wind from start to finish.

The Canada Cup Challengers.

TORONTO, July 1.—The three prospective contestants in the trial races to select a Canada cup challenger came together in a race to-day for the first time. It was at the Queen's cup race at Hamilton, held under the auspices of the Royal Hamilton Y. C. A large visiting fleet had assembled and watched the match. The course was 25 miles in all, being twice around an equilateral triangle in Lake Ontario off Burlington Beach. There were seven starters in the race—Beaver, Invader and Canadian, and Myrtle, one of the Canada cup defenders of 1899; Hazard, a very smart Herreshoff 30-footer; I'll Away, a 25-footer; Viking, a former Nova Scotian sloop of considerable speed, and Brenda, a 30-footer.

Hazard and Canadian fouled one another at the start, but although no damage was done, it was evident that the concave-bottomed craft was not in good sailing trim. Her canvas did not set well by any means, and it is understood that her spar will be moved forward. Capt. Fearnside took her around the course once and then steered into the harbor, to complete his preparation for the trial races, beginning on July 3. The other yachts went around the course, finishing in the following order:

Invader5 14 25	Myrtle6 01 00
Viking5 58 05	I'll Away6 04 40
Beaver5 32 30	Brenda6 20 15
Hazard5 33 05		

Beaver, as will be seen, finished in second place, but she fouled the buoy, striking the flagstaff with her main boom. She was coming in with a started sheet.

The breeze was light and variable, and quite suited Invader; moreover, she was sailed by probably the smartest amateur skipper on the Canadian side, Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, of Canada cup fame. On the other hand, however, she was handicapped by the lack of her spinnaker and balloon jib, which were shipped after she left Toronto and did not arrive in time for the race. A baby balloon jib had to be utilized as a spinnaker. Invader's lead of eighteen minutes and five seconds in twenty-five miles clearly establishes her superiority under weather conditions such as then prevailed.

Canadian was able to point as high as the Toronto boats, but they outfooted her. The elapsed time of the completion of the first round shows how she fared in the twelve and a half miles she sailed. She started on very nearly even terms with Invader, the first over the line. The time of the first round was:

Invader2 18 25	Myrtle2 42 20
Beaver2 33 55	Viking3 13 30
Hazard2 35 40	I'll Away3 14 00
Canadian2 37 25	Brenda3 23 50

On the run Canadian seemed to hold her own. She has had 1,000lbs. of ballast added and the depth of her fin increased, but she is still not quite stiff enough. She lay over until 3ft. of her deck was under water in a trial spin with Viking on the last day of June. Viking appeared to have the best of the argument.

July 6.—The first week of the trial races for the selection of the Canada cup challenger resulted in the contest simmering down to a struggle between the two Toronto boats, Beaver and Invader, the Hamilton entry, Canadian, being clearly not a factor in the racing. At the end of the week the result of the trials was as far off as ever, although the number of the competitors had diminished and this should simplify matters. Invader showed herself a first-class boat in breezes of seven miles and under, while Beaver proved once more her superiority where there was wind enough to drive her. The performances of the two boats were not surprising. It was only natural that Invader, with 1,483 sq. ft. of canvas and a pared-away underbody, should sail faster in light winds than Beaver; and in a fresh breeze it was only natural that Beaver, with 1,335 sq. ft. of canvas and a larger underbody, should foot faster and edge to windward.

As for Canadian, the Hamilton craft, all that can be said is that she had, from the first, no chance of being selected as the Canada cup challenger. It would be difficult to say whether this was owing to lack of preparation or to the boat's model. The latter is peculiar enough to account for many things, but whether the boat is radically slow or not was not shown by the races she sailed. She was pitted, in an unfinished condition, against boats upon which time and money (in one instance both) had been lavished in the tuning up process. There could, of course, be only one result. Day after day Beaver and Invader had been out for their trial spins, and wherever a possible improvement was noted it was promptly made. Their gear was a marvel of strength, neatness and easy running qualities. Canadian was fitted with stiffly running sheets and halyards, that sometimes jammed in the blocks, which were of less modern design, if of tried and true pattern. Her double headsails were harder to handle and of less benefit than the powerful jibs that filled the fore triangles of the other two contestants. But it was not in these details that Canadian suffered most. The boat was absolutely unprepared for the races. The Royal Canadian Y. C. wanted to hold them in the week commencing June 24. Capt. Fearnside notified the club that he could not possibly be ready by that date, and asked to have them postponed until the second week in July. The Royal Canadians consented to a postponement until Wednesday, July 3, and would wait no longer.

Canadian only received her canvas a week before the trial races. She was sailed once or twice, and was found to carry a big weather helm. It was decided to move the mast 11in. further forward. This was the reason for her abandoning the Queen's cup race on July 1. The moving of the center of effort forward only partially corrected the weather helm, and a longer bowsprit was decided on. There was no time, however, to make and ship it and supply the new rigging, and Canadian came down to Toronto with her old horn, arriving just five hours before the first race.

It would not be safe to go so far as to state that Canadian could be improved so as to beat Invader or Beaver, but she could be improved so as to give them both a good race. Her design calls for a greater immersion of hull and 200ft. more canvas. With these alterations, with ballast of the proper weight and quality, with the weather helm corrected and the half-ton of extra weight used in her construction eliminated by the use of lighter and stronger material, Canadian would be a different boat. She showed herself, under all her disadvantages, as good a

sea boat as any of them—perhaps better. While she makes considerable fuss in a seaway, she tosses it away from her, and can safely be sailed in a blow with sky-lights and hatch covers off. There is as much room in her as there is in the ordinary keel craft of 50 per cent. more measurement. The boat's best performances, handicapped as she was, were off the wind. Capt. Fearnside had seen enough of the splendid trim of his opponents and of his own boat's unprepared state to convince him that further trials were useless. Being a yachtsman of the first order, he took his defeat with the same pluck he showed in building and sailing his craft, and steered homeward at the end of the week with a cheery good-by. Canadian may be improved to be a first-class racer; she is a good cruiser at any rate. Her performance, however, has not been such as to encourage the adoption of Father O'Brien's design of square bilges and a concave bottom by fresh-water yachtsmen.

The breeze in the first two races of the series was one in which Minota would have beaten Beaver by at least a minute in the mile. This will give some idea, therefore, of the speed of the contestants, Minota and Beaver being two known quantities.

The course was a three-mile equilateral triangle, so placed that in the light southerly wind off Toronto Island the first leg was a close reach, the second a trifle broader and the third a spinnaker run. Invader crossed the line with Beaver 10s. ahead of her and Canadian 7s. behind. At the first buoy she had a lead of 55s. over Beaver and of 2m. and 8s. over Canadian. This she increased all the way around, gaining, on the second leg 1m. and 50s. on Beaver and 4m. and 43s. on Canadian. In the run with spinakers to starboard she did not do so well, although still gaining. She covered the mile in 4s. less than Beaver and 1m. and 2s. less than Canadian. Minota would have given her a close run. The elapsed time on this, the first race of the series, was:

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Total.
Invader9 35	11 22	18 39	39 36
Beaver10 30	13 12	18 43	42 25
Canadian11 43	15 55	19 41	46 51

The yachts were sent once more around the triangle, the wind having shifted so as to give two close reaches and a run with spinakers to port. Canadian discarded her balloon head canvas and did better in the reaches, although she was beaten by a greater margin at the finish, owing to the wind heading her off at the last and then dying out. The elapsed time of the second race was:

	1st Leg.	2d Leg.	3d Leg.	Total.
Invader10 26	13 05	19 10	42 41
Beaver11 41	14 00	21 25	47 06
Canadian12 33	15 08	25 00	52 41

This satisfied the judges that Invader was the better boat in a six-mile breeze with no bucking necessary, so the contestants were towed back to their moorings in the harbor. There had not been enough wind for them to come out to the course or return from it, and the trial was of little use, for there would be little possibility of a Canada cup course being covered within the time limit under the circumstances.

There was plenty of wind on the following day, Thursday. The yachts left their moorings in Toronto Bay with a ten-mile breeze from the eastward. Invader, leaving last of all, took the precaution to tuck in her first reef. When the yachts reached the lake the breeze was not quite so fresh, but they had plenty of it in a few minutes. A white squall from the eastward commenced to make things lively, and another from the north came along and did the same. The rain descended in cataracts, filling the bellies of the sails as the yachts lay over and completing the work of the spray in drenching the crews. The yachts dodged about the judges' boat, jibing and coming in stays, now and again dipping the clews of their mainsails in the heavy puffs. Canadian took in the first reef in her mainsail and dispensed with her jib. Beaver also reefed, which is a fair evidence that it was blowing. The two were now ready to race and lined up for instructions from the judges' boat, but Invader had either misunderstood the intentions of the others, or else found the weather outside too much for her. She had gone back to her moorings in the harbor. The others hovered about the island shore for some time, and then they too went into port.

There was a breeze again from the eastward on Friday. The three contestants were at the starting buoy by 2 o'clock, the crews all feeling confident of winning, from the way their craft had behaved on the preceding day. It is very easy to imagine, when the lee deck is a foot under water and the foam is flying, that your boat is going faster than any other boat ever went. The three had kept away from one another in the squalls of the previous day, for it was blowing pretty fresh, with the land close aboard, the fog swirling about in banks and a small fleet of spectators to keep clear of. In this way there was no test of heavy weather speed, the boats not remaining together for more than 2m. at a time. Consequently, each crew had a well-developed idea that they were going to impress the shape of their transom indelibly upon the minds of the others.

Canadian took in a reef after reaching the lake—as much to rid her of her desire for weather helm as to keep her on her feet. Just as the preparatory gun was fired, however, the wind lightened and the reef was shaken out, the boat going over the starting line with the crew sweating the throat and peak halyards. The three started well together on a three-mile beat to windward, the judges' boat leading the way. There was only one buoy in the course—the starting buoy. The instructions were to round the steamer and sail back to the start.

The hopes that had been built on Invader's performances on Wednesday were shattered. There was a good whole-sail breeze, with a fair easterly roll. Beaver at once edged ahead and to windward. Invader was pointing as high, but not fetching where she looked, or footing as fast. Canadian was driving along, dropping astern and to leeward, with her tiller a-weather all the time. When the fleet came about, on the starboard tack, she did slightly better, and footed as fast as Invader at times. Beaver reached the steamer, jibed over and squared away on the home run nearly a mile ahead of her. Invader was a poor second when she rounded the steamer, being nearly 3m. behind Beaver. She was very quick in setting her spinnaker, however, and at once began to retrieve her loss. Her balloon canvas was set in a minute and a half. Beaver took double the time. Canadian did not set her spinnaker

until 5m. after rounding the steamer. The judges' boat had moved up to meet her slightly. Canadian's spinnaker was only set as an experiment, but the records show that the experiment was a successful one. With one man on the spinnaker boom and another on the main boom, she tore through the seas, making a clean entrance and leaving a remarkably clear cut wake, although by no means easy to steer. Her elapsed time on the run was 29m. and 50s., according to the figures given out. Invader took 33m. and 5s., and Beaver took 34m. and 30s. The gains on the run were not sufficient to make up for the losses on the beat. Beaver won by 2m. and 10s. from Invader, and by 8m. from Canadian. At the turn outside she had a lead of 3m. and 45s. and 12m. and 40s. over the two respectively.

The time of the race was:

	Start.	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Beaver2 25 10	3 15 55	3 50 25	1 25 15
Invader2 25 53	3 19 30	3 52 35	1 26 42
Canadian2 25 35	3 28 35	3 58 25	1 32 50

At the completion of this, the third race in the series, the breeze freshened considerably. Canadian reefed, dowsed her jib and then reefed again. The judges paid little attention to her and started the other two contestants off on a beat to windward by themselves after the skippers had exchanged places, Mr. H. C. McLeod, of Minota fame, taking the tiller in Beaver this time, while Mr. Æmilius Jarvis took charge of Invader. It was a neat task to carry the skippers from one craft to the other with no dinghy handy, but Mr. J. Wilson Morse's sailing skiff Madge did the trick successfully. The race was first delayed by the parting of Beaver's jib traveler. This was remedied, and the contestants were sent off. Beaver traveled at a great pace in the freshening breeze and had Invader well beaten within 15m. after the start. But a second accident happened, and the race had to be called off. Beaver's port spreader buckled, crippling her as far as a beat to windward was concerned. She came in stays and filled away on the starboard tack. She was able to make the piers on this leg and stood on in. Canadian having snuggled down to a double-reefed mainsail and staysail, followed her on into the harbor. Invader also sailed in, reefed down in the shelter of the piers, and went out into the lake again for a test in a stiff breeze.

After much consultation, the judges made the following announcement:

"We, the judges of the trial races, have decided that the Hamilton boat is not a factor in the trials, and that more races must be held between Beaver and Invader before the choice is made. The judges will endeavor to secure a regular crew for each boat, and the next race will be on Monday or Tuesday, if there is any wind. The judges must have at least an eight-mile breeze before going out."

More than one follower of the races thought that it was about time that something was said about crews. The trial races are important, but there was far more laxity about them, in the matter of crews, than there would be in an ordinary club race. The Canada cup regulations permit of a crew of six men, including one professional. Canadian was the only boat that had an entirely Corinthian crew. At one time there were three professionals in Invader, and one of them was sailing her. The regulations as to the number of the crew were observed more carefully by Beaver than by the others.

Com. Gooderham, who was daily sailing Invader ever since her launch, only sailed her in the first trial races. He has not yet made an announcement regarding his intentions, but it is understood that he may not sail the challenger in the final races at Chicago, even if Invader should be selected. If Mr. Æmilius Jarvis can find time for the enormous amount of work devolving upon a skipper of a cup challenger, he may be prevailed upon to sail the craft. He is already widely known as a successful skipper in international contests, and has brought many cups to the Canadian shore. He is the best man the Royal Canadians have in sight, although it is by no means certain that he will be at the tiller of the challenger.

The prospects for the Canadians regaining the cup are not brilliant. Invader's performances have shown her to be the superior of Minota, but not by a large margin. Minota's performances this year have shown her to be inferior to Illinois at any rate. Invader does not appear to be able to spare Minota very much. The latter craft would have beaten Canadian by a narrow margin in the trial races so far. There would be little use in sending Beaver to Chicago, because her only hope would be in a blow. The Canadians' only chance appears to be in increasing Invader's balloon canvas sufficiently to enable her to make up in running what she loses in beating. Both her spinnaker and balloon jib are small, owing to her measurement saving device in hoisting them. They do not go up to the truck. On a reach, no matter what the weather conditions, Invader could probably get away from Beaver.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Shelter Island Y. C.

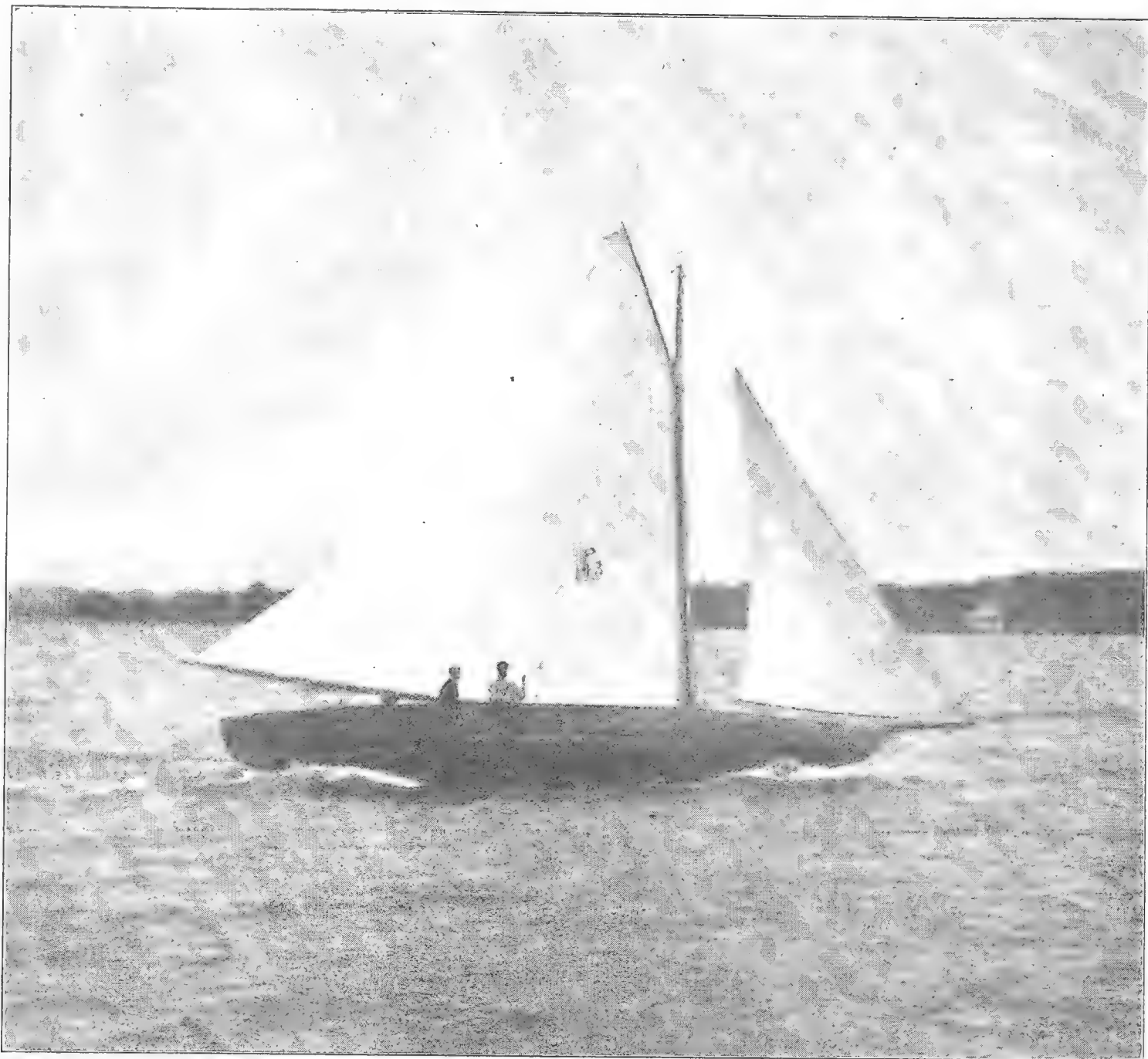
SHELTER ISLAND—GARDINER'S BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

The first of the series of five races given by the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed over the new fifteen-mile course in Gardiner's Bay on Thursday, July 4. The yachts that sailed in class S, for Rear-Com. Loehr's cup, were F. M. Smith's sloop, Effort, which made three points; Mira, Charles Lane Poor, two points, and Hebe, A. C. Baucker, one point. In class N, for Com. Poor's cup, were F. M. Smith's New Marion, three points; M. B. Fuller's Helen, two points, and H. L. Coe's Martha, one point.

Sunday, July 7.

The second of five races of the Shelter Island Y. C., to be sailed in Gardiner's Bay, in which each yacht is accredited a point for entrance and a point for each yacht she defeated in her class, was sailed on Sunday, July 7, in a good whole-sail breeze from the eastward. The course was seven miles to windward and return, and the prizes cups offered by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore. The result of the race shows the standing to date of the competitors to be as follows: Hebe, class L, three points; Effort, class L, two points; Mira, class L, one point; Martha, class N, two points; Marion, class N, three points. Helen, of class N, did not finish.



BADGER.—Designed by B. B. Crowninshield. Owned by F. Bowne Jones and William M. Thorsen.

Larchmont Y. C. Annual Regatta.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 4.

THE Larchmont Y. C. held its twenty-second annual regatta over the club courses on Thursday, July 4. Some sixty boats started and the race was interesting from start to finish. Ailsa and Vigilant fought it out again in their class. Navahoe was on hand, but did not start, as she had lost her centerboard. The breeze was east by north, and held from that quarter all through, but with varying strength.

Ailsa and Vigilant were sent away at 11:35 o'clock. These boats sailed twice over a triangular course fifteen miles in length, making thirty miles in all. The first leg was a beat, the second a run with spinakers and a reach home. Vigilant was 6m. in the lead at the end of the first round, and finally won, beating Ailsa by nearly 15m.

The start of the schooners was close, Elmina getting a little the best of it, with Quissetta close by, Muriel and Amorita following. Elmina won by over 4m.

In the 51ft. class Humma got far the best of the start, but was finally defeated by Altair by 4m. 37s.

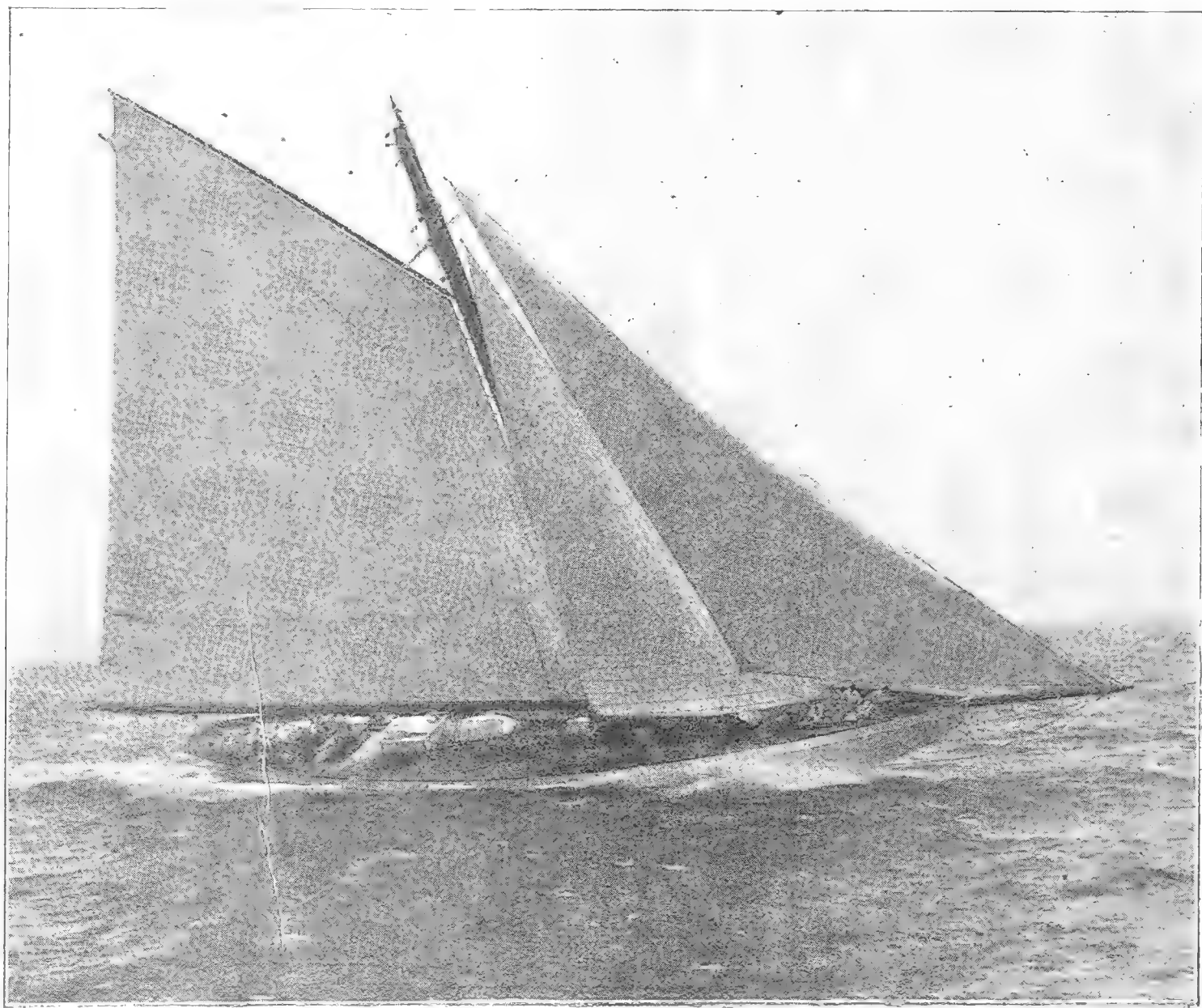
In the 36ft. class there were four starters, the Newport special thirties receiving 11m. 5s. time allowance. Leda won easily, with Spasm second.

There was a good race between the yawls Memory and Sakana, the former winning by 59s.

In the raceabout class there were five starters. Merrywing beat Snapper by the small margin of 15s. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class D—Course, 30 Miles—Start, 11:40.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Elmina, F. W. Brewster.....	4 44 18	5 04 18
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	4 55 26	5 15 26
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 48 28	5 08 28
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	4 51 45	5 11 45
Schooners—Class D—Cruising Trim—Course, 30 Miles—Start, 11:40.		
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	5 42 00	6 02 00
Yawls—Class G—Course, 30 Miles—Start, 11:35.		
Vigilant, Percy Chubb.....	4 16 17	3 41 17
Alisa, H. S. Redmond.....	4 30 53	3 55 53
Sloops—Class K—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:45.		
Humma, J. R. Maxwell.....	3 25 24	3 40 24
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	3 20 47	3 35 47
Sloops—Class L—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:50.		
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	3 42 14	3 52 14
Hebe.....	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class M—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:50.		
Veda.....	4 42 35	4 52 35
Leda, J. R. Maxwell.....	4 18 15	4 28 15
Spasm, E. D. King.....	4 24 40	4 34 40
Possum, E. S. Ballard.....	4 39 50	4 49 50
Yawls—Class M—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:50.		
Memory, W. M. Bavier.....	4 54 02	5 04 02
Sakana, A. B. McCreery.....	4 55 01	5 05 01
Sloops—Class N—Course, 22 Miles—Start, 11:55.		
Lorelei, J. M. Ellsworth.....	Did not finish.	
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell.....	4 29 56	4 34 56
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	4 29 15	4 34 15
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	4 49 46	4 54 46
Special 25ft. Class—Course, 11 Miles.		
Nei-san, J. M. Woodbury.....	Did not finish.	
Sloops—Class P—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12.		
Rochelle, Edward Kelly.....	Did not finish.	
Smoke, Louis Bowry.....	3 01 39	3 01 39
21ft. Raceabouts—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:00.		
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	2 50 10	2 50 10
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	2 47 30	2 47 30
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....	2 47 45	2 47 45
Scamp.....	2 47 15	2 47 15
Viper, W. D. Hennen.....	2 55 58	2 55 58
Catboats—Class Q—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Rod, R. G. Sand.....	3 23 00	3 23 00
Ox, R. Bavier.....	4 05 06	4 00 06
Sloops—Class R—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Mystral.....	3 20 26	3 16 26
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	Did not finish.	
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....	3 34 05	3 29 05

Kingfisher, August Belmont.....	3 19 37	3 14 37
Sora.....	3 30 19	3 25 19
Flim Flam, A. D. Prince.....	3 37 41	3 32 41
Hope, C. O. Iselin.....	3 20 52	3 15 52
Sandpiper, R. Belmont.....	3 25 08	3 20 08
Opossum, H. M. Raborg.....	3 19 27	3 14 27
Nike.....	3 24 47	3 19 47
Catboats—Class W—Course, 5½ Miles.		
Mongoose II.....	3 06 09	2 56 09
Molly S.....	3 45 22	3 35 22
Manhasset Raceabouts—Course, 11 Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	3 55 59	3 50 59
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	3 50 58	3 45 58
Arizona, J. A. Cory.....	4 12 57	4 07 57
Mist, J. W. Alker.....	4 19 30	4 14 30
Dory Class—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:05.		
Prize, H. Van Rensselaer.....	5 26 00	5 21 00
Cecil.....	5 23 17	5 24 17
Catboats—Class T—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:10.		
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford.....	3 06 09	2 56 09
Molly S.....	3 45 22	3 35 22
Catboats—Class W—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:10.		
Last Chance.....	4 34 15	4 24 15
Sneaker.....	5 05 40	4 55 49
Country Club Lark Class—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:20.		
Skidoo, M. G. Davis.....	4 59 14	4 39 14
Halo, James Smith.....	4 27 46	4 27 26
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	4 50 10	4 30 10



ATHENE.—Designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. for W. O. Gay.

Streak, E. Cunningham.....	5 22 06	5 02 06
Catboats—Class V—Course, 5½ Miles—Start, 12:10.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	3 56 21	3 46 21
Hobo.....	4 39 27	4 29 27

The winners were Elmina, Altair, Dorwina, Leda, Memory, Alerion, Nei-san, Scamp, Rod, Kingfisher, Arizona, Last Chance, Molly S., Kazaza, Halo and Prize.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY.

Thursday, July 4.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. held a regatta over the club courses on Jamaica Bay on Thursday, July 4. The breeze was light from the southeast. The times were as follows:

Open Catboats Over 25ft.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jennie, William G. Gallagher.....	2 44 00	4 54 07	2 14 07
Mavourneen, E. C. Wood.....	2 45 00	5 01 25	2 21 25
Ella B., J. L. Brainerd.....	2 40 00	5 04 20	2 24 20
Open Catboats Under 25ft.			
Vitesse, W. G. Pearsall.....	2 50 00	4 03 16	1 18 16
Lochinvar, J. F. Sabin.....	2 50 00	5 15 00	2 25 00

The winners were Jennie and Vitesse.

Sunday, July 7.

Club cups were raced for by the single-stickers of the Jamaica Bay Y. C. off the station at Holland's Landing on Sunday, July 7. The course was to Block House Point and return. It was a free run down before the southeast wind, with booms to port, and a beat back. The race was witnessed by a large throng of members and guests. The summaries:

Sloops—Start, 2:20.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Waunita, Frederick S. La Fond.....	4 36 00	2 16 00
Class C—Open Catboats, Under 17ft.—Start, 2:50.		
Vitesse, William G. Pearsall.....	4 08 16	1 18 16
Class A—Open Catboats, 20 to 28ft.—Start, 2:40.		
Jennie, W. Gallagher.....	4 54 07	2 14 07
*Mavourneen, E. C. Wood.....	5 01 25	2 21 25
Ella B., J. L. Brainerd.....	5 04 20	2 24 20
Summer Cabin Cats—Start, 2:30.		
*Louise, R. L. Jaques.....	4 59 34	2 29 34
Tessie, C. J. Pfug.....	5 05 05	2 35 05

*Mavourneen's corrected time, 2:18:05; Louise's, 2:26:34.

Morrisania Y. C.

LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sunday, June 23.

FIFTY-NINE boats started in the sixth annual regatta of the Morrisania Y. C., which was held on Sunday, June 23. There was a fresh southwest breeze blowing, and a number of boats broke down. The summary follows:

Class A—Cabin Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—30ft. and Over—Start, 11:11.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Coquette, M. T. Delancy.....	3 33 00	4 22 00
Yankee, A. W. Strong.....	3 41 00	4 30 00

Others in this class were Florence, L. Englert, and Veta, J. W. Steffens.

Class B—Over 25ft. and Under 30ft.—Start, 11:11.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Pinochle, J. Babit.....	3 17 00	4 06 00
Bertha K., F. Kaiser.....	3 36 00	4 25 00

Other entries were Connie, G. Ollweiler; Puzzle, W. S. Coultas; Effie, J. Sinclair; Peerless, C. Heindrichs; Water Lily, T. Kiernan; Bona Fide, A. Grassley; Cygnet, A. Clements.

Cabin Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—25ft. and Under—Start, 11:16.

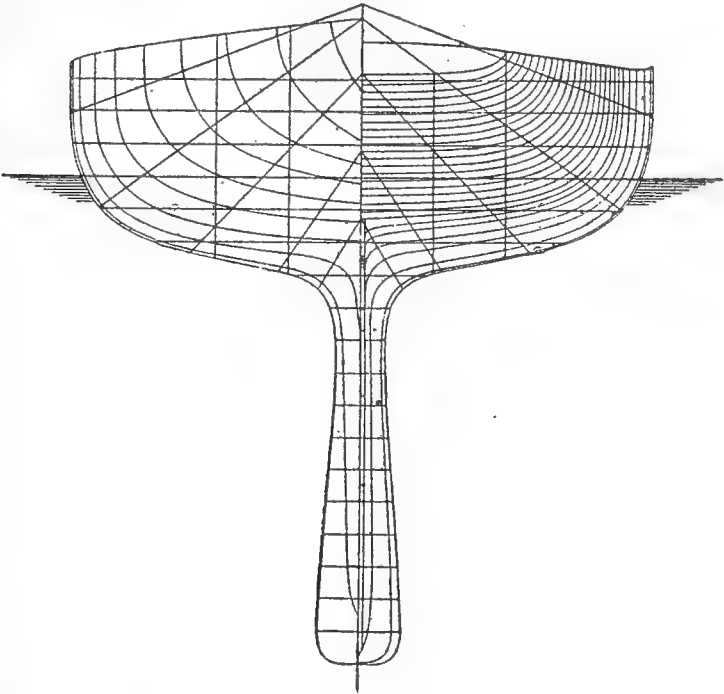
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Edna, G. J. Stelz.....	2 45 30	3 29 30
Marguerite.....	2 49 00	3 33 00

The remainder of the class were Aster, J. Neidmann; Niagara, Fisher & Schappert; Isis, A. Butler; Psyche, D. Mackerwith; Howard, J. Berrian; Gertrude, Curtis & Morstadt; Anita, C. Looke; Dolores, J. Granbery; Dawn, F. Daum; Twinkle, E. Dautreville.

Design for a Cup Defender.

KNOWING that any information in connection with large 90ft. cutters is of particular interest at the present time to all those interested in yachting, we publish this week a design of a Cup defender. This design has much to recommend it, considering that it is the work of an amateur, Mr. John A. Connolly, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The design is sort of a combination of Constitution and Independence. In comparing it with Constitution it resembles her in the overhangs, placing of the fin and gracefulness of the fore and aft lines, also in placing the midship section nearly in the center of the boat and having its greatest overhang aft. The resemblance to



Independence is in the over all length and the shallow body shown in the midship section with its hard bilges. The principal dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	140ft. 5in.
L.W.L.	88ft. 8in.
Overhang—	
Forward	24ft. 3in.
Aft	27ft. 6in.
Beam—	
Extreme	24ft. 1in.
L.W.L.	23ft. 2in.
Draft—Extreme	20ft.
Freeboard—	
Bow	6ft. 6in.
Taffrail	5ft. 3in.
Least	4ft. 6in.
Displacement	131 tons.

Mr. Connolly has recently completed a design of a boat for a well-known yachtsman, which will be built during the winter, and will be seen in the racing next season. She is 65ft. 3in. over all, 43ft. 10in. on the waterline, 15ft. 8in. beam and 5ft. 10in. draft.

Beverly Y. C.

BUZZARD'S BAY, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE regatta held by the Beverly Y. C. on Saturday, July 6, was only little better than a drifting match. The breeze at the start was fresh from the E., but before the boats had gone half way over the course it died out to a flat calm. Four of the eighteen starters were unable to finish within the time limit.

In the 25ft. class only three boats started, Thorana, Kalama and Isis, and the former won her maiden race.

Radiant was the first to finish in the 21ft. class, with Gadfly second and Quakeress third. Edith, Kestrel and Amanita withdrew.

Eunice, the second boat of the entire fleet to finish, won with ease over Howard and Hod.

In the 15ft. class Next secured a victory.

Owing to an error by the judges in making out the summary of the regatta, July 4, Flickamarro was awarded the honors in her class, when they should have been given to Spider. The judge to-day was F. E. Cabot. The summary:

25-Footers.	
Thorana, T. B. Wales.....	3 27 25
Kalama III., David Rice.....	3 39 36
Isis, E. O. Burdett.....	3 41 05
21-Footers.	
Radiant, C. M. Baker.....	3 32 46
Gadfly, Mrs. Geary.....	3 33 20
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	3 34 45
Edith, E. H. Baker.....	Withdrew.
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	Withdrew.
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	Withdrew.
Fourth Class Cats.	
Eunice, W. O. Taylor.....	3 09 55
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	3 26 34
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	3 49 14
Allison, Stewart McLeod.....	Withdrew.
15-Footers—One Design.	
Next, Paul Jones.....	3 12 07
Flickamarro, W. B. Emmons.....	3 12 26
Spider, H. M. Stone.....	3 16 33
Vim, R. Winsor.....	3 18 18
Go Bye, H. Stockton.....	3 18 25

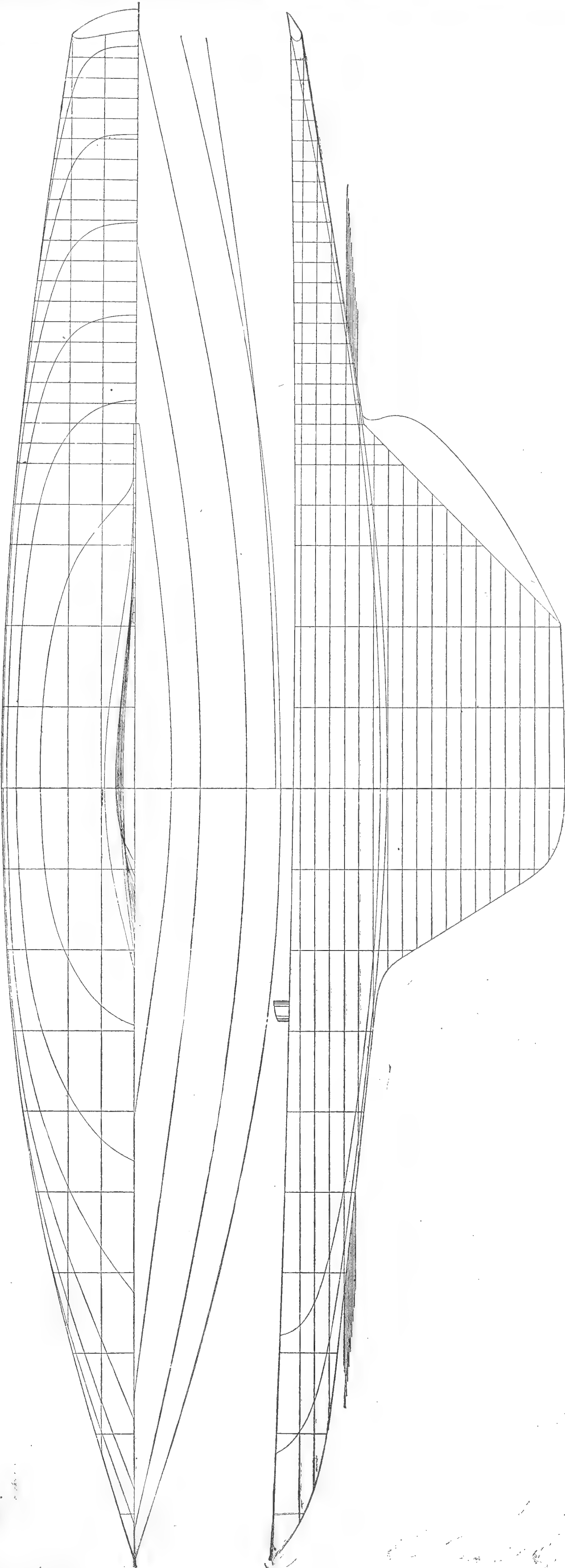
Savin Hill Y. C.

DORCHESTER BAY, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE first handicap race of the season of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed in Dorchester Bay on Saturday, July 6. The start was at 2:20, and ten yachts went over the line when the gun was fired. Pioneer, owned by Charles Kelly, won the race. The summary:

Pioneer, Charles Kelly.....	1 23 45
Kalitan, Patten.....	1 23 58
Hattie, Eliot.....	1 32 32
Hattie, Swallow.....	1 34 27
Primrose, J. A. Stark.....	1 36 41
Spray, Kidd.....	1 37 22
Eleanor, James Clark.....	1 37 43
Leurez, J. McBeath.....	1 37 49
Tabasco, Durgin.....	1 42 01
Edith, Dammerell.....	1 44 44



DESIGN FOR A CUP DEFENDER BY JOHN A. CONNOLLY, JR., 1901.

Western Yachts.

Lake Michigan Yachting Association.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 6.—The regatta of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association, which was set for July 4 at Milwaukee, Wis., proved a rather disappointing affair, by virtue of prevailing weather conditions of an unsatisfactory nature. The Milwaukee luck is proverbial. The course is much hemmed in, and hardly ever a regatta is started at that point without a dead calm coming along to spoil the pleasure of the occasion. This was the story of July 4, and it marred what would otherwise have been a spirited encounter between the leading boats of this portion of the Great Lakes.

The following yachts entered for the regatta:

Schooners, Class A—Sallie, Spring Lake; Merlin, Racine; Hawthorne, Chicago; Mistral, Chicago.

Class B—Vencedor, Siren, Vanenna, Neva, all of Chicago.

Class C—Charlotte R., Chicago.

Class D—Josephine, Chicago; Beatrice, Milwaukee.

Class E—Margaret, Milwaukee; Yvanna, Green Bay; Chetopa, Chicago.

Class F—Arlene, Chicago; Katie H., Chicago; Alcyone, Green Bay.

Class G—Old Abe, Sheboygan; Myrine, Chicago.

Class H, Canadian Cup Defenders—Illinois, Chicago; Briar, Chicago; Prairie, Chicago; Yankee, Chicago; Milwaukee, of Milwaukee; Minota, Chicago; Orion, Milwaukee.

Class I, Association Knockabouts—Colleen, Chicago; Vagabond, Milwaukee; Cock Robin, Milwaukee.

Class J—Question, Milwaukee; Athlete, Milwaukee; Lady May, Milwaukee.

Class K—Sadie, Topsy, Spray, Cat, Nina, Pirate, Blackbird, Dark Secret, all of Kinnikinnic Y. C., Milwaukee.

Cruises to Kenosha.

The Chicago boats engaged in a cruising contest all the way from Chicago to Milwaukee, stopping at Kenosha and making that the finishing point of their contest. The big fellows, Vencedor and Siren, had another nip and tuck race, and Siren beat her old-time rival nearly half a mile, going across the wire 23m. ahead in the finish at Kenosha.

As to the actual winner of the cruising contest, Illinois, the cup defender, carried away the banner, having a time allowance of 40m. and coming in 18m. behind Siren. Vencedor followed Illinois, and back of Vencedor came Prairie, Minota, Josephine, Hawthorne, Katie H., Charlotte R., Dolphin and Mawaja. The cruising race could not be called a very interesting affair, as the hot weather of the past week was marked by occasional calms. The breeze was poor for most all the time up the lake, and beyond Waukegan the boats ran into practically a calm. In this slow and baffling work Illinois overtook Siren and made its winning. Illinois and Minota, the latter another one of the cup defenders, had a close thing of it in this cruising race, sailing nose and nose for a good stretch of the course with mainsails and balloon jibs drawing, neither boat outfooting the other by a length. The times in the cruising race are as follows:

Start, 9:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Siren	7 43 00	9 18 00	9 18 00
Illinois	8 01 00	9 46 00	9 05 00
Vencedor	8 03 00	9 48 00	9 47 40
Prairie	8 33 30	10 17 30	9 30 30
Minota	8 33 00	10 20 00	9 39 00
Josephine	8 42 30	10 27 30
Hawthorne	8 45 00	10 30 00
Katie H.	8 50 00	10 33 00

The Milwaukee Regatta.

The sailing at no time after the start approached yachting conditions. It was a drifting contest all the way round, and there was not a finish within the time limit in any class excepting Class K. In Classes A, B and E the course was not half completed, although the judges announced a decision in those classes, apparently more by guess than any other way. In Class A, schooners, Hawthorne, of Chicago, won, being the only yacht to sail about the course. In Class B, 52-footers, Siren finished first leg in 1:35 and was awarded the cup. Vanenna, of Chicago, was second, 1:40; Vencedor, untimed. In Class E, 35-footers, Chetopa, of Chicago, was awarded the cup.

Very much interest attached to the race between the cup defenders Illinois, Orion and Minota, but the yachts had to come back under tow, the wind dropping entirely off and killing all hope of a contest. The knockabouts met with similar conditions. The races were set forward for the following day.

Among the races, unsatisfactory as they proved, the sloop class furnished the best sport. Siren was handled ably and deserved the win which was accorded to it. The race was won in the second leg, the maneuver of a long tack with the wind on the quarter enabling it to establish a lead which was not cut down.

In Class K Topsy finished the course, 17½ miles, the only one to finish. In the knockabout class Colleen was making a handsome showing at the time the wind fell and left all becalmed.

On July 5 the same record of hard luck seemed to pursue the sport. The cup defenders all got away, but Orion and Minota both broke down and Illinois, better handled as it has been, won the contest without opposition. In Class D Beatrice was the only one to sail around the course. Colleen, of the knockabouts, repeated the good showing of the day previous, and won in its class, cleverly beating Vagabond and Cock Robin. In Class G Old Abe defeated Mame. The smaller classes did not start. This day there was a fresh southwest wind which gave very decent sailing conditions.

The most exciting contest of the day was that between Vagabond and Colleen. Colleen was handsomely handled and made a very pretty finish. Vagabond had the misfortune to get caught in irons and lost some time before she could get under way. Cock Robin had by this time made up much of the lost distance which had existed between it and Vagabond.

As among the cup defenders, Orion was the first to cross the line, Illinois 46s. later, with Minota overlapping Illinois. Early in the race Orion sprung a spreader, which left a great deal of strain on the mast and left her handlers under the fear that the stick would go by the board if they

cracked on any canvas of consequence. This accident was the cause of the withdrawal of Minota, and rather than to invite injury she was pulled out of the course. Illinois did not sail the second round of the triangle. Beatrice in Class D finished one round of the triangle. The crew did not wish to finish the second round, and hence the cup was withheld from this boat.

Some Cup Defenders.

On June 30 the yacht Detroit, intended as one of the cup defender possibilities in the international event to follow later in the season, was measured and given a little try out. Its racing length as established by Wm. Cotherell, of Chicago, is 35.25. The builders of Detroit think that it can safely handle 500ft. more canvas than some of the other boats. It will carry 1,000lbs. of ballast, and is scheduled for 1,650ft. of canvas. The measurements as given are 47ft. 7in. over all, 11ft. 6in. beam, 26ft. 4½in. waterline. It carries a 14ft. centerboard, and with the board down needs 6½ft. of water.

The Milwaukee syndicate defender for the Canada cup is to be called Milwaukee, and was launched at Oshkosh, Wis., July 2. This boat did not get down the lake in time for the Milwaukee or Kenosha regatta, but will go at once to Chicago to participate in the trial races. Milwaukee's measurements are 51ft. 5in. over all, 10ft. beam. The normal waterline is stated at 27ft. 6in. The Milwaukee syndicate owning this boat is headed by Capt. Pabst, of the well-known Pabst Brewing Company. The trial races among the defenders promise to be interesting when finally pulled off. The first of the trials is to be sailed Saturday, July 20, the cup race being set for Aug. 10.

Another boat whose chances are liked by many for the Canada cup is Cadillac, the Henley boat, which should shortly be launched, if not now already in the water. It is, however, not yet certain that Cadillac will come West, or at least in time for entry in the trial races, although it is earnestly hoped that such will be the case. Mr. Hanley was present in the international race last summer, and his experience with Genesee will leave him all the better fitted to master the little deficiencies of that boat with his 1901 craft.

As to the chances of this city in the cup race, there are many Chicago yachtsmen who do not fancy them. There is a lot to be done yet before any one of the Chicago boats is at its best. Take Minota, for instance, a boat which properly tuned up and in condition and properly sailed would give Illinois all it could do right now. This boat is left pretty much to take care of itself, and many of its possibilities are left unproved. It will take a perfect boat and good seamanship to come out of this cup race this summer with any kind of glory, and Chicago yachtsmen who propose entering these races would better begin to bestir themselves a little in advance of that time, rather than even a very few moments after the race is over.

Columbia Y. C. Fourth of July Regatta.

This was undoubtedly the most successful regatta ever held on Lake Michigan. The morning races were for cabin sloops, cutters, schooners and yawls. The wind in the morning was light, fluky and shifting. The course was triangular, the first leg to windward, second leg a spinaker run, third leg a close reach. Nearly all of the twelve classes had entries, and the day was a busy and eventful one from a nautical standpoint. Besides the regular silver loving cup class prizes offered by the club itself, there was a special prize offered by Mr. Thomas H. Webb, of Peoria, Ill., for competition on time allowance for all cabin yachts between 18 and 30ft. l.w.l. The Webb trophy is a magnificent and very massive sterling silver loving cup with an etching of Katie H. on one side, an etching "Columbia Yacht Club Trophy. Cabin Yachts 18 to 30ft. l.w.l. Thos. H. Webb, Donor," on another side, and "Won by Nymph, Dr. F. W. Holmes, July 4th, 1901," on the third.

Nymph was designed and built by Henry R. Davies, a Columbia Y. C. amateur, and has been very successful in races on Lake Michigan.

The afternoon races were sailed in a good breeze, first and second legs close reaches and last leg a broad reach, course 4 2-3 nautical miles.

A large crowd viewed the races from the club house verandas, participated at dinner and presentation of prizes, and in the evening dancing and music were the commands. The records:

Schooners—Class 2—Start, 10:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Tartar	1 32 55	3 32 55	Scratch.	3 32 55
Nomad	1 06 30	3 06 30	00 00 53	3 05 37
Myrine	1 27 19	3 27 10	00 14 30	3 12 40
Class 2 A—Start, 10:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Widsith	1 00 05	2 55 05	Scratch.	2 55 05
Zephyrus	1 25 30	3 20 30	00 00 37	3 19 53
Class 3 A—Start, 10:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Nymph	12 24 40	2 19 35	Scratch.	2 19 35
Columbia	12 32 49	2 27 35	00 02 35	2 25 00
Class 4 A—Start, 10:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Spray	12 55 50	2 50 50	Scratch.	2 50 50
Vision	1 30 35	3 25 35	00 02 51	3 22 44
Mademoiselle	1 43 15	3 38 15	00 15 07	3 23 08
Dot	2 40 00	4 35 00	00 16 45	4 19 15
Ingersoll	Did not finish.			

Class 2 B—Start, 10:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Peri	1 30 00	3 30 05	Scratch.	3 30 05
Pinta	1 26 40	3 26 40	00 00 32	3 26 08
Orpheus	2 40 00	4 40 00	00 01 00	4 39 00
Class 3 B—Start, 10:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Wizard	1 52 05	3 52 05	Scratch.	3 52 05
Vixen	1 25 00	3 25 05	00 00 58	3 24 02
Marion H.	1 28 30	3 28 30	00 03 43	3 24 47

Class 4 B—Start, 10:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Imp	1 42 25	3 42 25	Scratch.	3 42 25
Martha	1 52 57	3 52 57	00 02 45	3 50 12
Marie	1 35 42	3 35 42	00 02 37	3 33 05
Eleanor E.	1 58 30	3 58 30	00 03 32	3 54 58

Class 5—Swallows—Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
U. B. Jayed.....	3 44 22	1 14 22	Scratch.	1 14 22
Gironda	3 47 32	1 17 32	00 01 27	1 16 05
Ripple	3 49 55	1 19 55	00 05 15	1 14 20
Sallie Rust.....	4 07 20	1 37 20
Peeps II.....	3 52 17	1 22 17	00 00 27	1 21 50
Wishbone	3 50 40	1 20 40	00 03 39	1 17 01
Wasp	3 47 37	1 17 37	00 00 21	1 17 16

Class 6—Larks—Start, 2:35.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Willit	4 06 00	1 31 00	1 31 00

Columbia Y. C. July 6 Races.

Course, 4 2-3 nautical miles; a close reach all around; wind, very strong and puffy.

Wasp broke the course record, held by Query, by over 2m. in the first race.

The crowd at the club house enjoyed these races greatly, as the puffs made the crews give an unrivaled acrobatic performance. The records:

Class 5—Swallows—Start, 2:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Wasp	3 12 22	00 42 22	Scratch.	00 42 22
Wishbone	3 16 12	00 46 12	00 03 18	00 42 54
Ripple	3 21 25	00 51 25	00 04 54	00 46 31
U. B. Jayed.....	Capsized.			

Class 5—Swallows—Start, 3:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Wasp	4 16 54	00 21 54	Scratch.	00 21 54
Ripple	4 17 05	00 22 05	00 02 27	00 19 38
Wishbone	4 17 35	00 22 37	00 01 50	00 20 47

Class 5—Swallows—Start, 4:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Wishbone	5 17 08	00 22 08	00 01 50	00 20 18
Ripple	5 20 17	00 25 17	00 02 27	00 22 50

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Cruise of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia.

THE fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia will rendezvous for the annual cruise at Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., on the afternoon of Friday, July 12, 1901.

A meeting of captains will be held on board the flagship at 8:30 P. M.

The routine and rules contained in the "Club Manual" will be observed during the cruise.

Squadron Runs and Races—Prizes have been offered for port to port runs for yachts in cruising trim, and when four or more start, a second prize to be awarded. The Commodore has offered a cup to the yacht in each class winning on corrected time the greatest number of runs.

Saturday, July 13—Race from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay.

Sunday, July 14—Fleet to remain at anchor at Oyster Bay.

Monday, July 15—Race from Oyster Bay to Morris Cove.

Tuesday, July 16—Race from Morris Cove to Shelter Island.

Wednesday, July 17—Race from Shelter Island to New London.

Thursday, July 18—Fleet to remain at anchor. Gig and dinghy races for yachts' crews will be held in the afternoon. Entries to be made to the Fleet Captain.

Friday, July 19—Race from New London to Newport.

Saturday, July 20—Disband.

Glen Cove may be reached by the Long Island Railroad from Thirty-fourth street ferry, East River, New York. A boat will convey members and their guests to Glen Cove on Friday, July 12, leaving Adams Express Company's wharf, Pennsylvania Railroad, Jersey City, after the arrival of the train leaving Philadelphia at 1 o'clock, via Pennsylvania Railroad.

Captains intending to join the cruise will kindly notify the Fleet Captain, No. 511 Bullitt Building, Philadelphia, at as early a date as possible.

The Commodore particularly requests that as large a number of yachts will participate in the cruise as possible, as there are handsome prizes offered for all runs in all classes.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

INDIAN HARBOR—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 2.

SIXTEEN yachts started in the circuit race given by the Indian Harbor Y. C. on Tuesday, July 2. The wind was light from the southwest until a sharp squall made the boats douse light sails. The 43-footers sailed twice over a nine-mile course, and Dorwina beat Saunterer handily.

The sloop Cymbra sailed a good race against the crack Leda of that class over the same course and was beaten only 12m. and 11s. Alfred Peat's 30-footer Empronzi, ably sailed by C. W. Mower, defeated Alerion by 1m. and 29s., and the noted raceabout Badger added another win to her long list by defeating Spindrift 5m. and 11s. The summary follows:

Sloops—51ft. Class—Racing Trim—Start, 12:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	3 47 35	2 57 35
Sloops—51ft. Class—Cruising Trim—Start, 12:50.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mariquita, H. B. Shaen.....	4 27 03	3 37 03
Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:55.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Saunterer, T. H. Smith.....	Did not finish.	
Dorwina, W. S. Ward.....	4 53 38	3 58 38
Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 1:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Leda, H. L. Maxwell.....	4 53 52	3 53 52
Cymbra, F. C. Henderson.....	5 06 03	4 06 03
Anatok, J. E. Martin, Jr.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	5 06 39	3 56 39
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	5 05 10	3 55 10
Windora, John Green.....	Did not finish.	
Raceabouts—Start, 1:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Spindrift, Samuel Comley.....	4 36 36	3 17 36
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	4 27 25	3 12 25
Scamp, J. DeForest.....	4 36 51	3 21 51
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Opossum, H. M. Raborg.....	4 47 50	3 27 50
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	Withdrew.	
Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mercury, W. N. Bavier.....	3 54 11	2 54 11

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, July 4.

THE Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. held races for club knockabouts and club catboats on Thursday, July 4. The boats went away on the port tack in a free run to the first mark. The next leg was a reach, then a beat home. The course was covered twice. Wyntje, owned and sailed by Mr. Sherman Hoyt, which was the champion in the Seawanhaka Corinthian knockabout class last year, won, after a capital race with Marcia, sailed by Mr. D. Le Roy Dresser. The summaries:

Seawanhaka Knockabouts—Start, 3:05.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, Sherman Hoyt.....	5 09 22	2 04 22
Marcia, D. Le Roy Dresser.....	5 10 28	2 05 28
Nakodo, J. T. Sherman.....	5 15 58	2 10 58
Mistral, E. L. Low, Jr.....	5 16 30	2 11 30
Heron, F. R. Coudert, Jr.....	5 20 30	2 15 30
Seawanhaka Catboats—Start, 3:10.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No. 1, T. W. Satterthwaite.....	5 29 58	2 19 58
No. 4, M. Hudson.....	5 34 08	2 24 08
No. 2, C. Woodward.....	5 43 30	2 33 30

Newport Y. R. A.

Constitution, Columbia and Independence.

As this is the first year that any Boston yachtsman has built a boat for the purpose of defending the America Cup since the season that Jubilee and Pilgrim came out, naturally great interest was centered on the performances of Independence against the two Herreshoff boats, Constitution and Columbia. The races given by the Newport Y. R. A. are the first time that all three of the boats have met. Yachtsmen had been able to get a slight line on Constitution's wonderful speed in the races she sailed against Columbia on July 1 and 3, while Independence was still an unknown quantity. The first two races resulted in an unqualified victory for Constitution, proving that she was from ten to thirty minutes faster than Columbia over a thirty-mile course in a light breeze, and a most disappointing showing by Independence, which boat was outclassed by both Columbia and Constitution.

Saturday, July 6.

Com. Gerry's steam yacht Electra acted as the committee boat, and the course laid out was fifteen miles to windward and return. At the start the wind was light and from the east, the tide ebb and a choppy sea with a noticeably long swell underneath. Before the boats had reached the outer mark the wind hauled a little to the north, which allowed the boats to make it on a close reach on the port tack. When about half the run home had been covered, the wind hauled again into the southeast, making it a reach to the finish. The preparatory signal was given at noon, and the starting gun at 12:10. Capt. Rhoads sent Constitution over the line a couple of seconds after the gun. Columbia was some seconds behind, but a little to the weather. Independence crossed 15s. after the 2m. handicap gun had been fired. All the boats crossed on the starboard tack, and shortly after crossing Columbia came about, and in a minute Constitution did the same. Columbia and Constitution were soon back on the starboard tack. The two Herreshoff boats were close together, Columbia behind, but to windward, while Independence was some distance to leeward and making poor weather of it in the lumpy sea, and as the wind was so light each roll of the sea seemed to throw the wind out of her mainsail. Constitution and Columbia continued to draw away fast from the Boston boat, and Constitution pulled slowly away from Columbia on each tack. About 3:15 the breeze that had dropped perceptibly began to freshen, and both the leading boats were moving very fast. Independence was way behind and apparently out of the race. Constitution took in her jib topsail before rounding the mark. Constitution beat Columbia on the windward work 1m. 58s., and Independence 50m. 42s. Columbia beat Independence 48m. 44s. The times at the outer mark:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution	12 10 02	3 43 35	3 33 33
Columbia	12 10 17	3 45 48	3 51 31
Independence	12 12 00	4 46 15	4 24 15

After rounding, Constitution jibed over and set her balloon. Columbia set her spinnaker after rounding and shortly set her balloon jib topsail. Constitution had her spinnaker boom dropped and the sail sent out in stops, but she did not use it. Independence seemed to have struck soft spots and was miles behind. On the run home the balloon on Constitution was kept drawing, and she traveled apparently faster than did Columbia. At one time Constitution lost the breeze and Columbia, which still held it, bid fair to pass her. Constitution set her large and then a smaller spinnaker, but finally took the latter in and jibed over. Finding that ballooners might not draw, both boats put on jibs and fore staysails, as the wind was about abeam. On the run home Constitution beat Columbia 9m. 8s. The times:

	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution	3 43 35	5 48 08	2 04 33
Columbia	3 45 48	5 59 29	2 13 41

The complete table follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constitution	12 10 02	5 48 08	5 38 06	5 38 06
Columbia	12 10 17	5 59 29	5 49 12	5 47 55
Independence	12 12 00	Not timed.		

Constitution beat Columbia 9m. 49s. Over the whole course Constitution beat Columbia 11m. 6s., actual time. She had to allow the older boat 1m. and 17s., so that she won the race by 9m. and 49s.

At the finish Independence could just be seen in the mist, and as she did not finish within the time limit she was not timed.

Monday, July 8.

Mr. Alexander Van Rensselaer's steam yacht May acted as the committee boat, and the start of the race was from a point about five miles E.S.E. of Brenton's Reef Lightship. At the start the wind was very light from the S.W., and the tide ebb. The course laid out was a triangular, the first leg being S.W., the second E. by S. and the third N.N.W. This gave the boats a beat to windward on the first leg by a reach on the second leg and a reach on the third leg.

The preparatory signal was given at 11:45, and Constitution crossed 26s. after the starting gun, which was given at 11:55. Columbia, well up to the windward end of the line, was next over, with Independence under her lee. All crossed on the starboard tack. Rhoads put Constitution about on the port tack and crossed the bows of the other boats. Constitution went to windward like a witch and soon worked away from her opponents. After half an hour's sailing Constitution was well over half a mile ahead of Columbia. Independence was some distance under Constitution's lee, footing very fast, but not pointing as high as the others. The breeze was so light that the crew on Independence were kept to leeward to bring the boat far enough down to keep the sea from rolling the wind out of her sails.

All the way to the first mark Constitution continued to open up the distance between her contestants. About 1 o'clock all three boats were on the same tack, Columbia almost a half mile behind Constitution and Independence about the same distance astern of Columbia. Constitution rounded the first mark at 2:15:51. She had beaten Columbia 10m. 37s., and Independence 39m. 23s. in the beat of ten miles. The times for all three boats at the first mark follow:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution	11 55 26	2 15 51	2 20 25
Columbia	11 56 07	2 27 09	2 31 02
Independence	11 56 22	2 56 10	2 59 48

After rounding, Constitution eased her boom off to port, and working jib topsail and balloon fore staysail were set for the reach. Columbia had set her balloon jib topsail in stops before rounding, and broke it out soon after going around the mark. Independence, who was far behind, set her balloon after rounding. On this leg the wind hauled more to the W. and Columbia and Independence set their spinakers. Later Constitution, after jibing her boom over to port, set her spinnaker, but lowered it soon after, Columbia taking her spinnaker in at the same time. In the reach to the second mark Constitution beat Independence 6m. 17s. and Columbia 8m. 42s. Independence beat Columbia 2m. 30s. on this leg. The times at the second mark:

	1st Turn.	2d Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution	2 15 51	4 04 44	1 48 53
Columbia	2 27 09	4 24 44	1 57 35
Independence	2 56 10	4 51 20	1 55 10

On the reach to the home mark Constitution footed so fast that it was thought that she would finish before Independence rounded the second mark. With everything drawing, she sailed at a wonderful clip, keeping the twelve-knot steam yachts busy to keep pace with her. The times to the home mark:

	2d Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution	4 04 44	4 54 30	0 49 46
Columbia	4 24 44	5 24 36	0 59 52
Independence	4 51 20	6 14 40	1 23 20

Constitution beat Columbia on elapsed time over the course 29m. 25s., and 28m. 8s. on corrected time. She beat Independence on elapsed time 1h. 19m. and 14s., and on corrected time 1h. 18m. and 31s. The table of the race follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constitution	11 55 26	4 54 30	4 59 04	4 59 04
Columbia	11 56 07	5 24 36	5 23 29	5 27 12
Independence	11 56 22	6 14 40	6 18 18	6 17 35

New York Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Wednesday, July 3.

THE second race of the series given by the New York Y. C. for Constitution and Columbia was brought to a sudden end shortly after the start by Columbia meeting with another mishap.

Both boats were on hand early, and they looked to be in fine shape for the race. The boom that buckled up in the race on Monday had been replaced by another. Columbia's canvas was in better shape than Constitution's, the latter's topsail looking badly.

The starting line was made five miles east of Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the committee set the signals for the course. The legs were ten miles each; the first was W.S.W., the second S.E. by E. and the third N. $\frac{1}{2}$ E.

After the preparatory signal and just before the start there was some nice jockeying done by the skippers on the two boats. Columbia was sent across the line just as the starting gun was given at 12:25, close to the stakeboat, and Constitution kept off and crossed a few seconds behind and to leeward. After crossing, both came about and stood away on the port tack. The breeze was fresh and both boats were heeled well down and sailing at a very fast rate.

Eighteen minutes after the start, when both boats had settled down to work and Columbia was doing splendidly, having a slight advantage over Constitution, she was suddenly brought up into the wind. Capt. Rhoads, thinking that Capt. Barr was coming about, followed suit in Constitution, but when he saw headsails being hurriedly lowered on Columbia he realized that an accident had happened. The older boat's bowsprit was cocked up in the air, and closer examination showed that the martingale had buckled up in the form of a letter J. The bowsprit was found to be sprung, but further than that no damage had been done. A nasty accident (that might have been a repetition of Shamrock II's) was avoided by an observing crew and a skillful helmsman. Had the broken martingale not been discovered as soon as it buckled and the boat brought immediately into the wind, the bowsprit would undoubtedly have gone and the mast would probably have followed.

Hull—Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE weather conditions for the regatta of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C., sailed on Saturday, July 6, over the club course off Hull, were not very favorable, the wind being light from the S.E.

Two classes competed. The course for both was from the flag boat off the club house to buoy off Peddocks Island, to buoy off Strawberry Hill, to Sheep Island, to Peddocks and repeat, finishing off club house.

The two classes were sent away together. Bonito, which has been winning prizes in every regatta, sailed under the auspices of the club, immediately jumped into the lead, and it became the imperative duty of her skipper to find the marks for the other yachts.

Bonito was the first to cross the finish line, her lead over Aspinquid being an even 5m. The winner lost considerable time hunting for the buoys.

Aspinquid beat out Malillian for second place by less than a minute, while Ayaya finished fourth and Barbara fifth. Ayaya and Barbara had a good battle, Barbara causing no little surprise by her excellent work.

In the handicap class, C. A. Coleman's Mildred had things her own way from the start, winning by more than 22m. on corrected time. Dabster was unable to finish within the time limit. The summary:

Class T—18-Footers.			
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	2 31 45		
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.....	2 36 45		
Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	2 37 40		
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	2 40 08		
Barbara, A. L. Hayden.....	2 41 26		
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	2 43 28		
Nethla, C. W. Cole.....	2 47 28		

Handicap Class.			
Mildred, C. A. Coleman.....	2 32 05	2 32 05	
Hollie II., W. M. Ware.....	2 57 23	2 54 23	
Dabster, George Keith.....	Time not taken.		

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

CITY POINT—BOSTON HARBOR.

Saturday, July 6.

THE open Y. R. A. regatta of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. of South Boston on Saturday, July 6, was the most successful held this season under the auspices of the Dorchester Bay clubs. There were six classes for Y. R. A. yachts, the only one failing to fill being class I, 18ft. knockabouts.

Flirt won her second victory of the week in class D, defeating Calypso more than a minute. Little Peter came out with a new mainsail, but it set very unsatisfactorily and will be discarded for the old one.

Mildred II. added to the interest in the class S honor hunt by taking first place over Opitsah III., Zaza and Eaglet in that order. Zaza was right after the craft of the Indian name at the finish, and the Burgess boat was far astern.

Hostess made her first appearance in the 25ft. open class, but withdrew before completing the course. Thor-dis won by several minutes.

The Dorchester Y. C. dories, the Savin Hill Y. C. one-design tenders and the open tenders had their usual close contests. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Cabin.			
Flirt, F. W. Fabyan and McKee.....	1 40 09		
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 41 50		
Early Dawn, Jos. E. Doherty.....	1 42 41		
Little Peter, G. B. Doane.....	1 45 55		
Chewink, Frank G. Macomber, Jr.....	Withdrew.		

Class C—25ft. Open.			
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	1 46 45		
Theodora, Frank Burgess.....	1 50 42		
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	1 54 05		
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson.....	2 01 05		
Hostess, Henry M. Faxon.....	Withdrew.		
Romance, Loring Sears.....	Withdrew.		

Class S—21ft. Cabin.			
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	1 48 30		
Opitsah III., Sumner H. Foster.....	1 49 40		
Zaza, G. P. Shute, et al.....	1 49 49		
Eaglet, W. Stanley Burgess.....	1 56 03		

Class T—18ft. Open.			
Circe II., Fred L. Pigeon.....	1 27 03		
Fantasy, William Allerton.....	1 31 50		
Flip, J. H. Farrell.....	Withdrew.		

Class X—15ft. Open.			
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	1 34 06		
Toss, J. B. Stearns.....	1 35 40		
Elsa, Walter Kelly.....	1 37 15		

Dorchester Yacht Club Dories.			
Boomerang, C. A. W. Bartlett.....	1 59 10		
Lurline II., J. P. Meade.....	1 59 11		
Amitra, F. W. Cutter.....	1 59 16		
Vera, H. Lundberg.....	2 00 10		
Hobo, T. W. King.....	Withdrew.		
Boast, Eben Duntun.....	Withdrew.		

Savin Hill Y. C.—One Design Tenders.			
H. Skinner.....	1 06 11		
A. B. Howland.....	1 07 10		
A. McInnis.....	1 07 30		
J. Turner.....	1 07 48		
J. E. Robinson.....	1 09 30		
W. F. Scott.....	1 09 41		
Charles Leach.....	1 10 15		
C. A. J. Smith.....	1 10 31		
Dr. Temple.....	1 11 20		
E. Keepers.....	1 12 04		
J. Willis.....	1 14 15		

Open Tender Class.			
H. L. Stickney.....	1 01 50		
E. E. Merrill.....	1 04 25		
J. F. Trotman.....	1 08 29		
W. F. French.....	1 09 33		
R. S. Landers.....	1 10 15		

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Burgess Y. C. sailed its fifty-sixth regatta in a light N.E. wind on Saturday, July 6. There were only two classes, the raceabouts and 16-footers.

The raceabouts were sent to Bowditch Ledge, then to Gooseberry Ledge buoy and then home. It was a hard fought battle all over the course, Runaway Girl appearing to have the best of it until just off Point Neck, when she was passed by Indian. Runaway Girl took in her spinnaker here and dropped to third place, Indian getting first and Pompilia second.

In the 16ft. class there were six starters. Kalitan took the lead at the start and was never headed, beating Raccoon by 2m. 9s. This is Kalitan's first win. Raccoon and Ugly Duckling put up a great fight all over the course for second place, Raccoon finally winning by 5s.

While Ugly Duckling and Raccoon were having a luffing match in under the neck Gee Whiz and Cyclone were making for the line, and it looked as if one of them would land second money, but the other two kept off just in time to win by a few seconds. The summary:

Raceabouts.			
Indian, J. Laurence.....	1 13 53		
Pompilia, R. Robbins.....	1 14 22		
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	1 14 40		
Darthea, E. B. Lambert.....	1 15 35		
Sally V., L. F. Percival.....	1 20 10		

16-Footers.			
Kalitan, D. H. Follett.....	1 13 58		
Raccoon, J. D. Irving.....	1 15 07		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 15 12		
Gee Whiz, F. G. Macomber.....	1 15 55		
Cyclone, R. Wiggan.....	1 16 07		
Moccasin, J. D. Irving.....	1 21 03		

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE Cohasset Y. C. sailed a regular club race on Saturday, July 6, over course A. Only two classes started, the handicap class not filling. The wind was light and fluky, shifting from the N.E. to the S.E. A thick fog hung over the course at the start, and Fly in the special knockabout class got mixed up with the regular knockabout class, losing valuable time and the race. Harelda proved to be a light-air boat, defeating the other starters in the knockabout class by a minute. The summary:

Knockabout Class.			
Harelda, A. S. Bigelow, Jr.....	2 50 30		
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	2 51 35		
Remora, G. G. Crocker.....	2 51 43		
Eleanor, Frank Moors.....	2 51 55		

Special Knockabout Class.			
Fancy, C. W. Barron.....	2 27 15		
Fly, C. W. Barron.....	2 40 35		

Red Bank Y. C.

RED BANK, N. J.

Thursday, July 4.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Red Bank Y. C. was sailed on Thursday, July 4. The course was laid between the club house and the Oceanic bridge, and was ten miles in length. The times were:

Catboats—Class A.	Elapsed.
Evelyn, Monon.....	1 49 23
Catboats—Class B.	
Mereid, F. L. Blaisdell.....	1 38 55
Catboats—Class C.	
Jessie, A. B. Murray.....	1 39 55
Catboats—Class D.	
Cross Patch, J. W. Taylor.....	1 41 03
Knockabouts.	
Annie	1 28 35
Caprice	1 30 38
L'apoose	1 32 10

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 6.

THE fifth race of the season for the 18ft. knockabouts was sailed on Saturday, July 6, in a light S.E. breeze. The summary:

Miladi	2 20 33
Dazzler	2 21 28
Kittiwake	2 22 47
Lobster	2 24 22
Trouble	2 26 46

The win of to-day for Miladi gives her three firsts this year, Oom Paul having two.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

July 14-23.—San Francisco, Cal.—National Schuetzenbund of North America's annual tournament in Shell Mound Park. Off-hand, 200yds.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 16.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club had a large attendance and the greatest shooting in its history to-day. A. H. Pape beat all records with the rifle, placing his 10 shots in the 4in. ring, a feat never before accomplished. His score in detail was 4, 2, 2, 4, 3, 2, 2, 2, 2, 27. It will be seen that 6 of his shots were in the 2in. ring, 1 in the 3in. ring and 3 in the 4in. ring. He had a run of 12 shots in the 4in. ring. This score beats the record, 34, held by F. O. Young, 7 points. He will receive a special Columbia button from the members, as it is without doubt the score of all scores. He will also receive a beautiful cushion with duplicate of target worked on it in full size by Mrs. G. Mannel, she having offered one similar to that presented to Young with his record. Pape fired over 100 shots and kept tab on German points to see how he would pan out in the bund. He made over a 2-point average. He attempted to better the above 27, and succeeded in making 35 with all his shots in the 5in. ring—a feat never done in the club before. On top of all the cheering and congratulations A. J. Brannigan finished his score with his .38 revolver with all his shots in the 5in. ring, thus winning the Cosgrave medal, which has been up for over a year open to pistol and revolver. Brannigan richly deserves the honor and congratulations which continued to a late hour. He immediately put up a gold medal for 10-shot score in the 4in. ring open to pistol and revolver. Mr. Brannigan's score also beat the club record (37, held by F. O. Young), 1 point, and tied Young's 36 with pistol for first honors to-day. A. B. Dorrell was high with .22 rifle, and Capt. Kuhnle at sixty-five years beat all the boys but Pape with fine rifle. Many visitors took part and witnessed the shooting. Weather conditions were favorable. Scores, off-hand shooting, on Columbia target. Pape used his Pope Winchester, and King's powders, with Young's combination of the same:

A H Pape.....	5	4	5	8	3	2	6	7	6	2-45
.....	4	2	2	4	4	3	2	2	2	2-27
.....	3	7	8	5	4	2	10	9	2	2-58
.....	5	3	8	1	3	6	8	3	4	5-46
.....	3	9	6	6	3	3	7	6	4	9-56
.....	1	6	5	2	8	8	6	5	4	3-49
.....	4	3	6	9	3	3	5	7	4	12-56
.....	5	4	5	3	4	4	5	3	1	1-35
Capt Fred Kuhnle.....	3	4	3	8	2	3	5	6	13	2-49
.....	4	5	4	7	4	9	11	1	2	5-52
.....	4	3	10	6	5	2	9	8	5	11-63
F O Young.....	6	4	9	6	5	9	3	4	4	5-55
.....	6	4	6	6	7	3	8	10	4	8-62
Ed Hovey.....	6	5	10	3	3	8	5	3	9	6-58
.....	4	4	7	4	7	4	14	5	6	3-58
.....	9	5	6	5	4	3	6	4	5	4-62
A B Dorrell.....	3	1	9	6	6	7	8	8	5	7-60
G Mannel.....	6	3	10	6	5	2	9	8	5	11-63

G. M. Barley 69, 77, 85; C. Burrell 78; H. Hinkel 79; Alex. Pape 84, 111, 131; C. Bachmann 92, 111, 137; Dr. J. F. Twist 92, 98, 102, 109; A. Hohmann 109, 148; F. L. Pape 115, 117; E. A. Allen 165; G. Mannel, 3-shot score, 15.

Pistol, 50yds, 10 shots: F. O. Young 36, 45, 38; G. W. Hoadley 52, 53, 58, 63, 64, 65, 67; Mrs. G. Mannel 74, 89; E. A. Allen 93, 96.

Revolver, 50yds., 10 shots:

A J Brannigan.....	5	2	5	3	4	5	3	4	1	4-36
.....	5	1	4	4	2	6	5	3	2	8-40
.....	4	5	3	5	4	4	3	1	7	4-40
.....	9	6	6	4	1	4	4	4	6	1-45

P. A. Becker 50, 55, 55; F. O. Young 65, 70; G. W. Hoadley 73; Dr. J. F. Twist 55, 82, 86, 89; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker 83, 84, 92.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds.: A. B. Dorrell 19, 24; H. Hinkel 29; E. Miller 27, 29; E. A. Allen 37, 41; W. G. Haxe 40, 41; H. Stevens 37, 54, 54; Mr. Heller 84.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 24.—Yesterday was an ideal day at Shell Mound range. The range was crowded, and some good work was done. J. E. Gorman, of the Golden Gate Club, with a Smith & Wesson single shot pistol, broke the former record held by him of 471 in 50 shots at 50yds., Standard American target. His score was 475. By 10-shot strings, 95, 96, 95, 95, 94. This is marvelously fine work, as the shooting is done in the open, and the marksman has to study both light and wind.

Assiduous practice for the great national bund shoot next month is the order of the day. A most successful festival is assured, and the array of prizes donated by our citizens is a credit both to them and to the bund. Many dozens of prizes have an intrinsic value of from \$100 to \$1,000 each. Scores yesterday:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot: F. Hensel 100, D. Salfeld 185, L. Bendel 365, J. Gefken 416, F. Brandt 459, J. Horstmann 560, H. Stelling 571, Capt. J. Thode 600, R. Stettin 601, J. Utschig 615, W. F. Garms 633, J. Beuttler 710, F. P. Schuester 725, H. Meyer 773, A. Pape 780, F. Boeckmann 806, Alec Pape 820, W. Glindemann 831, C. F. Thierbach 839, G. H. Bahrs 910.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: R. Stettin 173, J. Gefken 278, W. Doell 303, E. Brandt 330, C. M. Henderson 445, H. Zecher 460, D. B. Faktor 500, F. P. Schuster 533, D. Salfeld 700, J. F. Bridges 781, L. N. Ritzau 786, L. Haake 806, W. Goetze 845, H. Schwieger 905, J. Utschig 920.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class, F. P. Schuster 440; second champion class, not won; first class, D. Salfeld 407; second class, L. Brune 378; third

class, W. Doell 380; fourth class, H. Sethmann 324; best first shot, D. Salfeld 24; best last shot, W. F. Garms, 25.

Red Men's Schuetzen Company, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, William Dressler 402; first class, Capt. Grieb 311; second class, J. A. Mohr, 375; third class, H. Schult 326; fourth class, D. Tamke 256; best first shot, C. Oldag 24; best last shot, J. A. Mohr 23.

Red Men's Schuetzen Company, monthly bullseye shoot: Capt. Siebe medal final, Capt. H. Grieb; first prize, William Dressler; second prize, P. H. Rulfs; third prize, H. Bach; fourth prize, Capt. H. Grieb; fifth prize, D. Tamke.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, semi-monthly handicap: A. Gebret 227, 229; D. B. Faktor 214. Gold medal—W. F. Blasse 192, 203; M. F. Blasse 190, 203, 214; B. Jonas 209, 206, 214, 218; C. M. Henderson 224, 223; J. B. Bridges 200. Silver medal—F. Fay 171, 191, 180; E. L. Reimenschneider 193, 190. Pistol, handicap—J. E. Gorman 95, 96, 95, 95, 94; W. F. Blasse 80, 81, 81. Silver medal—M. J. White 86.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 1.—Weather conditions were fine yesterday at Shell Mound range, and the shooting stand was crowded with rifle men. Many marksmen, who seldom handle the rifle any more, were on hand practicing for the coming big bund shoot.

F. E. Mason, who has been doing fine shooting of late, made in a practice score in 10 shots on the regulation point target, 29 points out of a possible 30, a marvelous score. Scores of the day:

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, medal shoot for July—Champion class, D. B. Faktor 451; first class, R. Stettin 412; second class, Henry Stelling 404; third class, Dr. F. H. Cranz 400; fourth class, J. Beuttler 369; best first shot, D. B. Faktor 25; best last shot, D. B. Faktor, 25.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot—First champion class, F. P. Schuster 223, 214; second champion class, Charles Thierbach 203, 198; first class, Henry Stelling 211, 200; second class, L. N. Ritzau 210, 204; third class, William Doell 217, 195; best first shot, F. P. Schuster 25; best last shot, F. P. Schuster 25. Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot—R. Stettin 303, F. Rathjens 245, F. P. Schuster 424, L. N. Ritzau 425, August Hohmann 575, John Gefken 668, Capt. John Thode 752, William Glindemann 796, John D. Heise 873, Henry Meyer 912, A. Mocker 990, Herman Huber 999, Otto Lemcke 1015.

Swiss Rifle Club, monthly bullseye shoot: prizes were secured in the following order—P. Vautier, Charles Bachmann, A. Gehret, A. von Wyl, A. Monotti, J. Leeman, A. Studer, A. Furrer, F. Baumgartner, J. Scheibli, P. Croce, F. Suter, E. Bacota, A. Huguenin, B. La Croix, R. Hauser, H. E. Chollet, A. Grandjean, George Orsi.

Swiss Rifle Club, monthly medal shoot—Champion class, A. Gehret 433; A. von Wyl 406; first class, A. Studer 404, R. Hauser 398, J. Scheibli 369, G. Orsi 369; second class, P. Croce 356, A. Monotti 355; third class, Charles Bachmann 325, Joseph Furrer 302, E. Bacala 297, B. La Croix 286, Edward Suter 287, H. E. Chollet 255.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, rifle, handicap—Dr. L. Dorrell 224; O. Bremer 200; F. E. Mason 223, 224, 227; A. B. Dorrell 217; D. B. Faktor 225; gold medal, J. Kullmann 209, 201, 199; M. F. Blasse 202.

ROEEL.

Visible Traveling Projectiles.

Mr. D. C. Beaman of Denver, Colo., has recently procured a patent for visibly traveling projectiles. The invention is thus described in the patent:

"The improvement consists in making the projectile visible while traveling through the air.

"To be more specific, the improvement consists in providing the projectile with a composition or substance capable of ignition from the powder or other explosive of the driving charge or by friction with the inside of the barrel of the gun or other firing implement or machine, or by friction with the air, whereby a visible smoke or streak, either dark or luminous, is produced during the passage of the projectile from the gun toward the object aimed at, or a substance which will by friction alone diffuse, disperse, emit, or give off a dust or other substance sufficient to make the path of the projectile visible.

"My object is to enable the gunner and others to readily observe whether the shooting is too high or too low or too much to the right or left of the object, as well as any other inaccuracies of aim, and better enable the marksman to correct his aim and regulate the amount of explosive to be used, especially in firing at moving objects or targets, animate or inanimate.

"I accomplish the aforesaid object by coating the shot, bullet, or other form or kind of projectile with a substance or compound that emits or diffuses fumes, smoke, or vapor of more or less density during comparatively slow combustion after ignition either by the heat or flame of the explosion produced by the discharge of the gun or after ignition by friction with the bore of the gun or with the air or otherwise, or by friction with the air without ignition."

While the patent covers all kinds of projectiles—cannon balls, shells, rifle bullets and shot—Mr. Beaman claims it interests bird and inanimate target shooters especially. It is well known that at times a shooter will score a number of misses for which he cannot account, and this invention is intended to inform him where he is shooting.

The patent gives the formula of the compound in chemical terms, and it is not expected that the coating of an ordinary charge of shot will add perceptibly to the cost.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, July 7. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target.

Gindele was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 230. The weather was fair; thermometer, 86°, wind, 8 to 5 o'clock, strong and gusty:

	Honor.
Gindele	230 220 214 212 212 20 23 21-64
Payne	221 216 215 213 211 23 21 19-63
Hasenzahl	221 214 211 207 206 23 14 23-60
Speth	219 213 212 208 207 19 21 21-61
Drube	217 197 197 187 181 17 15 21-53
Strickmeier	214 212 208 206 206 21 21 15-57
Nestler	213 202 182 182 170
Uckotter	203 192 187 180 179 22 12 19-53
Roberts	198 197 193 186 185
Lux	196 196 194 191 191 17 23 8-45
Hofer	192 192 188 186 181 14 15 13-42
Topf	192 176 150 146 145 5 5 18-28
Weinheimer	185 175 170 166 157
Hoffman	169 165 161 136
Surkamer	147 135

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 10.—Leominster, Mass.—Contest between teams of the Leominster, Fitchburg and Gardner gun clubs.

July 10-11.—St. Paul, Minn.—Sixth annual tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, at Inter-city Shooting park; \$340 added money. J. L. D. Morrison, 604 N. Y. Life Building, St. Paul.

July 15-17.—Columbia, Mo.—State Amateur shoot, under the auspices of the Columbia Gun Club. W. A. Vivion, Sec'y.

July 18.—Williamsport, Pa.—All-day tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

July 24-25.—Detroit, Mich.—Third shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Pastime Gun Club. John Parker, manager.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

July 30-31.—Bowling Green, O.—Target and live bird tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Brantford, Can.—Target tournament of the Brantford Gun Club. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. Amateur. John Blistain, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; \$1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 23.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tournament of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association, under auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

July 10-11.—Jamestown, N. Y.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club. Dr. C. Rawson, Sec'y.

July 16-19.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—The Interstate Association's second Grand American Handicap target tournament; \$1,000 added money. Edward Banks, Sec'y-Treas., 318 Broadway, New York. Regular entries close at 6 P. M., July 16.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The Shooting Times (England), in an editorial comment on the American team, guns, loads, etc., says: "The Anglo-American clay bird contest at Hendon ended, as we anticipated, in a runaway victory for the Americans, the home team being quite outclassed from start to finish. The American team, it was admitted by Mr. Paul North, was composed of the finest clay pigeon shooters that America could produce, and every individual was provided with the best weapon, as well as the most perfect ammunition for the purpose. Their guns were 12 bore, choked to 14, weighed 8 pounds or more, with 31 to 32 inch barrels, while their cartridges, 3¼ to 3½ inch cases, loaded with 1¼ ounces of No. 7½ shot, were wadded with the very best material that has ever been seen in this country. The inch or so of soft wads in the cartridge was to prevent the escape of gases into the shot charge when leaving the muzzle. Eight Americans shot with Parker guns, two used Winchester "pump" guns, and two shot with guns made by the Hunter Arms Co. The English team used guns by Cogswell & Harrison, Greener, Boss, Langley, Boswell, Cashmore, Westley Richards, and Rigby. Apart, however, from the question of arms and ammunition, it must be admitted that the English team were much inferior as marksmen. This is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that in the first match, which was lost by 65 birds, the British team in as many as 150 instances saved the loss of the bird by the use of the second barrel, thus proving that the second barrel was a most important factor. The American team were, we thought, rather slow and seemed to follow their birds, but there was no doubt about the result when they loosed off. In the great majority of cases the bird was fairly struck and simply vanished in a puff of dust. This result may be explained by the fact that at 40 yards the American guns gave a pattern resembling the top of a pepper caster, every pellet being within a circle only 14 inches in diameter. This closeness of pattern, of course, speaks more eloquently than words as to the fine shooting of the Americans." It will appeal to the sportsmen on this side of the ocean as a novel idea that the American team members were slow in their time when shooting. A pattern of 14 inches in diameter at 40 yards is also novel. Nevertheless the praise of American guns, ammunition, skill, etc., is merited.

The programme of the Interstate Association's trap shooting tournament given for the Providence Gun Club, Aug. 7, 8 and 9, is now ready for distribution, and can be secured of Mr. R. C. Root, secretary Providence Gun Club, Providence, or of Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager Interstate Association, No. 111 Broadway avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. The programme is alike for each day, namely, ten events, of which five are at 15 and five at 20 blue-rocks, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Headquarters at the Narragansett Hotel. The programme further presents the following general information: "Price of targets (2 cents each) included in all entrances. All purses will be divided according to the Rose system, into four moneys, at the ratio of 8, 5, 3, 2. Guns and ammunition forwarded to C. F. Pope Co., Providence, R. I., will be delivered at the shooting grounds free of charge. First class loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds, and lunch will be served on the grounds. The Interstate Association's rules will govern all events. The grounds will be open for shooting all day Tuesday. Targets 1 cent each. The Providence Gun Club will give to the seven high average amateurs shooting entire programme: First, \$25; second, \$20; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5; sixth, \$3; seventh, \$2. To the four high average paid representatives shooting entire programme: First, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10, and fourth, \$5. To all of the shooters who will remain over until Saturday, Aug. 10, the Providence Gun Club will give a complimentary Rhode Island clambake at Field's Point. This dinner will differ from the one two years ago, as it will be given in the day time, no electric lights. From the dinner we will continue down the river to Crescent park, where you will get your money's worth. No mistake."

The following telegram was received from Mr. Edward Banks on Tuesday afternoon of this week, immediately, we presume, after the American team had landed at Boston: "We have just arrived with all on board the Cestrian well. Powers, Merrill and Elliott stayed in Europe, and will return later. The weather since we left Liverpool has been most inclement; rain, winds, fogs and extreme cold making it almost a midwinter trip in midsummer. We celebrated the Fourth of July in good shape, our skipper, Capt. Thomas, aiding us in our efforts. One of the attractions on that day was a shooting exhibition, which made noise enough for anybody. On the fifth we sighted an iceberg, and at night the thermometer dropped to forty, making three blankets not enough to keep off the shivers. We have had fog more or less for half the trip, and everyone is now well acquainted with the sound of the Cestrian's whistle. The boys are all in good shape and simply delighted to be back home again."

In the ten man team contest on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, Saturday of last week, between the South Side Gun Club and the Bowling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., the former won by a score of 211 to 210, out of a possible 250.

Under date of July 8, Capt. J. A. H. Dressel writes us as follows: "Assuming that the friends of the American team like to keep posted as to what they are doing, I would say that the team sailed on the Cestrian and are due in Boston on the 9th or 10th inst. Mr. Powers is in the hospital with a light attack of typhoid fever, and Mr. Merrill remained behind to look after him. Mr. Elliott has gone to Belgium to shoot pigeons. From a confidential source I am satisfied that they are all glad to return, they being either homesick or worn out. They have arrived at the unanimous decision that America is good enough for them."

The Lafayette (Ind.) Gun Club has issued the programme for its fifteenth annual tournament, to be held on Aug. 8 and 9. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. There are fourteen events in the programme for the first day, at 10, 15 and 20 targets; entrance \$1, \$1.50 and \$2. There are ten events for the second day, of which No. 9 is at 50 targets, \$5 entrance, for the Badge shoot, open only to Indiana shooters. Four moneys in each event, and four moneys for high averages for the entire programme.

The communication from Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, published elsewhere in our trap columns, will be read with keen interest by the trapshooters and other sportsmen of America. It announces a repetition of the conditions which governed the Anglo-American medal match. Also a reception dinner will be given to the team, the particulars of which are also mentioned by Capt. Dressel in his communication.

According to the press reports, if the American team had remained abroad another week or two, England would have been annexed to the United States. As the matter now stands, Britannia only lost a large part of her personal property.

Owing to the hot weather Mr. J. S. Wright has decided to postpone his shoot, fixed for July 10, at Interstate park.

BERNARD WATERS.

The Anglo-American Match.

The Impressions of a Spectator.

I SHOULD like to be allowed to record my impressions of the Anglo-American match which took place at the Middlesex Gun Club grounds at Hendon last week. I confess that I was among those who at one time thought the conditions of this contest were more or less even, but I was convinced during the early stages of the struggle that my opinions were hardly well founded. It is not my intention—and I wish to state it clearly at the outset—to underrate the marvelous skill displayed by our visitors, for, in a large measure, the contest was one of skill, but it was skill backed up by other conditions, to which I think attention may with profit to all be called. Not only were our gunners outclassed at having to meet a body of shooters who, while being described as sportsmen, may also be described as experts, if not professionals, at their business. They were the pick of seventy million people, and were men who probably fire off more cartridges in one month—perhaps in one week—that some Englishmen fire in a year. Our guns were also outclassed, and our cartridges distinctly so. The birds were thrown at a pace and at a distance which to my mind beat not only gunners but guns, and I am perfectly satisfied that clay-bird shooting of the type displayed by the Americans can no longer be classed as an auxiliary to game shooting, but a distinct sport of itself, necessitating special weapons and special loads. You were good enough last week to illustrate the difference in the size of the cartridges used. I take it that the two illustrations represented the extremes, but in no case did our American visitors fire the same load as the Englishmen, and although many persons thought that a match would be arranged in which both Englishmen and Americans would use our guns and our charges, they were disappointed to find that no test of that kind took place, and consequently there is no datum as to what the result of such a match might be. The probabilities are that the Americans would have won by reason of their greater practice, but I am satisfied that the distinction would have been less marked. Opinions will necessarily differ as to whether clay-bird shooting will go down as a sport if it is to be made a sport entirely its own, necessitating, as I have previously observed, special guns and special cartridges. When it was introduced it was, I believe, introduced as an auxiliary, and was recommended to game shooters as a means of practice during the dead season, fitting them to use their game guns and game charges with better effect in the field. Whether it has done this I do not know. Time alone will prove whether shooters will divide themselves into two distinct classes—game shots and clay-bird shots—but I am convinced that no further matches will take place under conditions such as we saw them last week.

There are many lessons which, as you foreshadowed, can be drawn from the contest in question, and the greatest one, I think, will be found in cartridge loading. Apart from all other considerations, it will be admitted that there is a superiority in American cartridges, principally in the wadding, this being so beautifully adapted as to provide a cushion between the shot and the powder, and preventing any escape of gas in the shot to scatter it and make the pattern wild and irregular. I saw some guns plated, and the pattern given was almost faultless; due not so much to the guns, seeing that in some instances they were very cheap ones, but to the method of loading, and I have ascertained that the cost of these cartridges is far beyond anything paid by the best English sportsmen. I have long been convinced that cheap cartridges are a mistake, and, although as much as 50 per cent. more may be paid to get exactly what is wanted, I am convinced that costly cartridges would be cheaper in the end, inasmuch as more kills would be recorded with the first barrel. As Mr. Paul North rightly observes, the Englishman chucks one of two barrels away, usually the first, and steadies himself with the second; but he has in consequence to rely on a diminished chance, seeing that the bird is further away and the pattern less deadly. I think this much is proved by the use of smaller shot, which implies that our visitors believe in literally, if I may use the term, mobbing the quarry, and giving it no possible chance of escape.

It does seem to me very singular that in view of the columns, almost volumes of matter which have been written by so-called experts on cartridges and cartridge loading, we should have to wait for a contest of this kind to give us practical lessons in what our experts all along pretended to fully understand and know so much about. In almost all cases the wads occupied nearly, and in some cases more than, an inch of the case, and moreover, were a size larger and forced into the cartridge case. On examination I found their wads to be made of pure wool, while ours are hard and cut from something which I am not sufficiently versed in the subject to be able to describe; but the results were so certain that I am certain, too, that we are on the eve of a change in cartridge loading, not only for clay-bird shooting but for game shooting also. Whether this will necessitate a lengthening of the shell, or whether the same results can be secured in the same space, is a matter for experience rather than opinion. It seems that our visitors acquitted themselves equally well at live-bird shooting, and as in this a 3in. case is usually used, I assume that we shall see the effects of better loading very quickly in this branch of sport—just such it may be called. The question of one versus two barrels solved itself, and I cherish a hope that at the next championship meeting single barrel contests will be introduced; but I would suggest that unless heavier guns and longer cases are used, the birds should be thrown a shorter distance, and the distance from the shooter to the trap diminished also, for I take it that a long run of kills is what everybody wants, and this is, I am convinced, quite impossible under prevailing conditions.

There is one other matter which I would like to touch upon, although I feel some delicacy in so doing; I refer to the kind of liquid fortification necessary for good shooting. No man begrudges a clay-bird shot his proper measure of nourishment, but I certainly think that tea and ginger beer are more conducive to sustaining skill behind the gun than the more pungent refreshment usually indulged in by the average British trapshooter. It is evident that the very highest results were aimed at by our visitors, and there was not lacking, as far as I could see, anything on their part to secure that result, even though it entailed a good deal of self-denial in what are held to be the good things of this life.—A. B. C. in Shooting Times.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Missouri State Amateur.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 6.—Shooters of the middle West should bear in mind the eleventh annual tournament of the Missouri State Amateur Shooting Association, which will be held at Columbia, Mo., July 15, 16 and 17. Mr. W. A. Vivion, secretary of the Association, lives at Columbia, and will answer any inquiries. The Columbia Gun Club has a membership of thirty-five, all good fellows, and each one of the members will be glad to see visitors. The tournament is strictly amateur, professionals not allowed to participate in any of the purses, although they are eligible to shoot for the targets. Dave Elliott, of St. Louis, will trap the live birds and two magautraps will handle the targets. The club adds \$10 for the first high gun each day, and \$5 to second high gun. Rose system of division obtains, and there are to be four moneys.

Bowling Green.

The Bowling Green Gun Club, of Bowling Green, O., will hold an amateur tournament July 30 and 31 at targets and live birds, magautrap, Sergeant system. Live sparrows and live pigeons also. Mr. John H. Lincoln is secretary of the club, and the club will welcome all visitors of amateur tendencies.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, June 29.—The scores of the Chicago Gun Club follow. Ed Steck was in good form to-day and did the grind act on 103 out of 110 shot at. Visitor Boltman did good work with his new gun. Harry F. Carson, formerly a member of this club, has not forgotten how to hold. About three years since he shot at targets. The club will have larger attendance now, as the Saturday half holiday will be taken advantage of by some of the members that are employed by large firms that do not shoot targets, and object to giving others a chance.

Five men—Buck, Steck, Bowles, O'Brien and King—won once in the monthly shoot.

Weekly trophy, 25 targets, handicap in targets:

	Broke.	Hdep.	Total.
Walters	010000110100110110010001—11	6	17
Bowles	0111001111110101010111—18	5	23
Mack	111111101101101101101—21	4	25
Mrs Carson	101011111111110011111—21	6	25
H F Carson	11100111101011111111—21	0	21
Dr Carson	100101111111111111110—21	0	21
Buck	1111011010111010010101—17	5	22
Boltman	10111111111011011111—22	0	22
Dunbar	101000110100110001001—11	8	19

Steck won in the shoot-off.

Monthly trophy, handicap in rise:

Walters, 16.....	011111101111101—12
Mrs. Carson, 16.....	1111111010111—13
H F Carson, 16.....	01111111111—14
Buck, 16.....	110111101000—10
Boltman, 16.....	11111111111—15
Mrs Howard, 16.....	1101110111110—12
Dunbar, 16.....	1001111010010—9
Bowles, 18.....	1101111011100—11
Mack, 18.....	0111011100101—10
Dr Morton, 18.....	1111000001110—8
Steck, 18.....	1111111111110—9
Dr Burcky, 18.....	1000000100010—4
Dr Carson, 21.....	1111111111101—14
O'Brien, 21.....	1111111110111—14
Bowles, 21.....	1001100100111—9
Buck, 21.....	1000011111011—10

Shoot-off of ties on 14:

Steck, 18.....	011111—6
O'Brien, 21.....	111111—7
Dr Carson, 21.....	1011001—4
O'Brien won.	

July 6.—The scores of the Chicago Gun Club's weekly trophy shoot follow. Steck was high gun, and Morton won the handicap trophy.

Weekly trophy, 25 targets:

	Broke.	Hdep.	Total.
Antoine	001111010100011111111—18	1	19
Dr Carson	1111101111111111111—24	0	24
Mrs Carson	0101111110101111111—20	6	25
Dr Morton	0100101011110011111—18	5	23
A W Morton	1110111101111111111—22	5	25
Dr Burcky	010110110000000001000—8	12	20
Morgan	101100111110101100011—17	10	25
Steck	1111111111111111111—25	0	25
Cornwell	000111100011010010100—11	12	23

Monthly trophy, 15 targets:

Mrs Carson, 16.....	000111111110111—11
Dr Burcky, 16.....	00100001100110—6
Morgan, 16.....	1100111010101—10
Quade, 16.....	0111110111001—11
Antoine, 18.....	1101111101111—13
Dr Morton, 18.....	1111111001111—13
A W Morton, 18.....	1111111101010—13
Dr Carson, 21.....	0101011011111—11
Steck, 20.....	1111110110111—13

Chas. Antoine wins monthly trophy on shoot-off, with added sweep.

BLUE JEANS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 6.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third shoot of second series in trophy shoots.

The day was an unpleasant one for shooting, owing to a strong and gusty wind from the rear, making the targets fly any old way. Nevertheless some good scores were made. Hellman and Ford tied for Class A medal on 24, W. A. Jones won Class B medal on 22, and C. H. Kehl won Class C on 8.

The attendance was the smallest of the season, owing to our big celebration shoot only two days ago, and the boys' guns have not had time to cool off yet.

Third trophy shoot, second series, 25 targets:

J D Pollard.....	11111010101111111110111—21
W T Johnson.....	11100111111101101110011—19
A McGowan.....	111111011100101010000—15
P McGowan.....	10111110110111111101011—20
L Thomas.....	010100000111001000000—8
N H Ford.....	1111111111111111111—25
Dr Meek.....	10101010110011110000101—14
C H Kehl.....	00011011000000100001000—8
A Hellman.....	111111111111111111110—24
W A Jones.....	111011111011011111011—22
A Marshall.....	111011111101111011011—21
S E Young.....	111000010101001101011—14

In a team shoot between six-man teams of the Garfield and La Grange gun clubs, Garfield won by 6 targets. Each contestant shot at 25. The scores were:

Garfield—Dr. Shaw 21, J. S. Boa 22, T. Hicks 22, C. P. Richards 23, A. Hellman 21, N. Ford 22; total 131.
La Grange—N. P. Northcott 25, A. E. Sweeney 20, J. J. Ellis 22, F. I. Ellis 22, R. B. Adams 18, R. McMullen 18.

Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club.

PLEASANT HILL, Mo.—The fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tourney, open to all colored shooters, will take place at Pleasant Hill, Mo., under the auspices of Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club, on Aug. 23.

All colored shooters should begin to try and arrange to be here on that date. Those not wishing to enter sweepstake events can have a grand day's sport entering in the merchandise events, where entrances will be only 1 cent for targets. Shooters can win such grand prizes as guns, revolvers, ammunition, etc., as the manufacturers have been very liberal toward us this year. We expect to see more colored shooters at Pleasant Hill on the 23d than ever was known of before.

The sweepstake events, where there will be added money, will be open to all. This is done for the friendliness that exists between the white clubs of Pleasant Hill and vicinity, our boys being permitted to shoot in their practice shoots, and welcome to attend some of their all-day shoots.

Programmes will be out in a few weeks, and may be obtained by addressing T. H. Cohron, Sec'y, Box 345.

Towanda Gun Club.

TOWANDA, N. Y., July 4.—The shoot held by the Towanda Rod and Gun Club on July 4 is considered by sportsmen the best meet ever held here.

The two most interesting matches were the 25-target events. In the first, Stroh broke 22, and in the second broke the 25.

In the miss-and-out events, Stroh won the first with a score of 7, and Ryan duplicated the feat in the second event of the kind. Mr. Shaw, of Owego, representing the Scotten-Dillon Tobacco Company, of Detroit, acted as referee.

There were twenty-five shooters, among them being W. H. Stroh and J. W. Ensign, of Pittston; S. D. Reed, Frank Cleveland and C. L. Cooper, of Tunkhannock; Del. Higgins, H. D. La Plant and Wm. Hollingshead, of Sayre; F. E. Strubble, of Athens; L. J. Beecher, of Le Raysville; Fisher Welles, of Wyalusing, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. L. Brownie, of Abilene, Kan.

Targets were thrown from a magautrap.

Fifteen events were shot with a total of 195 targets thrown; of these Stroh, of Pittston, broke 164, and F. D. Montayne, of Towanda, 160. The first thirteen events are summarized as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
W H Stroh.....	8	10	10	10	10	9	8	13	8	8	10	9	12
F D Montayne.....	7	8	12	7	8	5	10	12	9	9	8	10	13
Del Higgins.....	8	7	9	6	7	7	11	7	4	9	6	10	
Jay Ward.....	5	6	5	5	5	10	8	6	7	4	10		
L Brownie.....	9	6	7	8	8	8	12	8	10	13			
Geo McCabe.....	9	8	10	6	8	5	11	7	13				
S D Reed.....	8	8	10	8	7	9	7	11	5	8	12		
F Welles.....	7	5	7	7	7	10	7	7	10				
Wm F Dittich.....	6	13	9	8	3	6	5	6	9				
J W Ensign.....	9	9	11	10	10	10	13	9	9				
F Cleveland.....	8	7	9	5	8	5	6	4	10				
W Hollingshead.....	6	3	5	6	3	3	3	6	10				
C L Cooper.....	9	3	10	9	3	3	7	7	10				
G L Ryan.....	8	6	10	9	8	9	8	11					
Geo Curran.....	3	9	3	3	3	9	5	11					
Porter Gregg.....	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	11					
W Shiner.....	5	7	9	11	11	11	11	11					
F E Struble.....	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	8					
M Shores.....	9	7	8	11	11	11	7	10					
H D La Plant.....	1	6	4	4	4	4	4	4					
L J Beecher.....	7	3	6	5	1	5	1	9					
R Drislane.....	1	5	1	5	1	5	1	9					
R B Kerriek.....	5	6	9	9	9	9	9	9					
Mrs L Brownie.....	7	6	6	6	6	6	6	6					
O Mayer.....	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4					

Millbrook Gun Club

MILLBROOK, N. Y.—The Millbrook Gun Club held an all-day shoot on July 4. The main event, a 100-bird race, was for the championship gold medal of Dutchess county.

When the hour for starting the medal race arrived, 2 P. M., there were four of the best target shots in the county entered, namely, F. B. Stephenson and G. G. Stephenson, of Amenia; Foster, of Millbrook, and Condit, of Poughkeepsie. When the race was half over it was seen that Tompkins, a novice, of the home club, had a chance to win, and to the surprise of all present he won out in the end with the fine score of 89 breaks.

Mr. Tompkins commenced shooting in February of this year and soon took the lead among the beginners. On Decoration Day his average was about 70 per cent.

One hundred-bird championship medal race: F. J. Tompkins 89, F. B. Stephenson 88, E. J. Foster 86, G. G. Stephenson 76, M. Condit 70, A. S. Tallman 67, J. Sackerson 48, J. Baldwin 44, W. J. Perkins and A. M. Boucher withdrew.

Ten-bird events.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Tallman	9	10	9	9	9	9	7	9	10	9	10	10	10
Foster	8	9	7	9	6	9	7	10	9	8	10	10	10
F Stephenson	9	7	8	9	7	8	8	9	7	10	10	10	10
G Stephenson	7	9	7	7	8	7	7	9	6	7	10	10	10
Boucher	2	6	5	2	3	3	4	3	6	7	10	10	10
Tompkins	7	8	9	8	7	6	9	7	6	5	7	10	10
Baldwin	7	7	8	6	7	7	6	5	4	10	10	10	10
Condit	7	6	6	5	10	8	5	10	10	10	10	10	10
Perkins	4	7	3	6	9	7	7	8	10	10	10	10	10
Sipperly	5	1	3	5	2	4	1	1	2	3	4	5	6
Hicks	5	1	3	5	2	4	1	1	2	3	4	5	6
W Vincent	0	2	3	1	3	1	3	1	3	0	3	0	0
Cook	3	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	1
Sheldon	5	6	3	4	2	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
B Vincent	0	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	1	1	1	1
De Witt	5	6	5	3	5	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1
Olivet	5	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Stocking	4	8	7	6	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1

J. TALLMAN.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Centerville Gun Club.

Centerville, N. J., July 4.—Herewith find score of shoot at Centerville Gun Club grounds for to-day.

We shall be pleased to have you print our scores in your paper so that the shooters of the country may hear from us occasionally.

S V Van Doven.....	0011111011101111101101—19
A Hall.....	0111011001111110111110—21
Geo Dalley.....	1000100100100100000010—7
S T Schenck.....	0110001100101001101110—9
W N Servis.....	101101101110111010011110—15
	101011101110111010011110—17
	011011000010011101001100—12
	0010010000101010100111—12
	11110111001111100111101—19
	110111110—8

W. N. SERVIS, Sec'y.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., July 6.—There was a large attendance of shooters, many of whom were visitors. The main event was the team shoot between the home club, the South Side Gun Club, and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., the home club winning by the narrow margin of 1 target—211 to 210. Following are the scores:

Ten-man team race, 25 targets per man:	
Boiling Springs Gun Club—Woodruff 21, Welles 19, Appar 19, Carrough 22, Schoverling 18, Collins 22, Schneider 24, Hyde 22, Jacks 22, Huck 21; total 210.	
South Side Gun Club—Feigenspan 22, Gardiner 21, Dudley 22, Geoffroy 22, Glover 24, Hassinger 20, Hayes 21, Weller 18, Dukes 23, Sinnock 18; total 211.	
Team match, two men, 25 targets each man:	
Team No. 1—Gardiner 22, Glover 24; total 46.	
Team No. 2—Appar 21, Piercy 23; total 44.	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets:	15 15 15 15 15 15
Geoffroy.....	12 14 13 12 14 ..
Hyde.....	13 13 13 13 13 14
Appar.....	12 14 14 12 13 14
Glover.....	12 13 14 13 13 14
Welles.....	13 11 10 11 ..
Dudley.....	13 15 14 11 ..
Tighe.....	9 13 10 14 11 9
Count.....	12 .. 11 .. 10 8
Carrough.....	12 14 14 14 10 12
Weller.....	13 13 11 ..
Woodruff.....	11
Paul.....	12 7
Douglas.....	7 .. 14 13 .. 14
Huck.....	15 14 13 ..
Feigenspan.....	14 14 12 13 ..
Frank.....	8 13 .. 9 ..
Yeomans.....	11 8 11 ..
James.....	12 12 13 10 12

Cape May Gun Club.

Cape May, N. J., July 4.—Last fall we were talking about a gun club up here on the golf club porch, and now you see it is a reality. And it is not separate from the golf club, but really a part of it, "a club within a club," you know. Early in June traps were in operation behind the old embankment out on the marsh. There, late in the cool of the afternoon a group of enthusiasts have gathered, gun in hand, to aim at the clay pigeons whizzing through the air from out behind the artificial earth mound. The clump of poplars has afforded a comfortable shelter for spectators among the women.

This afternoon there was a sound of voices from the red room. After a while a group of young men emerged and announced that a gun club was organized on a permanent basis. W. J. Allison is president and George D. McCreary, Jr., secretary and treasurer. Mr. Allison has been the prime mover, and we all must thank him for his active encouragement and kindness in helping furnish the boys with pigeons and shooting equipment.

Recently Allison, Porter, Dimond, Shearer and the McCreary tried a half hour's shooting down on the marsh. When the group came up we learned that Gilbert H. Shearer, Jr., was in the lead with 17 out of 25. He is doing remarkable work, breaking 8 straight. Later Mr. Allison went back again and made 19 out of 25, the best of the afternoon.

Excitement reached fever heat on the club house porch on the afternoon of July 3, when the report of guns came up from the meadows, followed by a vocal report that James K. Hackett, the actor, was shot. This was followed by the explanation that he was not shot himself, but had shot; in fact, was shooting at that moment.

James K. Hackett proved himself as accurate with the shotgun as he is deft with the sword. This was no shooting affair on the stage, but one in real life. However, the victims were but clay pigeons, as those of us who went down toward the trap found out.

Capt. Le Mott was there also. He is an army officer and an old-time friend of Alfred Dupont, whom he is visiting at the latter's Columbia avenue residence. Capt. Le Mott is an unusually clever shot.

The shoot this afternoon was a preliminary trial for the grand affair on Independence Day. It was a close contest between the captain, Mr. Hackett and Bert Shearer. Each took the lead at different times, but when the final shot of the 25 had been fired they stood tie, and shook hands over a score of 19.

Following are some of the scores of this afternoon's contest: Hackett 19, Capt. Le Mott 19, Gilbert Shearer, Jr., 19, James K. Hackett 17, Geo. D. McCreary, Jr., 16.

Millard Porter, Jr., participated in the shoot. Thursday morning at 11:30 the first prize shoot of the Cape May Gun Club took place. It was an auspicious beginning with its entries of expert marksmen.

James K. Hackett participated, as well as Capt. Le Mott. The shoot is largely due to the efforts of W. J. Allison, who has shown an untiring interest in the success of the gun club. The prizes are his personal gift to the club, so that the event is really an invitation in Mr. Allison's name.

George D. McCreary, Jr., is a member of the First Gun Shoot at the Lawrenceville School. He distinguished himself in several events during the past season.

The prizes for the gold, silver tray; third, silver-mounted brush; leather gun case; second, silver tray; third, silver-mounted brush; consolation, patent gun cleaning rod. The scores:

G. H. Shearer, Jr.....	1110111111111110111011—20
Geo D McCreary, Jr.....	10101110110110100011101—16
J K Hackett.....	001010010010000001—16
Capt Le Mott.....	10101110111011010011100—16
J W Allison.....	000111110001111110111—18
W H Porter.....	000100011100001001010000—8
Dr E Physick.....	00000110010010000000000—4
A Dupont.....	00000101100011—6
Hepburn.....	000000001110000001000000—5

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., July 4.—An interesting programme was offered at the shoot of the Forester Gun Club to-day. Lunch was served at noon. The weather was fine, but warm. The merchandise was won by Tighe and Brant. The shooting was much easier than usual on account of the ground improvements. The walking matches pleased every one.

It seems like going back to old times. We are making arrangements for live-bird shooting to commence on Labor Day. The grounds promise to be good and fast.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
Winans.....	3 6 .. 6 .. 7 ..
Humphries.....	5 5 .. 6 .. 4 5 4 5 5 3 8 ..
Fleming.....	5 5 6 .. 6 .. 4 5 4 5 5 3 8 ..
Yeomans.....	9 9 9 9 ..
Tarlton.....	4 .. 6 .. 4 ..
Smith.....	6 10 8 .. 9 9 8 1 9 ..
Woodruff.....	8 .. 9 .. 9 ..
Jewell.....	4 .. 10 8 5 2 7 ..
Tighe.....	8 10 10 8 5 2 7 ..
D Fleming.....	8 9 8 6 3 9 ..
Weber.....	5 5 .. 5 6 10 2 2 4 ..
Sheler.....	5 1 2 ..
Brant.....	10 4 10 5 1 6 ..
Parker.....	4 ..

Nos. 12, 13, 14 and 15, 16, 17 and 18, 19, 20 are three distinct events; the first at 10 targets, the second at 5, the third at 15; and each of the three rounds of each event denotes the number broken, the handicap allowances, and the totals.

J. J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE Piasa Gun Club entertained twenty-six shooters at its annual tournament on the Fourth. Both the A and B Class medals were shot for. F. C. Riehl won the former with a score of 48 out of 50, and E. M. Geddis the latter with 39, after a shoot-off, miss-and-out, with Eugene Gaskins. Nearly two thousand targets were shot, the afternoon being very happily spent.

This club has decided to give a big two-day tournament, with liberal added money, about Sept. 15 and 16. The scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6
Riehl.....	9 9 10 10 10 48
Lane.....	10 10 9 9 8 46
Schless.....	8 10 10 8 8 44
Howell.....	8 7 8 8 10 41

Class B.	9 7 5 10 8 39
Geddis.....	4 5 8 7 9 35
Olin.....	7 7 6 8 7 35
Schnuppe.....	9 8 10 5 9 41
Beall.....	8 9 9 7 ..
Moulton.....	9 7 6 8 5 35
Melling.....	7 9 9 8 6 39
Gaskins.....	9 8 10 10 9 46
Seely.....	8 6 8 8 8 38
Collins.....	2 4 4 ..
Bowman.....	6 6 8 ..
Thornton.....	4 5 7 ..
Spies.....	7 ..
Darnell.....	6 4 6 ..
Leach.....	7 7 8 ..
Smith.....	4 5 7 ..
Thomas.....	7 ..
Root.....	5 ..
Hopkins.....	4 ..
Hayden.....	4 5 ..
Phinney.....	3 ..
Lind.....	1 ..
Stiles.....	6 ..

Dave Elliott entertained a very happy company of patriots on the Fourth at Dupont Park, St. Louis. Both targets and live birds were shot, the following scores being made:

The Shelbyville Gun Club gave a finely attended Fourth of July amateur shoot at its splendid grounds, north of that thrifty city. The scores throughout were highly creditable.

Sullivan, Ill., has a large and active gun club this season. The boys hold regular practice shoots every Friday.

A. B. Daniels, whose Indian name is Jack Rabbit, has been setting the Denver crowd a terrible pace at target shooting recently. One hundred and ninety-nine out of two hundred, and a run for two days of 241, is something that has very seldom been beaten in the history of the game.

Schenectady Gun Club.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., July 6.—Herewith find scores made on the grounds of the Schenectady Gun Club on July 4. The day and all arrangements were perfect, but we were bothered about an hour after commencing the first event. This accounts for a large number leaving without shooting through the programme.

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
Targets:	15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15
Green.....	14 13 14 14 13 12 14 15 15 15 14 15 15 15 211
Wagner.....	13 14 15 14 14 15 13 15 14 13 15 15 15 13 212
Arnold.....	15 13 13 12 14 13 13 13 13 11 10 .. 152
Aiken.....	12 14 10 12 11 12 12 13 14 .. 110
Hull.....	13 12 11 13 12 11 12 12 12 .. 123
Paul.....	7 6 13
De Land.....	12 14 12 9 12 8 .. 67
Hancock.....	14 14 14 10 13 9 12 13 12 .. 125
Wallburg.....	13 15 11 .. 12 14 .. 113
Goggins.....	8 6 14
De Long.....	12 13 15 14 14 14 13 15 14 14 14 14 14 208
Reimensnyder.....	12 13 12 11 11 11 14 12 14 10 .. 120
Klien.....	6 9 11 12 11 10 10 13 12 10 .. 165
Bogart.....	12 11 12 12 15 13 13 13 11 14 14 13 11 192
Wessels.....	9 12 11 15 13 14 11 11 11 12 13 14 13 186
A J Smith.....	11 12 13 12 12 13 10 .. 83
H Levensgton.....	15 13 15 14 14 14 12 .. 111
Levensgton, Jr.....	8 12 12 14 12 13 12 .. 95
Peck.....	13 14 14 12 13 14 15 10 .. 105
Harris.....	10 8 11 9 13 10 9 14 12 .. 96
Grimes.....	11 12 10 .. 33
Ferguson.....	5 5
E. Smith.....	12 10 11 11 14 .. 58
Klimmt.....	11 11 22
Valentine.....	11 14 14 15 14 14 14 12 13 12 133
Jackson.....	10 10
Munson.....	13 12 11 12 12 10 13 .. 83
Rice.....	10 8 9 5 .. 32
Hutton.....	7 8 6 .. 21

Staunton Gun Club.

STAUNTON, Va., July 4.—The tournament of the Staunton Gun Club to-day was well attended.

Dr. E. F. Wayman was high average for the day with a total of 135 out of a possible 150.

Mr. S. P. Sillings had the longest continuous run, breaking 45 straight.

Mr. J. O. Byrd, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, was with us, and acted as referee during the day, much to the satisfaction of the crowd. The scores:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Targets:	15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15
George.....	12 10 11 11 10 13 11 12 13 116
Sillings.....	13 13 13 15 15 14 13 12 14 134
E Wayman.....	13 13 12 13 15 13 14 15 13 135
Steinbuck.....	7 13 14 10 13 13 11 12 11 115
F Merriken.....	11 13 8 13 12 10 11 8 13 107
Kiracofe.....	13 15 12 13 11 13 12 15 14 131
O E Smith.....	10 10 9 11 7 11 10 10 11 96
J Wayman.....	10 11 13 11 9 14 11 10 13 112
McDonald.....	12 13 13 14 13 13 12 11 14 128
Murray.....	7 6 13 11 12 12 9 11 8 97
Garber.....	10 13 11 11 14 11 14 10 11 114
Snow.....	15 12 12 14 12 13 13 15 14 133
A P Smith.....	10 11 10 10 9 11 10 8 11 100
Davis.....	10 12 11 11 10 10 12 12 11 111
Bruffey.....	11 13 14 13 14 15 13 13 14 134
Link.....	9 10 9 12 10 12 9 8 11 101
Nelson.....	12 11 10 10 12 14 11 10 14 8 112
W F Summerson.....	14 13 12 12 12 10 ..
Quensen.....	9 11 10 ..
Sproul.....	7 10 ..
C Summerson.....	10 12 4 ..
Marshall.....	9 8 6 11 ..
Byrd.....	12 11 11 11 ..
L Merriken.....	13 11 13 ..

F. M. MERRIKEN.

Auburn Gun Club.

AUBURN, N. Y., July 4.—The annual local Fourth of July sweep-stake of the Auburn Gun Club had scores as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Targets:	10 15 15 20 10 15 20 15 10 15 15 10
Tuttle.....	8 12 12 .. 18 14 10 12 13 8
Knapp.....	9 14 14 19 9 14 16 13 10 13 8
Steele.....	8 10 .. 8 7 ..
Knox.....	6 10 6 8 5 9 .. 8
Whyte.....	8 12 9 16 9 12 13 13 7 10 10 9
Stewart.....	10 8 7 .. 10 .. 8
Merriam.....	7 9 8 14 7 13 9 13 8 10 14 7
Shaw.....	5
Mitchell.....	6
Macomber.....	11 .. 11 4 11 .. 6 3 ..
Shaw.....	4 4 .. 7 6
Severt.....	6
Curtis.....	13 .. 15 .. 7 13 8 8
Mobbs.....	7 3 8 7 7
Connor.....	12 14 9 14 12 .. 5 11 12 7
Westover.....	9 .. 15 .. 10 ..
Merriam, Jr.....	5 1 8 ..
Edwards.....	2 5 .. 5 .. 8
Edrick.....	5 9 8
Poole.....	5

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

American Team Match, Anglo-American Conditions.

New York, July 5.—It has been agreed that a reception will be tendered to the American team on their return, as a testimonial of our good will and in recognition of the very excellent work which they did in Europe. From cable dispatch, contents of which have been transmitted to you, we know that the American team left London on the 30th ult. They return via Boston, and are due on the 11th or 12th inst. They will be received by a representation of the committee of arrangements, which is composed of Walter F. Sykes, 85 Water street; Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., and J. A. H. Dressel, 320 Broadway. They will be escorted to Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., where the team will make their headquarters, and where they will shoot a match for individual trophies on the 15th inst., being challenged by the New Utrecht Gun Club, conditions being exactly the same as to load, number of targets, as the match shot with the English team. On the evening of the same day a reception dinner will be tendered to the team, and every friend of the sport is welcome, as we would like to make this testimonial dinner as representative as possible. The success of the dinner is quite undoubted, contributions having been received to assure same. For further particulars in relation to the match referred to, the Grand American Handicap at targets, or the dinner, address either of the above committee at the earliest date possible. On the 15th, the day prior to the regular programme of the G. A. H. at targets, there will be sweepstake shooting before and after the match. This will give all who contemplate taking part in the G. A. H. at targets an opportunity for preliminary practice, as well as showing appreciation of the work of the American team.

J. A. H. DRESSER.

NEW YORK, July 3.—We have arranged for a friendly match between a team of New Utrecht Gun Club members and the returning American team for Monday afternoon, July 15. Our team will be allowed to use both barrels, but will be limited to 1½ oz. of shot. If enough of our members are present we shall put two teams in against them; each man will shoot at 100 birds. The match will commence upon the arrival of the train at Interstate Park which leaves Thirty-fourth street at 1:50, or Flatbush avenue at 1:54 P. M.

Messrs. Geo. E. Pool, Deacon and Brigham will make all arrangements for this shoot, and will select from the members present our team or teams.

This match will furnish a very interesting afternoon's sport and we hope that the New Utrecht Gun Club members and their friends will be present to witness the affair.

The Grand American Handicap at targets commences on Tuesday, July 16.

WALTER F. SYKES.

Haverhill Gun Club.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 4.—The Haverhill Gun Club had a very successful all-day handicap shoot to-day. The attendance was not up to our usual number, which can be accounted for easily, as nearly all clubs in our vicinity held shoots to-day, and nearly all business in our city being suspended for the balance of this week, giving a number of our members a chance to go away on quite a holiday trip and escape the extreme heat of the past week.

The day was about as near perfection for trapshooting as any one could ask for, and some very good scores were made.

In the prize event Lockwood and Allen tied for first with 47 out of 50, Lockwood winning the shoot-off. Howe was second with 45. George and Reed tied for third, Reed winning out.

Visitors were present from Boston, Hingham, Amesbury, Merrimac, Lynn, Mass., and Manchester, N. H.

Summary follows:	
Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20
Targets:	10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10
Allison.....	7 9 5 9 8 7 9 9 6 10 10 9 7 8 7 8 10 1 ..
Howe.....	8 9 8 9 9 8 9 9 10 8 9 6 6 8 10 9 8 3 ..
Puck.....	7 8 8 10 7 9 8 8 8 10 9 8 8 8 9 ..
Spofford.....	7 6 6 8 6 7 8 8 7 8 9 ..
Allen.....	7 7 5 9 7 9 10 9 10 9 9 8 7 10 7 6 .. 5 8 ..
Bowen.....	6 8 8 5 3 7 9 8 8 6 4 7 8 6 8 6 6 2 10 13
Reed.....	6 3 5 8 9 7 10 9 8 8 9 9 10 ..
Collins.....	9 10 10 9 9 5 8 7 7 9 5 ..
Miller.....	8 8 7 10 9 5 4 8 2 4 9 9 7 7 8 2 ..
Tozier.....	10 4 8 8 6 7 7 6 9 8 7 8 7 5 ..
Locke.....	7 8 8 9 7 6 10 8 3 9 ..
Farrington.....	6 6 6 5 5 7 8 6 8 ..
Hatch.....	4 6 4 5 7 4 5 5 5 4 3 5 6 6 5 ..
Lambert.....	8 9 9 10 10 9 7 10 8 9 9 6 9 10 7 10 6 2 ..
Grievess.....	8 6 3 6 6 7 8 7 5 ..
George.....	8 9 9 8 7 9 7 10 8 10 9 9 ..
Lockwood.....	10 9 10 10 9 10 9 8 10 10 9 7 7 8 8 ..
Follansbee.....	6 4 5 5 6 7 5 3 ..
Griggs.....	8 5 ..

Events 1, 4, 7, 10 and 13, regular angles; 2, 5, 8, 11, 14, 18, 19 and 20, unknown; 16, experts; 17, 5 pairs. Nos. 7,

form. Dick Merrill remains with him, and both will return to the States later in the summer.

Jim Elliott and his son Fred return on the steamship Canadian, sailing either on July 17 or Aug. 20, according as Jim's plans mature. He is after live-bird matches, and will probably be accommodated.

The balance of the crowd goes aboard the steamship Cestrian at 9 to-night, sailing early to-morrow—Sunday, June 30—morning. We should be in Boston about July 9, and in New York as quickly as possible after landing, so as to get in trim for the G. A. H. at targets.

Heikes has lumbago, but he says he'll manage to get aboard the Cestrian somehow. He wants to get home. And so do the rest of the crowd—they're homesick!

The photograph of the Scotch and American teams is by Agnew & Son, of Glasgow, and is as good a group photo as was ever reproduced.

On my way home I shall endeavor to get from each member of the team on the Cestrian his ideas as to the trip and its results. A compilation of such ideas ought to make some interesting notes for FOREST AND STREAM's trap columns.

Westward ho!

EDWARD BANKS.

Interstate at Sherbrooke.

FOR the first time in the history of the Sherbrooke Gun Club rain interfered with its arrangements—and such a rain! Two days before the shoot a second deluge visited the headwaters of the beautiful St. Francis River, on which the grounds are situated. In ten hours the river rose 16 ft. The magautpur house was 6 ft. under water, and 4 ft. of muddy water was in the club house.

This was the condition of affairs when Mr. Shaner, the Association's manager, arrived on Saturday morning. Saturday and Sunday were fine days, and the water fell almost as fast as it had risen, so that by hard work things were gotten into shape.

Monday was fine, but warm, and the shooting began with fifteen entries, which comprised all who shot through.

Many, whom the club had every reason to expect, were absent. Of trade representatives the club's faithful friend, Ben Norton; F. H. Conover, Leamington, Ont. (Dupont Powder Company), and E. C. Fort, of the Robin Hood Powder Company, were the only ones present. H. D. Bates and E. C. Griffith, winners of the Grand American Handicap, were with us, and will be welcome any time. Messrs. J. Holcombe and E. F. Greenwood are always to be counted on with certainty at Sherbrooke, and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. To Messrs. Biddell and Lovelace, of Newport, Vt., the club is greatly indebted for their interest. Theirs is a new club, but if they are all as good men they deserve success. We hope to be able to return their visit at an early date. Messrs. Galbraith and Cleghorn, of the Westmount Gun Club, stayed right through, and we only wish there were more like them. The town is theirs.

Messrs. Moreau and Beaupre, of St. Hyacinthe, are old friends, and we only hope their club will give us a chance to shoot with them before the summer is out. One of the nicest shoots we ever went to was given by them two years ago.

Of the home club ten men shot all they could, and worked the rest of the time. Three good men were missing—Kirkpatrick, Matheson and Inglis—but they couldn't help it. They were flood-bound.

First Day, July 1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15
E. C. Griffith	14	12	18	15	13	19	15	15	18	15
J. G. Walton	12	8	16	13	14	18	13	12	18	12
W. A. Moreau	12	11	18	8	10	17	10	12	19	13
B. H. Norton	7	12	13	11	10	17	13	13	7	
E. F. Greenwood	12	9	13	10	12	16	13	10	16	14
T. M. Craig	12	14	16	13	13	18	11	9	20	13
N. G. Bray	11	13	17	14	12	18	8	12	18	12
C. G. Thompson	11	13	17	14	13	11	14	15	20	14
C. D. White	12	12	18	14	13	17	14	13	15	14
H. D. Bates	15	14	18	14	12	17	12	14	17	14
F. H. Conover	13	15	17	15	11	18	14	13	18	13
G. Baupre	8	12	16	9	10	15	9	12	8	
E. C. Fort	13	11	18	15	15	20	14	16	15	
W. J. Cleghorn	12	13	16	14	12	15	14	12	17	12
W. E. Loomis	11	13	14	9	..	10	10	15	10	
W. B. Neil	9	10	..	
C. H. Foss	9	
W. Gailbraith	11	10	14	10	
J. Holcombe	11	11	15	11	
C. H. Clarke	12	10	

Heavy thunder storms caused frequent cessation of firing along the line on Tuesday, but the enforced idleness was enjoyed by the good-natured crowd in the club house, and no one got wet.

Second Day, July 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15
E. C. Fort	14	13	15	14	13	19	15	17	14	
H. D. Bates	15	13	20	15	11	20	15	14	17	14
C. G. Thompson	13	15	17	12	14	17	11	13	17	14
E. C. Griffith	15	14	19	15	15	18	14	13	19	14
F. H. Conover	14	14	16	11	12	18	13	14	15	10
T. M. Craig	14	15	16	11	15	18	12	15	18	14
C. D. White	12	12	14	13	12	15	11	12	19	13
B. H. Norton	11	10	14	12	8	11	12	10	14	10
J. Holcombe	12	10	15	13	15	18	12	12	16	12
E. F. Greenwood	11	13	16	9	12	14	11	13	19	14
J. G. Walton	13	8	10	12	
W. C. Lovelace	12	10	11	9	9	
F. H. Biddell	6	8	12	5	9	
W. J. Cleghorn	12	12	17	14	13	18	14	12	18	11
N. G. Bray	14	11	20	11	11	17	12	7	..	13
W. B. Neil	12	10	
W. E. Loomis	12	11	14	8	
C. H. Clarke	4	..	16	10	8	10	10
W. Gailbraith	12	18	8	10	16	12

In the merchandise series, 12 targets, re-entries unlimited, Griffith won first on both days, after long and interesting shoot-offs. As there were twenty-eight prizes for the two days almost every one got something, and about all there was to shoot for was precedence and choice.

E. C. Fort and Robin Hood powder combined resulted in the longest straight—68.

The club took the visitors for a trolley ride Monday evening. The car was converted into a Buffalo lodge room, and the initiation of four candidates netted \$1.60.

F. H. Conover is the honorable holder of the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life, as well as two others received on different occasions during his twenty-three years' service as a lighthouse keeper. Mr. Conover is an artist and writer of considerable ability, and as a shooter and sportsman also shines.

Mr. Shaner says the shoot was all right. His presence certainly atoned in a great measure for the absence of the friends who were unavoidably detained.

There wasn't a kick nor a disputed target in the whole two days, and the cashier turned over the accounts correct to a cent. We hope you will all come again.

Jos.

South Dakota Shoot.

SIOUX CITY, S. D.—This great young State seems a little late in the season in holding its tournament. When the time approached for holding this meeting it was found necessary to reorganize the gun club. All those who now compose the club are new blood and have had little or no experience in conducting a tournament.

Two things were somewhat against the shoot as to large attendance; first was changing the dates set for June 26 and 27, and the other was selecting July 4 for the second date. It would seem that a majority of the shooters have something to keep them at home on the Fourth, and even those who were responsible for the management of the shoot found it difficult to get away from their business, and thus the attendance was small the second day, and when the noon hour had arrived the shoot was declared off, and a few sweeps were pulled off.

The club was fortunate in having a good man in W. S. Doty, of Salem, as captain, and besides him there was another experienced man present, who pulled off his coat and went in to make a full hand, and materially assisted in keeping everything moving along in regulation style, and that was none other than Tramp Irwin.

While South Dakota has thousands of chicken shooters, it does not have so many target shooters as Iowa, and so they get a good portion of their attendance from Iowa and Minnesota. Yet it seems most of these boys had business elsewhere.

Those here were E. E. Aney, Springfield, S. D.; R. H. Chase, and F. Campbell, Alexandria, S. D.; H. G. Taylor, L. A. Mikkleson, and E. E. Mikkleson, Meekling, S. D.; L. A. Barr, Akron, Ia.; W. S. Doty, Salem, S. D.; E. D. Trotter, Kinsley, Ia.; W.

Tramp Irwin, Chicago; Fred Slocum, Alcester, S. D.; Fred Dray, Beresford, S. D.

Then there were Messrs. Schwartz, McDowell, Blasdel and Frink, from Luverne, Minn.

The weather conditions were fine—rather warm, slight wind behind the traps.

White flyers were trapped on the Sergeant system. The shooting grounds were the very best, facing north, not a tree nor any obstruction within a mile.

Some splendid shooting was done by Slocum, McDowell and Irwin, each losing 7 targets out of the 150 in the programme. Taylor was not so far behind, losing but 10 all day.

The members got together in the evening and had quite an interesting meeting.

Springfield sent in a bid for the next year's tournament, and F. E. Aney was made secretary, and the shoot given to them. Fred Slocum, of Alcester, was made president; H. G. Taylor, of Meekling, vice-president, and Fred Dray, of Beresford, treasurer. During the meeting a resolution was passed to the effect that in the future no amateur shall be handicapped during the shoot.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	at	
Slocum	14	15	13	14	15	15	14	14	15	14	150	143
McDowell	13	15	15	15	14	13	15	14	14	15	150	143
Taylor	14	12	15	14	15	12	14	15	14	15	150	140
Schwartz	13	13	14	15	13	9	13	12	15	15	150	130
Blasdel	15	13	13	9	12	12	12	11	12	15	150	122
Frink	10	11	13	14	11	11	13	14	15	14	150	126
Trotter	12	15	14	13	13	13	11	14	13	13	150	131
Doty	12	14	12	15	11	15	13	14	14	14	150	132
Aney	13	13	13	11	11	10	9	10	11	11	150	124
Graham	13	13	14	13	14	14	13	14	15	15	150	136
L. A. Mikkleson	15	14	15	15	13	14	13	13	13	13	150	138
Dray	15	13	14	13	12	14	12
Jameston	11	9	11	15	13	8	12	12	11	12	150	144
Barr	14	9	15	11	12	12	12	13	15	14	150	137
Moss	15	7
B. E. Mikkleson	13	13	12	11	13	9	12	15	11	10	150	119
Patch	11	12	11	12	14	13	14	14	12	12	150	127
Rust	12	13	12	13	12	12	12	12	9	9	150	130
Tramp	15	14	14	15	14	14	15	13	15	14	150	143
Barker	9
W. H. McDowell	13
Wallace	13	13
3X	8	7	8	9
Sophy	10	5

Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	15	at	
McDowell	13	15	15	15	15	75	73
Taylor	13	14	15	14	13	75	59
Slocum	12	14	13	15	12	75	56
Doty	15	12	14	13	14	75	58
Graham	12	13
Mikkleson	15	12	14	13	15	75	59
Patch	12	11	14	15	13	75	65
Rust	13	14	12	14	12	75	65
Tramp	15	14	13	14	15	75	71
Campbell	10	12	14
Chase	12	10	..	9
Dray	12	14	15	13	12	75	66

Crookson Gun Club.

CROOKSON, Minn.—The tournament of the Crookson Gun Club, held on June 27 and 28, had a good attendance. In addition to the members of the Crookson Club the following shooters are noted: A. L. Craine and F. H. Staples, St. Cloud; F. E. Trent and F. R. Reickert, Long Prairie; L. L. Iverson, Belmont; George Duis, E. C. Cooper, H. M. Wells, J. W. Boeing, W. B. Wood, T. C. Griffith, A. E. Palmer and E. C. Carruth, Grand Forks; F. H. Sprague, D. C. Moore and M. W. Hostetter, Grafton; L. F. Thielman, St. Cloud.

B. O. Seymour, of East Grand Forks, made the splendid average of 96 in the first seven events shot off Thursday. Out of 105 targets he broke all but 4.

Messrs. Herschy and Bartlett are barred in the division of prize money, as they both represent manufacturers.

The scores were:

Thursday, June 27.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Davidson	14	13	13	14	12	14	14	13	15	15
Sorenson	11	14	13	14	14	15	14	13	14	14
Wood	15	11	15	9	13	13	12	11	14	14
Cooper	14	11	13	12	13	12	12	12	12	13
Boeing	12	14	12	15	14	13	14	14	10	14
Reichert	8	11	13	12	10	12	14	13	11	14
Thielman	14	12	11	13	12	14	14	14	15	12
Carruth	14	14	14	14	13	11	15	10	10	11
Morrissey	11	13	14	13	12	15	12	14	13	13
Stair	12	11	12	13	13	13	10	12	10	13
Vannett	12	11	15	13	15	13	9	12	14	12
G. Dewey	14	13	15	14	14	14	14	12	13	15
W. Dewey	14	15	15	14	13	14	14	13	13	14
Whitney	12	12	13	11	14	13	10	13	13	14
Day	6	11	11	11	15	10	10	11	13	8
Farrell	7	8	7
Griffith	15	13	11	..	11	14	14
Meyer	6	10
Palmer	12	9
Morris	..	13	13	12	13	12	14
Vanstrum	..	13	9	11
Cramb	11	14	15	13	11	13	12	13	13	14
Crent	15	14	13	14	14	14	14	15	14	15
Allen	14	13	15	14	15	15	13	15	15	15
Hill	15	13	11	11	15	13	13	15	13	13
Suprague	14	12	12	14	13	14	14	15	14	14
Moore	15	14	14	14	15	13	9	12	11	12
Hosstetter	12	14	11	14	14	14	12	14	14	13
Bartlett	14	12	15	13	15	12	14	13	13	14
Hirschy	15	14	12	15	13	15	15	15	15	14
Beymour	14	15	14	15	15	14	14	12	15	15
Rowe	13	14	14	14	14	14	12	12	14	12
Gvander	13	14	12	12	12	14	15	14	14	14
Robbins	14	14	12	10	13	13	15	14	14	14
erson	13	14	12	13	13	13	13	12	12	12
Quis	15	14	13	9	12	12	9	15	14	14
Wells	11	13	14	13	14	13	12	9	12	11

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 3.
{ No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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SPORT AND ITS CRITICS.

WITH a regular periodicity, which is about once in so often, we have the deliverance of his message by the prophet who aspires to reform sportsmen, to turn them from the error of their ways, and to convert them from killing game. The preacher of the law of kindness to wild animals may not show any marked solicitude as to what may be the Divine view of his methods of pursuing and reducing to possession the almighty dollar; but he is extremely concerned about what he thinks is the Divine view of the sportsman who pursues and reduces to possession the quail and the grouse. He is always cock-sure that he knows just what the Divine view of this is, and he proclaims it with manifest conviction that he has a call to tell his fellow men all about it. One of these writers, in a periodical intended for the instruction and edification of young people, says:

"If any of the sportsmen who pose before the public with records for having wantonly killed quail, grouse and reed birds, could be made to see nature in the manner God meant they should see it; if they could study the charming domesticity of bird life, or could realize the love that the parent bird bears to its young, they would never kill another bird. Birds do not sit quietly on their nests caring for their young all day; they have just as much work to do as any housewife, and they caress their babies just as often as any human mother."

Unfortunately, sportsmen as a rule have no opportunity to study in the spring time the charming domesticity of bird life exhibited by the wild game they pursue in the autumn; but it is open to us all to consider the domestic hen, how devotedly she sits, how solicitous she is for her brood, how she "caresses her babies," and we may draw from the spectacle the same lesson that our writer tells us is that taught by the wild bird. According to the reasoning advanced, if in so contemplating the hen men "could be made to see nature in the manner God meant they should see it," and "could realize the love that the parent bird bears to its young, they would never kill another bird," of the barnyard species, at least. This would make an end at once of poached eggs for breakfast and chicken potpie for dinner; we should simply go on feeding corn to the hens and crushed bone to promote their laying until the chicken tribe covered the earth. If the domesticity of the wild fowl is a reason for sparing the life of the game, that of the domestic fowl should act to the same saving end. If the sportsman is culpable for killing wild birds, mankind at large has no excuse for killing domestic poultry; and a writer who adjures the sportsman to forego his game, yet makes no protest at the slaughter of domestic fowl, strains at a gnat and swallows a camel.

The fact is that these critics of sport are obliged to ignore the whole scheme of creation, which is an universal and continuous bringing forth to a life of which death is the end. Millions upon millions of each distinct form of animated beings have lived their lives and died their death. Millions are living and dying to-day. Other millions will live and die in the ages to come. When it is said that they live their lives, it is not meant that they live out the full span of life; for it is also a part of the working plan of nature that the rate of production of any given species must be checked in another way than by the mere dying of old age upon the completion of the natural span of life. Darwin writes, "There is no exception to the rule that every organic being naturally increases at so high a rate that if not destroyed the earth would soon be covered by the progeny of a single pair. . . . In a state of nature almost every plant produces seed, and among animals there are very few which do not annually pair. Hence we may confidently assert that all plants and animals are tending to increase at a geometrical ratio, that all would most rapidly stock every

station in which they could anyhow exist, and that the geometrical tendency to increase must be checked by destruction at some period of life."

Man, himself a part of the inexorable system of life and death, is also an agent in creating life and destroying it. He breeds countless animals, which when bringing into life he foredooms to death—bees, swine, sheep, goats, chickens, ducks, geese. He brings them into life, millions upon millions, only that he may destroy them. He breeds cattle because they give beef for him to subsist upon; he breeds poultry because chickens are good to eat. And except for Brahmins and vegetarians no one questions that in the view of nature upon which mankind acts in this respect men "see nature in the manner God meant they should see it." It is only when, turning aside from his butchering of droves of cattle and the killing of flocks of poultry, man goes into the woods and kills a wild bird, that these writers favor us with the special revelations they fancy they have of the Divine attitude respecting the provision of meat for the table.

Now a ruffed grouse is good for man's stomach. Man cannot breed the grouse, although he has tried to do so. If he could raise grouse in captivity by the thousand and wring their necks and ship them to market, we should have no word of protest save from the Brahmins and vegetarians aforesaid. But a grouse being good to eat, and man being unable to raise it in the poultry yard, he can nevertheless take his gun and dog and go into the woods where the grouse lives, and if his dog is a good one and his gun is properly loaded, and his eye is keen and his aim true and his nerve steady and the wires in working order between eye and brain and trigger finger, he can down that bird, and his dog will bring it to him, and he will smooth its feathers out and put it in his game pocket; and at night when he gets home and she meets him at the door and asks him what luck, he will hand over that bird and others with it, with a glad smile; and all in good time it will come on the table, and then as for that one particular grouse there before him, that man will be pretty apt to believe that he "sees nature in the manner God meant he should see it"—namely, done to a turn and with some wild grape jelly to go with it—a dish upon which he may with grateful soul ask a blessing, and with quite as much propriety as upon a refrigerated fowl of uncertain age and date of killing from the butcher shop.

Reason, logic, common sense, indicate that the sportsman's view of game as something worth having and worth getting is the right one. Game is a thing good to eat, a part of the earth's produce for the use of man. Even if we class it as a luxury of the menu, and not an essential, its acquirement and use are none the less warranted—luxuries are necessities when one knows how good they are.

Being good to eat, your wild bird must be captured before it can be eaten. "First catch your hare." Game being wild by nature, one may not seize a grouse and chop its head off as a barnyard fowl; it must be hunted with a gun and shot in order that it may be reduced to possession. When a sportsman goes out and shoots a game bird, he is making use of that bird in the way in which we may say with all reverence the Divine plan contemplates that it should be used. This has been the rule since man came on earth. Primitive man killed wild game and subsisted upon it, long before he had acquired the art of taming animals to his dominion and breeding them to kill for food. The rule will continue. So long as game shall be good to eat, so long will it be eaten. The principle that it is right to have game to kill is the basis of the game systems of the world to-day. We protect game. Why? That there may be game. Why do we want game? To hunt it and kill it. In other words, the community, the state, provides for keeping up its game food stock, just as the farmer keeps up his poultry. Wild game bred for shooting and domestic game bred for the axe—it is all one in principle, in practice and in ethics.

The pens which are busied in decrying sport—that is, the sport which consists in the pursuit of game—are enlisted in a hopeless cause. They would quite as profitably undertake a campaign against the killing of domestic fowl. They may fancy in their egotistical obsession that their perverted view is to "see nature in the manner God meant they should see it," but the world never did and will not now take that view of it.

SOME NAMES.

THE name of the "old-wife" duck is very ancient, older, indeed, than the occupation of the country by Europeans; for the Indians before us called it the "old-squaw," and we got the term from them. How appropriate is the name you may know, if you have ever been waiting in your battery at dawn, when the mist lay on the water, enshrouding you as with a curtain, and from beyond the veil—weird and mysterious as sounds coming from unseen sources in the fog always are—there has come to you the loquacious gabble of the old-wives exchanging their early morning gossip.

The name shows that the Indian had an appreciation of humor, when he recognized in the unending babbling of the wildfowl the garrulousness of his old woman. There is the same humor in the West Indian name, "old woman's tongue," which is given to a certain tree whose seed pods played upon by the air are never still. Exciting to a smile too in its way is the West Indian name of a tree whose ripened seed pod explodes with a noise like a pistol, and which is called "the monkey's dinner bell," because when the monkeys hear the seed pod explode they gather to feed on the seeds.

In striking contrast with these humorous appellations are the names of somber significance sometimes given to birds and trees. In the Malayan Peninsula are certain owls which share the world-wide popular ill-repute of the species as birds of ill omen and death; and which are named from the cries they utter. One of these "ghost birds," when it cries in the darkness, seems to say *Charek Kafan*—"Rend the cloth for the shroud." Another says *Toh Ka-tampi*—"Old-man-winnow-the-rice-for-the-burial-feast." And a third calls, *Tumbok larony*—"Nail the coffin." Much more cheerful cries in the night are our own whip-poor-will and chuck-will's-window.

We have in all parts of America place names which are commemorative of the former Indian occupation, and there is one tree name which is extremely suggestive to one who knew the old West and its people. This is the name of the "lodge-pole pine," so called because of the extensive use the Indians made of it in setting up their lodges. The lodge-pole pine is found over extensive areas from which the Indian has long since vanished forever; but the musical name will long perpetuate the memory of the primitive people who pitched their lodges by the cut-banks of the rivers in the valleys.

The New Jersey Legislature in revising the game law omitted to make any mention of the deer, and it has popularly been assumed among the sportsmen of the State that the species was unprotected. But the July number of the *Game Laws in Brief* holds that so far from being unprotected at all, the New Jersey deer is by the statute protected the year around. Deer are not specifically named in the law, says the *Brief*, but are protected by the section of the statute which makes it unlawful to kill any game animal, "excepting at such times as may be permitted in the act." The deer is a game animal, and no season for its killing is permitted in the act; it is therefore protected at all times. We believe that this view advanced by the *Brief* would be sustained by the courts, and if this should prove to be the fact, the protection thus assured to the deer remnant would be gratifying to all who have more sentiment than deer hunting ardor.

Allusion has been made to the work of the American Ornithologists' Union in defining what are game birds, and in securing absolute protection for all species not so classed. The catalogue of game birds as submitted by the A. O. U., and very generally adopted, comprises:

The Anatidæ, commonly known as swans, geese, brant, river and sea ducks; the Rallidæ, commonly known as rails, coots, mud hens and gallinules; the Limicolæ, commonly known as shore birds, plovers, surf birds, snipe, woodcock, sandpipers, tattlers and curlews; the Gallinæ, commonly known as wild turkeys, grouse, prairie chickens, pheasants, partridges and quails, and the species of Icteridæ, commonly known as marsh blackbirds and reed birds or rice birds.

The laws in which this classification is embodied provide that only the species designated shall be considered game birds, and the destruction is forbidden of all other birds, certain ones, such as the English sparrow, crow and hawk, in certain States being excepted. In this most commendable manner the A. O. U. is contributing to popular education and the promotion of a right public sentiment to govern the taking of wild life.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Companions on Outings.

Go It Alone with Your Guide Unless You Know Your Companion from the Ground Up.

On the whole I am inclined to agree with Mr. Avis (in the issue of July 6) in knowing your guide and making him your *Fidus Achates* on fishing or hunting trip. How many trips have been abandoned before completion or made jaunts of misery because of the uncongeniality of the members of the party? You may think you know your friend, but a week in a boat or under canvas will thoroughly disabuse you. There are those who have tramped and paddled together and have been inseparable companions in the woods and upon the waters for years, until one or the other travels the wide river and crosses alone to rest in the shade of the trees, leaving his friend of years to either give up his yearly trips or in future take them alone in company with the guide.

There are such cases, but they are shining exceptions to the rule.

I can imagine no more inharmoniously disastrous procedure than five young fellows starting off on a fishing or shooting trip with a view of keeping in one party. All the chances point to divisions and rows before the party has been in camp twenty-four hours. With a single companion I have had my patience tried. The route being mapped and planned, before two days had elapsed, must that be changed—or a row precipitated.

There are many kinds of companions. The man who has forgotten more about the woods and waters than the guide ever knew makes trouble. While the guide is carefully but surely making his way through the faintly blazed woods will our companion tell him a dozen times that he is off the trail and is going north when he should be going west. Yet the guide smiles and keeps on. From the making of the lean-to and the arranging of the beds of hemlock tips to the frying of the fish and making of the coffee will the guide learn that he is doing it "all wrong."

In fact, nothing that the guide does is really right, and our companion tells him so frequently, and yet the guide smiles and deviates not from the way he has heretofore done and pleased.

The guide who knows every sunken rock, submerged log and deep spring-hole in the lake, will be told where they all are or should be. Our companion will never be in attune with the goings on, invariably wanting to do other than the guide recommends. If the guide suggests and urges fishing up the lake because of most favorable conditions, our friend will surely want to try the stream instead, and vice versa.

Contrariness seems to be his beaten path, and he keeps right in it.

He will sometimes let selfishness crop out, and if there is anything from the best seat in the boat, the driest side of the lean-to, or the lightest load, he is on the alert for all.

He is sometimes given to profanity, not on rare occasions, such as the losing of a big trout after a long fight through some unforeseen cause, when a sudden explosion might be overlooked and pardoned, but he incessantly keeps it up. I remember shooting on a small slough ("sleo") with a chance companion; he in his boat but a hundred feet away from mine, but hidden among the tall wild rice. Well, that poor retriever of his never will reach the dog's heaven if that man's invectives have any weight with the deity who looks after the future of canines. I had one solid afternoon of blood-curdling, crystallized, frozen profanity, and I resolved never to swear again myself. It certainly was a terrible example. It, in this case, happened to be just an afternoon's shooting; a week's companionship with my newly found profane friend would have been insupportable.

Of course in such a case you quickly find out the caliber of your companion and make no further trips with him.

A week in the woods will bring out the weak and the strong points in a companion—cementing or loosening the bonds of friendship already formed.

Mr. Avis' picture of the man and guide is a true one. It is simply a case of to wish and to have. No consultation, no arguments, no disagreements; in fact, "chewing of the rag" is simply an unknown condition. The guide is a reflection of the will of the employer. Quick, respectful, willing, apt and intelligent, he is ever on the alert to do all those things best suited to the occasion and incidentally the comfort and pleasure of the hunter or fisherman. There are many who so thoroughly appreciate the comfort and enjoyment of owning one's guide that nothing will tempt such to go into the woods with a companion.

While along these lines I might relate a day's experience in a boat with a companion. A jolly, good-natured German had many times importuned me to go fishing with him, but I had always managed to excuse myself from the ordeal, knowing him to be a steel-rod-three-hooked-catch-everything-in-sight sort of a fellow. Yet he was, as people go, a good fellow. Fourth of July approached and again he turned up. He showed me a telegram from Lake Osakis, on the Great Northern Railroad, that read of hungry and mighty bass being freely taken. I invented many excuses against going, all of which were met until the situation finally resolved itself into one where I must refuse point blank to go fishing with him and offend him, which I was disinclined to do.

And I went. And such a day! Mein Gott! He fished with two steel rods at one and the same time. He used a spoon with the accompanying three grappling hooks. He used bait in addition, grabbing a handful of minnows from the pail, losing the bulk of them and finally hooking two minnows to each prong of the grappling iron. Seated in the stern of the boat he set his two lines adrift at the same time, tucking a steel rod under each thigh, sitting on the rods practically.

Discounting the situation, I was indifferent as to the fishing and was slow in putting my rod together, when

the man in the stern gave a yell and jumped on his feet, just saving his rod from being pulled into the water by the bass that had struck. The second rod accommodatingly tumbled into the bottom of the boat as he arose, instead of falling overboard and sinking, as it should have done ordinarily.

He held his rod in two hands and jerked that bass for all he was worth, and in doing so the reel fell loose from the rod, dropped into the minnow bucket at his feet, the bass taking out line, the reel meanwhile spinning around in the bottom of the pail. Consternation seized my companion, and in his helplessness he reached out the rod to me. I succeeded in saving the bass for him.

I then read him a lecture on fishing with two rods at one and the same time, but to no avail; and the hook-baiting process having been gone through again both lines were once more in the water trailing fifty feet behind the boat.

Again a strike—on the second rod—and as he grabbed at the rod and jumped I by the merest good luck saved the other rod from falling into the lake. He had been hasty in affixing his reels, for again the reel fell free from the rod. Instead of again handing me his rod to land his fish he this time reached along his rod, bending the tip double, and seizing the line pulled the bass in hand over hand. The line was strong, the three hooks were well down the bass' gullet and there was nothing to do but come along.

It was an exciting day in a boat, especially during the process of casting, when it became a matter of expediency for me to keep well under cover from the swishing hooks.

This was simply an experience, but I had more to blame for it because I went with my eyes wide open.

Some one has said that no boat was ever made large enough to permit more than one man to cast a fly or bait at the one and the same time. I surely agreed with the author of that saying, as I dodged those doubly baited, triple pronged hooks.

To conclude, unless you knew your companion back several generations, go it alone and stick to your guide—and risk being looked upon as selfish and exclusive.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

The Great Dismal Swamp.

THE Great Dismal Swamp is a region strange and interesting, weird and solitary. It occupies a billowy plain some forty miles in length by twenty-five miles in breadth along the Atlantic seaboard, extending from Suffolk, Va., in a southerly direction, well into the bounds of North Carolina. Its eastern boundary is outlined by certain dune-like elevations in Princess Anne county, Va., stretching from Norfolk, Va., to Elizabeth City, N. C., while its western boundary is determined by a well-defined escarpment known as the Nansemond Shore Line, beginning at Suffolk and continuing to Albemarle Sound, N. C. Its deep shades, great stretches of brake and its very solitude make it a region of interest. To the naturalist and sportsman it has much to offer. In its silent fastnesses, the black bear finds a home admirably adapted to his protection and in every way favorable to his increase. Here, amid the dense growth of underbrush and timber, he may live in comparative safety. And there is perhaps no locality in the whole Eastern United States, of like extent, which can offer a larger bear population than this great morass. The white-tailed deer is also an abundant denizen of the swamp, frequenting the elevated parts. In addition to the deer and bears, there is a big-game feature of a rather unusual nature. The swamp abounds in wild cows. These animals, of a brown color and somewhat smaller than the ordinary cow, having for many years been under the peculiar conditions of the swamp, until they are almost completely specialized, are extremely wild. They are feralized from the herds of the farms adjacent to the swamp and are the descendants of cattle which many years back wandered into the fastnesses and were lost to their owners, finally becoming wild. Being no longer recognized as property, the sportsman may call game all that he may have the prowess to shoot.

Lake Drummond, some ten miles from Suffolk, Va., is the only great body of water in the swamp. It is a beautiful sheet of water, of an oval contour, and fringed with a heavy growth of timber, mostly cypress (*Taxodium*), white cedar and black gum. Its water is of a dark color, owing to the decaying vegetation of the surrounding country, but is suitable to drink, and possesses the quality of remaining pure longer than most other water. For this reason it is often carried to sea by sailors on long voyages.

The characteristic mammalian fauna is of a semi-tropical nature as regards the smaller forms, while there are many tropical plants. Of birds there are not many kinds, prothonotary, hooded and Swainson's warblers and the Maryland yellowthroat being the principal smaller forms. The trees, some of which are primeval, are large and beautiful, while there is a luxuriant growth of ferns and aquatic plants. Cane grows in profusion.

The whole region is one of romantic aspect, and it is a beautiful sight to see Lake Drummond by moonlight. The giant cypresses, with their gnarled, outstretching limbs, stand out in sharp silhouette, and the silvery light on the lake contrasts strikingly with the surrounding country, darkened by the dense growth of timber and tangled vegetation. The shore line appears a black, encircling rim, with here and there the sharp point of a peninsula, interrupting the even aspect and adding ruggedness. From the bog comes the deep croaking of frogs, and sometimes in the canebrakes the noise of some animal crashing its way along. Save for these sounds of nature, the region seems wrapped in an awesome stillness. Myriads of fire-flies send out their glowing lights. And as the watcher looks out upon the lake, he may recall with a thrill Thomas Moore's great poem, "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp." The scene is beautiful, and after a view of it we can well understand how came the impression that inspired "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp."

As a whole, the region is full of natural beauty, replete with scenery of a very unusual nature, and pervaded with an atmosphere weird and romantic.

JOHN W. DANIEL, JR.

LYNCHBURG, VA.

Peculiarities of Indian Ponies.

In the summer of 1885, while conducting a survey in the Northwest Territory for the Canadian Government, I had some interesting experiences in connection with Indian horses, some of which are related here.

There were at that time still a few of these remaining that had been trained by the Indians as buffalo runners. As a general thing the movement of these buffalo runners with a rider in the saddle was that of an easy lope. So easy, indeed, was their movement that a rider was scarcely jarred at all. These intelligent animals were trained to follow the buffalo of their own accord, and in many cases they would do this entirely without the use of the bridle.

It was my good fortune on the expedition referred to to secure one of these well-trained Indian horses. As a saddle horse it was hard to find his equal. But for several weeks he appeared to balk whenever attached to a cart or wagon. It was naturally concluded that the horse had not been used to this kind of labor, and he was seldom called upon to perform it. Occasionally, however, when ascending steep hills and the wagon load proved too great for a single team, one or more of our saddle horses was hitched on ahead of the other team as a temporary assistant. One afternoon another was tried in turn, but in every case big Pinto, our faithful saddle horse and old buffalo runner, refused to pull. He was attached in the usual way by means of collar and traces to the end of the wagon pole and would simply walk ahead without even tightening his traces. Various means were tried to teach Pinto to work in this way. On one occasion where our entire wagon with its contents was in danger of rolling backward into the river, a whip was applied vigorously to Pinto's hide, but without effect. The loss of wagon and provisions in a wild country where it would be impossible to secure new supply would endanger the very existence of our party, so that measures were taken rather more severe than usual to save the load from going backward down the hill. As whipping was of no use a fire brand was made and applied to the horse's belly and also applied to his haunches, but still the brute would not pull a pound. Another of the men mounted his back and a number of times discharged the heaviest rifle, thinking to scare the beast into action. These and other means all failed. Just then a party of Indians came along and informed us that Pinto had been trained to pull only when fastened by the tail. It seemed an inhuman thing, and yet in our desperate condition the plan was tried. No sooner did Pinto find himself properly harnessed than away he went up the hill with his load, and ever after when the services of an extra horse were required Pinto was attached in this way, ropes being tightly wound about his tail and fastened to the wagon pole.

H. G. TYRRELL, C. E.

The Heretic and the Caïman.

ON the afternoon of Feb. 27, 1899, I was sitting in a steamer chair under a magnificent mango tree on the bank of the Nechi River—"Where in the world is the Nechi River?" In Colombia, South America. It runs into the Cauca, which is the largest branch of the Magdalena, and bears the same relation to the latter that the Missouri does to the Mississippi. "How did you come across a steamer chair in that out of the way region?" I bought it for 75 cents, in Kingston, Jamaica, on my way down; brought it several hundred miles up stream from Barranquilla on a steamboat, and then up the Nechi in a canoe. If you want to hear about what I did that afternoon, listen, but do not interrupt me.

In the winter of 1898-9 I had a bad attack of la grippe and by the end of January was in poor condition. The doctor said: "What you must do is to go away; to get an entire change of air and everything else."

"Go where?" I asked.

"Anywhere; I don't care where you go so you get away from here. You must get out of Washington."

"Does it make any difference which way I go?"

"Not a bit, only so you go somewhere; and you want to go as soon as you can."

"How would South America do? I could go look at our place down there and see what it is like."

"Why, yes; that's all right. That is the very idea."

"But, remember, doctor, it will be only six or seven degrees from the equator; all sorts of things to eat and water to drink, lots of mosquitoes, canoe travel on the rivers and malaria to suck in."

"It don't make any difference; you will be out of doors most all the time with plenty of exercise. You will be in the woods a good deal, won't you? You're always right when you are there. As for malaria, I will put you up a lot of capsules, two grains of quinine in each, with some pepsin and stuff so they will not upset your stomach, and you can take one every night when you go to bed. That's a capital idea. Good-by; I'll see you again before you go."

I took the doctor at his word. With Col. Dunstan as a companion I left New York on the Atlas line steamer of Feb. 10, 1899 and had the satisfaction of enjoying—or perhaps I should say enduring—the great blizzard of that time off the coast, at sea, instead of on shore among the snowdrifts. We reached Barranquilla near noon on the 20th; left there the next morning at 7 o'clock by steamboat and early in the morning of the 24th got off at Boca del Nechi, the steamer going on up the Cauca. During the day we hunted up some canoemen and engaged them to take us eighteen leagues up the Nechi. Next morning we started at 8:15 o'clock in a large dugout some thirty or more feet long, Dunstan and I with out two trunks, amidship; the captain of the craft in the stern with a paddle and a light pole for emergencies. The crew, consisting of one man, who did the poling, was forward. The river has a rapid current and the water was too high for good traveling, as we had to hug one bank or the other all the while, crossing from side to side now and then to avoid swift water or to get good bottom for poling. At 10 o'clock we stopped for a few minutes in the shade of an overhanging tree while the crew ate a bite of fish and cassava bread. At a quarter before twelve we tied up for breakfast, which was over in half an hour, and we were on our way again. At 7 in the evening we landed at a

house where my companion was known and where we received a hospitable welcome, got a dinner and comfortable quarters for the night. There were plenty of mosquitoes, but we put up our toldos—mosquito nets—and defied them. We had seen little sign of civilization on our way upstream. Now and then one of the usual cane, or split palm, houses with its steep thatched roof and accompanying plantain-patch came in sight. Occasionally we passed patches of corn of luxuriant growth—maize—once in a while a few cattle about the bank, but careful about getting in the water, having a wholesome dread of the caimans, the crocodiles, of which there are plenty in all these rivers. I had expected to see many

As my hand closed on the small end of the stock and the three fingers ran through the loop of the lever, a natural restful sort of feeling came over me. I pitched the gun to my shoulder quickly, three or four times, sighting on different objects, all the time with my back to the caiman. "There, I guess that will do," I said; "it feels all right," and wheeling about I threw up the gun, caught sight on the caiman, back of its foreleg, and let go. It was done in an instant, but I knew instinctively when I touched the trigger that I had it, and was not astonished at hearing the ball strike, but then—that huge, apparently lifeless mass—that inert trunk of drift, as it were—suddenly sprang into action that seemed almost



BRINGING OVER THE PACK CATTLE.
Photo by Cecil Clay.

and these creatures on the way up, but only one or two small ones came in sight.

We got away next morning at 7 o'clock, after our morning "coffee and roll," which, in this instance, consisted of eggs, cassava bread and chocolate. At 1 o'clock we breakfasted on eggs and cassava bread, with claret and water. The events of the day were much the same as those of the preceding one. Parrots flew back and forth across the stream. We scanned the banks and numerous bars for caimans, but saw only two or three, and those little ones not over eight or ten feet long. Occasionally troops of monkeys made a horrible din among the treetops, sounding like the noise of two or three menageries broken loose. It was 7 P. M. when we reached our destination, Matanzas, and glad enough we were to get there. The place is simply a clearing made for pasture for our pack cattle and two or three thatched roofed houses for housing hands and storing goods left for us by the steamboats. After dinner we had a smoke, then went to bed at 9 o'clock. Next morning I was up before 6, had my desayuno, then took a walk, finding it warm in the sun but very pleasant in the shade. After awhile wrote a lot of letters, breakfasted about noon, took some photographs and then made a package of several rolls of film to send home with the letters. Our canoe men took them with them when they went down stream and mailed them on the steamer we had left, as it returned from up the Cauca.

We were met at Matanzas by Harry Dunstan, the Colonel's son, and had to wait there all day to get the pack animals from a pasture across the river and riding mules from Llaná. The pack cattle were brought across four at a time. Ropes were tied around their horns, and they swam beside the canoe until they struck bottom on our side and were driven up the bank. Talking with Harry Dunstan I said I thought it strange we had not seen more caimans on our way up from the Cauca, as I had heard his father say there were so many of them in the Nechi. He then told me "The men say there is a large one comes out on that little gravel beach over there"—pointing to a small, steep gravel beach, or bar, some thirty yards long, on the opposite side of the river, there some two hundred or more yards wide—"every afternoon, suns himself for an hour and then slides back into the water."

"Well," I said, as I settled myself in the aforesaid steamer chair for a comfortable siesta; "he better take care of himself if he comes out there while I am here. I'll get my Winchester after him."

About 3:30 o'clock, as I was dozing in a dreamy, half-awake sort of way, I heard one of the men say, "El caiman!" I started up. "Who said caiman?" I cried. The man ran up. "Señor! El caiman! el caiman!" pointing to the opposite side of the river. I looked across the stream and there on the gravel lay an object of a sort of neutral tint, an unobtrusive, dirty gray color, about as big as a good-sized, sixteen-foot saw log, and apparently large enough to swallow me whole. I had never seen anything quite like that before.

"Hand me the Winchester." Harry went for it.

Now "the Winchester" was my beloved, though, therefore, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, much maligned, little .73 model .44-40 gun; 20 inches long in the barrel, 17 inches between the sights. The stock is all scored, like an old-fashioned baker's tally, with marks for moose killed by it. I had not used it for several years, however, having on my last hunting trips carried, as a matter of sentiment, another model Winchester, given to me by a dear friend and hunting companion. I never use an elevating sight on a hunting rifle and do not shoot at a mark with a hunting gun. "How far is it across there, Harry? You're a good surveyor and ought to be able to judge distance," I said, as I took the gun.

"Oh, two hundred yards. More than that, I guess," he replied.

"Well," said I, "I have not used this gun for some time; I shall have to look along it once or twice."

incredible. Its motions were quick as electric flashes. It threw its great tail from side to side, turning its head to meet it, up and down from side to side, blood and gravel flying. It reminded me of the little devilchaser that boys light and set off about the streets on the Fourth of July. It was a tremendous exhibition of strength and agility. "Jove!" I said; "if those things are that quick, Harry, I will take precious care how I go near one of them." At last the contortions ceased and the great caiman lay out at full length, dead; but its struggles had taken it so near the edge of the bank that when they stopped, and it lay extended, it rolled off into the water and sank. The "carambas" and "carajos" of the men stopped, and there was silence until Harry said: "He'll presently be floating by Magongué with the buzzards pecking at him."

I handed him the gun, filled my pipe and reoccupied the chair. Presently I heard animated talking, and looking around saw the men, who by this time had each rolled and lighted a cigar or cigarette, assembled in a group, some seated on a pile of pipe, others on the grass; while one stood and declaimed energetically, ac-



OUR HOST, WITH WIFE AND CHILD, NECHI RIVER.
Photo by Cecil Clay.

companying his discourse with pantomimic gestures. "What in the world is that fellow talking about now, Harry?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, laughing, "he is telling them that all day long he had been praying to all the saints in the calendar—at least all he could remember, and especially to his own patron saint—that that beast, that devil of a caiman, might come out on the gravel bar, so he could see the one-armed heretic shoot at it."

"I hope he is satisfied."

"Oh, yes; none of them ever saw such a shot as that before."

CECIL CLAY.

In Muskoka.

TORONTO, July 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Being in Muskoka recently, and while enjoying a smoke and the grand view from the veranda of my friend's house at the head of Muskoka Lake, my attention was drawn to a robin flying past with what appeared to be a large earthworm in its mouth. The robin alighted on one of the flower beds, and dropping what I supposed to be a worm, made several attempts to strike it, always retreating a few feet before renewing the attack. The unusual method of attack caused me to investigate, when, much to my surprise, I found that what I had taken for a large worm proved to be a small copperhead snake, considerably demoralized from the vigorous attacks of our red-breasted friend. I do not know if it is usual for robins to attack snakes, this being the only instance known to me of their doing so. There is no doubt about the species of the snake, the mark on the head having the appearance of burnished copper.

Had Kipling been in Muskoka in the month of June he would have found a more suitable title for our northern country than "Lady of the Snows."

On the mainland back of Beaumaris Island bushels of ripe blueberries, or huckleberries, could have been gathered during the last week of June; sweet peas in full bloom, and all kinds of vegetables in the hotel gardens, as fully advanced as those grown in the Niagara district.

While in Muskoka admiring the grand and ever-changing scenery, almost unequalled, and certainly not excelled, in the world, the pleasure was marred by the thought that so few of my fellow-creatures were able to take advantage of what nature has provided, and intended for a summer breathing place for the overworked residents of the pent-up cities and towns of this vast continent. I was greatly surprised that comparatively few take advantage of a few weeks' sojourn in this health-giving and vigor-building country, so easy of access, and within the means of those in ordinary circumstances. Of course, a large number of wealthy people have secured islands and sites on prominent points of the mainland, on which they have erected beautiful summer homes under the shade of the forest trees. Many of these homes have wind mills that pump the water into tanks located on the rocks or high lands, from the pressure of which the water is forced into the respective homes with all the facilities of a city system of water works; but where hundreds are located there is room for thousands, without even the semblance of crowding.

I cannot understand how it is that sensible people, during the dog days, rush to overcrowded, expensive and glaring seaside resorts, instead of going to our Northern woods and lakes, where boating, fishing and bathing can be had at the very doors of the hotels and summer residences.

The Muskoka lakes and Georgia bay districts can be reached from many of the large cities of the United States in one day's travel, and from Toronto in four or five hours. Of course to those who would like to go further afield it will require a few hours longer to reach the famed Nepigon trout and Temiscamingue districts.

The ordinary discomforts of railroad traveling have in a large measure been removed by the introduction of improved cars, good roads, fast trains and courteous officials.

We have been told there are sermons in stones; I never before realized the truth of this maxim to the same extent as I did on Sunday, June 30. Standing with my

friend on the mainland, overlooking Milford Bay, Beaumaris and many other islands, awed by the immensity and grandeur of the scene, I felt I was in God's church and receiving impressions grander and more sublime than obtainable elsewhere, no matter how eloquent. I thought of Dean Swift's sermon on behalf of the orphans, the shortest on record, but effective—"There they are!" it was all there.

RANGER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

On Cowanock.

"A TINK we bett'r go back now. The win' she com' blow pr' soon," said Pierre, and as I looked back to windward across the lake, it occurred to me that it was good time to return. The wind had risen steadily, and we had drifted before it faster and faster, until now Pierre, instead of paddling, was holding water, in a fruitless endeavor to check the speed of the canoe, as it ran before the pursuing waves which threatened to break over the stern, into something like a proper gait for trolling. We had almost reached the end of the trolling ground. Beyond us the water was shallower and there was but little chance of our getting more pike.

So I reeled in the line, and as Pierre turned the canoe about, I worked my way forward into the bow, where I knelt down and grasped my paddle in preparation for the fight homeward. The lake, which had lately been almost motionless, rippled here and there only by little breezes, was now one restless, surging mass, heaving until it seemed, as I knelt in the canoe, that the white crests of the waves at times almost blotted out the further shore. The sand beaches that had lately shone in the sunlight as they circled the borders of the lake, were now entirely swallowed up in the tumult of waves that broke white in the distance before us. The two loons which had floated lazily on the quiet surface of the lake, showing their long, snake-like necks and even the greater part of their bodies above the water, seemingly too indolent to exert themselves for any purpose, were now changed utterly. Cry after cry mingled with the dash of the breaking waves and the noise of the wind among the tree tops. At times the note was loud and clear, like the whistle of a steamboat softened by distance. Again it was as a man calling for help somewhere out in the distant tumult, but most often a lower, plaintive and more querulous sound came forth, rising and falling without apparent effort, as if, in the vastness beyond, the spirit of the storm were muttering to itself and bewailing some sorrow too deep for fuller utterance. Again the voice was fraught with laughter, not hearty and ringing, but as of one light-headed or delirious with fever. Truly may the loon be called the spirit of the storm, as floating in the roughest water, he rejoices the more the harder the wind blows and the whiter the crests of the waves as they break beneath him, hooting his joy in wild and piercing cries to his mate, who responds from a distant part of the lake, where her head is occasionally visible, a black speck on the green water about her.

No time was this on Lake Cowanock, famed for its roughness and its ability to raise a big sea in an incredibly short time, to try to cut across the arc of the lake that lay between us and the camp, so, following the shore closely, we slowly battled our way forward against the wind and the waves which disputed our progress. Now and again, as the bow of the canoe plunged down into a breaker, the spray dashed upward and splashed into the canoe in a solid sheet. Soon I was drenched to the waist, but still the struggle continued, until our arms ached. Then we changed sides, thus obtaining a temporary relief. When a wave larger than usual appeared, I stopped paddling for a few strokes, Pierre paddling hard to lift the bow out of water until the wave had passed. Then I resumed paddling.

Slowly we progressed, passing several small headlands that forced us out into the wind, beyond the lee of the shore. At length we reached the last point, the largest of all that lay between us and the smooth water in the bay beyond. It was there that the great final struggle was to come. Even from a distance the point had shown up white with the spray of the breaking waves. Now, as we approached it, the wind blew harder every minute and the white crests of the waves multiplied until the whole expanse about us seemed one mass of breaking foam. Slowly we worked our way along the rocky shores until we left the partial lee of the point and came into the full force of wind and sea. For a moment they beat us back. Our progress stopped suddenly as they burst upon us. Soon, however, taking advantage of momentary lulls in the wind and of several lower waves succeeding each other now and then, we managed to get clear of the land and opposite the end of the point. At times when the wind blew its fiercest, as a wave higher than its fellows came bearing down upon the light boat, I was forced to hold water with my paddle to keep her head up to the sea, while Pierre paddled frantically in order to avoid losing any of our hard won ground. Spray dashed up on both sides of us and enough water came aboard to form a small pool down in Pierre's end of the canoe. I was already soaked to the waist, so that the extra wetting I got did not inconvenience me much, for I had plenty of exercise to keep me warm.

We were gaining slowly but perceptibly. Before long the wind seemed less strong, and fewer whitecaps broke over the bow. Before us lay the smoother water of the bay, with a white sand beach circling about its end, not hidden from sight as the others by a breaking surf, but bordered only by untroubled water undulating slowly to and fro, reflecting faintly the disturbance without and rolling slow, leisurely ripples that broke gently upon the sand at measured intervals. Then the wind seemed to go down and the sea to subside. We glided along without effort now, the change seeming all the greater as our tired muscles relaxed after their long strain. It was only by looking back over the foam-dotted surface of the lake that we could realize that the wind was still blowing as strong as before. Heading straight across the smooth water to where the tent stood out white against the dark background of trees above the beach, we soon reached our destination.

After unloading the canoe and lifting it up on the beach out of reach of the water, Pierre started to clean the fish and I lay down on a big flat-topped rock, from which I commanded a good view of the lake, which stretched before me, round as a cup, except where one point on either hand marked the edge of the bay. The further shore, although it was some three miles away, stood out clear and bold between the water and the sky, one long, flat-topped ridge rising abruptly above the otherwise even tree line. Over to the west and the north, where the shore was lower, rose the tops of the hills about Lakes Bande and the Pobelo. Streaked cirrus clouds stretched hurrying in scattered ranks to the northward across the

bright afternoon sky. The lake was still thickly spotted with flecks of white, and now and then, as the tops of the waves rose and fell, a yellow sand bank, by the outlet at the opposite side of the lake, glittered in the sunlight.

Then, as I watched, the sun crept gradually lower, the clouds drifted away to the northward, leaving a clear, unbroken blue sky overhead. The quiet of evening seemed even here to be stealing upon us. Birds chirped and twittered. Over on the other shore of the bay a white-throated sparrow kept whistling his clear, silvery song of "Peabody! Peabody! Peabody!" as though he wanted all the world to take notice. Out on the lake the whitecaps faded away and the waves showed fewer broken summits above the line of the further shore. The noise of the wind among the forest trees overhead died slowly down into a faint rustle which soon was quiet. The sea was fast subsiding. How quickly it can rise and go down no one who has not seen this lake knows. Soon, as the shadows about us lengthened, the last ripple was gone from the water and the lake lay calm in the evening light, unruffled from shore to shore. Here and there the smooth surface was broken by widening rings, where the big pike were breaking as they swam about near the top. Round about the shores the sand beaches again divided by a broken ring of white the dark forests from the glittering water. The big red sun hovered over the hills about the Pobelo.

Then I went in swimming, pike or no pike. The beach sloped so gradually that I found I could walk out a quarter of a mile or more without getting out of my depth. The air was chilly as I came out of the water, but a short run up and down the beach on the wet sand soon put my blood in circulation again. As I dressed the sun went down, a blazing globe of fire in a clear sky, behind the black forest growth of the further shore. The hills stretched to the northward, until they faded away into dimness in the twilight sky. The lake quivered slightly in the half-light, the black edges growing wider as the shadow of the shores deepened. The voices of the birds grew still, and the quiet was soon intense, relieved now and then only by the distant calls of the loons or the faint croak of some heron wending his way homeward along the line of the tree tops on his return from the day's fishing.

There I watched the fading light in the sky and listened to the forest silence until Pierre's call and the smell of frying fish warned me that supper was ready. Then we had supper under the brightening stars and rolled ourselves in our blankets on balsam boughs. Below us at our feet lay the lake, stretching forth into the distance until it faded out in the brightness of the night. We heard the lapping of the water upon the beach, and now and then there came to us down the lake the splashing of an otter at play or of some larger animal wading about in the shallows along the shore.

Then we went to sleep while the loons called to each other from out the starlit silences.

FRANK LAWRENCE.

Charles Marsh.

SEYMOUR, Wis., July 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of May 26, 1900, on page 405, I read, "The Last Adirondack Moose," from the pen of J. H. R., and here is a portion of what he says: "I do not know when he was killed, but I know this: In December, 1858 or '59, I think the latter year, Charles Marsh, a resident of the town of Pine, St. Lawrence county, killed a bull moose." And he adds: "Marsh was one of the old-time woodsmen, though hardly more than thirty-five years old. He hunted, fished, trapped, both for fur, wolves and panthers; he was an ideal woodsman, a dead quick shot. * * * I hear he has now gone over the Divide; for he went West in the early sixties, and I have not seen him since." And now, if you will give me a chance, I will tell you of the last years and days and deeds of Charles Marsh. About thirty years ago he struck our then wilderness town of Seymour, Outagamie county, Wis., about seventeen miles west of Green Bay. He was accompanied by Rube Irish, another old Adirondack hunter and guide. They had a lot of steel traps, guns, deer hides and camp equipage. He soon found too many settlers in our small hole in the woods here and moved eight miles north, stuck up a shack, got a piece of land and tried to till the soil. We were many of us hunters here at that time of necessity, and soon found that Uncle Charlie (as we called him) could do some tall shooting at the many deer that were all around these parts at that time. If a deer was foolish enough to make more than one jump in his sight Uncle Charlie owned him.

If we needed a gun sight, or a rifle cut over, a main spring made, or a watch repaired, Uncle Charlie was the one to whom we went. His word was as good as his shooting. He was also a good hand on the trail of the honey bee, and many was the bee tree located by him.

About ten years ago I wanted to build a new frame barn—we had outgrown our old log barns of pioneer times—so I hired Uncle Charlie to do the job. He came, looked the timbers and all over and took the contract. He was as particular in building that barn as if it had been a fine dwelling house. I said, "Uncle Charlie, you will not make your salt if you take so much pains." "Well," he said, "this may be the last barn I shall build, and I want it done right." It was; and it was also the best one. When he had finished I paid him more than the bargain called for, which seemed to surprise him, but he was much pleased.

While building the barn, and at other times, he gave me much of his past history. He had been a hunter and guide for twenty-eight years in the Adirondacks before coming here, and I have heard him tell all about that moose, which is mainly as J. H. R. states, only more so. He said it was his first moose and last one. The first shot struck the moose square between the eyes, but instead of going down, as he should, he charged Uncle Charlie, who sprang behind a large spruce. "The old bull made the liveliest time of my life for me," he said, "for the next few minutes. Around and around that spruce we went, his horns clattering against the old spruce. I had about made up my mind I was a goner, when he moved away and looked me over, and before I could reload was off. We didn't have the pump gun in those days or I would not have needed to follow the old fellow

nearly two days longer before I got him. I have killed lots of painters, and one time I shot one, and he was so near me that when he made his last jump his tail switched me. But that old bull moose gave me a hard racket, when we were going lickity switch around that old spruce; and I just made up my mind that that was hardly the right end to shoot a bull moose."

About eight years ago Uncle Charlie moved forty miles northward again; civilization was crowding him as it did Daniel Boone. Then the news came that he was sick, and then the news of his death. His last request was that the writer should preach his funeral sermon. They brought him down to his old home eight miles north of here, and I buried him in the little churchyard, there to wait for the last trump of First Corinthians 15:51-53. Peace to his ashes. I hope to meet him again in peace.

M. REED.

Ruffed Grouse Shooting—A Fragment.

WITH infinite delight I look back upon that afternoon in the Brown county wood hunting ruffed grouse. My orange and white setter, Colonel, comes running to me now with that old cock. How proud the fellow is! His big tender eyes are seemingly almost suffused with tears from sheer joy.

Bully for you, Colonel, and bully for me! It is your first grouse, and, ah, my lucky star; it is my first, too. Wasn't his rise a perfect storm, though? And do you know, old dog—there, now, let go—isn't he beautiful?—that I'm all a-quiver from the fear that I'd miss him? Queer, isn't it, that two tenderfeet like you and I should be so fortunate, and so soon, too, after getting in the woods. But right here, on this little hillside, is where the boy said he saw them last summer. Young chaps they were then; and great stars! what a place for such game! How can we find our way up and down these hills and through this undergrowth? Why, there goes another! Oh, pshaw! why didn't we look out for that! Whoop! Heel, Colonel! I'm afraid to chance you just yet! We'll walk them up, and then, Colonel, you can fetch them in when—well, maybe you can fetch them in. Wait now, my boy; wait a bit. Hold on until I load this barrel; then we'll follow across the hollow after that chap. Oh, well, come on; I'll load as I go. Ah, Colonel, my boy, we are the clean th—; yes, blast it! There goes another—and another—Drop, you cuss! Drop! What we don't know about grouse hunting would fill several octavos.

COLUMBUS, Ind.

WM. J. BECK.

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.—VI.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

[Continued from Vol. LVI., page 485.]

IN the evening of the day on which the lynx had been killed the talk turned to that animal, and Phoebe said, "A lynx is far from prepossessing, but I suppose it has its mission, has it not, Doctor?"

"Yes," he replied; "all the rapacious animals have their special mission, and it is very interesting to study their habits and see how each is fitted for its special sphere and work. They, with the rapacious birds, seem to have been created for the purpose of keeping others in check, which, from their greater fecundity, might increase in such numbers as to become pests, but that they shall not be extirpated nature has provided them with structural peculiarities which enable them to, in great measure, escape from their enemies. For instance the sheep, deer, and other ruminants which are, in a state of nature, liable at any moment to become the prey of a carnivorous animal are obliged to be constantly on the alert, and every mouthful of food they eat is seized while watching for the approach of an enemy. Now, if no provision were made for their safety, they would be captured oftener than they are; but the Creator provided beautifully for their preservation. As you know, the ruminants are those animals which chew the cud. They, from force of habit and instinct, eat very rapidly, seizing the herbage upon which they subsist and swallowing it with hardly any chewing. They can thus fill their stomachs in a very short time, and then, retiring to a secure place, they chew the food they have swallowed until it is in a fit condition for digestion and assimilation.

"I never quite understood how they do that," said Phoebe. "I know that they chew the cud, but what the exact process is I never knew.

"It is very easy to explain. When the animal has filled its first stomach or rumen—the ruminants have four stomachs—it raises the food into its mouth by pellets, or 'cuds,' so called where it is completely ground up or, as we say, masticated; it then passes into the second stomach and the process of digestion proceeds, until that which was green grass or hay at first is converted into a delicate white curd. On leaving the fourth stomach it passes into the intestine, where it is urged onward by contractions of the tube, through an extent of forty-six feet in the sheep, and a proportionate length in all the herbivora; sliding by the mouths of multitudes of lacteal vessels, or milk suckers, or absorbents, it finally enters the venous system to circulate with and become blood."

"I can see now what I never fully understood before," said Ralph. "Of course I have seen sheep and cattle 'chewing the cud' ever since I was a child, but I had no idea what the habit was originally for; it must have been, as you say, a special provision by which they can eat their food unmolested. They require absolute rest and freedom from any exertion to do this perfectly; and I have noticed that if the ox be pushed and worked hard without having time to masticate, he falls off in flesh, his health is poor, and his digestion incomplete."

"Yes; but, Doctor," said Phoebe, "the horses run wild in a state of nature, and they do not chew the cud."

"True," he replied; "it takes a horse a long time to fill its stomach, because it is obliged to masticate thoroughly every mouthful it eats. A hungry ox in a rich pasture will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want at least an hour and twenty minutes to take

the same amount of grass; but wild horses, as a rule, do not feed in places in which rapacious animals can steal on them, but rather in open plains or prairies, and they are not usually liable to be attacked. I have read of colts of mustangs being seized by bears and prairie wolves; but that must have happened when stallions were not near by, for there is no more savage animal than a wild stallion, nor one that is better able to defend himself; and I have no doubt one could readily beat off a bear if he were attacked by it.

"Now, in addition to this habit of chewing the cud, many of the ruminants have been given other means of self-preservation. The female deer hides her young fawn in a secure place while she hurries away in pursuit of food, and when she returns to her offspring she has the faculty of withholding the scent so that her tracks may not be followed."

"The moose brings forth her young often on an island in a lake," said Ralph, "so that her great enemy, the bear, may not destroy it; sometimes, however, he discovers her retreat, and usually, in that event, her calf is killed. She gives him battle, of course, and the blows she can strike with her sharp hoofs are far from insignificant, but he is too quick and crafty for her, and the calf is devoured."

"I suppose the various rapacious animals attack their prey differently?"

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "the cat tribe, in which occur the lion, tiger, panther, and even our lynx, steal silently upon their victims, and burying their sharp, retractile claws in them, drag them down."

An old hunter, who has killed large game in Africa and India, says that lions, tigers and panthers kill in the same manner, usually by seizing the throat, and so dragging the beast to the ground. He says that he has found claw-marks on the withers when the kill has been a big animal, such as a water buffalo, showing that the beast had sprung on its back first and then buried its teeth in the throat. Death is caused sometimes by a broken neck, but more often, he is inclined to think, by suffocation. He once saw, in broad daylight, a panther seize a goat. It was the work of an instant; the panther rushed in, made a complete somersault with the goat in his jaws, then sprang up, dropping the goat, which lay still with a broken neck. Our American panther and lynx and the South American jaguar often lie concealed on the large limb of a tree that overhangs the runways of animals and drop on them; there is hardly any escape, for the victims of the sharp, retractile claws of the savage beast are fixed on them.

"What do you mean by retractile claws, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Murray.

"I mean that Felidae, or cat tribe, have claws which are, when not in use, incased in a sheath. If you will examine the feet of your house cat you will find that the claws are completely unsheathed, and they are not uncovered unless the cat seizes a mouse or bird with them."

"You are right," exclaimed Phoebe, who had taken the cat into her lap, and was pulling at its claws; "the sharp talons are completely enveloped by the tough skin."

"Yes," continued the Doctor; "it is a provision by nature that they should be thus protected; for, if they were exposed like those of a dog, when their owner is traveling about, their sharp points would soon be dulled, and their prey would escape. Now, when one of these cats seizes its prey its claws recurve or hook themselves into its flesh and the marauder cannot easily be shaken off. The wolves, which hunt their prey in packs and run it down, do not need the sharp claws that the cats, which slyly steal and spring upon their victims, require. The fox secures his prey usually by stratagem and by stealing upon it like a cat, and it is astonishing how successful he is in killing his game."

"I agree with you, Doctor; the fox is a very destructive animal," said Ralph. "He can depopulate a large tract of game in the course of a year."

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "Reynard is a pretty expensive denizen of our woods. He kills all kinds of game birds and animals; has been known to capture the fawns of the common deer, and his attacks on the farmers' poultry have rendered him an object of detestation. Some idea of his destructiveness may be found from a statement made by a correspondent of one of our American periodicals who discovered a fox's burrow, and on partially digging it out he found in it four partridges, a large hen, and a woodchuck. Four days later he completed the work of unearthing the family of five foxes, when he found eight partridges, three rabbits, and another very large woodchuck."

"Well, Doctor," said Phoebe, when he had finished, "these animals, as you say, have their mission, and it seems to me that it is an injurious one, so far as we are concerned. All those you have named destroy other animals and birds which man needs for food and, consequently, they are working against his interests all the time."

"You are in a great measure right," he replied. "If things were in their original condition the services of the rapacia would be unnecessary; but we have destroyed the equilibrium, have broken nature's balance, and this requires a readjustment, to meet the change. The best example of the evil effects of disturbing natural conditions is seen in the stocking Australia with European rabbits. They have, owing to the favorable climatic conditions into which they have been introduced, by their enormous increase become a pest of the most destructive order. You see nature's conditions were changed. Now we find that we more and more need as food the game which was intended originally as food for carnivorous animals and birds. We cannot have woodcock and grouse, such as we shot to-day, if the woods are overrun with foxes and lynxes and other destroyers of game; and, in consequence of the increase of mankind, there would be no danger of too great a multiplication of these birds, even if they were unmolested by their old-time foes."

"You are right, Doctor," said Ralph; "there would be no danger of the country being overrun by partridges even if every animal and bird of prey were destroyed; but they have no peace now, and the wonder to me is that any are left."

"Yes," was the reply; "the ruffed grouse is, in my opinion, although the most important and valuable of all

the game birds of eastern North America, the species that is most hunted and persecuted."

"Your are right," said Ralph; "and I repeat the wonder is that any are left, and yet they are sometimes very tame, particularly those which have always been in the forests, far away from the settlements."

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "I have no doubt that the distrust of man that we find among birds is acquired only after long persecution. Darwin affirms that the distrust is not acquired in a short time, even when they are much persecuted, but that in the course of successive generations it becomes hereditary."

In treating of the tameness of birds before man has molested them Darwin mentions a number of species in the Galapago Archipelago which were astonishingly unsuspicious at the time he visited those islands, in 1835. He says: "This disposition is common to all the terrestrial species; namely, to the mocking-thrushes, the finches, wrens, tyrant-flycatchers, the dove, and carrion buzzard. All of them approached sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes, as I myself tried, with a cap or hat. A gun is here almost superfluous; for with the muzzle I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day, while lying down, a mocking-thrush alighted on the edge of a pitcher, made of the shell of a tortoise, which I held in my hand, and began very quietly to sip the water. It allowed me to lift it from the ground while seated on the vessel. * * * Formerly the birds appear to have been even tamer than at present. Cowley (in the year 1684) says that the 'turtle-doves were so tame that they would often alight upon our hats and arms, so that we could take them alive; they not fearing man, until such times as some of our company did fire at them, whereby they were rendered more shy."

"These birds, although now still more persecuted, do not readily become wild. In Charles Island, which had then been colonized about six years, I saw a boy sitting by a well with a switch in his hand, with which he killed the doves and finches as they came to drink. He had already procured a little heap of them for his dinner."

In conclusion, he says: "From these several facts we may, I think, conclude, that the wildness of birds with regard to man is a particular instinct directed against him, and not dependent on any general degree of caution arising from other sources of danger. * * * With domesticated animals we are accustomed to see new mental traits or instincts acquired and rendered hereditary, but with animals in a state of nature it must always be most difficult to discover instances of acquired hereditary knowledge. In regard to the wildness of birds toward man, there is no way of accounting for it except as an inherited habit. Comparatively few young birds, in any one year, have been injured by man in England, yet almost all, even nestlings, are afraid of him. Many individuals, on the other hand, both at the Galapagos and at the Faillilands, have been pursued and injured by man, but yet have not learned a salutary dread of him."

"Although we may well believe," added the Doctor, "that the distrust of man, which exists among animals and birds is an acquired habit, yet there seems a curious modification or relaxation of it at certain seasons of the year among game animals. Every sportsman has noticed that during the close season the moose, deer, etc., are tame and unsuspicious to a remarkable degree. In the open season, when they are legitimate prey for the hunter, they are almost unapproachable, yet at other times they will hardly move away at the approach of their enemy. There are curious traits yet to be explained in the lives of these animals, and the field for study is very large. But it is 10 o'clock," he added, "and Saturday night, at that; we will have a quiet day to-morrow and no lynx adventure. We passed a little church on our way here, about a mile up the road. Are there to be services there, to-morrow?"

"No," replied Mrs. Murray; "but there will be a week from to-morrow. Our preacher alternates between this and the next settlement, and it is their turn to-morrow."

"Well, we'll rest quietly, then," he said; "and a quiet Sunday you will have no doubt in your little settlement. And now, good night, all," he added, as Mrs. Murray handed him his bed lamp; "good night, all, and pleasant dreams."

Eggs Hatched by the Heat.

MILFORD, Conn., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My farmer reports a rather curious incident in connection with my chicken business. A Brahma hen was due to hatch her brood last week during the heated spell. She had stolen a nest in a barrel which lay on its side in a distant corner of the yard. She hatched out ten chicks, and three eggs were bad, or supposedly so, and were left in the nest, when the hen was transferred to more commodious quarters. My man passed the barrel constantly afterward in watering and feeding. He thought many times of throwing the three bad eggs away, but did not do so. It was exactly sixty hours afterward that in passing the barrel he found that one egg had hatched, a healthy chick lying there and calling loudly for food. Two nights and three days had elapsed. The temperature during those days never went below 80 degrees F. at night, and was doubtless over 100 degrees F. during most of the time.

MORTON GRINNELL.

No Sport About It.—"I see that the Cup defender Constitution takes trial trips on Sunday. Is it right to indulge in a sport on the day of rest?" "Trips in a Cup defender don't come under the head of sport. They are classed as dangerous scientific experiments."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Mountain Lion Hunt.

LEAVING New York Dec. 24, we arrived in Denver the following Thursday. Upon making inquiries as to a good hunting ground, we were directed to Mr. W. R. McFadden, the taxidermist, and as a great part of his stock is game of his own killing, he is thoroughly competent to advise as to hunting grounds in all parts of the West. He recommended the town of De Beque, Colo., and as a guide Joe Crandall. We found Joe Crandall and also Lem, his brother (who went with us on our last trip), all right in every sense of the word. They are first-class hunters and guides, dead shots, and, moreover, gentlemen.

De Beque, over the D. & R. G., fourteen hours' ride from Denver, took us through the Royal Gorge and gave us a view of some of the grandest of scenery. On our arrival we went at once to the De Lano House, kept by Frank De Lano, and were well entertained.

Next morning we found Mr. Crandall, the guide, but were sorry to learn from him that he had lost his two dogs, without which it would be of little use to go after lions. Nevertheless we told him we should like him to take us out, and, if possible, to get other dogs.

On our first hunt we went to Mr. George Newton's, about fourteen miles from De Beque, on what is called Roan Creek. Here we secured two dogs. But we met with no success; there seemed to be no lions in that section, and after four days we returned to DeBeque. We then got two dogs belonging to Lem Crandall—a fox hound and a large bloodhound, the latter not afraid of anything on earth—and with these went to what is called Wallace Creek, where there is a large ranch owned by Mr. Harry Rawlings. Here we hunted four days, but, although there were plenty of signs of lions, we again failed, for the fox hound was young and not accustomed to running alone, and the other dog was not trained for tracking.

Once more we returned to De Beque empty handed. We were now somewhat discouraged, and were thinking of returning to the East, but just at this time a Mr. Anderson, who had two lion dogs, came to town, and hearing of our failures, came to see us. He had such faith in the ability of his dogs that we concluded to try them and engaged him on the spot, recalling Mr. McFadden's admonition that we could surely get a lion if we only had a little "sticktrativeness."

Joe Crandall had, in the meantime, left town in search of the dogs he had lost, and we engaged his brother Lem as guide. Lem thought that the Wallace Creek country was as good as any, and next morning we started for Mr. Rawlings' again, where we were met by Mr. Anderson with his two dogs, Trail and Drive, and Mr. Crandall's fox hound. We found the first two all that their owner claimed. The next morning our party, consisting of Doctor, myself, Mr. Crandall and Mr. Anderson, started for the Big Alkali (this is a name given to a place in the mountains where there are several deep gorges running back five or six miles from the main trail). The distance traveled from the ranch was about fourteen miles in all. This was made on horseback in about three hours. We arrived at the hunting ground at 10 o'clock, and at once saw signs of game in the presence of lion and wildcat tracks. We started up what is known as the left-hand prong of the gulch, and rode along some time without finding any lion tracks that appeared to be fresh. There were plenty of old ones, and the dogs, who were leashed together, would put their noses on them, look up, whine, as much as to say, "We can follow them if you will only let us go," but the guide thought them too old to be followed successfully, so we moved along up the gulch.

About noon we halted under a big overhanging ledge; here we ate our dinner and then pushed on. We were on foot now, as it was too rough here for the horses. We concluded to untie the dogs and let them hunt for themselves.

We proceeded up the trail a mile further, and had arrived at a hillside where the snow had melted, leaving the ground perfectly bare, when suddenly old Trail gave tongue, telling us in good plain dog language that he smelled game, and as we knew from the nature of the ground it would be impossible for him to follow an old track here, we watched him with interest. The other dogs, not having Trail's powers of scent or intelligence, dashed here and there, adding their voices to his, but waiting for him to pick the course, which he carefully did. They were soon out of sight up the gulch, and getting along faster as the trail led into the woods, where the ground was covered with snow. They had been running perhaps five minutes, when all three redoubled their barking, and we knew they had jumped the game or come up with it. We soon crossed the trail ourselves, and saw at once it was a lion they were after and a large one.

Up the gully he ran for about a mile, then circling twice around the top of a small mountain, with the dogs in full cry behind, he came down toward the gully again from which he had started. On he came, until almost to the bottom of the gully, and not a hundred yards from where we were standing the sharp yelp of the dogs changed to a steady howl, and we knew the lion had treed. We found he had selected a large spruce, about two feet in diameter, standing on the hillside near the bottom of the gully. Creeping through the bushes to a point about seventy-five yards from the tree, we had our first good view of him. On a large limb, about fifty feet from the ground, looking away from us and toward the dogs, he stood, lashing his side with his tail, and presenting a sight which well paid us for our former failures. His position was not good for a dead shot, but thinking he was about to jump, I fired, the bullet striking him in the flank, passing forward through his body diagonally, inflicting a terrible wound, but one that would not have proved at once fatal. Had he jumped from the tree at this time we should, no doubt, have lost a dog or two, for he was not greatly disabled. As smokeless powder was used, he connected all his troubles with the dogs, but when struck he jumped to another

limb, presenting his broadside to us, a capital position for a sure shot. I at once fired again, and this time caught him just behind the foreshoulder, the bullet passing through his body, coming out below the spine. He was just preparing to jump, but at the report of the rifle his strength left him, and he came tumbling down. As he fell he made vain attempts to save himself by clutching at the limbs, and broke off several as large as a man's arm. The guide laughingly remarked, "He is bringing down his arms full of clubs to use on the dogs," but by the time he reached the ground he was powerless, and in a few minutes was dead.

He proved to be a magnificent specimen of his kind, a large male, measuring seven feet from tip to tip, and weighing, as we afterward learned, one hundred and fifty pounds. We lashed him to a strong pole and two of us managed to carry him, but he made a heavy load, and we were glad when we had him securely fastened to the saddle on old Kate's back. We now began our homeward trip, arriving at the ranch about 7 P. M., well pleased with our day's sport.

On our next hunt we concluded to try the Big Alkali again, and starting in good season arrived at about 11 A. M. This time we took the right-hand prong of the gulch. As before, we soon came upon lion tracks and passed several old ones, but left them to look for some more recently made, which we found. The dogs were then unleashed and were soon in full cry on the trail.

As on our last hunt, the lion crossing a dry hillside gave the dogs some trouble. Old Trail quickly got things straightened out, and he and his companions were out of sight over the top of the mountain. We could hear their steady bay for a few minutes, and then the sharp, quick yelp, telling us the lion was started. There was this difference between our first and this hunt: in that one the lion running in a circle had come back to the tree near his starting point, while this one took a straight course over a high mountain. For a while the dogs were out of our hearing, but as we knew the general direction they had taken, we followed, and were soon in hearing distance again, and knew by the sound that the lion had treed. It took two hours of the hardest kind of climbing to get where they were. In the meantime the lion had been in several different trees; we could tell by the barking of the dogs when he would leave one, and after running a short distance take to another.

We finally reached a point about one hundred and fifty yards from where the lion had taken refuge in the top of a small cedar, and from here we witnessed a strange sight. The tree the lion had selected was, unluckily for him, a low, scrubby one, on which the limbs grew close to the ground, and old Trail, not content to stay below and wait for us, concluded to go up after him. The sight of a dog in a tree ten feet above ground and within three feet of a large lion was what met our view.

From our position we could hear his cat-like snarl and see him reach down and strike at the dog with his mighty paw, one blow of which would have killed the noble animal. It was not a case of "know nothing, fear nothing," for Trail was six years old, and had been hunting lions since he was a puppy. In some way he managed to evade each blow. It was a hard place to shoot, for a little variation would have resulted in killing the dog. But thinking he could do no better, the Doctor fired, the first shot shattering one hind leg of the lion, and firing again as quickly as possible, he broke the other. This, of course, caused the lion to lose his balance, and down he came, and with him old Trail. Both landed about the same time, and lion and three dogs were pretty well mixed up. He was still able to use his forepaws with telling effect, and it was here that one of our dogs was injured—little Drum, the fox hound—although he subsequently recovered. Apparently thinking the dogs were too thick for him, the lion ran down the mountain directly toward us, leaving a trail of blood behind him on the snow, and in spite of his crippled condition made good progress. A large spruce stood about fifty feet in front of us, and toward this he came. The dogs were snapping at his heels as he reached it, and started up, climbing by the use of his forepaws and the stumps of his hind legs, but old Trail had no idea of letting him escape, and fixing his teeth in his hind quarters he hung on with a persistency that I have never seen equaled. In his crippled condition the weight of the dog proved too much for him, and he fell back to the ground, where another shot from a Winchester killed him, thus ending what the guide said was the most exciting lion hunt in which he had ever engaged.

In taking the lion down the mountain, we found a deer he had lately killed and partly eaten, burying the remains in the snow.

We soon reached the horses, and lashing our game on the back of one of them, started for camp, arriving there about dark.

E. L. BURNHAM.

MAINE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bear Country.

CHICAGO, July 13.—Judge Charles H. Aldrich, of Chicago, and Mr. Bert Seaboldt, the "asphalt king of Utah," have not yet gone away for their trout and bear trip in the Uintah range of Utah, but they have to-day nearly finished assembling their outfit and will presently start for the West.

I was speaking to Mr. Seaboldt this morning, and asked him, among other things, where the big grizzly bear skins come from which are so often in the market at Salt Lake City, it being a well-known fact that some of the best grizzly hides marketed in the United States come from that point. Mr. Seaboldt said that they came very largely from the Wahsatch range and the spurs making out from that range. The main range of the Uintahs is another favorite point for these bears. Mr. Seaboldt said that the station of Price, on the D. & R. G. Railroad in Utah, was a good place to have for an objective point, and that the cattle country twenty-five to forty miles out from there and in the foothills of the mountains would produce bears enough to satisfy the most ambitious hunter. He said that one outfit of professional hunters came in there a couple of years ago and cleaned out the bears and mountain lions which had practically rendered the raising of stock impossible. Mr. Seaboldt thinks that one might run across his grizzly in that region, although he admits

that black bears are now more plentiful than the grizzlies. His party will go 150 miles from the railroad, clear up into the Uintahs, and he expects to have some pretty good grizzly stories by the time he comes out. He speaks with great respect of the grizzly, as seen in the Wahsatch country or in the Book range of mountains, which is a spur of the Wahsatch, and says that some of the hunters up there found more bears than they wanted. They had a few bear dogs in with them, and, of course, this was the reason they saw so many bears.

As to still-hunting the grizzly, it may be a possible thing in that part of the world, but I would have to be shown about that. None the less, this is a bear country worth keeping in mind. Mr. Seaboldt is an experienced hunter and outdoor man, and knows what he is talking about. He thinks the late fall is the best time to go after bear there, as the hides are in much better shape at that season.

Good Grouse Country.

Mr. Harry C. Sefton, of Mt. Vernon, O., is passing this summer in Chicago. Mr. Sefton recently returned from a trip in southern California, not far from San Diego. He did not fancy that country so much, since it showed little game but the valley quail, of which he said there were a great many near the ranch on which he was living. He advised me that last fall he and some friends made a hunting trip to Buford, N. D., or rather across the line from Buford. They went southwest into the bottoms of the Yellowstone River, going about twelve or fifteen miles from Buford before they pitched their camp. Some of the party killed deer, and they all of them got all the shooting they cared for at sharp-tailed grouse, which they found in the thickets and the grassy country adjoining the river bottoms, as well as in the edges of the Bad Lands across the river. Mr. Sefton says that the station agent at Buford told him that he had the previous winter seen over 1,000 deer shipped from that locality. This statement is probably not accurate, although it has without question something of a foundation in fact. The bottoms of the Missouri River or the Yellowstone River are, in this neighborhood, wide and deeply covered with willows and brier thickets. Here the white-tailed deer are still fairly numerous, and can be killed by a man who is able to shoot a deer running after jumping it at close range. Mr. Sefton said that he heard of grizzly bear sign about twenty miles southeast of Buford in the Bad Lands country, and it would seem that once in a while a grizzly is heard of in that country even yet.

Far from Home.

It was far from home that Mr. John Ellingson died, and under very sad circumstances. Mr. Ellingson lived at Austin, a suburb of this city, and he had been for many years employed as an artist on the Chicago Record. He was by personality pleasant and kindly, and although a cripple, nature having given him a deformity of the spine, he was nonetheless ever cheerful and devoid of the least trace of peevishness. About three months ago Mr. Ellingson and a friend, Mr. Hall, another artist, determined to go to Old Mexico for a trip of rest and exploration. They did not intend to stay very long, but they found the country hard to get away from. The simple-minded people of the mountain regions in which they found themselves were glad to pay them for their photographs and sketches, and the young men lived nicely on occasional work in this way, being practically the guests of the natives for many weeks, the latter not being accustomed to anything in an artistic way so finished as these two Chicago gentlemen were able to give them.

It was natural enough for these two young men to wish to make up a hunting party, and about three weeks ago they did so, engaging a half-dozen Indians, and going up into the mountain country back of the village where they were situated. They were hunting at an altitude of about 7,000 feet, and were all in apparently good physical condition. Mr. Ellingson was by himself for a short time, when he chanced to see four deer. He called to Mr. Hall to bring him a rifle and expressed regret that the latter had arrived too late, as he could have killed all of the deer had he been in possession of the gun. It was but a few moments later than this that Mr. Ellingson was taken suddenly sick, and it required but a short time for his friends to see that the matter was of a serious nature. They called it acute asthma, though it might have been heart disease so far as any one can tell, since there was no physician along. At any rate, the afflicted man had the greatest difficulty in breathing, and it was soon seen that the end was not far away. Hastily making a litter, the party carried him as far as they could down the mountains, but in less than four hours from the time he was first taken, he was a corpse. When Mr. Hall brought the body of his friend into the village, he was confronted with a strange dilemma. It seems that a dead body cannot, lawfully, be brought into town in that country, and since Mr. Hall had broken the law, he was in danger of imprisonment, which would perhaps have meant two years of incarceration at least. It was only his half-terrible expostulation that he did not know his friend was dead that saved him from this further misfortune. Mr. Ellingson was buried there in Mexico, far from home, and what was undertaken as a pleasure trip thus ended in the most sorrowful manner possible.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Hunting Frieze.

MR. E. W. DEMING, the well-known artist, has just completed for a house in Yonkers a drawing-room frieze which has for subject an Indian moose hunt. The successive stages of the hunt are pictured in the several panels in Indian pictograph style, and the whole makes a very effective piece of decoration. The paintings are now on exhibition in Mr. Deming's studio, No. 21 West Twenty-fourth street, this city.

His Marksmanship.—"Did—did you ever shoot a man?" questioned the tenderfoot timidly of Pepperhole Pete. "See here, young feller," bawled Pepperhole Pete, in a voice that shook Pike's Peak, "don't you never reflect on my marksmanship ag'in! Shoot a man! I never miss'd one, y' dern galoot!"—Ohio State Journal.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Black Bass in Texas.

FOR ten years or more Mr. Wm. D. Cleveland, of Houston, Texas, and I fished together every season for one fish or another in one place or another. Sometimes the whole summer was devoted to fishing, at others a few weeks only. We fished for trout in Maine and the Adirondacks; black bass in Canada, West Virginia and New York; ouananiche at Lake St. John; lake trout at Saranac and Lake George, and mascalonge in Hay Bay and the St. Lawrence, and for anything that would bite in other waters. Business finally kept him in the South, and he developed into a tarpon fisherman, and devoted his spare time to the big herring, and other duties curtailed my fishing, and when I could I sought fresh pastures and went further afield, so we did not meet to fish in the flesh, though the friendship was kept up in spirit. Now I have a letter from him saying overwork has caused him to take a rest and that he is coming North again and wishes me to meet him at some one of our old haunts, where we will find the best fishing, to try our luck together once more. The spirit must have moved him speedily, for soon after his first letter came another, saying he had been out for black bass in Texas, and I extract the following from his letter: "Shortly after writing you the other day Col. Cunningham telephoned me that the fish had been biting very nicely for the past month, and if I did not come out the next day he would not invite me any more. I had been promising for three or four months to go out to his place, but one thing or another had detained me. He said over the telephone that he had not permitted any one to fish in Cleveland Lake (named for me), because three years ago the Government had planted some yearling small-mouth black bass in the lake at his request, and they had grown into big fellows, and he wished me to take the first ones from the lake. I answered that I would go, and at 9:45 took the Southern Pacific for his place, arriving there at 11 o'clock. The Colonel met me at the station and said it was too hot to go out on the water then, but he called up Frank, his brother, and directed that he should have Old Nell hitched to the gig at the front door at 4 o'clock to take me to the lake. He also directed Frank to tell Parker to have the boat taken out, dried and overhauled, and to take with him his deer-tail bob and teach me how to catch fish. Then he directed Jim to take several cane poles, in case I broke my rod I would have something to fish with, and to remain at the lake and tote the fish home. You know how the Colonel banters fishermen.

"Promptly at 4 o'clock, after a good dinner and smoking three or four cigars each, I got into the gig and was at the lake in twenty minutes. The lake is about three-quarters of a mile long and about 250 or 300 yards wide, having high banks and rolling ground and post-oak trees on one side, with rather low ground and swamp trees on the other. We took the lake about midway of its length and did not get a strike until we reached the lower end. About the time that I got into the boat a delightful southeast wind blew up, making a few ripples on the surface of the water. After I had taken three handsome bass the Colonel drove up on the bank in his buggy and asked 'What success?' I told him to wait a few minutes and I would show him, and in the few minutes I caught two other bass, and he asked me to bring them to the shore and he would take them and put them on ice and we would have them for supper. Within half an hour after the Colonel departed I caught four more bass, and then it was about 6 o'clock, and the wind had gone down, and I did not get another strike.

"Bear in mind that I was fishing with a new bob, without name, but very attractive, and using a cane pole, having forgotten my rod after all. I occupied the front of the boat, Parker the middle and Frank and Jim occupied the rear, using a paddle on either side. I covered the ground thoroughly, and Parker did not get a strike, and I intended he should not when I started, after the Colonel's remarks about showing me how to fish. The five bass weighed 12½ pounds, one of them 3½. The four that I caught later weighed 9½ pounds, one 3 pounds, or a total of 22 pounds for the nine fish, which I considered a fine catch.

"I am satisfied that three of these fish were small-mouth black bass, and the Colonel says all of the fish were planted by the U. S. Fish Commission three years ago. Can it be possible that these fish could have reached that size within that length of time? I want you to tell me for the information of the Colonel and myself."

It is really amusing to read my friend's letter and see that there was actually a bit of doubt in his mind concerning the species of bass he caught, in spite of the fact that he was "satisfied" that three of them were small-mouth bass. This is what happens to a man who becomes an expert black bass fisherman and then forsakes them and wanders off after strange gods in the form of tarpon. There was a time when he would have said they were or were not small-mouth bass, and been right about it, too. I had serious doubts myself about there being any small-mouth bass planted in Texas by the U. S. Fish Commission, first because it is doubtful if the water is suitable, and, second, because Mr. Raveme told me very recently that the U. S. Commissioners distributed exceedingly few small-mouth black bass, and the few in Northern waters; but to make sure, I hunted the matter up in the report of the U. S. Fish Commission, and find that in 1898 the U. S. Fish Commission planted "75 large-mouth black bass in Cleveland Lake, Sugarland, Texas," and Sugarland is Col. Cunningham's plantation.

The growth is not unusual, for the fish were nearly four years old, and food in abundance will do wonders in growing fish to large size. In Northern waters a pond was planted with small-mouth black bass about 4 inches long, and in five years from the planting the pond pro-

duced a bass weighing 7 pounds 10 ounces. The large-mouth black bass grows to a greater size than the small-mouth, and in Southern waters the former attains its greatest weight.

Hudson Shad Fishermen.

In commenting upon the shad fishermen of the Hudson River I tried to be very conservative and state facts, uncolored by any possible prejudice, and therefore it was with pleasure that I received a letter soon after *FOREST AND STREAM* came from the press from a gentleman who is familiar with the shad fishing of the Hudson, and who has been a close observer of the shad fishermen for many years, and who speaks by the book when he speaks of fish and game legislation and the fisheries of the Hudson River. As the letter is personal I shall not use the writer's name:

"I have read with much interest your article in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM* relating to shad fishermen on the river, and it seems to me you draw the lines very mildly in regard to them. For the last thirty or forty years it has seemed to me that the shad fishermen of the Hudson River constituted a special variety of the genus homo, for the reason that they never commended anything and have grumbled at everything. When the shad have been plenty, and they obtained high prices, they grumbled because they were not more abundant at the same prices. When an effort was made to close the river for one or two days that the fish might go upon the spawning grounds they grumbled because they claimed that it interfered with their natural and inherent rights. When the fish were small, as they were a number of years ago, they grumbled because they were not larger. When, as was the case two or three years ago, the catch was somewhat limited and the prices were high, they grumbled and abused the State and the United States because the supply was not larger at the same prices.

"When, as was the case this year, the catch was enormous and the fish were large, they grumbled because they could not get the same prices that they did when the fish were scarce. I can give several more cases in which they grumbled, but it is enough to say that they were born grumblers and have imposed on nature.

"Twenty or thirty years ago I considered myself fortunate if I could get a shad for my supper table which would weigh 4 pounds, but during the past year I have been able to get all that I wanted weighing from 5 to 7 pounds each. There was one taken near the close of the season this year, nearly opposite this city, weighing 8 pounds, and two or three years ago I saw one also taken opposite this city which weighed plump 10 pounds, and if I had seen it in time to secure it I would have sent it to you as one of the results of stocking and protection, so far as the shad are concerned, in this river.

"Perhaps I should add that among the grounds for grumbling is one made by the shad fishermen to the effect that closing the river for a couple of days interferes with the catch of shad, and as they may not live until another year to benefit by their method of protection they prefer to catch all the shad there are in the Hudson even though the entire crop be exterminated.

"Since writing the above it has occurred to me that one or two facts within my personal knowledge might be of interest. About the year 1853 I was at Milford, on the Delaware River, when the first substantial catch of shad was made. They numbered about sixty, and twenty of these weighed 6 pounds each or upward, one of which we had on our supper table.

"My grandfather used to live in New Jersey, eighteen miles from Lambertville, and in the twenties and thirties it was the custom for him and his neighbors to go to Lambertville every spring and each would bring home a load of shad, enough for one or two barrels, which were salted down for winter use. He frequently told me during his lifetime that quite a large proportion of the shad which he obtained in this way weighed from 6 to 9 pounds each, 8-pounders being a very common size. This indicates to me what under proper protection and restocking we may expect in the near future."

What my correspondent says of the practice of his grandfather and neighbors on the Delaware was formerly true on the upper Hudson River. Before the building of the Troy dam, about 1825, shad ran up the river to Baker's Falls, more than forty miles above Troy, and less than three miles from where I am writing. The shad could not get above the falls, and the farmers from far and near gathered to secure shad for salting for home consumption. I have talked with one man who resorted annually to Baker's Falls to secure shad for salting, and female relatives in my own family have told me of the practice as they knew of it. In our own day shad have been cut off by dams from ascending the Delaware River, and when fishways were built in the dams the shad again ascended to former spawning grounds. This I learned from a visit to the dams that stopped the shad for a time and from a visit to the upper river, from which they were for a time cut off. Capt. Pinder, who fishes at Catskill, told me that he had never taken a shad of 10 pounds in his nets, but on the Smithtown River, on Long Island, it is claimed that shad have been taken up to 14 pounds, and the employees of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission have, when taking eggs, found shad in the nets weighing 12 pounds.

Trout in Champlain Canal.

The Champlain canal is fed by the Glens Falls feeder at Fort Edward, the water for the feeder leaving the Hudson at the Feeder dam, about two miles above Glens Falls. This spring there was a break in the feeder and the water was drawn off to make repairs, leaving but a little water in the ditch, at intervals where there were low places. An officer of the Glens Falls Cement Works sent boys in the feeder near the works catching fish of some kind, and upon investigating he found the fish were brook trout, about 7 or 8 inches long, all about the same length. I was asked if I had planted trout in the canal, but, of course, I had not, and now the question is, where did they come from? There are trout streams flowing into the Hudson above the feeder, but none are tributary to the canal itself, and the only solution I can offer is that the trout worked down from above and found their way into the canal—but why? is the question.

What should cause the trout to leave cool, clear water streams and make their way into the muddy water of a canal? I confess I doubted the correctness of the identification of the fish, but when assured from several sources that the fish were "speckled trout" I could only accept the statements of those who saw the fish, contrary as it was to the known habits of the brook trout to frequent the waters of the State canal. A. N. CHENEY.

Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, July 13.—Trout and landlocked salmon fishing in New England waters is rather poor. At the Rangeleys a few fish are being taken, but the best of the season is over. A railroad magnate fished two days on Lake Mooselucmaguntic last week and caught only one little trout. At Richardson Lake the fishing is no better. At the Upper Dam very little is being done, with the veteran anglers waiting for the late fly-fishing. At Moosehead there is a little fly-fishing, but generally the guests are interested in some other sports. But bass fishing in many of the ponds in Maine is good. J. Parker Whitney came out from his camps at Mosquito Brook, Richardson Lake, and stopped at Andover for a couple of weeks, to escape the worst of the black flies. He tried the black bass fishing at Roxbury Pond, with good success. Very good strings of bass have lately been taken at the Winthrop and Belgrade ponds.

July 1 the law was off on white perch at the ponds in the section of Winthrop, Readfield and Monmouth, Me., as well as the waters in the section of Bangor. The anglers have been on the alert, and some good strings are reported. The perch will take the artificial fly on or near the surface, while they yield readily to still-fishing with worms or other bait. Trolling with a Rangeley spinner is also proving a good way to take the big ones. The fish and game commissioners have made a rule that only 25 perch shall be allowed to any angler on a single day. White perch fishing is not new in the State of Maine, by any means. About thirty-five years ago there was a White Perch Association at Waterville, Me., and this association had an annual meet and dinner, usually at one of the better white perch ponds at Smithfield, Rome or Belgrade. Editor Ephraim Maxham, of the Waterville Mail, was one of the earlier anglers for white perch, and a great lover of the sport. His score, and that of the rest of the Association, was almost religiously kept. A kindlier soul never followed in the footsteps of Izaak Walton, but he has long since taken his departure to the land of the blessed. But the Maine Fish and Game Commission is taking an interest in the stocking of other waters in the State with white perch, and is pleased with its success.

Boston, July 15.—New England sportsmen have been interested in the published accounts of the excursion and meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association, at Kineo, Moosehead Lake, last week. It was one of the best attended meetings the Association has ever held. All the political fish and game protectors were there, and there is no doubt that a good deal of the power that influences fish and game legislation was present. The members and guests present numbered nearly 100, including the Fish and Game Commissioners, ex-Governor Powers and other notables and newspaper editors from all parts of the State. The feature of the meeting was the address of Commissioner Carleton. He threshed over considerable old straw concerning the repeal of the September deer law; the causes which led to its enactment and repeal. He remarked that the Commission did not regret its repeal, since the timber land owners desired it. He read the following clipping from the editorial columns of a leading Maine agricultural paper:

According to the present outlook there will be a strong effort made to abolish the Fish and Game Commission in the next session of the Legislature. The feeling against this branch of our State Government has been steadily rising during the past two years, and now the opposition has become sufficiently strong to show its hand. The destruction of crops by deer through the northern section of Maine is largely responsible for this condition of affairs. When men are obliged to watch these animals tramping down and eating their grain, and do not dare to raise a hand in defense of their property, it is easy to see that a change of some kind is bound to come. This is not Ireland, and city sportsmen are not English landlords. It looks very much as though some of our sporting gentry would have to give up their soft snaps and give the farmers a chance. The country boy also wants a chance to once more use his cotton twine and banded pin in catching trout. We are inclined to think that the farmer will have an inning in the near future.

In his reply, Mr. Carleton said that the above item clearly outlined the wish and purpose of those who would see all laws for the protection of fish and game repealed, and a return to the days of the boy with his twine line and banded pin. While he admitted that deer may have damaged crops to a limited extent, he also dwelt upon the great advantages everybody in the State was deriving from the influx of sportsmen and summer tourists. To the fact of the actual presence of fish and game this summer business is largely due. The farmer's son with his pin hook and the crust hunter have had their innings. They formerly had them till nearly every head of game was destroyed and the fish in our streams nearly exhausted. Times have changed.

"We are inclined to think," says the writer of the article in the agricultural paper, "that the farmer will have his inning in the near future."

"Now, while this is the veriest rot, demagogism and rant," said Mr. Carleton, "it has its influence, and helps to create and foster a feeling of antagonism to our fish and game laws, and to meet and overcome this should be our first duty."

"A Maine farmer once rented a hilly, rocky pasture to a ladies' golf club from New York, for a big price. The farmer's servant, scandalized by the sight of tall, athletic girls in scarlet coats, armed with iron hoofed clubs, reported to the farmer that 'Them girls in the pasture scare our cows.'"

"The farmer scratched his head, 'Hir-ram,' came the leisurely answer, 'times has changed since we was young. Used ter be the cows scared the girls.'"

"The writer of this article is like Hiram. He doesn't understand that times have changed since the boy with the pin hook and the farmer had their innings."

The other speeches were mainly congratulatory. The subject of the attitude of the State toward her guides was ably handled. The guide law has grown in popularity ever since its enactment. The sportsman and tourist is

always welcome to the great interior fish and game preserve of Maine.

Mr. George Loud and Bert Hanson, of Boston, have just returned from a three weeks' fishing trip to Bonnie River, N. B. They had good sport, taking all the fish they wanted. Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Crane, of Boston, are still at the Megantic preserve. Before they left the Upper Dam Mrs. Crane took a salmon of 3 pounds 13 ounces. Mr. Crane writes that the fishing at Big Island Pond is improving. Some fine catches are being made. "We took seventy-six fine trout after supper the other night at L. Pond, all on the fly. Mrs. Crane took thirty-six, giving me a hard lead the most of the time. All of that catch was returned alive to the water, since we had all the trout in the camp larder than could be used." This is one of the best of rules thoroughly followed at the Megantic preserve, "No fish shall be killed not wanted for food," and Mr. Crane is one of the first to live up to it. The newspapers are full of reports of brook trout being taken in the White Mountain region. The recent rains have kept the streams up to a good fishing height, and great strings are reported. It is the same old story. The summer tourist, with his dollar and a half fish rod, takes 175 fingerlings in a day's fishing. What brook in the world can stand up against such fishing? The last reports from Kineo, Moosehead Lake, say that the fly-fishing is improving. Ex-Mayor Edwin U. Curtis and Mrs. Curtis, of Boston, have been fly-fishing there. Mrs. Curtis has had good sport, taking twenty-six trout at one outing. Winthrop M. Pitman, of Boston, fishing in the vicinity of Kearsarge, North Conway, N. H., returned with a string of 125 trout, the result of one day's fishing. W. O. Perkins, of Boston, has been fishing the main stream of the Penigewasset and has taken some large trout. From Attean camps, Jackman, Me., come reports of very good fly-fishing. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lawton, of Boston, are making some good catches there.

Still better reports are coming of the white perch fishing at the ponds in the vicinity of Bangor, Me. Swett's Pond is a favorite resort, one fisherman taking fifty-six perch in an hour. The black bass fishing is also good. From Belgrade ponds the reports of black bass fishing are excellent. Bait-fishing with minnows, frogs and grasshoppers is the rule. Still something is being done with the fly. Dr. W. H. Norcross, of Lewiston, landed a bass weighing 5½ pounds at Sabatis Pond Thursday. The citizens in the vicinity of Sabatis Pond have asked the Fish Commissioners to restrict the number of fish to ten bass and twenty-five perch in a day. At Lake Pennesseewassee, Norway, Me., the bass fishing is reported good. Supt. E. L. Lovejoy, of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway, took two fine bass there Saturday, fishing from Free-land Howe's camp. Still, there is some white perch fishing near Boston, for those who know how to find it. Mr. J. H. Jones caught a couple of good ones from a pond in Waltham the other day. SPECIAL.

Rainbow Trout in the Appalachians

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have just been passing around among the summer guests of Sapphire the very charming runes of your occasional correspondent, Mr. H. Stewart, who rusticates at Highlands, twenty miles away, and owns a large forested area in that part of Macon county. They were printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* some three years ago, about the time you published my "Words for Buncombe," and I have kept them ever since—as I keep the Commandments. They are certainly imbued with the fine sentiments which inspire John Burroughs, whose disciple I am rapidly becoming, despite an innate proclivity to hunt and shoot. I am no longer, let me say, a wanton destroyer of the beautiful in nature, but when I go forth it is to admire and not exterminate, though I confess that I do enjoy fly-fishing for trout, or any other variety of fish, for that matter. The use of bait in ponds or lakes involves still-fishing, which does not interest me, whereas fly-fishing enhances the sport, as I seek it, from start to finish. In no manner is the poetry of motion more strikingly illustrated from the first cast of the line to the final flop in the basket or boat. It is all motion!

Yesterday, at the mouth of Nixey Creek, which feeds the Sapphire Lake, I had the good fortune to take two trout which weighed a pound apiece with a coachman fly, sold by Abbey & Imbrie years ago, an exploit which astonished the craft, for it has been the impression here that the trout of the lakes would not take artificial flies. So you see I have a feather in my cap, although it is a white one.

The trout here are certainly astonishers for size and numbers. It is hard to convince outsiders that *S. salvelinus*, the speckled beauties of the Atlantic side, and of song, are found in these mountains; and yet the high regions of the entire Appalachian range are full of them. The stream fishing here at Sapphire and in its immediate vicinity is hardly surpassed in New England or the Adirondacks, while both the mountain and rainbow trout have been introduced into the artificial lakes, which are formed by draining the cañons. The Toxaway Hotel and Land Company, which owns some 27,000 acres of forest adjoining the Biltmore estate, limits its guests to count and weight, but every fisherman is sure to basket his quota of twenty, and often includes specimens which scale 2 pounds.

But if the mountain trout are remarkable, much more are the rainbow trout which have been introduced into Fairfield Lake, from a plant obtained in Handy, Vt., in 1897, and propagated at the company's fish hatchery on the Horsepasture at Sapphire. Fairfield Lake is an artificial body of water two miles long and forty feet deep in places. In four years these rainbow trout have grown from fry to nearly 4 pounds in weight. Manager J. F. Hays recently took one of 45 ounces in weight; John C. Eads, of Macon, Ga., one of 3 pounds 14 ounces, and Elliott Miller, of New York, one of 3 pounds 12 ounces. Dr. Richard Whitehead, Instructor at Chapel Hill, N. C., has also taken very large fish. All mentioned were on light rods with flies or bait. There is no doubt that the rainbow trout thrive better here than in their Rocky Mountain habitat. They have quieter water. They do not have to stem mountain torrents perpetually. The insect food of Fairfield Lake is in greater variety. There are crawfish, helgramites and lizards, but no minnows.

Chopped liver is fed to them regularly. Everything favors an abnormal growth—change of temperature, change of water, change of environment, culture, care and protection. Variation in size is readily accounted for on natural grounds. They occur in all families, but more readily in fishculture, where roughness of handling when stripping spawners for their ova injures a large proportion of the eggs.

So much for North Carolina mountain trout. As for the streams themselves, they are ideal. From their catch basins in the clouds they drop by 300-foot leaps from their rocky escarpments until they accomplish a descent of 3,000 feet or more, and thereupon they take the similitude and manner of creeks like the Whitewater, the Horsepasture, the Tuckasegee, the Toxaway and the French Broad, which form the feeders of the Tennessee and Savannah rivers. There are not less than forty of these high falls in this immediate vicinity. From the summit of Mt. Toxaway, where there is an observatory and a lodge, the Whitewater Falls show against the green of the forested mountain side, fifteen miles distant, like a column of marble when the sun strikes it. The width is perhaps one-third its height, so that it compares phenomenally with the noted high falls of the continent, while its location in mid-air is unique.

To most vacation ramblers this coming south for cool quarters is an enigma. But I can say, from a continental experience, that, excepting the sea coast, high elevations afford the only escape from midsummer heats. I have chased the comforter far up into the sub-arctic latitudes of Alaska and Labrador, and there seen the discomfited natives curl up like beavers in an oven with July and August heat, and I really believe there is a hot box at the North Pole at this season. Such phenomena explain the exuberance and variety of bird life and plant life which is found in that region, and the reason for its selection as a breeding ground for flight birds and water fowl.

Globe trotters are only just beginning to discover the advantages and attractions of this Appalachian ridge, chiefly because they have not been easily accessible until within a decade. Now we have tramways and trolleys and graded roads, and all hotel conveniences. Even invalids can attain unto them. We are only twenty-two hours from New York.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

SAPPHIRE, N. C., July 10.

West Virginia Conditions.

ROMNEY, W. Va., July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In reply to a newspaper article I noticed in reference to tanneries, saw mills, and other factories not killing fish, I have only a few words to say. The party that made that statement knew he was stating a barefaced lie, and I refer all parties to the condition of the North Branch of the Potomac prior to the time saw mills were erected above Piedmont, the pulp mill at Piedmont, and other sources of pollution. Before this pollution was commenced the North Branch was a good black bass stream, and I have stood on the banks of it at Washington Bottom, ten or eleven miles west of Cumberland, Md., and have seen any quantities of bass on their spawning beds and swimming around. How is it now? At Parkersburg, a few weeks ago, the Federal Grand Jury indicted three saw mill men for pollution of a stream, and the suit of the city of Cumberland against the pulp mill people at Luke, Md., shows very positively that there are laws on this subject, and that they can be enforced. The thousand or more people who live on the South Branch of the Potomac are not going to sit idle and let Cover's or the United States Leather Company, or any other concern, spoil this beautiful stream and pollute its waters so as to be unfit for man or beast. These tanneries will have to build settling basins, and it is no use for them to kick and squirm.

As the South Branch has been too muddy for me to report any catches of bass this season, will write you of a 32 pound carp caught with hook and line this spring in Stump's Eddy, by Mr. C. D. McIlwee, one of our luckiest fishermen. Mr. McIlwee holds the belt for the largest fish taken with hook and line out of this stream; but a short time after he caught his large one a young man, by name of Garrett Parsons, had an exciting adventure with what he claims a larger carp than the one caught by McIlwee. Mr. Parsons was down in a meadow watching the receding high water, and noticed something swimming around, which he took to be a muskrat. He waded out to it and struck it with a stick and then found it was a tremendous carp. He got his hands in its mouth, but could not hold it, as he was so much excited, and the fish was so slippery. The fish made its escape into a run and then into the river a few yards away.

A great many camps are here now, but the fishing has been very poor, on account of high waters. I think it will improve shortly, as it has the appearance of clearing up now, and as very few small bass have been caught, and they have had time to spawn, I think it will be fine fishing here later on.

Our last Legislature gave our game warden a salary of \$1,200 a year and \$300 additional for traveling expenses, etc., and gave him power to appoint deputies in each county. This he is very slow in doing, and it is badly needed in the counties of Hampshire, Hardy and Grant, and no doubt in other counties. Guess he is faster in drawing his salary than in the protection of our game.

A crowd of sportsmen from Wheeling and vicinity passed through this place to visit and inspect a tract of land, about eighteen miles above Moorefield, on the south fork of the South Branch, for the purpose of establishing a game and fish preserve. Another party from New York is after this same land, for the same purpose, and it is to be hoped that one or the other will purchase it for this purpose.

Partridges are thick here this summer and I predict a fine quail season this fall. Squirrels are very scarce around here.

JIM BURR BRADY.

Notice.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

"Good Boating."

CHICAGO, Ill., July 13.—This is the season of the year when the summer resort hotels are assiduously distributing their glowing literature. I believe it was an Eastern railroad which sent out a genius along its line to write up the attractions of the different fishing resorts, and printed the report of the said genius to the effect that fine bull-head fishing and fine trout fishing could both be found in such and such a lake along the aforesaid line. This sort of thing does not go to-day, for the sporting public at least expects something of accuracy in the schedule of the summer resort; yet I notice a number of railroad hotels in our North Woods who advertise the "giant muscallunge," the "leaping black bass" and the "speckled beauty" as of yore. Nearly all of these summer hotel folders also call attention to the fact that there is "good boating." It is rather of a comfort to the average city man who goes into the wilderness to reflect that, although the owner of the hotel has been studiously doing all he could to keep down the deer supply by jacklight hunting in the summer time, and has perhaps kept his boys busy fishing through the ice in the winter time, has none the less been generous enough to leave the "good boating" for his summer guests. Take courage, my brethren. If the fish do not bite, you still have left the water, and so long as you have plenty of water you can have "good boating." No hotel folder should be without this announcement; and, indeed, very few of them are without it.

"Good Fishing."

As to good fishing, that is another matter. We are all up in the air in this neighborhood, so far as actually good fishing is concerned, nor have we much license to expect any considerable change in the conditions until the cooler season of autumn. Mr. Graham H. Harris, who has returned from the Manitowish chain, states that eight bass in one day was the best he could do. It should be remembered, however, that Mr. Harris does not fish for bass with anything but the fly. I imagine that any one could have very good sport with bait on bass in any one of a number of different waters near the Manitowish station.

In the Vieux Desert region, accessible from State Line, Wis., there are a lot of good bass lakes. Nut Lake and Dinner Lake are good little bass waters, situated about a half-mile from each other and about six miles from the big lake. So far as is known, these lakes were not fished by any one until 1898. They still have a great many bass in them. Thirty and forty bass have been taken there in the course of an afternoon. The most deadly way for fishing these waters is by means of a bait-casting rod and free reel, and at this season of the year the spoon hook with a pork rind bait is perhaps as good a lure as any, although the live frog will do business in the evening in these wilderness lakes, provided one can secure the frogs. One of the most exciting experiences I ever had was in a little lake called Moon Lake, up near the Gaylord Club, where I once met a school of bass feeding at the edge of the lily pads. These fish would snap at anything I could throw to them, the artificial fly, frog, spoon hook, or anything else. After I ran out of frogs and took to the fly-rod, I had some splendid sport with them. There are scores of lakes accessible from State Line. Conover or any one of the fifty different railroad stations in upper Wisconsin, where one can have all the bass fishing he wants, not to mention "good boating."

Good Canoe Trip.

I am very often asked by parties for information regarding some good stream suitable for a canoe or boating trip where one can camp out and do a little fishing. One might do much worse than follow the Wisconsin River from State Line or the Vieux Desert country down to Rhinelander. This is a distance of about 140 miles in all, and it takes one through a very wild and prolific part of Wisconsin River system. There are some muscallunge in the Wisconsin River in this portion, to say nothing of a great many wall-eyed pike and small-mouth bass. In the fall one would sometimes see ducks, perhaps partridges, and perhaps also deer. There are no dangerous rapids, but the water is in places fast enough to make it interesting. This is a good thing to bear in mind if one is looking for a floating trip.

At the Huron Mountain Club.

Mr. Hempstead Washburne, of this city, is just in town, back from his cottage at the Huron Mountain Club, on the south shore of Lake Michigan. There are at present about thirty members up at the club, and they are all having a good time, although the fishing just now is nothing extraordinary. It was better during the earlier months of the season, though even now there are enough trout taken to supply the tables and to afford sport for the faithful.

It was at the Huron Mountain Club that a little bear hunt occurred a week or so ago, in which the leading figures were Mr. W. P. Hamilton, of Detroit, his twelve-year-old son, Dr. Baxter, of Chicago, and John Nelson, a local guide. It would seem that Nelson had seen sign of a good bear and had put out a steel trap, and presently he brought word that the bear had gone off with the trap, clog and all. Mr. Hamilton and his son started out that day, and they and Nelson followed the bear all day long through a heavy bit of swamp. They could not get up with him, and had to go back to the club that night. On the next day Dr. Baxter joined them and they all started out at 4 o'clock in the morning. They followed Bruin steadily until dark, but were unable to come up with him, and finally had to give up the chase and let the bear get away with the trap, perhaps to perish a lingering death, perhaps to have his foot rot off in the jaws of the trap after some weeks of suffering. They claimed that they had no dog with which they could follow the bear, and that the bear in some way had freed the clog from the trap, so that he could travel with considerable speed. They saw places where the bear had pounded against the trunks of trees with the trap, and in one place had actually cut off or broken off a big pine stub in this way, hammering it with the side of the trap. At times the bear would pick up the clog in his arms and walk with it in that way, evi-

dently having the trap upon his front foot. The track of this bear measured 6 inches across the ball of the foot, which is a very large bear for that part of the world.

Speaking of Mr. Graham H. Harris reminds me that he starts this coming week with his family for an extended trip through the Western regions. They stop first at the Hot Springs of South Dakota, and then go out into the Yellowstone Park country, and will locate at Henry's Lake, where Mr. Harris had such fine sport last fall, and where he thinks the trout fishing surpasses anything that he has known.

The Au Sable.

Mr. John D. McLeod, of Milwaukee, has inveigled the undersigned into a trout trip on the Au Sable River of Michigan. It is, of course, the poorest time of the year, and we will very likely get nothing of consequence, yet we start on Monday evening to try it for a day or two, it being our firm conviction that any place is better than the city in these hot days of summer. Mr. George L. Alexander, of Grayling, whom out of all the men I have met all over the United States I figure to be about the most generous and kind-hearted that ever was, writes that he will be too busy to join us on this trip. It was Mr. Alexander who started this thing going in the first place, it being then his scheme to have Mr. W. B. Mershon and one or two other members of the Saginaw Crowd up at Grayling for a run down to a part of the stream where there are some big rainbows. Now Mr. Mershon is too busy knocking dollars off the bushes, Mr. Alexander is likewise deeply engaged in the same pursuit. As for Mr. McLeod and myself, he is going to quit knocking them off, and I quit long ago, so it now looks as though we would start, as the society reporter writes of the wedding procession, "promptly at the appointed hour."

A Few Bass.

Billy Farmer, of this city, starts this afternoon for a session with the big-mouths at Billy Tuohy's hotel on Eagle Lake, Wis. At this date Billy Farmer holds the Tuohy medal for the biggest bass of the season safe enough, he having taken a bass of 6 pounds a few weeks ago. He is determined this time to break his own record. This record was held last year by H. M. White, of Chicago, with a 6-pound 7-ounce bass. Mr. White is still at Eagle Lake trying to equal Billy's 6-pound bass of this summer. He has been having pretty good fishing, last Saturday coming in with a catch of twenty-two bass, and a week previous with one of twenty, including a number of very good fish.

There are some big-mouths still left up in the country adjoining Fox Lake, Wis. Lake Emily seems to be a favorite water, and although of no great extent, it has never been fished in the modern scientific method until very lately. Two anglers by the name of Robert Jansen and Althrough Pope on last Tuesday caught over 100 black bass in this little lake, which is something of a record for a water situated in so old-settled a country as that part of Wisconsin.

Annual Fish Day.

I do not know whether I mentioned it or not at the right time, though I intended to do so, and certainly it deserves mention—this great annual fish holiday of the city of Bloomington, Ill. Bloomington is a busy little city, but it has near it no river, creek or lake of any consequence. There is one little lake known as Miller Lake, which was stocked five years ago with game fish. Last year it was determined by the city fathers that the public of Bloomington ought to have one day's fishing a year at least, and on last July it is stated that there were 2,500 people who went out fishing in this little lake on the occasion of the annual holiday. On July 6, the date of the holiday for this year, there were fully as many anglers of all sorts and conditions on the shores of this little pond. The people came out before daybreak in order to get good positions, as they do when attending a hanging down in Arkansas, and all day long and until dark they patiently did their best to avail themselves of the privileges brought by this fishing holiday. Once a year, one day out of 365—it is too bad that Bloomington and every other city in the world cannot do a little bit better than that by way of fishing holidays.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Angling Notes.

THE sport continues so good among the ouananiche in the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John that the Messrs. W. Ruthven Stuart and J. Ruthven Stuart, of London, who have already spent some time there, are extending their visit another month. Other British sportsmen who are at present enjoying this fishing are T. T. McCready and W. H. McCready, of Dublin, Ireland. Messrs. Graves, Morrison and Cardie, of Columbus and Cleveland, O., are making an extended trip in the Lake St. John country, being after trout as well as ouananiche. Among other American angling parties who have been exceedingly successful in the Grande Décharge is one composed of Messrs. H. J. Martin, W. H. Martin and Colonel Jones, of New York. They found the ouananiche very plentiful, and their catch was a very large one. In fact, it is the universal experience this year that the fish are very much more numerous than usual.

With the diminution of the fly pest in the woods at the end of this month, there is likely to be a large increase in the number of canoeing parties bound for the lake country north of Lake St. John. For most of these waters anglers will require larger flies than are now used in the Décharge. In fact, the large flies used there in the early part of the season will be found suitable in the ouananiche pools of the Peribonca and Ashuapmouhouan, Lake Tschotagama and Lac-à-Jim. In many of the intervening and smaller waters good trout fishing is to be had. Either the River Aleck, Lake Epiphany, or River and Lake des Aigles will be found well worthy of a visit by lovers of the angle. All contain trout in abundance, and in some of them large doré and gray trout are also to be taken by trolling. The little Peribonca contains large quantities of both ouananiche and trout. It is reached by steamer from Roberval to the mouth of the Grand Peribonca and thence by canoe. The canoe routes are all hemmed in by forests

right to the water's edge, the rapids are frequent and picturesque, and it would be difficult indeed to imagine more enjoyable routes for a summer outing.

From the north shore of the St. Lawrence and from Labrador it is learned that the salmon fishing is much better than it has been on the south shore. Over a hundred fish have been killed in the Trinity, which is a comparatively small river.

Mr. Hart, of Waterbury, will fish one of the Gaspé streams with a party of friends next week. The net fishing has been splendid of late in the Baie des Chaleurs, and good sport will probably be reported a little later from the anglers among the second run of salmon in the rivers flowing into the bay.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Canada, July 18.

The Tarpon Record.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The big tarpon now on exhibition at the store of Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son, 31 Park place, New York city, is claimed in your issue of July 6 to be the largest tarpon ever caught with rod and reel.

This claim is not well founded, for my friend, Dr. H. W. Howe, of Mexico City, Mex., in December, 1899, caught one just ten pounds heavier—viz., 223 pounds. This fish was fully described in my paper on "Winter Fishing at Tampico," published in your issue of Aug. 4, 1900.

This fish was landed on a light Devine tarpon rod, a No. 36 Empire City line that had been in constant use for more than two weeks, and one of Dr. Howe's reels.

I hold in my office the original affidavit of Dr. Howe and two others who saw the fish landed and weighed, a copy of which was incorporated in the aforesaid paper of mine.

The scale used for weighing the fish was one sold me by Mr. Ed. vom Hofe, and which was tested a short time before by weighing accurately two men.

It is evident, therefore, that Dr. Howe still holds the championship.

I note also in the same issue of your paper that two tarpon fishermen in thirty-four days' fishing in Florida landed between them fifteen tarpon. In the same time at Tampico, Mex., they could certainly have landed over one hundred. As far as I have been able to learn, the winter and spring fishing along the Mexican coast is far superior to that along the Florida coast.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 2-5.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XX.—The Tools of Training.

The whip, whistle, spike collar and check cord are all the instruments the trainer needs to perfect the dog in his education for work to the gun.

Both whip and spike collar have been denounced as cruel by many writers, and they are denounced by many who use them. The cruelty therefore is in their application, which is a manifestation of the trainer's purposes.

If the trainer cannot use the spike collar without being cruel, it is better for him to entirely forego its use, as it is better also to forego any attempts at training if he cannot control his temper. When properly applied, the collar inflicts pain without mutilation. It serves a useful purpose, and its use can be justified on that score. Breaking the colt to harness, which at first hurts him, or breaking the ox to the yoke, inflicts certain degrees of pain, yet if not carried to unnecessary degrees no one considers that cruelty is inflicted. One or two cuts from a heavy whalebone whip raises welts on the side of the roadster, and causes a greater intensity of pain than there would be occasion to inflict in all the lessons of the average retriever.

Anger and violence result in cruelty. When they are exhibited, the trainer is such in name only. He then is unfit to teach, and he then incapacitates the pupil to learn.

The best training collar, though called a spike collar, is a combination of both spike and choke collar. Its construction should be simple and its material of the best. The leather should be medium weight harness leather, without sponginess or flaws. For convenience in use, the collar is made in two parts.

The longer part should be from 22 to 24 inches in length by 1¼ inches in width. An iron oblong, sufficiently large to allow the free end of the strap to play through it, is sewed in the other end of the strap. If a ring were used it would allow the strap to twist around the dog's neck; the oblong prevents it from doing so. The spikes, six in number, are screwed through steel plates on one side of the strap, two to a plate, and are secured by nuts screwed on them on the opposite side of the strap. The spikes to allow the free end of the strap to play through it, it should project inwardly, about ½ inch. The points should have a bevel of about 45 degrees, so that they will hurt, without cutting or puncturing the skin. The shorter strap, 2 or 3 inches in length, has a square buckle at one end to buckle free end of the collar, and a ring is at the other end in which to fasten the check cord.

The whip is carried and used to punish the dog for any misbehavior in a general way. Its presence alone has a beneficial moral effect. While the dog enjoys the society of his master as a companion, he detests servitude, which conflicts with his own spontaneous actions or purposes, and he obeys many times for no other reason than that obedience is compulsory.

The presence of the whip and its significance do much to maintain discipline. For its moral effect, many trainers carry it fastened to the coat, where it is in sight at all

times, and where it is instantly available when needed. The majority of trainers and shooters, however, carry the whip in the pocket. Those most in favor, therefore, are flexible, so that they may be rolled up and stowed in a small compass.

Whips heavily loaded with iron or lead should never be used, as they are unpleasant to carry, and as a slung shot are not at all needed in furtherance of the dog's education.

A silk or linen cracker on the end of the whip adds to its effectiveness. It also preserves the lash from wearing out. An admonitory crack of it often serves to adjust the dog's efforts quite as well as a whipping does.

The check cord serves a most useful purpose in keeping the dog under control at such times as he would misbehave or interfere if left to his own will, or run away if he is displeased or afraid. It also comes efficiently into use in many parts of the field and yard breaking.

A braided cord is the best. It does not require so much care in coiling it for the pocket, and it cannot untwist in the annoying manner peculiar to common rope.

The cord used to connect windows with their counterbalance serves admirably the purposes of a check cord. A ¼-inch line is quite large enough for all field purposes, although in the yard lessons a ½-inch line, as being easier on the hands, may be preferable. The check cord should be as short as is consistent with effecting the desired purpose. If used beyond a certain length, which is variable according to the special matter to be accomplished, it is more or less cumbersome and unmanageable. When not in use it should be coiled carefully so that when one end is fastened to the dog's collar it will play freely without tangling or kinking.

The whistle serves as a great aid in handling the dog when he is seeking for prey. It should have a good tone of medium pitch. Metallic whistles have a tendency to make the mouth sore, and when full of frost in cold weather are painful to the teeth and lips. For use, it is best suspended from near the hunting coat collar in front by a string of sufficient length.

The senseless and continuous whistling practiced by some trainers and shooters should be studiously avoided. To the dog, the blasts have a meaning only when they are associated with definite ideas, and such he cannot have if they are continuous.

If the whistle is carried habitually in the mouth, there is a great temptation to blow it unnecessarily, therefore it is better to place it in the pocket until it is actually needed. Men who carry it in their mouths continuously are prone to acquire a drawn, anxious look, and are ever alert to blow it on the slightest pretext of setting the dog aright in his seeking. Probably nine out of ten of the blasts on the whistle are unnecessary, and therefore more or less harmful. Its only useful place in the management of the dog at work is to turn him if taking a cast too wide; to attract his attention to a signal of the hand, which the shooter desires him to see, and to make him cease work and come in. A different note is used for the respective purposes, and once the note is definitely fixed upon, it should always be used in its proper relation and none other.

The trainer can use any note or combination of notes which he pleases, there being nothing specially conventional in this respect, although in a general way a long and short note are used to make the dog turn, a succession of short, sharp notes to attract his attention, and a prolonged whistling to make him come in.

When trained for field trial purposes, some dogs are taught to work further out and go faster to blasts of the whistle, to the end that the whistling of the opposing handler may not check the dog's efforts.

XXI.—Field Trial Breaking and Handling.

In field trial competition, a dog needs to do his best, and this he can do only when he has self confidence, proper schooling, good spirits, and stamina which comes from excellent physical condition.

A dog, working alone in such manner as pleases himself, and yet, perhaps, in a manner pleasing to the shooter, is then engaged quite differently from a matter of competition. Allowed to take his own time and methods, he may do well; but in competition his performance is relative, and therefore inferior if some other dog does better.

The field work of the dog, with its cramped subservience to the interests of the gun, and the work of the dog in field trial competition, are distinct inasmuch as the pottering burdensomeness of the shooter in actual work is largely eliminated.

There are shooters who hold that a field trial should be an exhibition of high class field work as it is done in actual service to the gun afield. Such arguments are absurd. To hold a dog down to the restrictions imposed by actual work to the gun would vitiate all competition. The purpose of the competition is to try out the dog's powers to the utmost, in the qualities which are essential in actual field work, and in the approved manner of field work, free from the obstructiveness of the shooter whose dominant idea is the capture of the bird rather than the degree of his dog's natural qualities. The capture of the bird, by the way, is a difficult idea to remove from the average shooter's field trial data. He cannot consider a race between two or more dogs without making the dead bird a standard of value. One season at field trials usually convinces the as-in-actual-field-work oracle that he is quite right and the field trial world is quite wrong; in the second season, he usually begins to learn something on the one hand and unlearn something on the other; and later on, if he have a reasonable degree of good sense, he learns to know that he did not know it all.

The term, "natural qualities," is difficult to explain to the advocate of pure field work which is done in the interest of the gun, for the reason that it embodies a theory which runs counter to his prejudgments and prejudices. He generally attempts the reductio ad absurdum that "natural qualities" indicate an unbroken dog turned loose to run wild. As a matter of fact, the field trial dog needs to be broken to a certain useful degree, and while he competes after the manner of actual field work he is freed from its deadening burdens. The trotting horse is broken to harness and to obedience to voice and rein, yet he, in a race, is given the freest opportunity to display his natural qualities to their ut-

most. Why not insist that he should race to a farm cart so that his natural qualities would thereby be displayed "as in actual field work?"

The manner in which the horse races is not the manner in which he is driven on the road; the manner in which he is trained on the track is not the manner in which he is trained for road work, yet the natural qualities, the speed, stamina, intelligence, gameness, disposition, etc., which the horse displays in races are the qualities which are of service in actual road work, and when he is used in the latter service the manner of handling him is modified accordingly.

No sane man would think of driving his horse on the road as if he were racing for a championship. Most men can talk sensibly in respect to the distinctions between a race horse and a cart horse, yet a large percentage of them would probably lose their good judgments when considering the differences between a field dog and a field trial dog, though the difference between either might be merely a matter of handling. Indeed, a dog might be both a field trial dog and a field dog, and not infrequently he is such. Few men can handle a race horse or field trial dog; not every man can handle the ordinary horse or dog, and some men cannot handle any kind of dog, for which they hold the dog blamable.

It is true that fast dogs have bolted at field trials, and it also is true that race horses have run away on the tracks when racing, but it would be erroneous to assume that such acts are considered standards of merit. And yet a dog of high class natural qualities may commit a flagrant error and win a race, not by virtue of having committed such error, but by virtue of being a better performer than his competitors, error and all considered. On the other hand, a dog may commit an error of such magnitude that it disqualifies him from further competition in the race in which he is engaged.

Field trials are conducted by intelligent, experienced gentlemen. They have all the experience and knowledge which come from "actual field work," with the added knowledge of what constitutes the principles of a competition and the best manner of conducting it.

In preparing a dog for a competition it therefore is better to act on the theory that he will engage in a race. Memories of what dear Star did on a memorable day when he made forty-nine or more points with birds to every point will not offset his inferior performance in competition. Not what he has done but what he does do is the only datum the judge considers.

To perform at his best, a dog must be in fine physical condition. His muscles must be hard and strong; his feet tough; his body free from fat and surplus flesh, all resulting from sufficient exercise in the preliminary weeks, combined with proper feeding and general good care. Furthermore, he must have ample practice on birds, so that he will be able to perform quickly and skillfully on them. Speedy work is essential, for one can easily understand that a dog which works on his birds sharply, accurately and intelligently will not give a slower dog any chance to score, however well the latter may be able to work if given more time. No forcing process serves to fit the dog for a field trial. Over-exercising to reduce fat, whipping to correct errors, etc., do not condition the dog. Good, honest preparation and enough time are the essentials. Soft flesh, thick wind and unskillfulness are not corrected by hurry or pressure.

Without the necessary preparation, no dog has other than an exceedingly remote chance in a field trial competition. Trusting to luck and to one's own ability to help the dog to win is trusting to a forlorn hope.

The judges are quite alive to what work is done independently by the dog and what is done by the assistance of his handler. They will make their estimates accordingly. This does not imply that skill is not necessary in handling a dog in a field trial, but it notes a distinction between skillfully handling a dog which is able to make a good competition and on the other hand endeavoring to assist one which is unfit to compete. Handling and assisting are different matters.

Sharp practice is now many years obsolete. Honesty and skillfulness are not in the least antagonistic. Any attempts at trickery are instantly detected by the modern judge, and if the offending handler escapes a reprimand on the spot he does not escape close surveillance thereafter and a disbelief in his honesty on the part of the judges, so that in a way he justly suffers a depreciation of character from any attempts at tricky handling.

The field trial dog is best developed by permitting him to self hunt, or by conducting his training on a modification of it. In this manner, his self interest is stimulated to its utmost, consistent with a reasonable degree of work to the gun.

Most dogs work less keenly when restricted too closely in their work to the gun, and some dogs work in a slovenly, spiritless manner under such circumstances. The greater self-interest the trainer can evoke in the dog, the greater will be the dog's effort to gratify it. This can be done and maintained only by kindness and encouragement in the main.

The chief considerations in a field trial are locating the birds, pointing them, backing the competing dog, steadiness to point, wing, and shot, and judgment in ranging.

The general wisdom of the dog, as manifested by his practical acts, is expressed by the term "bird sense." Any training, over and above what brings out these qualities in a finished manner, is redundant, and, from a competitive standpoint, tends toward harming the dog's chances rather than toward improving them. In seeking, finding, pointing, etc., the mind of the dog should be concentrated on the work which is recognized as competitive. If he makes his work secondary to the doings of his handler, he is thereby hampered with considerations which are not competitive, and his performance as a contestant will be injured accordingly. In short, the field trial dog is trained specially to fit the conditions of a race. If he works out his ground with greater speed and more judgment, follows a trail with greater speed and precision, points his birds more truly than does his competitor, he will be doing practically all the work. His opponent then will seem to be doing nothing, for the work all being done before he can get to it, there is nothing for him to do.

Contrary to the views held by some writers, great experience on game is no handicap to the field trial

dog. It, on the contrary, gives him the knowledge which he needs in competition. He cannot be too knowing in all the details of field work. Great experience, however, may be confounded with overwork or staleness, which is a decided factor in making a dog unfit for his best performance. Experience, in a proper sense, never makes a dog less keen or less snappy in his work, but overwork will, to a certainty, make him so.

The essentials of a good field trial dog's performance are as follows: staying out at his work industriously, and therefore never coming in to his handler till ordered to do so; beating out his ground with judgment—that is to say, going from one to another of the places likely to serve as haunts or feeding grounds for the birds; locating the birds quickly and accurately after he catches the foot scent or the body scent; pointing them intelligently and stanchly, and backing only when it is necessary to do so; all being governed by a desire to be independent in action and take the initiative whenever it is possible to do so; to be filled naturally for such performance he must have intelligence, stamina, enthusiasm and pluck, self-confidence, a good nose and a good disposition.

The preliminary fitting of the dog for field trial competition is a matter to keep in mind at all times. During the summer months he should be kept in reasonably good physical condition by exercising, good food and a wholesome place in which to sleep. His field work beginning with short hunts, is gradually increased, till he is given all the work he can stand without lessening his enthusiasm and energy in it. He should be thrown entirely on his own resources, consistent with the conditions exacted by the competition.

If the dog has not the knowledge of how best to hunt his ground or go to his birds, etc., before the race, during the race is a badly chosen time in which to teach or assist him. While the handler is endeavoring to assist his dog to accomplish a certain act, the competing dog, more confident and able, may do it readily on his own initiative.

The information already presented in this work on the subject of a steadiness to shot, point, back and wing is applicable to the training of the field trial dog. He must be steady in the work which is designated as being competitive. Flushing intentionally or through erroneous judgment will be penalized to a certainty, although flushes under adverse conditions, such as running onto a bird down or across wind when the dog could not scent it are rarely considered as being a demerit.

The best manner of ranging, roading, pointing, etc., qualities treated fully in previous chapters, are essential to the field trial dog. They should be carefully developed to their best, for the fact that the dog is in a race instead of "an ordinary day's shooting" should ever be borne in mind. To insist that the field trial should be conducted as an ordinary day's shooting is analogous to insisting that a horse race should be conducted as an ordinary day's farm work. In the one case, the dog displays the powers with which nature endowed him, under the least restriction consistent with his control; in the other, he displays his powers as a mental dog, habituated to the restrictions of servitude.

It is better to give the dog as much time as possible near the scene of the trials, so that he may have experience on grounds similar to those of the field trials, and become acclimated as much as possible. Changes of water, climate, food, etc., not infrequently affect the dog's condition and the quality of his field work. He never should be run longer than he maintains his best speed and effort. An hour at first, once or twice a day, night and morning, when the dog is coolest, with a two-hour run every second or third day when he is in better condition, will serve to maintain the average good dog at his best field work. It is a mistake, on the other hand, to have a dog so highly keyed in speed that from high animal spirits he will run so fast he cannot do anything other than to pick out a course to run in. When so extended, he cannot use his nose to the best advantage even if he can use it at all. For the trials which have longer heats than a half hour or hour the matter of endurance must be more seriously considered, and the preparation of the dog must be with a view to establish less speed and longer effort. His preparatory runs are longer to conform to the longer runs exacted in the competition wherein endurance is a factor. Dogs vary greatly in their capacity for work. Some will perform well every day, while others again may not be equal to a satisfactory performance oftener than every other day. The idiosyncrasies of the individual must govern. The trainer should endeavor to keep the dog at a pitch wherein he delights to work every moment. If the latter potters betimes, or loafs, or is dilatory of execution, he loses accordingly if his opponent is industrious persistently and finished in his work.

The Derbys are considered by many as being puppy stakes, but they are so in name only. The age limit is necessarily so liberal that it permits the running of two-year-olds, a trifle more or less as to age, and at two years a dog may be considered as being mature in relation to field work. The breeder should, therefore, endeavor to have his puppies whelped as nearly on or after Jan. 1 as possible, to thereby obtain the greatest allowable age. Then they can be given quite a thorough training the fall and winter of their first season, beginning their second season as trained dogs prepared to take a post graduate course and to enlarge their practical experience.

In handling a dog in competition, the trainer should attend strictly to his own affairs. Any attempt to supervise or dictate to the opposing handler is impertinent and useless. Any captiousness or insubordination militates against the handler's success. If one handler obeys the judges' instructions and the other does not, the judges will possibly after awhile leave the disobedient handler to go where he pleases and do as he likes, the disobedience and refusal to follow the instructions being considered as inability to do so. The judges will always give a respectful hearing to any complaints of interference of one handler with another, if they be not frivolous or prejudiced in their origin. However, it is much better to go through the competition looking out for the best interests of the dogs in charge rather than to engage in looking for trouble.

Some handlers school their dogs to disregard the whistle, or to go out the faster when they hear it, and this to guard against their being called in or turned at

improper junctures by the whistling of the opposing handler. There are but few handlers who do not whistle to and order their dogs too much when in competition. The less noise made, the better.

Between heats the dog should be carried in a wagon. After a heat he should have all the burrs, etc., picked out of his coat and from between his toes, and if the weather is at all cold or raw he should be blanketed and made comfortable.

New Publications.

The Girl at the Half-Way House.

It is good that at length the old-time West is coming to have a place in the literature of the land. The day, to be sure, is late; most of the contemporary witnesses of its early history have passed away; yet the time is not so distant but that many fragments of that history may be saved, to serve at a later day as material for him who shall write at large the story of the trans-Mississippi region from the time of Lewis and Clarke down to its modern civilization.

It was a most happy circumstance that Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, of D. Appleton & Co., should have conceived the thought of preparing a series of volumes to be published under the title "The Story of the West." These cover a variety of types—the Indian, the soldier, the cowboy, the miner and others—and it was a circumstance hardly less happy that Mr. Hitchcock, the editor of the series, should have pitched upon Mr. Emerson Hough to write "The Story of the Cowboy." How well that story was written, and how strongly the cowboy's true character appealed to a public which had imagined a character very different, is well known to the many thousand readers of the book. The description was a true, vivid and interesting picture of a type that has already passed away.

Mr. Hough is one of the writers who long ago yielded himself to the potent charm of a West which was "wild," and so natural, and in his latest volume, "The Girl at the Half-Way House; A Story of the Plains," he has again depicted scenes most of which belong to that now distant past. It is not necessary to tell readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* of the charm of Mr. Hough's literary style, nor to inform them that his book is well written, and his story is pleasingly told. What may better be done is to explain in some degree what it contains.

It is divided into four Books, treating of different times, though times that follow closely one upon another. The first Book is the Day of War, in which he introduces to his readers the heroine and the hero of the tale at the taking of Louisburg, near the close of the Civil War, and tells the melancholy and touching story of the march of the victors over the bloody field while the band played not a triumphant hymn of victory nor a thoughtless strain of joy, but that old sweet song, long loved in the old time South, which begins

Maxwellton braes are bonnie.

Book II. deals with the Day of the Buffalo, the day of the end of the track, the day of the new settlers, and of canvas and sod houses. The scenes of this new country and new life are vividly pictured. The roughness and the helplessness, the brutality and the tenderness, the carelessness and the deep feeling of these people who had fought their way into an unknown world among unknown neighbors, and were not yet sure where they were or how they felt. Here there was hunting, fighting, and struggling of many sorts, and through it all the hero is learning himself the lesson of life and his own strength. Here, too, he meets again the heroine, and learns to love her, but his love is not returned.

In Book III. it is the Day of the Cattle. The buffalo had gone. The long trail is furrowed by thousands on thousands of slow feet working constantly to the North. People have settled down a little bit more into their places. They begin to belong to the soil. The heroine's love story does not prosper.

Last of all comes the Day of the Plow. The cattle have followed the buffalo and the Indian out of the pages, and following the cattle has ridden the cowboy, too. Land is now what all men desire. The story moves on rapidly, still in Kansas, and then suddenly in the last chapter the scene changes to an old Southern city, and then comes the end—a happy ending.

Mr. Hough has written a story very unlike the conventional novel. It is full of action and movement, yet we may imagine that after all the love story which runs through its pages was intended to serve as little more than a moulding on which to hang three broad canvases, paintings of phases of the quickly changing life in the early West, from the time when the settlements began until the days when the question of settlement had become a matter of long ago, and the people had settled down into the commonplace—and happy—life when history is no longer made.

The canvases are broad, the lights strong, the shadows deep. We have here an artist who sees beneath the surface, who paints with deep sympathy, and who has depicted well scenes that every American should be glad to know of.

In and Around the Grand Canyon.

Most marvelous but as yet least known of the wonders of America is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. One might say that it is only a little more than thirty years ago that it was discovered, for it was then that Maj. J. W. Powell, with his little band of heroes, faced the perils of this rapid, rushing, almost underground, river and traced its course from Green River on the Union Pacific Railroad southward through untold difficulty and danger. Long, long before that the Spaniards had crossed the stream near its mouth, and the upper reaches of the two rivers which unite to form the Colorado had long been well known. In 1835 or '36 a party of trappers under the leadership of one Fremont descended the river, and one of that party still lives—or a few years ago did live—in Wyoming. Again, in 1855, Ashley, who gave his name to Ashley Fork and Ashley Falls, attempted the descent,

but to the scientific world nothing was known of the river or its dangers until Maj. Powell accomplished his trip, and the general public was more than twenty years behind the scientific world.

Within the last dozen years, however, knowledge of this cañon, and of its beauties, as seen from above, has gradually filtered into the public mind, and the construction of railways to some of the best-known view points makes it clear that before long the Grand Cañon may be as well known as the Cañon of the Yellowstone. A volume recently issued by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, is likely to contribute much to this knowledge.

This is "In and Around the Grand Cañon," by Geo. Wharton James, who for ten years has visited "the most sublime spectacle of earth." His work is not an ordinary book of hasty travel, but the accumulated results of much study, during which a great extent of country has been traversed on foot and on horseback. Mr. James has many times climbed back and forth over most of the trails which lead from the lofty plateau down to the river's brink, has camped in many localities where white man, perhaps, never camped before; and he has filled his soul with the mysterious spirit of the cañon about which he writes so graphically and so lovingly.

Aside from its interest as a series of graphic descriptions of most marvelous scenes, the book demands special praise for the system on which it is written. Any one who purposes to visit the cañon must read the volume to comprehend the geography of the region which he is approaching, and to view its spectacles intelligently. Thus Mr. James describes first of all the Colorado River and its series of connecting cañons; then after some historical matter devoted to the various exploring parties he describes how to reach the cañon, and then he takes his readers down many of the trails to the river, describes other cañons, has something to say about the almost unknown Navasupai Indians and their surroundings, and concludes with chapters about the botany and geology of the Grand Cañon and the impressions that it made on him. A short bibliography of the region closes the volume.

The book is copiously illustrated with photographs of very great beauty, and is handsomely printed on coated paper. It is a volume which should appeal strongly to every American.

North Americans of Yesterday.

It is curious to observe the constantly growing interest in the North American Indians, as indicated by the fact that more and more material about them and their primitive ways is constantly finding its way in print. Now that the Indians as a race—a people set apart by their own culture from the newly arrived white people of this continent—have passed away, civilization begins to find that they are interesting and desires to know something about them.

The most recent volume issued on the North American race at large is Mr. Frederick S. Dellenbaugh's "The North Americans of Yesterday; A Comparative Study of North American Indian Life, Customs and Products on the Theory of the Ethnic Unity of the Race." The volume is based on a series of eight lectures delivered before the Lowell Institute, in Boston in 1894, and these have now been expanded to nearly 500 large pages, adorned with an extraordinary wealth of illustrations drawn from a great variety of sources.

As will be well understood, however, even by those who have paid but slight attention to the subject, this large and beautiful volume can hardly do more than touch upon some of the more striking characteristics of the people who have so long inhabited a continent, cut off from all intercourse with that world which we call Old. Nevertheless the facts of the book and the beautiful illustrations make it a volume extremely interesting and valuable, and likely to lead casual readers to the pursuit of more special and detailed study.

Mr. Dellenbaugh's first knowledge of the Indians began thirty years ago, when, as a member of Major Powell's Colorado Cañon Expedition, he visited the Southwest—Arizona, Nevada and New Mexico. The studies then begun have been continued in more recent years, his actual contact with Indians having been chiefly with those of the Southwest and to some slight extent with the natives of Alaska. He is, however, familiar with much of the literature devoted to these people, and in his preface acknowledges his indebtedness to other workers in the field.

The great range covered by the work is indicated by its contents. The author treats of languages and dialect; picture writing, sign language, wampum, cupped stones; Mexican and Central American writings, inscriptions and books; basketry and pottery; weaving and costume; carving, modeling and sculpture; shelters, dwellings and architecture; weapons, armor implements and transportation; mining, metallurgy and science; musical instruments, music and amusements and games; works and agriculture; customs and ceremonies; myths, tradition and legend; organization and government, and origin, migrations and history. An appendix containing a list of North American stocks, sub-stocks and tribal names closes the volume. This list, by the way, is likely to prove exceedingly useful to the reader who desires to carry his investigations further as giving him at once the stock to which any tribe belongs.

Interspersed with the facts concerning the Indians—who, by the way, Mr. Dellenbaugh calls Amerinds, making use of the recently coined term which appears to have found favor with many students of ethnology—the author intersperses a variety of views and theories concerning these people, many of which are novel and will hardly be at once accepted by Americanists. He certainly has the courage of his convictions and boldly announces them even if he does startle the public by them.

The book is replete with information, and cannot fail to prove useful to the reader, whether merely interested in Indians in a general way, or a student of some special group who desires to look up facts with regard to others.

Of the 350 illustrations in the volume, many are from the author's sketches, others from the United States Bureau of Ethnology, others still from the American Museum of Natural History, the Field Columbian Museum and photographs of the Harriman Alaska Expedition and from other sources. They are of great beauty,

and it is very gratifying that they should have in this way been introduced to a wider public than they could reach in the publications of any of the institutions mentioned. The cover stamp is exceedingly effective, and it is needless to say that the mechanical part of the book is quite beyond praise.

LIFE AND SPORT ON THE PACIFIC COAST, by Horace Annesley Vachell, is a volume which will appear to sportsmen and to pretty nearly everybody else who has any sense of humor and is attracted by the observations of an open-eyed and keen-witted foreigner upon his own people.

Mr. Vachell's book may fairly be called charming. It is written with the kindest spirit, but the author is quick to detect the foibles of those with whom he is thrown and does not hesitate to point them out, though in so pleasant a fashion that we are disposed to laugh at ourselves rather than to be angry with the critic. It is long since we have read a book of this character so delightfully written. It has to do almost entirely with California, which it calls the land of to-morrow, deals with the men, the women and the children of the West, with ranch life and business life; with the foreign population; and with big game shooting, small game shooting, and fishing both in fresh and salt water. Besides that, there are Appendices giving most useful information to the visitor to California, and altogether the 400 pages of the book constitute the most useful as well as the most interesting compendium in regard to California that we have seen in a long time. The volume may fairly be recommended to people, whether they desire to be entertained or informed. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

THE MONK WINS is a racing story by Mr. Edw. H. Cooper. The scene is laid in England, and the story is well told and interesting, there being movement from beginning to end. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

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Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XV.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"We aim to feed them on chicken, eggs and fresh vegetables mostly. When people come to the country they expect to get plenty of chicken, fresh butter, milk and eggs; and I aim to provide these in abundance, and generally find my guests pretty well satisfied," said Will Compton, the next evening, as we sat on the lawn in front of the hotel, after a not particularly successful day's fishing, enjoying our after-supper cigars, and the delicious, golden sunset behind the towering peaks of Massanutton a few miles away across the river, in answer to a query propounded by the Colonel as to how—and with what—he supplied his table in the country.

We had remained over all day at the springs, and had put in the day fishing, taking an ample lunch with us, which we had disposed of at the big spring in the river bank, at Coffman's, where we had laid by at noon, for an hour or so.

The bass is a most capricious fish. The fishing ground we had gone over is an unusually fine one, and I have fished over it frequently, with varying success, but always making good catches; but to-day, although we went over pretty much the entire ground, and were provided with an abundance of the best bait, in the shape of mad-toms, minnows and helgramites, our catch was but half a dozen, while George, although he forsook the boat and whipped the water industriously at the various rifts and rapids, did not get a rise to his flies.

We had a fine day, however, and we enjoyed it to the utmost. The storms of the day before had all vanished, and the sun shone from a cloudless sky as if there had been no rain for a month.

"Speaking of chicken," remarked the Colonel, as he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, placed it carefully in its case and restored it to his pocket, and produced and lit his inevitable cigar; "speaking of chicken, the popular idea that some people have that if they go to the country they will have chicken fixings, and eggs and things, three times a day for seven or eight days in the week, is a great delusion, and on trying the experiment they are apt to awake to the reality that they are much more likely to live on fried 'middlin' and corn-bread."

"Well, it depends on the place," said I, as I threw away the smoked-out stub of my cigar. "I've had some country experience, and I find that, as a rule, the country people give you a very good table. There's nothing better than good, country-cured ham; and, with vegetables and fruits right out of the garden, a man needn't want any better fare."

"Yes; that's true," the Colonel admitted. "When they give you good country-cured ham, or shoulder, I don't care for any chicken; but 'middlin' is neither ham nor shoulder, and that's what you get at a good many places, and when it comes to that, I think I prefer chicken."

"Yes; speaking of chicken," Compton remarked, as he refilled and lit his little briarwood, "reminds me of a funny little experience I had some years ago, while a student at the university. I went down into Rockingham with a friend to spend a couple of weeks in the country during the summer. He was one of the kind the Colonel refers to, who supposed he would get chicken, eggs, etc., in the country three times a day, for seven or eight days in the week. In fact, he expected to live on chicken—he liked chicken. Well, the table was very good, indeed; but, singularly enough, we didn't have chicken at all, although there were plenty of them running about the place. Poor Johnson was quite upset about it, and grumbled to me considerably. From that he began to throw out hints to the landlady, but all to no purpose. Finally, we were all sitting on the porch one evening, and a chicken was browsing about the doorway, picking around here and there in the grass, after the manner of the fowl. Johnson said to me: 'What is that, Compton?'"

"What is what?" I replied, not catching his drift.

"That thing there," he said—"that peculiar looking thing poking around out there in the grass."

"Oh, shut up, Will," I replied, in confusion. "Don't make an ass of yourself! That's a chicken, as you very well know!"

"Yes," he persisted; "but what's it for? Mrs. Wolf," he continued, raising his voice, and addressing that lady, "what is that thing running around loose out there?"

"Why, la! Mr. Johnson!" she replied, innocently, "that's a chicken! Why do you ask such a simple question! Didn't you ever see one before?"

"Well, I haven't seen one lately," he answered, rather pointedly. "What's it good for, Mrs. Wolf?"

"Why, they lay eggs, as you surely must know, Mr. Johnson. Their feathers are also occasionally used in pillows," was her rejoinder.

"Yes; but ain't they good to eat?" he persisted. "What do they do with eggs? Are they good to eat, also?"

"Oh, come off, Will!" I said in disgust, pulling him off the porch. "I can't stand such a racket! Let's take a walk!"

We took a walk, but the next morning we had fried chicken for breakfast, and during the rest of our stay Johnson got all the chicken he wanted.

Bear Lithia Springs belongs to the class of modest little resorts which are scattered all through the mountain regions of the Virginias, and which furnish a quiet, pleasant retreat at a moderate price, to those whose means or inclinations lead them to avoid the more pretentious, gay and high-priced resorts. It has a capacity for about sixty guests, and its appointments are comfortable and home-like. The spring itself is a great pool, or miniature lake, of Lithia water, 150 feet long by half as wide, and some three or four feet deep, with board walks built over and across it, from which one may look down through the glassy depths and see the water welling up in countless little tumbling and working mounds of golden sand, and streaming in little globules and glassy bubbles to the surface.

The surroundings of Bear Lithia are very beautiful. Lying, as it does, in a most picturesque, attractive and fertile part of Rockingham county, the rolling, well tilled fields, fine, handsome farmhouses and general evidences of thrift and home comfort that seem to pervade the entire region are very attractive; and, while the landscapes, viewed from any point, are very beautiful, as viewed from the gentle elevation on which Bear Lithia stands, the prospects are unusually so.

The bold, precipitous walls of Massanutton, densely tree-clothed to their very summits, tower squarely across the western vista, while the higher but more gentle slopes of the Blue Ridge roll upward in successive foothills and ridges, one behind and above the other, until the grandly swelling domes of the great mountain range seem to reach the clouds, in which they are, indeed, frequently lost to view.

These mountain slopes present the most charmingly beautiful alternation of meadow and forest, with here and there a farmhouse perched high up on some gigantic shoulder, like a little white box, lying on the great green expanse, for these swelling slopes make fine grazing lands, and, as a rule, they are cleared and utilized in this region clear to their summits.

The narrow valley between the ranges presents an exquisitely beautiful appearance, as it rises and falls in gently swelling undulations, the rich, green fields vieing with the deeper, more somber tints of the alternating forests, while the river winds in and out through the lovely valley, its course well defined by the fringe of trees along its banks.

Numerous fine old country places lie scattered here and there, and adorn the landscape in this favored section of old Rockingham.

The old Bear mansion—now a part of the springs plant—a fine old stone and brick structure of the old school, which is over 100 years old—the old brick residence of Adam Bear, a couple of hundred yards away and on the margin of the great spring—the old Walker place, a fine old brick mansion a mile away and right on the bank of the river, now owned and occupied by Mr. Coffman; the Harnsberger place, a mile from Shenandoah, all are fine old country places, and add dignity and beauty to the landscapes; while further up the river the stately old mansions on the Weaver and ex-Governor Walker places are worthy of attention, as is also Lewiston, the old Lewis residence, a little further up, on the battlefield of Port Republic, where, on whose lawn and around whose thick walls for hours the hottest of this sanguinary fight raged, and whose final capture and retention by the Confederate forces terminated the fight, and gave them the victory.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.
Western Division—Wm. E. Comfort, Des Moines, Ia.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

20. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
20. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
20. Columbia, club, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Westhampton C. C., club.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
20. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
20. Winthrop, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
20. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
20. Winthrop, open, Winthrop, Mass.
20. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
20. Norwalk, club race, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
20. Stamford, annual, Stamford, Long Island Sound.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fourth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Trial race to select Canada cup defender, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
20. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
20. Pass Christian, club, Pass Christian, Miss.
20. New York, cruise, rendezvous, Glen Cove.
20. Harvard, cruise, rendezvous, Morris Cove, L. I. Sound.
20. Canarsie, open, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
20. New York, cruise to the eastward.
20. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
20. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
20. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
20. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
20. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
20. Bay Weyland, club, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
20. Shelter Island, ladies' regatta.
20. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
20. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
20. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
20. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
20. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
20. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
20. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
20. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
20. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
20-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Southern Gulf Coast, Y. R. A.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, Conn.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
3. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
3. Kennebec, open, Kennebec, Me.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3. Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
3. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
3-5-7. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
5. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9. 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
10. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
10. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Shelter Island, open.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Marion.
10. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
10. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Horsehoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
17. Shelter Island, club.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
17. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Mass.
17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
17. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
17. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
24. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31. Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Shelter Island, club.
31. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
2. Handicap, Quincy, Mass.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
2. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
2. 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.

2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2. Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, New York Bay.
2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
2. Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
- 5, 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
7. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

THE poor showing made by Shamrock II. in her earlier races against the old challenger, Shamrock I., was a source of considerable disappointment to all those who had hoped to see some close racing this fall in the contests for the America Cup. When Shamrock II. was dismantled her chances seemed poorer than ever, as it was generally believed that the delay caused by rerigging her would prove fatal; but on the contrary instead of being a detriment it has proven to have been a most fortunate occurrence, for it gave her designer an opportunity to make some changes in her rig that were apparently what she needed, and the handy way in which she has beaten Shamrock I. since the accident shows that the boat is in better shape and is sailing faster than ever before. In her last race with Shamrock I. in English waters Shamrock II. showed a fine turn of speed, and proved her superiority over the older boat on every point of sailing. The prospects now are that some good sport will be seen when Shamrock II. meets the American boat next September.

THE photograph of the raceabout Badger that appeared in our issue of last week was taken by James Burton, of New York. The photograph of Athene, which also appeared in that number, was taken by N. L. Stebbins, of Boston.

WE are indebted to the secretaries of the Rochester Y. C., the Biloxi and Pass Christian Y. C.'s for copies of their club books.

A copy of the club book for 1901 of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia has just been received at this office. The book is large and well bound in tan canvas. There are one hundred and twenty boats enrolled in the club's fleet, and there are over two hundred resident members and a large number of non-resident and flag members. The club is in a most prosperous condition, and has done much to make Philadelphia one of the yachting centers of the country.

THE following is from the foreign correspondence of the New York Sun: "A departmental committee appointed to inquire into the costly blunders which attended the building of the new royal yacht, lately reported to the Admiralty, which now, it is unofficially stated, distributes the blame among six officials, including Sir William White, Director of Naval Construction, who is found guilty of an error of judgment in designing the yacht; Senior Chief Constructor Deadman, who is condemned for gross negligence to lose his rank, and Chief Constructor Smith, who is found guilty of carelessness."

THE Vossische Zeitung announces to-day that Emperor William's yacht Meteor has been sold to Prince von Fuerstenberg.

It is stated on excellent authority that Independence has logged nearly fifteen knots when reaching. The following article from the London Field on the speed attained by yachts is of interest:

There is no doubt that in the course of the Ailsa Craig match Sybarita covered several miles at a rate of not less than fourteen knots an hour, and so far as we know, the average speed of 12.3 knots per hour has never been beaten in a yacht race. In a match of the Royal Victoria Y. C. at Ryde on Aug. 12, 1885, Irex went round the Isle of Wight, a distance of fifty miles, in a strong reaching wind in four hours eight minutes, or an average speed of 12.1 knots. Satanita, in a race on Aug. 3, 1893, at the R. Y. S., Cowes, averaged 12.3 knots for the full course of forty-five miles, a speed equal to that of Sybarita. In the Satanita's race the water was smooth, and the yacht carried a jibheaded topsail over a single reefed mainsail, whereas in the Ailsa Craig race the sea was very heavy for more than half the course, and Sybarita had a housed topmast and a close-reefed mainsail until the last twenty miles, when one reef was shaken out. It is very difficult to estimate the maximum speed attained by vessels when racing, but we think that Satanita in the course of the race inside the Wight for a part of the distance attained an even higher speed than Sybarita.

The late Mr. Dixon Kemp, writing on the subject of the speed of yachts, mentions some apparently well-authenticated reports upon the speed attained by large schooners. In a passage across the Atlantic the American schooner Sappho is said to have logged 13.1 knots for a distance of 315 miles on Aug. 5, 1869, and her greatest speed is mentioned as 16 knots per hour; but naturally in hard winds the maximum speed attainable is chiefly a question of waterline length. Broadly speaking, the greatest speed attained by a sailing yacht may be quoted as 14 knots per hour; this rate was actually logged by the

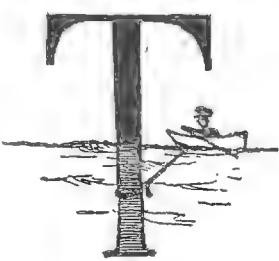
schooner Guinevere, a vessel of 121ft. on the waterline, and in the days of schooner racing Guinevere was generally considered to hold the record. When this famous old schooner logged 14 knots she was owned by the late Mr. Thellusson, and it is a somewhat curious coincidence that his nephew, Mr. Percy Thellusson, was in charge of Sybarita in the Ailsa Craig race on June 11.

The speed of clipper ships is far greater than that of yachts. In 1855 the clipper James Baines, on a voyage to Australia, is credited with having averaged 17.9 knots for a period of twenty-four hours.

A correspondent who follows closely the speed of yachts and their performances calls our attention to the enormous speed attained by the schooner Rainbow in 1898. In the Heligoland race for the German Emperor's cup in that year Rainbow sailed the distance from the Borkum Lightship to the Heligoland mark boat, 60 knots, in four hours, and during that time twice the log registered 16½ knots. Again Rainbow did a record in the Royal Yacht Squadron race at Cowes on Aug. 3, 1898. Starting at 10 A. M., she sailed forty-seven miles, and finished at 1:52:46, the others being: Ailsa, 2:5:40; Aurora, 2:15:28. Bona gave up. The average speed in this race was approximately 12.3 knots, which is the same as that of Sybarita in the Ailsa Craig match.

How the Commodore Rowed Ashore

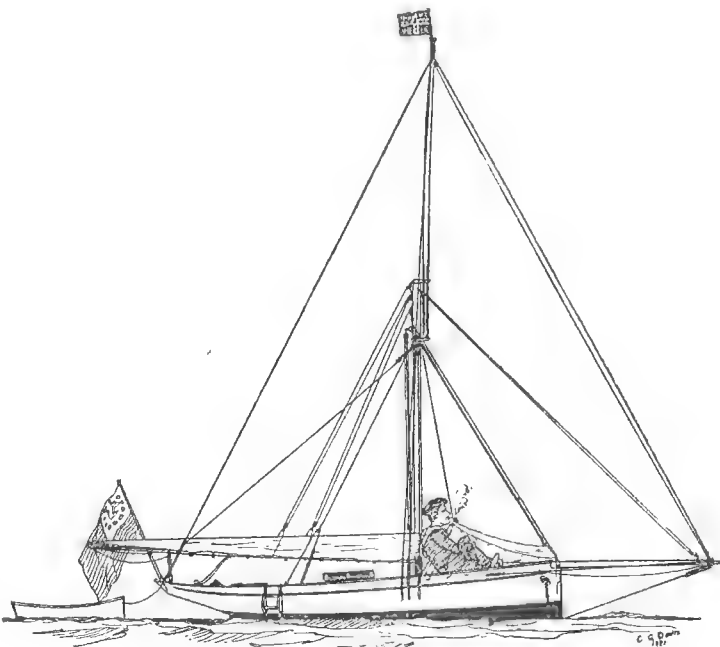
BY C. G. DAVIS.



THE scene Echo Bay presented, as the sun went down, was a treat for the eyes of any yachtsman. The small, well-sheltered anchorage was crowded with sailing yachts, for, besides the fleets of the two local clubs, there was assembled at that time, now many years ago, a whole squadron of yachts about to start on a cruise. All day long and far

into the night they kept dropping in one by one, the most miscellaneous looking lot of craft ever congregated under one flag. Sloops forty feet long to fifteen, catboats of all sizes, yawls, cutters, periwagals, schooners and even sailable row boats. But all flew one flag, a blue cross, and all were full of enthusiastic sailors off for a week's jollity.

The center of attraction of all this marine picture was a little white cutter—a miniature man-o'-war for trimness and tidiness. Every rope was as taut as a fiddle string. Her spars were stayed to a hair, sails rolled up in their whiteness and as smooth as bolsters. Brass works, from stem to taffrail, where hung the ensign, shone like gold and enhanced by contrast the snowy whiteness of her holy-stoned decks. She was, as several girls remarked, the "cutest little boat in the bay," and her Commodore the cutest little man, with his immaculate white ducks, turned up on top of pipe clayed sneakers, blue pilot coat and white cap, resplendent with gold. He in stature was well mated to the tiny cutter and the nautical symmetry was perfect so long as Olsen, a big, raw-boned sailor, stayed below. But it was too much to expect of a six-footer to stay long under the deck of such a toy, and when Olsen sat in the fore hatch smoking, his feet nearly touched the floor, his head seemed half way up to the crossrees, and the bay was his spittoon. Every craft that came in the Commodore saluted with a gun; some returning the salute in same, some with such remarks as, "Get on to de Commodore!"



Olsen did nothing but load that gun and wipe brass work from morning till night, and heartily glad was he when the last—the sunset—gun was fired and the fleet, some thirty strong, quieted down for the night.

But the ghost of mischief walked that night, although the sun came up just as usual over the low hills of Long Island next morning and gave every promise of a perfect Sabbath. Six o'clock found nature, as well as all the yachtsmen, asleep. Seven o'clock a few early risers were moving, but by eight o'clock the aroma of boiling coffee and sizzling ham and eggs floated up into the quiet air as hungry jaws played havoc with the grub; but hungrier eyes from every craft in the harbor were fixed upon the flagship. That stately little craft had been groomed down by Olsen and seemed to hold her head up in a most haughty manner, and yet it was the tiny 5ft. dinghy that the tide held away at painter's length from the taffrail the eyes were focused on rather than the cutter.

Small as was the flagship and the Commodore, this dinghy was the smallest of the lot. At just two bells the eager audience of 200 pairs of eyes beheld the first sign of the Commodore, upon whose appearance more than usual attention seemed manifested, for Olsen came aft, untied the dinghy and held her at the starboard quarter, ejecting enough tobacco juice into the bay to kill all the fish therein in his efforts to suppress a smile as the Commodore briskly, but stately, stepped in and carefully seated himself on the one and only seat.

Of course, plumbers, carpenters, tinsmiths, mechanics and tradesmen of all branches are not supposed to be versed in sea ethics, so it fell to the Commodore's lot to instruct the 200 protégés of his into the proper training of a man-o'-war's man. Holding both oars apeak without having to look up to see if they were plumb, he waited until the Swede gave him a shove, wiping the back of a big paw across his mouth to hide a smile as he did so. Then, with perfect precision, both oars dropped like magic into the oarlocks—were held poised parallel to the water, blades horizontal for a second—and then, with a most perfect stroke, the Commodore gave way for the club house.

I'll bet if those 200 men were boilers, with a capacity of 500 pounds, that each and every one's gauge would have shown a pressure of 499 pounds at this moment, for not two seconds later—and every one seemed to know just when to expect it—a most startling thing happened.



Just as the Commodore gave a vigorous stroke the stubby little punt came to a sudden mysterious stop. So sudden, in fact, the Commodore slid backwards off the seat, and all but capsized her. The pressure went up another half pound with a jump, while the Commodore carefully regained his equilibrium, readjusted his oars, his hat and his features and started once more for the shore. The punt had slid back toward the cutter in the meantime, but when she got about the same distance away she stopped again—so did the Commodore, just for a second to glance over his shoulder, for he did not dare turn around very far, and then she gave way strong, to push aside whatever it was he had run into. By that time not only his own fleet, but the other yachtsmen, were attracted by the commotion, and there was the Commodore, resplendent in gold lace, flushed to the color of a beet with the exercise and indignation, digging water in vain, until he tumbled to the joke. Then he stopped and plucked at his short mustache, the picture of mortification. Shout after shout of uproarious laughter greeted his surrender. Dignity was at a discount.

Only one boat did not go alongside the cutter to claim a drink, and that one was ours. The reason was, the boys who took it during the night, as it was the only skiff large enough to carry the rocks with which they anchored the Commodore's dinghy, forgot to return the oars.

Annisquam Y. C.

SQUAM, MASS.

Thursday, July 4.

THE first race of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed off the mouth of Squam River on Thursday, July 4, in a light southeasterly breeze. The course was four-legged, with reaches all around. The race of the day was in Class A, in which H. H. Wiggin's Tabasco III., designed by Crown-inshield, made her first appearance. She won by nearly 9m. The summary:

Class A.		Elapsed.
Tabasco III., Harry Wiggin.....	1	30 20
Grayling, Langland.....	1	39 00
Tedesco, Pear.....	1	47 27
Susan, Bent.....	1	48 10
Shiek, Friend.....	1	48 20
Gertrude, Whittemore.....	1	51 23
Brownie, Davis.....	1	52 10

Class B—Dories—Over 17ft.		Elapsed.
Oceanus, Olsen.....	1	55 30
Clara, Hodgins.....	2	02 15

Class B—Dories—Under 17ft.		Elapsed.
Gracie, G. A. Norris.....	1	52 10
Tabasco I., W. R. Rowe.....	1	56 54

Saturday, July 13.

THE second handicap race of the Annisquam Y. C. was sailed off Squam, Saturday, July 13, in a moderate southerly wind over the regular club course. All the yachts were put in one class. The race was hot between the 21-footer Tabasco III. and the 18-footer Grayling, when the 21-footer Tedesco came up and walked by them, finishing first on both actual and corrected time. The summary:

		Corrected.
Tedesco, W. Pear.....	1	54 23
Gertrude, H. E. Damon.....	2	00 47
Grayling, Langland and Tripp.....	2	01 23
Susan, Quincy Bent.....	2	05 04
Tabasco III., H. Wiggin.....	2	05 35
Nymph, O. Perkins.....	2	15 28
Bernice, E. E. Webster.....	2	21 40

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Thursday, July 4.

THE Duxbury Y. C. held a regatta on Thursday, July 4, in which two classes entered. A good whole-sail breeze from the northeast prevailed. In the 18ft. knockabout class a good race was sailed, Oom Paul winning. In the handicap class, the old 21-footer Rooster, which the Adams boys made famous, was scratch boat and won handily. The summary:

18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Oom Paul, Geo. P. Cushman.....	1	18 13	18 13
Hunt, Henry Hunt.....	2	27 01	27 01
Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....	2	29 45	29 45
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	2	21 45	21 45
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.....	2	25 30	25 30
Miladi, R. M. Adams.....	2	25 40	25 40

Handicap Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Rooster, B. B. Baker.....	2	06 19	06 19
Dolphin, Morten.....	2	27 01	27 01
Fedora, Simmons.....	2	29 50	29 50
Aureolus, Kellogg.....	2	31 29	31 29
Imp, Norwood.....	2	49 38	49 38
Dandy, Greene.....	2	52 11	52 11

City of Boston Races.

OFF CITY POINT.
Thursday, July 4.

ACCORDING to a custom of years' standing, the city of Boston gave an open race on July 4. It was conducted by the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and the races in Association classes will count for the season's percentages. It was the first time for many years that so large a number of yachts started, and Dorchester Bay looked as in the old days, when it was difficult to see from one shore to the other on account of the number of sails. One hundred and eight yachts entered formally, and of this number seventy-three entered the races. Only three dropped out after the start. A light easterly breeze was blowing, and the racing in all classes was good. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Class.

	Elapsed.
Flirt, F. W. Fabyan and McKee.....	1 42 45
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 43 15
Little Peter, G. V. Doane.....	1 45 08
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 47 50
Marion, Dr. E. W. Gahal.....	1 55 42

Class L—21ft. Open Class.

	Elapsed.
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 36 50
Cleopatra, F. E. Crane.....	2 02 58
Tacoma, J. F. Ring.....	2 04 10
Problem, C. J. Blethen.....	2 05 08

Class S—21ft. Cabin Class.

	Elapsed.
Harriett, L. T. Harrington.....	1 48 30
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess.....	1 49 52
Mildred II., S. T. Moses.....	1 51 52
Coquette, B. D. Amsden.....	1 54 30
Privateer, J. McConnell, Jr.....	1 54 45
Freyja, C. H. Goddard.....	1 56 05
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster.....	1 56 35
Zaza, G. P. Shute.....	1 57 40

Class T—18ft. Open Class.

	Elapsed.
Dauntless, Benner & Patton.....	1 44 00
Circe II., F. L. Pidgeon.....	1 46 58
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton.....	1 55 08

Class I—18ft. Knockabout Class.

	Elapsed.
Matillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 28 00
Nethla, C. W. Cole.....	1 30 15
Aspinquid, A. W. Comey.....	1 31 35
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	1 33 05
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	1 33 33
Barbara, A. L. Hayden.....	Withdrew.

Class X—15ft. Open Class.

	Elapsed.
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	1 21 40
Toss, J. B. Stearns.....	1 27 10

First Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Eclipse, Jones and Crocker.....	1 48 30	1 23 30
Mollie, Sawyer and Ellis.....	1 55 20	1 27 20
Addie, Walter Newton.....	1 58 58	1 28 58
Golden Rod, G. E. Bruce.....	1 30 10	1 30 10
Kinna, A. W. Learned.....	2 03 03	1 48 58

Second Handicap Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Mildred, C. A. Coleman.....	1 53 55	1 44 55
Thordis, W. V. Foster.....	1 45 55	1 45 55
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	1 52 05	1 47 05
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	2 00 20	1 50 20
Ideal, H. B. Whittier.....	2 00 52	1 50 52
Annie A., Jos. Leveridge.....	2 04 48	1 51 48
Geisha, Dr. C. E. Ryder.....	2 02 20	1 52 20
Acme, H. Patterson.....	1 59 58	1 52 58
Pioneer, C. Kelly.....	2 02 58	1 54 58
Eleanor, J. Clark.....	2 05 10	1 55 10
Zoe, F. J. Stewart.....	2 03 44	1 57 44
Theodora, F. Burgess.....	2 00 50	1 57 50
Disa, G. A. Brackett.....	2 08 30	1 58 30
Walrus, F. E. Granger.....	2 05 10	1 59 10
Romance, L. Sears.....	2 07 12	2 07 12
Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lanc.....	2 23 02	2 07 02
Helen, C. A. Young.....	Time not taken.	

Savin Hill Tenders.

	Elapsed.
A. B. Howland.....	1 09 52
J. E. Robinson.....	1 10 58
Dr. Temple.....	1 11 00
C. H. Leach.....	1 11 10
J. F. Turner.....	1 12 05
J. McBeath.....	1 12 20
E. Keepers.....	1 12 40
W. F. Scott.....	1 13 50
A. A. McInnis.....	1 14 00
C. A. J. Smith.....	1 15 00
A. P. Hawes.....	1 17 28

Dorchester Yacht Club—Dory Class.

	Elapsed.
Hobo, T. N. King.....	1 05 50
Lurline, J. P. Meade.....	1 06 06
Amitra, F. W. Cutter.....	1 06 50
Boomerang, C. W. Bartlett.....	1 07 45
Vera, H. Lundberg.....	1 09 00

Open Tender Class.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
W. E. Geyer.....	1 05 15	1 04 23
H. Stickney.....	1 20 20	1 20 11
E. E. Merrill.....	1 22 42	1 22 19
Dr. Colson.....	1 23 50	1 23 50
Jere Trotman.....	1 24 30	1 24 21
F. O. French.....	1 29 40	1 28 53
C. W. Dolbeare.....	1 30 45	1 28 46

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
Thursday, July 4.

THE second championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead, Mass., Thursday morning, July 4, in a light easterly breeze. In the 25ft. class the new Crowninshield boat Chewink had an easy time, none of the other Y. R. A. cracks being entered. The old Herreshoff raceabout Sintram and the new Crowninshield-designed Indian sailed a close race, Sintram winning. In the handicap knockabouts Suzanne, scratch boat, won handily, and in the special 15-footers Raccoon won after a hard race. Elvira sailed a walkover. The summary:

25-ft. Class.

	Corrected.
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 25 52
Tarpon, J. C. Grew.....	2 30 34
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	2 33 27
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	2 36 54
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner.....	2 41 32

Class C.

Elvira, M. Bartlett.....	2 41 48
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Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 22 01
Indian, J. F. Lawrence.....	2 23 48
Darthea, E. B. Lambert.....	2 26 34
Idol, T. K. Lothrop.....	2 37 14
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	2 38 02
Pompilia, R. Robbins.....	Withdrew.

Handicap Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	2 05 32	2 05 32
Fifi, J. A. Jennings.....	2 18 12	2 08 12
Thistle, A. McKinnon.....	2 17 15	2 09 12

Special Class.

	Elapsed.
Raccoon, J. D. Irving.....	1 22 08
Gee Whiz, F. G. Macomber.....	1 22 49
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 23 51

Kalitan, D. H. Follett.....	1 24 27
Cyclone, R. Wiggins.....	1 24 36

Saturday, July 13.

The third championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Saturday, July 13, in a light southeasterly breeze. The 25-footer Crewink again had no cracks to deal with, and won by a long margin. Sintram repeated her work of July 4 in the raceabout class, and Raccoon had another victory in the special 16-footers. In the handicap knockabout class Suzanne finished first, but lost to Thistle and Fifi on corrected time. Class A did not finish. The summary:

Second Class.

	Corrected.
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 46 43
Tarpon, E. G. Grew.....	1 53 35
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner.....	1 58 29
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	1 59 11
Owana, R. Boardman.....	Withdrew.

Raceabouts.

	Elapsed.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 55 25
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins.....	1 57 40
Indian, John Lawrence.....	1 57 47
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed.....	1 58 25
Idol, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 08 15

Handicap Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thistle, A. P. McKinnon.....	1 58 45	1 50 45
Fifi, J. A. Jennings.....	2 04 38	1 52 38
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	1 53 05	1 53 05
Soubrette, B. D. Moot.....	2 03 19	1 55 19
Theresa, L. Davis.....	2 05 44	1 57 44

Fourth Class.

	Elapsed.
Raccoon, A. D. Irving.....	1 12 42
Kalitan, D. H. Follett.....	1 16 27
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins.....	1 16 43
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	Withdrew.

Columbia Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.
Wednesday, July 3.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Columbia Y. C. was sailed off the club house at City Point, Wednesday, July 3, in light to moderate breezes. In the upper bay the breeze was fairly strong, but down in Quincy Bay it grew materially lighter. The race of the day was between the restricted 25-footers. The Hanley-designed Calypso, the Shiverick-designed Early Dawn and the two Crowninshield boats, Chewink and Flirt, had it warm all over the course. Another victory was added to Calypso's list, while Early Dawn beat out both Crowninshield boats for second place. It was by long odds the best race of the season in this class.

In the restricted 21-footers Zaza won handily from the new Burgess boat, Eaglet. In the open 25's the old Romance at last found her breeze and walked off with first money, although on the windward, both Hustler and Thordis beat her. Tacoma found no competitor in the 21ft. open class, and went over the course alone. Only four of the 18-footers entered, and Aspinquid had no difficulty in heading these. Her hardest rival, Bonito, was not present. The summary:

Class C.

	Elapsed.
Romance, Loring Sears.....	1 49 04
Thordis, W. V. Foster.....	1 50 05
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	1 56 05
Theodora, William Burgess.....	1 59 47
Eleanor, James Clark.....	2 09 50

Class D.

	Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 42 10
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 44 05
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 44 10
Flirt, F. W. Fabyan and McKee.....	1 44 12
Marion, E. W. Gahal.....	1 53 48

Class L.

Tacoma, J. F. Ring.....	1 41 45
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Class S.

Zaza, G. P. Shute et al.....	1 50 15
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Class I.

	Elapsed.
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.....	1 41 00
Bacchante, Humphrey and Lauriat.....	1 47 13
Malillian, B. S. Pennar.....	1 47 44
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	1 51 16

Manchester Y. C.

WEST MANCHESTER, MASS.
Tuesday, July 9.

THE first championship race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed Tuesday, July 9, off Salem Bay, in a fairly strong southeasterly breeze. Chewink led last year's champion Flirt and Khalifa around the whole course, but was ruled out for crossing the starting line before gun-fire. In the raceabouts Pompilia won her first race, and in the knockabouts Rikki Tikki, a 15-footer, had a walkover. The summary:

First Class—25-Footers—Start, 2:40:00.

	Elapsed.
*Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 48 15
Flirt, McKee and Fabyan.....	1 40 25
Khalifa, R. F. Tucker.....	1 46 46

*Ruled out for crossing starting line ahead of gun.

Raceabouts—Start, 2:50:00.

	Elapsed.
Pompilia, Reginald C. Robbins.....	1 58 50
Idol, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 06 54
Theresa, Livingstone Davis.....	2 09 35

Knockabouts—Start, 2:55:00.

Rikki Tikki, A. P. Loring, Jr.....	1 04 50
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Wood's Holl Y. C.

WOOD'S HOLL, MASS.
Thursday, July 4.

THE first handicap race of the Wood's Holl Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Thursday, July 4, in a light breeze from the southeast. The race was a procession, Emma being first on both actual and corrected time. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Emma, H. I. Jamieson.....	1 45 21	1 44 21
K. T. Col. A. M. Ferris.....	1 48 18	1 47 10
Ace of Clubs, F. L. Gifford.....	1 48 57	1 48 05
White Dove, J. P. Sylvia.....	1 49 40	1 48 40
Now Then, J. J. Veeder.....	1 48 52	1 48 52
Florence, J. S. Howes.....	2 06 52	2 06 30
Marston, F. A. Shiverick.....	2 16 32	2 15 40
Pickwick, H. Phinney.....	2 17 41	2 17 12
Carrie, H. E. Crampton.....	2 19 09	2 18 01
B. U. T., E. L. Sanford.....	2 30 01	2 28 53
S. Y. L., W. Hinckley.....	Did not finish.	

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.
Wednesday, July 3.

THE fifth evening race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed off the club house at Gloucester on Wednesday, July 3. The race was a series of calms and flukes, all classes finishing in a bunch. The summary:

First Class.

	Elapsed.
Onda, Greenough.....	1 14 05
Alethea, Colby and Smith.....	1 16 02
Lillian, Bates.....	1 17 02
Angel, Cox.....	1 18 15

Second Class.

Comet, Harvey.....	1 14 10
Rambler, Pomeroy.....	1 14 25

Third Class.

Kantelpit, Perkins.....	1 18 35
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Wednesday, July 10.

The sixth of the series of evening races of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed off the club house on Wednesday, July 10, in a strong southwest breeze. Alethea won in the first class by 59s. The 21-footer Rambler assumed length and went up into this class, finishing third. Doris won handily in the second class. The summary:

First Class.

	Corrected.
Alethea, Colby and Smith.....	0 50 46
Onda, Greenough.....	0 51 45
Rambler, Pomeroy.....	0 53 27
Mazooka, Heard.....	0 53 33

Second Class.

Doris, Parker.....	1 08 53
Sonny, Phelps.....	1 15 13

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.
Saturday, July 13.

THE regular club race of the Beverly Y. C., sailed off Monument Beach, Saturday, July 13, was a regular drift. All the yachts won by good margins, except in the 15-footers, where Flickamarro and Spider had a close race. The champions May Queen and Quakeress won in the 25-footers and the 21-footers respectively. In the fourth class, W. O. Taylor's Eunice, designed and built by Huckins, added another race to her unbroken record. The summary:

25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	3 08 15
Thorana, T. B. Wales.....	3 17 05
Kalama, David Rice.....	3 22 13
White Falcon, Waldo Forbes.....	Withdrew.

21-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 23 24
Gadfly, Mrs. Geary.....	2 27 37
Radiant, C. M. Baker.....	2 29 27
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	Withdrew.
Kestral, L. S. Dabney.....	Withdrew.

Fourth Class Cats.

	Elapsed.
Eunice, W. O. Taylor.....	2 42 15
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 45 29
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2 53 40

15-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Flickamarro, W. B. Emmons.....	1 46 30
Spider, H. B. Stone.....	1 47 40
Yarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	1 49 48
Vim, Robert Winsor.....	1 50 36
Teaser, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	1 51 38
Next, Paul Jones.....	1 52 09
Go Bye, H. Stockton.....	Withdrew.

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.
Saturday, July 13.

ONE of the hottest races between the Y. R. A. 25-footers this season was at the regular club race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. on Saturday, July 13. Early Dawn and the six-year-old Hanley boat, Little Peter, both beat last year's champion Flirt and the new Hanley crack Calypso. The result was caused by a luffing match between Flirt and Calypso, which took them far off their course, in which the Crowninshield boat got the best of the argument. In the 18ft. knockabouts there was the usual hot scrap. Malillian won her first race, beating Bonito by 36s. In the handicap class Dabster had an easy win. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers.

	Elapsed.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 23 00
Little Peter, G. B. Doane.....	2 23 09
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 26 00
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 27 02

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.

	Elapsed.
Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	2 35 00
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	2 35 36
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	2 42 21
Nethla, C. W. Cole.....	2 42 35
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.....	2 43 21
Barbara, A. L. Hayden.....	2 53 43
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	2 54 50

Handicap Class.

Dabster.....	2 27 44
Jacobin.....	2 35 50
Mildred.....	2 37 05

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.
Thursday, July 4.

THE race of the Burgess Y. C., sailed on the afternoon of July 4, in a light easterly breeze, was an all-round victory for the Crowninshield-designed yachts. Chewink had a walkover. The best race was among the raceabouts, in which Runaway Girl won from Indian by less than a minute. Raccoon won handily in the special 16-footers. The

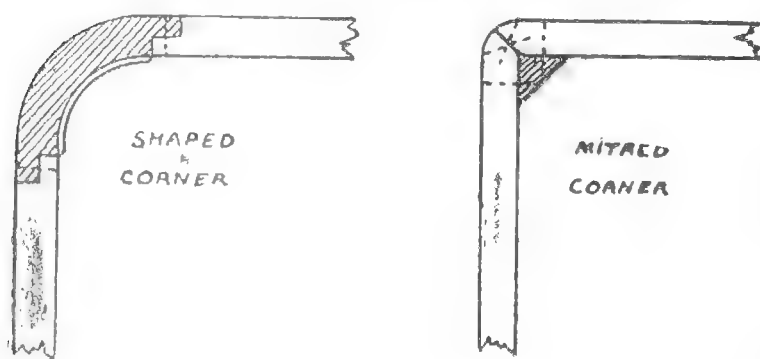
Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

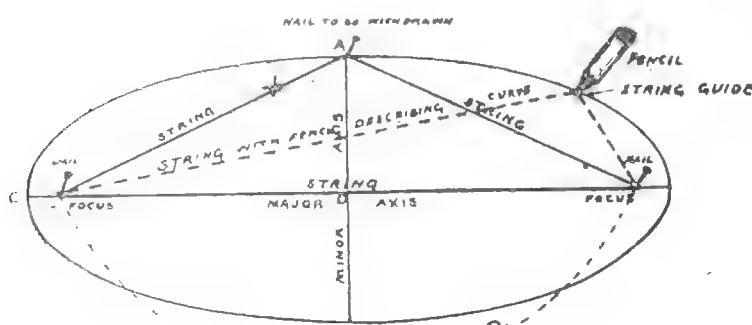
Chapter VIII.—Laying the Deck, Coamings, Etc. (Continued).

The cabin top on No. 2 design looks a formidable undertaking for an amateur, but it is not nearly so bad as it looks. A mould should be made at the after end, similar to those used in building the boat, and from this mould a fore and aft center mould must be fixed for the whole length of the cabin-top, and it must be of the same shape as that shown in the sheer plan. When these two moulds are in place, two intermediate moulds must be made, having a similar curve to the after mould, but flatter as the center

JOINTS AT ENDS OF COAMINGS

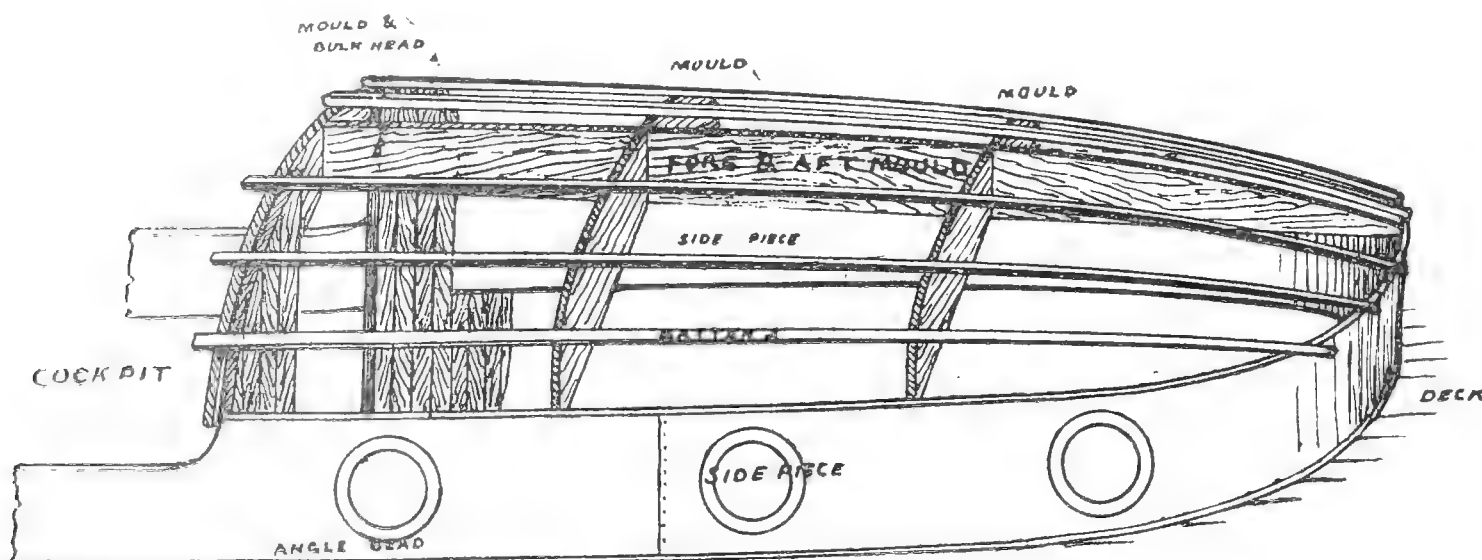


heights get less at each mould as they approach the forward end. The simplest way to get the proper curve for all the cross moulds is to make all of them semi-ellipses; taking the width across the cabin top at each mould, as the major axis of that particular ellipse, and the height at the center above the sides as half the minor axis. Then draw the curve of the ellipse in the following manner: Draw the major axis on a suitable piece of wood, and the minor axis through its center and at right



METHOD OF DRAWING AN ELLIPSE
WITH THREE NAILS & STRING

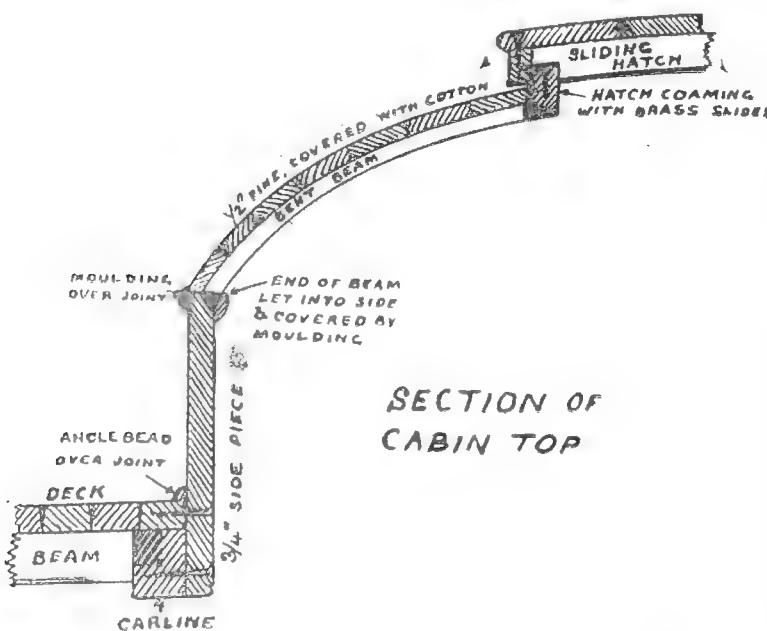
angles to it; then, with half the major axis as radius, and one end of the minor axis as center, describe an arc of a circle, cutting the major axis into points, which are called foci. Now drive three small nails into the board, one at each focus, and one at one end of the minor axis. Tie a piece of string tightly round the three nails and then withdraw the nail at the end of the minor axis. By placing a pencil inside the string, and running it round at the full stretch of the string, an ellipse will be drawn,



CABIN TOP IN FRAME.

passing through the ends of the two axes. The diagram will show how this is done, but is much simpler to do than to describe, and is very useful for many other purposes.

Having got the moulds in place, as shown in the accompanying sketch, bend three or four battens over the moulds, and fasten their ends to the after mould and the fore end of the cabin top. By means of these moulds and battens you have now got a frame work similar to that on which the boat was built, and the



rest of the work is carried out in a similar manner, steaming and bending the beams inside the battens, and letting their ends into the top of the side pieces. When bending in the beams, cut rough holes through the central fore and aft mould to let them down to their proper places below the ribbands; also put in a stout beam, of twice the sectional area of the others at the end of the hatchway; but let the rest of the beams run right across the opening, and plank over it. Be careful that the tops of the

beams and moulds are kept low enough to allow for the thickness of the planking at the sides and end, otherwise you will have the planking projecting beyond the sides.

Plank over the beams with narrow 1/2 in. spruce or cedar, working an 1/8 in. bead on one edge of each plank to show underneath. As soon as the planking is on and fastened, cut away the moulds and battens, then fit fore and aft carlines of twice the siding and moulding of the beams at the sides of the hatchway, letting them over the beams, and through fastening them. The after ends of the planks will have been fastened to the after bulkhead at each side of the hatchway and the ends sawn off flush. The hatchway can now be sawn out to the carlines and after side of the stout beam, and the inside cleaned off.

I should have stated that the after bulkhead is cut off to the shape of the after mould, before the planking or battens are put on.

The cabin top will be cleaned off, stopped, and painted; and the calico stretched over it and painted, in the same way as the deck of No. 1 boat was done; a moulding being nailed over the calico at the joint between the top and sides, and the inside of the hatchway, lined with teak to match the slide.

Teak runners must be screwed over the calico at each side of the hatchway, and they should have brass plates on the top as shown in the sectional sketch; they should extend the whole length of the cabin top, to form hand rails; but the runner plates should only go far enough forward to let the slide open to the full extent of the hatchway.

A band of half-round brass, or galvanized iron, 1 in. wide and 3/16 in. thick, should be worked from the deck beam, up the inside of the sides, along the under side of the stout hatchway beam, and down the other side to the deck beam again. This band must be well screwed from the inside to deck beams, carlines, cabin top, and sides, and to the hatchway beam, and it will then tie the whole structure firmly together.

Where an oval hatchway is required the hole must be framed in the same way as the fore-end of the opening in the deck for the cabin top, and coamings must be steamed to the curve and scarphed. They should be in two thicknesses with the joints on opposite sides, and the inner thickness should stand 1 in. above the outer thickness to form a rabbet for the hatch to fit over. The rim of the hatch is shaped out of the solid in four pieces, and screwed to the under side of the hatch. A small strip of brass on the top of the inner thickness of the hatch coaming and a similar strip on the under side of the rim of the hatch will keep everything in place, and makes a neat finish.

Answers to Correspondents.

I have been asked by the editor to reply to the numerous letters on these articles which have been received from readers in various parts of the country, and as there are too many of them for a separate reply to each, I will try and answer the main points only.

H. E. K.—Yellow pine, Oregon pine and red pine are all suitable woods for planking. Yellow pine is very light, but is not much lighter than cedar, and is not so durable, while it is more difficult to get in long lengths. It is very suitable for dinghies, etc., but is very soft. Oregon pine is an excellent wood for planking if it is to be used of not less than 1 in. in thickness, but when cut thin it is liable to split. Red pine, like Oregon pine, is rather liable to split when thin, and is inferior to it in many ways. Both these woods show the seams badly if not very well seasoned, and they shrink and swell a great deal. Larch is very good for planking when it can be obtained fairly large and clear of bad knots, but it is difficult to get hold of in most places. It is exceedingly tough and durable.

S. P. (Glasgow).—As I said in answer to a previous query, the No. 1 design could be fitted with a bulb fin, and should do very well, especially if care is taken to get an equally effective area of fin and the center of lateral resistance is not altered.

Table of Offsets, Etc.—A complete specification and table of offsets for each boat will be published shortly.

LINTON HOPE.

The Seawanhaka Corinthian Cup Boats.

THE small yacht Grey Friar, with which Mr. Lorne Currie hopes to carry the Seawanhaka cup into English waters, arrived at Montreal aboard the Allan liner Australasian on July 8. The boat was in good condition, and

no time was lost in putting her overboard, where she was taken in tow by the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.'s launch for the trip up the Lachine Canal to Dorval, the club station, where she will fit out. With the boat came Mr. Maudsley, helmsman; Mr. Fletcher, jib-sheet man, and a paid hand. The owner, Mr. Currie, sailed from Liverpool by the Oceanic on July 10, and was accompanied by Mr. Pike, another of the crew, and Dr. Ward-Humphreys, who will represent the Island Sailing Club and act as one of the judges. The representative of the defending club will be Mr. W. Q. Phillips, of the R. C. Y. C., Toronto. Mr. W. P. Stephens, of New York, has been unanimously selected as referee or third judge. The first race will take place on July 24, and there will be five, if necessary, the winner of three taking the cup.

Grey Friar is 47 ft. over all, 8 ft. beam and carries 498 sq. ft. of canvas. Her waterline is stated to be 25 ft. 6 in., which would enable her to increase her sail area, if necessary, and still be well within the 25 ft. limit. She was built by Stevens Bros., Southampton, and was selected as the best all-round boat.

At the time of writing there is a strong probability that the defense will be undertaken by Red Coat, last year's winner, as she has made the best showing in the trial races. Great difficulty has been experienced in getting this year's boats into good racing form, the sails especially giving a lot of trouble.

It has been decided that the first of the races for the Seawanhaka Corinthian cup shall be sailed on July 25, instead of 24, as previously announced.

The steam yacht Theresa, owned by Mr. G. Sidenberg, has been chartered through the agency of Mr. Frank Bowne Jones to Mr. Isaac W. Jeanes, Corinthian Y. C., Philadelphia.

Newport Y. R. A.

Constitution, Columbia and Independence.

Wednesday, July 10.

OWING to very little breeze and a great deal of fog, the race that was to be sailed between Constitution, Columbia and Independence on July 10 was abandoned, as the boats were unable to finish within the time limit. This race was to be a windward leg of fifteen miles and a run of fifteen miles, making a total of thirty miles. The preparatory signal was given at 12:45, and the boats were sent away at 12:55. There was very little strength to the southerly breeze that was blowing, but the sea was very smooth. Constitution crossed first with Columbia a little astern, but to windward, and Independence was to leeward of both. Several tacks were made in the first few minutes' sailing, but it took Constitution only a short time to work out into the weather berth and gain a substantial lead. About 1:30 the fog began to roll in from seaward in great banks, and shortly all three boats were obscured.

Just after 2 o'clock Constitution was withdrawn from the race, as it was not thought to be advisable to continue in the thick fog when there was a possibility of an accident. Columbia and Independence kept on, the former rounding the weather mark at 3:59:30 and Independence followed at 4:32:30. The wind petered out soon after Independence rounded and there was little air left. Everything possible was done on Columbia to finish within the time limit of six hours, but it was impossible to do so, and as the fog was banking up again, both Columbia and Independence were taken in tow back to their moorings. Henry Johnson, a bowsprit end man, was knocked overboard by the parting of the tow line on Independence. He had presence of mind enough to grab hold of a bobstay and was soon brought on board. Dr. John Bryant, who was aboard Independence, attended the man and found him badly injured. The man was removed to a hospital in Newport, where it was found that he was seriously, but not fatally, injured.

Thursday, July 11.

Independence's poor showing since her arrival at Newport has greatly surprised the yachtsmen who had sailed on her previously, and in the race on July 11 she showed that she has some speed, for she sailed a pretty race with Constitution and Columbia. When Independence's crew got into better shape and the boat is balanced to her designer's satisfaction, we believe she will give a good account of herself, and give her competitors some close racing in any weather. As the race of July 10 was not finished within the time limit, it was postponed until July 11, when it was sailed over the same course as the day previous—that is, fifteen miles to windward and return. The weather conditions were slightly better than on the day previous; about 10 o'clock a southwest breeze and the sun combined to dry up the fog that was still hanging around.

The start was made from Brenton's Reef Lightship, and the mark laid was S.S.W. The wind was from the S.S.W., and blowing about seven knots, and there was a long swell coming in from the S. The preparatory signal was given at 12:20. Independence crossed a few seconds after the starting signal, with Columbia on her weather and Constitution to weather of Columbia. Both the Herreshoff boats set their jib top-sails, but Independence did not use hers on the beat out. Capt. Haff held his boat on the starboard tack, while Constitution and Columbia held the port tack, standing toward the Narragansett shore. When Independence was well on her opponents' weather she also came about and followed them. Haff made several tacks inshore, where he avoided the tide and forced Constitution and Columbia about when they drew together. Independence had both her rivals now under her lee. Independence presented a different shaped bow when she was heeled down and made good weather of the long sea. Columbia gradually drew ahead on Independence and made better weather than either of her rivals. The times at the windward mark follow:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Columbia	12 25 21	2 56 26	2 31 05
Constitution	12 25 43	3 01 23	2 35 40
Independence	12 25 08	3 01 21	2 36 13

Columbia beat Constitution 4 m. and 35 s. and Independence 5 m. and 8 s. Constitution beat Independence 33 s.

Columbia broke out her spinnaker 2 m. after rounding the mark. Independence made a sharp turn around the mark after again besting Constitution, and had her spinnaker set 1 m. after rounding. After Constitution had rounded and set her spinnaker all three boats set ballooners. Constitution sailed fast on the run home, but could not overtake Columbia. The times on the run home were:

	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	2 56 26	4 55 00	1 58 34
Constitution	3 01 23	4 58 42	1 57 19
Independence	3 01 21	5 01 05	1 59 44

Constitution beat Columbia 1 m. and 15 s. and Independence 2 m. and 25 s. Columbia beat Independence 1 m. and 10 s.

The summary of the race follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	12 25 21	4 55 00	4 28 39	4 28 22
Constitution	12 25 43	4 58 42	4 32 59	4 32 59
Independence	12 25 08	5 01 05	4 35 57	4 35 14

Columbia beat Constitution 4 m. and 37 s. and Independence 6 m. 52 s. corrected time. Constitution beat Independence 2 m. and 15 s.

It was a fine race, and in justice to Mr. Crowninshield the reports that his first big yacht was a failure should be emphatically denied, for she made a wonderful showing. Independence is leaking slightly, and when she goes in dry dock again this can be remedied. Undoubtedly this has had something to do with the poor showing she has made in the earlier races.

Friday, July 12.

The race that Independence sailed on July 12, the last day of the racing under the auspices of the Newport Y. R. A., in a strong breeze and with topmast gone and badly crippled, surprised the croakers that had called that boat a failure. She is now pretty generally acknowledged to be a formidable competitor for both Columbia and

Constitution in a breeze, and after a few changes can be made will undoubtedly give a good account of herself in a light breeze.

The lightship was settled upon as the starting point and the legs of the course first south, second northeast by east and the third northwest by west, each of ten miles. The first and third were broad reaches, the second, or off-shore leg, to windward. The preparatory signal was given at 11 o'clock and the starting signal at 11:10. Columbia crossed first and Independence close behind. A tug forced Constitution to keep off and run down to the leeward end of the line and crossed 21s. after the handicap signal. Independence was pushing Columbia hard for first place and was sailing in grand fashion when suddenly her topmast sprang forward and broke off at the cap and fell to leeward. In a moment she was clouded in broken and twisted gear, and slatting sails. After the big topmast spar and the club topsail and sprit were secured, it was still hard work to clear up the tangled gear, which was finally cast adrift and picked up by the tug Wrestler, chartered as a tender to Independence. All of 25m. was lost by the accident, but nevertheless Independence pluckily kept on. Columbia beat Constitution 1m. and 38s. and Independence 7m. and 52s. Constitution beat Independence 6m. and 14s. on the reach to the first mark. The times were:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Columbia	11 11 36	11 59 49	48 13
Constitution	11 12 00	12 01 51	49 51
Independence	11 11 51	12 07 56	56 05

When the boats hauled on the wind the breeze seemed to strengthen, and it was a splendid test for the spars and rigging on the boats. Constitution was sailing very fast and pulling up on Columbia. In the ten miles beat Constitution made thirteen tacks, while Independence made only three. The Herreshoff boats overstood the mark and both were beaten by Independence. Independence beat Constitution 57s. and Columbia 2m. and 23s. Constitution beat Columbia 1m. and 26s. The times were:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	11 59 49	1 25 32	1 25 43
Constitution	12 01 51	1 26 08	1 24 17
Independence	12 07 56	1 31 16	1 23 20

From the second mark home it was a reach, with the wind over the starboard quarter. It was now blowing as strong as it did in the early part of the race. Balloon fore staysails were set and Columbia continued to draw away from Constitution. On this leg Columbia had sailed at a rate of over fourteen knots. Columbia beat Constitution 50s. and Independence 4m. and 41s. Constitution beat Independence 3m. and 51s. On the reach home the times were:

	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	1 25 32	2 09 33	44 01
Constitution	1 26 08	2 10 59	44 51
Independence	1 31 16	2 19 58	48 42

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	11 11 36	2 09 33	2 57 57	2 56 40
Constitution	11 12 00	2 10 59	2 52 59	2 58 59
Independence	11 11 51	2 19 58	3 08 07	3 07 24

Columbia beat Constitution 2m. and 19s. and Independence 10m. and 44s. Constitution beat Independence 8m. and 25s.

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 13.

THE first day of the week's racing at Larchmont opened under most promising conditions. Over fifty boats started, and the fresh easterly breeze made the racing interesting and lively.

In the 75ft. class for schooners, Elmina got the best of the start and sailed a grand race, and finally won by a large margin.

Mr. Philip T. Dodge's recently imported cutter Eelin sailed her first race in American waters. She had Hester and Isolde for competitors. Hester is nearly roft. longer on the waterline than either Isolde or Eelin, and her extra length was of great advantage over a course where there was so much reaching and running to be done, and she more than saved her time over Isolde, which was 8m. 56s. Eelin sailed a nice race, and there should be some keen sport between her and Isolde.

Huguenot in the 51ft. class showed up in good shape, and at the end of the first round she was in the lead, and it looked as if she had Humma and Altair where she wanted them. Now that Huguenot has had three of her five tons of lead removed and her sail area slightly increased, she shows that she will be a dangerous competitor for Humma and Altair. On account of the poor showing Huguenot made before she was in racing trim she was condemned by many (as was Independence) as an utter failure, but if she can continue to perform as well as she did in this race it will be conceded that she is a wonderfully fast boat.

The new Gardner & Cox boat Dorwina, ably sailed by Mr. Addison Hanan, had no difficulty in beating Effort and Ludeah in the 43ft. class.

Merrywing, the new raceabout designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane for his brother, Mr. H. M. Crane, is showing remarkable speed, and again beat her competitors with ease. The summary follows:

Class D—Schooners—Start, 11:40:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Elmina, E. K. Brewster	3 56 49	4 16 49	
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	4 21 04	4 41 04	
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	4 14 24	4 34 24	
Muriel, Charles Smithers	4 22 02	4 42 02	
Class D—Schooners—Cruising Trim—Start, 11:40:00.			
Katrina, James H. Ford	4 43 20	5 03 20	
Hildegard, J. Bergen	Did not finish.		
Class I—Sloops—Start, 11:45:00.			
Isolde, Fred Hoyt	4 28 23	4 43 23	
Eelin, Philip Dodge	4 25 28	4 40 28	
Hester, C. L. F. Robinson	4 17 34	4 32 34	
Class K—Sloops—Start, 11:45:00.			
Altair, Cord Meyer	2 59 31	3 14 31	
Humma, J. R. Maxwell	2 55 10	3 10 10	
Huguenot, Edward Kelly	2 59 17	3 14 17	
Class L—Sloops—Start, 11:50:00.			
Dorwina, W. R. Ward	3 13 34	3 23 34	
Hebe	Did not finish.		
Effort, F. M. Smith	3 19 56	2 29 56	
Class M—Sloops—Start, 11:50:00.			
Leda, H. T. Maxwell	3 23 00	3 33 00	

Possum, E. S. Ballan	3 42 32	3 52 32
Anoatok, J. E. Martin, Jr.	3 47 00	3 57 00
Spasm, E. D. King	3 40 10	3 50 10
Class M—Yawls—Start, 11:50:00.		
Memories, W. N. Bavier	3 48 33	3 58 33
Sakana, A. B. McCreery	4 18 35	4 28 35
Class N—Sloops—Start, 11:55:00.		
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats	3 56 30	4 01 30
Alerion, A. H. Alker	4 03 24	4 08 24
Oiseau, G. L. Pirie	3 54 55	3 59 55
Lorelei, J. M. Elsworth	4 58 03	5 03 03
Kit, T. H. MacDonald	4 21 39	4 26 39
Special—Larchmont 25-Footers—Start, 11:50:00.		
Nei-San, John M. Woodbury	4 27 57	4 32 57
21-ft. Raceabouts—Start, 12:00:00.		
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 15 48	2 15 48
Merrywing, H. M. Crane	2 08 32	2 08 32
Viper, A. D. Hennen	2 13 58	2 13 58
Rogue, F. T. Bedford	2 22 04	2 22 04
Badger, Thorsen & Jones	2 18 33	2 18 33
Class Q—Sloops—Start, 12:05:00.		
Ox, W. N. Bavier	Disqualified.	
Rod, R. G. Sand	2 41 58	2 36 58
Montauk, J. S. Appleby	2 45 13	2 40 13
Class P—Sloops—Start, 12:00:00.		
Don	2 19 27	2 19 27
Smoke, T. J. Bowns	Disabled.	
Rochelle, Edward Kelley	2 09 02	2 09 02
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 12:05:00.		
Mist, J. Walker	2 54 14	2 49 14
Firefly, Guy Standing	2 51 50	2 46 50
Arizona, G. A. Cons.	2 49 50	2 44 50
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	2 53 19	2 48 19
Bale, Phillips & Morgan	2 56 26	2 51 26
Class R—Sloops, Under 15ft.—Start, 12:05:00.		
Nike, Guy Forbes	2 47 55	2 42 55
Crickit, H. Pryer	2 46 02	2 41 02
Neola, C. D. Mallory	Did not finish.	
Nora, Lewis Iselin	2 47 31	2 42 31
Mystral	2 48 09	2 43 09
Hope, C. O. Iselin	2 44 53	2 39 53
Sandpiper, R. Belmont	2 50 30	2 45 30
Kingfisher, A. Belmont, Jr.	2 46 58	2 41 58
The corrected time of the Nike is 2:39:35.		
Class T—Catboats—Start, 12:10:00.		
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford	2 32 48	2 22 48
Vera, A. M. Bradley	Did not finish.	
Class V—Catboats—Start, 12:10:00.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.	Did not finish.	

The winners were Elmina, Katrina, Hester, Humma, Dorwina, Sakana, Oiseau, Rochelle, Merrywing, Nike, Rod, Arizona, Mongoose II. Nei-San took a sail over.

Monday, July 15.

The morning of the second day's racing at Larchmont broke with anything but promising weather conditions, but as the morning progressed the fog lifted, and as the weather cleared a fresh southwesterly breeze came up.

In the 75ft. schooner class Muriel, Quissetta, Elmina and Amorita had one of the most interesting races of the season. After rounding the first mark the wind dropped flat, and when the breeze came up Muriel caught it first and fought the race out with Quissetta and Elmina. Muriel held her lead in the windward work until nearly up to Matinicock Point, where Quissetta crossed her bow and took first place. Elmina finally drew away from both Muriel and Quissetta and won by a narrow margin.

Hester again beat Eelin and Isolde. In addition to the race between these three boats, there was a special race between Eelin and Isolde. Eelin was well in the lead at the end of the first round and Isolde withdrew.

Huguenot carried away her gaff in the windward work of the first round.

The course for the schooners and large sloops was a six-mile run with spinakers to starboard, a six-mile beat to windward and a close reach of three miles. This course was sailed twice around. The small sloops sailed twenty-two and the raceabouts eleven miles. The times follow:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 12:35—Course, 30 Miles.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw	5 55 54	5 13 54	
Elmina, F. K. Brewster	5 35 12	5 00 12	
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt	5 36 15	5 01 15	
Muriel, Charles Smithers	5 42 54	5 07 54	
Sloops—Class I—Start, 12:40—Course, 30 Miles.			
Isolde, Fred Hoyt	Withdraw.		
Hester, C. L. F. Robinson	5 40 02	5 00 02	
Eelin, Philip T. Dodge	5 52 05	5 12 05	
Sloops—Class K—Start, 12:40—Course, 22 Miles.			
Hunima, J. R. Maxwell	4 46 09	4 06 09	
Huguenot, Edward Kelly	Disabled.		
Altair, Cord Meyer	4 33 18	3 53 18	
Sloops—Class M—Start, 12:45—Course, 22 Miles.			
Leda, H. L. Maxwell	5 14 36	4 29 36	
Spasm, E. D. King	5 23 49	4 43 49	
Larchmont 25ft. Sloops—Start, 12:50—Course, 22 Miles.			
Nei-San, John M. Woodbury	Withdraw.		
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:55—Course, 11 Miles.			
Merrywing, H. M. Crane	3 51 03	2 56 03	
Viper, W. B. Hennen	Withdraw.		
Snapper, A. B. Alley	3 56 49	2 51 49	
Persimmon	3 54 31	2 59 31	
Badger, Thorsen & Jones	3 40 48	2 54 48	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 1:00—Course, 11 Miles.			
Hope, C. O. Iselin	4 32 02	3 32 02	
Nora, Lewis Iselin	4 38 38	3 38 38	
Neola, C. D. Mallons	4 38 47	3 38 47	
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.	4 31 41	3 31 41	
Opossum, H. M. Raborg	4 33 41	3 33 41	
Crickit, H. C. Pryer	Withdraw.		
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 1:00—Course, 11 Miles.			
Bab, Phillips & Morgan	5 35 20	4 35 20	
Mist, J. W. Walker	5 20 30	4 20 30	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	5 39 09	4 39 09	
Arizona, G. A. Cory	5 10 24	4 10 24	
Firefly, Guy Standing	5 06 04	4 06 04	

The winners were Elmina, Hester, Altair, Leda, Badger, Sora, Firefly and Eelin.

Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

BAYSHORE, L. I.

Saturday, July 13.

THE second race of the series for the Lighthouse cup was sailed on Saturday, July 13, off Bayshore, L. I. The course was twelve miles in length. The summary follows:

	Start.	Corrected.
Wanda, J. R. Suydam	2 05 00	2 14 40
Amy Foster, J. Campbell Smith	2 05 00	2 19 06
Marie, Aymar Johnson	2 05 00	2 19 48
Pinkie, Allan Pinkerton	2 05 00	2 19 56
Treasure, C. H. Covell	2 05 00	2 21 51

Robert A. Granniss, of the N. Y. Y. C., has chartered the schooner yacht Intrepid from F. L. Lewis, through A. Carey Smith & Berbey. The schooner being designed by this firm for the German Emperor will be 120ft. long on the waterline.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Tuesday, July 9.

THE course for the race between the special thirties that was sailed on July 9 was twice around a mark placed near Bishop's Rock. The wind was light from the N.E. The distance was about seven miles. All crossed well bunched on the port tack, with Dorothy leading, but in the beat out she and Hera got hung together in tacking ship and they withdrew from the race. Esperanza then took the lead, which she held to the finish.

At the end of the first round Esperanza led Wawa by 2s. and they had a hard fight on the wind, at one time Wawa having the windward position. At the end of the first round Barbara got foul of a lobster pot and withdrew. The summary follows:

	Start, 3:55:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 17 22	1 22 22	
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 17 31	1 22 31	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	Withdraw.		
Hera, Ralph N. Ellis	Withdraw.		
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	Withdraw.		

Thursday, July 11.

The race sailed on Thursday, July 11, was over a triangular course eight miles in length. The wind was light from the S.W., making the first leg a reach, the second a run and the third a beat to windward. Carolina pulled into the lead early in the race and won. The times:

	Start, 3:30:	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	4 28 00	1 58 00	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 28 25	1 58 25	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	4 29 04	1 59 04	
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	4 29 58	1 59 58	

Sunday, July 14.

The special 30-footers went to Potter's Cove July 14, where, under the auspices of the Rhode Island Y. C., they raced for a cup valued at \$100, offered by A. E. Austin. Hera won. She was sailed by Ralph N. Ellis. The wind was from the southwest, and the course was a triangular one. Summary:

	Start, 2:40.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 51 10	3 11 10	
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	5 54 55	3 13 55	
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 54 10	3 14 40	
Carolina, P. Jones	5 55 12	3 15 12	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	5 55 50	3 15 50	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 57 17	3 17 10	

Monday, July 15.

There was a sweepstake race this afternoon between the 30-footers, which was won by Wawa, handled by Reginald Brooks. It was sailed in a strong southwest wind, the course being a run up the bay with spinakers to Dyer's Island and a beat back. The summary:

	Start, 3:25.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 40 06	2 15 06	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 42 11	2 17 11	
Dorothy, H. Y. Dolan	5 42 31	2 17 31	
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 43 17	2 18 17	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	Withdraw.		

Corinthian Y. C. Cruise (Philadelphia).

GLEN COVE TO OYSTER BAY.

Saturday, July 13.

RENDEZVOUSING at Glen Cove, L. I., on July 12, the fleet of the Corinthian Y. C. of Philadelphia raced from Glen Cove to Oyster Bay on Saturday, July 13. There was a good easterly breeze. Com. Alexander Van Rensselaer's flagship May was on hand to take the time at the finish.

The course was from a starting line off Glen Cove, N.N.E., seven miles, to a mark anchored half a mile S.S.W. of Great Captain Island Light; thence S.E. five miles to a finishing line between Centre Island buoy and the Regatta Committee's boat. The distance was twelve nautical miles. The order of finish was as follows:

Class A—Schooners—Start, 10:00:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia, J. De F. Jucken	11 45 47	1 03 27	1 03 27
Sececa, P. Rainey	11 57 56	1 17 56	1 27 37
Class B—Schooners—Start, 10:00:00.			
Triton, E. K. Price	12 06 57	2 06 27	2 06 27
Priscilla, R. W. J. Koons	12 15 05	2 15 05	2 13 42
Class C—Sloops, Cutters, and Yawls—Start, 10:00:00.			
Carmita, Robert Forrest	11 39 45	1 39 45	1 39 45
Flying Cloud, James Loughlin	11 49 51	1 49 51	1 45 41
Narouyna, R. P. White	Not timed		
Class D—Sloops, Cutters and Yawls—Start, 10:00:00.			
Cherokee, E. W. Clark, Jr.	11 47 38	1 47 38	1 47 38
Paukewis, C. H. Clark, Jr.	11 55 37	1 55 37	1 33 37
Grayling, Toland Brothers	11 58 42	1 58 42	1 58 42
Fidello, H. S. Jeans	12 01 57	2 01 57	1 58 38
Vayu, Dr. R. H. Hart	12 11 29	2 11 29	2 14 29

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 13.—It seems that Cadillac, the Hanley candidate, is, after all, to come on to Chicago and sail in the trial races among the proposed defenders of the Canadian cup, which races will begin on July 20. The boat left Detroit, Mich., on the deck of a lake steamer yesterday, and barring accidents, the steamer should arrive here Sunday afternoon—to-morrow. During the voyage around through the lakes workmen will be busy on Cadillac making the corrections and improvements which will be necessary, so that she will be ready for launching as quickly as the steamer reaches Chicago. Mr. C. C. Hanley, the designer of Cadillac, is going around with the boat, and will sail on her in the trial races. Cadillac reached Detroit last Tuesday evening from Quincy, Mass., after a checkered voyage by rail, canal, etc. Those who have seen the boat state that it looks quite the racer and shows great strength of line. On deck Cadillac is said to be not pretty, nearly straight sided, with the bluff of the bows well forward. On the waterline Cadillac's lines are pleasant, and although the yacht would seem to pound in a heavy sea when on an even keel, when listed she presents fair lines to the water and travels like a bird. The length of the boat is 34.8ft., which crowds the 35ft. limit pretty close, one would imagine. It is 40ft. over all, 27.75ft. waterline, 11.4ft. beam, and the draft of the hull 16in., and the normal canvas 1,488.5 sq. yds. Cadillac has two tons of inside ballast.

Orion's Crew.

The crew that will sail Orion in the trial races at Chicago a week from to-day will be composed of Rene Hilbert, skipper; Carl Hilbert, Fred P. Cook, Horace Enos, Rudolph Moreback and Bruno Nordberg, Jr.

Columbia Y. C.

Lady skippers will sail several of the boats which will start this afternoon in the weekly regatta of the Columbia Y. C. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, July 13.

THE fifth race of the series of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.'s regatta was sailed off the Atlantic Y. C. at Sea Gate on Saturday, July 13. The wind was fresh and there was a lump of a sea on. The triangular course was covered twice, making twelve miles. The times were:

Class M—Sloops—Start, 3:05:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Akista, George Hill.....	4 49 47	1 44 47
Class N—Sloops—Start, 3:05:00.		
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	4 46 28	1 41 28
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	4 56 22	1 51 22
Bonita, Haviland Brothers.....	4 58 31	1 53 31
Class P—Sloops—Start, 3:10:00.		
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 27 53	1 17 53
Cockatoo, Hendon Club.....	4 23 03	1 13 03
Class Q—Sloops—Start, 3:10:00.		
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	4 28 58	1 18 58
Broncho, F. C. Moore.....	4 25 37	1 15 37
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	4 26 40	1 16 40
Wink, W. A. Barstow.....	4 28 35	1 18 35
Marine and Field Knockabouts—Start, 3:10:00.		
Vixen, Baylor & Mahoney.....	4 37 15	1 23 15
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	4 35 18	1 25 18
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	4 35 15	1 25 15
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	4 34 15	1 26 15
Jig a Jag, W. Hutcheson.....	4 36 20	1 26 20
Flying Fox, Buckman & Cone.....	4 41 20	1 31 20

The winners were Akista, Vivian, Cockatoo, Broncho and Vixen.

Columbia Y. C. Races.

Saturday, July 13.

WIND, N. E. First leg, close reach; second leg, beat; third leg, spinaker and balloon jib run.

One of the features of the races was the fact that Mrs. E. T. Balcom had the stick on Wizard and won first race. Wizard has won in competition this season.

Schooners—Start, 2:30:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Nomad.....	4 29 18	1 59 18	Scratch	1 59 18
Myrine.....	5 11 13	2 41 13	00 13 37	2 27 36
Class 2 A—Start, 2:35:00.				
Widsith.....	4 38 05	2 03 05	Scratch	2 03 05
Zephyrus.....	Disabled.			
Class 3 A—Start, 2:35:00.				
Columbia.....	4 24 28	1 49 28	00 02 35	1 46 53
Nymph.....	4 33 00	1 58 00	Scratch	1 58 00
Class 4 A—Start, 2:35:00.				
Spray.....	Disabled.			
Katie H.....	5 05 03	2 30 03	Scratch	2 30 03
Vision.....	5 16 50	2 41 50	00 13 54	2 27 56
Dot.....	5 16 50	2 41 50		
Class 2 B—Start, 2:35:00.				
Peri.....	4 33 28	1 58 28	Scratch	1 58 28
Class 3 B—Start, 2:35:00.				
Wizard.....	4 43 08	2 08 08	Scratch	2 08 08
Dr. Knight.....	4 49 10	2 14 10	00 01 10	2 13 00
Class 4 B—Start, 2:35:00.				
Imp.....	4 59 06	2 24 06	Scratch	2 24 06
Marie.....	5 13 18	2 38 18	00 02 37	2 35 41
Eleanor E.....	5 14 30	2 39 30	00 03 32	2 35 58

Dates Changed for the Atlantic Y. C.'s Cruise.

THE changing of the dates for the races for the America Cup has caused Com. David Banks, of the Atlantic Y. C., to alter the time for the club's annual cruise from July 6 to 13 to Aug. 23 to 30, and to that end he has issued the following orders, through Fleet Capt. George Hill:

Aug. 23, Friday.—The fleet will rendezvous at Larchmont during the day.

Aug. 24, Saturday.—First day's run of the fleet. Start at 11 A. M., crossing the Sound to Lloyd Point, finish at Norwalk Islands; 16¼ miles.

Aug. 25, Sunday.—Fleet will remain at South Norwalk. Divine service on board the flagship.

Aug. 26, Monday.—Second day's run of the fleet. Start at 9 A. M., passing south to Stratford Light, finish New Haven breakwater, Morris Cove; 29 miles.

Aug. 27, Tuesday.—Third day's run of the fleet. Start 8:30 A. M., Morris Cove to New London; 38 miles.

Aug. 28, Wednesday.—Fourth day's run of the fleet.

Start to A. M. New London to Shelter Island; 15½ miles.

Aug. 29, Thursday.—Fleet will remain at anchor at Shelter Island, where there will be water sports consisting of gig races, dinghy races, launch races, swimming races, tub races, etc.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

THE programme of the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. has been issued in general orders No. 2, from the flagship Corona. The rendezvous of the squadron will be at Glen Cove, on Monday, July 22, when there will be a race for the Commodore's cups. Squadron runs will begin the next day and continue eastward until Vineyard Haven is reached, on Friday, July 26, when there will be a return to Newport. On Sunday, July 28, the squadron will remain at anchor in that harbor, and the next day the races for the Astor cups will be sailed. The orders in full are as follows:

FLAGSHIP CORONA—GENERAL ORDERS NO. 2.

Monday, July 22, 1901, the squadron will rendezvous at Glen Cove at 11 A. M. There will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship.

The programme for the cruise, weather permitting, will be as follows:

Monday, July 22, race for the Commodore's cups, from Glen Cove to Huntington Bay.

Tuesday, July 23, squadron run, Huntington Bay to Morris Cove.

Wednesday, July 24, Morris Cove to New London.

Thursday, July 25, New London to Newport.

Friday, July 26, Newport to Vineyard Haven.

Saturday, July 27, Vineyard Haven to Newport.

Sunday, July 28, the squadron will remain at anchor at Newport.

Monday, July 29, races off Newport for the Astor cups.

Tuesday, July 30, there will be a meeting of the captains on board the flagship at noon.

During the cruise there will be the usual races for the owl and gamecock colors, and a race for launches.

The Regatta Committee will furnish details for the runs from port to port, and for all other racing events.

Captains are requested to provide their vessels with N. Y. Y. C. night signals, also to send to the Commodore a list of the names of their guests.

The captains and their guests will be welcome on board the flagship when in harbor.

By order of the Commodore,

ROBERT BACON, Fleet Captain.

July 15, 1901.

Pierre Lorillard.

MR. PIERRE LORILLARD, well known the world over as a prominent yachtsman and turfman, died on Sunday, July 7, at the age of sixty-eight years. Mr. Lorillard was a member of the Union Club, the Racquet Club, the Knickerbocker Club, the New York Y. C., the Grolier Club and many others.

Mr. Lorillard was a devoted yachtsman, and did much toward the advancement of the sport. He was one of the first to realize the advantages of Newport as a center for yachting and yacht racing. His liberality in offering cups did much to keep up an interest in yacht racing. He owned the schooner Vesta, and he sailed on her in the race from Sandy Hook to Cowes against Fleetwing and Henrietta. It was a sweepstake race for \$10,000. Later he had the steam yacht Radha built, and she was one of the largest and finest yachts of her time. Mr. Lorillard was one of the first to realize the possibilities of house-boating, and ten years ago he built a magnificent house-boat for use in Southern waters. She was known as Caiman, and her owner entertained a large number of guests every winter on her. Caiman was destroyed by fire about a year ago, and an order was immediately placed for a larger and more elaborate house-boat. Although Mr. Lorillard has not been particularly active in yachting circles during recent years, still his loss will be keenly felt among yachtsmen in general, and he will ever be remembered as a man who has done much to promote the world's noblest sport—yachting.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Charles S. Hamilton, of New Haven, Conn., has purchased the schooner yacht Fearless from F. M. Welles, of New York, through the agency of Huntington & Seaman.

Mr. Archibald McNeil, of Bridgeport, has sold through the agency of A. Perry Bliven his sloop yacht Whitley to Mr. R. L. Tuck, of the Brooklyn Y. C. The latter has also purchased the former yacht Lucia from George A. Coles. Mr. C. E. Simmons has chartered his steam yacht Vivid to Mr. John Smithers, of Huntington, L. I., and the steam yacht America has been chartered to Mr. W. G. Crenshaw.

Mr. J. H. Ladew, of the N. Y. Y. C., has chartered his steam yacht Columbia to Mr. Randall Morgan, of Philadelphia, through Messrs. Gardner & Cox. Gen. Francis V. Greene, of the N. Y. Y. C., through the same agency, chartered his auxiliary schooner Wild Duck to Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Providence, R. I. Mr. William Armory Gardner, of Boston, has chartered his schooner yacht Mayflower to Mr. Samuel C. Davis, of St. Louis, Mo., through the same agency.

Com. A. S. Bigelow, of the Eastern Y. C., has placed a contract with the Bath Iron Works for a steam yacht, which is to be ready for sea early next season. The new steam yacht, which will be named Pentwoset, was designed by Naval Architect W. J. J. Young, of Boston, and now in the employ of the United States navy at Fore River. The new steamer will be one of the handsomest in American waters. She is intended for ocean-going purposes, and in her Com. Bigelow will make a trip next winter in the Mediterranean, and in the summer to Cape Nore. She is 211ft. over all, 175ft. waterline, beam 27ft., draft 13ft. She will cost a quarter of a million.

The only yachting catastrophe reported for July 4 was the burning of the 62ft. schooner-rigged yacht Seminole near Barren Island in the afternoon. The fire was caused by the explosion of a gasoline tank, but what caused the explosion is not known. There was no loss of life. Seminole was valued at \$11,000. She was originally fitted up somewhat elaborately as a pleasure craft, but was bought a few years ago by William and Warner Dour, who have a fishing station at Rockaway Beach.

While Arthur Clemence, second mate, and Fred Brown, seaman, of the yawl Vigilant, owned by Percy Chubb, of Glen Cove, were returning from Mamaroneck, N. Y., to the yacht Vigilant, which is anchored off Glen Cove, in a naphtha launch July 5, they were overtaken by a severe thunderstorm. A bolt of lightning struck Clemence in the left temple, ran down his left side and came out of his knee, killing him instantly. Brown was rendered unconscious. The launch was not touched.

The Atlantic Y. C. has chartered the sea-going steamer Gay Head for the international races.

The sloop yacht Ashmet that was in collision off the Jersey coast a short time ago and was abandoned by her crew, was towed into New York Harbor on July 15 by the schooner William Neely. Although her rigging and deck fittings are badly damaged, the hull is intact and can be repaired. Ashmet was designed by Hanley and was owned by Gouverneur Paulding, 2d.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has recently sold the following yachts through his agency: The 30-footer Oiseau for Mr. John R. Maxwell to Mr. Gordon L. Pirie, Mr. Maxwell taking the raceabout Oonagh in the transfer; the yawl Wewinit for Mr. F. M. Randall to Mr. E. A. Palmer; the Seawanhaka knockabout Anawan for Mr. Frederick A. Bourne to Mr. F. G. Stewart, and the knockabout Petrel for Mr. C. Lewis to Mr. H. A. Hall.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 7.—Pape did phenomenal rifle shooting at the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's shoot. He tied Young's 34, and in a run of 20 shots made 66, which is a 3.3in. ring average. Pape and Mannel challenged Dorrell and Young to a 50-shot match and Young shot off of his injured arm, which is just out of splints, while Dorrell is also crippled with rheumatism; but the cripples won out with 90 rings to the good. The scores were: Pape 263, Mannel 417; total 680. Young 281, Dorrell 309; total 590. Pape kept tab on his German point shooting to-day and made 208 in 100 shots. They will have to shoot to beat him for king in the bund if he continues his superlative work. In the last six months he has run down to 377 for 10 best scores, or 3.77in. ring average.

Becker led with revolver with 38, just two points away from club record. The wind blew a gale. The range was crowded with rifle shooters.

Scores, Columbia target, off-hand, 10 shots:

A H Pape.....	3 3 4 2 6 3 3 6 2 2-34
	5 3 1 6 7 2 3 2 5 7-41
	9 2 6 3 1 5 1 4 7 5-43
	4 2 7 3 3 4 4 5 5 5-42
	8 5 4 2 3 5 9 11 2 1-50
	5 3 2 1 5 8 11 6 8 3-52
	7 9 3 6 2 5 9 5 6 4-55
	3 1 7 6 7 5 6 7 7 11-60
	4 9 8 4 5 2 12 5 6 8-63
F O Young.....	8 3 3 5 4 7 3 6 7 5-51
	13 5 1 4 5 5 8 6 7 6-60
	6 4 10 6 5 9 9 1 1 6-56
	6 2 2 6 3 14 7 5 9 2-56
	4 7 8 1 4 9 4 5 7 9-58
A B Dorrell.....	14 4 3 3 5 7 4 3 5 10-52
	4 5 3 7 4 8 8 2 8 8-57
	8 12 2 5 2 6 2 8 7 5-51
	6 11 3 6 4 2 5 9 4 8-58

C. M. Daiss 59, 59, 69, 70, 74, 75, 76; E. Hovey 58, 70; Capt. Kuhnle 61, 65, 78, 80, 81, 72; G. M. Barley 66; Dr. J. F. Twist 73, 92, 97, 96, 99; Hohmann 78, 90; F. L. Pape 110, 150, 154, 154; A. Huguenin 146; Vantear 146; F. Pape 146.

Revolver, 50yds.: P. A. Becker 38, 51, 55, 55, 58; A. J. Brannagan 40; F. O. Young 54, 61, 63; Dr. Hunsaker 73, 87.

22 rifle: C. Backmann 33, 37, 39, 44, 46, 46, 47.

Pistol: F. O. Young 49, Dr. Hunsaker 63.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 18.—Williamsport, Pa.—All-day tournament of the West Branch Rod and Gun Club. H. A. Dimick, Sec'y.

July 23.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—Tenth annual tournament of the Mount Kisco Gun Club. A. Betti, Mgr.

July 24-25.—Detroit, Mich.—Third shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Pastime Gun Club. John Parker, manager.

July 25-26.—Cambridge Springs, Pa.—Tournament of the Cambridge Springs Gun Club. Clark D. Eckels, Sec'y.

July 27.—Freehold, N. J.—Championship of New Jersey for E C cup between Messrs. E. J. Vanderveer and J. J. Fleming.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

July 30-31.—Bowling Green, O.—Target and live bird tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Brantford, Can.—Target tournament of the Brantford Gun Club. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. Amateur. John Blistain, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; \$1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 14.—Trenton, N. J.—Contest for championship of Mercer county, between Messrs. C. A. Comp, holder, and W. B. Widman, challenger.

Aug. 14-15.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Sherburne Gun Club's tournament. J. F. Paddelford, Sec'y.

Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.

Echoes of the Anglo-American Match.

NEW YORK, July 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream:*—My brief dispatch from Boston, dated the 9th inst., which appeared in your issue of to-day, told the boys that the majority of the team which left this city for England on the morning of May 26 had got back home again. Paul North, who acted as manager, is expected home this week, having stayed behind for a lengthy trip in the Emerald Isle. H. H. Getchell, of Woonsocket, R. I., who came back with us, met Paul while in Ireland, and says that he (Paul) had even then acquired quite a brogue, and was considerably at home twirling a blackthorn shillalah.

Since our return we have heard nothing of either Merrill, Powers or Elliott; the latter may be sailing on the steamship Canadian the 17th of this month. If so, so, Capt. Hill, of that ship, will look after him, all right. If, however, Jim has continued shooting pigeons as well and as profitably as he started out to do, it may be Aug. 20 before the Canadian receives him as a passenger.

Midwinter in Midsummer.

From the day we sailed from Liverpool on the Cestrian, Sunday, June 30, until the day we landed in Boston, July 9, we had just about as chilly a time as ever fell to the lot of seafarers during the month of July. Cold winds, and plenty of them, made sitting out on the deck most uncomfortable, unless heavy overcoats and thick traveling rugs enveloped one. Cozy corners out of the wind were also necessary for one's enjoyment of the open air. Rains—sometimes heavy ones—and fogs of a denseness that varied from a semi-opaque veil to a thickness that could be bitten, troubled us about two-thirds of the entire nine days. Little wonder then that, with such an excuse for keeping under cover and out of the wet, Tom Marshall and Frank Harrison had much company at their little table in the smoke room every spare hour of the voyage.

On Friday, afternoon, the 5th inst., just after lunch, and while the sun was shining brightly, a large iceberg was sighted ahead of us on the port side—that is, to the south of us. It was a sight we had all been looking for, and the boys piled out of the smoking room, gazed at our visitor or fellow traveler, and judged nautically or unnautically as to its size, distance from us, etc. Jack Fanning, an authority on such matters, by reason of his intimate acquaintance with the life of a fur sealer, poured forth data of an interesting nature in reference to icebergs and such like.

About an hour or two later a heavy fog bank suddenly fell on us, and one could scarcely see the bow or stern of the vessel from amidships. It grew rapidly colder and the fog gained in density, making life aboard the ship chilly and comparatively hazardous. The whistle was kept blowing every minute or so, while the engines were sometimes shut down to "dead slow"—about six miles an hour, just enough to give her steerage way. It went on this way all night, but we all slept fairly well—that is to say, those whose staterooms were not too near the whistle—while Capt. Thomas, our skipper, and his first, second and third officers took our ship along in safety. During the night the thermometer fell to 40 degrees, within 8 degrees of freezing, making it certain that ice was somewhere close to us, and also making it necessary to heap on bedclothes, and any other clothes handy, so as to keep at all warm.

Our Passenger List.

It being the slack time for transatlantic travel westward, our passenger list was quite small, comparatively speaking. Our party consisted of sixteen souls, to which may be added seven other passengers. The full list was as follows: Mrs. and Mrs. Edward Banks, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Crosby, Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Mary Bell Dobie, Miss Annie Lemon, Messrs. J. S. Fanning, H. E. Getchell, Fred Gilbert, F. S. Harrison, Rolla O. Heikes, Tom A. Marshall, F. S. Parmelee, D. F. Pride, A. G. P. Segur, J. B. Walker, B. Leroy Woodard.

Mrs. Wilcox was the doctor's wife, blessed with a sweet voice that was always pleasantly listened to, particularly when the song was such a one as "Annie Laurie," Mrs. Wilcox being a Scotchwoman who could interpret the words and pronounce them as only a Scotchwoman could.

Chicken Broth and Afternoon Tea.

The entrance of Walter, the smoking room steward, at 11 A. M. every day was the signal for a general cessation of whatever hostilities might be in progress at any of the tables in the smoking room. His arrival meant chicken broth—and plenty of it—served in cups which contained, as Tom Marshall put it, "ridiculously small quantities." Still three cups were generally all Mr. Marshall tackled each morning.

At 4 P. M., Walter again made his appearance, but this time it was "afternoon tea," with all kinds of sweet fancy crackers and ginger snaps. (N. B.—Billy Crosby found a few damp ginger-snaps in the pocket of his "Indian" coat when he put it on at Interstate Park this afternoon. He came up to some of us, concealing something in his right hand, and said, "I'll bet I brought something away from the Cestrian none of you other fellows did!" So far as I know Billy is quite correct in his assertion.)

Well, it would have made the multitude of trapshooters who know all the boys so well stand agape if they could have seen how soon "this jack pot" was decided so as to clear the decks for "afternoon tea"! Some had one cup, some two, and a few had more. Walter's customers were many and well pleased. Chicken broth and afternoon tea were institutions well patronized in the Cestrian's smoking room.

Was the Sea Rough?

It is a question that is scarcely likely to be settled to the satisfaction of all the Cestrian's passengers on this trip as to whether or not the sea was what might be called rough. Those of us who had good sea legs and solid internal equipments are liable to argue that the voyage, although inclement, was a smooth one. On the other hand, there are others, several of them, who, less fortunately outfitted, are likely to argue contra. They had headaches, cold hands and feet (some of the well people had "cold feet" of another kind occasionally); in fact, they had all the symptoms of seasickness, which demand a rough sea as an excuse for such unnatural conditions.

Hear both sides:

Jack Fanning, the sailor of the party, par excellence: "Well, it was not rough to call it rough. Just a little kick now and then. I've seen it far rougher than we had it."

Fred Pride: "No, I wouldn't say we had any rough sea. Give me a light, please, somebody. Thank you."

Frank Harrison: "It didn't bother me any. Who says it was a rough trip? Lord, I've crossed when it—." (The boys choked him at that point.)

Ed Banks: "It depends on how people feel as to whether they think the sea rough or not. As for myself, I've been hungry all the time. May I smoke?" (This latter part addressed to some one who can't stand tobacco smoke on board ship.)

Now, some of the others:

T-Bill Crosby: "Say, if I ever go over to England again, it'll be to stay there. I'd never come back over this bit of water again. When I put my feet on the dock at Boston I'll jump up and crack my heels together and take a fall out of Fritz Gilbert there, just to show what I think of this ocean traveling. Land's good enough for me. I don't know whether it's been what you might call rough, but it has been as rough as I want it."

Fred Gilbert: "Some of you ducks remark it's not been rough, but I don't want it any rougher. Remember that night when I was handicapped three yards more than I thought I was? Well, if you don't remember it, the steward does. You mayn't call it rough; perhaps it hasn't been, but I'm mighty glad it's been no worse."

R. O. Heikes: "Some of you people make me sick even now to hear you talk. Rough? Of course it's been rough. But if it hadn't been for my lumbago I'd have been in evidence at meals more than I was."

Tom Marshall: "I don't think it has really been very rough, but there's been enough sea on to satisfy all my demands." Then in an aside he added, "Pride, I wish you and Harrison would put up your old pipes; you do smoke the worst tobacco," etc.

Chorus from Getchell, Leroy, Budd and others: "Yes, this room may be a smoking room, but you fellows needn't smoke all the time just because you feel well."

F. S. Parmelee: "I know it's been rough, but I've not been sick a minute. You fellows all thought I would be, and so did I, but I fooled all of us. Where's Walter? Somebody ring the bell."

E. H. Tripp, after refusing to be interviewed on the subject, courteously withdrew his objection, but was quite non-committal in his remarks: "What with sleeping, eating and playing shuffleboard, I've had no time to consider weather conditions nor the state of the ocean. My few spare moments have been taken up with examining the chart of our route in conjunction with Fanning, who can put his finger in an instant on the exact spot on that chart where our boat is. Jack's a good sailor, as well as a good shot."

Now, was the sea rough or was it not?

A Flavor of Paris.

After the shoot at Glasgow was over, Messrs. Marshall, Heikes, Fanning, Leroy and Gilbert went over for a brief visit to Paris. Their tales of life in Paris must really be heard to be appreciated. While there they met Mr. Emile Werk and his daughter (two of our fellow passengers on the Canadian), and were Mr. Werk's guests at a dinner one evening.

Tom Marshall was full of his trip when we first went aboard the Cestrian, and made us all believe he had been interpreter for the crowd. Gilbert wouldn't stand for such talk, but said: "Tom never spoke of French all the while we were in Paris; except once or twice, when he said, 'We, we,' reminding me for all the world of a comic man on a stage trying to squeak like a small pig!"

But those who went to Paris sincerely regretted that "the whole bunch" had not been along. They were enthusiastic about everything they saw and did, saying that the Paris part of the trip was the best portion of the whole.

How They All Feel About It.

The boys are really glad to be back again, but are unanimous that the "European trip of 1901" made by American trapshooters will be more and more appreciated by each member of the party as time goes on. Nothing is more tiring than sightseeing combined with a rush that is due to extremely limited time. Days in England are long at this season of the year, and hours for sleep are proportionately few. The boys got tired at the start. Meals had to be taken at irregular hours, and when and where they could be obtained. The members of the team never got fully rested up, and they soon began to ache to get back home again. They are now beginning to appreciate more fully what a time we've had.

The trip was a success, too—successful in the very highest degree. Not a match was lost, and not a trophy got away from the Americans. Crosby won the open Anglo-American pigeon trophy, at the Welsh Harp grounds at Hendon, and owns a very handsome cup in consequence. He also won a cup in open competition at the Middlesex Gun Club's grounds the day after the final in the Anglo-American team race. Gilbert won an extremely handsome and valuable trophy on the same day, the cup being presented for competition among the members of the American team only. Parmelee won a live-bird trophy in open competition at the Welsh Harp grounds the day previous to the first of the Anglo-American series, and also won a silver cup put up for open competition at Glasgow the day before the match with the Scotchmen.

Why We Won.

Since the team made its records in England and in Scotland the English sporting papers have with a unanimity that is remarkable laid the extraordinary success of the team at the door of the guns and ammunition. Most of them seem to refuse to acknowledge even a possibility that American skill with the shotgun had as much to do with the series of victories as had the superior ammunition and guns of the members of the American team.

It is true—and each member of the team will agree with me in this—that our guns and our ammunition were better adapted for target shooting than those of either the English or the Scotch. But our boys knew the game so much better than did their opponents; they have, by dint of long practice, gained a degree of skill that stood them in good stead when they went up against the hard conditions they had to combat in the matches in London.

Targets were thrown in a manner never seen over here, yet the boys did not fail to "catch on" quickly. With only two scanty half-days of practice, and within a week of getting ashore, they mastered the game sufficiently well to stand up and concede heavy odds successfully. It seems to me that showed skill of the highest class.

Both the English and the Scotch used guns really unsuited for the sport; and their loads were often "squibby." The latter phase was only the natural outcome of using guns too light for the job they had to perform. When we go out to break targets, we try to break as many as possible—no dropping for place. Why not, then, use guns and loads that will enable one to break more targets than one can score with lighter guns and smaller loads? What is the use of going after elephants with a game gun and snipe loads? As for the more sporting appearance of the position of the English and the Scotch at the traps: When one is at the traps the idea is to break the targets or grass the bird as surely as possible. Why then adopt a position, however, much prettier, that gives either target or bird a good start?

One Idea of Inanimate Target Shooting.

Over here it seems to me the idea of inanimate target shooting is to give those who are fond of a gun a chance to use and show their skill in competition when the law relating to close seasons on game forbids such use and exhibition afield. It is also to acquaint a shooter with the swing of a gun, lead on a bird, etc.; in short, to familiarize him with handling his gun and getting used to pulling the trigger when he is right. This we claim for target shooting to a very large extent.

I have a personal acquaintance with men who never fired a gun until they shot at "inanimate birds"; yet they, after a short while, could go out into the woods and do good work alongside of an old-time field shot. Of course they didn't go along through the brush or in the field with the gun firmly fixed at the shoulder; but then there was no swiftly thrown target to be sprung from a trap 18yds. away, and no pigeon to be liberated from one of five traps 5yds. apart and 30yds. away from the shooter.

Nine-tenths of our game is put up within 20yds. of the man with the gun, and the same proportion, I imagine, is killed within 20yds. of the gun muzzle. My experience in England while shooting all kinds of game is precisely the same, with the possible exception of driven grouse, partridges and pheasants. Again my belief is that less pellets of shot will bring down a wild bird than would stop a pigeon within bounds or grind an inanimate target to dust. An inanimate target, too, starts far faster than any bird can, but it soon reaches the limit of its flight; but that limit is generally beyond the range of any gun and ammunition belonging to a 12-gauge.

It has been said in some of the English sporting papers that because our boys could break targets with a precision that was remarkable, and score pigeon after pigeon with a regularity that performed victory in its train, it did not follow that they were good shots on game. This may certainly be said, but I can vouch for it from personal experience with members of the team that, whether in America, in England or in Scotland, and whether at our quail, ruffed grouse or ducks; at a cover side in the Old Country or knee high in a field of wurzels with a covey of birds well scattered; or in a mantlet on a moor with grouse whizzing by and over, I do not believe there was one member of the team that won the honors in London or in Glasgow that would not be found a worthy competitor, and one hard to beat, in the friendly rivalry and exhibition of skill to be witnessed in all such situations.

While the criticisms above referred to were offered in the best of spirit, it seems to me that there ought to be something said on the opposite side, for surely there was much that could be said. What I have written was not placed on paper with a view to belittling the skill of the opponents of the American team, but rather with an idea of placing the latter in what I consider to be their rightful position in the ranks of skillful marksmen. I wrote it, too, not from the standpoint of a competitor, for better men than myself did the work, but rather to give the ideas of one who watched the shooting of all the men, whatever their nationality, with equal care and with every intention to be thoroughly impartial.

As for our hosts, too much cannot be said as to the hospitable manner in which we were entertained from the moment we set foot on the landing stage at Liverpool. Mr. A. H. Gale and his fellow members of the Middlesex Gun Club, of England, and Mr. F. Ingram Annan and his companions, who looked after our comforts so thoughtfully while we were in Glasgow, will long be remembered with the best of feelings by every member of the American party, both ladies and gentlemen. If we can only persuade some British trapshooters to come over and pay us a visit they can rest assured that, no matter how far distant the day, they will find that "London and Glasgow in 1901" has not been for gotten.

A Possible British Invasion.

Apropos of the above, there is some chance that a team of English, Scotch and Irish trapshooters may find their way over here in the near future, for the purpose of making a tour and trying conclusions with us once more—but this time on our own soil. The matter was broached at the Middlesex Gun Club's grounds during the international shoot, and the suggestion that a team should come over met with much favorable comment. Let them come, and we will do our best to show them that two can play at the game of hospitality.

And if they should beat us, they will find that we can take a licking in the right manner and in the proper spirit, as they did, doing our best to rival them in that respect. The generous and open-hearted way in which they applauded our victories over them is something in itself well worth remembering.

EDWARD BANKS.

Interstate Association Tournament, Jamestown

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 11.—I will say for the shooters in general and the talent in particular they have made one of the greatest errors of their lives by not attending the tournament just closed at Jamestown, N. Y. In the first place, the city itself is well worth a visit, situated as it is upon Lake Chautauqua, where the summer days are pleasant and the evenings cool, inviting restful sleep under a blanket. If one is so inclined, a visit to Celeron-on-the-Lake, offers amusements in a variety of forms to suit the most fastidious tastes. An evening sail on the lake is a realistic dream. Jamestown is a city of some 30,000 inhabitants, a manufacturing town, containing many beautiful buildings, and situated at the southern end of Lake Chautauqua, and is classed as a very charming summer resort.

The Jamestown Gun Club, a comparatively new organization, contains some fifty members, many of whom are not yet accustomed to shooting at the traps. Some of them feel that they were not in high enough class to compete in an open tournament. They are practicing, and we will hear from them later. The tournament was a success in every particular, the weather was fair, and all participants concurred they had had a most enjoyable time.

Among the visitors from out of town I mention the Messrs. G. F., F. E., S. T., and L. E. Mallory, of Parkersburg, W. Va.—and fine gentlemen they are; Mr. Bates, of Oil City; Mr. L. F. Fleming, of Pittsburgh; Mr. North, of Allegheny, Pa., and Mr. H. Kirkover, of Buffalo, N. Y.

Among the talent present were Mr. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company; Mr. Hull, of the Parker Gun Company; Messrs. Keller and Mackie, of the Peters Cartridge Company, and Mr. Colville, of the Dupont Powder Company.

The executive committee of the Jamestown Gun Club were very solicitous that their visitors should have an enjoyable time, and to that end a private launch was chartered under the direction of Mr. Arbuckle. A party of visiting shooters were taken for a twenty-five-mile sail on the lake Wednesday night, and I will say that those of the shooters who failed to be with the sailing party, but preferred other amusements, have missed a pleasurable experience that should fill them with regret.

Appended are the scores:

July 10, First Day.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15
F. E. Mallory.....	10	14	20	14	14	10	14	12	19	15
S. T. Mallory.....	7	10	14	10	13	15	10	7	16	10
F. S. Bates.....	9	14	18	13	10	19	12	13	19	12
J. F. Mallory.....	10	14	19	14	14	17	13	13	18	13
L. E. Mallory, Jr.....	10	13	19	15	13	17	15	12	18	15
A. G. Courtney.....	10	13	18	12	15	15	11	14	18	13
J. H. Mackie.....	8	15	17	15	13	18	13	12	18	12
J. R. Hull.....	7	14	19	13	15	15	12	14	17	11
W. L. Colville.....	10	20	20	13	14	16	13	13	15	13
L. B. Fleming.....	10	13	19	15	13	17	15	13	18	12
H. North.....	9	13	19	14	11	17	13	14	18	12
B. A. Bartlett.....	8	10	16	14	13	19	10	14	20	..
W. Morris.....	10	9	16	12	15	16	13	13	18	14
J. Mingo.....	9	14	18	14	15	19	14	14	18	11
E. Mack.....	10	14	15	15	14	16	12	12	15	14
E. W. Jordan.....	8	11	17	13	12	16	12	13	14	12
W. W. Kellogg.....	8	13	16	11	15	18	12	13	18	12
T. Andrews.....	6	13	13	15	12	17	12	14	18	13
C. Meyers.....	9	11	15	13	14	18	15	12	14	14
J. W. Graff.....	9	14	19	11	12	17	14	13	15	14
F. Mason.....	9	14	16	12	15	15	13	13	17	11
B. D. Noble.....	10	13	19	14	13	18	14	15	18	15
E. H. Vaughn.....	7	9	16	12	8	14	14	11	18	12
T. S. Sheldon.....	6	7	13	11	9	17	10	12	14	..
T. H. Keller.....	7	13	13	10	11	16	12	12	18	11
F. Westbrook.....	10	12	17	14	13	19	13	13	15	13
A. L. Turner.....	7	10	16	11	..	15	11
H. Ellis.....	9	..	18	12
J. C. Crandall.....	6	8	12	10	..	15	12
H. D. Kirkover, Jr.....	7	14	19	14	14	15	13	15	18	13
G. Hamilton.....	..	10	13
G. T. Hinman.....	12	12	..	13
G. Fretts.....	5
E. Irwin.....	13	20	13
C. H. Rawson.....	11
E. T. Lashells.....	12	9	15	13	..
F. R. Bristill.....	11
B. Graff.....	4	..	9	..
C. H. Young.....	7	..	8	..
F. L. Seager.....	14	10	..
A. D. Falconer.....	7	..

July 11, Second Day.										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15
F. E. Mallory.....	6	15	19	12	13	18	13	14	19	12
S. T. Mallory.....	10	11	19	14	11	15	13	13	19	11
F. S. Bates.....	9	14	19	13	12	17	14	14	16	14
J. F. Mallory.....	9	14	19	14	11	19	15	15	18	14
L. E. Mallory, Jr.....	10	14	18	11	10	17	15	15	20	14
A. G. Courtney.....	8	13	15	15	14	20	13	11	18	12
J. H. Mackie.....	10	11	18	12	13	17	14	14	18	15
J. R. Hull.....	10	15	17	12	14	16	11	11	18	10
W. L. Colville.....	8	12	19	10	12	19	12	14	19	13
L. B. Fleming.....	8	14	20	14	13	18	13	15	20	11
H. North.....	10	13	18	13	12	17	13	13
W. Morris.....	9	10	20	15	15	19	15	14	15	14
J. Mingo.....	9	12	19	12	15	19	13	12	15	10
E. Mack.....	6	12	17	13	13	16	12	11
F. Westbrook.....	10	13	18	13	13	18	12	13	16	15
B. D. Nobles.....	9	13	14	12	14	20	11	16	8	..
E. W. Jordan.....	6	11	17	14	14	17	14	10	19	15
E. T. Lashells.....	5	11	9	13	12	11	15	12
W. W. Kellogg.....	9	12	15	15	11	17	15	13	19	11
T. Andrews.....	9	12	15	10	12	16	11	11	13	10
J. W. Graff.....	7	8	..	12	11	17	11	12	12	11
E. Brininstool.....	4	10
J. C. Crandall.....	5	9	..	8	..	6	..	12
T. Shelters.....	7	11	..	6	..	7
A. J. Clark.....	2	8	..	7
J. Y. McNaught.....	14	19	14	13	16	12	8	16	14	..
Geo. Hamilton.....	..	10	13	9	9	..	9	..
B. Graff.....	5	12	..	13	10	..
E. L. Day.....	11	14	14	12	12	14	11
J. W. Morrison.....	10	14	9	8	13	8
B. Arbuckle.....	10
C. H. Rawson.....	12
E. J. Dougherty.....	13	10	..
L. Smith.....	12	11	13
G. Fretts.....	5
L. Davis.....	9	18	8	..
C. H. Young.....	11	15	8	..
B. Jones.....	13
C. F. Ormes.....	6	..
A. C. Bailey.....	2	..
A. Work.....	6	..
A. D. Falconer.....

WESTERN TRAPS.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 13.—Our club shooters are enjoying themselves these summer months in the sport at the traps, which is practically the only sport possible at this season of the year. There will be a month and a half yet of the busy season among the trapshooters before the fall season begins, and in the meantime the boys are putting in their time.

Among other interesting social features of the Chicago trap clubs are a couple of interclub team races, which will come off to-day and to-morrow. The first, that which is to be shot to-day, is between the Garfield Gun Club and the La Grange Gun Club, and will occur at the grounds of the latter club. Garfield won the first race with La Grange, and at this writing it is supposed that practically the same team will compete with the La Grange boys to-day. The teams will be made up of six men each, and the race is to be shot this afternoon.

Grand Crossing Gun Club sends a team to Calumet Heights Gun Club to shoot a race on July 14. The regular medal shoot of the Grand Crossing Club will be carried forward to Calumet Heights grounds and there decided. The Grand Crossing men can without much trouble make the short run from Grand Crossing station to the Calumet Heights station on the lake shore, a short distance to the south and east. It need not be said that this occasion will be a highly enjoyable one in every way, for there is perhaps no outing place so close to Chicago which can compare with the Calumet Heights Club in pleasant and entertaining features.

The grounds are directly upon the lake front, and the shooting is done on the beach in front of the spacious club house.

There cannot be too many of these social races between different trap clubs, and this is a form of the sport which makes it more interesting than the regular club shooting or the hackneyed sweepstakes, which ordinarily go to the minority of names and the majority of skill.

Pullman Gun Club shoots this afternoon at its new grounds. This newly organized association of shooters in the southern part of the city is handsomely equipped for business, having spacious grounds of seventeen acres, inclosed. The membership is a strong one, very generally made up from the employees of the Pullman Company. The shoots will occur regularly throughout the summer.

Duluth Ninth Annual.

The secretary of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., incloses the following report of the ninth annual tournament of the club, recently held at Duluth:

The ninth annual tournament of the Central Gun Club, of Duluth, Minn., was held on the club's grounds on July 5 and 6. Like all the preceding tournaments given by this club, it was a success in every way. The attendance was somewhat disappointing, particularly in view of the fact that the club added \$440 in cash to the purses, more than any other club has added to its programme this season, in this section of the country.

Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis., carried off first average with a percentage of 97.66. Hirschy, of Minneapolis, was second, and Morrison, of St. Paul, was third. It was a case of dog eat dog all through the tournament, and a whole lot of fun was occasioned when the bulletins were hung out announcing the moneys in each event.

The better a man shot, the less money he got, although the money was divided on the percentage system, which is supposed to favor the crackerjacks. The trouble was the whole crowd was in one class, and there were but few shooters who were not shooting into the money all the time. A perusal of the scores, which follow, will show that the game was a hard one for the poor "wolves," and the whole crowd might just as well have come here and shot for fun at free targets for a couple of days and divided up the average money. Every man but one who shot through the tournament received an average prize of from \$15 to \$5, and in most cases this average prize represented all that they were ahead. Next year we will have a shoot that will be different from anything that has ever been given anywhere, but just what it will be I will not say at present.

First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Morrison	14	14	15	12	14	14	15	15	15	15	142
Wilkinson	13	14	14	12	15	13	13	15	12	14	135
Smith	15	14	13	14	13	12	14	12	13	11	131
Novotny	11	11	12	12	14	13	10	12	11	11	117
Thompson	14	11	14	14	14	14	12	15	10	12	130
Highhouse	15	13	15	12	11	12	11	15	12	14	130
Ramaley	15	15	13	13	15	14	14	11	12	14	135
Marsh	13	15	13	15	13	14	15	14	14	14	140
Bird	13	14	14	14	13	14	14	13	11	14	134
Brownell	14	13	13	12	11	15	15	13	14	12	132
Catamaran	15	15	13	11	13	14	14	15	14	15	136
Raymond	12	11	12	14	9	11	10	12	6	12	109
French	12	11	12	15	15	13	14	13	11	13	128
Richert	9	12	13	13	9	11	12	12	11	12	111
Trent	15	15	13	14	13	14	14	15	12	14	139
Hirschy	14	14	15	14	12	15	15	14	15	15	143
Seymour	15	12	14	13	14	14	15	14	14	15	140
Robbins	15	14	15	12	14	15	14	15	13	14	141
Sprague	13	15	12	13	12	15	12	14	13	15	134
Allan	14	13	15	14	14	13	14	14	15	13	139
Kennedy	14	13	14	13	12	13	13	11	11	13	127
Berry	14	14	15	13	11	13	12	13	12	11	128
New	11	13	13	12	13	9	11	13	14	14	122
Adams	11	12	11	10	12	14	13	13	11	14	121
Hughes	15	14	15	15	14	14	15	15	14	14	146
Vojeck	15	14	15	15	13	13	15	15	13	14	142
Bennett	12	10	13	11	11	14	13	11	13	15	126
Fulton	11	15	15	14	13	13	12	13	9	12	127
Graham	15	14	11	13	13	15	14	14	15	15	139
Storey	14	14	15	14	14	14	15	15	11	13	139
Sellon	12	13	12	13	8	14	13	13	11	13	122
Nelson	13	13	15	13	14	15	13	12	12	12	131
Cox	14	14	13	12	13	12	14	14	15	14	135
Sachem	12	13	10	11	8	11	14	10	9	13	111
Bob L.	11	10	8	7	8	8	10	w			62
Ferguson											51
Salter											44
Schultz											38
Coppennall											14
Duchess											38

Second Day, Central Gun Club Tournament.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Broke.
Morrison	14	15	14	15	15	15	14	14	15	15	287
Wilkinson	14	14	14	12	13	13	12	14	15	14	270
Smith	12	12	10	12	15	13	13	12	12	12	255
Novotny	12	12	14	12	12	11	9	13	11	14	237
Thompson	11	12	14	13	14	13	15	13	13	13	261
Highhouse	11	14	14	14	11	14	14	14	15	14	265
Ramaley	12	12	12	10	14	12	11	12	11	12	253
Marsh	12	14	13	15	15	15	13	15	13	15	280
Bird	13	11	8	14	12	12	14	14	10	10	254
Brownell	13	13	12	12	13	12	9	12	12	11	251
Catamaran	15	11	15	13	11	13	13	11	11	11	266
Schultz	12	15	15	11	11	15	13	12	15	13	131
French	14	15	14	12	14	14	13	13	13	11	261
Richert	12	13	13	11	12	10	9	13	10	13	227
Trent	15	14	14	14	14	12	13	12	14	12	278
Hirschy	11	15	15	15	15	14	14	15	14	14	288
Seymour	14	15	15	14	12	13	15	13	12	12	276
Robbins	14	14	14	13	15	13	15	14	11	11	280
Sprague	12	13	14	12	15	12	14	14	13	15	268
Allan	12	14	13	14	14	15	13	14	12	14	276
Powers	14	14	13	15	9	13	13	12	13	13	129
Berry	10	12	14	12	11	15	13	12	13	14	254
New	13	11	13	10	13	9	8	8	11	11	226
Adams	13	15	14	11	13	10	12	12	11	11	243
Hughes	15	13	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	293
Vojeck	14	13	15	15	12	13	13	14	14	14	279
Bennett	14	13	10	11	13	13	13	12	10	10	245
Fulton	14	13	14	13	14	11	13	14	13	14	262
Graham	14	15	14	14	13	12	14	14	15	15	279
Storey	14	15	15	13	13	14	11	13	14	15	276
Sellon	15	14	13	13	13	14	12	15	11	12	256
Nelson	14	12	14	15	12	12	13	14	12	14	264
Cox	11	13	15	14	14	14	14	13	14	13	273
Jewell											105
Duchess											40
Spoty											47
Friday											39
Ferguson											39
Field											36
Marks											24

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 13.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the second series. The flight of the targets was very unsatisfactory during the trophy shoot, and as a consequence the scores are away below grade. Later on the trap worked better and the scores show a decided improvement.

Our team and a large delegation of other members went out to see and take part in the match with La Grange Gun Club, and as a consequence only sixteen of our members showed up on the home grounds.

Dr. Meek won in Class A, A. Marshall in Class B, C. T. Keck and C. H. Kehl tied in Class C. The scores:

Fourth trophy shoot:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
W. T. Johnson	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dr. Meek	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
J. D. Pollard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
C. T. Keck	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
P. McGowan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A. McGowan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
L. Thomas	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
H. Bates	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
C. H. Kehl	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Dr. Huff	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
F. G. Barnard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A. Marshall	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Monaghan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Drinkwater	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Garden City Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., July 13.—In the monthly handicap shoot to-day Young, with a handicap of 2, and Weber, with a handicap of 3, scored the limit, and tied for first prize. Geo. Leffingwell defeated Frolick in a match at 25 birds, by a score of 24 to 20, and in two matches at 25 birds each, between Pumpfrey and Shellenberger, the former was victorious by 5 and 3 targets respectively. The scores:

Monthly handicap:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Alabaster, 0	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Krueger, 1	10	11	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Pumpfrey, 1	12	11	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Weber, 3	20	12	0	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Gillis, 0	12	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Shellenberger, 3	11	10	11	10	11	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Barto, 1	22	20	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22
Young, 2	10	12	22	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Price, 3	21	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Twenty-five-bird match:																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																																											</
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.,

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 4.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

Fly-fishing holds the same relation to bait-fishing that poetry does to prose. Not only the fly but every implement of the fly-fisher's outfit is a materialized poem.—James A. Henshall.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.

At the request of the New York Forest, Fish and Game Commission the Division of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture has prepared a forest working plan for Township 40 in the Adirondacks. The plan is and can be a plan only, for under existing conditions the scheme may not be put into operation. It is, in fact, designed to be only an object lesson, to demonstrate what might be done under different circumstances.

In its forest preserve New York possesses a timber supply of immense value, and one from which if it were wisely administered a large and constant revenue might be drawn for generations to come. But the chief value of the forest is as a storage reservoir for the water supply, and its function in this respect is of such transcendent importance that it is the one first to be made secure and perpetuated for all time. So well comprehended was this value of the forest for water storage purposes that in 1894 the people of the State adopted by a great popular vote an amendment to the constitution declaring that "the lands of the State now owned or hereafter acquired constituting the Forest Preserve as now fixed by law shall be forever kept as wild forest land. They shall not be leased, sold or exchanged or be taken by any corporation, public or private, nor shall the timber thereon be sold, removed or destroyed." It was felt at the time by those who were informed in forestry that this was not altogether the wisest forest plan to adopt as a lasting policy; but there was an overwhelming conviction that, with the forests menaced as they then were by the interests which were eager to seize and convert them for private aggrandizement, the very safest course was to make sure that not a tree should be touched. And so by this clause of the constitution the State forests are protected to-day, and so they will continue to be protected so long as the constitutional provision shall be retained.

The working plan prepared by the Division of Forestry for Township 40 is intended to show what the practical result might be if, the constitutional prohibition having been removed, the Adirondacks and Catskill public forests were administered in accordance with the principles of practical scientific forestry as developed and followed abroad.

Township 40 forms part of the town of Long Lake, in Hamilton county, and is one of the largest and most compact blocks of State land within the limits of the Adirondack Park. It has an area of 25,660 acres. Of the three watersheds within the township, the most important contains Raquette Lake, which is a part of the Blue Mountain River drainage, and receives the waters of Blue Mountain Lake, one of the principal sources of the Blue Mountain River, through Eagle Lake, Utowana Lake and Marion River, together with several other important streams. A second watershed is tributary to Forked Lake and Brandreth Lake Outlet, and a third drains into the Big Moose Lake system. The township is well wooded with hardwood and soft wood trees, the latter predominating. After a thorough study of the forestry problems involved, the Government officials have prepared this report, of which the conclusions may be summarized in brief as follows; we use in part the language of the report:

Under the systematic and conservative system of management advised in the plan, there would be no interference whatever with the value of the forests as a conserver

of the water supply. In this statement Mr. F. H. Newell, Hydrographer of the United States Geological Survey, joins with his authority after a personal examination of the township.

There is on the township a sufficient stand of mature spruce, pine and balsam to insure profitable lumbering under economical and conservative methods.

The township is covered with virgin forest, in which the annual decay of the over mature trees offsets the annual growth, and each year many large trees die or are blown down and decay; whereas if they were harvested they would mean a considerable revenue, and the producing power of the forest being unimpaired, the conditions of growth would be improved. With conservative lumbering successive crops might be cut from the forest at recurring intervals for an indefinite period.

Under practical forestry, then, the tract would yield a sustained revenue without in any way interfering with the objects for which the Forest Preserve was created and without injury to its natural beauties.

The report lays down as a rule which would insure the safety of the forests and preserve their functions as a conserver of the water supply and public recreation ground, that no trees should be cut except such as should have been determined upon after a thorough study of the effect of the cuttings upon the forests, and after such trees should have been officially marked by the State officers in charge.

Thus it is seen that in effect this report sustains the wisdom of those who at the time of the adoption of the constitutional amendment, while thoroughly approving and working for that amendment, were convinced that the policy of permanent absolute protection should not be the course to be maintained by the State. The last ten years have witnessed a wonderful growth of popular intelligence in regard to forestry, both as to the value of the forests as water storage reservoirs, and as to the distinction which exists between lumbering and scientific forestry. The time will never come when the people of the State will rescind the forest clause of the constitution, to give the public land over into the hands of unrestrained lumbermen. But the time may come, and at no distant day, when New York will be ready to exchange the present absolute prohibition of tree cutting for an adequately safeguarded system of scientific forest administration; it will come indeed just as soon as the people shall have confidence that their forest resources can be administered with intelligence and honesty.

A vast change is working in this country with respect to forestry. The end is at hand of the old régime of wasteful destruction by the lumberman. The day of the forester is about to be ushered in; and under his control and direction private and public forests alike will be conducted in the same way that European forests are managed, so that year after year and from generation to generation of trees and men the mature timber will be cut, but the forest will never be impaired in productiveness and value.

SHOOTING AT THE TRAP AND IN THE FIELD.

THERE is no doubt that trapshooting, particularly that branch of it called target shooting, was originally devised as a kind of substitute for field shooting, and also as a kind of useful training for the field. In accord with that theory, the conditions governing the flights and manner of shooting were made as nearly similar to those governing field shooting as the circumstances permitted. Thus in the first days of trapshooting at targets Bogardus claimed that his glass ball and glass ball trap were "for wing practice." Indeed, to give a semblance of realism to target shooting, Ira A. Paine invented and patented a feather-filled glass ball, for which he claimed the merit of its being "the only substitute ever invented for a living bird."

Consistently with the theory of wing practice, the shooter was required to stand with his "gun below the elbow" when at the score ready to shoot, the purpose being to place him in the same unprepared condition at the rise of the target as he was supposed to be at the rise of the bird in actual field shooting. Since those days of simple beginnings, target shooting has advanced to a stage at which it is an art in itself.

However, resting on the assumption that trapshooting, either as an art or as a means of sport, was practiced truly in its early days only, and that all departure therefrom in practice is detrimental or pernicious, there are those who periodically call attention to the decadence of trapshooting as it is conducted at present. It is particularly insisted by the old-time critics of the present that in those unstable and vague periods of time, strung along through the ages from time immemorial, referred to as "the good old days," things were so different. The crude and tentative beginnings are accepted by them as the true standards of development and procedure for all time. Change to them denotes decadence, though change is the essence of progress.

By them the evolution in the manner of holding the gun at the traps is specially deplored. They maintain with constant insistence that the old way of holding it—that is, "gun below the elbow"—was the correct way, for, say they, what a sorry figure a man would cut walking around in field and cover with his gun glued to his shoulder as it is when he stands at the traps. Such critics entirely overlook the fact that field shooting and trapshooting are two distinct specialties. Each style of shooting contains some elementary principles which are alike in both, but, in the main, the practice must be governed by the distinct circumstances peculiar to each form of shooting.

Target shooting, even when practiced after the ancient manner, is not an imitation of live-bird shooting, for, in practicing the latter, the bird in most instances is flushed within a few feet of the shooter, who then has ample time to adjust his gun and kill the bird at close range. In quail shooting, by far the greater number of birds are gathered within twenty-five yards of the shooter. The flight of the game bird at the start is its slowest; the flight of the target at the start is its quickest. The game bird may rise a few inches from the shooter's feet; the target is sprung at a certain number of yards from the shooter.

However, starting as a school of practice in shooting, as the details of target shooting were more and more perfected, it was found to have all the inherent qualities of a sport in itself, apart from all considerations of field shooting. Experience demonstrated that the methods which were good in field shooting were not good in trapshooting, and therefore the newer and better methods were adopted. Trapshooters hold their guns to their shoulders for two reasons when shooting at the traps, namely, to save time from unnecessary motions, and to have the gun more steadily aligned. The conditions are made so difficult that, even when the greatest care is observed, many misses are made. Nor does the shooter hold his gun so stiffly to his shoulder that it may be described as "glued." He, on the contrary, must hold himself at ease so that he may swing in any direction with the greatest freedom. He does not maintain that his position when shooting targets is the correct one for shooting quail, but it is the correct one for shooting the target.

There has been a great evolution in target shooting since its beginnings, and he who criticizes it from the viewpoint of "the good old days" is a good many years behind the times.

Again, live-bird shooting at the traps requires quite a distinct style of shooting from target shooting. The skillful shooter needs to readjust his practice according to the governing circumstances when he changes from field shooting to target shooting, from target shooting to pigeon shooting, and from pigeon shooting to field shooting.

Nevertheless all trapshooters do not hold their gun firmly to their shoulders when ready to shoot at the traps, and this is particularly so in respect to pigeon shooting.

Yet, while having its well-defined and distinctive features as a sport, trapshooting is a great aid as a preparatory schooling for the field. It is absurd to assume that all the skill possessed by a shooter when at the traps is lost when he attempts to shoot afield, and it is equally absurd to assume that a thorough schooling in trapshooting qualifies one fully for field shooting.

Let the field shot and the trapshot remember respectively that they have a form of enjoyment, distinct and perfect in itself, and that what may be good for trap shooting may be poor for field shooting, and vice versa.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Further Notes from Central America

EVER since I have been old enough to comprehend the economy of living things, I have had a fondness for the observation and study of nature, and this tendency of the youth remains to-day in the man, augmented by indulgence and strengthened by a better knowledge of natural laws and natural phenomena. But during my entire residence in Central America, almost every hour of the day—and many of the night—have, thus far, been claimed by professional duties, and yet in a land like this, replete as it is with material to engage the attention of the naturalist, one cannot but note in passing at least some of the wonders of both animal and vegetable worlds which are constantly presenting themselves. Thus, granted the opportunity, one might write volumes concerning the beautiful moths and butterflies that are here encountered, the curious beetles, exceedingly various and interesting *Orthoptera*, including the *Mantida*, that family of strange forms known here as *Madres de las culebras* (mother of the snakes), and in the States as walking-sticks, camel crickets and the like, all of which are here in numbers; of spiders, scorpions and centipedes that come unbidden to our houses; of unfamiliar land crabs; of *amphibia* and *reptilia*, from climbing toads (*Sapos*) that make themselves at home almost anywhere during the rainy season, and bright, gay-colored *pechotes* (lizards) that scamper along the paths on sunny days, to the monstrous frogs (*Ranas*) that clamor in the creeks and rivers, and the ungainly iguanas and *garrobas* of the coast and valleys; of large rattlesnakes, still larger boas, pretty, but dangerous coral snakes, whip snakes and many other less well-known ophidians, together with hundreds of other creatures too numerous even to suggest.

Nor could we omit the birds, many of which one recognizes either as the same species or very close relatives to those with which he has been acquainted in the States, while others are entirely new or known only to the Gringo as objects of domestication or properties of museums or bird fanciers. Large, bright-colored, vociferous macaws, chattering parrots and paroquets; toucans with enormous bills; quetzals and other birds of rare plumage; new species of hummingbirds, and some among the wrens; doves in abundance, and wild pigeons—once so numerous in the United States, but now almost never seen north of Mexico—are here encountered.

But aside from the wild creatures in the mountains and valleys, and those, such as climbing toads, lizards, scorpions, spiders, pretty brown rats, as well as the ordinary rodents, opossums which live under the house and catch young chickens, blood-sucking chinch bugs—the worst form of bed bug—moths and bats which seek the light, birds passing in and out of open windows, etc.—aside from these and others that come unsolicited to my Hondurans home, I want to write in brief about some which have been taken there—either for diversion; observation or, as we say in Spanish, *por lastima*. These have afforded some recreation for the family, have been cared for with gentle tenderness while living, and, in event of death, have been given a sympathetic burial and a little wooden cross has generally been placed, by the younger member of the family, temporarily in the garden, marking the spot of interment—crosses being always more or less associated with either death or the devil in this part of the world.

Where one falls with mortal wound or dies, there some *amigo* invariably erects a cross, and each passing friend ought, according to custom, at least to add a stone to the pile, which, in a short time, collects at its base. Naturally, in a land professedly Catholic, crosses of all sizes and shapes exist in those places set apart for the burial of the dead. As for the devil, crosses are employed to keep him at a distance. They are, therefore, placed on top the roofs of houses—especially those in process of erection, in order that they may be completed without the devil's visitation, while little wooden crosses are common objects of adornment within practically every native home. The cross—i. e., the material object—is a part of all Central American natives. They wear it suspended from their necks, they place it beside their couches, in front their *puertas*,* on top their *casas*,* and yet it is evident that the great lesson of the Cross is not understood, and the mental, moral and spiritual applications, so necessary to true service of the Crucified, do not enter into their lives. The cross itself is almost deified. It is to them a talisman, a charm. It drives away the devil and prevents disease and death. It seems to me the devil is far better understood by these people than is their God. They locate him, however, in particular places—and these places can be invaded in safety only under protection of the cross. The following incident is illustrative.

Having heard of the existence of a certain rare plant in a mountain about two leagues distant from my home, I, one afternoon while visiting a patient in that vicinity, made a trip up the mountain in search of the desired specimen. Returning to my home rather late, and being asked by my native cook the cause of my tardiness, I told her that I had gone that afternoon almost to the summit of Peña Blanca.

"Oh, no," she replied—our conversation being, of course, in Spanish—"it is not possible that you went alone up that mountain."

"And why not?" I contested.

"Because had you done so you would not have returned."

"Would not have returned! And what would prevent my returning?"

"The devil lives in that mountain and would certainly have caught you had you gone up there alone."

"But, Maria," I argued, "that is nonsense, for I myself saw where the woodchoppers had been at work well up in the mountain, and I haven't heard of any of them being caught by the devil."

"That may all be," she calmly replied to what I sup-

posed would be a concluding argument on the subject, "but they are different. The devil doesn't take or kill them because they never go into that mountain without placing the thumb over the index finger, so [showing me with her own hand], thus forming a cross which keeps the devil at a distance. But you, I know, would not do this, and without a cross the devil would surely kill you and throw you down the steep sides of the mountain should you ever climb it."

Already I saw that it would be difficult to convince her by argument, but I could not resist answering this explanation of the security granted the woodsmen, and so I said, "But, Maria, men cannot chop trees and hew logs with their hands engaged in forming crosses."

To which she readily responded, "Certainly not, so soon as they come to the place of work they at once make a little cross of two sticks, or mark with their axes one on the bark of the tree, and thus remain in safety." Then I desisted.

But to return to our text. The first creature coerced into sharing our abode was a small nestling, brought to our door by a native woman who had taken it from its nest in El Monte. That the bird was too young to live separated from its parents and natural environment was evident, but, humanely considered, it seemed best to accept the gift, make it as comfortable as possible, and speak to the woman of the impropriety of thus pillaging nature—all of which I did. The little bird was what is here known as *el caserito*—an insectivorous passerine of general brown color and of not the slightest value in captivity, neither pleasing by song nor plumage. It was given a soft nest of cotton, its ever-hungry throat was stuffed with flies, moistened bread and tortilla, but, as was expected, its little life passed in somewhat less than three days, and it was buried in the garden.

The next creature that was domiciled with us was accepted with more pleasure—in fact, a small fee was paid for it. It, too, was a bird, but one full grown, pretty in appearance and an agreeable and not unwilling companion. Special description is unnecessary, as the *paraquito*, or paroquet, is a common object in park museums and on city street corners—in which latter places it tells fortunes and otherwise amuses the children. Along the coast and in the valleys of Central America these birds are quite numerous, flying in flocks, with much clamor, and devouring quantities of ripe fruits and nuts. This particular little animated ball of bright green, having the primaries of one wing cut, could not fly—a fact which, I believe, determined his death. He was particularly fond of attention and of being carried about on the hand, and when left on his perch—which was rather too high, I fear—would frequently jump down, with the result that, being unable to fly, he struck heavily upon the hard floor, evidently injuring himself, for, one morning after he had been with us about a week, he did not announce the break of day with his usual vociferations, and investigation showed that he was indisposed, and while the morning was still new he died and was buried alongside the *caserito* in the garden.

Next came the fawn, a cute little Central American *vernadita*, which was brought to me from a distance of four leagues by a *mozo*, who carried it all the way. This deer had been already some weeks in the house of a native and was perfectly tame. Her ears had been cut so that she would not exercise her fleetness of foot, and neither chain nor inclosure was necessary to keep her within the limits of a proper range. But she had been carried too far, and, perhaps, too carelessly, for on the day after her arrival she developed symptoms of peritonitis, from which affection she died the following morning. Fawns are common pets in many parts of Central America, and grow up very tame and docile. With the ears uncut, however, after reaching a certain age, they take to the mountains as naturally as a duck to water, and are seen no more.

Now came a tougher customer, a creature not unfamiliar in the States, looking somewhat like an overgrown parrot whose feathers had somehow got changed in color, mostly to red; whose head had been flattened somewhat; cheeks denuded of the feathers; beak enlarged, particularly the lower mandible, and tail feathers greatly lengthened out. This bird, known in Spanish as *guacamayo*, and in English called macaw, is not a disagreeable companion when properly reared. This particular one is of the better class—does not disturb the neighbors by much screaming, nor tear to pieces everything within reach; does not bite with his strong, pointed beak, unless unduly molested, and talks quite clearly. He frequently calls *el doctor*, and says such common expressions as "*a Dios*," "*venga para aca*," "*no tengo cuidado*," etc. He likes to sit on my arm or shoulder and also to climb the *aguacate* tree that stands in front our door. His primaries being cut, he cannot fly. At present writing he appears in excellent health, though a few days ago when General Sierra (President of Honduras) and suite paid a visit to San Juancito, as guests of our superintendent, and much dynamite was burned not far from our house in honor of the event, it did seem as though Mack, as I call him, would jump out of his feathers at each shot, and his nerves were under tension for a couple of days after.

Another creature which still survives is a *conejo*, or native rabbit. In size and appearance it greatly resembles the coney rabbit of the States, and is doubtless the same species, although its fur is, perhaps, of a slightly darker and richer brown. It is a cute, timid little thing, content to sit all day and scarcely move, but as soon as night comes it begins to roam about, and, when allowed the liberty, runs all over the house. That rabbits are animals of nocturnal habits is well known, but those who have observed only the habits of the so-called tame rabbits, have little idea of how strictly this is true of the wild ones. They make rather indifferent pets, although pretty and interesting.

The hummingbirds of tropical America are beautiful and of various species. Passing along the road in the warm summer days the attention is frequently directed to their brilliant plumage, radiant with iridescent color, shimmering in the sunshine; but even in the rain have I observed them flitting from corolla to corolla. Content to watch them in the enjoyment of their liberty, a slightly closer acquaintance with the "little emerald hummer" was forced upon me one day last week by the appearance at my office door of a boy who held in his hand a wee nest

of softest fabric, containing a full-grown hummingbird. "*Compra un gorrión!*" he queried. I asked the price, not because I needed the bird, but because I wanted to give it its liberty. "*Un real*," he said. So I bought the little creature, believing it well worth 12½ centavos (the equivalent of about 5 cents United States currency) to liberate it. But, alas, already the youth's ruthless hand had plucked the primaries from one wing, and the poor thing was powerless to fly! And how, forsooth, can a hummingbird exist without the power of flight? As well, almost, deprive it of air. *Pobrecito!* I knew its hours were numbered, but took it to the house, where it was fed with sweetened water and guarded with gentle care. How hard it tried to use its bright, mutilated wings! Gentleness and beauty were in it combined to a degree extraordinary. Perched upon one's finger, or the side of its nest, with its eyes half-closed, it seemed quietly waiting the inevitable. In the morning it died, its wee life passing for want of freedom. Species of *Trochilidae* are found in the cold wastes of Tierra del Fuego, in the region of snow-capped peaks in the Andes, and in other places where the possession of a power of resistance apparently incompatible with their frail structure is necessary to existence, and yet deprived of free flight, death is a question of only a few hours.

And now as I write these closing lines there comes to my door a native carrying a huge snake. I will examine it and tell you something about it. It is what is here known as *la zumbadora*, a non-poisonous serpent which has a reputation for making a whip of itself. It is said to stick its head in the ground and slash about with its tail. This is, in part, true, for these snakes will strike with the tail and are capable of hitting quite hard. In general habits it somewhat resembles the black snake of North America. The *zumbadora* is here said to belong to the boas, but this particular one, I am convinced, is a colubrid and probably *Spilotes corais melaurus*. It is six feet long—lacking about half an inch—and has a maximum circumference of about nine inches; is of general brownish color for the anterior two-thirds of its length, which deepens to a dark shining lead color in the caudal third. The belly is a dirty white. The head is neither small nor prominent, and covered with regular plates, while the caudal fourth of the reptile is well rounded. On each side of the neck a distinct blackish bar is obliquely placed. The tongue is dark, heavy and widely forked. The teeth are small and regular, and there are, of course, no poison fangs. This specimen is alive and will be kept for further observation.

DR. J. HOBART EGBERT.

SAN JUANCITO, Honduras, Central America.

Old Splayfoot.

Texas Tom's Story.

TOM would listen to the yarns the other boys told and grunt. He was a privileged character and grunted when he chose. Once in awhile he spun a yarn himself; woe to any one who grunted then. The boys had orders to call me whenever Tom began to talk, so when Missouri Bill stuck his head into my shack, saying "Old Tex's gittin' steam up, Jedge," I dropped my pen instanter.

Queer, ain't it, said Tom, pulling his thin, gray beard, the bad blood betwixt old Johnny Bull and Pollyvoo? Always been that way, I've hearn, since Bonypart, or some other old Pollyvoo king, tried to swallow ther island hull, and found he'd bit off more'n he could chew. Mebbe it's so, and mebbe it ain't. I don't know much history 'ceptin' Fourth o' July and the racket down yonder.

Well, that's neither here nor there. What I was goin' to say, was, that I s'pose it was that same old bad blood that kept young Ridgewood everlastingly pickin' and peckin' at Victor. Sit and poke fun at him by the hour, he would, and Victor p'raps would look mad a minute and then go off and sing

Allongs onfongs der ma pattery,
Le zhure der glaw ate arrivay.

Ridgewood said it was the Pollyvoo Yankee Doodle. It didn't sound a mite like Yankee Doodle, but it wasn't a bad tune for all that.

We were at a trading post up in the Siskiyou. Some of us were hunting varmint, and some were hunting gold, and some were lyin' round, waitin' for a job. Victor did the cookin' for most of us, and I tell you he knew how to cook. He was a pretty fair doctor, too, and that counted when you were fifty miles from anybody else that knew arsenic from assyfetiddy. Better yet, he could fiddle; why, he could yank music out of a fiddle by the yard.

He kept some pigs, that he called "peeks," and a lot of chickens that were tame enough to fly into the skillet. He'd go skippin' round on his toes with his bushy, gray wig parted plumb in the middle and his mustaches tal-lered till they stuck out each side of his face like they'd been wired. Oh, any other chap with his peccol'arties 'd have been kicked out of camp in a week, but he was a kind-hearted, sosherable little feller, and he could fiddle and cook. That fixed him.

Old Ridgewood came over from England to look after his intr'ust in some mine or ruther, and the youngster come along to hunt. The first time he see Victor, teterin' round, carryin' a kettle of soup, with an old hen on his shoulder that he was talkin' Pollyvoo to, and his mustaches sharp enough to stab her, he said "Oh, my eye!" and I thought he'd have a fit.

But that wa'n't nothin' to the way he went on when Sunday come and Victor dressed up in a white shirt and a stiff collar. They were the only togs of that kind in the camp, and Hong Wah, our Chinese boy, laid himself out on that collar. It stood up like sheet iron and Victor's mustaches stuck straight out across the top.

Ridgewood made a picture of him—pretty good likeness it was, too—with a rooster crowing away out on one o' them waxed ends, and a pig sprawling across t'other. It was enough to make a cat laugh, and some smart Alec showed it to Victor.

He'd seen the rest of us grinnen', and he grinned, too, till he had the picture in his hands. Then all of a sudden his face turned kind of yellow and his eyes looked like a hawk's. I thought there'd be a rumpus, sure, for Victor

*The Spanish "puerta" serves better here than the English word "door," as it signifies the entrance rather than an object for closing the entrance—which latter many of their abodes lack; and the word "casa," which means place of abode, is better here than "house," "cottage" or "shack," for it comprehends them all.

was an old soldier and had plenty of sand, for all his chassayin' and waxed ends.

But in a minute he whispered to himself, "Bah! it is but a boy—a boy!" Then he hunched up his shoulders, bowin' and smilin', and says he, "Ah-h, Meester Ridgewood he have no moostarsh."

And that was one on Ridgewood, for his face was as smooth as a girl's.

I went about with the youngster a good bit, and he wasn't half a bad un. Green—so green you could see him sprout—of course; but willin' to own up once in a while that a man that had hunted over the mountains a dozen years might know ther alphabet.

"Tom," said he one day, "can't you find me a grizzly?"

"Well, I hain't lost no grizzly that I know of," says I, "and I don't feel no call to look for one."

"Pshaw!" says he; "I want a grizzly's skin to take home with me."

"It's an even chance if the grizzly don't take an Englishman's skin home with him," says I.

"I s'pose the only thing to do if you don't fetch him the first shot is to climb a tree," says he.

"Yes," says I; "and lively, too, for he can run like a horse. If you get any time for observation, which ain't likely, take one that'll give you the easiest perch, for you may have to stay up there some time."

"So I get my grizzly, I don't care," says he.

When we got back to camp that night, there was Victor, doctoring a man named Roberts. Roberts had been up in the mountains campin' on a sort of shelf above a pretty sizable brook. He said that the night before he was comin' home and stepped out from some brush near by to find his things scattered from Maine to Ballyhack, and the biggest bear he ever see, sittin' in the midst of the wreck. Before Roberts could think "shoot," Mr. Grizzly riz up and hit him side o' the head with a paw like a skillet, and that was the last Roberts knew till he found himself lyin' in the water with his right ear gone.

We old-timers looked at each other and nodded. "Old Splayfoot, I reckon," said Montezumy Mike. "I wouldn't go back after that ear if I was you."

"Don't reckon I will," says Roberts. "I've been kinder wantin' to see old Splayfoot, and I'm satisfied, gentlemen—I'm more'n satisfied."

"What about Splayfoot?" asks Ridgewood, and a dozen of 'em begun tellin' him at once. I see there wa'n't no use of my tunin' up, though I knew as much about Splayfoot as any of 'em, so I lit my pipe and set down for a smoke.

I suppose old Splayfoot was as big a grizzly as ever traveled the mountains. "King of the Siskies," they called him; and a meaner, slyer, smarter old varmint never snored in a caw cave. According to the yarns told that night, he carried nigh a hundredweight of lead in him already, but every ball only made him uglier, while as for traps, he'd spring 'em for capers and go off with a grin. The Injuns always spoke of him very respectful, and any white man that see him and got away alive, did the same. He was lame in one leg and sprawled the toes of that foot when he set it down—that's how he got his name.

When the powwow was over, Ridgewood came to me quite wild. "I'm goin' after Splayfoot," says he.

"Think you'll like that way o' dyin'?" says I.

"Look here, Tom," says he; "I've hunted tigers from elephants' backs in India."

"But you hain't never hunted grizzlies from treetops in Californy," says I. That made him mad, and he went off with Montezumy Mike, who trotted him about down among the foothills, where there was as much chance of finding a crockerdile as a grizzly. They were gone three days—shot four rabbits and a goat; then he came back to me and said Mike wasn't worth the powder to blow him up.

Next morning Victor was fairly tearin' his hair. Two of his pigs had been killed, and another one carried off. Plenty of marks the thief had left behind him—tracks as big as a dinner plate; three of them set down solid and the fourth one sprawled. Old Splayfoot, by George!

"Why don't you go after him, Alphonse?" asked Ridgewood. He called Victor that half the time to plague him.

"Ma fwoil!" says Victor, waving a big fork and a pot-lid. "That I die shall not my peeks bring back. No, no, Mossyer Bear," I say; "you have my heart torn, my peek pen disoley, but va-tong, go, Mossyer Splayfoot—veet, veet! Better a peek than Victor."

Ridgewood laughed in his face and Victor's eyes turned like a hawk's again. He was gettin' tired of the youngster's sass, and when he was tunin' his fiddle, after a bit, and Ridgewood asked him, "Alphonse, can you dance?" he answered pretty sharp; "Yes, Mossyer, I can dance; I can also shoot."

He could, too. There wasn't a better shot in camp. I hauled Ridgewood off and told him he'd have a spell of lead fever if he kept on.

We started out next day for a couple of weeks higher up in the mountains. Ridgewood left word that he'd pay any feller well to bring his mail up to my shack, which was six miles or so from the camp. We'd go back there to load up for the second week.

"I will bring eet," says Victor, quite over his miff. "I will bring eet. Who knows but I shall also have a shot at Mossyer Splayfoot, eh?"

"Oh, do, Alphonse," says Ridgewood, and I had to haul him off again. We packed our outfit on a burro, left half of it at my shack, then tramped a good bit further on and camped.

There was plenty of bear sign, but we didn't see nothin' of the beasts themselves till the third day; while we were fryin' some bacon for dinner, here come two right on us. I skinned up a tree in a hurry, and Ridgewood did the same so quick that he forgot his gun.

I killed one at the first shot, but the other took four bullets and prowled round half an hour before it made up its mind to die. And all the time Ridgewood sat perched up in the tree, callin' himself all the fool names he could think of because he'd forgotten his gun. First thing he asked me when he came down was whether either of the bears was Splayfoot.

"Lord," I said "you could put both of 'em in Splayfoot's hide and have room for another."

The sixth day we went back to the shack.

"Did you leave that door open, Tom?" says Ridgewood.

"No, sir," says I; "did you?" And then I gave a yel like a Choctaw, for out of the shack, almost in our faces, bounded a grizzly, half as big as an elephant.

"Climb, man, climb," I hollered, takin' my own advice. When I'd got pretty well up, I looked round, and there was that fool Englishman behind a tree drawing a bead on the bear.

"Climb, you fool, climb!" I shouted. The gun cracked as I said it and Ridgewood hugged the tree. He wa'n't quite quick enough; the bear reared up and slapped him across the leg, fetchin' away his boot and a strip of meat three fingers long. It was a mercy he wa'n't torn loose; but he held on and dragged himself up out of reach.

He was game, that Englishman, but as he leaned over to fire again, the bear whacked himself against the tree so hard that Ridgewood lost his balance and dropped his gun. You orter have seen the grizzly pulverize that gun.

By that time I had given him two shots, and that was all I had. Ridgewood tried to throw me his cartridges and out of the lot I caught one. It only brought the old fellow bang up against my tree, which wasn't so big as I wished it had been after he'd slammed up agin it half a dozen times.

He growled and prowled back and forth between us; sometimes going away to nose round the shack, but if I made the least motion of sliding down, back he'd come galloping, sit up on his hunkers and waggle his paws as much as to say, "Come on, old man; I'm ready for you."

There's pleasanter fixes than sittin' astride a two-inch perch with a mad grizzly waitin' for you underneath; but I was comfortable 'longside o' Ridgewood with that leg o' his. I heard him groan once in spite of himself, and when I asked him he said he was gettin' kind o' faint and dizzy. I told him to tie himself fast if he had to strip his shirt to do it, and it was well that he did, for he lost his head half the time after that, and would have tumbled out like a nut if he hadn't been tied.

It got to be 'long in the afternoon, and there was no more sign of the bear's goin' off than if he had just come. He'd growl and lick the spots where the bullets hit him and then settle down watching harder than ever. By and by, a good way off, we heard some one singin'; pretty soon it got near enough for us to make out:

Allongs onfongs der ma pattery.
Le zhure der glaw ate arrivay.

"My God! it's that fool, Alphonse, with the mail, says Ridgewood, and in spite of the pain he was in he laughed. "Holler to him to run back and send us a man. The bear will swallow him whole."

We was on the side of a gully and right across was a bare place on top of a spur that Victor would have to cross to reach the shack. When I saw him come out on it, I swung my hat and yelled "Bear, bear, Splayfoot!" as hard as I could yell. He stopped a minute with his head on one side, waved his hand, and turned back into the woods.

"Think you can hold on a spell longer!" I asked, for Ridgewood was groanin' again.

"Why, I'm tied on, Tom," says he, laughin'. Oh, he was game.

And just then I see Victor come stealin' up through the woods way off to the right. He'd gone round so's to come up against the wind; but he hadn't nothin' but a little light rifle, just about big enough to shoot rabbits.

"Lord, man; you can't do nothin' with that popgun," says I. He kept stealin' closer and closer, like a cat, and I broke off all the wood I could reach and pelted the bear so's to keep his eye on me till Victor wa'n't fifty feet away.

"Bien," says he, and whistled. The bear turned his head, and Victor put two of them popgun bullets right in his nose.

I tell you dust and leaves flew about pretty lively for a minute, but they were both center shots, and he was a dead bear.

The old King of the Siskies. We'd found that out when we set up there a-watchin' him. "Aha, Mossyer Splayfoot! kill my peeks, will you?" says Victor.

By the time we got Ridgewood down he didn't know anything. We took him back to camp and Victor nursed him like a mother for six weeks.

One day when he was on the homestretch Montezumy Mike was in to see him. "You'll have to make another picter of Victor, Ridgewood," says he. "Since he killed Splayfoot his mustashers have growed an inch and he starches 'em stiffer than ever."

"I don't care if he laps 'em behind his head and ties 'em under his chin," says Ridgewood. "Somebody'd better make a picture of me."

Victor came in with a bowl of somethin' or other for Ridgewood to eat and he scolded because we were in there talkin'. "Ees eet that you vill keel my patient, genteelmen?" says he dancing about. "He moost have the quiet. I desire that you will imme-diately at once go away."

Mike went out, winkin' at Ridgewood, but the Englishman reached out and got hold of his nurse's paw. "You're a brick, Victor," he said.

"I am a genteelman, sare," says Victor, and I guess that was about the size of it—eh, Judge?

M. C. SKEEL.

This statement of furs and skins is contained in a letter written by John Jacob Astor in 1792. Smith was a pioneer at Fort Schuyler, now Utica:

PETER SMITH, Merchant.

Canajoharie, or Old Fort Schuyler.

Acct of Pelts per Mr. Kipp—

67 Otter skins.....	£134
1 do of very little value.....
101 Bear skins.....	£202
39 Cub Ditto.....	£19
117 Marten skins.....	£20
27 Bad Ditto.....	2.7
42 good Mink.....	£18
22 bad Ditto.....	2.4
1 Gray Fox.....	.8
1 Red Fox.....	3.10
2197 Muskrat.....	£200.00
206 Raccoon.....	£61
7 Wolf.....	£2.2
9 Wild Cats.....	£2.14
257 Beaver.....	£142.4
9 very bad bears.....	£2.5

A Camp on the Lost Channel.

ONE hazy Saturday evening in August, 1898, we left the Iron City camp on Go Home Bay and went south about thirty-five miles to Waubaushene in the camp tug. On landing we immediately made our way to the Hotel Wilson and engaged a room and board until Monday morning, when we expected to start on our cruise up the Severn River. The hotel is situated on a hillside back of the town, and overlooks the bay. The house is quite home-like, and the surroundings beautiful.

Among the guests at the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C., from Pittsburg, with whom we were acquainted. They had both been sent here by the doctor for their health. As soon as they learned of our intention to start up the Severn River Monday morning they were eager to accompany us. We had our canoe and cruising outfit with us, so my husband and Mr. C. started out to procure two guides, a canoe and a tent. They engaged two young men for guides who were good woodsmen and, fortunately for us, expert canoemen.

We spent a quiet and very pleasant Sunday at the hotel, not caring to attend church in our cruising garments.

Monday morning we were up early and had an excellent breakfast. When we were about ready to start, the driver brought around the wagon, and all our duffle was taken to the store where we intended buying our provisions. Mr. and Mrs. C. had been liberally supplied with provisions and blankets at the hotel.

When we had purchased our supplies they were placed in the wagon and taken to the dock. We followed, accompanied by the proprietor and his wife, to see us off and wish us bon voyage. They treated us with the greatest kindness, and I shall always feel indebted to them for the basket of new potatoes, fresh eggs and, spring chickens they gave us.

The guides loaded the canoes, and we crossed Matchedash Bay in the early morning and were soon portaging around the dam at Port Severn, near the mouth of the Severn River. The dam was broken and the river was very low. A short distance above the dam is a rocky ledge extending from shore to shore across the bed of the river. Over this ledge the water was so shallow that only in one place—a narrow channel about 3 feet wide—was there water enough to float the canoes.

Around a bend a short distance above this ledge the river bed widens, forming a large lake. The shores of this lake, owing to the broken dam, were mostly swamps covered with driftwood and drowned trees. The lake itself was full of deadheads, all pointing down stream, and near the center was a great round-topped boulder about 3 inches below the surface of the water.

Beyond the lake the river runs through a swamp covered with drowned trees and channels running in various directions. We had no difficulty keeping in the main channel, and were soon in Gloucester Pool. This is a great lake, eight miles long and from two to four miles wide.

On Gloucester Pool we found the waves running high, and a stiff breeze. But our guides were skillful, and even with our heavy loads, we had no difficulty.

A tug runs from Port Severn to a dock at the head of Gloucester Pool, but we had been too late for the first trip, and the tug stood moored to the dock at the head of the pool.

We kept to the right, and entering the narrows, passed Camp Comfort. This camp seemed to be well named. The location was beautiful, and the campers were evidently enjoying themselves. They were at dinner.

We were now in the gorge below the little chute, where the river breaks through a ridge of granite hills. We landed at the foot of the chute, which is also the foot of the portage. All our duffle had to be carried up that narrow, rocky trail, which could be seen going up over the hill, through the trees, toward the sky. When you reached the top of the hill you might get a rest, but the train turned and went right straight down the other side of the hill. As my eye followed the narrow trail up the hillside I thought the only thing I could carry over that portage, with any degree of comfort would be the family pocketbook. Watching the guides carrying the canoes up the steep hill, I thought of the old song about King George's men—

"When they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down;
But when they were only half way up,
They were neither up nor down."

While the guides made the portage we prepared the dinner. A 2-pound bass that had been caught on a troll was cooked with the bacon, and we made some coffee. There is no need to explain about our appetites, for those who have gone cruising know how it is themselves, while those who have never gone could not understand it anyway.

Everything was over the portage at last, and we were on our way up the river. Instead of going to the Big Chute we kept to the left, and crossing a portage about a half-mile long, were ready to embark on Six Mile Lake. This is a beautiful body of water. It lies in a great basin, surrounded by low, forest-covered hills, and numerous islands dot its surface.

When about half-way across this lake we turned to the right, and were soon entering the Lost Channel. The Lost Channel is a part of the Severn River that leaves the main stream and starts off across the country alone. I do not know how much of a detour it makes, nor how long it is; but it empties into Six Mile Lake, and this lake empties into the Severn River near the Big Chute.

When we turned toward the Lost Channel into Six Mile Lake, a solid wall of rock, 30 or 40 feet high, and apparently unbroken, lay before us. As we drew nearer the shore we could see a stream of water pouring out of the rock, and finally the channel, where the water had cut its way through, wearing the rock down to the level of the lake.

A short distance up the Lost Channel are rapids, and part of our duffle had to be portaged; but the guides took the canoes up with some things in them.

While the guides were making the portage, the Doctor and Mr. C. caught 15 pounds of bass in about thirteen minutes. Wetting their hands, they removed the hook without taking the fish from the landing net (Major Mather's method), and only the injured ones were kept;

the others were returned to the water. When on a cruise it has always been an unwritten law with us to kill no fish we cannot use.

Mr. C.'s rod had been put in the canoe without being taken apart. In some way the rod was thrown overboard at the foot of the rapids, and the reel took to the bottom. As it was now 4 o'clock, and we were anxious to reach a suitable camp ground, we pushed on up the Channel, for it seemed useless to attempt to recover the rod. The next morning the guides went down to the rapids, and after swimming around in the eddy two or three times, one of them located the rod, and diving came up with it, took it between his teeth and swam ashore.

Above the rapids we came to another stream that leaves the Severn, breaks through the hills and comes dashing down, over rocks and boulders, into the Lost Channel. On exploring this stream we found a lake just above the falls, with an island of rock in the center. On one side the shore rises gradually, and on the other a sheer wall of rock from 40 to 50 feet high. Proceeding on our way up the Lost Channel we came into a beautiful basin, surrounded on all sides by high granite hills, shutting it off from the rest of the world.

We camped at the head of this basin, where the river breaks through the hills. The tents were pitched on a flat rock about 30 feet above the bed of the river, and at the foot of Crocodile Rapids.

Supper over and the tents up, the Doctor, Mr. C. and the guides went to cut balsam for beds. Mrs. C. and I were enjoying the beauty of our surroundings, when we heard a great commotion in the woods on the hill back of us. It sounded as though it might be a stampede of wild animals, but proved to be only the men leaving a balsam tree to the exclusive use of some hornets, whose nest they had unconsciously tried to cut down. Like Josh Billings with the snake, they said to themselves, "That tree belongs to those hornets."

The floors of our tents were covered a foot deep with balsam boughs, the tips all pointing the same way.

This was Mr. and Mrs. C.'s first experience under canvas. The wildness of the surroundings, the knowledge that we were at least thirty-five miles from civilization, and the fear of snakes kept them from fully appreciating the comforts of a good balsam bed.

The next morning, after a breakfast of fried chicken, we started out to explore our surroundings. We caught small-mouth bass and wall-eyes, returning the uninjured ones to the water. We saw where the deer had come down to drink, but did not see the deer.

In the afternoon we built up stones so as to inclose two ponds about a yard square. These were along a rocky shore, in shallow water, and about a half-mile apart, the wall rising a foot above the surface of the water. That evening all the fish we caught weighing 2 pounds and over were put in these ponds.

We fished about an hour each morning and evening while we remained in this camp, putting the largest uninjured fish in these ponds. Those under 2 pounds were returned to the river. One evening a pike about 15 or 16 inches long was put in one of the ponds. After swimming around two or three times, to our amazement it jumped over the wall and swam off. We were all standing by the pond at the time, and Mr. C. looked up and said, "That fellow jumped the fence."

Wednesday morning we packed our cooking outfit, provisions enough for our dinner, and started out to explore Hungry Bay, and, incidentally, catch frogs.

As we came down the Lost Channel, Six Mile Lake came gradually into view—a most beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by forest trees in all their summer glory, and the whole wrapped in the cool, silvery mist of early morning.

"With liquid pace, less heard than seen,
The waters glide along;
The woods are all a mist of green,
The air a sea of song."

We found the water in Hungry Bay very low, but frogs were plenty and large.

The tip was taken off a steel rod and a small trolling spoon tied on a short line was attached to the butt of the rod. This enabled us to drop the spoon in front of the frogs, while we were some distance away. We had great sport, and the excitement ran high for a while. When the red feathers would drop down in front of a frog he would blink once or twice, unless very hungry, then open his mouth and take it quick. One very large frog was caught, and when taken from the hook another frog half as large as himself jumped out of his mouth into the water, and was gone. Our big frog had evidently just eaten his breakfast.

When we had caught enough frogs for dinner we tried to find the portage from Hungry Bay to Black River. We wanted to go back to the Iron City camp by this route, while Mr. and Mrs. C. would go back to Wau-
baushene, the way we came. We could not make the portage, for the low water had left a half-mile of swamp that we could not possibly cross.

When on a cruise we have always taken time enough to make comfortable beds and to cook at least fish (if we have any), bacon and coffee. To-day we had for dinner a box of Armour's sliced bacon, fried crisp and brown, canned tomatoes, canned corn, bread, butter, cheese, pickles, coffee, and, crowning it all, a great heaping plate of frog legs delicately browned, with canned peaches for dessert. Our table cloth was made of paper napkins, of which we always take an abundant supply.

Talk about the hardships of a cruise!

After the frog legs had disappeared under the influence of our appetites, I was not surprised to hear one of the men say he would be ashamed to ever look a frog in the face again.

While we were sitting around in the shade some one remarked that our bait was about done, and that we had better catch some frogs for evening fishing, so we started around the island after bait. This was my first experience catching little frogs, and I found them very elusive. I never knew when they were going to jump, and they never jumped the way I expected them to. I would see a frog sitting on a rock, slip up on it, and make a grab. But the frog was not there; in fact, it didn't seem to be anywhere. After repeating this performance a number of times I became more successful. But we had great sport, and somehow got all the bait we

needed. The chase of the nimble frog affords a rare opportunity to lead "the strenuous life."

Thursday morning we broke camp and prepared for our return trip. It was with regret we watched the guides take down our tents and destroy our fragrant balsam beds.

The fish in the ponds were to be caught and killed, for Mr. and Mrs. C. to take with them; a task that fell on one of the guides, and furnished much amusement for us.

After following them round and round in the water he would at length succeed in catching one, but would not take time to kill it. The live fish would not stay in the basket, but seemed very much in evidence on shore. Four or five were flopping around on the rocks, and it took some lively scrambling on the part of the guide to get them back in the basket before they would reach the water and swim off. We had fifteen fish, weighing from 2 to 4 pounds.

On Six Mile Lake we parted with our friends, who turned to the left on their way back to Waubaushene. We continued straight across to Crooked Lake, from which we expected to portage into Black Lake and go back to camp by way of the Muskosh River.

On our way across the lake we passed a party fishing, who, in answer to a fisherman's greeting, "What luck?" showed us a string of about a dozen bass, ranging from 2 to 5 pounds.

The channel connecting Crooked Lake with Six Mile Lake is only a few yards long, and in one part not over a yard wide, and contained scarcely enough water to float the canoe.

Just as we entered Crooked Lake we saw what we took to be a bear swimming from an island across a channel to the mainland. The revolver was loaded, and everything gotten ready to shoot. Then we started after him, but to our disgust found it to be only a deadhead. The current in the channel made a ripple around the log that gave it the appearance of moving.

Crooked Lake is well named, for anything more crooked than its shore line could not well be imagined.

We did not know where the portage was, so turned to the left and followed the shore in and out around the bays. Looking across some of these bays we saw the groves described by Parkman as resembling a pleasure ground or orchard laid out and planted by the hand of man.

About noon we came to a deserted lumberman's shanty, where with some difficulty we succeeded in making a landing.

The guide climbed to the top of a rock back of the shanty, and hiding behind a log motioned for us to follow. Looking across a ravine we saw a doe and fawn quietly grazing on the hillside. The doe soon became restless, and throwing up her head was off through the woods like a flash, followed by the fawn.

Not finding the portage, we cooked our dinner and again pushed off to continue the search.

Early in the afternoon we landed on a rocky point, where we could overlook the lake. A party of Indians had cooked their dinner here, for there was still a low fire. A tent was lying on the rock, rolled up and tied with basswood bark, and their cooking utensils were hanging on the trees. We rested a while, hoping the Indians would soon return and direct us to the portage.

As we sat in the shade and looked out over the expanse of water, reflecting a shimmer of white light, the rocky islands rising from its surface gloomy and silent, we seemed to have entered "the sanctuary of solitude and silence."

The day was a peculiar one. We had the intense heat of noonday in midsummer. The air, the leaves and the water appeared to be absolutely still. Nature seemed waiting with bated breath. Even the solitary cry of the loon, as it came to us from distant parts of the lake, seemed to sound a note of warning.

As we sat in silence and watched it all a haze came up out of the west and covered the sun like a thin veil.

It was now 3 o'clock, and we were compelled to give up our search for the portage and return to camp by the Severn River and Georgian Bay. We had planned to go on a cruise with another party the next week, and must be in camp Saturday to complete our arrangements in order to start Monday morning. Embarking again we soon paddled into Six Mile Lake.

While crossing this lake we heard the low rumbling of distant thunder. There was no appearance of a storm, and we pushed on, intending to camp for the night on a beautiful island below the Big Chute. By the time we had reached this island the thunder had ceased; there were no clouds in the sky, and it was yet early. After consulting with the guide, we decided we could reach Port Severn that night. We pushed on rapidly, making good time, but unfortunately stopped at the Little Chute long enough to cook our supper, losing valuable time.

When about half-way across Gloucester Pool we again heard thunder. Clouds began to gather in the west and roll up black and ominous. The thunder increased in volume, with occasional flashes of lightning. Our canoe was heavily loaded, and the prospects of a storm on this lake were not reassuring. But the storm passed to the north and relieved the tension.

We had crossed Gloucester Pool and were almost half-way through the swamp, with its numerous channels, when night drew her "sable curtain" over it all.

We were not certain that we were in the main channel, and we could not make a landing. The only thing to do was to push on, which we did in silence. Occasional flashes of distant lightning could be seen in the west, followed by low thunder, increasing our anxiety. With a feeling of relief we emerged from the swamp into the open lake, but here an even greater danger confronted us.

The storm was coming closer, the thunder was growing louder and the flashes of lightning were more brilliant, intensifying the darkness.

A lake full of deadheads, with a treacherous rock directly in our course, lay before us.

The storm would surely strike us before we could make a landing. If accompanied by a high wind—and it certainly would be after such a day—our prospects were good for landing, first on a deadhead and then on the bottom. I was cheered and encouraged by such advice as: "If we slide upon a deadhead, sit still. If the canoe is upset, don't try to save anything, but hold fast to the canoe. If we strike a snag and the canoe fills with water, keep hold of the canoe."

Our progress was slow, the guide waiting for a flash of lightning when uncertain what was before him; then paddling swiftly when sure of his course. One flash that we had waited for revealed the sunken rock not 3 feet away. The storm was coming closer and closer; the lightning was more intense. Could we make a landing before it was upon us?

Our trip had resolved itself into a race with the storm, and everything seemed to be in favor of the storm. If only it would hold off a little longer we would be in comparative safety.

The lightning was blinding. To me, sitting in the bow of the canoe, there was nothing but a wall of intense blackness ahead.

Could we possibly win?

But in the dead calm that precedes a terrific blow we pulled up beside the tug, and I was told to climb on it.

We had won the race, thanks to the skill and courage of our guide.

The tug had an upright boiler, and the deck along the sides was about a foot wide. I had landed on the fireworks end, and there being plenty of fire I was afraid to get down for fear I would start something going.

The guide held the canoe, while the Doctor handed me some of the duffle. I soon got the candle and matches, and on making a light we saw that the tug was moored close against the side of an old house-boat. I crept around the deck of the tug, while the Doctor took the candle to see that the floor of the house-boat was safe, and the guide took the canoe to the opening in the end. As the last of the duffle was being lifted in, drops of rain began to fall; in a few minutes the storm broke in all its fury. We were safe, but we had taken a foolish and unnecessary risk, had learned what we thought we already knew—that nature is relentless, and her moods not to be trifled with.

Both ends of the house-boat were open, but her side lay toward the storm, so we were fairly well protected. There was a pile of hay in one corner of the boat, and with this we made comfortable beds. The roof leaked and the water was soon dropping down on my face. I suggested moving our bed, but the Doctor was tired and sleepy, and told me to open my mouth to catch the drops and keep still. This was a new way out of difficulty, and I laughed, the next drop landing right in my mouth.

I did not like the sensation, and jumped up, saying that I would not be a rain barrel for any man. Just then there was a terrific peal of thunder, and I dropped down, grabbing tight hold of the Doctor.

There are just three things I am afraid of—horses, snakes and thunder.

I know thunder is not dangerous, but it is noisy, and I never know when it is coming.

Occasionally the wind would catch the boat and carry it to the end of the mooring chain, and give such a lurch that I thought it would be torn from its moorings.

The wind abated about midnight, and we enjoyed five hours of good, sound sleep. As soon as it began to grow light the mosquitoes swarmed into the house-boat and awakened us. The morning was calm, and the air full of gray mist; everything indicated rain.

Being anxious to reach Muskoka Landing in time for the afternoon boat, we launched our canoe and were soon moving swiftly down the river, past the still sleeping town, to the portage around the dam. In Matchedash Bay we landed on an island, on which were piles of cordwood. Well down in one of these piles we got enough dry wood to cook our breakfast. The commissary stores were now about exhausted. We had only bread, bacon and coffee. Supplies could have been procured at Port Severn, but we hoped to reach Honey Harbor in time for dinner, and the Iron City camp for supper.

When we came out into more open water, the sea was running very high, and we discussed whether to camp on Potato Island or with our heavily-loaded canoe to cross the open water and round Point à Pas in such a sea.

A French Canadian and his wife, in their fishing boat, were taking up their nets not far away. The guide hailed them, and the following conversation took place:

"Is it rough out on the bay?"

"Yas, some tam' him one big wave!"

"Do you think we could cross the bay and round Point à Pas?"

"Yas, him one good canoe; he no upset."

"Do you think there is any danger of us getting drowned?"

"Sometam' one big wave, he break and mak' you wet all over, mebbe."

Thanking the fisherman, we landed on Potato Island, and the guide carefully trimmed the canoe. I still sat in the bow, but was now facing the guide, and a rolled up tent was placed between me and the gunwale for a back rest.

We were not long in the open until I began to appreciate the change in my position. If I had been facing those big waves, like the Irishman's bears, I would have been "scared." When the waves broke, as they frequently did, the tent kept a great deal of water out of the canoe.

A drizzling rain was now falling, but we did not seem to mind it. The waves came in series, each wave increasing in volume to the last of the series, when they would start over again. When the big wave came the guide would hold the canoe steady, let it ride over, quartering the wave, thus shipping but little water. When we came to Point à Pas it did not seem possible for us to round it in safety. Lying out from this point of rock is a reef of rock, with only a narrow, shallow channel between. All along the shore the breakers were dashing high against the rocks. The guide paddled slowly up to the channel, and there held the canoe till the last wave of the series came, when with a few quick strokes we went through on the receding wave. The dangerous part of our trip was over, and we were soon out of the open, and traveling on quieter water. We had shipped some water, and the cushions were getting wet, but the guide rejected my offer to bore a hole in the bottom of the canoe and drain it off.

We reached Honey Harbor by 12 o'clock, and had a good dinner at the hotel. The proprietor told us there was a tug about ready to start for Midland, and we could go on it and get the steamer City of Toronto there. Not caring to cross the open water to reach Muskoka

Natural History.

Fighting Brutes.]

It is really only the man who is somewhat brought in contact with animals in a state of nature who knows much about their mode of warfare, and how and why they fight. In the old cattle days cow punchers used to delight to bring together bulls from different quarters of the range and to watch their ponderous but harmless battles. To the horse wrangler, the fights of range stallions are more or less an everyday matter. The sheep man wonders how his bucks can come together with such force and still escape cracked skulls and broken necks, while the hunter, rarely coming across a pair of locked antlers, or more frequently in rutting season seeing two male wild animals fighting, gains an insight into the temper and warlike methods of our wild species.

The general proposition may be laid down that among the hoofed animals only the males fight among themselves. Females are selfish, and crowd, and push, and strike with heads and horns to clear a path for themselves or their young, or both, but they do not wage formal combats. The one attacked commonly makes way at once, or if she turns in anger the other promptly retreats. On the other hand, the mother will fight in defense of her young. Not always, of course—since no doubt there is as much difference in temperament among four-legged mothers as among those who walk erect—but often. This, however, is but the courage of despair, since all ungulates trust for safety to their legs rather than to any weapons of defense with which they may be provided. The fawn or calf or colt running with its mother, and pursued, sticks as close to her as it possibly can, running almost under her belly and obviously depending on her for safety.

The protective habit of most of our native ruminants by which the mother, for some time after the birth of the young, hides it, during a part of the day, saves a vast number of these small creatures from the attacks of carnivorous animals; and it is only after they have reached an age of considerable strength and are able to run swiftly, that numbers of them are killed by wolves and coyotes. In the old days, when there were buffalo, the cow hid her calf, just as the deer and the antelope hide theirs to-day, and after the calves had attained some size and had begun to eat grass, they usually collected in groups by themselves, a little to one side of the herd of buffalo to which they belonged. A similar habit is noted with the elk, and old hunters will recall the great bunches of calves that were to be seen in late summer, in the vicinity of herds of cows, and the extraordinary noise of their screaming and bawling.

The domestic cow and the buffalo cow in defending the calf uses the horns. The cow elk, deer or antelope strikes with its feet.

In considering the battles between male ungulates, or hoofed animals, we are struck at first by the perfection of the weapons with which they are provided. The horn of the perfect buffalo is long and sharp, and, propelled by its vast power and weight, can shear through any living thing. The points of the deer's horns are sharp and hard, admirable cutting instruments, while the white goat bears poniards on its head and the mountain sheep a battering ram. All are weapons of great effectiveness. On the other hand it must be remembered that these weapons are precisely as effective for defense as they are for offense. When two great animals weighing each a thousand pounds or more come together head to head, the least vulnerable portion of each meets the least vulnerable portion of the other, and the battle, however fierce it may appear to the human spectators, may be absolutely without injury to either contestant.

When domestic bulls fight, they struggle and strain and push, and while the horns of either may bruise the forehead of the other and enough blood may be shed from the disturbed epidermis to stain the white horns of either, no harm is likely to be done so long as the push is direct. As he attacks his enemy the bull defends himself with his head, and so in practice do all our horned animals. When, however, one of the combatants is the weaker and is thrust back, the stronger may very likely turn him so as to get a thrust at his side. It is here that the danger lies. But even a heavy, clumsy animal like a bull shows surprising quickness in a case like this, and when he sees that his flank is to be turned takes to his heels, and thus, even if he is overtaken, receives his punishment on the hips, which are by no means vulnerable.

It is not very long ago since I saw a contest of this kind in a corral between two old and ugly bulls. They could not be separated, and when finally one got the best of it, and his weaker antagonist was forced to flee, he bolted straight for the corral fence, and, hesitating for a second as he reached it, received the full force of his pursuer's blow on the hips squarely from the rear, and flew through the bars of the corral amid a shower of kindling wood, and did not stop his flight or his roaring until he was out of sight a mile away on the prairie.

Horses, being hornless, of course fight in an entirely different manner—with feet and teeth. Any one who will watch young colts at play may see the method in which stallions fight very well represented. Commonly, they bite at head, neck and withers, striking with fore feet, or, if overcome, turning about and lashing out with the heels. But kicks with the hind feet seem to be very ineffective when received on the opponent's body. By far the most terrible weapons are the teeth. It is not to be doubted that the mane, and the thin crest of ligament and skin from which the mane springs, are protective—an armor to save each horse from the bites of the rival with which he fights.

It is in the rutting season that most animals fight with vigor, and it is only at this time that serious injuries are received. Most of us have seen the locked antlers of Virginia deer, and all have read stories of these animals being found fastened together dead or dying. The horns of moose and elk being widely spread are not likely to become locked under any circumstances, yet occasionally one reads of locked moose antlers; but such stories are probably apocryphal. A pair of locked elk antlers are

understood to be now in the Smithsonian Institution, or possibly the National Museum, having been presented by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who received them from J. W. Schulz, by whom they were collected in northern Montana. They are probably quite unique.

It is well known that in the rutting season the mating instinct in animals of the deer tribe becomes so preponderant as largely to change the animal's nature, so that the males lose the timidity which characterizes them for the greater part of the year. Cases have been recorded where white-tailed deer have attacked men at this season, and—if we are to believe the stories in the newspapers—the trees in portions of the Maine woods where moose and people are both abundant become, during the month of September and part of October, smooth and polished from being frequently climbed by individuals striving to escape infuriated bull moose. Elk and deer confined in parks become very savage and dangerous at this time, and in old times in the mountains whistling wild bull elk would often rush up quite close to any one who broke a stick or made almost any noise that he could hear.

When deer and elk fight they come together with a short, sharp run, with the heads held low, the points of the antlers directed well forward and the plane of the face almost parallel with the ground. The horns clash sharply, but the spring and bend of antlers and neck do away with any considerable shock, such as must be felt by goat or sheep or domesticated buffalo bull. They push and push, each striving to press the other backward; and if it is early in the season, and both bulls are fat, both soon become winded, and their tongues hang out and water drips from their muzzles. In a contest like this, weight tells, and it is usually the heavier bull that forces his opponent slowly backward, striving to make him yield more and more and to turn him so that a stroke may be made at his unprotected flank by the long, keen antler. But elk and deer are quick on their feet, and are protected by tough hides, and usually when the weaker of the struggling pair feels that he can hold out no longer, he springs quickly back, turns, and is off at full speed with his heavier antagonist lumbering in the rear.

I have never seen antelope fight in the extremely active way described by Audubon. Such combats as I have witnessed have been much less stirring. The animals stood head to head, feinted a little with their horns, which then met, and a pushing match ensued, in which the defeated fighter, after yielding a little, sprang back and ran off, being followed only a short distance by the victor.

On one occasion, as I have elsewhere said, I saw two bucks—one very large and stout, the other apparently much younger—following two does in the month of September. The bucks were walking nearly side by side, the older one a little in front, when the smaller buck without warning darted on the other and gave him a vicious prod with his horns, which caused him to stagger. The young one then wheeled about and ran away, and was followed for fifty yards or so by the older. This same thing was repeated three times while I watched the animals. As soon as the older buck stopped the pursuit, the younger one stopped also, and turned about, and when the big buck returned to the does the little one followed him. Now and then the big buck would stop and look at the little fellow, and when he did so the little one stopped, but gradually the latter edged up to the older animal, until he had opportunity to give him a second and a third blow.

I do not know how the mountain goat fights, but that it does so there is no question. At best it is a short tempered and rather cross grained animal, and very much disposed to stand up for its rights. It can easily defend itself against a dog, which has no chance at all against the sharp awl like horns. The Indians say that the goats are great fighters, and these animals have occasionally been killed carrying horns broken off from other bucks in the thick skin of the hips.

Besides using his antlers as weapons against his fellows, the bull elk employs them in another way. They are constantly brought in play during the rutting season to force the cow to do what he wishes. Your bull elk has no consideration for the female. He is a wife beater, and if any cow of his band does not start as soon as he thinks she should, or does not take the direction he wishes, he prods her savagely with his horns if he can overtake her.

Yo.

Midsummer Bird Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our friends in Quaker garb, the catbirds, put in an appearance hereabout on May 13, keeping under cover of the low shrubbery, as is their custom, for a few days, on arriving. May 16 two bobolinks were filling the air with song, as they hovered about the vacant fields at Sixtieth street and Twenty-first avenue.

To think of the thousands of these rollicking songsters that used to frequent the meadows about us in the old days. Now their presence is so unusual here as to require a special note in my journal. As stated in report of Seaboard Air Line in your issue of May 18 last, "there was an unusual rush of migrants." These had mostly left by May 20, but one hardly realized their passing in the crowd of residents they left behind them. All our old friends are still with us in numbers largely in excess of late years. On July 2, that day of awful humidity, when men and beasts simply wilted and went down in the city streets, I counted forty-three robins crowded in and about the bird tank on the lawn, jostling one another for a place in the water. There was a continuous stream of arrivals and departures, but these forty-three were present at one time by actual count, in the water or perched on the edge of the tank. Humid weather always increases the attendance at the batch, but this is a record for our tank, as far as my notes go.

Our noisy tropical friends, the great crested flycatchers, have favored us in numbers to an unusual extent, and an occasional woodcock has dropped in on us during the past two weeks. Grackles have raised large families this season, and this brings to mind a peculiar habit of these birds. As may be generally known, there are many birds whose nestlings void the excrement inclosed in a glary, mucous-like sack or envelope, which is removed at once by the parent bird. In the case of the

Landing, and being wet and chilly, we gladly boarded the tug and went to Midland. While on the tug we got thoroughly dry and warm, and the engineer dried our cushions. We arrived in Midland in good time, and before we were on board the City of Toronto the mist had lifted from the lake, the blue was peeping through the gray clouds, and we caught an occasional glimpse of the sun. We left the steamer at Split Rock Landing, where the camp tug was waiting. When on the tug our friends all crowded around us, anxious to know what kind of a time we had. We could answer truthfully that we had a most delightful cruise. Had they known about the storm the night before or how wet we had gotten that morning they would not have understood how any one could enjoy such a trip. That we had been caught in the storm was our mistake, not the fault of the storm. The wetting we did not mind. We knew before we started that we would get wet, but we were not taking any chances on our lives, and did not even have a cold as the result. Besides, we got back to camp in time to complete our arrangements and start on another cruise Monday morning.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is society, where none intrude,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

A. W. C.

Whom Shall We Take With Us?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Two weeks ago an article on the above subject by some one whose name escapes me appeared in your columns, and I had looked for prompt attention to it by numerous abler pens than mine. I am surprised to find that the only response noted, in the main merely assented to it, so to parts of it I reluctantly feel it a duty to file a protest.

I sincerely trust that the article in question belies its author, and that he did not realize what cold type deductions it must bring to the mind of a thinking man. I hope that the writer's life is on lines diametrically opposite to the inferences which otherwise must be drawn from his argument, if taken at face value; for, crystallized, do they not stamp the holder as having omitted from his category one exceedingly objectionable type of a man to associate with?

Do they not set up as an ideal a man whose way must be law in all things? who "won't play" if he cannot have his way; who will not allow that his neighbor can know anything because he himself can supply all the knowledge needed by the community; who is so utterly selfish as to others' rights—especially in money matters—as to have apparently no conception of the principle "noblesse oblige," who, because the majority have others depending on them in some way for whom they must be self-sacrificing and must therefore keep to some carefully planned expense-programme, says in the most cold-blooded manner, "all such have no right in the world"? In the name of the Almighty Dollar, who gave that man the right to arrogate to himself the publication of such a judgment?

Now, brothers, let me show you a better way. Destructive theology is valueless unless it be followed by constructive.

I have been a lover of the rod and the forest from my youth up. I have taken trips with and without guides and companions; with those who knew more and those who knew less than I did; and I can say for a fact that the best times that I have ever had in the woods were those when, as a luxury which I felt I had earned from life, I took with me a well-bred tenderfoot, and saw him enjoy it. The times we live for ourselves are joys of the moment. They are gone and forgotten. The pleasures we give to some others are things we remember perhaps when the men themselves are dust. Try this, plutocrat, for a season! Suspend judgment, at least, until you have tried it; for otherwise you are not in the least qualified to judge; and, meanwhile, next time that you want your own way, which will add materially to the expenses of a trip, consider that if that way is so valuable to you it is worth paying for—and pay the extra expense yourself, instead of letting five or six men each chip in a collectively-considerable sum for your special rich benefit.

But I am glad to be able to say that there are also others, although their deeds are not heralded. My own tenderfeet paid their own expenses; I could afford to give only some spare experience. But at least one wealthy man I wot of, although I know him not by sight, who regularly each year invites to his well-appointed camp a young fellow who is passionately fond of the life and has not the wherewithal otherwise to enjoy it. Just what his host gets out of it cannot be measured without knowing the man; but, fortunately, it is a known fact in humanity that it is absolutely impossible for a man to send a younger one away after such an outing so radiant with health and happiness and gratitude and not himself to have had his share while bringing that result to pass. Scrooge himself could not!

So I feel assured that verily that man hath his reward. Now, brothers, the weather is hot. I haven't had my outing yet—it comes next week. So, perhaps, I too have hit out too hard from the shoulder. Hot weather and fly-time are not good elements for placidity. Acidity, mebbe! So, if I've said what I have to say too strongly just remember the weather and—forgive me. But remember it in another way, too, I beg of you, and—perhaps not every year—sometimes, at least, just "take the tenderfoot along." Truly, you can have no end of fun—and then, afterward, you can tell us all about it, and we can have some, too. That's partly what our beloved FOREST AND STREAM is for.

J. P. T.

Boston, July 20.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

grackles, these sacks are quite large and chalky white in color. The old birds have an odd habit of taking these sacks to the bird tank and dropping them in the water, flying some distance in order to deposit them therein. These grackles are the only birds I have seen do this, others seeming to be content to remove the sacks from the immediate vicinity of the nest. While the young grackles occupied the nests one might see the parent birds flying to the water with these white things in their bills, carefully depositing them and flying off again.

Abnormal spring weather seems to have encouraged the insect hordes. The aphids have swarmed over all foliage, infesting the tulip tree (*Liriodendron tulipifera*) till all the leaves were gummy with the "honey dew" of these pests. Millions of gnats and other minute gauzy winged creatures that brushed their sticky surfaces were trapped and perished in the unwonted supply of sweetness. I noted hundreds of ants thus caught and done to death, in spite of the fact that the aphids and ants are such great friends that the latter carefully tend the former in order to feast on their exuded sweets. Truly it would seem in this case that "one could and did have too much of a good thing." The little green vermin also devoted themselves to the maples, and for many days before the heavy rain washed them away the leaves grew limp and wilted under their sticky burden, finally falling in showers. When trodden upon they would often cling to the sole of one's shoe, as though smeared with bird lime. Of all our native trees the beech, with us, has hitherto escaped all insect plagues to a marked degree. But this year they have suffered with the rest. The leaves at first turn a light rust color, shrivel slightly and flutter down. Examination reveals swarms of aphids in every case on the under side. The heavy drenching of the trees by the late frequent thunder showers appears to have checked the defoliation to some extent. I certainly trust it will be effectual, for should it continue a few weeks will suffice to leave the trees entirely bare.

There are several broods of seventeen year locusts scattered about the country, and the one that has selected this part of Greater New York is due this year. Their last appearance in 1884 was on time exactly, and the low hum of their swarming millions began at dawn, never ceasing till far into the night. One chap I captured then attracted my attention by his frantic efforts to fly with a spiteful scree-ek! He would dash into the air, gyrate wildly a few times, and come down with a thud. This crazy performance I found was caused by one of his wings being full one-third larger than the other. A penknife soon remedied the defect, and my friend speedily departed with a biz-zz of thanks.

And now, in closing, though we are rapidly becoming so cityfied that the bobolink rarely comes near us, we may still find pleasure in watching the sunset gambols of a big gray squirrel that lives in our huge chestnut, and listen with some of the old-time emotion to a stray whippoorwill that wakes the half-forgotten echoes from their sleep.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

BAY RIDGE, July 18.

The Little Ermine in New York.

ABOUT the middle of last month (June) I visited Fordham for the purpose of making a few collections for my aquaria. The locality I worked in was that patch of rough land situated about twenty rods beyond the terminus of the street railway. It is a rocky, bush-overgrown spot, a few oaks, elms and maples being the only trees growing there. It is traversed by a small brook, which flows from a reservoir a few rods away, and gurgling down the slight decline, crosses the street under a culvert and is lost in the swamp on the other side.

As I was busy with my collecting net in one of the small pools which abound in the brook I heard a shrill twittering, and scurrying about in the bushes near me, and in a few moments I saw a striped squirrel, or chipmunk, running for his life, closely pursued by two other small animals, which proved to be a pair of the little ermine, or weasel. The unfortunate chipmunk was almost overtaken when he made a detour in my direction, ran between my legs, and, jumping the brook, scrambled up the trunk of an elm tree near by.

One of the little carnivora instantly disappeared from sight, but the other paused for a few moments on a boulder in the brook and looked at me with evident resentment, his eyes glistening like little black beads, as he stood regarding me. As soon as I recovered from my surprise I made a dash at him with my net, which was, of course, futile, the little scamp darting away like a flash.

Now, that a pair of the little ermine should be left among the *feræ naturæ* of Greater New York seems to me rather remarkable, and the fact should go on record. There can be no mistake as to their identity, for I had a good opportunity for examining them.

Of course the chipmunk, together with his family, have long since been gathered in, for hungry weasels make short work of those unfortunate rodents, whose burrows they can find.

EDWARD A. SAMUELS

Collection of 30,000 Eggs.

JOHN LEWIS CHILDS, of Floral Park, L. I., who purchased the Jean Bell collection of eggs in Philadelphia intends to add it to his own collection, which will give him what is supposed to be the most complete collection of native North American birds' eggs in the world. The collection will number between 30,000 and 35,000 eggs, ranging in size and value from that of the great auk to the common crow. With the collection of eggs comes about 400 nests of the rarest birds.—New York Evening Post.

Like Picking Up Money.

In every city, town and village in the United States where there is shooting or fishing or yachting we want agents to canvass for subscriptions for FOREST AND STREAM. Every sportsman is deeply interested in its subjects, and every sportsman is glad to discuss his doings afield and to hear of the adventures of other sportsmen. Money is to be made by canvassers for FOREST AND STREAM, and those who wish to take advantage of the opportunity we offer should send for premium list and circular.—Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 248 Broadway, New York.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Three Stages of It.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In reading reminiscences of sportsmen and noting the fondness with which they dwell on the different stages of the hunt I wonder sometimes which affords the greatest pleasure, the anticipation, the realization or the recollection.

Some dwell long and fondly on the anticipation; the getting ready for months before the time of starting; getting together each needed article as its use presents itself to mind, time and again taking down the gun and looking through its sights, reviewing the proposed plans with our companion, and dreaming by night of the buck that we failed to kill because at the critical moment the gun wouldn't work right, and then consoling ourselves next day with the maxim that "Dreams always go by contraries." Then comes the realization, with about a dozen disappointments for every success, until we are led to wonder sometimes why the craving should be so strong and persistent for a pastime which is so productive of tired legs, discouragements, and disappointments, and yields so little, apparently, in return. Coming into camp in the evening wet, tired and unsuccessful in so much as seeing anything, we think before supper that we really wouldn't care if we never saw a gun again, and wonder why we were ever so enthusiastic over the trip. As we sit by the camp-fire and eat as only a hunter can eat, and exchange notes of the day, our feelings gradually change, we know not just when or how, but by the time supper is over and pipes loaded we are filled with that same enthusiasm with which we started out.

The pleasure which is experienced in the realization of a successful hunting trip is of a more intense degree than that of anticipation or recollection, but it is of such very short duration. The joy of standing over the fallen big game after all the anxiety and uncertainty of the pursuit is supreme for the moment. One man whom I guided when he killed his first buck deer was so overjoyed at finding it lying dead after thinking he had missed it that he got down on the ground and hugged it. After the intense wave of pleasure passes, then it is that we are confronted with the laborious task of taking care of the game, which is sometimes of such a nature as to almost make us wish we hadn't killed it. I have figured out to my satisfaction that it is after the fun is all over and we are going about the regular duties of life that the real and lasting joy of a hunt begins.

Time can dim the memory along some lines, but to the man who has inherited a strong passion for the gun and the woods—for such things are inherited, not cultivated—the recollection of the hunt becomes more vivid as time goes on, and other occurrences are forgotten; and we have found the old pioneer in his last days wax warm and in spirit become young again in relating his hunting experiences, the relating of which was a never ending source of pleasure and gratification to him.

One who has lived for some years amid nature's wild domain, where he can steal out quietly some morning before breakfast, or start out at daybreak some morning on a fresh tracking snow, when everything is most favorable for a little hunt, and kill a good fat deer, and be home before dinner, hang up the gun in the corner on the rack of antlers, and feel that he has a supply of meat to last for a while, and is constituted as to enjoy every minute of such a life, obtains a richness and fullness of experience and opportunity for observation, which, compared with that of him who takes a couple of weeks' vacation from his regular work each year and goes off to some hunting camp, with the weather perhaps of the most unfavorable kind, and trails around with a guide, after his quota of game, is like riding a merry-go-round on a wooden horse as compared to riding a good saddle pony over the trails and through the parks of the Rocky Mountains. True, to the person who only has opportunity to ride the wooden horse it beats no ride, but to one who has ridden the real live horse, and then is forced by circumstances to straddle the wooden horse or get no ride, the words of Ransacker in the close of his excellent article "There's Enchantment There" appeals most strongly. He says, "A man may live such a life for ten years, and possibly break away, but I do not know that it is worth the effort."

Where one has broken away from such a life against the cravings of an unsatisfied nature, such a one lives not in the present, nor the future, but in the past, living and feasting on the recollections of the past. He thinks of the morning he started up the creek on a fresh little snow to get venison, and after going about a mile crossed what was supposed to be a fresh deer track, leading back toward home. How queer it seemed to walk, trailing its feet in the snow, as no well-bred deer would do; then further puzzling him by walking straight over the top of a large flat rock, where any polite deer would have gone around it, and then suddenly lifting the cloud of mystery by jumping on top of a high log and off at the other side in crossing it, as no deer would do. It's a mountain sheep! Of course. Why didn't I think of that sooner? And headed straight for a high rocky point close to and overlooking the meadow. There was no other likely place for it to be. Leaving the tracks and circling around the point and out of sight of it to see if it had gone by, I found no tracks. After coming two-thirds of the way around and climbing through a nearly impassable mass of rocks, logs and jack pines, I saw it away on the highest peak of rocks, standing like a statue. I must get nearer, and so scrambling under logs and keeping out of sight, I came within fair range, and fired a careful shot at the shoulders. Nothing was seen or heard after the shot, and after a hard climb I got there and found it had been shot dead, and had fallen ten feet down between two big rocks, where I had a hard tussle to get it out. Oh! such meat. After it was skinned, it was as white as snow, being covered all over with tallow. After the hide was dressed it made a most excellent rug for several years, which was a grateful thing for the bare feet to touch when getting out of bed on a cold morning, where carpets were unknown.

Success did not always attend efforts to get venison, even if it was needed badly, or I might rather say "especially" if it was needed badly. I went out one morning on a deep, soft snow, greatly hoping to run afoul of a deer without going far. I tramped steadily through the snow till noon without seeing a track. I came to a little stream of water, and thought to quench my thirst, then eat my lunch. I stood my gun against a tree, lay down and drank my fill, and then looked about for a suitable place to sit. A log about 30 feet away looked inviting if I would scrape the snow off and lay my hat on it for a cushion, as was my wont.

Just as I reached the log, I looked up, and there, not 50 yards away, stood an immense buck, broadside, not a twig between us, and looking hard at me. Directly beyond and within 5 feet of him stood a doe so exactly in range that one shot could hardly have helped killing both deer—an opportunity of a life time, and one which I had many times wished for, but which I never had before nor since. Oh, fool! Where is thy gun? Standing back there 30 feet, but might as well be thirty miles. I thought fast, and decided quick what I would do. They saw me, and to try to sneak quietly back was folly. I could see only one chance—make a rush for my gun and rely on a running shot. I did so, and haven't seen the deer since. But it is fitting to draw the curtain over such a scene. It makes me fired to think of it.

EMERSON CARNEY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Illinois Quail Law.

MR. A. M. CORBIN, Secretary of the Galesburg (Ill.) Gun Club, asks for information regarding the status of the present Illinois quail law. For his benefit it may be again stated that the State Game and Fish Commissioner believes the omission to have been through an error of a clerk in the committee room. Quail and woodcock, under the reading of the new statute, have no protection—that is to say, they can't be shot. They cannot, however, be held in possession between the old dates of the closed season, which were for quail Dec. 20 to Nov. 1, and for woodcock Dec. 1 to Sept. 1. It will therefore be hard lines for any one found with a quail in his possession before Nov. 1, or a woodcock before Sept. 1. There is talk of an attempt to call an extra session of the Legislature, but there is not the slightest likelihood that anything will come of this talk. There is also talk of contesting the cases of possible violation of the old game law under a somewhat obscure technicality, which might give the protectionists a chance to carry the case to the Supreme Court. Very little faith should be put in this either. We have to face the fact that our game law is a very imperfect and dangerous one.

About New Brunswick.

I am not quite clear whether New Brunswick ought to come under "Chicago and the West" or not, but every Western man who met the New Brunswick guides at the Sportsmen's Show here last winter will be interested at hearing anything about them. Mr. Adam Moore, of Scotch Lake, New Brunswick, writes that he is back from his spring bear trapping expedition, and that he got an even dozen bear. He says: "We went down through the Bathurst lakes May 20, and put our traps along the Nepisiquit River. We found the trout hungry, and it took but a little while to catch all we could use, and ye gods, what trout! From 2 to 4 pounds each. Three hungry men can eat a lot of trout in three days, but there is a limit, and I had to stop fishing or waste fish, and we don't do that."

"We saw as many big bulls as ever, both moose and caribou, and far more deer. I saw one moose with a five-foot head, very heavy and even, and several of four feet or better. It was a pleasure to look at them and tell them to meet me later. But it was bears we were after, and we got a nice bunch of them—in fact, I have formed a nasty habit of getting what I go after."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Adirondack Deer.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

An article in your issue of July 6, written by a Mr. Hull, relative to the game law as governing the killing of the Adirondack deer, prompts me to send the following, trusting it may receive similar recognition. Whenever I read articles of this sort I can scarcely refrain from sending an immediate reply, for they seem, in the main, to be absolutely so inconsistent with the situation at hand. I repeat a statement I made, in an article you once published a few years ago on this same subject, viz., "That those who lived in the mountains steadily from year to year, being in consequence thrown in contact with these guides and natives, were the only ones, strictly speaking, who are competent to form a satisfactory opinion in the matter of a just form of law relative to the protection of Adirondack deer."

I can thoroughly appreciate every statement Mr. Hull makes, for I have done some hunting myself, having been obliged to reside in the heart of the North Woods, owing to ill health, for twelve years past, almost constantly, so naturally feel I am entitled to a little recognition of this subject. I quite agree with him when he says that, "Many who write on game protection in the North Woods have never been nearer their subject than Newspaper row"; also that the "administration of the game laws is a farce," at least in many cases. When he says a dead deer is worth but \$3 to a guide, he should qualify his statement. I have known guides to get \$20 and \$25 for a carcass, including head of course, and not try very hard either.

To sum the condition up in a nutshell: Our Adirondack deer will never attain that number they ought until the guides take a different course both as to reference to themselves in the matter of breaking the law and also in using their influence with the sportsmen, and particularly the novice. Take as an illustration the State of Maine. Sportsmen tell me who have visited there, that it is impossible to bribe a guide to give one a chance at a moose or deer out of season, and in fishing just the same. The

popularity enjoyed by Maine to-day in offering such superior inducements to the sportsman is due more to the strict observance of the game laws by the guide than any other source. I wonder if Mr. Hull is aware that the later in the season the deer are hunted with hounds the more deer are killed. What guide of any experience will not acknowledge how much quicker an old buck will take to water on a cold and frosty morning with a dog after him than if pursued earlier in the season during the warmer weather? and in consequence how much easier his runaway is located? The race is invariably a short one, and the hound, fresh for another one. This is the reason why there is such a "hue and cry" among a certain class every time the matter comes up in the Legislature to have the hounding season extended to a later date in the fall, for they know full well how easy it is to drive a deer to water. If all sportsmen and guides were equally conscientious in the matter of always shooting their deer from the shore of the lake into which they are driven or take their stand on a runway, then we might adopt some of Mr. Hull's suggestions with success. I have made a study of this matter of non-hounding for several years, and from observations and contact with the guides and natives have concluded there is but one way to raise the standard in the matter of deer protection, and that is to stop hounding indefinitely.

J. THOMSON GALE.

BLOOMINGDALE, N. Y., July 9.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

ANGLING NOTES.

Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle.

It seems difficult to find an excuse for the existence of some books alleged to be devoted to fish or fishing or fishing tackle or all combined, as one turns the leaves and finds palpable inaccuracies and pages padded with antiquated beliefs, theories and methods handed down in books since Walton's time through generations of anglers, and valueless in this day. To be just, however, such books are not common, but I had labored partly through such an one just before the second edition of Mr. Henry P. Wells' "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle" came to me, and the contrast between them was marked; hence these tears at the opening of this note. Sixteen years ago Mr. Wells presented us with the first edition of his most valuable book, and there was need of it, and of all men that I knew, the author was peculiarly fitted to prepare it. Never was a book more thorough in all its parts; speculation has no place in it, and the results of careful, painstaking experiments are given instead of guesswork, and it is a master workman's and master angler's production. The new edition contains nearly one hundred pages more than the first, all as practical and void of theory as the original matter. That the book has been out of print for ten of its sixteen years of life is perhaps better evidence of its value than any commendation from my pen, and it is a pleasure to praise a book like this in unqualified terms without a single mental reservation, and it is one of the very few angling books that I have read from introduction to finish. The first edition was attractive, with its cover design of a trout in the meshes of a landing net; but I think the second even more attractive, with its cover design of a page of a fly-book—Mr. Wells' own invention, by the way—with flies in colors. The frontispiece, a picture of the author standing in the doorway of John Danforth's old Camp Caribou at Parmachenee Lake, will bring back pleasant recollections to many of the readers of the book.

Salmon and the Dry Fly.

Some readers of my "Angling Notes" will recall a suggestion of mine that it might be profitable to try the floating fly on the waters of a salmon pool when the water was very low and very clear and the salmon would not rise to the ordinary salmon fly worked in an orthodox manner. I say a few will recall the suggestion, because some friends have had a little quiet fun at my expense for making it, and I have been perfectly contented to let them have their fun, for there are occasions when those who laugh last laugh best. This was how it came about: I was visiting at a country house, and so was Mr. Oliver W. Bird, and he told me that while he and Mr. F. O. Beach were fishing the Vanderbilt water on the Ristigouche they saw salmon rise slowly in the water and suck in midge flies from the surface, scarcely disturbing the water. This was when the pools were very low and very clear, and salmon would not come to the salmon fly. My suggestion came in at this point, but I never intended that the little trout flies should be used, as our salmon fishing friend intimated to me when we were both fishing in the Ristigouche, for I said that the flies would of necessity have to be specially made for this experiment. Now, I will call the attention of several gentlemen who have written and talked to me about salmon and dry fly-fishing to the Fishing Gazette, London, of date June 29, and on the first page, first article, under the caption, "Occasional Notes by the Editor," will be found a sub caption "Salmon and the Dry Fly." I do not suppose any of them will read the item when they get that far; but to cut off further communication to me I will copy what the editor of the Gazette says:

"South West writes to me to say [and right here I desire to say that South West is Major Carlisle, one of the best English anglers, which includes salmon fishing], 'I have read your extract in Fishing Gazette from FOREST AND STREAM, and thought that perhaps Mr. Cheney would be interested to know that salmon in the Test have often been caught with a floating May-fly. They rise at the natural fly just as the trout does. I have never known any one fish a pool over on chance with a floating fly for salmon, but those caught have been seen to rise, and in some instances no doubt the angler thought he was casting for a big trout. I can give an instance of this, as

was told me by a friend. He was salmon fishing one day on the lower Test, and had done nothing. Seeing what he thought was a trout or grayling rise, he asked a brother angler, who was passing, if he had a trout fly in his book. On looking, a chub fly was discovered, a good-sized Palmer. This was substituted for the salmon fly, and the cast made. Up came the fish and fastened, when there was a battle royal, for it was a salmon of, if I remember rightly, 26 pounds, and was duly killed. I quite agree with Mr. Cheney that it would be worth while trying a floating fly for salmon when the river is dead low, but I do not think the idea has presented itself to salmon anglers. I quite believe that salmon do sometimes go for floating objects on the surface. I myself have seen them in the Usk rise at dead leaves floating down the river in October."

I make my salutation to South West, and I am very glad that such an eminent authority comes to my rescue, and my friends who thought my suggestion so amusing may find food for reflection in the extract I have quoted. Long ago I discovered that it was not safe to say that fish would not do certain things that others claimed that they had seen them do, simply because I had not myself seen the fish do them. Twenty-four years ago I caught a small-mouth black bass weighing 8¾ pounds, and the fact got into print. Such weight was never before known for this species of fish. Those who knew me thought the scales were wrong (the fish was weighed on four different scales in the presence of more than a dozen men); those who did not know me and said anything about it thought I was a monstrous prevaricator. Some thought it must have been a big-mouth, and one gentleman collected evidence from a lot of anglers who had caught thousands of small-mouth bass, and all declared that they had never caught or seen a bass so large as the one I caught, so the weight of mine must be wrong. In fact, not until I sent to FOREST AND STREAM and exhibited in Blackford's market a few years after a small-mouth bass that did weigh in New York city 8¾ pounds were some of the unbelievers silenced. Since that time I have seen a small-mouth black bass caught in the same water that furnished mine that weighed 10 pounds, and I have had a rest about my fish, or the skeptics are dead who doubted that this species of fish grow to 8¾ pounds. It is the man who first does or sees the unusual thing who has to get on the witness stand for a cross examination as to truth and veracity and previous condition, but when two or more have seen it or done it the bricks are thrown in so many different directions that the first man can dodge some of them and not be obliged to take them all in the pit of the stomach.

Black Bass in Salt Water.

Recalling to mind the controversy over the weight of black bass reminded me that in my big blue envelope I had a clipping about black bass, cut some time ago from the London Fishing Gazette. It would seem that friend Marston had entertained an American angler in London, and the American had heard of the difficulty that Marston, the Marquis of Exeter, and perhaps others had encountered in trying to acclimate the black bass in Great Britain, and from Pittsburg, Pa., he wrote to the Gazette, making some suggestions and giving the habits of the black bass. The American says that at a dinner given by a piscatorial society he learned from the speeches that the reason the planting of black bass had been a failure in England was that the fish ran down to the sea and never returned, and then he tells how it should be done. "In the first place, it will be necessary that you select a stream or lake or pond, or, in fact, any body of water which is clean and clear, whether adjacent to or beyond the reach of salt water. * * * In the early spring, during the months of April and May, and as late as June and July, the fish leaves the deep water, where he has been all winter, and seeks the shallow and warmer water at the head of the streams, and having found a suitable spot, he will proceed to fan out with his tail a clean spot in the middle of the stream, and from the small gravel which he uncovers he will proceed to build his nest by piling up the gravel in a circular form of from 18 inches to 2 feet in diameter and several inches high, according to the material he may have in hand. Having cleared it from all rubbish, he will then bring his mate, and having inspected it, she will proceed to lay her ovary upon this nest, while the master remains down the stream, protecting her from any violence or interference. Having deposited what ovary are ripe, he will proceed to deposit his milt upon the nest, whereby the eggs become impregnated, and when they have become exhausted from the operation above described they will remain in the vicinity of the nest until the warm heat of the sun and also the warm water have completely hatched out the contents of the nest. They then remain in the vicinity of the nest until the fry appear or until the sac is completely gone or disappeared, and the fry move off to other fishing grounds, the old ones accompanying them, protecting and caring for them until they are able to maintain and feed themselves, the older ones then taking their departure * * * During the winter months he will have no desire to seek the salt waters if food is plentiful and there is no disturbing cause to drive him from the place he is in. One cause to drive him from a pool or pond or river is the constant stirring up of the mud by the ground feeding fish which would be constantly rooting up the mud and keeping the water in a muddy condition."

I have an idea that our friend is a German-American from some of his expressions, and while he has a general idea of the spawning habit of the black bass he is specifically incorrect in a few particulars. For instance, it is the female black bass which prepares the bed, and during the act of spawning the two fish are close together, and it is the male black bass which broods the young after they are hatched and until the brood separates; but these are minor matters, as compared to two questions which arise from reading the article: Do black bass build nests by piling up stones several inches high? and do black bass have the habit of going down to salt water? The circular spawning bed of the black bass is made by the movements of the fins and tail of the female in scouring it, and she will remove some stones with her mouth, but this, it has been believed, was simply for the purpose of getting them off the bed, and not for the purpose of building a fortification around the bed.

It is recorded that (in Michigan, I think; it is in one of Henshall's books) some nests were found built on brush several feet above the bottom of the stream or pond, but these nests or spawning places were composed of water weeds and moss, as I recall it, and the black bass were observed in them, but not in the act of building. This is the only evidence that I have ever noticed of nest building, literally, of the black bass. It is well known that they will remove anything placed on their beds after they are prepared, and this they often do, to their destruction by poachers. The suggestion that black bass run down to salt water is something new. If they do ever go to the sea it is not in winter, for in winter they hibernate, and consequently they do not feed during the hibernating period, so it is not necessary for them to seek new pastures in the winter season.

Does any reader know positively of black bass going to sea for a time and returning to the fresh water?

A. N. CHENEY.

A Bass Fishing Incident.

A UNIQUE and unusual incident befell two Chatham anglers on Tuesday, July 16, while they were fishing for black bass at Erieau, Ont., a summer resort on the north shore of Lake Erie, situated on Rondeau Harbor. These waters are noted among the followers of Walton as the best for black bass fishing. Here are caught the largest and finest specimens of this grand game fish. In no other fresh water are such beauties taken, and for this reason this spot is often the rendezvous of American experts with rod and reel. Rondeau, with its black bass fishing, is well known to Judge Brown, Col. Kress, Harry Reymer and other Clevelanders with a national reputation as fishermen. Rondeau is the resort of Chatham, Ont., nimrods, and on Tuesday, July 16, A. C. McKay, business manager of the Chatham Planet, and E. J. MacIntyre, a leading Maple City jeweler, went fishing to the Eau. About 9:30 A. M. Mr. MacIntyre had a strike, but after playing the fish a few minutes his line parted. About 20 yards of Mr. MacIntyre's line accompanied the bass to the depths below. Quite a number of black bass were secured before luncheon, and, when the two fishermen went to eat, they left their lines set on the pier. When they returned Mr. MacIntyre found all the bait gone from his hooks, but Mr. McKay found a fish on his line. After playing it for a while he landed a nice black bass which weighed 3 pounds 7 ounces. What was his surprise however, to find in the mouth of the fish Mr. MacIntyre's hook and the piece of line lost in the morning attached. The catch was one of the most remarkable in the annals of Rondeau fishing.

There was a friendly dispute, though, between the two fishermen as to who owned the fish. Mr. MacIntyre claimed the fish, saying he had hooked it first, and his line was still attached to the fish when taken from the water by Mr. McKay. The latter, however, declared the fish his because he had caught it and taken it from the water, and that Mr. MacIntyre had neither caught the fish nor seen it. Mr. McKay even went further and claimed salvage on the hook and line. The ownership of the fish is still in question between the two, and they would like some authority to decide for them the ownership.

Mrs. Noble, a Cleveland lady staying at the Pavilion, was the only witness of the catch outside of the two participants. She happened to be fishing on the pier at the time.

J. W. YOUNG.

Down in Maine.

BOSTON, July 22.—Many of the Maine papers are after Fish and Game Commissioner Carleton for his speech at the recent gathering of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association at Kineo. They are particularly disturbed by his calling the remarks of an agricultural paper upon the administration of the fish and game laws "the veriest rot," and terming the writers of such criticism "demagogues and ranters." The Maine Farmer (agricultural) says: "If Mr. Carleton was in earnest his remarks were unfortunate, and when the day comes that the voters of this State cannot question the course of legislation or criticize public officials, the State of Maine is on dangerous ground."

Another leading daily journal says: "Incidentally we may here mention that neither the farmers of Maine nor the Journal wish to upset the game laws of this State. They are willing to encourage anything that brings any business to our State. All they ask is that those laws shall be reasonable, and their enforcement placed in the hands of men whose heads are not swelled by their own importance. This happy condition of affairs does not exist just at present and hence all this unpleasantness. The servant has usurped the position of the autocrat and the people are getting excessively wearied."

Bass and white perch fishing absorbs a good deal of the attention of the summer boarders at many of the Maine resorts. At Maranacook the summer cottages and the hotels are most occupied. There are thirty-two cottages on the shores of that lake, and two or three hotels, or summer camps, where anybody can be entertained. Fishing is the leading sport morning and evening. The Readfield, Smithfield and Belgrade lakes and ponds above Maranacook are well patronized by summer guests, all armed with fishing rods. Perch and bass enough are easily obtained for the tables. Anabessacook and the Monmouth ponds below are also well patronized. The general verdict is that white perch fishing is good, when the weather is not too hot. At Cobbosseecontee the summer guests are mostly fishermen. Still the Sabatis Pond is well patronized by the white perch fishermen. The request that the number of perch taken in one day be limited is likely to be granted by the Fish and Game Commission. China Lake, at China, Maine, is noted for its bass and pickerel fishing, and local fishermen, as well as guests from Waterville and Vassalboro frequent that lake a good deal with rod and reel. At Windham, Maine, reports say that the fishing is good there, and that many large bass and white perch are being taken.

The story is out that a short time ago the two sons of a Mr. Hines, of Bigelow, northern Franklin county, Maine, found a very small fawn in the woods. The boys

took the little fellow home, where they cared for it, nursing it on a bottle till it became very tame, and strong and hearty. Game Warden Phillips learned that they had the little deer, and came and took it away, much to the displeasure of the boys. He attempted to ship it to Commissioner Carleton. The journey of the deer was uneventful as far as Strong, where it was turned over to the American Express Company. But that company refused to take it, since there is a law that transportation companies shall not ship deer, either dead or alive, during close season. The deer was sent back to the game warden, and it will have to await a special order from the Commissioners for its disposal.

There are even more than the usual big stories of big game in Maine this year. A guide at Norcross writes: "A. M. Houston and myself started from my camp at Pamadumcook Lake and went around Rainbow Lake, out by Roach River, and on to Katahdin Iron Works. We saw nine moose and twenty-one deer on the trip, and found where bears had killed two deer." In the Rangeley region deer do not seem to be as plenty as a year ago. Still they are very frequently seen. The hot weather has driven them into the lakes and ponds a good deal. A big cow moose has been seen very frequently in the neighborhood of the Thayers' fish pond, by the keeper there. At Metallic Pond there are several moose. The deer continue to come out into the opening to feed at Upper Dam, where they may be seen almost any pleasant evening by the guests who will take the trouble. In the Megantic Preserve deer are reported unusually plenty, with a good report of partridges.

SPECIAL.

More About Frog Farming.

BEARDSTOWN, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: In the last issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*, the article on frog farming by E. Hough particularly attracted my notice, for the reason that I am now conducting an experimental frog pond near Beardstown, Ill.

I am familiar with several natural frog ponds in this vicinity that yearly produce a number of the bullfrogs. But the general or whole supply in this region is not sufficient in a commercial sense to pay the individual wishing to embark in such an enterprise.

The large marketable bullfrogs are scarce, and this is not strange when one studies the creature's struggle for existence, apparent from the spawn stage to adult size. The favorite spawning grounds are usually small and shallow pools near a larger marsh or lake. Here the spawn is deposited early in the spring and is hatched in a few weeks. The resulting tadpole has a hard time of it. First the summer droughts dry up nearly all the small pools, and the tadpoles perish. Again, they are the prey of a number of aquatic birds, fish, snakes, crawfish, turtles, and lastly, but chiefly, the frog himself.

It is not strange that the adult frog is such a scarce commodity. The bullfrog and spring tadpole remain such the first season, and it is not until the following spring or midsummer that the transformation to the frog state takes place. Of those that survive to go into winter quarters, the great majority are killed by extreme cold.

Now I wish to tell your readers of my experience in frog raising up to date of this writing. In spite of the knowledge that I had acquired regarding the many difficulties besetting one who will attempt such a foolhardy venture, I resolved to test the matter from a personal observation. Fred Mather said that he had traveled from Maine to California looking for reported successful frog farms, but had failed to find one. He claimed that they were a myth, that it could not be done, and the person who told you so he denounced as an Ananias. The last Government report contains an exhaustive article by F. M. Chamberlin. This authority gave me a little encouragement in so far as he thought that possibly if sufficient attention to the details be observed in the raising of frogs, as that employed in fishculture, it might succeed.

I too am after more information regarding the habits of the *Rana*, and suggestions from your readers on this subject I will highly prize.

My frog farm comprises an area of three acres, of which two-thirds is water and one-third shore land. The water at its deepest has a depth of three feet; it has an abundance of water plants, as the water lily, the lotus, many grasses and mosses. It is an ideal spot for frogs, and for many years they have made it their home. It abounds in crustacea, crawfish and myriads of insects conducive to frog growth. I first diked this pond, and upon this dike I built a seven-foot board fence. On the shores I excavated two tadpole ponds 25 by 100 feet, and inclosed these with one-fourth inch mesh wire fences three feet high.

Early this spring I gathered millions of last year's tadpoles and placed them in the small inclosure and fed them on ground wheat, corn and liver. Not knowing at the time how to distinguish the bullfrog tadpole from that of the spring frog or the common small frog, I placed them all as I found them, large and small, in these pools. Later as they developed I found that I had procured but one batch of the bullfrog variety, but of these there were several thousands. Later I procured about five hundred adult bullfrogs (*Rana aurora*) for breeding purposes. Examination showed that nearly all the females were charged with spawn. These I soon found, would climb the wire netting surrounding the tadpole ponds, and they did this in such numbers as to devour nearly all the tadpoles. I then nailed boards flatways on top of the fence, which was effective in keeping them out.

The metamorphosis is now taking place in the tadpole pond, and I have several thousand young bullfrogs, and many more of the common spring frog. These last will have no marketable value. I have now arrived at the critical period, in so far as supplying these young frogs with food. They must now have live food, and how to supply this in sufficient quantity will test the success or failure of my venture. They will not now eat the meal or liver they existed on in the tadpole state. When I throw them bread crumbs or grains of wheat, and as it rolls down the banks of the pond, they snap it while in motion, but will not eat it when it rests.

Field rats, snakes and moles burrow under my fence and destroy some. Aquatic birds also do damage. But the critical test is to provide live food that manifests itself by motion for the frogs remaining. I cannot yet let

them out in the large ponds to feed off of the natural food abounding there for fear of the large frogs destroying them.

The old adage seeing is believing has taught me many truths in my undertaking. I have seen the frogs climb up to the top of the wire fence and tumble over. I have seen the large frogs swallow the smaller frogs, tadpoles, crawfish, snakes, minnows, dragon flies and many bugs. R. Putman, who has charge of my carp and terrapin farm, has held post mortems on many aquatic birds this season, and in all of them found both bullfrogs and spring frogs. I have seen a snake swallow a dozen small frogs in succession. The snapping turtle destroys many frogs. The muskrat and crawfish tunnel through my dikes, leaving avenues of escape for the frogs. It is my opinion that to raise frogs commercially it will be necessary to fence them in entirely, sides, bottom and top. Then they will have to be separated according to sizes to prevent the large frogs eating the small ones. Of course the food question would have to be solved.

The adult frogs that I placed in my pond are still there, but I have not yet discovered any spawn or tadpoles as a result. It may be that they have not yet spawned. Their "chant d'amour" is heard nightly, and it is like the bellowing of a herd of Texas steers. My pond is near the town, and the civic authorities have many complaints to hear on account of this free Wagnerian opera music so near by. But I intend to stay with and protect these songsters at least for one year more. Probably then I will wish I had hearkened to the advice of Fred Mather and say with him—it can't be done.

H. EHRHARDT, M. D.

FORT COLLINS, Colo., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I am informed that you can tell me how and where to get large bullfrogs (or the spawn), and as I have some fine lakes here in the Rocky Mountains, and while frogs are plentiful, there are none, native, of the bullfrog species. I shall greatly appreciate all information as to place of getting some, the price and any other information you can give me on the subject.

NETTIE C. POORE.

[You probably can buy some bullfrogs from Dr. Ehrhardt. The "Manual of Fish Culture," issued by the United States Fish Commission, has a chapter on frog farming, the gist of which is that the farming as practiced consists in collecting frogs and letting them grow big.]

Squidding for Bluefish off 'Sconset.

TWENTY years ago I went to Siasconset via Nantucket. As these towns were then, I presume they are now. I know that for absolute quiet Siasconset was the ideal place, a sort of a rest-cure haven where doctors could safely send their nerve-racked patients and feel safe that undue noise and excitement would be only noticed by their absence.

My stay was limited so much that I had taken neither rod, line nor reel with me. In the early morning I saw the fishermen come ashore in their dories and unload their catch of bluefish, subsequently packing them in barrels and sending them up to Boston.

I learned on inquiry that the fish were running along shore a mile or so beyond the breakers in comparatively shallow water and the fishermen anchoring their boats used the squid and bluefish line to land their fish.

The next morning I was around early and arranged to go out with one of the boats. A little careful handling and we were plowing our way through the surf, finally getting into comparatively smooth waters, and soon throwing out our anchor.

Allotted to me was perhaps 150 feet of heavy bluefish line on the end of which was a heavy hook running into a shank of bone, perhaps twice the length of the forefinger, over which was drawn an eelskin.

It was explained that the line should either be coiled and loosely held in the left hand, or coiled carefully upon the bottom of the boat, the squid to be held by a couple of feet of line, whirled around the head and thrown at the proper moment down the tide as far as your strength would permit.

The moment the squid touched the water, to succeed, it was necessary by long and steady overhand reaches to draw in the line. The movement of the hook through the water crowned with the eelskin covering proved as alluring to the bluefish as a spoon to a muscallonge. Sometimes the lure was struck the moment it touched the water, and again not until it was close up to the boat. The fish were of good size, from 10 to 15 pounds, and when they struck there was no mistaking the tug on the line. They, when struck, if I remember correctly, rarely broke water. When they did not attempt to rush ahead and get slack line they worked to right and left, and by main force attempted to tear out the hook or break the line. As long as the line was rapidly and steadily taken in they rarely got loose, but the least let up on the draft of the line would almost invariably result in the loss of the fish.

It was monotonous work. The fish were running in large numbers and taking the squid as freely as offered. One's arms soon began to feel the strain, and the hard spun line soon began to cut into the hands and bring the blood.

The two lines in an hour sufficed to cover the boat's bottom with great flopping bluefish, and we quit and pulled for the breakers and the shore beyond.

Yet had one been supplied with a good casting rod the story might have been different, and perhaps not so many fish might have been landed.

And again this would have been tame work compared with handling a 15-pound bluefish from the stern of a swiftly moving yacht with rod and line.

The natural sequence after catching would be the eating of a bluefish, and in this connection I might admit to eating bluefish but once, and that on board a yacht, the fish being upon the broiler in less than five minutes from the time it was unhooked and lay flopping upon the deck.

No \$10,000 chef can put into a bluefish what is lost between the ocean and the ice house. Sydney Smith, I think, once said that to properly prepare a lettuce salad the lettuce should be cut from its root under the shade

of an umbrella, hurried to the kitchen, washed and placed in the bowl upon the table. The same rule should almost apply to fish.

To land your boat upon the beach at noon, to watch the guide slip a bass off the live string, and with a few deft strokes of the knife behead, bone and skin the fish, leaving two sections of boneless fish to be dusted with cornmeal and sprinkled with salt and pepper and then done to a turn in the swimming, sizzling bacon fat over the camp-fire, then and only then does one eat fish as it should be eaten. To compare such a fish dinner eaten under the shade of the trees, the lapping of the waters and the rustling of the leaves supplying the music, the balmy wind adding a zest to every mouthful, with one eaten in a gilded restaurant, accompanied with Hungarian music and breezes from electric fans, is to compare sixteen karat gold with the pinchbeck article.

But then this is a digression, so I will desist.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Fishing at Galveston.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—Mr. George E. Mann, of Galveston, Texas, commenting on the recent letter of Mr. J. A. L. Waddell regarding the tarpon fishing at Aransas Pass, sends some interesting information regarding the tarpon fishing in the vicinity of Galveston, Texas. Mr. Mann is president of the Galveston Tarpon Club, and is well qualified to speak of the habits of the local game fishes, as he does below:

"The name tarpon warms the cockles of Mr. Waddell's heart, and he wrote to me some time ago, as present president of the Galveston Tarpon Club, to know about tarpon at Galveston. I had to confess that the club was named the Tarpon Club on the *Lucas a non lucendo* principle, as we do not fish for tarpon, and find them a great nuisance in fishing for Spanish mackerel, trout, redfish, etc. Our fishing is so unique that it must interest all fishermen. The Federal Government in improving the harbor and giving the port of Galveston 28 feet of water where there was scant 13, built parallel jetties of rock, capped with granite blocks, many of them cubes of 5 feet smooth surface. These jetties extend into the Gulf, the South Jetty over six miles long and the North Jetty parallel to it, and about a mile and a quarter apart. In ordinary weather, the water is smooth on the lee side of the jetties, and a man can stand on the flat rock five miles out at sea and fish for Spanish mackerel, redfish, sea trout, June (or Jewfish), and occasionally in the lottery draw a pompano, blackfish or a kingfish, and have a thirty-minutes fight in between with a 20-pound jack, that has more game and fight to the square inch than anything that swims, tarpon not excepted. Sharks, stingrays, are thrown in for laniare.

"It is the only place in the world that such fish can be caught from a rock five miles at sea. Familiarity breeds contempt, and when we lose from two to six hooks of an afternoon when fishing for mackerel from the tarpon loafing around the rocks, it is not surprising that we generally put on brake and turn tip down, and say good-by to tackle when tarpon take the bait, and they seem to have a special fancy for a piece of shrimp, and we never know until it jumps that we have a tarpon, not a mackerel, hooked. Every one knows that to fish tarpon successfully a small boat that it can tow and a good boatman is part of the game. Occasionally we get a tarpon well hooked, and with an O'Shaughnessy mackerel hook and new linen line we can land a tarpon on the rocks, but we are only mackerel fishermen, and I want to see some of the silver king slayers try it from the rocks.

"I was on the South Jetty a short time ago, when the tarpon were so thick on the lee side that those who were with me would not fish on that side, as they did not want to be bothered with them. There were dozens of them in sight within an hour. I had a new small linen line of about 500 feet and an O'Shaughnessy hook, and I made a cast and hung a tarpon at once. The line was so small and the pole a one-joint 12-foot reel, and the reel not an expensive one, that it took about an hour to kill him. He leaped only three times, took it out in going down deep, and running, he turned on his back and showed the white flag (his belly) twice and then rested, reconsidered and commenced again; finally I had him so near dead that when a big wave lifted him and in receding landed him on top of a flat rock, he was gaffed without a flap of the tail. On examination the hook was found under a muscle of his jaw and tongue, and where he could not shake it out. I do not think I had over 25 pounds pressure on him at any time. I was afraid of rod, line or hook—all small.

"Two evenings later I went out and landed, after a fight of fifteen minutes, a kingfish 43 inches long by measurement. The kingfish is a quarter-horse, but while his strength holds out is the fastest fighter in salt water. He makes a straight shirt-tail for the other side of the ocean as if he had heard that his house was on fire, or is going for a doctor to extract the hook; about 300 feet of lightning speed and smoking reel, and he is ready to yield and change his course under gentle persuasion of the reel.

"The mackerel fishing has only been fairly good so far this season. A few days ago Dolph Rogers, of the Tarpon Club, caught forty mackerel from one rock inside of an hour. That is what I call fishing, and he will hold the record for some time to come. Any one who has fished Spanish mackerel will appreciate the feat; it was great work."

Fishing Country.

Mr. G. A. Probst, of Chicago, wants to know of a practical working paradise, good for a party of six, for a period of two weeks. He wants large game fish, no insect trouble, etc. On the whole, I would advise him to go in at Manitowish, Wis., or at Fifield, Wis. In either one of these localities he can find, by going back from the railroad twenty-five or thirty miles, good fishing for bass and wall-eyed pike, and as good a chance at muscallonge as he will get anywhere. At Fifield he will need to take a ride of twenty miles or so, either east or west of the railroad station. At Manitowish he can at once get on the river and lake system, which take him eastward into

a series of lakes which were formerly good for muscalunge and now produce abundance of wall-eyed pike and black bass. Still another delightful trip would be to go to Alexandria, Minn., and fish the chain of lakes there for black bass exclusively. These black bass are the genuine small-mouths, and have a more than local reputation for game qualities.

As to the season of the year to go, anywhere is better than the city at this season, but by all odds the most pleasant and successful time for camping and fishing trip is in fall, say from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15. The woods are then at their best, the nights are cool and the mosquitoes are gone. The mosquitoes do not bother much in the pine woods of Wisconsin and Michigan after the first two weeks in August, and indeed the last week in July sees them beginning to lessen.

A Plague of Bullheads.

The veracity of that piscatorial saga, the Kekoskee bull-head story, receives the most comprehensive proof in the reports which come to hand this week from Waterville, Minn. In short, Waterville is, having a touch of Kekoskee all over again, and is suffering from a redundancy of that affable fish, the bullhead. The town has seen fit to appeal to Governor Van Sant for relief. There are two large lakes and several little ones near Waterville. The State Fish Commission has ruled that the bullhead is entitled to the protection of the law the same as his nobler cousins, and under this ruling the bullheads have increased to such an extent that they are practically taking the country. Last spring the local Board of Health scooped out and buried 25 tons of bullheads, and now they are obliged to do something further, as the dead fish have accumulated in such numbers that life in Waterville is not what it should be. The president of the local Board of Health says that the State must do something to improve the sanitary conditions of the town.

It was formerly the custom of the citizens of this village to ship bullheads all over the United States, and since the State Fish Commission has abridged this industry the erstwhile fishermen are disgusted with the Commission and everything else. They request that the Attorney-General pass a dictum that bullheads are neither "game nor food fish," in spite of the fact that they formerly sold them in such quantities for food. In this way they hope to be allowed again to seine and sell as food the fish which they want the Attorney-General to declare are not food. Anyway, although the logic of Waterville seems to be mixed, these citizens seem to be in possession of abundant proof that protection does protect, and that bullheads are strictly Biblical in their multiplication.

Fox's Fly Dope.

The recipe is here reprinted with the admonition to all readers of FOREST AND STREAM to cut it out and paste it either in their fly-books or tackle boxes. It is as follows:

Oil pennyroyal, oil peppermint, oil bergamot, oil cedar,
F. E. quassia aa zii; gum camphor ziv, vaseline yellow zii
M. S. Dissolve camphor in vaseline by heat; when cold
add remainder. E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Angling Notes.

It may be of some assistance to those who intend fishing the waters of the Grande Décharge of Lake St. John in the latter part of July and the early days of August to quote what I have already said in the "Anglers' Guide to Eastern Canada," respecting the artificial lures that will be found most useful there at this particular season:

be found most useful there at this particular season." "The Jock-Scot, silver-doctor, green-drake, grizzly-king, Seth-Green, professor and coachman, which are used in such large sizes for this earliest fishing, must be gradually reduced in bulk, even in the early part of July, as the water grows clearer and lower, and the temperature both of the air and of the water becomes higher. In the latter part of July the ouananiche in the pools of the Grande Décharge has become an epicure. He wants the daintiest of flies, and wants them in small sizes, too. If a couple of flies are used, the tail one may be a silver-doctor or Jock-Scot tied on a No. 8 hook. The dropper may be an equally small professor, queen-of-the-water, Reuben-Wood or hare's-ear, or better still, perhaps, a B.-A.-Scott or General-Hooker."

There are some grand spots for camping out on the islands of the Grande Décharge, a few miles below the Island House, far from the ordinary haunts of men. One of the most picturesque of these is the Isle Maligue. The rapids around the island and the whirlpool at its head make its approach an exciting piece of canoeing, but the guides thoroughly know and understand these waters in all their wild and variable moods. The fishing is good throughout the summer, both at the head of the island and also along its southerly shore, the ouananiche generally abounding in the pools which there alternate with the rapids. There are also several other good pools before Isle Maligue is reached, while between it and the Vache Caille, and again in the Gervais Rapids, some miles below, the angler can usually count upon good sport.

July and August are good months in which to make the trip to Lake Tschotagama. The waters of the Peribonca are lower and less violent than in the spring of the year, and the poling up the rapids is consequently less difficult, while the lake is so little fished that it yields good creels to the troller and fly-fisherman alike. Quananiche have been taken on the fly here up to 8 pounds in weight, and on the troll very heavy lake trout and monster pike may be secured.

Among the latest arrivals on the ouananiche fishing grounds at the Grande Décharge are Messrs. Kingsland Jones and Alfred N. Fuller, both of New York. After some weeks' stay at Lake St. John these gentlemen propose to spend some time at Lake Edward.

I hear that Mr. J. J. Hill and his guests, Grover Cleveland, D. Lamont and others, had very good sport this season on the St. John, and Mr. Ievers W. Adams, of Boston, and party, have done exceedingly well on the Moisie.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS,

QUEBEC, July 20.

Two Weeks Among the Thousand Islands.—I.

Few spots on earth offer so great an attraction to the angler as that part of the St. Lawrence River known as the Thousand Islands. It has always been, and will ever remain, one of the waters where a good catch of fish can be depended on, or rather it will remain so as long as Lake Ontario exists to feed it. It naturally follows that the best fishing grounds are up toward the head of the islands near the lake, so we shall confine our articles to this section. Here we find the mighty muscallonge, the gamy bass and the greedy pickerel, or rather pike (*Lucius lucius*). There are two modes of fishing—trolling and live-bait fishing. When trolling for muscallonge and pickerel two set poles are used with heavy lines. These are supplied by the guide, and spoons as well, such as they are. Artificial baits are used when trolling for bass, but so small that a light rod is quite stiff enough for them.

Tackle.

Muscallonge.—Rod, a good, reliable 10-ounce bait-rod; reel and line, A 3" multiplying reel with 100 yards of 12-thread cuddehunk line; hooks, a large Archer spinner for bait; spoons, Skinner's Nos. 8 and 9, copper, silver and brass.

Pickereel.—An ordinary bait rod, with the same reel

Richelieu & Ontario steamboats. Clayton is the natural gateway to all points of the Thousand Islands, for from its docks steamboats leave regularly for all points and hotels among the islands.

We have made for the benefit of anglers charts, showing where each day can be profitably spent. On these charts grounds are marked showing where each variety of fish can be located, so that the angler can go at once to the right ground for the kind of fish he wishes to catch. As a matter of fact, a day can be well spent in any one of the many bays, and a single chart gives ground enough for a week's fishing, if the angler does not care for varied scenery. We will give twelve charts for the twelve days' fishing, each day taking the angler to new ground, with added charms to that which he has already seen.

Muscallonge grounds are marked thus: ♀ ♀ ♀ ♀

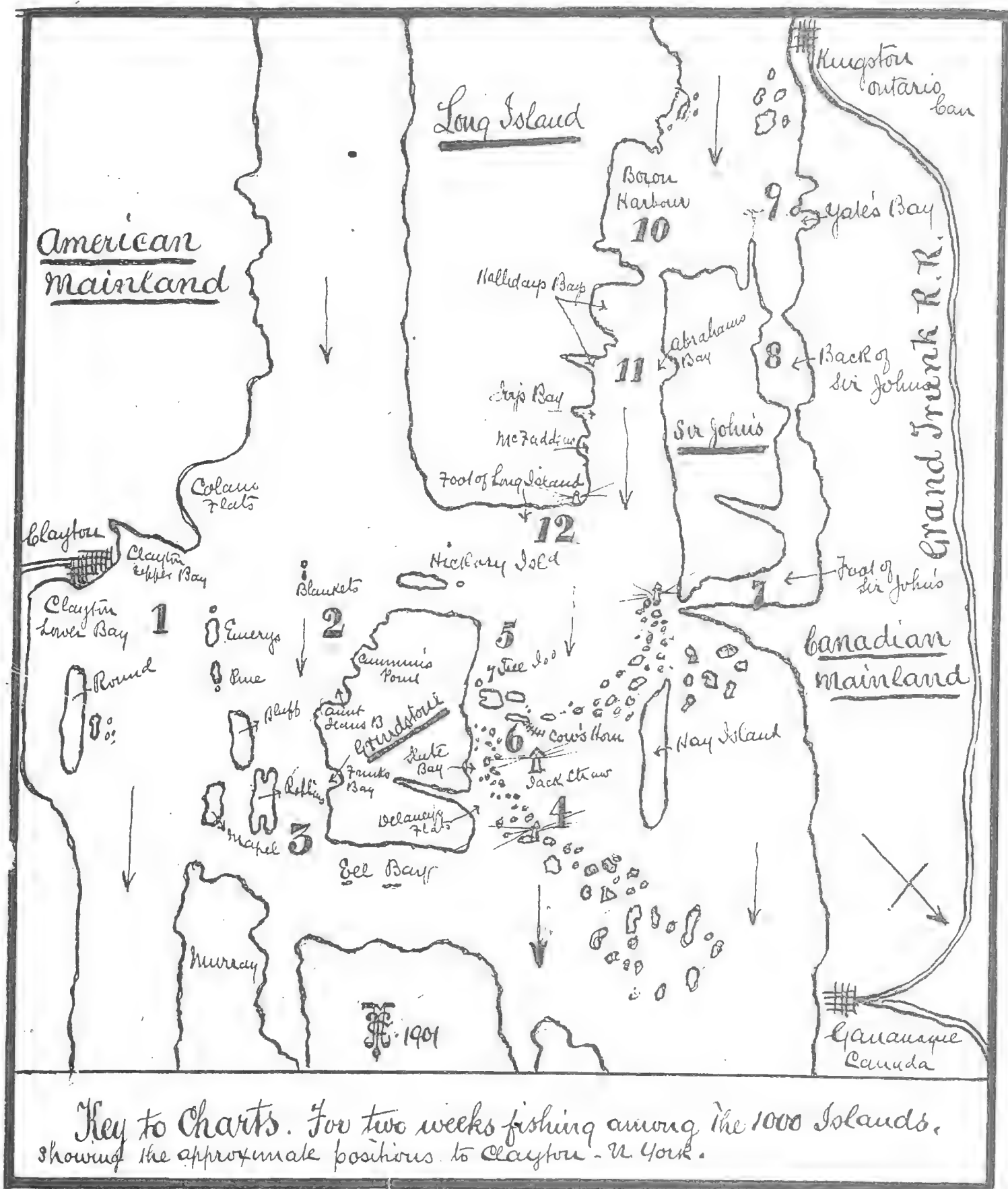
Pickerel:

Bass; x x x x

As we cannot say whether our angling friends will troll or fish with live bait, we will simply go over the chart and state as we move along what fish we expect to get from each reef, flat or bay. It will be noticed that we avoid the channels at all times.

Chart I.—First Day—Clayton and Surroundings.

Arriving in Clayton in the early morning the angler has to go to his hotel, unpack, hire his guide if not already done by letter, and make sundry preparations, so that



and line as for muscullonge; leaders, double or treble gut, one yard long; hooks, Nos. 4°, 5° and 6° on heavy gimp snelling; sinkers, a few swivel sinkers, ½ ounce, ¾ ounce, 1 ounce, 2 ounces, 3 ounces; spoons for trolling, Skinner's Nos. 6 and 8, copper, silver and brass.

Bass.—A light bait-rod about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, 5 or 6 ounces in weight; a multiplying reel carrying 100 yards G. silk enameled line; leaders, 3-foot single gut (salmon); hooks, Nos. 1° and 2°, on either strong single gut or double gut snellings; sinkers, $\frac{1}{8}$ and $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce swivel sinkers.

Trolling Baits—Out and out the best trolling bait for the Thousand Islands is the Delaware-belle. We consider it better than the best of minnows. The dark-belle and Johnny-Wright's² fancy make good seconds. Half a dozen No. 2 Skinner silver casting spoons should also be taken, as they are great killers in front of a minnow.

The above selection of tackle, with a good reliable gaff and landing net, makes a pretty complete outfit for the Thousand Islands.

We will make the village of Clayton our headquarters, as it is the most convenient spot from which to reach the best grounds. The town is plentifully supplied with good hotels and boarding houses, while the Clayton guides are the best and most reliable on the river. Clayton is reached from the East, West and South by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. From Canada by the

an hour or two is spent before he can make a start, so that to get as much time fishing as possible, we will make it the home day and commence fishing as we leave the dock. Strange as it may seem, some of the best fishing in the river is within a couple of miles of Clayton, notwithstanding the amount of steamboat traffic constantly passing up and down.

On leaving the Clayton dock we head our boat up stream and pass through Clayton Upper Bay, which is **Ar** pickerel water. Around Bartlett Point we strike the bass along shore, then pass out into Colan's Flats, which is a first class pickerel water, with an occasional muscallonge. Across the channel from Bartlett Point we strike Governor's Island. A fine reef a mile long runs out and up stream from the head of this island. On the channel side of this reef a muscallonge may be picked up, while on the inside will be found good bass grounds. Just across from the point of this reef is a clump of rocks called the Eagle's Wings. It is good bass fishing among and around them. Going back to Governor's Island, we shall find a very deep hole close to the shore on the Clayton side. This hole owes the writer two large fish, or one twice over, we can't say which. We dallied with two there for nearly half an hour, resulting in at last their getting away. What they were we cannot say, as they both kept well down all the time. This hole is a good one for large live bait,

We will now pass down to the foot of Emery's Island and strike Emery's Flat. This is a first-class piece of pickerel water. At the foot of the flat is a reef. There are always muscullonge on or around this reef. Chapman's Shoal is out a little toward the channel. We always get some pickerel there, and on two occasions muscullonge. Pine Island lies at the foot of Emery's Flat. On the channel side is pickerel ground, and on the inside bass. A few yards down from Pine Island we come to Bluff Island. The pickerel fishing along the head of this island is in very deep water, and yields large fish. Muscullonge have several times been taken at the mouth of the little bay. Leaving Bluff Island, we strike a little fellow called Papoose or Baby Island. It always gives up a few bass. Crossing the channel we come across a little clump of islands called Hog's Back and Pig's Feet. It is exceptionally good pickerel ground around and between them.

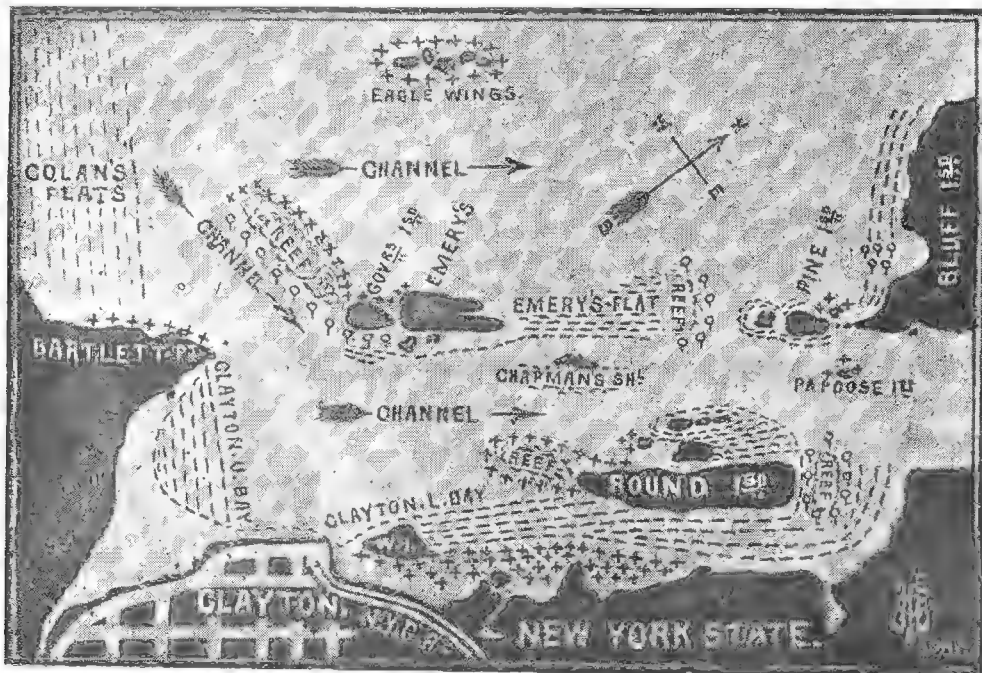
Point, but close to shore. A little distance out from the point in 17 feet of water is a large weed bed, where a good catch of pickerel can be got. In the next bay there is good bass grounds all along close to shore and among the rocks and islands all the way down to Aunt Jean's Bay. In the mouth of Aunt Jean's Bay and well out is magnificent pickerel ground. Just about the center of this run is a clump of rocks. Muscullonge have been taken from them. Once when fishing for bass at this point, we got a nice bass of about 2 pounds within 10 feet of the boat, when out rushed a muscullonge, seized the bass, ran all the line off the reel and then snapped the leader.

Pickerel fishing continues very good from Aunt Jean's Bay all the way down to Frink's Bay, which will be shown in to-morrow's chart. The water is about 17 to 20 feet deep, bottom very weedy and the fish large and plentiful.

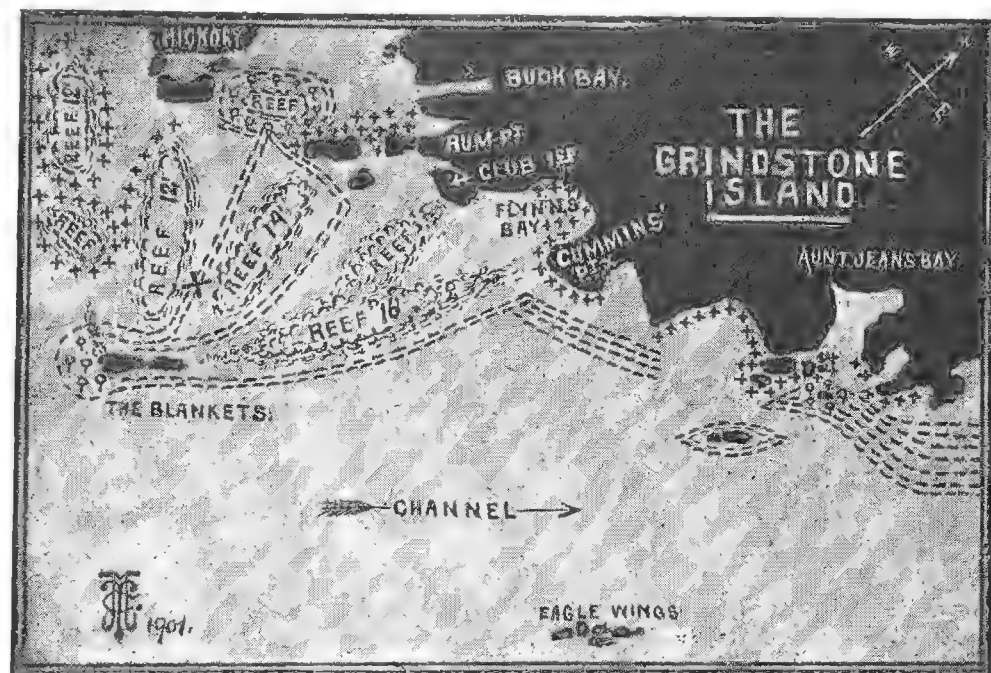
which are situated just around the corner of the Grindstone Island from Eel Bay, shown in yesterday's chart. The fishing in the bay is for pickerel, and plenty of them. Standing in the mouth of the bay is a small island; in a direct line between this island and Delaney's farmhouse are two reefs. There are generally some very large pickerel on them, or a muscullonge. If they are located right a boat can be taken between them with a couple of running spoons.

Leaving the flat proper, we will work our way up the channel to Slate Bay. The channel fishing results generally in producing larger fish than the flat. We have taken three muscullonge in this channel.

Slate Bay is an A1 piece of water for pickerel, averaging about 5 pounds apiece. All around the shores of the islands running through the center of the chart are fine bass grounds; they are literally alive with the little red-



FIRST DAY—CLAYTON.



SECOND DAY—SOUTHWEST CORNER OF GRINDSTONE.

A few yards further on from these islands we come across Little Round Island. The pickerel fishing on the flat below this island is always first-class. At the foot of the flat we turn in at the foot of Big Round Island. Just in the center is a reef in 12 feet of water. It is a good spot to expect to find a muscullonge. The slack water at the back of Big Round Island has always been an excellent pickerel ground, so also is Clayton Lower Bay, reaching from the head of Big Round Island to Washington Island. A good large reef runs out from the head of Big Round Island, and is always well stocked with bass. Along the mainland shore from about the center of Big Round Island all the way up to the back of Washington Island is as good a piece of bass ground as one can find in the State of New York. Arriving at Washington we are virtually home again, as we are within one-quarter mile of our dock. We need not take the lines in yet, as we are just as likely to pick up three or four more pickerel along the steamboat docks on our way to our own. To-

At 5 P. M. we hoist our sail again, pass the lower end of the Eagle's Wings and in half an hour are at home in Clayton, anticipating a good supper and some first-class fish yarns on the hotel veranda afterward.

Third Day.

Yesterday evening we left off fishing after giving Aunt Jean's Bay a good pounding. We will set sail this morning and make straight for the point where we left off, and then commence and fish for pickerel all the way down to Frink's Bay, taking in the points below Aunt Jean's Bay for bass. The pickerel fishing lies from 50 to 500 feet from shore over a continuous weed bed in from 17 to 25 feet of water. When we arrive at Frink's Bay we find good water for muscullonge at the mouth of the bay from the stone quarry at the upper end to the outer rock at the lower end. On the inside of this imaginary line is A1 pickerel water; among the rocks at the lower end good bass water. From Frink's Bay we run down the channel

eye variety: being Canadian, the catch is limited—which is right—for there are fish hogs as well as four-footed ones. Outside of the islands is Hay Island and MacDonald's Flats. This is as good a pickerel ground as there is among the Thousand Islands. The water is too shallow and too weedy for good trolling, so that the best results are always obtained by bait-fishing.

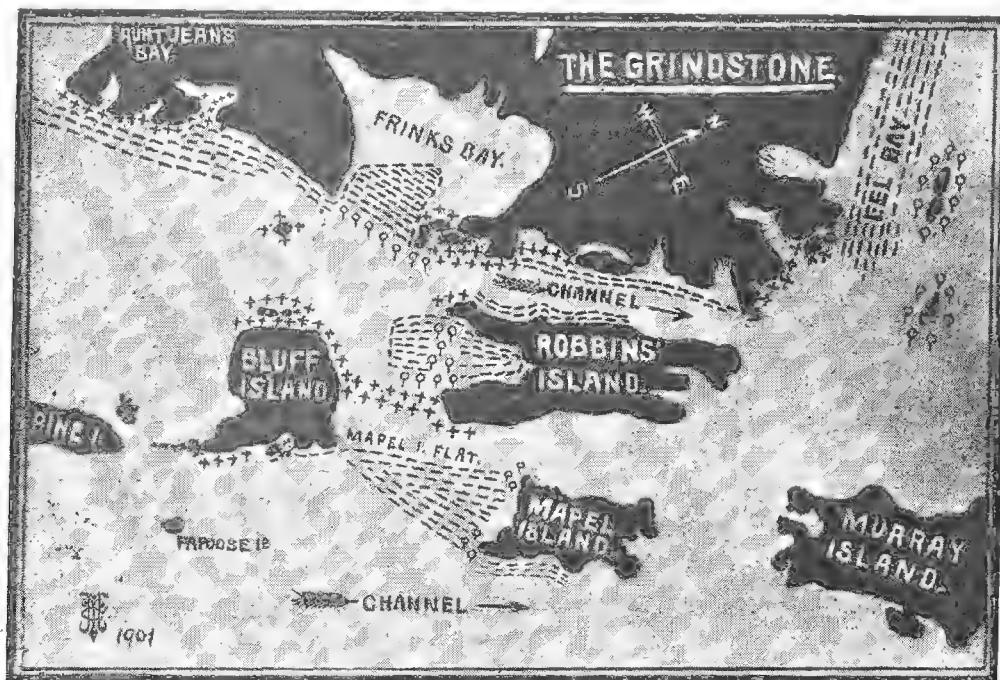
At the head of Hay Island is Huckleberry Island, from which the Cow's Horn Reef springs. As this is one of the most celebrated muscullonge grounds among the Thousand Islands, we shall in a day or two give an enlarged chart of the reef, with instructions how to fish it.

J. CHURCHWARD.

NEW YORK.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., July 20.—The fishing for landlocked salmon and lake trout still continues at



THIRD DAY—EASTERN CORNER OF GRINDSTONE.



FOURTH DAY—NORTHERN CORNER OF GRINDSTONE.

morrow at 7 A. M. we will make a start for the southwest corner of the Grindstone.

Our Second Day's Fishing.

Yesterday our northern limit was the Eagle's Wings, shown at the foot of to-day's chart. The breeze being fresh and favorable, our guide twists his 7 yards of snow-white canvas and away we fly over the sapphire-blue waters of the St. Lawrence. This morning we leave the Eagle's Wings to our right and take in sail as soon as we arrive at the Blankets. We fish around the channel end of the big Blanket for muscullonge. Then try up the channel to Hen Island, round the central reef and back through the outer channel. Some years since at the point where we have placed a cross, thus X, in the chart, we struck and landed the biggest pickerel we ever saw—22 pounds. Having fished these channels for pickerel, we will take the outer reefs for bass, and shall find them exceedingly good ground. Leaving these bass reefs we cross the foot of Hickory Island and strike another smaller reef, in a line between Rum Point and the small island below Hickory. This is an exceptional reef; one can always depend on some good fish, either large pickerel or a muscullonge. From this reef in as far as the shores of the Grindstone is first-class bass grounds.

Taking in our lines at Rum Point, we row back over the shallows until we reach Flynn's Bay; here we find another good bass ground, which continues good all around Cum-

close to the Grindstone, taking here and there both pickerel and bass. At the foot of the island we turn into Eel Bay, at one time the standby of Thousand Island fishermen, but of late years one of the most uncertain waters among the islands. We have taken fifty fine pickerel there in a couple of hours; again, we have only succeeded in getting three or four in the same length of time. There are two clumps of rocks shown in our chart. In days gone by this was where almost every muscullonge that came into Clayton was caught. We have not heard of one being caught there for a very long time; but it is still one of their resorts, as we have repeatedly seen them come to the surface, but could never tempt one with our lures.

We will now turn back and fish up the Robbins' Channel close to Robbins' Island, turn in at the head and fish the bay for muscullonge and pickerel. From this bay we will try our luck along the northern shore of Bluff Island for bass, and then across the gut to the other point of Robbins' Island. After leaving this first-class bass ground we will take in one more pickerel ground before leaving off for the day, Maple Island Flat. It is an exceedingly good bit of water for pickerel, with a good chance of muscullonge; at either of the points many have been taken here. A two-mile run up river and we are home in Clayton again for the night.

Fourth Day.

We shall start fishing this morning at Delaney's Flats,

this lake, quite a number of large fish being taken by summer guests who have never before fished where there were such large trout, which makes business good for the hatters, as the headgear is too small when the summer boarder carries from the boat landing to the hotel piazza a large trout of about 10 or 12 pounds. No tabloid fisherman about him when the ladies ask, "Did you catch that?" A good catch was made July 12 in a forenoon's fishing by G. E. Guthrie, of Somerville, while trolling from the steamer Pioneer—two trout of 12½ and 9¾ pounds, respectively. G. W. Clafin, of Cambridge, a day or two before that brought in three trout, 7½, 4½ and 3½ pounds each.

For thirteen seasons, with but one exception, we have had during the spring fishing as one of our most expert fishermen, General Paul Lang, of Oxford, N. H., consul to Sherbrooke, Canada. This summer the General has taken unto himself a wife, and thought it proper to show Mrs. Lang where good fishing may be had; but the bride thought that "proof of the pudding was in the eating," so prevailed upon the General that they try deep water trolling. The result was that Mrs. Lang beat the General on his own grounds by capturing a 13½ pound trout to one taken by him of 5½ pounds.

At E. T. Rike's, one of the well-known stopping places for fishermen, is kept a record of total weight of game fish brought in by fishermen of the house. For the year 1899, 925¼ pounds; 1900, 1,182 pounds; this year to date, 1,084¼ pounds. And yet there are as good

fish in the lake as ever yet, etc., because the Fish Commissioners see to it that the lake is replenished every year with fry.

A 15½ pound trout, caught by Frank Kennedy the other day, while he was trolling for pickerel near Black Brook, so surprised him that he did not care to fish any more that day. "Got fish enough," as he tersely expressed it.

Fish Commissioner Nathaniel Wentworth was at the lake July 13 swapping fish stories with General Paul Lang.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday contest No. 7, held at Stow Lake, July 13. Wind, N.W.; weather, warm and clear:

Event No. 1	Event No. 2	Event No. 3	Event No. 4
Distance, Feet	Accuracy, Per cent.	Acc. % Del. %	Net % Litre Casting %
Battu	89	91	84.3
Brooks	91	88.8	79.4
Everett	118	91.4	83.7
Grant	106½	89.8	82.1
Mansfield	94	92.8	85.1
Muller	99	94	83.1
Mocker	94	91.8	82.11
Young	94	92.8	81.8

Sunday, July 14—Wind, west; weather, perfect:

Battu	97	90.1	84	73.4	78.8	66.5
Brooks	108	83.8	88.8	72.6	80.7	...
Brotherton	121	92	86.4	75	80.8	94.5
Diaverosen	115½	85.8	88	80	84	...
Everett	116	93.1	89	76.8	82.10	...
Grant	114	84.8	87.4	75	81.2	...
Golcher	132	89.4	89.8	78.4	81	79.1
Haight	84	88	78.8	73.3	76	...
Huyek	98	90.8	81.8	77.6	79.7	...
Isenbruck	76
B. Kenniff	110	85.4	81	74.2	77.7	95.3
C. R. Kenniff	101	89.4	87	72.6	79.9	97
Mansfield	92.8	93.8	80	86.10	89.6
Mocker	95	88.8	88.8	77.6	83.1	...
Muller	98	89.8	86.4	75.10	81.1	...
Young	99	90.4	90.8	74.2	82.5	...

Judges, Everett and Muller; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Young.

The Kingfishers Are Anticipating.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"THE Kingfisher gang" will hit the G. R. & I. Ry.—the old "fishin' line"—on July 30 for Traverse City, and from there to Glen Lake, twenty-one miles northwest, where we will make our twenty-first annual summer camp in the North Woods. Glen Lake is not yet quite fished to death, and as always, before a trip to the "bresh" we are "chuck full o' plans and expectancy" for a good time and good sport with rod and line.

Expectancy is one of the chief comforts of the old angler in planning for a camp, and the younger ones of our party are "jest a-bilin' over with it." Without the anticipation and preparation before the start to the woods a trip would hardly be worth a "string o' white suckers." The tents are all packed in the old canvas bags that have seen many years' service; the Cree camp stove ready in its box; the frog box packed full of minnow buckets; reels cleaned and oiled, rods and lines and other necessities all in order, axes and hatchets ground and in the tool box, and so on to the end of the chapter, and we are only waiting for the day when we will take the trail that leads to the "smell o' the pines" and the melody of the rippling waters. The latch string is always out at the Kingfishers' camp, for ye honest angler who may happen along.

KINGFISHER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Never Talked Again.

A young man of smart appearance entered a restaurant, followed by a French poodle that seemed intelligent above all his race. The master selected a table and sat down at one end, while the poodle sat up on a chair opposite to him and waited. After conning the bill of fare the master ordered steak and onions. Then the dog remarked, "And the same for me, please."

Nothing can astonish a waiter, but a gentleman sitting near by heard the dog's remark and played double astonishment for the waiter and himself. Seeing this, the owner of the talking dog asked of the animal, "What wine, Mossou?"

"Mumm, '93," replied the poodle, laconically, looking a trifle bored. This was too much for the astonished gentleman. He rose and, apologizing, said to the owner of the dog:

"It is marvelous to what a pitch of perfection one can bring a good poodle. I've seen some dogs in my time, but I've never heard one talk as plainly as yours does. Will you take \$250 for him?"

"Well," replied the young man, "I really don't want to sell him."

"Take \$500?" pursued the other.

"Well, well, if you really want him I will. I can easily train another to talk in the same way."

The bargain was made, and the dog changed hands. But as the new master was leading his purchase out of the restaurant by a string, the poodle cast a reproachful look on the ventriloquist and said, with a world of pathos in his words, "You've sold me! You've sold me! I'll never talk again!"

And he didn't!—Exchange.

Points and Flushes.

"The Show Dog," by Mr. H. W. Huntington, of Providence, R. I., treats elaborately of all the recognized breeds of dogs. Their origin, uses, standards, merits and faults are set forth in a pleasing manner. Half-tone cuts of specimens of the different breeds illustrate the work,

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XVI.

BY F. R. WEBB.

WE got an early breakfast at the hotel on Friday morning, and by 8 o'clock were again afloat, with Keyser's, at the foot of Kemple Falls—twenty miles away—as our objective, where we designed spending a day in fishing over the exceptionally fine fishing ground afforded by the falls.

A large party of ladies and gentlemen from the springs accompanied us to the river, to see our canoes, and to see us start; and our first pitch, down over the old mill-dam, was interesting and exciting to them.

Our little stay here was a delightfully pleasant episode of the cruise, and our hospitable treatment will long be remembered and appreciated. In addition to our entertainment our failing supplies were not only freely and abundantly renewed, but we were also provided with many little luxuries and delicacies quite foreign to our regular bill of fare.

We had a rattling, lively five-mile run to Shenandoah; for, while this section of the river contains several broad, still reaches, very beautiful in their lake-like repose, with bold, bluff-like banks and overhanging cliffs, this five miles is mostly rapids; bold, swift, rocky and very rough.

The mile and more of rapids just above, as well as those opposite, Shenandoah, are very rough; and, at the present stage, somewhat hazardous; and while we all made a brilliant run—not one of us even touching a rock—I drew a long breath of relief when we were safely through and had beached the canoes on the shingly bar opposite the long, straggling, wooden village.

Shenandoah is not a representative old Virginia town. It is entirely too new, and still smacks of the "boom," and looks more like the railroad town which it really is.

The classic old town of Luray, Front Royal, Strasburg and Charlestown are but a short distance inland, and the contemplative canoeist in search of the picturesque will be well repaid for the time spent in lying by a day opposite each place long enough to make the trip over and take a stroll through their quaint, old-fashioned streets; and if he is the fortunate possessor of a kodak—and no well regulated canoeist should cruise without one—he will find ample use for it in the many interesting subjects which will present themselves. While not so near the river, Winchester, the historic old town which changed hands more than eighty times as the fierce tide of war surged up and down through its streets, in which the dead were piled up like cordwood, and in whose cemeteries the blue and the gray lie in thousands, is well worth a visit; and Staunton, with its female colleges and State institutions, while not on the river, is the place from which the canoeist will make his start, and will be found very interesting; and the canoeist, on finishing his cruise, can well spend a day or two at picturesque, historic old Harper's Ferry, with its wealth of wondrous scenery, its quaint, alley-like streets cut in the solid flanks of the mountain, at the foot of which it nestles, and up over whose gigantic shoulders of solid rock it climbs and straggles, and at whose feet the rippling "Daughter of the Stars" is lost in the glad embrace of the Potomac.

We had a lively time at Shenandoah, as, while here, we fell into the hands of old friends, who speedily helped us to make new ones, and the hour passed here flew quickly by. While here we received and mailed letters, and at 11 o'clock, we repaired to the river front again, accompanied by our friends, who wished to see the canoes, and to see us start. We would gladly have accepted their invitation, so urgently given, to stop over for dinner at Brown's, but it would have detained us at least three hours more, and we had fifteen miles of rough, difficult water to navigate in order to reach Keyser's by evening, so, with cordial adieus on both sides, we stepped aboard our boats, pushed off, and turned our bows down the swift flowing river, our friends standing on the bank and watching us as long as we could be seen, until we turned a heavily wooded point, which shut us from view.

We swept swiftly down a long, rock-studded reach to the left a few miles below, which carried us close in to the Massanutten Mountains, where, as the river swept in a great semi-circle to the right, squarely around until it doubled on its course, it impinged against the foot of the mountain, which rose directly out of the water in a steeply sloping line a couple of thousand feet or so to the summit of the range. This slope—if the nearly perpendicular mountain wall could be called a slope—was densely clothed with a perfect mat of evergreens and hardy, scrubby oaks and other undergrowth, whose fibrous, claw-like roots gripped tenaciously among the points and crevices of the solid rock, which, loosely cov-

ered in places with a thin, poor soil, composes the vast bulk of the mountain. It was a bold, imposing bit of scenery, and, after we had turned our backs on it and were shooting swiftly down the long, two or three mile reach below, and directly away from it, the mountain loomed up more and more impressively, and its long, wall-like crest seemed to rise higher and higher up into the sky, as we got further out from under its overshadowing base, while light cloud-wreaths lingered caressingly around its beetling brow.

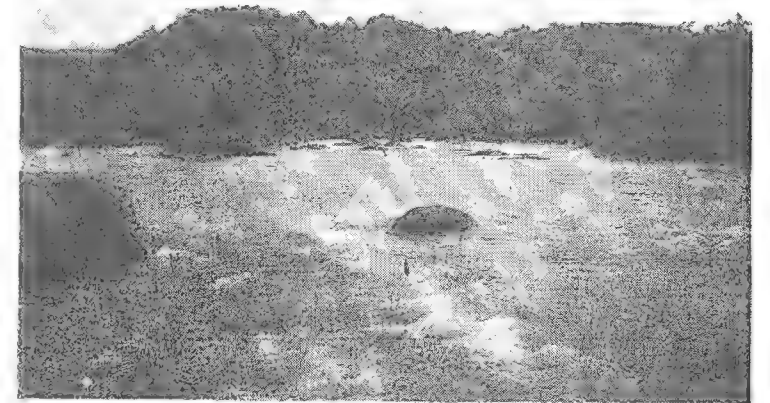
We found the glare of the afternoon sun on the water in this reach to be most intolerable, as it was directly in our faces, and we quickly dived into one of those indispensable pockets under the cockpit coaming of each canoe and produced our colored glasses and put them on, after which we suffered no further inconvenience from the sun.

A pair of colored glasses is an indispensable part of a canoeists outfit, for there is hardly a morning or afternoon when the sun shines that he will not cruise on reaches of the river where they will be needed. They are specially useful on the Shenandoah, with its innumerable series of east and west bends, and letter S loops, in its efforts to break through the mountain walls which hem it in, and buffet it back and forth, from side to side of the narrow valley. I recall one occasion when George and I were making a little cruise on Middle River, early in July, when the days were long; when we had to go into camp at 4 in the afternoon, simply because we had a three or four mile reach almost straight away ahead of us, full of reefs and leading squarely against the declining sun; and, in addition to the blinding glare, which speedily became unendurable, we were utterly unable to distinguish the channels and gaps through the reefs, and were, therefore, unable to proceed.

"Look out, there, Commodore!" Lacy sang out. "I don't think we can get down that right hand channel; there ain't water enough. You'd better head to the left of that gravelly island."

"Oh, yes we can," I replied, as I pushed ahead. "You see, in a place like this that broad reach to the left over there will be correspondingly shallow, while this narrow shoot to the right will have more water in it."

"Yes, that's all right; but I tell you you can't get through there: there isn't enough water," he insisted.



The river below Shenandoah is bold, swift and full of rocks.

"Now, look here, Lacy," I replied, asserting the Commodore's authority; "you can't tell me anything about this river; I've cruised it too often. In such places as this, you'll always find the most water in the narrow shoots; it spreads out broad and shallow in the wide shoots."

"All right, go ahead," he replied.

"I intend to," I answered, as my canoe slipped over the head of the rift and began the descent of the swift, narrow channel to the right of a flat, gravelly rapid, very broad on the left side. "Now you see I was—" just then my canoe brought up all standing, hard and fast on the gravel bar.

"Yes, we see," said George, dryly, as the Shenandoah ranged up alongside, cheek by jowl with the Frankie, and promptly stuck fast also.

"Yes; you'll always find the deep water in the narrow channels," the Colonel contributed, as the Mary Lou buried her nose in the gravel.

We all sat still and looked at each other for a few moments without a word, while we took in the situation.

"It's a good thing we didn't take that broad, shallow channel over there to the left, as I suggested," said Lacy, as he gravely stepped out into the two or three inches of water rippling down over the bar and around the hopelessly stranded canoes; and picking up the stern of his canoe shoved it, bow first, down over the twenty or thirty yards of gravel reef to deeper water below, while the rest of us quietly followed his example. "You see," he continued, "you can see by that wagon crossing the ford there opposite us that it is quite shallow—the water doesn't come quite to the tops of the front wheels!"

"Well," I put in, "I insist that the principle is correct, even if—"

"Yes, but you busted in the application of it," interjected the Colonel.

"That may be," I admitted. "We'll say no more about it, and when we get back to town you may order what you please at my expense."

This arrangement appeared to be satisfactory, and the boys considerably let me off.

At about one or half-past we reached the Grove Hill spring, where we laid by for an hour for lunch and rest. The Colonel surprised the party by producing a bottle of beer apiece from the capacious depths of his big canoe, which he had laid in at Shenandoah, and which were placed in the spring for half an hour before drinking, along with three or four nice canteloupes which George had picked up as we came down the river.

The river below Shenandoah is bold, swift and full of rocks, reefs and rough, heavy rapids—indeed, the worst part of the entire upper river lies in the twenty-five miles between Shenandoah and Massanutten, which includes the five miles of very rough, difficult and troublesome river known as Kemple's Falls and the Columbian Falls, which lie close together, and, of course, at a very low stage

this kind of water is much more difficult to navigate than at a better stage. Consequently, our afternoon's cruise was arduous and fatiguing, and when we finally reached our camp at the foot of Kemple's Falls, at dusk, we were all pretty well tired out.

We had to portage the Roudabush dam, of course, and we found a couple of most excellent new fish dams that were not built last year, and which were fully as high and massive as many of the mill dams, and which were constructed solidly across the river from bank to bank, although the fish law requires that a space of not less than 30ft. shall be left clear at one end. Consequently a portage was necessary at these dams also.

The river seemed to grow wilder as we proceeded, and, as it wound away from the Blue Ridge side of the valley and approached the Massanutton Mountains in a series of short curves, each reach seemed wilder and rougher than the last. Long lines of massive cliffs appeared here and there, which reared their stern, rocky fronts from 100 to 200ft. above the water, their harshness and severity toned down by lichens, and delicate green vines, which trailed in graceful festoons across their rugged faces.

The railroad, which had been accompanying us for miles, scrambling along the riverside in a succession of high fills and ugly red clay cuts, high up in the green flanks of the mountain spurs, and leaping across the deep, chasm-like ravines in a succession of tall, spiderly trestle bridges, finally left us, turning off to the right, as the river swept away to the left into a cliff-lined, rocky gorge, down which the water tumbled and piled in a furious rapid.

"I'll tell you what!" said the Colonel, as we successfully reached the foot of the rapid, and wiped the spray from our faces with our handkerchiefs, the while we skirted along the base of a massive, imposing precipice along the right, over the still, black water, in which the cliffs were reflected so faithfully that we seemed suspended like bubbles in mid air, as we silently glided along. "I tell you what! I thought I was a goner that time! You know that broad, flat ledge at the head of the rapid? Well, I was carried squarely on to that, and to save my life I could not help myself, and just—"

"I kept off from it easily enough by back paddling, and the current carried me gently enough right around it," said George, reflectively, as he pulled the string on his kodak, preparatory to gathering in a particularly imposing promontory, jutting out from the cliff into the river.

"Yes; that's all right," replied the Colonel. "That back paddling foolishness you fellows are so fond of will do very well for some places, but you don't want such monkeying around in a place like that. Well, just as I thought I was about to be swept onto it and was making ready to jump before my canoe capsized over it, the water seemed to bank up against it a little and held me off, and I just grazed along it and slipped around the lower end of it. I tell you it was a close call!"

"It not infrequently happens that the water does that at some ledge or rock," I answered. "It seems to pile up against it and rebound a little, forming a cushion, so to speak, which holds the canoe off. I have on several occasions, during my various cruises, been saved from a smash or capsizing in this manner."

"I don't believe Kemple's Falls is any rougher than that, is it?" continued the Colonel.

"You'll soon find out," said George.

"How much further is it?"

"Just yonder at that bend," said I, as the river swept around a low, heavily wooded point to the left, and brought up squarely against a towering wall of cliffs, turned to the right and disappeared down hill.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

JULY.

24. Seawanhaka, cup race, Lake St. Louis.
24. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 25, 26, 27. Hull-Massachusetts, invitation races, Hull, Mass.
- 25-26. Erie, regatta, Erie, Pa.
27. Beverly, open sweepstake, Monument Beach.
27. Bay Waveland, club, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
27. Shelter Island, ladies' regatta.
27. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
27. Corinthian, fourth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
27. Shinnecock Bay, special, Shinnecock Bay.
27. Sea Cliff, annual, Sea Cliff, Long Island Sound.
27. Northport, annual, Northport, Long Island Sound.
27. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
27. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fifth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
27. Manhasset, fourth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
29. New York, Astor cup races, Newport.
- 29-30. Burgess, open, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 30-Aug. 3. Pan-American regatta, Buffalo, N. Y.
- 30-31. New York, trial races to select America Cup defender, Newport.
31. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
31. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.

AUGUST.

- 1-3. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
3. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Southern Gulf Coast, Y. R. A.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, Conn.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
3. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
3. Kennebec, open, Kennebec, Me.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3. Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
3. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
- 3-5-7. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
5. 6. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7. 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 9, 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.

The Canada Cup Challengers.

TORONTO, July 13.—The judges appointed by the Royal Canadian Y. C. for the trial races of the Canada cup challengers have selected Invader as the craft to carry the Royal Canadian burgee in the contest at Chicago next month.

The selection of Invader does not, of course, come as a distinct surprise to any one, although it can scarcely be said that the selection is one which meets with unanimous approval. The trial races were too limited in number to bring out all the merits and all the defects of the three contestants. The first two were sailed in light zephyrs, and Invader was certainly the better boat. The next race was a three-mile beat to windward and a run back, in a whole-sail breeze with a fair amount of sea rolling. Beaver showed herself clearly the superior of Invader, although not by a large margin. An attempt was made to sail a fourth race, as the wind had freshened. Beaver was piling up a lead when she broke down, and the test was discontinued.

This ended the trial races for the first week in July. Canadian, the Hamilton craft, not being considered a factor in the races, sailed home. The judges made public the statement that they considered further trials necessary, but did not fix the date. The second week in July commenced to slip away. No race was held on Monday or Tuesday, as had been suggested. On Wednesday the R. C. Y. Co.'s special committee held a meeting, after which it was announced that Invader had been chosen as the challenger.

The announcement was not, apparently, expected by the owners of either boat, for the two yachts had been hauled out for scraping and black leading, in preparation for further racing. Beaver, in fact, was on the marine railway at the time of the decision. Her buckled spreaders of bicycle tubing had been replaced by stout ones of oak of the same sort as Invader's. It was the buckling of the port spreader that had brought the trial races to an abrupt termination.

There was \$600 in prize money to be divided up among the three contestants in the trial races. Invader received \$300 of this amount, Beaver \$200 and Canadian came in for the balance, \$100.

Speaking candidly, the chances of Invader bringing back the Canada cup are not of the first order. The boat has many good qualities. Her looks are in her favor—a low freeboard, graceful sheer, handsome overhangs and generous and shapely sail area combining to give her a racy appearance. Her highly polished black topsides with the gilt sheer ribbon and scrollwork and the smooth mahogany covering board and deck fittings add to her beauty. Invader is not, however, a toy yacht, and she has more than good looks in her favor. She is fast in light winds and in running and reaching. In short, she is a keel boat excelling in those points in which centerboard boats usually are superior. If the Chicago Y. C. choose a centerboarder to defend the cup, it will probably be a very even match. There is great room for doubt, however, as to Invader's chances against a keel craft, should one be selected as defender, if the races were sailed in anything like heavy weather.

The above is a fair statement of the chances of the challenger. It is quite possible that the Royal Canadian Y. C. has made the best selection under the circumstances, but the selection is still open to question. Beaver is a two-year-old boat with less sail area than Invader, but there is no doubt of her superiority to the latter in windward work or in a seaway. A very small reduction in her ballast would permit of her sail area being increased until it would equal Invader's. The addition of a tiny topsail improved Beaver in light winds in the two preceding seasons. If the additional 150ft. of canvas needed to make her sail area equal Invader's were incorporated in a large jib and mainsail sail plan, the boat would have the benefit of it under all conditions, instead of only when off the wind, as was the case with the topsail. There are many yachtsmen who think that Beaver, under these circumstances, would be unquestionably superior to Invader.

Immediately after being selected as challenger, Invader was once more taken out on the marine railway. Com. Gooderham, her owner, and Capt. James Andrews, of Oakville, her builder, held a consultation, and under their supervision an alteration was made in the boat's ballast. An irregular quadrilateral of wood, of which the forward edge of the fin and the upper edge of the original ballast formed the forward and under sides respectively, was removed, and replaced by lead. The change in the ballast was not very great, the addition in weight not exceeding 250lbs. The extra ballast is placed, however, just where it is most needed. Invader has, as before stated, not been floating on her calculated waterline. She has been down to it aft, but her bow has been 3 or 4in. out all along, and the boat has accordingly carried a slight quartering wave, as she has been trimmed by the stern. The additional ballast brings her down to her true form, and, of course, makes her slightly stiffer.

While the trial races for the selection of the challenger were very limited in number, it is not the intention of the Royal Canadian Y. C. to send the boat to Chicago without first giving her the benefit of all the trying out possible. Beaver has shown herself quite capable of giving Invader all she needs in the way of a trial boat. She was given a thorough overhauling when on the dock this week, and while she may not be as fast as she might be with the alterations suggested, she is now in excellent sailing trim.

Invader's measurements have already been published. The alterations in the ballast will change them slightly, but as the boat had a good margin there is little probability of the increase sending her over measurement. Com. Gooderham stated that it would not be necessary to make any alterations in her sail plan.

The date of Invader's departure for Chicago is yet uncertain. There is not enough time left to sail her up and be sure of arriving in plenty of time. Towing has been suggested, but it is not a satisfactory method of going up the lakes, being very hard on the boat. It is altogether probable that Invader will be taken out of the water and shipped to Chicago by rail. Illinois reached that city in this manner and did not appear to be any worse for her shaking up in a railway accident. Com. Gooderham is at present making arrangements for a 60ft. car for the conveyance of the yacht westward. She will be stripped

of her spars and rigging, but her fin will not be removed if it is at all possible to ship her otherwise. It would not be advisable, the Canadians think, to take the chance of being able to replace the fin and get the yacht into proper condition in the few days at their disposal after her arrival in Chicago. She will not be shipped until the last week in July. Such at least is the present intention. As the first race in the Canada cup series is scheduled for Aug. 10, this does not leave very much time for getting the yacht into shape, especially as she will be far from her builder.

The skipper and crew of the challenger have not yet been selected definitely. Com. Gooderham has not yet made up his mind whether he will sail her in the cup races or not. He has devoted all his time to the boat since her launch, and to a business man this means a considerable sacrifice. His magnificent schooner Clorita has lain at her moorings practically all season. He has only been out in her once this year. Should he decide to sail Invader at Chicago it would mean that he would have to spend all his time in her from now to the end of the cup match. There is a possibility of Mr. Æmilius Jarvis being the skipper of the challenger.

Beaver and Invader were both out for a spin on the afternoon of Saturday, July 13. The wind was light, from the eastward, about seven miles an hour. The yachts were not together long enough to indicate the effect of Invader's increased ballast. It did not appear to have deadened her at all, for she traveled at high speed in the light airs, returning to her moorings ahead of the Payne sloop.

July 20.—With their own brief trial races safely over and their challenger selected and tuned up to the best sailing pitch, the Canadian yachtsmen are watching with interest the outcome of the trial races at Chicago for the selection of a boat to defend the trophy. They would like to see a centerboarder selected, for it was a centerboarder that carried away the cup, and they would like to win it back from a centerboarder. The only means the Canadians have of gauging the abilities of the would-be cup defenders is by comparing their performances with that of Minota. The little ex-Canadian has not been beaten badly enough at any time to make Toronto yachtsmen feel that the Chicago sailors will have the cup a month from now. Invader is certainly a faster boat, under any conditions, than Minota. Moreover, a sailorman just returned from Lake Michigan is responsible for the statement that Minota has not been sailed, or has not been sailing, as she was when on Lake Ontario—two different causes which would produce the very same result.

The alteration in Invader's ballast, made last week, has not had a very marked effect on her. She still holds her head well up, although floating much closer to her calculated waterline. There is some talk of removing the added ballast and also taking off a little aft, and giving her a larger mainsail of United States make. The boat is not stiff enough any way to hope to win by "ragging on." She will have to reef as soon as her opponent anyway, and it is felt that she will gain more by having a big spread of canvas for light airs and running than by having less canvas and more ballast to enable her to hang on to whole sails while her competitor has to reef. The additional two hundredweight of ballast which Invader shipped recently has not made a very appreciable difference to the boat, but it has some advantages. She does not heel so easily, and she goes to windward better.

Torontonians are eagerly looking forward to a brush between Invader and Genesee, the craft that carried away the Canada cup two years ago. Mr. Charles E. Van Voorhis, of Rochester, N. Y., Commodore of the Rochester Y. C., was a visitor at the Royal Canadian Y. C. the other day. He was out for a sail in the Canada cup challenger and was highly pleased with her. He promised to send Genesee, then lying in Cobourg, up for a spin with Invader.

Even since Genesee carried off the Canada cup, Canadians have been longing to see her beaten. There seemed a probability of it at Charlotte, N. Y., last September, but Minota broke down when winning. Genesee will again meet Canadian 35-footers, after her brush with Invader at the Buffalo Y. C.'s contests at the end of the month. A large contingent of Canadian yachts will be there, and the 35ft. entries will include Beaver and Canadian, the two rejected candidates in the Canada cup trial races. Beaver's owner has long been anxious to meet Genesee, and it appears that he is going to have a chance. Canadian, by the way, has shown a marked improvement as the result of alterations in her fin and sail plan. Her performance in the Canada cup trial races was not very encouraging, but it sufficed to show where changes should be made. The changes have been made—some of them, at any rate—and the craft with the concave bottom is showing up well, having defeated by a substantial margin the boat at the top of her class in the Hamilton fleet of 35-footers.

It is scarcely possible for Invader to take part in the contest at Buffalo, for she would not have very much time left in which to reach Chicago. Whether she gets the new mainsail or not she will leave Toronto before the end of the present month. She will be lifted from the water bodily by means of a derrick, after her spars and rigging have been removed. The derrick will place her on a 60ft. flat car, specially provided for the occasion, and she will be shipped through to Chicago. William Fisher, the sailor who has been in charge of the yacht from the hour of her launch, will superintend the shipment and will look after her after her arrival in Chicago. He will also see to the work of refitting her, and will be the one professional in the crew of six who will sail her in the final races.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. has nominated Mr. E. H. Ambrose, of Hamilton, Ont., as their representative among the trio of judges who will preside over the contest at Chicago next month. The Chicago Y. C. will be represented by Mr. E. P. Warner, of Chicago. Both gentlemen are well known to followers of international yachting. Mr. Ambrose was asked by the Canadians to be one of the judges of their trial races, but was unable to spare the time just then. The third judge is to be the mutual selection of Messrs. Ambrose and Warner. He will probably be from the United States side of the line.

There is still some uncertainty as to the skipper of Invader in the contest at Chicago, but there is a strong

probability of Mr. Æmilius Jarvis being at her tiller. So, at least, it is reported, although Mr. Jarvis has been fully occupied with his splendid 50-footer Merrythought, which cruises under a yawl rig and races under a cutter rig on twenty-four hours' notice. It is almost certain that both Mr. Jarvis and Com. Gooderham will be in the racing crew, but it has not yet been decided which shall be in command. G. Herrick Duggan, of Montréal, of both Seawanhaka and Canada cup fame, has been mentioned as a possible skipper for the challenging yacht, but in contradiction of the rumor that he was going to sail her it has been stated that he has not even been approached on the subject. Mr. Duggan designed the Canada cup defender Toronto in 1899 and sailed in her. There is no doubt that he would make a good skipper.

Invader has been sailing nearly every day since her launch, except when on the dry dock. The result is that she is a known quantity to those who will have to sail her. Some of her recent performances have been decidedly encouraging. After receiving her extra ballast she was out in a stiff breeze with Beaver. The latter boat has never yet met her equal in heavy weather, but Invader hung on to her and made a much better showing than she did in the last trial races, when there was considerable wind. On July 19 Invader had a tilt with Canada, which shows her abilities. The famous winner of the international trophy, to which she gave a name, was standing down Toronto Bay with a light southerly breeze. Invader overhauled her and commenced to pass to windward. Being a smaller boat, she could not completely blanket Canada, the latter's jib topsail and gaff topsail being beyond her reach. The inevitable luffing match followed, but Invader kept to windward and slowly edged out ahead. When Canada had dropped two lengths astern she came in stays and started back up the Bay. Invader wore instead of staying and started after the cup bringer again. She rapidly overhauled her and passed her to leeward, and then, crowning indignity, crossed her bows and got to windward of her, thus completing the circle that she had sailed around her opponent.

Of course Canada was not out prepared for a race. Neither was Invader, for that matter. There is a difference of nearly 10ft. racing measurement between the two boats, and the smaller one certainly behaved in a way to make her owner feel proud.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Meeting of the N. Y. Y. C.

THE fourth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 18 at Delmonico's, Beaver street, with Com. Ledyard in the chair.

The constitution of the club was so amended that the Secretary shall hereafter have the appointment of the yachting superintendent in his gift. This amendment must be approved at another meeting before it becomes valid.

The following were elected members of the club: John T. Little, Robert McCreery, Dr. J. L. Adams, Clarence Morton Whitman, Lieut. Casey B. Morgan, U. S. N.; Lieut.-Commander J. T. Smith, U. S. N.; Ensign W. H. Reynolds; Ensign David C. Hanrahan, U. S. N.; John B. Dennis, Dr. Ernest Fanestock, Frederick J. Parker, Rear-Admiral N. Von H. Farquhar, U. S. N.; George L. Carnegie, Henry M. Campbell, Evelyn B. Baldwin, Samuel Todd Davis, Jr., C. Arthur Comstock, Lieut.-Commander E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N.; F. B. Mackay, Lieut.-Commander R. M. Doyle, U. S. N.; William L. Harkness, Commander Albion V. Wadhams, U. S. N.; Andrew W. Smith, M. Burr, Jr., H. Paine Bartlett, H. M. Sweet, T. H. Macdonald, Commander John C. Boyd, U. S. N.; Capt. C. H. Rockwell, U. S. N.; Capt. Henry Leonard, U. S. M. C.; Lieut.-Commander F. Turnbull U. S. N.; Frederick B. Underwood, W. Hull Wickman, J. Fred Zimmermann, F. K. Pulsifer, Capt. Charles M. Thomas, U. S. N.; S. H. Mason, George Lauder, Jr., William R. Thorsen, Henry Champion Deming, William S. K. Wetmore, Henry D. Lewis, William S. Scott, Louis F. Henblein, Henry S. Norris, Frederick B. Esler, Edward de V. Morrell, Orville Oddie, Jr., Charles Hayden, Alexander S. Clarke, John Pierce, Karl G. Roebeling, Henry L. Shippy, Lieut.-Commander A. C. Baker, U. S. N.; Benjamin B. Tilt, Frederick B. Carpenter, Lieut. E. R. Pollock, U. S. N.; Edwin S. Hooley, Otto Magnus, Lieut. H. G. Gilmour, U. S. N.; John M. Goetchius, Jr., Thomas S. Hathaway, Randal Morgan, J. Frederick Kohl, William H. Russell, Cornelius Roseman, Nelson W. Aldrich, Lieut. Commander V. L. Cottman, U. S. N.; John Langdon Erving, Lion Gardiner, Herbert Seymour, S. Montgomery Roosevelt and Paymaster Charles S. Williams, U. S. N.

The Regatta Committee announced the following special classes for the squadron runs during the cruise:

Class G, Sloops—Constitution and Columbia, in racing trim.

Class G, Yawls—Vigilant, Ailsa and Navahoe.

Class D, Schooners—Amorita, Elmina, Muriel and Quisetta.

Supplementary sailing instructions may be obtained from the flagship Corona at Glen Cove on July 22.

It was also announced by the Regatta Committee that the squadron run prizes will be given in each day's run for steam auxiliaries and motor auxiliaries respectively using sail only. They must sail in their usual trim with all their fittings on board and in place.

Steam auxiliaries must have their boilers full of water and at least three days' supply of coal in their bunkers.

Motor auxiliaries must have at least three days' supply of fuel in their tanks.

The race for the Commodore's cups on July 22 will not be considered a squadron run.

The following letter, received by Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, was read by Sec'y Oddie:

NEWPORT HARBOR FETE COMMITTEE,
NEWPORT, R. I., July 17, 1901.

Lewis Cass Ledyard, Commodore New York Y. C., New York.

Dear Sir: On Tuesday, July 30, the citizens of Newport will give a harbor fete in honor of the North Atlantic squadron and New York Y. C. The features are as follows: Cutter race at 10 A. M. between crews of the North Atlantic squadron; an exhibition by the Holland torpedo boat at 11 A. M.; 2 P. M., a parade of sailors,

marines, United States regulars, local military and naval Gen. Joseph Wheeler, U. S. A.; with aides who served organizations.

in the Spanish-American war, will be chief marshal. A general illumination of the entire lower part of the city and harbor will take place between 8 P. M. and 11 P. M.

This is the first opportunity we have had since the Spanish-American war of honoring the North Atlantic squadron and your fleet, and we are, therefore, most desirous in having it a complete success. The North American squadron, torpedo and training station, War College and Fort Adams will give an elaborate display.

We ask your hearty co-operation in this illumination. We are, respectfully,

F. P. GARRETTSON.

The owners of yachts are expected to provide themselves with N. Y. Y. C. night signals and quantities of fireworks, which will lend additional beauty to the Newport display.

The meeting was adjourned until Aug. 22, to permit of candidates for membership being voted upon before the trial races for the America Cup.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

Friday, July 19.

THE Quincy Y. C. had rather hard luck in its open race, sailed off the club house Friday, July 19. While there was a breeze all the time, there was a thick fog which shut down over the whole bay, closing the racers from the view of those on the shore. Notwithstanding this, the racing was good. The breeze was from the eastward, fairly strong at the start, but becoming lighter as the fog shut down.

Most of the interest was centered in the 25-footers, of which there were but two to finish, Calypso and Chewink. Hostess being disabled. They went over the starting line at about the same time, but Chewink hauled inside Calypso and took the weather berth. Calypso was footing faster, but Chewink was so close that the centerboard could not get away. Finally Chewink tacked, and Calypso immediately went about under her stern and walked through her lee. After this Calypso had things all her own way.

In the 21ft. class a new comer made her appearance. Mildred II., designed by Shiverick for S. P. Moses. She got the best of the start and led Zaza all around the course. In the 18ft. knockabouts there was a good race. The finish between Aspinquid and Nethla was very close. In fact, all four boats entered finished within 1m. There were also two handicap classes which furnished good sport. The summary:

25-Footers.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 08 16	
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 17 23	
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	Disabled.	
21-Footers.		Elapsed.
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	2 17 54	
Zaza, G. P. Shute.....	2 22 57	
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	Withdrew.	
18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.....	1 23 40	
Nethla, C. W. Cole.....	1 23 48	
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	1 24 07	
Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 24 40	
Class A—Handicap.		Elapsed.
Hustler, Robinson & Whittemore.....	2 41 11	Corrected.
Omeme, W. P. Barker.....	2 39 21	2 01 11
C. C. H. and G. H. Cary.....	2 40 57	2 02 49
Eclipse, Jones and Crocker.....	2 36 29	2 03 45
Mudjekeewis, A. L. Baker.....	2 43 46	2 03 53
Molly, Robert Ellis.....	2 42 58	2 06 34
Moondyne, W. H. Shaw.....	2 59 40	2 18 03
Goblin, E. F. Ricker.....	Withdrew.	2 21 11
Ariel, E. Johnson.....	Withdrew.	
Annie A.....	Withdrew.	
Class B—Handicap.		Elapsed.
Hector.....	1 25 31	1 02 42
Whisper, W. C. Harrison.....	1 25 45	1 02 56
Apache, L. C. Wade.....	1 21 20	1 04 18

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, July 20.

A LADIES' day race was given by the Duxbury Y. C. on Saturday, July 20, one of the conditions being that each yacht must carry at least one lady in the crew, and to the women members the prizes were given. The racing was interesting throughout, and the rivalry seemed even more intense than on regular race days. The summary:

21-Footers.		Elapsed.
Fanny D., A. E. Walker.....	2 30 44	
Scamper, Reed Bros.....	2 34 30	
Geisha, W. T. Whitman.....	2 38 30	
18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Oom Paul, George P. Cushman.....	2 34 19	
Miladi, F. R. Adams.....	2 42 27	
Trouble, Heint.....	2 50 37	
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	2 51 21	
Lobster, C. C. Clapp.....	2 51 32	
Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Rooster, B. B. Baker.....	2 22 23	
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	2 31 25	
Fedora, Simmons Bros.....	2 32 08	
Aureolus, Kellogg.....	2 35 40	
Satana, J. Foster.....	2 42 56	
Imp, N. K. Norwood.....	Withdrew.	
Frolic, J. L. Dawes.....	Withdrew.	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, July 20.

THE regular club race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed off the club house, July 20, in a very light breeze from the southeast. Three classes started, but Fancy was all alone in the special knockabout class. The summary of the other two classes is as follows:

Knockabout Class.		Elapsed.
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	1 35 20	
Eleanor, F. J. Moors.....	1 36 30	
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage.....	1 39 12	
Remora, G. Crocker.....	1 39 28	
Harelda, A. Bigelow.....	1 50 03	
Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Otter, D. James.....	1 09 10	
Merlin, R. Townsend.....	1 17 40	

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, July 20.

IN the Y. R. A. race of the Winthrop Y. C., sailed in Boston Harbor, Saturday, July 20, the 25-footer Calypso added another victory to her already long list. She beat both Crowninshield keel boats Chewink and Flirt. In this class all were bunched at the start, with Calypso in the weather berth. She established a lead before one-sixth of the course had been sailed, and kept it to the finish. Both keel boats followed close after her.

Hostess made her debut in the open 25ft. class, and succeeded in getting away with the Cape cat Thordis and Romance with ease. In the 21-footers Mildred II. repeated her performance at Quincy on Friday, and this time won from the whole bunch of cracks. The little Fantasy entered the open circuit for the first time in this race and won handily. In the 18ft. knockabouts Malillian won in a close finish with Aspinquid. The new 15-footer Tess won from the champion Vitesse by over a minute. There were two handicap classes made up of the regular handicap fleet of the Winthrop Y. C. In the first class Alert won and in the second class Henrietta took the money. There was a good, whole-sail breeze from the eastward. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 35 20	
Chewink, F. G. Macomber.....	1 36 50	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 38 28	
Little Peter, G. B. Doane.....	1 40 00	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 40 24	
Class C.		Elapsed.
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 31 00	
Thordis, W. V. Foster.....	1 39 45	
Romance, L. Gears.....	1 42 19	
Class S—21-Footers.		Elapsed.
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	1 46 10	
Harriett, L. T. Harrington.....	1 47 05	
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster.....	1 49 31	
Zaza, G. H. Shute.....	1 50 32	
Treyja, C. H. Goddard.....	1 54 40	
Coquette, B. D. Anderson.....	1 54 44	
Privateer, J. McConnell.....	1 55 00	
Class T—18-Footers.		Elapsed.
Fantasy, J. and W. Allerton.....	1 56 29	
Cathryn, J. I. Young.....	2 02 05	
Pioneer, W. Kelley.....	2 12 39	
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie.....	Disabled.	
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.		Elapsed.
Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 55 24	
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.....	1 56 44	
Ayaya, W. P. Keyes.....	2 02 55	
Nethla, C. W. Cole.....	2 03 15	
Barbara, A. L. Hayden.....	2 07 35	
Oriana, A. Douglass.....	2 09 00	
Class X—15-Footers.		Elapsed.
Tess, J. B. Stearns.....	1 51 55	
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	1 53 15	
First Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Alert, H. N. Ridgeway.....	1 38 37	Corrected.
Ideal, H. B. Whittier.....	1 42 25	1 28 37
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	1 37 25	1 30 25
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	1 42 10	1 34 25
Apache, L. C. Wade.....	1 42 27	1 35 10
Urchin, F. R. Pratt.....	1 45 45	1 36 45
Zoo, H. Waitt.....	2 02 05	1 45 05
Raven, J. G. Berry.....	1 57 03	1 49 03
Auk, J. J. Nicholson.....	Withdrew.	
Magic, C. Field.....	Withdrew.	
Second Handicap Class.		Elapsed.
Henrietta, J. S. McCloskey.....	0 54 00	0 47 00
Zetes, Lewis McKie.....	0 49 33	0 49 33
Della, C. H. Kelley.....	0 52 05	0 51 05
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	0 52 07	0 51 07
Thelma, E. Tewksbury.....	0 52 55	0 51 55
Favorite, F. W. Bird.....	0 52 15	0 51 15
Charlotte, W. Watkins.....	0 53 05	0 53 05
Dot, C. H. Maynard.....	1 01 42	0 53 42
Flash, W. H. Myrick.....	0 59 53	0 53 53
Virginia, W. Trasler.....	1 02 22	0 54 22
Caper, W. W. Colsen.....	1 01 50	0 54 50
Clara, W. Burgess.....	0 59 52	0 54 52

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, July 20.

THE regular handicap race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed off City Point Saturday, July 20, in a very light easterly breeze. The wind was so light and uncertain in direction that but little was shown by the actual result. The greatest interest was manifested in the sailing tenders. The summary:

Class A.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Golden Rod, G. E. Bruce.....	1 22 33	1 22 33	
Emma C., Peter Coupal.....	1 37 52	1 35 22	
Bohemian, Geo. Field.....	3 00 10	3 56 00	
Class B.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Duster, J. T. Ball.....	1 29 43	1 25 43	
Nancy Hanks, Geo. Lane.....	1 36 40	1 30 40	
Varuna, Chas. Nodwell.....	1 38 02	1 32 02	
Disa, G. A. Brackett.....	1 36 15	1 34 15	
Marguerite, D. H. Palmer.....	1 42 53	1 37 58	
Ray, B. W. Craig.....	1 48 03	1 41 03	
Empire, Frank Cobb.....	1 54 18	1 48 18	
Geisha, Dr. Chas. Ryder.....	1 53 12	1 50 12	
Narada, R. H. Anderberg.....	1 53 13	1 50 13	
Sally Brass, S. Marston.....	1 53 30	1 53 30	
Class C.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Silvia, C. Clausen.....	2 19 00	2 17 00	
Clarada, W. H. Govey.....	2 25 10	2 23 10	
Vim, W. Wallace Kee.....	2 23 40	2 23 40	
Tender Race.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
H. Stickney.....	1 43 45	1 43 34	
J. Trotman.....	1 51 10	1 51 01	
E. Merrill.....	1 57 45	1 57 22	
W. Geer.....	1 58 05	1 57 23	
F. French.....	2 01 20	2 00 33	
Dr. Colson.....	Withdrew.		
T. F. Landers.....	Withdrew.		

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, July 20.

THE regular handicap race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed off City Point Saturday, July 20, in a very light easterly breeze. So light was the breeze that much of the interest was taken from the race. Ustane won first place by a long margin. The summary:

Class A.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ustane, C. J. Moriarty.....	2 12 58	2 20 58	
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson.....	2 19 17	2 31 17	
Myth, J. T. Powers.....	2 47 20	2 52 20	
Alyone, F. Coombs.....	3 06 50	3 06 50	
Ariel, C. P. Mooney.....	Withdrew.		
Kismet, David Byford.....	Withdrew.		
Rebel, D. E. Noonan.....	Withdrew.		

Larchmont Y. C. Race Week.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Tuesday, July 16.

TUESDAY was the day set aside for the dinghy and launch races, and also for the water sports. The club house was open to ladies during the day and evening. The Regatta Committee, Messrs. Lovejoy, Coats and Hardy, managed the races, and Frank Fullgraf with Eugene Gianinni the water sports.

The prize for the four-oared gig race was the Hen and Chickens colors, and for the pair-oared gig race the Dauntless colors. The summaries:

Naphtha Launches—21ft. and Over—Course, 2 Miles—Start, 2:15:00.		
Levanter, Wilson Marshall.....	00 19 31	00 19 31
Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix.....	00 19 44	00 19 14
Naphtha Launches—Under 21ft.—Course, 1½ Miles—Start, 2:22:45.		
Windora, John Green.....	00 19 06	00 18 22
Dorothea.....	00 21 33	00 20 25
Sachem, F. T. Adams.....	00 20 03	00 19 43
Fortuna, H. R. Walcott.....	00 18 38	00 18 12
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall.....	00 17 31	00 17 31
Crusader, Seymour Husted.....	00 19 51	00 19 31
Alco-Vapor Launches—Under 21ft.—Course, 1½ Miles—Start, 2:22.		
Paladin, Walter C. Hubbard.....	00 19 52	00 18 50
Mimete, H. W. Eaton.....	00 19 44	00 19 32
Idalia, Eugene Tompkins.....	00 22 12	00 22 12
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	00 17 51	00 17 21

Four-Oared Gig Race for Hen and Chickens Colors—Course, 2 Miles—Start, 2:48:00.

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sachem, F. T. Adams.....	00 23 35	00 23 35
Katrina, J. B. Ford.....	00 25 43	00 25 43
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall.....	00 26 09	00 26 09
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	00 23 59	00 23 59
Barracuta, Ed Kelly.....	Withdraw.	

Two-Oared Gig Race for Dauntless Colors—Course, 1½ Miles—Start, 2:19:00.

Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	00 20 58	
Wenonah, F. G. Corning.....	00 21 10	
Crusader, Seymour L. Husted.....	00 21 22	
Carlotta, C. F. Ulrich.....	00 21 43	
Idalia, W. E. Tompkins.....	00 22 14	
Hildegard, James Bergen.....	00 23 14	
Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix.....	00 23 46	

Dinghy Race for Execution Colors—Course, ½ Mile—Start, 3:46:00.

Paladin, W. C. Hubbard.....	00 12 38	
Fortuna, H. R. Walcott.....	00 12 50	
Amorita, W. G. Brokaw.....	00 13 03	
Dot, C. S. Pierce.....	00 13 09	
Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix.....	00 13 13	
Carlotta, C. F. Ulrich.....	00 13 22	
Zara, George W. Scott.....	00 13 28	
Atlantic, Wilson Marshall.....	00 13 53	
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	00 14 09	

100yd. Scratch Swimming Race for Boys Under Sixteen—Won by W. J. Andresen, P. Chunt second. Time, 1:12.

100yd. Scratch Swimming Race for Boys Under Twenty—Won by W. W. Swan, Jr., R. C. Becroft second. Time, 1:08.

200yd. Handicap Swimming Race for Boys Under Twenty—Won by W. Nichols (5s.), B. Whitney second (10s.). Time, 2:44 2-5.

Tub Race, Open to All—Won by W. Whiting, D. Codrington second. Time, 2:27.

The winners were Intrepid, Atlantic, Katrina, Sachem, Isolde and Paladin.

Wednesday, July 17.

The second open event of race week was given on Wednesday, and a large fleet was on hand when the preparatory signal was given at 11:30 o'clock. The wind was light from the S.W., and the air was rather thick and hazy.

The schooners were started at 11:40, with Elmina in the lead, Quissetta next and Muriel last. The English cutters and the 51-footers were sent away next, Isolde in the lead in her class and Altair leading Humma and Huguenot. Dorwina crossed ahead of Effort in the 43ft. class, and these boats made a pretty race the first time around, but on the second time around Dorwina beat Effort handily.

The southwesterly breeze brought a squall out of the N.W., and it struck the boats after most of them had been around the course once. The squall did not prove as vicious as it looked, but it rained very hard for a time. After the squall the wind came out of the S.W. again, but was very fitful and light.

The time limit is set for one-half hour after sunset, which made it 7:56 o'clock. Quissetta, after a long, hard day's racing, finished a little over a minute after the time limit. The English boats were also unable to finish. The summary follows:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 11:40:00.		
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	Did not finish.	
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	Did not finish.	
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	Withdraw.	

Sloops—Class I—Start, 11:45:00.		
Hester, C. L. F. Robinson.....	Did not finish.	
Eelin, Philip T. Dodge.....	Did not finish.	
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class K—Start, 11:45:00.		
Humma, J. R. Maxwell.....	3 23 18	3 38 18
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.....	3 28 38	3 43 38
Huguenot, Edward Kelly.....	3 47 38	4 02 38

Sloops—Class L—Start, 11:50:00.		
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	3 43 38	3 53 38
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 53 50	5 03 50

Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:50:00.		
Anoatok, J. E. Martin, Jr.....	6 43 43	6 53 43
Cymbia, F. C. Henderson.....	Did not finish.	
Possum, D. S. Ballou.....	Did not finish.	
Spasm, E. D. King.....	Did not finish.	
Leda, H. L. Maxwell.....	5 13 03	5 23 03

Yawls—Class M—Start, 11:50:00.		
Memory, W. N. Bavier.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class N—Start, 11:55:00.		
Oiseau, G. L. Pirie.....	6 07 16	6 12 16
Enpronzi, Alfred Peats.....	6 59 43	7 04 43
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	6 09 55	6 14 55

Sloops—Class P—Start, 12:00:00.		
Don, C. O. Mower.....	2 56 30	2 56 30
Rochelle, Ed Kelly.....	3 15 40	3 15 40

Raceabouts—Start, 12:00:00.		
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	2 50 00	2 50 00
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	2 51 50	2 51 50
Snapper, A. B. Allen.....	2 57 15	2 57 15
Viper, W. D. Hennen.....	Did not finish.	
Persimmon, C. Dodge.....	2 59 07	2 59 07
Joker, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	2 51 30	2 51 30

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 12:05:00.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	4 16 50	4 11 50
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	3 21 40	3 16 40
Bab, Phillips & Morgan.....	3 24 24	3 19 24
Mist, J. W. Alker.....	4 00 51	3 55 51
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	4 16 36	4 11 36

Sloops—Class G—Start, 12:05:00.		
Rod, R. G. Sand.....	3 15 40	3 10 40

Gazato, H. Vulte.....	4 18 28	4 13 28
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	3 16 30	3 11 30

Sloops—Class R—Start, 12:05:00.		
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	3 22 45	3 17 45
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.....	3 15 10	3 10 10
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	3 27 18	3 22 18
Nike, Guy Forbes.....	4 15 13	4 10 13
Opossum, H. M. Raborg.....	3 58 50	3 53 50
Hope, C. O. Iselin.....	3 24 40	3 19 40
Moya, Anderson Dana.....	Did not finish.	

Catboats—Class S—Start, 12:10:00.		
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	2 54 20	2 44 20
Windora, John Green.....	2 52 08	2 42 08

Catboats—Class T—Start, 12:10:00.		
Mongoose II., Simeon Ford.....	3 13 02	3 03 02
Vera, A. M. Bradley.....	4 24 00	4 14 00

Catboats—Class V—Start, 12:10:00.		
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill, Jr.....	Did not finish.	

Lark Class—Start, 12:15:00.		
Echo.....	5 12 41	4 57 41
Streak, E. Cunningham.....	Did not finish.	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	Did not finish.	
Go To.....	Did not finish.	
Yellow Jacket.....	Did not finish.	
Skidoo, M. E. Davis.....	Did not finish.	
Chop Suey.....	Did not finish.	
Gloria.....	5 11 42	4 56 42

S. C. Y. C. Knockabouts—Start, 12:00:00.		
Wyntje, Sherman Hoyt.....	3 03 20	3 03 20
Ruby.....	Did not finish.	

Cats—Class W—Start, 12:10:00.		
We Win.....	Did not finish.	
Bouncer.....	Did not finish.	
Barnacle.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were Humma, Dorwina, Leda, Oiseau, Don, Merrywing, Bab, Rod, Sora, Windora, Mongoose II., Gloria and Wyntje.

Thursday, July 18.

Thursday's weather was very much like the day previous, for the boats started in a light southwesterly breeze and finished in a squall from the N.W.

Muriel crossed first in the schooner class, followed by Quissetta and Elmina in the order named at 11:35 o'clock. Quissetta led at the end of the first round, but Muriel drew away on the second round and Quissetta finished last.

In the class for English cutters Isolde beat Hester and Eelin boat for boat. Isolde's recent fine showing in light weather is more or less of a surprise to every one, as she was considered a heavy weather boat.

Humma beat Altair and Huguenot in the 51ft. class after a close race between the two former boats. Dorwina beat Effort again in the 43ft. class by over 5m. The summary:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 11:35:00.		
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	4 43 16	5 08 16
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	4 47 57	5 12 57
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	4 54 08	5 19 08

Sloops—Class I—Start, 11:40:00.		
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	5 25 32	5 45 32
Hester, C. L. F. Robinson.....	5 24 04	5 44 04
Eelin, P. T. Dodge.....	5 28 20	5 48 20

Sloops—Class K—Start, 11:40:00.		
Huguenot, Edward Wells.....	3 19 42	3 39 42
Humma, J. R. Maxwell.....	3 10 30	3 30 30
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	3 14 08	3 34 08

Sloops—Class L—Start, 11:55:00.		
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	3 50 09	3 55 09
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	3 55 16	4 00 16

Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:55:00.		
Anoatok, J. B. Martin, Jr.....	4 55 45	4 24 15
Possum, E. S. Ballou.....	4 19 50	4 24 15

Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 11:45:00.		
Viper, A. D. Hennen.....	2 36 52	2 51 52
Rogue, F. T. Bedford, Jr.....	2 38 55	2 53 55
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	2 26 59	2 41 59
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	2 27 18	2 42 18
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....	2 31 38	2 46 38
Persimmon, C. Dodge.....	2 26 45	2 41 45
Joker, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	2 27 33	2 42 33

Larchmont Special—Sloop Class—Start, 11:45:00.		
Nei-San, John M. Woodbury.....	5 37 23	5 52 23

Sloops—Class R—Start, 11:50:00.		
Hope, C. O. Iselin.....	3 38 28	3 13 28
Opossum, H. M. Raborg.....	2 58 48	3 08 48
Nike, Guy Forbes.....	3 23 02	3 33 02
Sara, W. Hoey, Jr.....	3 05 25	3 15 25
Nora, L. Iselin.....	3 14 08	3 24 08
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	3 00 14	3 12 14

Manhasset Bay Raceabouts—Start, 11:45:00.		
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	3 42 10	3 52 10
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	3 27 30	3 37 30
Mist, J. W. Walker.....	3 35 58	3 45 58
Bob, Phillips & Morgan.....	3 20 26	3 30 26
Arizona, G. A. Coxy.....	3 27 48	3 37 48

The winners were Muriel, Isolde, Humma, Dorwina, Possum, Persimmon, Opossum, Bob and Nei-San.

Friday, July 19.

Over twenty boats started in the race on Friday, but owing to lack of breeze only very few of the yachts were able to finish within the time limit. The S.E. breeze made the first leg a beat, the second a reach and the third a reach. The boats lay becalmed for hours, and at about half past five when a light breeze sprung up from the S.W., Muriel and Quissetta were so far in the lead that Elmina was withdrawn. Hester, Eelin and Isolde gave up the race and were towed to Larchmont. Dorwina managed to finish, beating Effort and Katonah. The table follows:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 3:05:00.		
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	Time limit expired.	
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	Time limit expired.	
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	Withdraw.	

Sloops—Class K—Start, 3:10:00.		
Humma, J. R. Maxwell.....	7 57 25	4 47 25
Altair, Cord Meyer.....	Did not finish.	

Sloops—Class L—Start, 3:10:00.		
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	7 17 08	4 07 08
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	Withdraw.	
Katonah.....	Withdraw.	

Yawls—Class M—Start, 3:15:00.		
Memory, W. N. Bavier.....	Did not finish.	
Albicare, S. J. Hyde.....	Did not finish.	

Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 3:15:00.		
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	6 38 57	3 23 57
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	6 24 02	3 09 02
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....	8 01 05	4 46 05

Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 3:20:00.		
Bab, Phillips & Morgan.....	Did not finish.	
Arizona, G. A. Corry.....	8 04 16	
Mist, J. W. Alker.....	Did not finish.	
Firefly, Guy Standing.....	8 04 12	
Lambkin, S. W. Roach.....	8 03 15	

Sloops—Class R—Start, 3:20:00.		
Hope, C. O. Iselin.....	7 47 00	4 27 00
Pandora, H. B. Towle.....	6 40 13	3 20 13
Opossum, H. M. Raborg.....	7 11 43	3 51 43
Nora, Lewis Iselin.....	Did not finish.	
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	Did not finish.	

The winners were Dorwina, Badger and Opossum. The others did not finish within the time limit.

Saturday, July 20.

Race week at Larchmont came to an end on Saturday. The week has been a success from the number of boats entered, but a failure from the standpoint of weather conditions. It has been a week of light, baffling winds, with fog, thunder squalls and calms sandwiched in.

In the schooner class only Quissetta and Muriel started. Elmina having gone to City Island to haul out to clean before the New York Y. C. cruise. Quissetta won easily from Muriel.

Hester, Eelin and Isolde met again, Isolde and Eelin sailing for a special prize. Isolde, beautifully handled, again beat Hester and Eelin boat for boat.

The old cutter Wenonah and the sloop Hildegard sailed a special race. Wenonah drew ahead when near the finish and won. Humma won with 9m. to spare in her class. Dorwina, the wonderful 43-footer, sailed in rare fashion, beating the 51-footer Altair by several minutes.

Cartoon made her first appearance in the racing on the Sound, but owing to the lack of breeze was almost 15m. late in crossing the line, so was out of it with Oiseau and Alerion. The breeze was so light all way she did not have a chance to show what she can do.

Don, the new boat in the 25ft. class, designed by Charles D. Mower, beat Rochelle. The times:

Yawls—Class G—Start, 11:35:00.		
Vigilant, Percy Chubb.....	6 00 49	6 25 49
Ailsa, H. S. Redmond.....	Withdraw.	

Schooners—Class D—Start, 11:40:00.		
Quissetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	5 48 45	6 08 45
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	5 55 53	6 15 53

Sloops—Class I—Start, 11:45:00.		
Hester, C. L. F. Robinson.....	6 01 04	6 16 04
Isolde, F. M. Hoyt.....	6 00 05	6 15 05
Eelin, Philip T. Dodge.....	6 05 24	6 20 24

Sloops—Class K—Start, 11:45:00.		
Humma, J. R. Maxwell.....	4 28 53	4 43 53
Altair, Cord Meyer, Jr.....	4 37 39	4 52 39

Sloops—Class L—Start, 11:50:00.		
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	4 34 58	4 44 58

Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:55:00.		
Leda, H. L. Maxwell.....	6 02 00	6 07 00

Western Yachts.

First Trial Races, Canada Cup Defenders.

CHICAGO, July 20, 11 A. M.—The first of the trial races for defenders of the Canada cup will be sailed this afternoon around a triangular course of twenty-one nautical miles. Weather is bright and fair, and the likelihood is that easterly and southeasterly winds will prevail, with a probable velocity of eighteen or twenty miles, barring changes in the weather conditions during the next few hours.

There are nine boats scheduled to start this afternoon—Minota, of Chicago, skipper, Dr. Pinckard; Detroit, of Detroit, Mich., skipper, A. I. McLeod; Illinois, of Chicago, skipper, G. M. Pynchon; Orion, of Milwaukee, skipper, R. Hilbert; Briar, of Chicago, skipper, not determined at this writing; Cadillac, of Detroit, skipper, Com. Shaw; Prairie, of Chicago, skipper, D. V. Griffiths; Milwaukee, of Milwaukee, skipper, W. Davis; Yankee, of Chicago, skipper, W. H. Thompson.

History of the Boats.

Of the starters to-day, five boats are owned in Chicago, two in Milwaukee and two in Detroit. Of the entire fleet, Cadillac is the hot favorite, her performances, as gauged by the meager opportunities of the past few days, seeming to give the local men a very good impression of her speed. The presence of Mr. Hanley, builder of Cadillac and of Genesee, last year's winner, is something to add to the general belief that Cadillac has the best show in the fleet to-day.

Prairie and Briar, built for the 1899 races, do not appear to awaken much enthusiasm, and of the local boats, Illinois, the Crownshield boat, which has been here since May, is the favorite, although there is nothing to indicate that Illinois has as yet had its best handling or made its best possible showing.

Minota, which was built in Canada in 1899, was bought by Dr. Pinckard, of Chicago, that year and brought to Chicago. Minota was badly beaten by Beaver, the Canadian champion, and there was nothing on the face of its performances to indicate that it was a winner. There are those among Chicago yachtsmen who fancy that Minota has not had its best possible handling. The boat was docked and pot-lead this week. There is talk that Minota will not qualify under the 35ft. measurements.

Yankee, of Chicago, is a syndicate boat which thus far has proven rather a disappointment. Attempts have been made to bring it under the measurement rules for the cup defenders, but it is likely that the boat is not down to rule even yet. It will not be measured until the conclusion of the races to-day, where perhaps its showing may warrant the trouble of measurement.

Orion, of Milwaukee, is not at this writing considered much of a factor in the race to-day. Milwaukee, the second boat from the Cream City, is fancied very much. Milwaukee is of Skow type, as is Detroit, and the owners of these boats claim that they can take any kind of sea which may show.

The Detroit men have evidently come here with the intention of capturing the honors. Com. Shaw, of Detroit Y. C., owns Cadillac. He is by this time well acquainted with the boat, and it is pretty well agreed that, although other boats may be a trifle faster running, no yacht here makes so good an appearance on the wind or is so fast in stays. The crew of Cadillac, as well as that of the other Detroit boat, are picked men, and although they have not been in possession of their craft in either case very long, it is thought that they are able seamen enough to master the individual peculiarities of their boats, and that they will sail a perfect race this afternoon. The Chicago crews have had ample opportunity to learn the idiosyncrasies of their respective boats. Some money is going up on Illinois this afternoon, but the local enthusiasm is not very much in evidence, it being at this writing all Cadillac. Favorites have been beaten, however, and a few hours we shall see how it goes with this favorite.

The judges for to-day are the members of the Canada cup committee, Mr. J. Berriman, G. Warrington and Ed Rosing. The time gun will be fired at 12 o'clock noon, the preparatory gun at 12:20, the starting gun at 12:30.

The Race in Brief.

Both the unexpected and the expected happened. Cadillac, the Detroit boat, made a splendid showing. Milwaukee, which was expected to give a good account of itself, did better than was thought probable, and defeated the favorite by a close margin after a very interesting race.

The first leg of the twenty-one mile triangle was a beat to windward. The second leg was a run with the wind slightly on the quarter, which was practically the condition in the last leg. At the second turn Milwaukee began to show as a very good possibility. The last leg and the finish offered plenty of exciting sport. Two-thirds down this leg a Grand Haven steamer came along over the course and blanketed the two leading boats, Cadillac and Milwaukee. The last portion of this leg was a luffing match between the two, and at this work Milwaukee, beautifully handled, had the better of her rival, crossing the line winner by a scanty margin.

Illinois, the local favorite, made a gallant enough struggle, but the impression to-night is that she has no special show against either of the two out-of-town boats. The end, however, is not yet.

The wind to-day was fairly good on the second and third leg of the triangle, but the start was tame, with light airs. Time:

Minota	12 31 31	2 05 00	4 10 00
Detroit	12 35 05	2 11 10	4 11 10
Illinois	12 31 00	2 03 35	4 01 50
Orion	12 31 33	2 13 14	4 25 30
Briar	12 33 02		
Cadillac	12 31 50	1 57 58	3 52 22
Prairie	12 36 30	2 26 00	4 24 57
Milwaukee	12 32 12	2 01 02	3 50 55
Yankee	12 34 30		4 33 50

The Race in Detail.

The Chicago favorite, Illinois, was first over the line, with Orion, Minota and Cadillac close after and so well hunched that a foul was feared. Milwaukee came 60s. after Cadillac, then Briar, Yankee, Detroit and Prairie.

Prairie started under mainsail, jib, jib staysail and jib topsail. There was not air enough aloft to warrant the supposition that the boats would finish within the time limit. The time on the first leg was slow, everything going close hauled and praying for a wind.

Illinois stood out in the lead, Milwaukee working into second place. At 12:41 Illinois came about. Her chances were well liked at this time and she seemed still to have something of a show, when the wind shifted and increased to double its original velocity. Minota began to make a good impression at this point. Detroit and Yankee following after, far to the leeward, were not considered factors on the first leg, although Detroit at 12:46 came about on the port tack and sailed across Yankee's bow. The latter named boat thenceforward had little rating in the race.

Cadillac, under the freshening wind, began to foot it nicely, and showed in the lead, but the square-nosed sidewalk from Milwaukee liked these light airs and declined to be denied, working up so close upon the Detroit crackerjack that even at this early stage of the race it was seen that the chief interest would center between Cadillac and Milwaukee. Detroit was so far to leeward that it was hard to figure her chances, although she sported a lot of canvas and behaved very prettily. Detroit at one time had a little trouble with her peak halyards, but the trifling accident was soon overcome.

At 1:43 Cadillac came about on the starboard tack and ran again close hauled. Five minutes later she again came about, Milwaukee still standing on the starboard tack. The wind was now light, from E.S.E. Cadillac with a short tack went around the first mark at 1:57, and immediately broke out balloon jib, reaching with mainsail and balloon jib to port. Milwaukee made the first mark at 2:01, and at once followed suit with balloon jib and set out after the fleet-footed Detroit racer. Illinois, making a very good showing, came about at 2:03, and smartly setting her balloon jib, trailed in behind Milwaukee. Minota, the underestimated Canadian boat, came in fourth and Detroit fifth. Detroit sprung a balloon jib which threatened to do all sorts of things to the others, since it contained a thousand square feet of canvas. Orion, Prairie, Briar and Yankee came about in order named. The times at the first mark were as below:

	Start.	1st Mark.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	12 31 50	1 57 58	1 26 08
Milwaukee	12 32 50	2 01 03	1 28 13
Illinois	12 31 00	2 03 35	1 32 35
Minota	12 31 31	2 05 00	1 33 29
Detroit	12 35 05	2 11 10	1 36 05
Orion	12 31 33	2 13 14	1 42 41
Prairie	12 36 30	2 26 00	1 49 30
Yankee	12 31 30		
Briar	12 33 02		

The Second Leg.

Starting down the reach on the second leg, the boats at first had very little air to encourage them, but soon a stiffish breeze from the south came up and they began to bowl along in something like yachting fashion. Detroit, under her big canvas, took kindly to this sort of thing, and set a hot pace. Milwaukee pushed her flat nose along merrily enough, and at this going it was seen that she was crawling up on Cadillac. The times at the second mark:

	1st Buoy.	2d Buoy.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	1 57 58	2 57 55	0 59 57
Milwaukee	2 01 03	2 58 30	0 57 27
Illinois	2 03 35	3 08 15	1 04 40

The Finish.

When it was noticed that Milwaukee had actually gained on Cadillac in the second leg, the stock in the former boat took a sudden boom, for the conditions on the last leg were much the same as those of the second. What might have been the case had the breeze stiffened up considerably cannot be determined, but under the existing conditions Milwaukee crowded up and up on Cadillac, until it was uncertain from the judges' boat which boat really led. At 3:15 Milwaukee tried to blanket Cadillac; and the latter promptly returned the compliment, there ensuing a tidy little luffing match at this stage of the race. Milwaukee fell slightly off to leeward. Cadillac broke out a spinaker to port, a bad maneuver, since it did not fill and was lowered in a few moments. Both boats were at this stage handicapped by a lake steamer which passed along to windward of them and blanketed both. Cadillac seemed to gain way the earlier, after the steamer had passed, though Milwaukee, after a similar troublesome experience with a spinaker, soon set her jib and began to follow hard on the Detroit boat. A fresh wind came along at this moment, most luckily for Milwaukee. Well heeled over, the big platform came pushing on with an unexpected speed and laid a straight course across Cadillac's bow, thus for the first time taking first place in the race.

The actual times of the three leading boats on the last leg were as follows:

	2d Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Milwaukee	2 58 30	3 50 55	0 52 25
Cadillac	2 57 55	3 52 22	0 54 27
Illinois	3 08 15	4 01 50	0 53 35

The victory of Milwaukee was, of course, celebrated with applause, although there are not lacking yachtsmen who do not rejoice in the victory of this scow, sidewalk, raft or square-nosed type of boat. Milwaukee is a racing machine pure and simple, designed to get the best of the rules and to win this competition if it be a possible thing. She had to shorten boom and gaff in order to get in under the measurement. Her skipper, W. S. Davis, admits that the conditions to-day were quite to Milwaukee's liking, but he says that he can show a thing or two even in stiffer wind than this. It cannot be said that Milwaukee's victory to-day has made her favorite for the place of final winner and cup defender. Cadillac perhaps remains the betting favorite to-night, and Illinois has moved up into a better position than was accorded her before the race, although not to the rank of popular favorite. Com. Shaw announces himself as full of confidence for the next trial and hopes that there will be a bit better wind, so that his boat may get what he considers a real trial of a sailing yacht.

The Second Trial Race.

The second trial race of the series will be sailed Monday, nine knots to windward and return.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter IX—Caulking, Stopping and Painting.

The seams of the planking and deck, when the latter is not canvased, should be caulked with cotton, which may be obtained in balls ready for use from the ship chandler, or yacht fitter.

Go over the seam to be caulked with a small caulking iron, so as to open it sufficiently to receive the cotton. Then, starting at one end of the boat, drive the cotton into the seam, twisting it lightly as you drive it in, and taking care not to bruise the edges of the seam. When driving in the cotton, place the caulking iron across the yarn and draw it over the seam, leaving a little slack between each drive of the iron, so that at first the yarn appears to be in short loops in the seam. These loops are then driven in, and the whole hardened down with a narrow, hollow-edged iron, which will level the cotton and leave the seam ready for stopping. Do not drive the cotton in too tightly, especially when first working it along the seam, or you may force it through the planking. A well-made seam should show a smooth surface of hard cotton, about an eighth of an inch below the surface of the planking. It is important that the cotton should be as even as possible and free from lumps. These can only be avoided by care in placing the cotton in the seam when starting and hardening it evenly. Oakum is used for large seams, where it can be driven tightly, but is not suitable for small yacht work. It is also much more trouble to prepare and to use.

There is a good deal of knack in caulking, and it will be found very tedious at first; but it should be done carefully, or it will not be of much use. If the seams are to be payed, or filled, with marine glue, the caulking iron should be dipped in naphtha; but if ordinary putty or white-lead stopping is used, then raw linseed oil is the best to keep the iron from sticking.

When all the seams of the planking and deck are properly caulked, they and all nail heads and cracks and holes of all sorts must be filled with stopping of some sort, all the nails having been previously punched in about 1/8 in. below the surface of the wood, a heavy hammer or "holder on" being held inside while each nail is punched.

For all painted or varnished work, where oil stopping or putty is used, a coat of priming paint or varnish must be given before the seams and holes are stopped, and the priming or varnish must be well rubbed into all the places where the stopping is to go. When this coat is dry get some putty, colored to match the wood if it is to be varnished (always bearing in mind that the wood will darken with age), or plain white putty if it is to be painted. Force the stopping well into the seam or hole, and scrape off the surplus with the putty-knife. Leave it to harden a night, and next day rub it down with glass paper, which should first be rubbed over with whitening, to prevent the stopping sticking to it. The work is now ready for painting, but before speaking of this I will explain the method of paying the deck seams with marine glue.

Jeffery's marine glue is sold by all ship and yacht chandlers, and is in a solid mass in small wooden boxes, from which it must be broken with a hammer, as required. It is then melted in an iron pot or pitch kettle over a slow fire, great care being taken that it does not burn, as it will spoil it completely if it is overheated.

A warm dry day should be chosen, if possible, for this work, as the glue will keep fluid much longer than on a cold day. It is dipped out of the melting pot with a long spouted pitch ladle, and poured carefully into each seam, drawing the ladle along the seam at such a pace that the glue runs out and just fills the seam. When all the seams are payed, pour water over the seams to harden them, and then scrape off all the superfluous glue with a sharp scraper. Look carefully for any "holidays" or gaps in the glue, and pay these over again, and after a final scraping, plane up the whole deck, rubbing the bottom of the plane with naphtha to prevent the glue from sticking to it.

A well laid deck, such as I have described, should be kept scrubbed, and not varnished; but if scrubbing cannot be done often enough to keep it white, it will be better to varnish it. All the teak work about the deck should be kept varnished, and it will form a good contrast to the white scrubbed pine, and black glue in the seams.

When painting or varnishing the boat, use none but the best paint and varnish, which should be specially prepared for yacht work, to stand the water.

At least four coats of paint should be used over the priming coat and stopping, with a final coat of varnish, or paint and varnish mixed. If the work is to be varnished only, it will take six coats to get a good body and surface, and it is very false economy to stint the paint and varnish on a new boat, as, if she once gets bare and the weather gets into the wood, it can never be got right again.

Before putting on a coat of paint or varnish, the last coat must be rubbed over with whitening, and well rubbed down with fine glass paper; dust it off thoroughly with a clean dry brush, and wipe over with a damp chamois leather, and apply the paint or varnish at once.

Paint should be laid on thin and well rubbed in with the brush, finishing as smoothly and with as few brush marks as possible; but varnish must be laid on thickly, and then rubbed in with the brush till it can hardly be moved; but though it is laid on thickly it must never be allowed to run into streaks, and, above all, see there is no dust about, and that the atmosphere is not cold or damp, or it will never dry with a good gloss.

The bottom of the boat should be primed, as described above, but with three coats instead of one. Over the priming there should be two coats of anti-fouling composition.

There are many kinds of anti-fouling paints, and of these I should recommend either Blake's "Algycide" or Jesty's Composition. Both of these are applied like ordinary paint, and last very well.

The best coating of all, for salt water or fresh, is copper powder, but it is expensive and troublesome to use. When properly put on, it is exactly like copper sheathing and keeps bright of itself in salt water, with a perfect surface. The copper powder can be bought at any good oil and color shop, and is used just like gold leaf; that is to say, after the bottom has been primed and rubbed down to a smooth surface, a thin coat of best varnish is put in to the height to which it is intended to carry the copper, then when the varnish is almost dry, or "tacky," the copper powder is applied with a pad or soft brush till all the varnish is covered, when it is softly brushed all over, till it is worked into the varnish, and a smooth surface is obtained, like a sheet of metal. When the first coat is quite hard, a second and third coat is put on in the same way, and with three coats properly applied a boat should be all right for three months.

Black lead is applied in the same way as the copper powder, but it is hardly so good a surface; it is not an anti-fouler, and, of course, does not look so well, though much cheaper.

Various enamels and black varnishes are used for the bottoms of racing boats; they all require a lot of attention, and do not prevent weeds or barnacles growing; though they have a very fine gloss when freshly put on.

When painting, or varnishing, always use as large a brush as possible, and one that has been used a little and got into good working order. A good plan is to buy good second-hand brushes from the local painter, if he can be persuaded to sell them, as they are worth a lot more than new ones, if they have been well broken in.

See that your paint has plenty of oil in it, and not too much turpentine, and that it is fairly thick; but thoroughly strained through muslin, and free from skin and lumps.

Never attempt to paint in the open air unless it is a fine, warm, dry day, and do not paint or varnish after about two hours before sunset, or the work will be spoiled by the dew and cold air. Frost will prevent any paint or varnish drying properly.

It is usual to have a narrow gold line round the boat just under the covering board, if there are no bulwarks. It is in a shallow hollow moulding or groove which is worked in the top strake with a small round plane. The line is marked out with a long batten tacked to the planking, and this batten acts as a guide to the plane. The groove should be rubbed down smooth with glass-paper, and primed like the rest of the boat, and when all hard and dry it is gilded.

To prepare it for gilding the whole of that part of the paint or varnish work is dusted over with whitening to prevent the gold leaf sticking, and the part to be gilded is painted in with gold size and yellow ochre. When the gold size is nearly dry gold leaf is applied, and adheres to the "tacky" gold size, but not to the rest of the boat where the whitening is. It is rubbed lightly into the hollow with a pad of cotton wool or a soft brush, and the surplus dusted off when it is all hard and dry.

Gold leaf can be bought in small books, with each leaf on a sheet of waxed paper, to enable it to be easily handled. A coat of varnish preserves the gold leaf, but spoils the brightness considerably.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Tuesday, July 16.

In a sweepstake race sailed from Brenton Reef Cove to Dyer's Island in a strong S.W. breeze, five of the 30-footers started. Barbara got the lead at the start, but in the run up the bay she was overtaken by Wawa, which when once in the lead was never headed. The summary:

Start, 3:24:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....	5 41 17	2 17 17
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 41 37	2 17 37
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 42 43	2 18 43
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	5 45 22	2 21 22
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford.....	5 46 54	2 22 54

Thursday, July 18.

In a strong S.W. breeze Carolina won the sweepstake race on Thursday. The course made it a run from Brenton's Reef Cove to Dyer's Island and a beat back.

The 15-footers sailed over a triangular course, starting at 3:40. Breeze won. Summaries:

30-Footers—Start, 3:22:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	5 40 02	2 18 02
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 40 49	2 18 49
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	5 41 12	2 19 12
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 46 06	2 24 06
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	5 53 07	2 31 07

15-Footers—Start, 3:32:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	5 50 48	2 18 48
Eagle, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	5 51 04	2 19 04
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.....	5 51 05	2 19 05

Friday, July 19.

A squall made the race for the special thirties very interesting on Friday. Only three boats finished out of the seven starters. The boats sailed twice over an eight-mile triangle; the wind being from the S. at the start, made the first leg a reach, the second a run and the third a beat. The squall struck when the boats were on the second round. The wind shifted to the N.E., bringing with it heavy rain. The times:

Start, 3:17:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
No Name, W. Rutherford.....	5 17 55	2 00 55
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 18 00	2 00 58
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 19 47	2 02 42
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	Withdrew.	
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	Withdrew.	
Carolina, P. Jones.....	Withdrew.	
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	Withdrew.	

Saturday, July 20.

On Saturday the 30-footers and the 15-footers had some good racing in a fresh southwesterly breeze. The 30-footers sailed over the Dyer's Island course. Mr. Frank Jameson sailed Pollywog. The thirties started at 3:08. Summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....	5 54 06	2 46 06
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford.....	5 58 49	2 50 49
Raccoon, John R. Drexel.....	6 00 41	2 52 41
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	6 03 21	2 55 21
Pollywog, Frank Jameson.....	6 03 50	2 55 50

The 15ft. class had a race of eight miles over a triangular course in the bay. The start was at 3:18 o'clock. The time follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hawk, William Gammell, Jr.....	4 40 02	1 22 02
Eagle, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	4 40 20	1 23 00
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 41 00	1 23 00

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Saturday, July 20.

THE regular race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Wing's Neck, Saturday, July 20, in a very light easterly breeze. In the 25-footers the champion May Queen had an easy victory. In the 21-footers the new Gadfly beat out Quakeress by over a minute. W. O. Taylor's Eunice again won in the fourth class cats. This yacht has won every race in which she has been entered. In the one-design 15-footers Teaser won in a closely contested race. The summary:

25-Footers.	Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	3 44 14
Thorana, T. B. Wales.....	3 50 35
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	3 52 59
Kalama, David Rice.....	3 53 47
White Heron, Waldo Forbes.....	3 54 36

21-Footers.	Elapsed.
Gadfly, Mrs. J. W. Geary.....	2 18 17
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 19 41
Radiant, C. M. Baker.....	2 34 26
Edith, S. G. King.....	2 42 55
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	Withdrew.

Fourth Class—Cats.	Elapsed.
Eunice, W. O. Taylor.....	2 15 19
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2 22 41
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	Withdrew.

15-Footers—One Design.	Elapsed.
Teaser, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	2 36 47
Next, Paul Jones.....	2 37 01
Flickamarro, W. B. Emmons.....	2 37 28
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	2 39 17
Spider, H. B. Stone.....	2 46 26
Vardo, J. Parkenson, Jr.....	2 50 05
Go-By, Howard Stockton.....	2 51 55

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

THE fleet of the Knickerbocker Y. C. will rendezvous at the club anchorage, College Point, L. I., on Saturday, Aug. 3, for the annual cruise. The same day there will be an informal run to Sea Cliff.

On Sunday, Aug. 4, there will be an informal run to Black Rock.

On Monday, Aug. 5, there will be a squadron run from Black Rock to Thimble Islands.

On Tuesday, Aug. 6, the fleet will remain at Thimble Islands and dress ship. There will be gig races and swimming matches in the afternoon and fireworks in the evening.

On Wednesday, Aug. 7, the second squadron run from Thimble Islands to Shelter Island will take place.

The course for races at Shelter Island will be decided upon on Thursday, Aug. 8.

The Commodore will give three prizes to yachts making the best run from Thimble Islands to Shelter Island. In addition to these prizes, the Newman cup will be raced for.

The club book for 1901 of the New York Y. C. has recently been issued. The publication of the book was delayed about a month this year by a resolution of the club. This was done so that the book would be more complete, which now contains matter that could not have been put into shape for printing at an earlier date. The book is splendidly printed, handsomely bound and very complete, and more attractive than ever before, if such a thing were possible. The membership of the club is rapidly increasing, there being now very near two thousand. The club's fleet contains considerably over four hundred boats. The non-yacht owners' private signals have this year been omitted from the book, and in their place have been put clear half-tone pictures of the club's numerous stations.

Zinita, owned by Mr. E. M. Padelford, N. Y. Y. C., has arrived at Greenport from England. Zinita was designed by Wm. Fife, Jr., and built at Fairlie, Scotland. She is a fin keel craft, 66ft. over all, 46ft. 5in. on the waterline, 12ft. 8in. beam and 9ft. draft. Mr. Padelford is a member of the British Embassy at Washington.

A. Homer Skinner has sold the auxiliary schooner yacht Panelve, through Huntington & Seaman, to John Langloth, of this city. She was designed and built by Read Bros. last year. She is 57ft. over all, 39ft. over waterline, 14ft. beam and 6ft. draft. Panelve is equipped with a sixteen horse-power gasoline engine.

J. Edward Addicks has purchased the sloop yacht Ilderim, which Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., had built for him some years ago.

The 25ft. sloop Great Republic, of Gloucester, Mass., with Capt. Howard Blackburn aboard, bound for Lisbon from Gloucester, whence she sailed on June 9, was spoken in latitude 40.27 north, longitude 41.06 west, by the British steamer Mohawk, which arrived at Galveston from Rotterdam. Capt. Blackburn signaled he wished to be reported "all well."

Capt. Blackburn sailed from Gloucester with the intention to cross the Atlantic in forty-five days. The distance of his outlined trip is estimated to be 2,800 miles.

Alfred Van Santvoord died July 20 on his yacht, Clermont, at the anchorage of the Atlantic Y. C., off Sea Gate. His death was due to old age, he having been in his eighty-third year.

He was an enthusiastic yachtsman and spent much of his time in cruising. He was a member of the New York, Seawanhaka, Atlantic and American yacht clubs.

The bark-rigged steam yacht White Heather, owned by Harrison T. Drummond, of St. Louis, arrived at Rockland, Me., on July 16, for repairs. Mr. Drummond states that his yacht was in collision on July 14 with the steamer Navahoe, of the Clyde Line, off Cape Cod, during a dense fog. White Heather lost bowsprit, stays, and figurehead.

The race of the 25ft. class of knockabouts of the Bar Harbor Y. R. A. was sailed on July 13. The race was won by Cherub, owned by W. L. Green, of Albany, N. Y., which defeated Antonio Y. Stewart's Bobs by 2½ minutes.

The Boston knockabout Iroquois ran on a sunken ledge while preparing for the start.

In a fog off the Jersey coast at Sea Girt, at 10:30 o'clock on the night of July 14, the Clyde freight steamer Benefactor, from New York for this port, ran into the yawl Spalpeen, owned by Robert M. Riddle, of the Corinthian Y. C. While attempting to board the yawl again, Francis Fisher, a nephew of Mr. Riddle, was drowned.

The Newport Y. R. A. has issued sailing orders and instructions for its regatta of Thursday and Saturday, Aug. 1 and 3. There will be no time limit to the races. The classes will be started in the following order: The 90-footers, the yawls; class H, sloops; class D, schooners; class I and class K, sloops. The course will be an equilateral triangle, ten miles to the leg, the start and finish to be across a line between the committee boat and Brenton Reef Lightship.

Gen. Francis V. Greene's auxiliary steam yacht Wild Duck, now under charter to Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, collided with the Joy Line steamer Tremont early in the morning on July 17. The accident occurred on Long Island Sound, between Cornfield Light and New London. The weather is said to have been thick at the time. The yacht tore a big hole in the starboard bow of the Tremont and the latter began to fill rapidly. The yacht was not seriously injured. No one was hurt on either vessel, but that there was no loss of life is accounted for by the ready help that was given to the 300 passengers on the Tremont by the steamers City of Lowell, City of Worcester, Connecticut and Massachusetts, all of which happened to be in the vicinity. The Tremont was towed into New London, where she was beached. The yacht was able to proceed to the same port under her own steam. The side-wheeler Tremont is the property of the Boston & Portland Steamship Company, and was under charter to the Joy Steamship Company. She was built at Greenpoint, N. Y., in 1883 for the Portland Company. She is 1,023 net tons burden, 260ft. in length, and 37ft. beam.

Wild Duck is a centerboard steel auxiliary schooner. She was designed by Edward Burgess and built at the Atlantic Works, East Boston, in 1891. She is 125ft. on the waterline, 154ft. over all, 23.5ft. beam and 12ft. draft.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Fixtures.

Aug. 6-7.—Taftsville, Conn.—South New England Schuetzenbund's annual festival and prize shoot.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Mr. I. Strickmeier, with a score of 221, was declared champion for the day. Weather, hot; thermometer, 106; wind, very little:

Weinheimer	21 21 16 18 16 20 21 21 20 15—189
Bruns	21 19 22 22 16 22 17 14 23 12—188
	16 8 24 11 21 19 19 21 19 23—181
	23 19 21 20 23 22 23 24 22 19—216
	19 23 22 18 23 19 25 18 23 22—212
	23 20 19 23 19 18 22 23 19 24—210
Hofer	21 20 23 20 25 19 21 15 20 20—209
	19 17 15 23 21 18 24 15 18 23—196
	22 19 19 24 18 16 15 24 19 18—194
Topf	14 24 19 20 10 15 17 24 11 18—172
	23 15 19 12 22 15 17 12 18 16—169
	15 15 12 12 21 17 22 19 19 17—169
Drube	18 24 21 20 10 16 22 14 21 24—190
	23 15 18 20 18 20 19 22 15 19—189
	7 22 19 18 17 19 15 22 17 18—174
Strickmeier	24 21 24 20 20 21 24 22 19 22—221
	25 21 24 19 21 22 17 24 24 17—221
	23 25 24 19 18 20 18 19 23 21—210

As all our best shots are in San Francisco and seem to be doing well there, so we are content to shoot as the sweltering heat would let us.

A. D., Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

July 24-25.—Detroit, Mich.—Third shoot of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, under auspices of the Pastime Gun Club. John Parker, manager.

July 25-26.—Cambridge Springs, Pa.—Tournament of the Cambridge Springs Gun Club. Clark D. Eckels, Sec'y.

July 27.—Freehold, N. J.—Championship of New Jersey for E C cup between Messrs. E. J. Vanderveer and J. J. Fleming.

July 30.—Dexter Park, Brooklyn, L. I.—Annual clambake and handicap merchandise shoot at targets. Eugene Doenick, Sec'y.

July 30-31.—Bowling Green, O.—Target and live bird tournament of the Bowling Green Gun Club. John H. Lincoln, Sec'y.

Aug. 2.—Holyoke, Mass.—Holyoke Shooting Club's annual target tournament. J. R. Blamey, Sec'y.

Aug. 2.—Walcott, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.

Aug. 3.—Sharon Springs, N. Y.—Sharon Springs Gun Club's first target tournament. Andrew Smith, Sec'y.

Aug. 6-7.—Brantford, Can.—Target tournament of the Brantford Gun Club. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. Amateur. John Blistain, Sec'y.

Aug. 12.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; \$1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.

Aug. 14.—Ossining, N. Y.—Merchandise clay bird tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; clam bake; brass bake. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Aug. 14.—Trenton, N. J.—Contest for championship of Mercer county, between Messrs. C. A. Comp, holder, and W. B. Widman, challenger.

Aug. 14-15.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Sherburne Gun Club's tournament. J. F. Paddelford, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Colchester Beach, Md.—Sixth annual midsummer tournament, under the management of Messrs. J. R. Malone and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore; two days at targets; one day at live birds; added money and merchandise prizes.

Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—Three-day tournament under the auspices of Maj. E. P. McKissick and Col. J. T. Anthony; distance handicaps; \$100 per day added. John Parker, Mgr.

Aug. 23.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tournament of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. Also Bristol sheep bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Albany, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association, under auspices of the West End Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Drehs, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. L. J. Gaines, of Meriden, Conn., writes us as follows: "The Parker Gun Club, of Meriden, Conn., will give their annual clay-bird shoot at their grounds, near Hanover Park, on Labor Day, Sept. 2, 1901. Dinner will be served on the grounds, and be known as the Bristol sheep bake. A good programme will be arranged, and it will be ready for distribution about Aug. 15. For further information, apply to C. S. Howard, secretary."

Messrs. J. R. Malone and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore, announce a tournament Aug. 14, 15 and 16; two days at targets, and one day at live birds; added money and merchandise prizes. They further state: "The tournament will be held at Tolchester Beach, Kent county, Md., which is about two hours' sail from Baltimore on fine steamers, which leave Pier 16, Light street wharf, at 8:30 A. M. and 2 P. M. daily. First-class hotel accommodations will be found on the grounds for those wishing to remain during the tournament. No finer place could be selected in the country for holding a summer tournament, as the shooting grounds are located on a high bluff, over 30ft. above tidewater, where a cool breeze from the broad Chesapeake Bay is always to be had. As the tournament will be held on Eastern Shore, we have decided to give a handsome gold medal for the champion shot of Eastern Shore of Maryland at 50 targets. There will also be a ten-man team race, Eastern Shore vs. Western Shore. Residents of Baltimore City barred. Programmes will be ready about Aug. 1."

While some of the contestants may have felt that they were handicapped very severely—that is, if they did not happen to win anything—the following, taken from the Richmond Dispatch of July 18, shows that handicapping as an art is pregnant with still greater possibilities as to distances, etc. It is as follows: "Elijah D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., outshot a field of 78 contestants in the preliminary handicap at 100 targets per man at Interstate Park, L. I., to-day, and won the event—\$750, and a silver trophy valued at \$50. He broke 97 out of 100 targets. He stood at 80 yards. His closest opponents were John W. Hoffman, of New Jersey, and D. W. Sawin, of Gardiner, Mass., each of whom broke 92 targets from the 70 yard mark, Sawin winning on the shoot-off. The next best score was 91, F. A. Inman, of Pascoago, R. I., who stood at 150 yards. None of the back markers, such as Crosby, Gilbert, and Fanning, shot up to their scores in England recently, but they were heavily handicapped to-day, as they stood at 200, 210, and 25 yards."

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the club, writes us as follows: "The Ossining Gun Club will give on Wednesday, Aug. 14, a grand clam bake. This will be the first of a series of entertainments to be given by the Gun Club, and every effort will be made to make of it a most enjoyable occasion. The day's fun will start at 10 A. M. with a merchandise clay-bird tournament. In each event a special merchandise prize will be offered, not to be shot for, but drawn for by those entering in the events, so that the casual shooter will have the same chance as the more expert one. Sweepstakes will be divided in the usual manner. Shooting will continue throughout the afternoon till 6 o'clock, when the music of Doyle's Ossining band will announce that the sea weed has been raked away, and that the bake is ready for the tables, together with all the accessories which go to make up a first-class clam bake. Ossining is thirty miles from New York city on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R."

The following is taken from an exchange: "King Edward, of England, can handle a gun with the best field shots. When in India he went in for that most exciting of sports, tiger shooting, and it is on record that when out with Sir Jung Bahadur in Nepal he brought down six tigers in one day." It is a matter of deep regret that King Edward was not included in the membership of the English team in its recent contest with the American team. King Edward, wearing his Sunday crown for a shooting cap, would have been no small factor in making better gate receipts than were in evidence. The foregoing excerpt, however, is rather suggestive of what might have happened if Sir Jung Bahadur, whose name indicates that he would concede that when they both fired at the same tiger the kill was the King's, had remained at home. In a tiger shoot an official referee and scorer are essentials for official records.

Mr. W. H. Hayes, of Ottawa, Canada, writes us as follows: "At the request of Mr. A. W. Throop, secretary-treasurer of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, under whose auspices the St. Hubert Gun Club, of Ottawa, is holding the first annual tournament on Aug. 15, 16 and 17, as announced in your 'Fixtures,' I write to inform you that the programme is now in the printer's hands, and will be ready for distribution toward the close of next week. There will be two events each day, seven guaranteed purses of \$50 each, with added money. There will be some merchandise prizes, but the main feature of the extra series match will be cash prizes to value of \$150. All events will be shot over the magatrap, except extra series, which will be shot over five expert traps. Grounds are first class and easy of access. It is cool up here in the shadow of the Laurentides."

On July 13, the third, and, as it proved, the final contest of the series for the cup, was shot between five-man teams of the Exeter, Dover and Portsmouth Gun Clubs. The Exeter Gun Club was victorious for the third time. In the acceptance of the cup Mr. Gerrish, of the Exeter team, stated the sentiment associated with the cup was most prized, and that the cup was now open to teams from any clubs in New Hampshire, or even the United States. Each man shot at 20 targets, thus making a total of 100 possible. The scores were: Exeter, 95; Dover, 83; Portsmouth, 78.

The Sharon Springs, N. Y., Gun Club announces that its first shoot will be held on Aug. 3, commencing at 10 o'clock. A magatrap and bluebirds will be used. There are 15 events on the programme. Entrance \$1.25, targets included. Rose system, 5, 4, 3 and 2. Agents may shoot for targets only. Mr. Andrew Smith is the secretary.

Many articles have first and last been written on the matter of trapshooting and its unlikeliness to field shooting. It is held by some sportsmen that, being unlike field shooting, it is accordingly wrong. The matter is discussed on the editorial page of FOREST AND STREAM this week.

The two-man team match fixed to take place at Interstate Park on Saturday of last week between Messrs. Van Allen and Morley on the one side against Messrs. Applegate and Stevens on the other, 100 birds each, \$200 a side, was postponed to Aug. 5.

On July 19 the Fitchburg Gun Club 10 man team, defeated the Leominster Gun Club 10 man team, by a score of 368 to 329. Each man shot at 50 targets. The contest took place on the ground of the Fitchburg (Mass.) club.

Mr. Thomas Donley, of St. Thomas, Ont., under date of July 19, writes us as follows: "I intend holding my fifth annual tournament here on October 9, 10 and 11; live birds and targets."

Mr. Paul North was a visitor at Interstate Park on Wednesday of last week at the target tournament. He was in excellent health after his long trip abroad.

The Catchpole Gun Club, of Wolcott, N. Y., announces, through its secretary, Mr. E. A. Wadsworth, that it will hold a target tournament on Aug. 2.

The Portsmouth (N. H.) Gun Club will hold a grand shoot on August, the programme of which will be issued in ample time.

The Holyoke (Mass.) Shooting Club will hold its annual target tournament on Aug. 2. Mr. J. R. Blamey is the secretary.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

St. Paul Sixth Annual.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—The sixth annual tournament of the St. Paul Rod and Gun Club, of Minnesota, held last week, was a satisfactory affair, the attendance being beyond what might have been reasonably anticipated. Mr. H. C. Hirschy was in charge of the office, but seemed to have time enough to shoot also, and out

of a total of 450 targets shot at he scored 96 per cent., in spite of some little difficulties with a new gun, which he had just begun to use. Other officers of the club who assisted in the duties of running the shoot were Paul Gotzian, Paul Hauser and J. C. Highhouse. Two sets of expert traps were used, and the birds were thrown at a very stiff clip, which made the shooting hard. Hughes, of Palmyra, Wis., made a good second to Hirschy. In the Minnesota championship there were twenty-two entries, the trophy being won by Hirschy, who shot out McDowell and Parker in the tie. On the second day the team shoot for the Hirschy trophy was pulled off, teams being entered from St. Paul, Eau Claire and Minneapolis, Minneapolis winning with the fine team record of 91 targets out of 100. The following are the scores in the regular tournament events, as reported by "Dr. Bill":

First Day's Shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Muir	13	13	11	14	14	12	12	15	11	13	11	13	150
Baldwin	12	13	10	15	11	10	12	13	14	13	10	15	158
Vance	13	12	10	15	14	11	12	14	12	13	15	11	151
Mrs. Johnston	12	14	13	11	12	11	12	11	11	11	12	10	142
Johnston	12	14	13	12	11	11	12	11	11	11	13	10	142
French	13	14	14	10	10	13	12	15	14	15	13	12	155
Sprague	10	14	13	13	11	15	10	12	13	12	15	15	151
Seymour	14	14	12	10	14	13	12	14	10	8	13	13	147
Dewey	12	14	12	15	14	11	12	11	15	14	14	14	158
Robbins	9	15	11	12	12	14	13	15	12	13	12	13	151
Schmidt	11	14	10	10	12	11	12	13	14	14	12	13	146
D M C.	11	11	14	12	13	14	12	12	11	14	13	13	149
Barr	15	13	11	14	12	11	11	14	10	13	13	13	150
Jasoy	11	13	13	12	12	12	10	12	8	13	9	13	136
Schultz	12	13	10	11	12	11	13	14	14	11	11	13	145
Johnson	14	13	12	15	13	11	10	13	12	12	11	12	148
Hampton	12	10	12	12	10	12	10	10	11	11	11	12	156
Bartosh	11	15	9	12	11	13	13	14	12	15	12	14	155
Swartz	11	13	12	14	11	15	10	13	12	15	11	9	147
Morrison	14	14	14	14	11	13	15	15	13	14	9	14	160
Hirschy	14	15	15	14	14	13	15	15	15	14	15	14	174
Wilkinson	14	15	15	14	14	13	15	15	15	15	14	15	164
Thompson	12	14	14	14	10	13	15	15	11	13	14	14	159
Parker	15	15	14	13	11	13	15	15	14	12	14	14	161
Hansen	10	11	10	13	14	14	13	10	12	12	13	14	146
Gotzian	14	14	12	13	13	9	13	13	11	11	13	13	148
Bugg	13	12	9	13	8	14	10	12	10	14	13	9	138
Danz	11	12	10	11	12	12	11	11	10	12	9	8	129
J C	12	13	11	15	14	13	10	12	11	10	11	12	140
Rameley	10	13	14	12	14	13	13	10	12	12	15	15	149
Buffton	9	14	12	11	11	12	14	11	12	13	14	13	146
F M	13	15	12	10	13	13	12	14	11	12	11	15	151
Agren	11	12	13	13	12	13	11	13	8	11	11	12	159
Trent	15	14	15	13	13	15	14	13	11	15	14	15	167
Hughes	15	14	12	15	14	15	14	14	14	14	14	14	169
Cox	12	14	13	13	13	15	12	12	12	12	14	14	156
Kabo	11	12	12	12	10	13	10	12	12	12	14	14	144
McKay	12	13	14	14	14	13	15	14	14	13	13	13	160
McDowell	14	12	15	14	11	13	12	15	15	14	14	12	161
Blassell	14	13	15	14	9	12	12	11	13	12	10	11	159
Frazier	12	12	12	14	13	14	13	12	10	14	13	13	161
Aney	9	12	13	14	8	12	11	11	10	7	12	9	128
Jauk	9	13	15	14	11	14	12	11	13	15	10	10	150
Kidd	14	13	14	12	14	13	11	14	15	13	12	13	158
Blossom	14	10	11	12	12	10	12	8	13	15	14	14	144
Glazier	12	11	13	13	15	14	14	15	13	13	12	8	153
Slocum	11	13	12	12	11	12	12	10	12	12	15	12	152
Colton	9	13	10	15	15	14	13	13	12	12	14	12	152
Shaffer	13	14	10	13	12	9	11	13	14	12	9	13	143
Steege	12	14	11	15	14	12	12	13	10	14	11	13	151
Westgate	9	13	12	13	13	12	12	14	12	12	12	9	143
Nesbit	10	11	8	9	11	10	10	11	13	12	13	10	148

Second Day's Shoot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Baldwin	12	12	9	12	9	13	11	9	10	12	10	11	288
Schultz	12	13	14	13	15	13	11	15	13	14	13	12	293
Frazier	11	8	10	11	12	9	11	12	5	11	12	9	282
Mrs Johnston	13	13	9	9	9	8	10	10	10	13	13	15	267
Aney	12	7	12	11	12	12	12	14	10	12	10	10	262
French	13	14	12	12	14	12	14	14	13	13	14	12	309
Seymour	14	14	14	13	12	13	13	14	13	13	14	15	309
Sprague	14	12	12	13	13	11	14	12	14	15	12	14	311
Dewey	13	13	10	13	15	14	14	13	14	13	13	12	315
Robbins	12	12	15	12	13	14	14	12	14	14	11	14	308
Hauser	11	14	14	12	12	12	13	14	8	10	15	13	294
Gotzian	12	12	13	14	8	9	15	14	15	14	14	14	302
Kidd	14	13	13	14	14	14	12	13	13	15	13	13	319
Danz	11	9	10	11	10	13	11	12	13	12	8	10	269
J C	11	15	12	14	10	12	10	9	12	10	12	13	295
Buffton	12	14	12	13	13	14	13	13	11	14	13	10	298
Johnston	11	11	11	13	13	12	8	10	13	8	14	14	274
F M	11	13	15	11	10	11	9	14	6	13	10	14	287
Morrison	14	12	15	11	13	14	13	14	11	15	15	12	318
Hirschy	13	15	15	15	13	15	14	14	12	15	15	15	345
Thompson	13	14	14	10	13	12	12	13	14	13	11	12	310
Parker	15	14	13	12	15	12	15	14	14	13	11	13	322
Wilkinson	11	12	12	14	12	12	12	12	13	14	12	14	314
Schmidt	15	13	13	13	13	13	14	15	13	13	10	12	303
Westgate	8	14	11	12	12	10	11	12	10	11	9	14	277
White	13	12	13	15	13	14	14	13	14	12	13	15	311
Steege	9	11	13	13	12	14	13	14	12	14	12	12	304
D M C.	14	12	11	14	14	14	13	14	15	11	14	15	310
Yank	10	13	14	14	11	14	12	13	12	15	13	14	305
Blossom	13	14	11	11	12	15	11	11	14	14	11	12	293
Monk	8	10	8	13	12	11	9	13	14	9	10	9	...
Trent	13	14	15	14	11	14	12	14	13	13	15	15	328
Kabo	14	12	9	13	14	13	12	14	14	13	14	14	299
Hughes	15	14	15	15	13	13	15	15	15	13	15	14	341
Cox	14	15	11	11	13	13	13	14	9	13	9	15	304
McKay	12	14	15	12	13	12	13	14	11	14	12	13	316
Shaffer	13	13	13	14	12	15	13	8	11	12	10	13	289
Vance	13	12	12	13	12	15	15	11	15	15	14	12	306
Nesbit	11	5	12	14	11	9	13	12	13	11	12	13	262
McDowell	15	12	15	12	14	14	13	14	14	13	13	14	314
Swartz	14	13	14	13	12	15	14	12	15	13	12	13	307
Glassell	14	13	12	12	12	12	13	14	13	15	9	13	311
Johnson	12	15	12	8	14	13	12	13	13	12	15	12	297

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Grand American Handicap at Targets.

THE second Grand American Handicap at targets was held at Interstate Park, L. I., on July 16, 17, 18 and 19.

The first day was devoted to sweepstake shooting, of which ten events were provided—five at 15 and five at 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Each of the remaining three days had five sweepstake events each, and a special event at 100 targets, the Preliminary Handicap, the Grand American Handicap, and the Consolation Handicap, these handicap events being the only parts of the competition open to all, professionals and amateurs. Thus in the main the competition was devised for the amateur and carefully safeguarded in his interests. Of the twenty-eight events provided in the programme for the four days, twenty-five of them were for the amateur. Professionals were permitted to shoot "for targets only" in all events save the handicaps, in which all the contestants were assumed to have a competitive equal chance by virtue of the handicap. The purses in the regular events were divided in the ratios of 8, 5, 3 and 2, Rose system. Targets were deducted from the total entrance at 2 cents each. A total of \$1,000 was added by the Interstate Association, \$100 of which was reserved to purchase a sterling silver trophy for the winner of first in the Grand American Handicap at targets. This trophy was a fruit set, of beautiful design.

Shooting commenced each day on the arrival of the 9:25 A. M. Long Island R. R. train from Long Island City and Flatbush avenue.

In the three handicap events, high guns governed, one place being provided for each five entries or fraction thereof, up to 100 entries. Ties in these events were shot off at 25 targets. The tie finishes in many instances were close and not the least interesting part of the competition.

Four sets of traps were provided, of which Nos. 1 and 3 were magautraps, No. 2 was Sergeant system and No. 4 expert traps. Stakes were driven 50yds. from the traps, in segments of circles within the field covered by the flights of the targets, and the latter were thrown with admirable regularity about the 50yd. marks so indicated. The targets were therefore thrown at good speed and were not easy to hit. The magautraps threw great varieties of flights, and the changes from magautrap to Sergeant system, thence to magautrap and thence to expert system gave the shooters a severe trying out in the matter of skill. The background added somewhat to the difficulties. Beyond the boundary fence, toward which the shooters faced, were woods and open. The luxuriant and dense masses of foliage of the trees in all the shades from light to the densest green, while beautiful and gratifying to the eye, formed a background of color in which many a target was obscured or lost to the contestant's eye at the moment of shooting, but its result made evident to the eye in the form of a goose egg on the score board.

A large blackboard was provided for the scores at each set of traps, and the scorers kept the scores on them in plain view of all. It was obligatory on each shooter to watch the scoreboard and see that his score was correctly entered thereon. No appeal concerning it was allowable after the contestant had passed on or out. The entering of the different squads on the blackboard was entrusted to the care of Mr. John Wright, of Pittsburg, and the neat, artistic and accurate manner in which he wrote the names of the contestants, not only made easy reading of them but made them pleasing to look at also.

The cashier's office was most ably conducted by Messrs. J. K. Starr, of Philadelphia, and H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick, N. J. In the office of compiler of scores were Messrs. John D. Regan and J. B. Mockridge, both of whom are men of skill and experience in that department, having served in it at former handicaps.

The referees were Messrs. F. C. Snyder, Walter Winans, J. L. Gildersleeve and G. W. Morris.

The scorers were Messrs. W. M. S. Dobson, W. P. Eberhard, W. H. Purcell and G. E. MacMannus.

The messengers were Messrs. H. L. Merrifield, G. W. Belzer and Geo. H. Gilbert.

The squad hustlers were Messrs. Howard Sergeant and Charles A. North.

The locker man was Mr. H. F. H. Dressel.

The tournament ran from start to finish with admirable smoothness and expedition. So well were the different parts organized and managed by Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, the manager, that the tournament as a whole, with its multitude of interests and complexities, offered no obstacles whatever.

There were 14,239 targets thrown on the first day; on the second, 16,620; on the third, 16,590; on the fourth, 11,983; total, 59,432.

The main interest in the tournament centered in the handicaps, of which there were three, and the most important of these was the Grand American Handicap at targets, shot on the third day. First honors in this were won by Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., who also achieved the distinction of winning the Grand American Handicap at live birds a few months ago. Mr. Griffith shot well. He was careful throughout the contest, and cool, too, so far at least as externals indicated. He won his victory decisively, as a reference to the scores will show. While he seemed pleased over the victory, he bore himself with great modesty. He received quite an ovation when his last shot was fired and the prize won, for even then, although the competition was unfinished, there was no one who could equal his score. Winning both the great Interstate Association events of the year, establishes beyond question Mr. Griffith's place in the front rank of amateur shooters.

As to the handicapping, it was received as well as could be expected, when the personal interests of the shooters, the overestimates of each other and underestimates of themselves, etc., are considered. It was noticeable that, however little some of the contestants knew about handicaps before one of the handicap events, they knew all about it after the event was over. Nevertheless, some who predicted that a certain shooter was sure to win because he had such a good mark were not good prophets, for the reason that the good mark sure thing did not win. Others who, according to their own ideas, were set back too far, made a good showing nevertheless, and others again, who were close in, did not do so well as they anticipated. It is a peculiarity of many shooters, however, that when they commence talking they stop thinking. This is particularly true when the subject is handicapping. When Mr. Fulford won, one or more of the amateurs remarked that if the professionals were not barred from the handicaps entirely it would be the end of them. Yet Mr. Fulford had not shot so well in the tournaments for some months past, even from the 16yd. mark, and as the handicap was open alike to all it was for him to win who could, regardless of whether he was a professional or amateur. When Mr. Griffith won, some one or more of the professionals held that, from the back mark, they were outgunned, an absurd claim on its face to those who saw how some of the back mark men snuffed out the targets. Moreover, when we consider that sometimes they broke 25 or more straight, the claim of outgunned is still more absurd. The effort of the handicap committee was to cut down the scores of the experts to those of the average contestant by making greater difficulties for them, and this the committee barely succeeded in doing, as the scores will show. As a matter of cold fact, the experts shot in from 3 to 6yds. quicker time than the majority of the contestants, so that their handicaps were not heavy, as the distance might imply. Moreover, some one has to win. But it is doubtful if any one could win without evoking from some other contestant or contestants the remark that the winner was favored, or that the handicappers were grossly incompetent. No contestant could handicap himself so that to a certainty he could shoot at 100 targets, thereby making a certain score, and then shoot at 100 more and make the same score. In fact, the average 80 per cent. shooter may strike a 90 per cent. gait at times, or he may fall below 80 per cent. at other times. No doubt but what better handicaps could be established if one-half of the contestants reciprocally handicapped the other half. Nevertheless, the handicappers were very well pleased with their work as a whole. As they did not in the least attempt to please any one, the feelings of the contestants, so far as the handicappers are concerned, may be dismissed as irrelevant.

The weather was most uncomfortably sultry. No more unfavorable dates could have been selected, in respect to weather. Mosquitoes were in such numbers in the evenings and were so voracious as to be pests. The management of Interstate Park equipped the doors and windows of the bedrooms with screens, but many of the occupants neglected to keep them closed, and suffered much discomfort in consequence. On account of the mosquitoes many of the visitors returned to town each night. The mosquito infliction, however, extended over Long Island. What was true of Interstate Park was true of the Long Island country. This season seemingly is most favorable to the mosquito, and it is unfortunate that the rich red blood of the shooters so gratifies his appetite.

There were many visitors of eminence in the realm of sportsmanship. The competition was watched with keen interest, and there was generous applause and congratulation to the victors.

There were no averages or high averages in the programme, so that averages have no other than personal significance.

The paid representatives, so classed in the Grand American Handicap at targets, were as follows: S. M. Van Allen, R. O. Heikes, Fred Gilbert, W. R. Crosby, Edward Banks, J. S.

Fanning, J. R. Malone, Leroy (B. Leroy Woodard), Winchester (A. H. Fox), I. Z. Laurence, Phil (C. W. Phellis), L. C. Squiers, E. D. Rike, E. C. Fort, O. R. Dickey, H. S. Wells, G. R. Schneider, T. H. Keller, J. J. Hallowell, A. G. Courtney, E. D. Fulford, Horace (H. C. Kirkwood), W. K. Park, T. E. Doremus, L. D. Thomas, Capt. A. W. Money, G. E. Greiff, A. E. Lord, Neaf Apgar.									
Mrs. W. K. Park, and Miss Mamie Hyland shot for targets only. All others were required to enter in full.									
Tuesday, July 16, First Day.									
The weather was sultry and oppressive, owing to the high degree of humidity. A light 2 o'clock wind blew in the faces of the shooters. A rather unpleasant incident, unprecedented in the annals of the Interstate competitions was the summary removal of one of the referees for cause, by the manager.									
There were ten events on the day's programme—five at 15 and five at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. All events were at unknown angles. This made a total of 176 targets, with a total entrance of \$17.50.									
Mr. Sim Glover was high with 167, 1 more than Mr. W. R. Crosby, and 5 more than Mr. F. Gilbert.									
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9 10
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15 20
Hicks	7	14	4	7	5	11	4	12	7 10
Baker	10	18	14	18	12	19	12	16	11 17
I C E.	14	17	8	12	14	13	15	11	15 17
Anthony	13	17	14	19	14	19	13	18	10 15
Remsen	14	19	14	17	12	17	12	17	12 16
Gardner	13	17	14	16	11	15	9	16	13 14
Hoffman	11	15	12	15	14	15	16	13	16 14
Apgar	14	17	13	18	12	14	12	16	12 14
Glover	14	20	13	15	20	13	19	14	13 16
Piercy	12	17	9	17	12	17	11	19	11 19
Heikes	12	18	12	14	14	18	14	20	12 19
Gilbert	14	18	14	19	13	18	15	19	15 19
Crosby	14	19	14	19	15	20	14	20	12 19
Banks	15	19	14	17	11	18	15	20	12 13
Fanning	15	18	15	15	19	11	19	12	13 18
Dudley	14	20	15	17	14	16	13	16	14 15
Shorty	12	18	13	16	12	16	13	18	16 16
Dalley	13	14	14	18	12	16	12	17	10 16
French	12	14	14	15	12	16	11	17	12 12
Gregory	10	16	11	15	9	15	12	16	11 9
Lupus	11	18	13	12	16	14	14	14	14 14
Hawkins	12	19	13	20	13	19	13	18	11 19
Storr	14	18	12	19	14	18	11	16	14 19
Hood	13	18	13	19	12	17	13	18	11 18
Malone	13	17	15	18	11	17	12	18	14 16
Hammond	10	20	13	18	13	16	9	16	10 13
Ellison	13	16	11	17	14	17	15	15	9 17
Stearns	15	20	16	18	13	16	13	12	19
Le Roy	14	17	14	17	15	18	13	13	19
Winchester	12	18	15	20	15	17	15	17	13 19
Cartledge	11	13	9	9	9	14	11	9	9 15
Burke	14	18	14	20	13	15	13	15	17 17
Laurence	13	17	13	20	12	18	11	16	14 16
Snow	14	16	15	17	14	16	12	13	13 15
C Wagner	15	19	13	18	12	16	11	17	14 17
Phil	12	20	14	17	11	19	15	19	15 19
Squier	13	17	13	19	13	17	14	16	13 20
Sanford	12	16	12	14	11	18	8	14	10 12
Mingo	13	17	14	18	13	18	9	17	10 18
Rex	13	16	14	14	12	19	10	16	14 16
Tallman	13	17	15	18	13	17	15	16	14 18
Blackbird	10	20	14	16	12	13	13	18	11 15
Seitz	9	11	4	9	5	10	5	9	7 11
Mink	13	14	14	18	14	18	14	20	13 16
Geoffrey	11	15	13	17	13	14	13	14	11 11
Leland	10	16	12	19	11	16	11	17	11 14
Howe	11	15	9	18	14	15	14	17	12 13
Sawin	15	19	13	19	13	17	15	13	16 16
O'Rourke	10	8	11	12	11	11	7	15	9 15
W Hopkins	13	18	12	17	9	17	8	14	12 20
Van Allen	11	18	13	17	12	11	11	11	11 11
J Douglass	12	19	12	19	7	12	10	17	9 17
W H W.	9	15	11	16	8	12	12	17	10 17
Welles	13	17	13	19	13	17	13	19	13 13
T W Scott.	7	13	10	17	11	16	8	15	11 14
Courtney	13	16	12	14	9	11	11	16	15 14
Morris	14	19	10	16	13	14	13	14	13 13
Pumpelly	9	14	9	15	11	16	12	15	13 13
McCord	10	20	12	15	8	13	9	15	12 11
Sen Sen	11	19	10	16	12	17	8	15	12 11
Rike	14	17	13	17	13	16	13	17	12 14
Billings	12	18	10	18	9	15	11	16	10 10
Sinnock	13	11	14	18	13	12	10	11	8 11
Fulford	12	17	14	17	15	13	13	16	11 15
Kelsey	9	16	12	18	13	17	14	18	15 17
G G Stevenson	11	16	14	19	13	17	12	12	12 17
Dupuy	7	15	12	14	8	9	11	12	8 11
Mrs Park	12	12	11	15	10	13	11	11	11 11
W K Park	12	10	6	10	10	15	11	11	11 11
Collins	12	17	15	11	13	15	11	11	11 11
Barnard	13	16	11	16	11	11	11	11	11 11
Schmidt	4	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11
Busby	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11
Potter	9	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11
Moller	5	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11
J J Hallowell	15	15	12	18	14	14	13	19	14 17
Mack	16	13	17	12	14	14	19	11	16 11
Griffith	15	15	19	15	17	12	19	13	16 11
Capt Money	16	11	17	11	16	13	15	15	13 11
Ridge	17	12	15	13	16	10	17	14	18 11
Whitin	12	9	17	9	16	9	15	11	11 11
Bain	11	18	14	19	13	19	12	16	11 11
Inman	12	16	13	13	12	15	12	17	11 11
E Leek	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11
L Thomas	8	11	11	10	6	12	7	11	11 11
Dr Martin	8	11	8	11	10	15	10	19	11 11
F B Stevenson	13	16	12	17	12	17	12	17	11 11
E C Fort	8	17	13	16	11	18	11	18	11 11
Keller	13	13	10	13	13	13	13	13	11 11
Marsh	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11
Dr Hudson	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11 11

Gregory	8	15	11	15	7
Lupus	13	17	14	17	12	17	22	22	20	20	84
Hawkins	11	18	13	18	14	18	20	22	20	22	84
Storr	13	18	13	20	13	18	25	22	19	24	86
Hood	14	18	14	19	14	18	19	23	20	24	86
Malone	14	19	11	18	12	18	19	22	19	20	80
Hammond	13	15	13	15	12	16	13	21	18	21	73
Ellison	13	19	12	17	12	16	22	24	21	23	90
Stearns	13	17	13	20	11	18	21	20	22	24	87
Le Roy	13	17	13	19	13	20	20	24	22	19	85
Winchester	13	17	14	19	13	21	17	23	19	23	82
Cartledge	12	16	11	12	9
Burke	14	17	13	18	13	18	19	23	20	22	84
Lawrence	13	19	15	19	11
Snow	13	18	15	17	14	18	21	22	24	22	89
Wagner	14	17	14	19	13
Griffith	13	16	14	19	12	19	16	23	19	22	80
Phil	15	17	13	19	12	20	21	23	19	17	80
Squier	14	19	14	19	15	20	19	16	17	24	76
M Sanford	10	16	11	16	9	18	20	22	20	25	87
Mingo	14	18	14	19	15	16	20	18	17	21	76
Rex	13	18	11	15	12	16	23	21	21	20	86
Tallman	12	17	15	18	13	17	22	24	20	23	89
Kruger	15	17	12	19	14	18	21	25	19	21	86
Seitz	9	13	6	17	7	14	15	13	13	9	50
Dupuy	11	13	13	15	12	14	20	13	22	20	81
Geoffrey	12	16	12	17	13	16	19	w	20	19	..
Mink	14	19	15	17	14	18	22	24	21	21	88
Fort	13	18	14	18	14	19	22	21	22	17	82
Sawin	15	18	14	18	12	17	21	23	25	23	92
Whitin	12	17	11	16	10	15	21	23	20	24	88
Courtney	12	18	8	19	14	18	18	22	15	20	75
Fulford	13	19	12	19	12	18	25	25	21	24	95
Dalley	14	19	10	20	13	18	20	22	22	23	87
Morris	13	16	9	16	13	16	19	22	17	23	81
Pumpelly	11	15	9	12	11	16	19	23	21	22	85
Howe	14	17	13	18	13	16	22	19	23	24	88
Dr Martin	12	17	13	16	12	17	20	20	20	25	85
Leland	10	15	12	17	13	16	22	18	22	21	83
Kelsey	13	20	12	20	11	18	24	17	19	25	85
Simmins	12	19	12	19	12
Halsey	11	12	9	17	11
Van Allen	14	17	15	17	14	18	21	20	21	23	85
Capt Money	13	16	13	19	14	17	21	22	21	21	86
Douglass	10	17	15	14	9	16	24	23	20	19	86
Rike	13	16	13	14	12	18	20	20	21	21	82
Mrs Park	9	15	12	13	11
W K Park	12	18	14	18	8
Greiff	12	18	11
Ridge	13	18	12	18	14
Mack	13	17	14	17	13	17	19	22	23	22	86
F Stevenson	14	18	14	18	12	16	20	22	21	21	85
G Stevenson	12	19	12	17	13	16	21	21	23	21	86
Collins	13	18	13	15	12
J Martin	13	18	13	15	12
C W Scott	9	14	11	15	7	14	21	16	19	24	80
Cowan	13	19	14	16	14	16	23	20	20	21	84
C Weinman	12	18	13	17	9	15	19	15	23	20	73
W H W	10	11	9	16	11
D Sanford	11	20	13	17	11	17	20	23	19	18	80
Inman	14	16	13	18	7	15	25	22	22	22	91
Merriman	11	9	7	14	10	16	20	20	18	17	76
A Betti	10	14	9	17	9
Bain	10	16	11	15	11
L D Thomas	9	17	10	17	9
Sen Sen	11	13	11	20	11	16	21	23	23	21	88
Mc Cord	12	18	13	18	10	17	17	21	25	23	86
Hallowell	14	16	14	20	13	18	18	19	22	24	83
R Rahm	14	14	14	17	8	17	11	19	20	w	..
Paddleford	11	14	12	..	13	16	19	22	20	23	84
Miss Hyland	8	8	5	12	11
Leek	12	16	9	15	18	18	21	21	78
Franklin	7	..	13	..	8
Barnard	12	..	12	15	20	18	18	19	75
A E Lard	14
Super	8	15	16	19	21	20	76
Sanders	9
Schneider	14
Dickey	19	22	22	22	24	90
Creamer	15	19	19	21	21	86
Lard	16	19	21	20	14	74
Ties on 92: Hoffman 21, Sawin 21. Second tie: Hoffman 19											
Sawin 23.											
Ties on 90: Dudley 21, Ellison 17, Dickey 22.											
Ties on 89: I. C. E., 22, Snow 15, Tallman 20.											
Ties on 88: Remsen 25, Mink 23, Whitin 21, Howe 23. Second tie: Mink 23, Howe 22.											

Thursday, July 18, Third Day.

The weather continued sultry, with but little breeze to relieve the discomfort of the heat and humidity.

There was quite a readjustment of the handicaps. Fulford was set back to 21yds. Others were set back or forward accordingly as their form and scores indicated.

There were three post entries.

Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., won the handicap with the excellent score of 95, scoring 22, 25, 24 and 24 from the 19yd. mark.

There were several warm finishes in the ties, Messrs. Banks and Hood shooting at 75 to decide which should lead, while 50 targets were required in other instances.

The conditions of the Grand American Handicap at targets were: Open to all, 100 bluerocks, unknown angles, \$10 entrance, targets included, handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting, \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the total purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the winner received a sterling silver trophy, presented by the Interstate Association.

The winners were as follows: Griffith, \$128.96; Keystone, \$112.84; Wagner, \$88.66; Banks, \$72.54; Hood, \$64.48; Sen Sen, \$56.42; Stearns, \$48.36; Kelsey, \$40.30; Anthony, \$40.30; Sawin, \$32.24; Fort, \$24.18; Hallowell, \$24.18; Crosby, \$24.18; G. G. Stevenson, \$16.12; Malone, \$16.12; I. C. E., \$16.12.

The trophy was a beautiful fruit set of three pieces, elegantly designed and of sterling worth. The scores:

—Grand American Handicap—

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Yards	1st	2d	3d	4th	Total
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	Rise.	25.	25.	25.	25.	
J C Hicks	10	17	10	20	11	14	18	21	20	20	79
A H Baker	14	18	13	w	10	16	19	22	22	22	85
I C E	12	19	13	17	8	18	21	19	23	23	86
J B Anthony	11	17	14	17	11	16	24	22	20	22	88
J S S Remsen	15	17	14	19	11	19	22	20	24	19	85
C Mink	11	20	14	20	11	19	18	22	21	22	83
J W Hoffman	11	12	14	16	12	19	19	22	21	21	83
S M Van Allen	14	19	13	13	13	18	18	21	20	22	81
Sim Glover	14	18	12	18	12	22	21	21	22	22	86
G H Piercy	13	18	15	17	10	18	20	19	22	22	83
R O Heikes	15	19	13	18	11	22	23	20	19	22	84
F Gilbert	14	20	13	19	12	22	21	21	21	22	85
W R Crosby	15	20	15	20	15	22	20	21	23	23	87
E Banks	14	17	13	19	13	19	22	23	22	24	91
J S Fanning	13	19	13	18	15	21	21	18	22	23	84
Dudley	13	18	14	19	9	20	16	18	w
Leland	8	13	13	13	11	16	19	20	16	19	74
Shorty	15	14	19	15	15	17	20	22	22	21	85
H French	10	14	8	19	12
D Gregory	9	19	13	11	12
J M Hawkins	13	17	13	20	12	18	16	22	20	24	82
H E Lupus	12	14	14	18	14	17	23	18	19	22	79
E H Storr	13	16	13	17	13	18	22	22	18	18	80
Hood	13	17	15	19	11	18	20	25	21	25	91
J Malone	13	17	14	19	13	18	20	23	24	19	86
W A Hammond	13	16	14	17	11	16	18	18	22	19	77
H K Ellison	12	18	11	18	14	18	18	19	20	17	74
F Stearns	14	19	15	20	14	18	22	23	20	24	89
Leroy	15	19	15	17	12	19	18	22	23	21	84
Winchester	12	19	15	18	14	21	15	23	18	16	72
A B Cartledge	9	18	12	18	13
Burke	13	16	11	13	8	18	16	16	18	21	71
I J Lawrence	13	10	10	12	14	17	19	20	21	22	82
F H Snow	11	19	12	16	15	19	13	23	20	22	83
C Wagner	14	16	15	20	13	17	22	22	24	24	92
Phil	15	16	15	15	15	18	22	22	20	22	86
L C Squiers	13	18	15	17	13	18	23	20	22	22	85
M Sanford	11	19	15	18	11	18	8	18	18	21	65
Mingo	14	20	12	17	14	16	18	21	14	23	76
Rex	14	16	13	16	8	16	12	18	21	19	70
I Tallman	12	17	12	17	12	18	15	24	23	23	85
A C Krueger	10	17	13	17	14	18	20	17	17	17	71
A M Seitz	4	9	7	12	6
H W Dupuy	13	16	14	18	11	14	21	18	22	22	83
E Rike	13	18	14	18	13	18	20	19	19	13	71
E C Fort	14	17	14	19	9	18	22	21

This table includes number broken each day, with totals and percentage. As only those who shot through the entire programme of 480 targets could properly be ranked, the averages of others do not appear.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 5.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

Did you ever know of a true angler who felt that his life was rounded out, unless when his hair had become gray and his step less buoyant he could once more visit the stream he had first waded and where he felt the thrill which he enjoyed as he took his first trout with the fly? And did you ever notice how frequently after years of experience he looks for the same success he enjoyed when a novice, and departs sadly disappointed, perhaps never to return? J. S. Van Cleef.

BADLY ADVISED.

IN Illinois, as the *Game Laws in Brief* says, "there is no law as to killing or possessing quail, except that quail killed in the State may not be sold, possessed for sale or exported for sale." That is to say, one may lawfully kill quail at any time and may lawfully have them in possession at any time except for purposes of sale.

This unfortunate condition was brought about by the action of the Legislature, which in revising the law last winter omitted quail from the list of birds for which a closed season was named. This was a serious omission on the part of the Legislature, but in seeking to remedy it a grave mistake has been made by the Attorney-General and by the State Game Warden, acting on the Attorney-General's advice. In an opinion given to the Game Warden, the text of which is printed in another column, Attorney-General Hamlin finds substantially:

1. That there is no close season for killing quail.
 2. That the law is still in force which provides that after quail have been killed they shall remain subject to regulation by the State as to use and disposition.
 3. That the only such regulation by the State now in force is one which prohibits sale.
- Or, as stated in the *Brief*, one may lawfully kill quail at any time, and may lawfully possess them at any time, but never for sale.

And yet in the face of these conditions, the Attorney-General advises the State Game Warden as follows:

I would recommend that you instruct your deputy wardens to take possession of any quail killed by any one at any such times in the year as in your judgment would best protect the quail in Illinois from destruction, and under the law, as it now stands, your deputies will be fully authorized to take such possession.

In other words, there being no close season, he tells the Warden to make one, and to confiscate any quail any one may possess in that close season. This is astonishing advice for a State legal adviser to give to an executive officer. Attorney-General Hamlin must know that Warden Lovejoy cannot exercise legislative functions to create a close season for quail. He must know, if he has read it, that nowhere in "the law as it now stands" can be found a single word to authorize the deputy wardens to "take possession of any quail killed by any one at any such times in the year" as the State Warden may choose to specify. The only warrant the statute gives for seizure by the deputies is of game unlawfully in possession, that is to say, under the present law, in possession for sale; and such seizure may be made at any time of the year, irrespective of close season dates. Wardens who should take possession of quail because killed at a certain time would be acting outside of the law. This advice of the Attorney-General, then, is an incitement to lawless acts, and if the deputy game wardens shall attempt to follow it out, they will probably find that they are "fully authorized" only to make trouble for themselves.

Of course the opinion may be only a part of a bluff arranged between the State Game Warden and the Attorney-General, and promulgated for the very commendable purpose of protecting the game. If we are to understand this to be so, putting aside consideration of the manifest want of appreciation of the dignity of his office which

would forbid the Attorney-General being a party to such bluffing, it is a serious question if the end justifies the means. Would it not have been more dignified, and in the end have made for respect of the game laws, if the Illinois authorities had accepted the quail law for what it was, instead of pretending that it was something else, which it was not?

Mr. Lovejoy has been badly advised, and we believe that upon more mature consideration he will realize as much and will not put into operation the high-handed proceedings contemplated in his instruction to all wardens and deputies "to take possession of any quail killed by any one between the 20th day of December and the 1st day of November of the succeeding year." The game law of Illinois gives him no shred of warrant for any such action, the opinion of the Attorney-General to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE SALE OF GAME IN CLOSE TIME.

We print the full text of the decision rendered by Judge Bellinger, of Oregon, in the Deininger case. Deininger, the manager of a fish company in Portland, Ore., was prosecuted for selling in the close season fish imported from Washington. His defense was that the Oregon statute forbidding the sale of game or fish from another State was a restraint upon interstate commerce and void.

In the clear, concise and logical decision Judge Bellinger exposes the fallacy of this contention; and in a single paragraph he states the principle which governs:

The right to legislate without restraint, so far as the game within the State is concerned, is not questioned. When game is brought from another State, by whatever means, or for whatever purpose, or in whatever condition, it becomes, upon the moment of its introduction into the State, a part of the game of the State, and subject to the control of its laws.

The decision takes its place with others as a contribution to popular education in this field. We shall never come to the ending of disputes about the possession of game until the public shall appreciate the principle of the peculiar and restricted character of property in game, whether the game be live or dead. It is to be hoped that before many years shall have elapsed we may have before the Supreme Court a case involving these points for final adjudication there.

It is interesting to note in this connection, as we learn from Jos. B. Thompson, Esq., of this city, that Judge Bellinger is himself an ardent sportsman in the true sense, and has given much thought to these questions of game protection.

SHEEP ON THE FOREST RESERVES.

We reported at the time it came up last year the California case of a sheep herder named Blasingame, who was prosecuted for having grazed his sheep on the Sierra Forest Reserve, contrary to the regulations by the Secretary of the Interior for the protection of the forests. Blasingame was charged with criminal trespass, and it was sought to inflict upon him the penalty provided by the act of Congress for violation of the Interior Department regulations governing the forest reserve. Blasingame made the demurrer that the regulation which he was charged with violating was not binding, since it was a rule made by the Secretary of the Interior, who was without constitutional authority to legislate in the premises. Judge Wellborn, of the District Court of Southern California, before whom the case was argued, sustained the demurrer, holding that the act of Congress conferred legislative power on the Secretary of the Interior and was for that reason unconstitutional.

At the time of the prosecution for criminal trespass, civil suits also were instituted against Blasingame to recover damages for trespass on the reserve, and this new case has just been heard before Judge Wellborn on a demurrer, and has gone against the trespassing herder. Judge Wellborn held that the forest reserves "were the private property of the National Government in the same way that other land is held privately, and could be defended from trespass."

The application of this principle will enable the Government to protect its possessions in the forest reserves by invoking the trespass laws of the State in which a reserve is situated. The Government stands on the same footing with an individual land owner.

THE DYNAMITER.

The dynamite fisherman is a constant and continuous pest to Michigan fishing waters, and he enjoys practical immunity because the punishment for dynamiting is so slight that it simply adds a spice of danger to the occupation without seriously diminishing the profits. The penalty, when an offender is caught, is a fine of \$5, and the professional dynamiter who is detected, say once in twenty-five times, can well afford to pay this. It is an open secret that not far from Baldwin professionals have long made a business of dynamiting fish and shipping them to Chicago, and the proceeds of a single shipment of brook trout would pay several fines of this kind. A strenuous effort was made last winter by a number of sportsmen of the State, and especially by Mr. Robert Porteous, of Manistee, to induce the Legislature to make the penalty so severe that it would deter the dynamiters; but the effort failed. Once in a while, as at Baldwin the other day, a man is fined, but as a rule the fish killers have it their own way, and one stream after another is ruined.

NO AUTHORITY.

MESSRS. GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., of Chicago, send us a letter from J. H. Jordan, of Camp Jordan, El River, Mexico, Ind., in which he incloses his card designating himself as "special correspondent representing FOREST AND STREAM," and asking to have a tent shipped to him, in return for which, he writes, "I will endorse qualities of same in my correspondence for the different sporting journals I will represent. Will send you marked copies; what I say will be good ad." Mr. Jordan is not a special correspondent representing the FOREST AND STREAM. He is not authorized to procure goods of any character and pay for them by "blowing them off" in FOREST AND STREAM. No one anywhere is authorized to do this, and if any one claims that he is, he should be put down as a fraud. Manufacturers, dealers, passenger agents, hotel proprietors and others who receive propositions of the Jordan character are requested kindly to communicate them to this office.

SNAP SHOTS.

This is the proposition, whether a man is to be accounted a selfish churl who seals his lips to his brother sportsmen when he strikes a trout or bass find; or whether he shall be called a chump if he does not keep quiet and reserve the good thing for himself. Of course one thing upon which the answer will largely depend is whether the find is so big that to "give it away" would mean its ruin by the rush that would follow.

S. Newton Dexter, whose death occurred at Seaconnet, R. I., last Saturday, was a man of large attainments in natural history fields. He accompanied the famous Agassiz expedition up the Amazon, and afterward returned to the same region in the interest of the Smithsonian Institution. Later he spent a number of years among the Indians in the West. He was an extensive traveler, and his life was devoted to his chosen pursuit of natural history study. The FOREST AND STREAM has in years past been favored with many contributions from his pen.

Betting is universally condemned by the moralists, but we beg to be permitted to rise to defend it as an useful factor in the acquirement of ichthyological information. There are two characters whom we have come to know very well by correspondence, for through a long series of years they have been bobbing up serenely at frequent intervals and from various quarters. They are the two friends who bet. The bet is always about the brook trout. It may be a one-pound trout, or a two, three or four pound trout, or even in rare instances a six-pounder, or a ten-pounder. One friend always bets the other that there is no such fish, and they write for information to decide the bet. Now it is perfectly clear that if they did not bet they would never find out about the big fish, and we will all agree that the big trout is something well worth knowing about, and as the man who acquires his knowledge of it by betting would never find out about it in any other way, it is a most commendable thing for him to bet and learn. Thus betting promotes the diffusion of a knowledge of ichthyology.

The Sportsman Tourist.

At the Farm.

It was dusk when we landed at the little flag station of R., among the hills of Western Massachusetts. Farmer Bailey was there to meet us with his hearty voice and hard hand of welcome, and he soon had us and our traps stowed away in his broad, old-fashioned buggy. The road was as rough as the path of virtue, but the little man went it at a spanking pace that threw us about like corn in a popper, and for a few minutes no one spoke for fear of losing the tip of his tongue. When our balancing muscles were in play the questions came out like shots in a warm corner.

"Never was such a dry year," replied Bailey. "Ain't water enough to wet shoe leather. It's as scarce as money in these parts. Never see the birds so hard to find. It's bad on the dogs, too. Their tongues hang out with thirst so's they trip on 'em."

He clucked to his horse. We had just reached the crown of a considerable elevation and were on the brink of a depression looking as deep and dark as Avernus. Bailey always made up for lost time going down hill. We tried to brace ourselves as the buggy ricocheted down the descent. Shooting the chutes was nothing to this.

"Gol ding it, if I ain't had lots of trouble this year," roared Bailey above the rattle of the wheels. "Bought a lot er shells down to the grocery store and couldn't hit a thing with 'em. Not a blame thing! Patterned 'em on the barn at forty paces and couldn't find a shot-mark. Had a feller with me and he said he saw the shot roll right outer the barrels and drop in the grass. I believe him, too, though most generally he's a liar."

We struck a little plank bridge at the foot of the hill and apparently knocked it into kindling wood, but the buggy still went on.

"My best dog, Hal's, lame, too. Feet and legs all swelled and blistered. It's the first time he was ever troubled that way. Something's Jonah'd me for sure. Well, here we are! Smell that supper?"

We threaded the littered barnyard without the slightest diminution of speed and brought up with a spine-paralyzing jerk by the milk can rack on which were impaled a ghostly array of great cans. Thankfully we alighted and stretched our tortured limbs. The voices of dogs arose about up from different quarters. The mouth of the great barn yawned cavernously, breathing forth a soft perfume of clover-scented hay that was even more grateful to our senses than the appetizing odor that stole from the lighted kitchen. How quiet the hills were. How velvet the dusk. How petty it all made the city seem with its ceaseless fret and fume, and its sputtering lights soiling the majesty of the night.

Mr. Bailey turned over the mare to a small boy who had seemingly sprung up, mushroom-like, from the earth. "You'll want some supper," he said. "There's ma waiting for you on the piazza. I ate mine early because I've got some trading to do this evening. Come out when you're through and see the fun."

Mrs. Bailey gave us a cordial welcome and swept us into the warm kitchen. "Set right down," she said. "Everything's nice and hot. Never you mind about me; I like to wait." She hustled from stove to table distributing viands and conversation with equal lavishness.

"My, but I had a time last night," she exclaimed. "Mr. Bailey was down to the village and there was nobody here but me and Joe (the small boy) and Louis. Who's Louis? He's one of them French-Canadians, and if he's a good sample then I call 'em a mighty poor lot. Well, as I was saying, us three were all alone when up drives that worthless Bill Thompson, from down C—way. Louis had just finished milking the cows and was sitting on the woodpile sorter singing to himself in that daffy way he has. Bill, he pulled up and I see that he was drunk as a blind owl, but Louis never paid no attention to him; went right on singing that outlandish language. Bill seemed sorter interested at first, but by and by he got mad."

"I'll learn you not to call me names," he said, climbing down out of the wagon and walking over to Louis.

"Louis looks had enough to frighten anybody. He's about twice as big as Bill, and his face is all covered with black hair, like a pirate. I expected to see him take Bill and throw him over the barn, and I hoped he would, too. But, lands sakes, it was just the other way. Bill made a punch at Louis when he was about ten feet off and that onery critter fell back on the woodpile just 's if he'd been hit. Then he jumped up and ran across the yard, took that stonewall like a heifer and went up the hill as hard as he could go. Bill started to follow, but he hit against the chopping-block and it kinder unsettled him."

"I don't know where Joe was, but he must er seen the whole thing, for he came into the kitchen on the run and went up the back stairs three at a time. Then I heard him get under his bed. A pretty parcel of men folks, thinks I to myself."

"After Bill had sassed the chopping-block for a spell he started for the kitchen. I was mopping up the floor with that mop over there, and I gave it an extra good souse in the bucket of hot soapsuds, and I got to the top of the steps just as Bill had his foot on the lowest one."

"Walk out of here," says I, "or I'll take more'n the dirt off your face."

"I shoved the mop, which was steaming like a kettle on the boil, under his nose."

"Bill never did like water, hot or cold, and he stepped back and let out some awful language. It made me so mad I clear forgot myself and charged right down on him."

"I have to laugh when I think of the way that little drunken critter put for his team. He got into it on the jump and turned it round so quick he cramped the wheels and almost tipped over."

"I ain't the kind to lay hands on a lady," says he, "but if Frenchy'll come down off'n that hill a minute, I'll make him look like a picked chicken."

"He shook his fist at Louis, who was a-setting 'way up there on that big rock and dared him to come down; but Louis, he seemed to think he was pretty well off where he was and never budged a mite."

"Those darned Canadians haven't got any spirit," says Bill. "Well, I guess I'll be going. There's a man down the road a piece I've got to lick."

"My, wasn't Mr. Bailey mad when he got home. He turned right around and drove all over the country looking for Bill, but he never caught up with him. I'm glad of it now. There's no use having any more fuss with people than we can help. You don't mean to say you've finished? Why, you haven't eat a thing!"

We insisted that we had not only eaten, but eaten well, and leaving Mrs. Bailey, smiling broadly over our just praises, to "clean up," we lighted our pipes and started for the barn.

A lantern sputtering in the center of the floor threw Rembrandtesque splashes of light and shadow throughout the interior. Half a dozen farmers, seated on pails and feed boxes, formed a ragged circle about the upright figure of Mr. Bailey, who, hands in pockets and chest thrown out, was fervidly descanting upon the merits of a certain Jersey. Just without the group stood a tall, old man, leaning upon a pitchfork. With his aged hound at his feet he might well have posed for an effigy of Natty Bumppo resting on his rifle. Marvin had been a famous hunter in his day, and even now his lean legs could out-tire many a younger pair, while his keen eye had yet to find its equal in the district. He had taught Bailey all he knew of woodcraft and was rightly proud of his pupil, whom he still called "the boy."

As we joined the old man he threw back his head in a noiseless laugh that more than ever emphasized his resemblance to Cooper's hero.

"Jest listen to the boy," he exclaimed. "He's as slick as the coat of a prize heifer. Lord! he don't know no more about when the cow'll calve 'en Benjy does." He indicated the hound with a downward nod.

The unconscious Bailey again declared in his best Bryanesque manner that within two months the Jersey would become the happy mother of the finest calf, sired by etc., etc.

"So you're going to try the birds again this year," said old Marvin, his eyes half closed and the group seemed to glide away from before him like the slides of a magic lantern, while he looked into the past. "Well, there's a few left, I expect. I've seen most of the four-legged critters go. This place was good ground for them once, but the farms have eaten the heart out of the woods now. I'm not complaining; I've had my share of sport from kidhood up. Hunting was about all I ever was good for and there's some'll say I wasn't so bad at that."

"During the war," he continued with a reminiscent smile, "I uster shoot quail while I was in picket duty. Jest a pinch a powder and a bullet cut up to serve as shot. The birds were most almighty tame."

"It's an odd thing, but I wasn't hit once during the whole scrap, and I've been shot all to hell since. There's a dozen number eights in that hand now, put there by a feller who thought he could shoot woodcock. The back of my head's like a nutmeg grater. Two of us were out after pa'tridge in an alder swamp not far from here. We had pretty nearly covered the ground and was jest swinging together when a bird got up between us, heading straight for me. I turned so's to take him as he went by and the next thing I knowed a charge of shot took me in the back of the head hard enough to lift me off my feet. When I came to my friend was kneeling in the moss, wringing his hands and crying: 'I've killed you, Jim Marvin!'"

"Not yet," says I, "but you've made a pretty good try. Get some water, quick!"

"Well, he got some, and by and by I was able to crawl down to the brook myself and soak my scalp. There was five holes through each ear, and that shows you how well he centered me. We was some time getting back to the wagon. On the way we flushed two or three pa'tridges, and I told him to shoot. 'Not me,' he says; 'I've fired a gun for the last time.' He must have meant jest that day," added the old man with a twinkle in his eye, "for he was out next week sure enough."

"I've got three or four buckshot planted in this left arm. It happened at one of these combination shoots one Thanksgiving. Usually I'm pretty good, but that day I couldn't connect with anything. Finally I got mad and poured in a big charge and topped her off with a fist full of double B's. I leant the gun against a fence and I guess I must have left both barrels cocked. While I was talking to a member of the committee some meddlesome mink knocked the gun over, or done something to her. He never could say just what. At any rate she went off—kerwhang—and I felt 's if I had got in front of a charge of grape. I jumped 'round and the first thing I see was this mink spinning like a top. He spun 'round about four times and dropped with a yell. Then I heard another howl and blame if a small boy half way crost the yard didn't begin to spin, too. When he keeled over I took a couple of turns myself."

"However, things weren't so bad as they looked. The jay had a piece taken out of his leg and the kid was only grazed. I'd collected most of the shot. There was a blacksmith shop near there and they lugged me over and dug a good many of the B's out with an awl. But some was tucked in too deep, and whether it was them or whether I got blood poisoning from the awl I didn't know. Anyway it was months before my arm got well. It kept aching and swelling, and every little while a sore would open up and out would pop a buckshot. After that I began to think war was the only safe thing for me."

During the old man's reminiscences Bailey had been doing some silver-tongue work. One of the farmers had offered a certain number of sheep for the Jersey, but Bailey was not quite satisfied.

"Throw in a couple of dollars and she's yours," he remarked.

More haggling ensued, moistened by frequent attacks upon a stone jug of wild-cherry rum. Finally the farmer offered to throw in a pair of hogs to make up the difference, and upon this basis the trade was completed. A dollar apiece struck us as cheap for hogs and we were ready to believe that our host had the better of the bargain.

There was no more trading done that night. The farmers took a farewell swig of wild-cherry rum and left the barn. Out in the yard they paused a moment, faces lifted to the sky, while they snuffed the pregnant odors of the night. Wet weather was prophesied for the morrow. Then the horses were unhitched and one by

one they rattled away in the misty darkness, the new owner of the Jersey towing that reluctant animal in the rear of his buggy.

The morning dawned with a fine rain falling. Patches of mist lay in the hollows between the hills, eddying like slow smoke; now rising and spreading abroad in thin blue veils, now condensing into banks of pure snow. Breakfast was prolonged in the hope that the weather would clear, but when the last piece of bacon had vanished and the pipes were produced Mr. Bailey came in with the disheartening information that the fog was good to hold all day. He fussed aimlessly about the room, shedding drops of moisture from his glistening rubber coat until his wife could stand it no longer.

"You're jest ruining this floor," she remarked with some asperity. "For goodness sakes find what you want and run out."

"Oh, I ain't after nothing in particular," he said, retreating to the doorway. "Leastways—" he paused and a rueful grin rose to the surface—"if you boys are all through p'rhaps you might like to come out in the yard a minute."

We signified our willingness and donning our shooting coats followed him toward the barn. When we were out of earshot of the kitchen he gave us another rueful smile.

"It's them hogs!" he exclaimed. "I didn't want the old woman to know, but he's surely done me on them hogs. They just came this morning. One of 'em's got tuberculosis and the other—, well, the other's a sight. Come and look at 'em."

He led the way to the pen under the barn. In the darkness we could vaguely distinguish two forms recumbent on the steaming manure. One of them—a white one—staggered to his feet and began a retreat to the opposite end of the pen, but his strength gave out and he fell in the muck, breathing stentorously.

"That's the tuberculosis one," said Bailey. "Now look at this critter."

The other, black save for a pallid spot or two on the rump, had also arisen to its feet and stood eyeing us—or trying to. Its head was joined to its body at an angle of almost 45 degrees. It looked as if some one had tried to wring its neck and desisted when half through.

"It's a Phattacia Upsidownia," he exclaimed, misquoting Lear.

"Maybe," said Bailey. "I never heard the scientific name before, and I never see one like it, either. They're bates, both of 'em, ain't they?"

They certainly were unique. The bacon we had just eaten lay heavily on our stomachs as we gazed.

"What are you going to do with them?" we asked at length.

Bailey's expression became more cheerful. "Oh, I reckon I can trade 'em off somehow," he replied. "I'm going to get rid of the rest of my cows to-day, and there's sure to be some suckers along. They only stand me two dollars, anyway."

"You're a wizard if you do it," we said.

We pattered about the barn an hour or so, visiting poor Hal and his eager little sister. Finally it was decided that wet or no wet we would take a short tramp. With Lady ranging joyfully ahead we crossed the pasture at the rear of the house and entered a long swale, where in times past we had always found a few birds. The brook was stone dry, however, and the covert had probably not been used for some time. The only thing that Lady found to interest her was a forlorn turtle laboriously crawling through the brush in search of some pool.

As the day lightened a little we kept on toward a good-sized sheet of water a couple of miles distant, which we judged had resisted the drouth. To a certain extent it had, but it had shrunk mightily—was a mere frog-pond in a setting of black mud. One tiny rivulet still trickled into it and following the course of this Lady came on her first quarry. She made a very pretty point on my side of the brook, the bird—a young cock partridge—lying well. Thanks to the open nature of the ground, I scored a clean kill.

Half an hour later I made an inexcusable miss. The bird flushed on the edge of the woods and flew directly across the pond, the charge from each barrel rippling the water behind her. This was the last partridge we saw, and having completed the circuit of the watershed, and eaten our lunch under a dripping pine, we returned to the farm wet through and somewhat out of sorts. My companion had not had a shot.

Bailey was out and he did not come in to supper, though we heard him drive into the yard. Presently Joe entered in a state of excitement with the announcement that the hogs had been traded. We asked what Bailey had got in exchange.

"Fourteen hens," he replied, exultantly; "and they're worth fifty cents apiece. He's gone off to get 'em now."

We stepped out on the veranda to see the man who would give seven dollars worth of hens for a pair of dollar hogs. The pigs were crated and in the wagon. The farmer, a long, lank individual, in winter overcoat and arctics, held aloft a lantern, while his hired man nailed down the top slats. The hogs seemed ominously quiet. As the last nail went home Mrs. Bailey's voice was heard hospitably inviting the men to come in and take a parting drink of the wild-cherry rum, it seeming that no trade could be binding without this ceremony.

We all filed in, the hired man ridding himself somewhat regretfully of a large cud of tobacco, and stood around the hot stove while Mrs. Bailey filled our glasses. When we had crooked our elbows the hired man withdrew, while his master lingered for a few moments' gossip. He was becoming logical under the influence of a second glass, when an uproar from the yard interrupted him.

"That's Bob," he said. "Wonder what's the matter?"

We ran out. Bob, in an attitude of despair, knelt on the wagon seat, peering into the crate.

"Suthin's the trouble with the white hog!" he exclaimed.

We clustered about the wagon, while the farmer held up the lantern. The white hog lay motionless on the bottom; the other, his forefeet on the flank of his prostrate friend, seemed to have a certain sad knowingness in the cast of his head.

Bob ripped off a couple of slats and fetched the victim of tuberculosis a smart rap with his hammer. There was not a quiver in response.

"By gum!" he ejaculated in a hollow voice; "he's dead."
"Dead!" said the farmer. "He was alive all right when we put him in."

"Well, he's dead now just the same," retorted Bob. There was a moment's solemn pause. "I've made a hell of a good trade, I have," said the farmer at last. "Probably the black one'll die 'for' we get him home." After a little grumbling and swearing they drove off with their bad bargain. Strangely enough they seemed to blame themselves rather than Bailey. In fact, Bob seemed rather to admire the latter's keenness. Apparently all was fair in trade to these people.

The night had set in clear and myriads of stars lit the dusky vault. The earth smelt fresh and clean after its bath. We lingered awhile snuffing the pleasant odors of the country. My companion began to quote:

"Though every prospect pleases
And only man—"

"P'rhaps we didn't make a good trade on them hogs!" broke in Joe's shrill voice from the direction of the barn, and Louis' muffled laughter completed the interrupted quotation.

FISHER AMES, JR.

Outing Companions.

MT. CARROLL, Ill., July 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The recent communications in FOREST AND STREAM as to who make the best outing companions, has set me thinking.

When one sits down and begins to think out for himself the necessary requisites for an ideal "pardner," there comes before his vision old camps, old friends and new-found friends, whose presence around the camp-fire has strengthened into a friendship stronger than words can portray.

My first camping companion was my father. He it was who taught me the principles of holding on and holding ahead, pointed out the deep holes where watched the gamy bass, first showed me how to arrange the decoys in life-like array, taught me how a blind was constructed so as to deceive the crafty waterfowl; told me the necessity of digging the drain around the tent, to tighten the guy ropes in dry weather, and to slacken them in case of rain. He taught me the signs of mink, rat, coon and other fur-bearing animals; then educated me in the knowledge of their ways and how to outwit them with trap and snare. In odd times on our trips he would stop by some old tree and tell me of the wild pigeons that once roosted there, show me the place he had once killed a turkey or deer; paddled me down some quiet, tree-girted creek in quest of woodcock, or, as we traversed the margin of some rush-bordered bayou, would tell of the geese which once fed there in their annual migrations. It was he who taught me to lay the back log to fry potatoes, to sizzle bacon, how to concoct slapjacks from cornmeal, flour and baking powder.

In fact, as I look back, it seems as though all my wild woods love was derived from this source, and it was all given in such a simple, modest way that I can think of no one I would rather have as a "pardner" than my father. He belongs to the old school—one who crossed the plains in the age of the gold fever, who lived here when deer, turkey, pigeon, wildfowl and all manners and species of game and fur-bearing animals were so plentiful as to be a nuisance.

Then came a new "pardner"—one of the opposite sex—a brown-eyed, quiet little woman, who soon learned from her husband to love the beauties of nature, who humored him in his hobbies of rod, gun and dog; who found pleasure in the gentle woodland breezes, whose eyes dimmed with tears as the rifle or shotgun brought some wild woods inhabitant to death, which same eyes spoke volumes in the way of hunters' fare and appetite as she relished the game dinners in camp. Who, when it rained, would say, "We had a nice day yesterday, and it will probably be nice to-morrow, so let's rest up to-day." Who added a new pleasure by her presence, and brought a more wholesome air into the cooking; who, though not versed in woods ways, lost her heart in the perfect freedom of the camp.

And now, this year, we have another companion—little Hunkie, as papa calls him, much to his mamma's disgust, when visitors are at the house. He is not yet two years old, but this autumn when Frosty Jack has killed off the mosquitoes and knocked malaria sky high, and when the leaves are turning and the nuts falling, when the evening brings the ducks to the lakes to feed, when the autumn tempered days make angling just about right, when squirrels and quail and snipe are ripe, come to our camp on the banks of the northern Mississippi, where the grapes hang in purpled clusters for the ruffed grouse, and our tent is pitched in a good location; look at my companions—father and grandfather in one, the teacher and guest, then the wife and son, and, I don't know what you fellows think about it, but I do know who I think are the best companions to take camping out.

E. K. STEDMAN.

Color Did Not Set.

Frank Furman, who lives at Jamaica, L. I., recently acquired a liver-colored setter, and is now greatly excited and looking for redress because the liver color won't stay on.

Mr. Furman dwells on Clinton avenue. While taking an inventory of his things recently he discovered that he had too many saddles and not enough liver-colored setters. So he advertised that he would swap a saddle for a dog.

His advertisement was answered by a man who lived in Philadelphia and had a Quaker name. He wrote that he could give references and was ready to exchange one liver-colored dog worth \$100 for a Mexican saddle worth \$75.

Mr. Furman shipped a saddle by fast freight. In a few days a box full of liver-colored dog arrived, marked "express charges collect, \$5.50."

Mr. Furman's suspicions were aroused when he saw the liver-colored dog running yelping around the yard pursued by a hen. Then came a rain storm, which washed most of the liver color off him.

Some beautiful black dots on the animal, which Mr. Furman supposed were symptoms of his good descent, proved to be merely symptoms of black paint, for they disappeared under the influence of the weather.

His suspicious were now quite aroused, and Mr. Furman ordered a warm bath for the liver-colored creature, which proved when the paint dissolved to be merely a yellow dog that would be dear at ten cents.

Thereupon he wrote a letter to the Philadelphian, but has received no answer.

"I suppose he's too busy riding around on my saddle to attend to his mail," Mr. Furman says, sadly.—New York World.

Natural History.

My Raccoon.

COONEY'S young eyes opened upon a hard world, and it is no wonder that an early acquaintance with the wiles of man trained his wits to be as sharp as his nose, and his keen eyes and quick ears to be ever on the alert for a chance to get even with the enemy.

A shot from a rifle killed his mother one summer's evening, and smoke from the fire that the man with the rifle kindled in the hollow tree that had been the home of this unlucky raccoon family sent the young ones scrambling into the branches for air. It was an easy matter to capture three such babies.

Perhaps the heart of the man with the gun was less black than it must have looked to Cooney and his brethren, or a closer view of the three scared little balls of fur may have altered his first intention, which I rather think was wholesale massacre in expiation for raided hen roosts and depredated garden beds. Suffice it to say, the man adopted one young raccoon, gave another to his gardener, and, remembering my fancy for odd pets, boxed up the third and sent it to me. Now I had had presents of pets from my friends before, and when a telegram came to say that I was to receive another, a long line of beasts and reptiles seemed to raise their heads and look at me; weird dogs and alligators, matted and horned toads, into whose beady eyes I had vainly looked for a responsive gleam of intelligence. Therefore, when my box arrived by express, I opened it with misgivings, which, however, vanished once for all on my first sight of Cooney. About the size of a well-grown kitten, soft gray fur (his tail had not yet attained the five-ringed splendor it reached later on), delicately frilled ears, and the most rascally eyes that ever peered along a sharp, black muzzle. Then his hands! How they grasped and caught, and how cleverly they handled all they touched! A monkey's hands are hardly more clever. Nor is a monkey's mind more alert and inquisitive. Prying into cupboards, picking keyholes with eager forefinger, peering into the receiver of the telephone, in never-ceasing effort to get at the true inwardness of things—such was Cooney, and with it all as neat as any Shaker. Hands washed before and after, and during the course of every meal, and not only hands, but food as well, if clean water was within reach.

Acting upon the supposition that a wild animal required a cage, I had one built, five feet square and about four high, the front of wire netting, with a small door for entrance and exit. The back could be raised on hinges for purposes of cleaning out. Inside an inverted box with a hole cut in the side, well filled with wool, formed his bed. The cage was placed upon the piazza, but Cooney never went near it except at night. He preferred to roam at will about the house and piazzas. About three times a day, however, my little daughter would suddenly grab Cooney by the nape of his neck and retire with him to the cage, which she could enter from the back, and, curling up in a corner, and holding Cooney firmly against her small body, she would gravely insert a nursing bottle in his mouth, and he would as gravely empty it. But business over, Cooney was ready for play again. There was always a dog or two about the house. We had seven just then, and Cooney loved them all. The two pointers only tolerated him, but the bull terriers were his chums. They romped together in perfect accord, and if the dogs grew too rough or Cooney got bored, he climbed a tree, and waited in the branches until the dogs strayed off. This good fellowship continued for over a year, and might have lasted longer but for an accident that brought out the latent savagery in him, turned him into an Ishmael, and caused some members of the family, and most of the neighbors, to declare him to be possessed of a devil.

A strange dog strayed into the place one day, and seeing Cooney loping across the lawn, fell upon him. The snarling and yelping that ensued attracted our dogs, and led away by example, they followed suit. Lo! there was Cooney on his back fighting for life with teeth and powerful hind legs, and with them, formidable claws, while his old, familiar friends tore and bit him. It was over in a moment, for the coachman ran to the rescue with a club, with which he cracked all the dogs impartially over the head. I lifted the poor little raccoon from the ground and carried him into the house. It was autumn and chilly, so I laid him on a pillow by the library fire and washed and dressed his wounds as well as I could. His back was badly torn, and he must have been hurt internally, as he made no attempt to move, but lay panting on his side. I thought he would die, but he did not. He lay for several days on his pillow without moving, then he began to creep lamely about the room, and at the end of three weeks Richard was himself again. It was during this period of enforced inactivity that I got a glimpse of the softer side of his complex nature, recognized in him a quality which I sometimes think is almost peculiar to animals, namely, gratitude, and tacitly formed with him a sort of alliance offensive and defensive against all comers, which we maintained so long as the poor little chap lived.

Cooney was very sick, and he knew it. He refused all food at first, but soon would lap a little milk or beef tea if held so that he could reach it without raising his head. It dawned on him, perhaps, that I had had no hand in his undoing, but was trying to help him. He began to look for my coming, would raise his head and stretch out his paw. It seemed to comfort him so much, that I often sat on the floor beside him, reading a book and holding his hot little paw in my hand, feeling it nervously twitching, till by degrees it relaxed and Cooney was asleep. Kind old nature pulled him through after all. His wounds healed, his high spirits returned, and with them his old rascality. Indeed it seemed as if the original devil must have gathered unto himself at least seven more. There was no more roaming at large for Cooney. The sight of a dog would drive him to fury. He would rise on his hind legs, swaying his body to and fro, emitting an eager whine, while his eyes blazed red. We had to keep him in his cage, or tied to a stake that could be moved about under trees or near the house for company. Whenever I came out he stood up so eagerly and meant so plainly "Do take

me along!" that it was hard to disappoint him, and although a walk with him involved tuggings to get ahead and sudden stoppings to investigate any object of interest, I often did take him along. When tired of his antics, I would always perch him on my shoulder, where he sat up in perfect content. If I drove, he often stood beside me, his paws on the dashboard, sniffing the wind, and seeming to enjoy the scenery.

I could stroke him while he fed, and tease him by pretending to pull away a chicken bone or a bunch of grapes—his favorite morsels. He merely gathered together what was left with his paws, and went on with his meal, glancing meanwhile at me out of the corner of his eye, as if he would say, "Oh! that's all right; you don't count." But if another hand attempted the same liberty, a snarl and a bite down to the bone was the penalty.

Another person from whom he stood liberties within certain limits was our coachman, whom he looked upon as a necessary evil, to be borne with philosophy. When the man seized him by the nape of the neck to carry him stableward, Cooney hung limp and resigned, for he knew that it meant cage and bedtime.

His Sunday bath was another dispensation to be patiently endured. A thorough lathering with soap, which often got in his eyes, and a cold douche from the hose, were hardly to his fancy, and his stolid attitude plainly showed that he regarded the whole business as some foolish fetish of simple minds.

The ultimate fate of Cooney is wrapped in gloom. They tied him to his stake under the trees one afternoon as usual, but at bedtime the cord that had held him was cut and Cooney gone. No trace of him was ever found. I have always linked in my mind the disappearance of Cooney with a gang of chattering Italian laborers who were macadamizing a road not fifty yards from the spot where he was tied. They knocked off work at 6 o'clock. They are a frugal race, and meat is dear. Might not fat raccoon stew be a tempting variation on dandelions and macaroni? Whatever his fate, I mourned for him, for there was never a more amusing or engaging little creature.

M. W. M.

The Beaver.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of the last things I did in Boston before taking train for Oregon was to leave directions to have my FOREST AND STREAM forwarded to me.

I have just read in the issue of July 13 the interesting letter of Mr. E. P. Jaques, giving some more observations on the beaver. Mr. Jaques kindly refrains from mentioning my name, but refers to my story of carrying a 46 pound beaver six miles without putting it down, in a way that plainly shows he thinks me a candidate for high honors as a member of the "Ananias Club." He says "The man who carried the beaver six miles without stopping to rest can get a fair donation toward a medal commemorating the feat by addressing N. B. Beardslee, Hennessey, Okla. T." Mr. Beardslee being the man who had such a hard time carrying the soft, but yielding and slippery body of a beaver on one occasion, this deceptive load having been unguardedly chosen in preference to a saddle of venison. Now, in telling my own beaver story I mentioned my carrying my beaver the distance named merely incidentally and without any thought that it was anything extraordinary in itself.

I did remember that it was a very fatiguing experience and that at the time I felt it was a pretty good lug and that I had some pride in bringing the beaver through in that way.

I can easily sympathize with Mr. Beardslee in his troublesome undertaking, but I undertook nothing so difficult, and Mr. Jaques' mistake lay in his supposition that there was no other way to carry a dead beaver than the simple but very difficult one he adopted.

My beaver was inside the stout old "Kennebec" of my guide, T. W. Billings—of blessed memory—which was securely strapped to my shoulders. If either Mr. Jaques or Mr. Beardslee have any more beavers to carry, and don't know what a "kennebec" is, I shall be nappy to explain—and so would any man familiar with life in the old times in the Maine woods. I carried my beaver—and my quite clear and distinct recollection is that it weighed just 46 pounds—from Randall Brook, where we caught him, through the woods to the old "tote road," and down that to our canoe on Eberne Lake, and my recollection is that the distance is six miles. And I as distinctly remember some feeling of complacency that I had not once put down my load.

Now, I have always admired the candor of Artemas Ward, who, having occasion once in a lecture to give the number of rats existing at that time in the United States immediately after naming the figure, added: "I speak entirely from memory."

I think there is an old note book—one of a "Maine Woods series"—in my desk at home, where these and many other experiences of mine were faithfully recorded at the time of their occurrence, and when I am again privileged to do so I shall, for my own satisfaction, look this matter up. For the present, however, "I speak entirely from memory," though I must believe my data were originally much more definite than Artemas Ward's could have been.

I was a "husky" young fellow then, able to do a good piece of "woods work," and delighting in "roughing it" in the wilderness.

I wish I could tell of the feats of Billings in carrying loads with that old "kennebec"—of the actual weight of blankets, hard tack and salt pork, bear traps, otter traps, and other impedimenta which he would pack into and strap upon it, and bending forward, till he was fairly under it, stride off for hours at a time without stopping. His own expression in regard to himself in those days was always—"I was strong as a moose." That he injured himself in this way there was no doubt, and when even his extraordinary powers began to wane, and the kidney trouble came, his regret for his lost strength was pathetic.

But, I wander from the maine question, and from one which I wish to raise, viz.—as to the average weight of a full grown beaver. My beaver was a comparatively young one: I used to discuss such questions with Billings and I am sure I recall his telling me more than

once of killing "on the Tobique," beaver weighing 80 pounds or more. Now, does that take any one's breath away? All I can say is that it is a datum that has long been in my memory, and I would like to hear expert testimony about it.

C. H. AMES.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Illinois Quail Law.

STATE GAME COMMISSIONER LOVEJOY has issued a notice to his deputy game wardens, reading as follows:

ROSCOE, Ill., July 1.—To whom it may concern: Acting on the authority of Attorney-General Hamlin, of Illinois, I wish to say, that while it is true that under the law as it now stands, a person may kill quail at any time of the year after this date, but in so doing he consents that the title to such quail shall remain in the State, and if such quail is killed or in his possession for any purpose prohibited by law, any game warden or deputy, may take possession and dispose of same, as provided in sections 20, 21, 22 and 23 of the original act, which are still in full force and effect. I therefore instruct all wardens and deputies to take possession of any quail killed by any one, between the twentieth day of December, and the first day of November of the succeeding year.

Under the law as it now stands you are fully authorized to take such possession.

By section 29 of the original act which is still in force and effect, it is made unlawful "for any person or persons, to hunt with dog, gun or net within or upon the ground or the land of another, without his obtaining from the owner, agent or occupant of such ground or land, his, her or their permission so to do."

I wish to urge the enforcement of the above. Respectfully,

A. J. LOVEJOY, State Game Commissioner.

The opinion of the Attorney-General, upon the authority of which this opinion is based, reads as follows:

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., June 21.—Hon. A. J. Lovejoy, Roscoe, Ill.: Dear Sir—Replying to your inquiry, "Does the statute, for the protection of game, approved May 10, 1901, and in force July 1, 1901, repeal the first section of the statute for the protection of game, approved April 24, 1899, and in force July 1, 1899?"

The chief difference between the two laws consists in the omission of the word "quail" in the law of 1901; whereas quail was protected by the law of 1899.

Except some slight changes as to the time to hunt, entrap, etc., game, and the punishment for the violation of the law, the two sections are substantially the same, save that the word "quail" is left out of the law of 1901.

The statute of 1901 provides that section 1 of the law of 1899 shall "be amended to read as follows:"

The general principle laid down in the text books and often declared by the Supreme Court is: Repeals by implication are not favored.

Section 2, however, of the recent act of 1901 is as follows: "All acts and parts of acts conflicting herewith are hereby repealed."

It is apparent that the two laws do conflict, and so far as they do conflict, the law of 1901 is an express repeal of the law of 1899.

Besides other repugnancies between the two acts, the punishment is entirely different. In the law of 1899 the punishment for each offense is not less than \$5 nor more than \$25; in the law of 1901 the punishment is not less than \$15 nor more than \$50. There is, therefore, such a repugnancy that it is impossible to reconcile the two acts.

Whenever a law has been amended in this particular manner the Supreme Court has uniformly held that the amended law is repealed.

When an amendatory act declares a certain section "shall be amended that it shall read as follows," and then makes a distinct provision, that operates to repeal the section of the amended act named.

In the *People vs. Young*, 38 Ill., 490, the Supreme Court says: "A form of amendment of the section of the statute that it shall be 'amended to read as follows,' setting out in words how it shall read, of necessity repeals all of the section, as it before stood, which is left out of and not included in the reading which is written in the amendatory act for the section to have." To the same effect is *Goodal vs. The People*, 123 Ill., 389-394; *L. & N. R. Co. vs. the City of East St. Louis*, 134 Ill., 661.

In the case of *Palmer vs. the City of Danville*, 166 Ill., 49, the Court held: "The amended act declared that the statute should be amended to read as therein provided, and it is operated to repeal the original action and to substitute the amended section."

I am, therefore, of the opinion that section 1 of the law of 1899 is repealed by the law of 1901.

I am of the further opinion, however, that sufficient of the act of 1899 remains, if rigidly enforced, to protect quail.

By section 2 of that act, which is still in force, it is provided it shall further "be unlawful for any person or persons at any time to sell or expose for sale or to have in his or their possession for the purpose of selling, any quail, etc., that shall have been caught, ensnared, trapped or killed within the limits of this State."

It is further provided in section 11 of the original act, which is still in full force, "that the ownership of and title to all wild game and birds in the State of Illinois is hereby declared to be in the State; and no wild game or birds shall be taken or killed in any manner, or at any time, except the persons so taking or killing shall consent that the title to said game shall be and remain in the State of Illinois, for the purpose of regulating the use and disposition of the same after such taking or killing."

By section 29 of the original act, which is still in full force and effect, it is made unlawful "for any person or persons to hunt with dog, gun or net within or upon the ground or the land of another without his obtaining from the

owner, agent or occupant of such ground or land his, her or their permission so to do."

While it is true that under the law as it now stands a person may kill quail at any time of the year, but in so doing he consents that the title to such quail shall remain in the State, and if such quail is killed or in his possession for any purpose prohibited by law, any State game warden or deputy may take possession and dispose of the same, as provided in sections 20, 21, 22 and 23 of the original act, which are still in force and effect.

I would recommend that you instruct your deputy wardens to take possession of any quail killed by any one at any such times in the year as in your judgment would best protect the quail in Illinois from destruction, and under the law, as it now stands, your deputies will be fully authorized to take such possession.

I remain, very respectfully yours,

H. J. HAMLIN, Attorney-General.

Some Moose Heads.

As moose measurements Mr. G. E. Armstrong has kindly furnished me the following list of statistics of moose shot in his camps during the last three seasons, with permission to send them to *FOREST AND STREAM* for publication. This record seems to me noteworthy. For obvious reasons of delicacy, the names of the individual sportsmen, which are given to the editor in full, are here replaced by initials:

Moose Shot at G. R. Armstrong's Camps in the Seasons of 1898, 1899 and 1900.

1898.	Sportsmen.	Spread, Inches.	Web, Inches.	Points.
Sept. 1.	Dr. A. M.	34	5	9
Sept. 3.	W. M.	36	7	10
Sept. 12.	V. F. P.	48	12	24
Sept. 18.	E. R. L.	48	12	26
Sept. 27.	G. A. S.	40	7	13
Oct. 4.	C. S. B.	58	13	26
Oct. 9.	L. F. F.	37	8	18
Dec. 10.	C. P. W.	63	19½	32
Average, 8 moose		45½	10½	20
1899.				
Sept. 10.	W. E. H.	52½	12	24
Sept. 11.	C. E. W.	53½	11	18
Sept. 28.	C. B. T.	58	13	21
Oct. 3.	O. S.	56	12	18
Oct. 5.	E. C.	46	14	24
Oct. 14.	C. M. C.	26	6	3
Nov. 10.	H. L. P.	36	7	11
Nov. 10.	S. A.	42	15	22
Nov. 23.	C. P. W.	33	4	8
Average, 10 moose		40 1-3	9½	16
1900.				
Sept. 15.	N. C. N.	34	6	9
Sept. 15.	J. A.	44	12	18
Sept. 17.	W. H. G.	49½	15	26
Sept. 18.	W. O. A.	47	10	24
Sept. 18.	O. R.	51	14	23
Sept. 18.	L. M. W.	48½	11½	23
Sept. 20.	E. M.	56	15	28
Sept. 26.	S. A.	55	7	18
Oct. 3.	B. G.	50	11	18
Oct. 5.	E. D. W.	40	8	15
Nov. 29.	C. V.	44½	13	22
Dec. 15.	G. E. A.	50	12	18
Average, 12 moose		47½	11¼	20
Total average, 30 moose		44½	10½	19

W. O. ATWATER.

The Eastern Shore.

STOCKTON, Md., July 24.—Once more the soft whistle of the yellowleg sounds from the marshes, borne on the breeze that waves the long salt grass like the billows of an ocean—mile on mile of undulating green, full of ponds, inlets and bays, stretching away until lost in the shadow of the dark, unbroken line of pine woods as far as the eye can see. On the ocean side uprises a border of glistening white sand dunes, piled high by the even pounding surf. Over this wide expanse of marsh and islands pass thousands of shore birds, stopping to feed in the half-dry ponds or following the waves up and down over the flat ocean beach. What a mixed lot they are—willet, yellowlegs, dowitchers, greybacks, hay birds and sandpipers and plovers of many kinds. There is no quarreling, no chasing or picking each other; all are intent on the one business of capturing as many snails, bugs, shellfish and worms as their quick eyes can detect in the mud and shifting sand. They are always moving, always eating, seemingly never full.

Mosquitoes, you say? Certainly we have mosquitoes! Who ever heard of a salt marsh without mosquitoes? Not only one kind, but nine or even more, we are told, each with its own particular way of cultivating your acquaintance. Now in the mountains and North Woods you have the black flies; in the Southern woods you have green flies, sheep flies and ticks; on the Southern coast you have midges, and over the fields and farms, North and South, you have the harvest midges. But go where you will, if there is a pond, lake or river near, you have the inevitable mosquito. We are not the only spot. However, a netting thrown over your head as you walk to your pond, saves all blood shedding; then when you are quiet in your blind, your decoys all out, the mosquitoes settle away again and you are little disturbed, unless you persist in getting up and running about through the grass.

Generally the flights stop and feed in goodly numbers, keeping the marshes well worked from the middle of July until the middle of August. Then the late flight is on, which often is here far into September. Then again the feeding conditions do not seem to suit the birds, and flight after flight will pass on down the coast to be seen no more until spring. Plenty of fresh rain water on the marshes holds the yellowlegs and other marsh feeders; low tides and bare mud flats draw the other flight birds. If the birds are moving well, the shooting is fast, and the sport something to be remembered, but if birds are scarce and not flying, the sun gets very hot, the marsh smells bad, the mosquitoes bother and the whole thing is mean.

The whole country here is full of quail. I have never seen so many old birds in early summer, and as we have had no rain to hurt since the first of June, I do not think the young birds can now be in any danger. Driving four miles along our road last week, I counted eighteen birds that I saw on the fences and in the road, and I heard as many if not more whistling back in the fields and along the edge of woods. I look for good shooting this fall, and as the season does not open until Nov. 10, the birds will be big and strong.

O. D. FOULKS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Sad Death of John L. Collins.

CHICAGO, July 24.—Mr. John L. Collins, for many years cashier in the Chicago office of Messrs. E. I. Dupont, De Nemours & Co., met his death this morning in an elevator accident at the Masonic Temple. The offices of the Dupont Company are on the fifteenth floor of that building, and Mr. Collins was going up to that floor. The elevator boy opened the door to let off a woman at the thirteenth floor, and it is likely that Mr. Collins at this moment believed that it was the fifteenth floor. Without stopping to think, he sprang past the elevator conductor and got part way through the door just as the car started up. He was carried to the floor above and crushed between the car and the floor, his body falling the full length to the basement, death, of course, being instantaneous.

Mr. Collins was favorably known among the shooters of Chicago as a man diligent and attentive to his business, yet always affable and pleasant. He was fifty-two years of age, married and the father of a nineteen-year-old son. Mr. Collins was a son of the late Rear-Admiral Napoleon Collins, of the U. S. Navy.

In Town.

Mr. Charles Porter, of the Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., is in town this week upon business connected with the trade.

Out of Town.

Messrs. A. S. Trude and W. S. Forrest, two of the leading criminal lawyers in Chicago, start this week for Jackson's Hole, Wyo., where they will fish and perhaps later hunt for large game. Mr. Trude has a lodge not far from that point, and makes a trip to the Rockies every year.

Mr. Martin Andrews, of this city, leaves this week for an extended stay at Plum Lake, Wis., where he will fish and rest.

Mr. John D. Coleman, of San Francisco, Cal., outfitted in Chicago this week for a trip of some extent in the lake region of Minnesota, where he will fish for black bass and muscallonge. Mr. Henry D. Bushnell, of this city, outfitted extensively this week for a trip to Old Mexico.

E. HOUGH.

The State's Right to Prohibit the Sale of Imported Game.

FOLLOWING is the text of the decision handed down by Judge Bellinger in the Deininger case. The point at issue was the right of the State to forbid the possession for sale of game or fish lawfully killed in another state and lawfully exported therefrom:

In re Deininger. (Circuit Court, D. Oregon, April 17, 1901.) No. 2,670.

Bellinger, District Judge. The petitioner was convicted in the State Court of having in his possession trout for sale, in violation of the game laws of Oregon, and was sentenced to pay a fine of \$35. In default of payment, he has been imprisoned by the sheriff of the county. He therefore makes this application for a writ of habeas corpus, and this hearing is for an order upon the sheriff to show cause why the writ should not be granted. The facts in the case, briefly, are that the petitioner is the manager of the Chloepck Fishing Company, doing business in Portland, Ore.; that said company conducts a retail fish market in Portland; that the trout in question were purchased in the city of Seattle, in the State of Washington, where they had been lawfully caught, and were shipped from that State to the market of the company in Portland, for sale there.

It is contended for the petitioner that the law of Oregon which makes the possession of trout for sale, lawfully caught in another State, unlawful, is a restraint of interstate commerce, and is therefore void. In the case of *Geer v. Connecticut*, 161 U. S., 519; 16 Sup. Ct., 600; 40 L. Ed., 793, it is held that a law of Connecticut which provides that no person shall at any time kill any woodcock, ruffed grouse, or quail for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the limits of the State, or shall transport or have in possession, with intent to procure the transportation beyond such limits, any such birds killed within such State, is legislation which it is within the constitutional power of the State to enact. In that case, as in this, it was contended that the act of the State of Connecticut was in restraint of interstate commerce, since it made the possession of the birds in question for the purpose of conveying the same beyond the State illegal, notwithstanding the fact that said birds were lawfully killed in the State of Connecticut. The decision is based upon the fundamental distinction that exists between the qualified ownership in game and the perfect nature of ownership in other property. If game when reduced to possession became an article of property, in the ordinary sense of the word, it would belong to commerce; otherwise, it is a subject of control by the State, in the exercise of its police power. There is, in my opinion, no room to distinguish between the right to take game out of the State and the right to bring it within the State. Interstate traffic is affected as much in one case as in the other. It is not material that in one case the killing of game is discouraged by the limitation which the law puts upon its use, by prohibiting its exportation, while in the other the enforcement of the law against the taking of game is rendered practicable by making its possession for sale unlawful. The ultimate object sought in each case is the same, and the law in each case is a legitimate exercise of the police power of the State. The taking of game is not an industry. It is merely a diversion. If it is ever anything more than this, it is under primitive conditions of society, when industrial enterprise and commerce are not yet established. It is wholly immaterial whether the game was lawfully caught within the State of Washington or not. The violation of the laws of Washington imposes no duty in respect to the particular matter upon the State of Oregon. Its right to prohibit the possession of the interdicted game does not depend upon what has been done in another jurisdiction, but wholly upon the limited right of property which exists in game birds, animals, and fishes.

The right to legislate without restraint, so far as the

game within the State is concerned, is not questioned. When game is brought from another State, by whatever means, or for whatever purpose, or in whatever condition, it becomes, upon the moment of its introduction into the State, a part of the game of the State, and subject to the control of its laws.

In the case of *In re Davenport* (C. C.), 102 Fed., 540, the court holds that one State does not have the constitutional power to prohibit traffic in game imported from another State. I regret my inability to adopt the view of the learned judge who decided that case. The respect which I have for his opinion has caused me to hesitate in reaching a conclusion different from his. The petition for a writ of habeas corpus is denied.

A Winter Time Outing.

CAMDEN, Del., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is perhaps no recreation practiced by many that gives to its devotees so much that is satisfying as the yearly outing. After weary months of confinement in a close and stuffy office, shut in by endless masses of masonry, sweltering with heat and worried with business cares, what can be more restful to one than to run away from it all for a few weeks, and with gun or rod in hand wander over forest or stream and hob nob with nature? What music so sweet as the merry ripple of the water, the rustle of the wind among the trees, the quack of the duck or the honk-honk of the goose, the shrill call of the quail or the bugle notes of Hector and Driver as they come straight to your stand with a noble buck? What nectar so sweet and life-giving as the pure atmosphere of the forest? You throw back your shoulders and fill your lungs to their greatest capacity, confident that the air you breathe is pure and fresh from nature's laboratory. What a feeling of rest and comfort to know you have nothing to do for a season but enjoy all these blessings!

For many years I with my family have taken to the woods each fall and spent the winter there, and already we begin to count the days to when we shall start again. Doubtless there are thousands of *FOREST AND STREAM* readers who would gladly partake of the joys pictured above if they but knew where to go and how. I will gladly answer questions from any such who will inclose stamp. My business is such that I can only leave in the winter months; so, like the birds, we fly to the southward each fall, and, while our friends are shivering in snow and ice, and the mercury is trying to creep out at the bottom we are wandering in forests of perpetual green, where the white mantle of snow is seldom spread. Perhaps there are those who would like to join us there. If so, the latch string hangs out, and we always have an extra bed in our camp and a vacant chair at our table for brother sportsmen who chance to wander our way.

S. H. THOMAS.

On the Santa Fe Trail.

THE scribblers who write of the braves of the West,
Their glory in story and rhyme have expressed—
Have lauded the scouts to the heavens, and sung
Of the deeds of the soldiers with rapturous tongue.
The fearless frontiersmen in picturesque dress,
The fellows who rode on the pony express,
Were heroes, but never a hair-raising tale
Of the boys who whacked bulls on the Santa Fe trail.

Over deserts that flickered with midsummer heat
They plodded along on their sand-blistered feet,
And kicked up the echoes with pops of their whips
And oaths that were flung from their alkalied lips.
Their menu was often but bacon and bread,
A sage root the pillow that rested the head,
Their lullabys but the coyote's drear wail,
While crossing the plains on the Santa Fe trail.

For them there was always a dare-devil charm
In springing from bed at the midnight alarm,
When the watchers had heard the hoof-beats on the plain
That told that the redskins were after the train.
Then every brave whacker was ready for fight,
The flash of their rifles lit spots in the night,
And they fought with a courage that never would fail,
Those boys who whacked bulls on the Santa Fe trail.

The graves of the dead were soon leveled again
By the hoofs of the buffalo swarming the plain;
Forever they're hidden, and there they will lie
Till the trumpet rings out the last call from on high.
No parson was there with a burial word;
The graves were unmarked by a slab or a board;
Not a visible sign that would tell the sad tale
Of the whackers who fell on the Santa Fe trail.

The bards and the Western historians aim
Their volleys of praise at far loftier game;
And yet the red fields of the West never gave
A picture of heroes more recklessly brave,
Undaunted they all held their lives in their hands,
Their law, but the trainmaster's spoken commands;
And never an imminent peril could pale
A whacker's brown face on the Santa Fe trail.

—James Barton Adams in *Denver Post*.



A FISHING FANCY.
From the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

ANGLING NOTES.

Elvers.

My good friend, Dr. Robert T. Morris, has been very prompt to reply to my query in regard to the run of elvers, whether they have actually been observed to run on both banks of a stream at the same time. This is his letter:

"Your query about elvers ascending a river on both sides simultaneously had never occurred to me as a matter of interest. I have often watched the eel ribbon at some one point without making a note of it; but your query brings to mind one occasion when I was fishing the Washshecoolat River, in eastern Quebec, some five or six years ago. One morning, about July 20, I noticed the eel band passing the falls at the head of the first salmon pool, and the run lasted for at least three or four days. The young eels were ascending the river on both sides simultaneously at the falls, and were making their way over rocks wet with spray, as the current was too swift for them.

"In the early morning, when the rocks and moss were wet for a considerable distance from the stream, the young eels were traveling through the wet moss in a wide path, but as the sun dried the rocks more and more during the day the eel ribbon narrowed to a little string. The eels attracted numbers of gulls, ducks, crows, Canada jays, and perhaps other birds, but I have forgotten about others. There were two families of young dusky ducks, one family of young butterbill scoters, and one family of young red-breasted mergansers, that spent nearly the whole of the time during each day feeding upon the young eels during their run over the rocks. In the water above and below the falls there was a swarm of brook trout, young sea trout, salmon parrs and smelts, all engaged, apparently in feasting upon young eels. In spite of all the attacking parties, a constant stream of eels was escaping upstream. Eels are such persistent spawn eaters that it occurred to me that the stock of game fish in the river would be largely increased if one were to place fine nets to catch all the ascending eels every year, but on the other hand it is always risky to disturb the balance of nature. It is possible that the young eels furnish an important or necessary food supply for young fish of other species, or that they destroy other enemies of fish."

Just about the time that I received the letter from Dr. Morris (it is post marked in Maine, July 9) the elvers were running in the Hudson River at Mechanicville, or, to be precise, on July 8.

The eel question is one that has disturbed a number of English anglers not a little during the past year, judging from the angling papers, and one thing stands out in bold relief in several communications, and that is that so many writers have disputed that eels do not travel over land or rocks, because they have not seen it. Last January one English writer concluded that some eels breed in fresh water because he saw elvers running downstream; and I studied over the situation as he described it until I could make neither head nor tail of his story. It seems that a weir was being built somewhere, and that there was a concrete foundation and some iron work, but all that I could make out of it was that there was an obstruction in the stream and elvers were seen coming down instead of going up, and without investigating to find why, the writer of the article jumped at the conclusion that the elvers were born in fresh water and were going down to sea. If he was to suppose something, it would have been, it strikes me, far more natural to suppose that the recent obstructions had turned the elvers from their course upstream, and they were trying to find a new channel, that they might resume their upstream movement; but he did not seek the cause of the elvers' running down, simply smoked his pipe for an hour, although the double obstruction was practically under his eye. This gentleman's communication is followed by one in which the writer prefaces his remarks with these words: "As one who has lived all his life in a district where the eels descend and the elvers ascend in their appointed time." The subsequent issues of the paper were examined carefully, but I could find no comment on the supposed downward movement of elvers, and perhaps it was not considered worthy of comment.

The Steelhead.

A few years ago I planted some fry of the steelhead trout in Lake George, New York, but up to this time have no knowledge that is reliable that the fish have been caught; but it is possible that some have been. The lake also contains landlocked salmon, and this year I have heard of some landlocked salmon being taken that weighed about 3 pounds each. In other lakes, where the salmon have been planted, they have not been caught until of a greater weight than 3 pounds, and before the introduction of steelheads into Lake George I did not hear of a salmon being taken as small as 3 pounds, and so I more than suspect that some of the 3-pound salmon may have been steelheads.

Mr. Edwin C. Kent, who some time ago furnished me with information about the steelheads planted in the waters of the Tuxedo Club, has very kindly furnished me with more information, which is of interest, in reply to queries I put to him:

"Some of your questions I can answer definitely, but about some I can only make deductions which may not be correct.

"My opinion on the value of the steelhead as both a sporting and food fish, is unchanged; in fact, after the experience of the past year it is even higher than it was. They are a much stronger and more game fish than the landlocked salmon, and are quite as good on the table. A 2½-pounder this spring took about 40 yards of line off my reel in one dash, a thing which never happened to

me before with any fresh-water fish in still water (bar Atlantic salmon).

"I do not know whether they try to reach salt water. The outlet of our lake has always been screened, and this spring I noticed once or twice two or three steelhead lying in the suction of the outlet. The spring freshets compelled us to take away the screens to lessen the pressure on the dam, but after carefully examining the waters of the lower ponds, I cannot find that any took advantage of the opportunity, as I have heard of only one being seen below, and that one may have escaped from the hatchery.

"I think there is no doubt about their spawning naturally in fresh water."

(I framed this question badly, but Mr. Kent understood me, and it will be better for me to explain that as the steelhead is a seagoing fish on the Pacific, and it was questioned if it would spawn when it did not have access to salt water and was confined exclusively in fresh, the question was put briefly, but blindly, now that others are to read the answers.)

"During the season of 1900, I was in Europe, and no one seems to have taken the trouble to watch the fish, but last fall I determined to try, and worked the nets. We caught about a dozen fish, but they then showed no signs. However, we kept then in one of our hatchery pools to await developments. This spring, as you know, the rains were very heavy, and during the latter part of March and the first of April we found the little brooks which run into the lake literally jammed with steelheads in every stage, from ripe to completely spent. We took about 25,000 eggs, stripping the fish on bank of the brook. Those which we had kept in the hatchery also yielded a fair number of eggs, but very inferior in quality, being small and white, and although they hatched out successfully, the fry are comparatively small and weak. The eggs which we took from the free fish were large, almost as large as those of the land-locked salmon, and a dark red, and have developed into strong, healthy fry.

"The boatmen and others have repeatedly told me that they have seen numbers of steelhead yearlings in the lake, but as I have not seen and examined the fish myself I cannot be sure that they have not confused them with the salmon fry, as I know that the salmon are spawning naturally. Judging, however, from the actions of the fish this spring, I think they are probably right in their statements.

"I cannot answer your question about the fly-fishing very well, because they have never been given a fair trial. The mode adopted has invariably been to troll for them with a spinner or natural minnow, with two or three flies hitched above the spinner on the leader, but my experience has been that almost as many have been taken on the flies as on the spinner. * * * The fish have all moved now into the deep water, but I confidently expect they will be up again next fall and then I intend to give them a full trial with the fly. The average growth of the fish is remarkable. We turned them into the lake in the late fall as two-year-olds, about four to the pound. The following year none were taken. Next year they were caught running from 1 to 1½ pounds. This year, including those I weighed after stripping them, they weighed from 2 to 2½ pounds. I cannot guess how much larger they will get, but they have already far outstripped the salmon. I imagine that it is a question of the food supply, and I am watching with great interest the result of planting the whitefish we got from you in exchange last spring. I am beginning to think the much hated German carp are of great value for furnishing food to the steelheads and salmon, for the lake is swept clear of minnows and dace, and yet the steelheads and salmon are in good condition. I fished for salmon this spring at Grand Lake Stream, Maine, but could see no difference between those I took there and ours. Perhaps the reason you have not heard of the steelhead you planted as fry is that time enough has not passed. We at Tuxedo did not see or take a single fish until they were four years old."

Some five or six years ago I was rather inclined to take a gloomy view of the fitness of the steelhead for Eastern coast waters, but I became satisfied that the meager information I obtained from the Pacific coast regarding the habits of the fish was not based upon an intimate knowledge of the fish and its breeding, and the more I found out about the steelhead the more it impressed me as a fish to be cultivated, and I have desired to do it justice because I came very near doing it an injustice from my imperfect knowledge of it. In the report of the U. S. Fish Commission, printed last year, Mr. Ravenel quotes some of the results from planting steelheads:

"Particularly gratifying reports have been received from Minnesota with reference to the introduction of the steelhead trout in Lake Superior. Mr. L. E. Baldridge, foreman of Duluth Station, Minnesota, reports, under date of March 13, 1899, that large numbers of steelhead trout, varying in length from 7 to 28 inches, were caught during the summer and fall of 1898 along the north shore of Lake Superior, between Duluth, Minn., and Rossport, Ont. Mr. D. J. Greensword, treasurer of the Duluth Fly-Casting Club, informed him that a number of members of his club took over 400 steelhead trout from Sucker River, in two days' fishing with hook and line, and that he had captured eighty-five in a single day. He further states that not less than 2,200 steelheads were taken in the same manner from the French and Sucker rivers, and that they will take the fly as readily as do the brook trout. The fishermen operating gill nets along the north shore for lake trout have also captured a number, varying from 14 to 18 inches in length. * * * Dr. James A. Henshall, superintendent of Bozeman Station, Montana, reports that during the past year a number of steelhead and Eastern brook trout have been taken in Bridges Creek, which runs through the station grounds, and which is a natural trout stream about 20 miles long and 30 feet wide. * * * Steelheads have also been captured with the fly in Bozeman Creek, which was accidentally stocked in the fall of 1897 by a can of fly jolting from the wagon into the stream from a load of fish intended for Mystic Lake. * * * Mr. E. S. Whitcomb, of Underhill, Vt., also reports the capture of a steelhead trout in Brown's River, Essex, weighing 2½ pounds, and 19 inches long, and another weighing 3¾ pounds, also a number of small ones. They have frequently been reported from Lake Champlain and its tributaries."

It seems to be pretty well established that the steelhead trout is a very game fish; that it thrives in ponds or lakes as well as in streams; that it takes the fly in streams quite as readily as the brook trout, and in ponds quite as well as the landlocked salmon; that it spawns in fresh water where it is cut off from access to the sea, and that it has not the disappearing habit of the rainbow trout, though it has a family connection with the rainbow. In the State ponds it is often difficult to separate the yearling steelhead from the red throat (*Nekess*) and the rainbow, but the more mature steelhead is spotted from head to tail, dorsal, adipose, caudal, anal and ventral fins (all fins except the pectoral), with black spots, but not so round as the spots on the other two species. Just now we desire to know all that can be known about the fish in waters where it has been planted, particularly in Eastern waters. The point that Mr. Kent makes that the eggs from confined fish are smaller and whiter than the eggs of wild fish is also true of other species of trout, and I wrote of a marked case of this sort which came under my observation last fall, and it will be of interest to know the results of hatching the steelhead in some of the Western hatcheries. I regret to say that in one instance I have known that hatchery fish did not produce strong fry, but this may have been an exception. Nevertheless we wish to know all that we can about the steelhead.

Sequel to a Fishing Accident.

The daily newspapers have had a more or less accurate account in brief of a fishing accident on Lake George, July 18. Mr. E. Burgess Warren, of Philadelphia, owner of the fast steam yacht *Elide*, has another steam yacht on Lake George named *Cyril*, and both are used for fishing, the latter being about 60 ft. long. Mr. Warren, his fisherman and pilot, Alec Taylor, his engineer and his valet, were on board the *Cyril* fishing for lake trout. Dinner was about to be served when a storm came up. The curtains on the sides of the boat were fastened down to keep out the rain, but the wind was so severe that it rolled the boat until the water came in and the steam had gotten so low that the boat could not be headed into the wind. After twice rolling the boat went down by the stern, but a water-tight compartment in the bow held the bow out of water. Mr. Warren and his valet in the stern of the boat were caught in a trap, but the valet cut the curtain and released Mr. Warren and himself, and the valet and crew passed a line around Mr. Warren and held him on the bow. The men were washed off again and again, and were pounded against the boat by the wind and waves, and one of Mr. Warren's ribs was broken before men in small boats put out from the shore and rescued the entire party after they had been in the water nearly an hour. I understand that Mr. Warren begged the men to let him go and save themselves, but all were saved, and the boat afterward towed ashore. I cannot yet understand how the *Cyril* was capsized, although I know what the wind can do on Lake George, for I cannot comprehend what Alec Taylor was doing without steam.

Mr. Warren was about to eat his dinner when the storm came, and he had put his waistcoat, containing a valuable gold repeater and a pocket knife, which he had carried nearly forty years, on one of the seats, where there was a quantity of fishing tackle. Everything that went out of the boat went down in more than one hundred feet of water, and the waistcoat and contents went down. Yesterday, the day after the accident, some fishermen saw some cork fishing floats on the water near where the yacht capsized, and they rowed to there and secured them, and found they were attached to a fishing line or lines, for there was a mass of them; pulling them in, they found a weight on one, and this proved to be Mr. Warren's waistcoat, with the watch and the knife still in the pockets, and they were promptly returned to him. The cloth of the waistcoat had caught in some hooks, to which were fastened lines with cork floats, and thus the watch and knife were saved. Real fishing stories are often more extraordinary than imaginary ones.

Fly Tyers.

Much as is said and written about artificial flies, and the excellence or killing qualities of one or another, and how one pattern differs from another, and so on to the end of the chapter, it is rare, indeed, that anything is said about those who make flies. A few days ago I cut an item from a newspaper that I was reading on a railway car, which is intended to pay a fitting compliment to those who dress the flies that anglers use. It is quaint enough to have come down from Walton's time; and, in fact, the phraseology seems to have been borrowed from a period earlier than the present, but none the less it is a tribute to the fly-dresser that should have greater currency than an obscure corner of an evening paper:

The trade of artificial fly-making is the lightest-fingered business in the world, and it is not one man or woman out of 5,000 who can learn to tie flies. These tyers are remarkable for the beauty and delicacy of their hands, and only the cleverest of fingers can deal with the "wiggling" work of knotting hairs that can hardly be seen.

As a matter of fact the clever fingers do not knot hairs, but it is a pity to criticize the facts or lack of them in the compliment. My thoughts go to one woman's fingers as I have watched them for hours tying flies, and they were all the writer of this item would imply, and then I think of a veteran Yorkshire fly-dresser, over eighty years of age, with his knotted, heavy hands and fingers; so there are fly-dressers and fly-dressers.

A. N. CHENEY.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod and Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

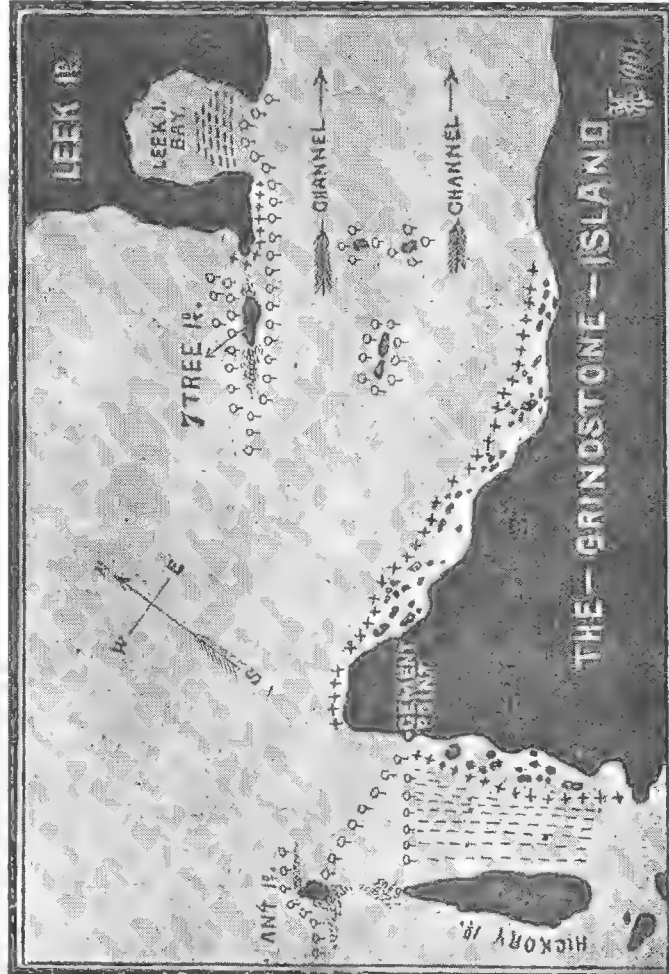
The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Two Weeks Among the Thousand Islands.—II.

(Continued from page 70.)

Fifth Day—Western Corner of Grindstone.

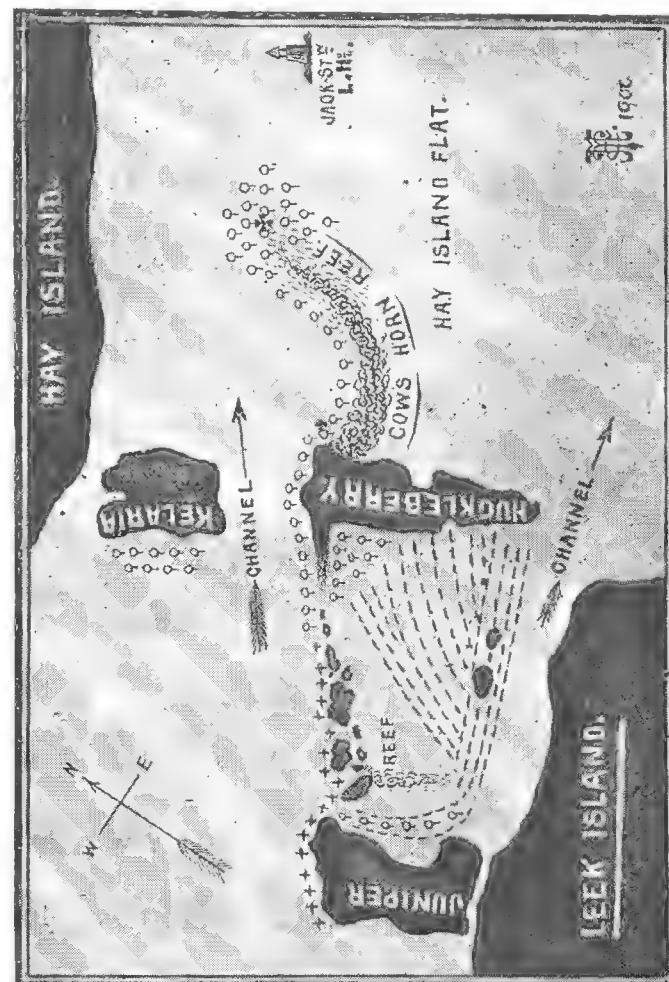
We shall now take the last part of the Grindstone Island—the western corner—which is the outer corner, at the head, from Clayton. We will commence fishing at Hickory Flats for pickerel. The water is 45 feet deep and large fish the result. From Cement Point to the outer end of Hickory Island, and from Cement Point to Ant Island, there are two large weed beds. These weed beds have yielded dozens of muscullonge first and last. At the head of Ant Island there is a deep hole along-



FIFTH DAY—WESTERN CORNER OF GRINDSTONE.

side a reef; this is one of our favorite spots for muscullonge. We have nothing now to note except bass fishing all the way down to Seven Tree Island. But the bass fishing, as shown in the chart, is exceptionally fine. The best result to be obtained is by trolling with Delaware-belles. Standing out from the first large island we strike, which is Leek Island, is a very small one called Seven Tree Island. More muscullonge have been caught around this island than any other grounds ten times the size; every season it gives its quota. We have distinctly marked these grounds, so that no fisherman going there shall miss a trick.

Just below Seven Tree Island is Leek Island Bay. The bay is full of pickerel. At the mouth and at the



SIXTH DAY—COW'S HORN REEF.

lower point is good muscullonge ground. On one occasion at the point we had a strike. It stopped the boat, smashed a clean ash set-pole 1 1/8 inches in diameter, and then another rush and a 28-thread linen line broke. What fish it was or the size of it has ever been a matter of conjecture and wonder.

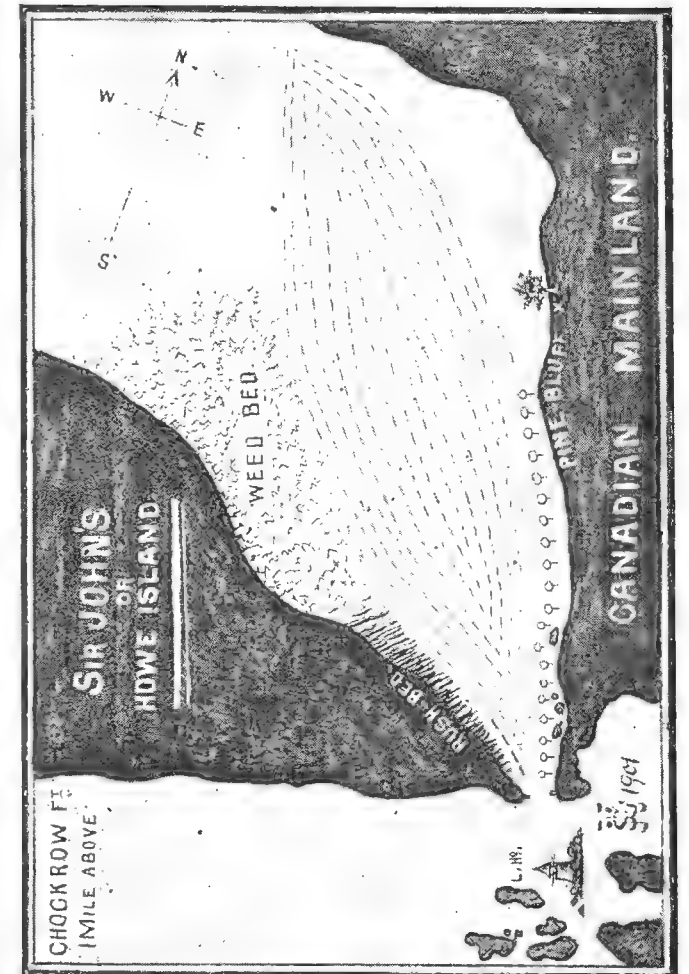
Sixth Day—Cow's Horn Reef.

This day we are going to devote to muscullonge; therefore set sail at Clayton, run along the head of the Grindstone, shake out the sail a bit and round the western corner and run down before the wind to Huckleberry Island. As soon as we pass Juniper we will take in sail and let out a pair of lines with No. 8 spoons on them; if the day is bright, copper and brass; if dull, copper and silver. We work and keep in close to the edge of Huckleberry until the foot is reached, then turn our boat in swiftly and close to the point until we see rocks under

the boat in about 6 feet of water. We have now located the inner end of the reef. Turn out sharply and quickly and follow the reef around until it disappears in the channel. The two most likely spots (marked by crosses) for a strike are when you locate the reef and turn out, and again as you round the point at the channel. After going over the ground three or four times without success, follow down the channel from the point close to the Hay Island Flat weed bed. They often leave the reef and work down there to feed. If one is out on the feed you are almost sure to get him.

After fishing the Horn thoroughly, come back to the head of the island and turn in around the upper shoal. There is a hollow under this shoal, which is also a good spot.

Take a turn around the little bay and get a couple

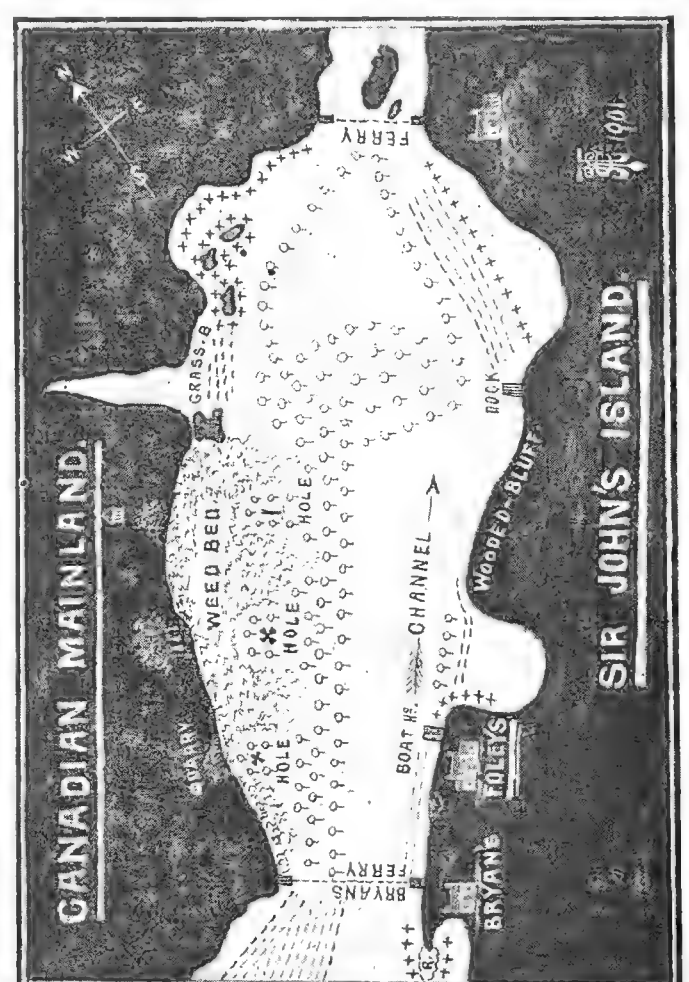


SEVENTH DAY—FOOT OF SIR JOHN'S ISLAND.

pickerel for dinner. Then take a run along the channel between Juniper and the reef. This is also good muscullonge ground. When this is fished it will be dinner time. Have dinner and go over the ground again after dinner in the same way as before. You will either go back to Clayton with an empty fish box or something that you will be mighty proud of.

Seventh Day—Foot of Sir John's Island.

From to-day we shall commence and work the fishing grounds up river from Clayton, and all of the time in Canadian waters. Foot of Sir John's is ten miles from Clayton, directly across from the head of Grindstone Island. It is essentially a pickerel ground, and they run



EIGHTH DAY—BACK OF SIR JOHN'S.

below the average of St. Lawrence fish in size; but the quantity that can be caught is simply determined by the feeling that you have enough.

Along the shore, by the Pine Bluff, is a run where a great many muscullonge have been taken.

About three miles above the lighthouse is Chockrow Flats. This is a celebrated pickerel water, the fish running from 5 to 10 and 15 pounds. The water is over 50 feet deep. Bottom large boulders, with long weeds growing between them. Deep water runs up close to shore. It is an easy matter to tell a Chockrow Flat fish when you see it—comparatively short, very thick and deep; back almost black, and belly and markings yellow instead of white.

Eighth Day—Back of Sir John's.

From the foot of Sir John's we will run up alongside the Canadian mainland for five miles, which will bring

us to the celebrated muscallonge water, known as Back of Sir John's. The reason why it always contains plenty of these fish is that it is one of their breeding grounds. On the Canadian mainland side it is one continuous weed bed. The principal grounds lie alongside these weeds. There are three good spots in the weeds, which if worked properly will almost to a certainty bring a strike.

The first is a hole in the weeds just above Grass Island. This hole can be located by bringing a clump of bushes on the shore in line with the cottage above. This hole is about 150 yards long by 75 feet wide. We once drove a stake on the end of the upper bar. It remained there for a long time, and may be there now, or another in its place.

The second is a hole about 1,000 feet from shore, directly out from the clump of trees. This hole is about 300 feet square and quite deep. We have taken many a bouncer out of it.

The third is a hole about 300 feet out from the Quarry. This hole is only about 100 feet square. The way to fish it is to shorten lines up to 75 feet, come down from above, and as soon as the hole is struck, turn out and dash over or through the weeds which lie between the hole and channel. If a fish is struck in this hole, do not let up on him at all, but drag him out into the channel by main force. It is the only way of saving him.

These are the principal grounds, but others almost equally good are to be found below. The runs are as follows:

From the center island in the narrows to the dock.

From the center island in the narrows to the mouth of Grass Bay. Circles from the dock to the mouth of Grass Bay. This is deep water, and if a fish is struck it is generally a big one. One more run is worth fishing; this is across the mouth of Foley's Bay. There is some excellent bass fishing just below Grass Bay among the rocks, and again from Foley's boat house down to the point. We once took forty bass in this run of 100 yards after 4 o'clock one evening on a pair of Delaware-belles. Foley's is a nice place to stop at to fish this water.

J. CHURCHWARD.

From Northeast Maine to Lake Chinquasabamtook.—I.

THE Maine wilderness that lies far west of Allegash and Churchill Lakes was unwritten and unsung until the writer penetrated its mysteries in the fall of 1900. It was in the shadow of old Katahdin that a strange guide told me of a wild region over toward Chinquasabamtook that abounded in moose, deer and trout. While hunting and trapping in this solitude we had traversed most of the wilderness around Crescent Pond and the Big Lake. His account of this sportsman's paradise fired my imagination, as there are precious few of such places left now east of the Rocky Mountains; so when the next season worked around I engaged him and his friend Lyman Hunt, of Lincoln, Maine, to meet me at Grindstone, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. I left New York about the last of August. There is not much to interest the sportsman until he gets beyond Oldtown. After passing Milo Junction the country along the line begins to put on a wild and rugged aspect, the clearings are blotted out, one by one, and presently the skirmish line of the great North Woods is encountered. By the time West Seboois is reached the train is running between a solid wall of forest. The fearful work of fire and the axe is seen in acres of dead and dying trees that stretch out ghastly arms, as if in mute protest against the invasion of this once happy hunting ground. In the early days of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad the night train collided with a moose, near Crystal Station, killing the animal and crippling the engine. This experience is not likely to be repeated at the present time, as nearly all the moose and deer have fled before the shriek of the locomotive and the merciless rifle of the camp sportsman. The train halts at Norcross and Millinocket, mere gashes in the forest, and then hurries off through the woods. Presently a vicious scream from the locomotive told me that my time had come—the charming view of the East Branch, from the bridge, was quickly snatched away, as the train pulled up at the little station beyond. Here I dropped off, and meeting my guides we all adjourned to the Grindstone House to talk it over. There is black bass fishing near by, in the East Branch, and trout further back in the woods, Schoodic Brook and Salmon Stream Pond are all accessible to a good pedestrian. The next morning we prepared for our long journey to the far away Allegash country. After laying in our camp supplies we launched our canoes above the bridge that spans the East Branch and hastened on our way up the beautiful still water. A good country road follows the river for about two miles, and then trends northeast to Stacyville. Soon after passing Mud Brook the paddle was exchanged for the setting pole. Burntland, Rips and Whetstone Falls were easily disposed of. A few miles above the falls we came in sight of a large clearing. Stopping on our way to quench our thirst at a spring of Arctic coldness, we continued on past the beginnings of a hatchery and reached the old Hunt farm about sundown. On a slight elevation above the river stands the ruins of the old homestead, a mournful reminder of the happy past, when its hospitable walls reechoed to the merry songs and jests of the lumbermen and hunters. In startling contrast to the old ruin is the smart little Matagamon house. Here we found shelter for the night. A few nearby stragglers dropped in during the evening and helped make things cheerful. In the morning we were informed that there was nothing to pay, and we were presented with the freedom of the potato patch. Taking advantage of this kind offer we helped ourselves liberally. The beautiful Wassataquoik joins the East Branch close to the clearing, its head far back in the mountains; it has probably seen its best days as a trout stream, as there are two lamps on it. Passing the mouth of the stream in the early morning we soon sighted the East Branch ferry. There is a sportsman's camp a little back from the river, and a farm house close by. The lamp looked deserted, but when the hunting season sets in the woods around the clearing are alive with hunters. This is the last clearing on the river this side of Grand Lake, for which let us be thankful. The coolness of the morning was fast giving place to the intolerable heat of

midday. There was no escaping the fiery darts of Old Sol save where the channel sought the shady side of the river. Every cold spring and brook paid its tribute to us as we fought our way upward. Toward evening we drew near to the mouth of a pretty trout brook, and here we pitched our first lamp. Early in the morning we started off through the woods to find a trout pond that lies well back from the river. The guides, after a careful search, found an old canoe, and, paddling out on to the pond, I cast the fly into every likely place. I got plenty of rises, but no trout. As we had no angleworms it did not seem worth while to remain any longer. In the stream below I found the trout both plenty and willing. The pond has no doubt suffered from the attacks of the lumbermen, as there is a deserted camp near by. On our return trip we caught a fleeting glimpse of a deer and ran into a large covey of ruffed grouse that were as tame as barnyard fowls. This halt by the way put the guides in excellent trim for the hard work before them.

The next day it was a fight with rapids and falls from start to finish—we were never at any time out of sight of white water. Such places as Hulling, Machine, Grand and Hollister's Pitch had to be carried around. Betwixt and between were numerous rapids that were surmounted with more or less difficulty. An incident occurred during the day that shows the danger of river navigation. A wicked looking piece of wild water confronted us near the Grand Pitch. After landing to lighten up the canoe I followed a path along the shore that led up to a bluff that overlooks the river. I could see the guides far below me fighting their way upward through the boiling rapids. Presently the canoes appeared at the head of the swift water. I was losing all interest in their proceedings, when suddenly Lyman commenced to make frantic passes with his setting pole. Cram had his hands full, and could give him no assistance. Slowly the canoe swings around, the rapids almost have it in their grip, when at the very last moment the iron shod end finds a holding place, and putting all his strength into one mighty effort, the canoe flies free from the brink like a startled deer, and seeks safety on the opposite bank. Lyman Hunt can handle a canoe better than any guide I know of. I have seen him ascend a piece of rough water on the West Branch with comparative ease, while a good canoe man that preceded him was swept back and nearly capsized. And now the wild song of the rapids is drowned out in the mighty voice of the Grand Pitch, as it hurls itself in thunder and foam through a narrow cleft in the rocks to the depths below. Never pass by without stopping to gaze on the mad whirl of waters, imprisoned in their rocky settings. The angler is not likely to meet with any response as he drops his Parmachenee-Belle near the foam patches below the falls, save from small salmon, or a few undersized trout. The river drivers and natives got in their fine work on this river long before the railroad came. We camped that night on the Dead Water, above Hollister's Pitch. Canoeing from the Wild Strife below it deemed a haven of rest to the tired guides. I intended it should be so in more senses than one, as I proposed to spend a quiet Sunday in this beautiful spot. There was a party stopping at a private camp above us and the mouth of the little brook near our camp was whipped unmercifully by them. The few unhappy little trout that jumped at their flies are all that are left to represent the big, squaretails that used to haunt the Dead Water. Lyman told me a barrel of trout was taken out of here in the good old times, or rather had ones for trout. The merciless bait-fishing by the river drivers and natives accounts for the scarcity of the big speckled fellows up and down the river. Sunday was spent by me in strolling around the falls and admiring the beauties of forest and stream.

Early in the morning we started up the Stillwater at a good pace, that soon landed us at the foot of Stair Falls. The water falls over two sets of steps and this makes the illusion perfect. Carrying around we embarked on the placid surface above. The magnificent forests that lined the banks provoked the admiration of that true lover of the woods, Lyman Hunt—would that more of the guides had his refined tastes. We occasionally got a glimpse of the beautiful Travelers who persisted in accompanying us on our journey. After awhile we came in sight of a party of foolish anglers that had paddled their canoe into the center of the pool, off the mouth of Big Fish Brook, thereby ruining all their chances. Turning our backs on this burlesque on angling we proceeded on our way and soon fetched up at Grand Lake Dam. There are very few left of the glorious trout that used to throng the eddies of the pool. No wonder, when every crevice about the dam, or likely place for large ones to hide, is carefully investigated by the bait fisherman. Grand Lake, with its superb mountain views, easily takes precedence over all the lakes between here and Chamberlain. Harney's Camp, on the north shore, near the head of the lake, is a cozy farm house, where the sportsman will receive every attention. The country over toward Sordnahunk Lake is dotted with numerous trout ponds; deer are often seen feeding along the edge of the ponds or bounding through the woods. The region north and south of the lake, and over toward Chamberlain and Eagle, abounds with deer, with here and there a cunning old bull that is perfectly familiar with the wiles of the hunter.

Resuming our journey we glided past Moose Cliff and Louise Island, and soon reached the head of the lake. The tortuous thoroughfare that connects Second Lake with Grand is a good place to ambush ducks. There is about four miles of this crooked navigation before coming to the lake. Second Lake is about three miles long; and apart from its wildness has no particular claim to beauty. Here we bade farewell to the Traveler Mountains. The day was departing when we entered the inlet, seeking a place to camp. After paddling up stream some distance we stopped at the foot of a high bluff. Climbing to the summit we found ourselves in a beautiful forest glade. Here we pitched our tent and made everything snug and comfortable for the night. The morning light saw us on our way to the Indian carry. Here we left the East Branch, and carried over to Webster stream. This wild forest brook, with its singing cascades, appeals to every lover of the beautiful. The upper waters of this lovely nook of the woods abound with trout and deer. The brook was very dry. This was anything but a blessing to the guides, although it put the stream in prime order for fly-fishing.

As our canoes receded from the carry our troubles closed around us. The eight miles of pitches, rocks and bars between us and the lake promised to make it interesting for the guides. Wading, dragging and lifting the canoes over obstructions made our upward progress slow and laborious. Deer were frequently seen staring from the banks, ready to wave their white flags on our closer approach. Along toward sundown I started in to whip the brook. The stream gave no sign of life until the light had faded from the sky; then the trout rose fast and furious. Nearly every cast of the fly impaled a hungry squaretail. The shades of night were fast descending on the stream when I came in sight of the camp-fire. As I drew near and gazed on the light within the shadow I was impressed with the charming picture of wood life, in its framework of white birches and darkening forests. The forms of the guides could be seen flitting about in the demoniac glare of the camp-fire, adding huge birch logs to the pile, causing the flames to leap upward, turning night into day, and chasing the shadows into the darkness beyond. We soon had the trout sizzling over the glowing embers; and biscuit, pork, potatoes and coffee completed our woodland repast. The trout were delicious; so were our slumbers. Early in the morning I started out with Lyman to try our luck. It was fly versus pork bait. I chose down stream. The pools were alive with hungry trout, that rose well to a rather large orange body blue-hackle of my own tying. When I finished up in front of the camp I had a nice lot of trout—the largest about 12 or 14 inches. Lyman's string was nearly the same, but he claimed to have lost some big ones in the stream above. We had no time to investigate further, as we had a long journey before us, so, striking camp, we headed up stream.

After worrying along a few miles we left the canoes and started up a wood road toward Webster Lake. On arriving at the dam we found a gang of lumbermen in possession. After the guides had departed to bring up the canoes I amused myself watching these human beavers at work on the structure, and noted their accurate balancing on slippery logs and timbers, varied by plunging into the chilly waters of the pool and swimming out after stray timber that had lost its momentum. No wonder most of them sooner or later fall victims to that curse of the lumberman, rheumatism. I have seen the floor of the lumber camp strewn with bottles. The Socalexis brand from Oldtown appears to be the favorite remedy. I was aroused from my reverie by the appearance of the guides with the camp stuff. Leaving the pool and its trout in possession of the gang we paddled out into the lake. Webster Lake is less than three miles in length, and is very narrow. The presence of the dam and carry detract much from its wildness. We soon made a landing, near the Telos canal, and leaving the canoes started up the carry that leads to Cooper's Camp. This old road is the last link that binds us to civilization. It runs from Telos Lake, along the south shore of Webster, to Trout Brook Farm, thence to Patten, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. W. C. SQUIER, JR.

How the Parsons Put Trout in Crater Lake.

SARATOGA, Cal.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Somewhere about the time I gladly sent a dime to buy one of the first copies of FOREST AND STREAM, I read with a Yale man's pride how my classmate, Maj. Dutton, who had gone into the regular army, had surveyed and written up a wonderful lake in Oregon. I promptly registered a vow to follow his steps and see the wild wonders he was so enthusiastic about.

Three summers ago two of us voted our camp on Rogue River a little too tame and started with an old prospector and miner, Theodore Pendleton, of Table Rock, to drive around Mt. Pitt. This two hundred mile drive we accomplished, notwithstanding the beautiful gray horse of the team was "funny" and often kept us waiting before he was willing to pull his share of the load up hill. The strangest experience of that trip was finding about twenty-five thousand flies between the new Minneapolis blankets we had spread out on our camp bed before going out for some of the monstrous trout of Klamath Lake. Can any camper explain this fly fact?

The wildest, weirdest body of water I ever saw was the famous Crater Lake. Maj. Dutton's modesty has not preserved for himself a copy of his scientific report to the United States Government, so I can only give FOREST AND STREAM general but conservative figures. Crater Lake lies about one hundred miles east of Ashland, a station of the San Francisco & Portland branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is fifty miles east of Klamath Lake. I cannot pass that lake without mention. If you will patiently follow my fish-line I'll lead you into the snows of Crater Lake. Both lakes are notable. Klamath Lake, fed by the snows of Mt. Pitt, is the center of the best hunting country it has been my fortune to see. Except elk, mountain sheep and wild goats, everything is found there to delight a sportsman's heart. Particularly trout. Bears, mountain lions, deer, pelican, cranes, geese, ducks, are abundant. But trout! I have seen shoals of fishes in the salt sea, but never before shoals of great lake trout. The north shore of this Klamath Lake is of hard white gravel. The great springs, fed from Mt. Pitt, pour out in the clear lake bottom tumultuously. The eager sportsman needs not the glass-bottomed boats of Catalina to detect the schools of fish beneath him. They swarm. His boat prow drives them before him thick as the kids who strew flowers before President McKinley in Santa Clara county. They bite, too. Our first trip on our one spare day brought us cranes, ducks, geese and trout. The largest for our party fell to me that memorable afternoon—6½ pounds. But when I took it to the house to weigh the man in the other boat had a 10 pounder. Little Beth Scudder, whose father was one of the persons I am writing about, two years ago hooked a 12½ pound trout, and was obliged to ask Rev. J. K. Harrison's help to get it into the boat.

I won't write any more about Klamath Lake, but when I tell you Mrs. Denis' beds were comfortable, her biscuit light, her coffee clear, and her cream unstinted, you will appreciate the sportsman's spirit which led men whose vacation days were only ten to push on

from teeming, satisfying Klamath Lake that they might plant trout for future generations to enjoy in the weird and distant Crater Lake. This was our ambition last October—we could not go before the middle of October. The Southern Pacific said we could not accomplish the feat. Ambitious men had tried it in June and failed. The railroad company gladly did all we asked them to do to help us. They carried the transportation cans and nets which the California Fish Commission loaned us. They gave us letters to agents and to fish hatcheries. They promised to build us a monument if we would stock Wood's Lake—a beautiful body of water near the stage road, forty miles from Ashland, seemingly as easy of access as a Connecticut sunfish pond. It turned out that a storm hindered the easy task, which we did not accomplish, and exceptional weather with good, straight push of men in earnest made the difficult task possible.

On the sunny October days the marshes to the east of Pelican Bay, on Klamath Lake, alive with mallards, were hard to leave. Crater Mountain looked cold, but we noticed the snow melted. There was not enough snow for the hunters who were going to Mt. Pitt for the winter supply of venison. A challenge to public-spirited Mr. Dennis that we would give our time if he would send his team started him. Bert Dennis might go with the tough farm team. The ranch was alive. There was no faith on the railroad that the parsons could win, so we had brought no trout fry. The trout net was delayed by some expressman's mistake. The parsons—I mean the other parsons—had so many valises and black clothes and winter supplies were in such demand in case of a snow storm that we simply had to leave the Fish Commission fish can at Ashland—our team was loaded down. But we had voted to "take the drop of the crater," and our "spirits rose to the occasion." Mr. Dennis found a deep milk can in the milk house. A gunny sack tied over this would let in air and water, and hold in the fish. What fish? The fish we were going to take to Crater Lake. We had not consulted them. It looked for ten hours as if the scheme must fail for lack of fish co-operation. Soon as the vote to go was taken, a boy was posted on horseback for a net at the lumber camp. Then five boats and a dozen men and boys set out to net twenty or thirty pounds of trout, if they pleased. They did not please. We dragged that net up and down Dennis Creek. We roiled the water and surrounded the enemy. We poled and splashed, but every trout evaded us and the net result of two hours' fun a line was one chub. We let him go. Not enough seed for Crater Lake. Fortunately I had bought at Ashland a bolt of mosquito netting, stout cord, and some bar lead. I had made minnow nets at Lake Minnetonka; our fingers flew for this one. Big fish could dodge us. The huge spring at head of Dennis Creek was alive with little trout and chub. Clearing out snags and wading deep we filled our pail with trout of a finger length, and chubs enough to grow food for them in Crater Lake.

I'll not describe the ride over Dead Indian trail. Happy men who take it with dog and gun and time. We hurried. Our milk can splashed and wet our outfit. But those fish had two days of kingship. We set the can at night, head up, in cool streams. When we rested the horses we aerated the waters with our hands. When we found snow we snowballed our proud little fish. The jarring turned soft chub belly up, but the plucky little trout bunched in the middle of the can as if they knew they were to be the pilgrim pioneers of region's famous lake. Thursday morning, Oct. 20, 1900, we stood on the snowy crest of the crater, ten of our number seeing it for the first time. Who were we? Rev. Cephus Clapp, of Forest Grove, Ore., to whom we all take off our hats as a champion fisherman; Rev. W. W. Scudder, of Alameda, Cal., who moves to Seattle, Wash., next week, who will answer courteous questions about desirable camping grounds, for he plays as generously in vacation as he works his noble calling when duty orders. His son, Joy, rode the pony which carried our overcoats and our lunch to the top of the mountain, for we had to leave our wagon team when the snow got deep. Bert Dennis was teamster and strong man—certainly the physical hero of the occasion. If my yarn is not too long, I'll mention "my good dog Rex" later on.

We were at the snowy summit and our trout were alive—about three dozen of them. We saw the cold, gray lake, nine miles long, seven wide. For most of the way the sides are too precipitous to climb, and it is 2,000 feet to the water. The lake basin is the crater of an extinct volcano into which the tip-top of the mountain seems to have fallen back. It makes an island seemingly of ashes. The bluff shores are steep as El Capitan in Yosemite. Leaping from the summit you might, from many points, leap into the water 2,000 feet below. The wind was blowing and a storm threatening. We did not tarry long. Happily the snow was soft and sticky. There was no fear of avalanche à glissade. We prudently lashed ourselves together lest we fall into crevices and wallowing in the snow from knee to shoulder deep were soon at the water's edge. Bert led the procession and carried the precious bucket. But we all put our hands on it and shared the honor, for such we felt it to be, of planting noble fish in the grandest lake in Oregon. It is 2,000 feet deep by Dutton's survey, in places. Imagine yourself in a boat with such sea-room playing a trout as large as a salmon. Don't marvel, boys, that we sang the doxology, and in a hearty prayer about a minute long, asked God to prosper our little pioneer fish and bless all who should follow us in happy excursions to come. Fellows who can fight their way to success and victory have a right to praise and pray. As we turned up the snowy hill one audacious little trout swam out from the cover of the rocks and seemed to say "Good-by, come again, we will give good account of ourselves." No other sign of life was there. On two trips I saw no eagle, crane, duck, buzzard or bird on shores of Crater Lake—only a devil's darning needle in the summer of '98. Yet President David Starr Jordan and others who have studied the lake say there is fish food there in abundance. He adds: "The only risk about their successful propagation is that of finding each other in so large a body of water at mating time." They will have to assume that risk. The parsons have set them up in housekeeping in generous apartments.

Just a word for "good dog Rex," great grandson of Minneapolis Don, of 1873-1885. We took a big ball of twine to lower our bucket in case the snow had blockaded

us. It rolled down the mountain and made a big snow ball. He did not see it. But when he was sent for it he took the trail, struck the snow ball apart and brought us the twine. My alpenstock, probably the gunwales of the boat Maj. Dutton had dragged to the lake, glissaded down the trail. Rex brought it and all the boys praised him until his old master's heart grew soft and proud. We do not claim we have "stocked Crater Lake." We honestly and laboriously planted it. If you essay the magnificent trout of Klamath Lake you can, if you will, in summer, when fish bite, plant mature fish in Crater Lake. Doubtless you can catch them in Anna Cañon. I only hint at the glories of Southern Oregon. May you live to see them!

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Famous Au Sable River.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 20.—"See the Au Sable and die" might be a good enough proverb for any Western American angler, were there not possible, the better alternative of seeing the Au Sable and living. Mr. John D. McLeod and myself saw the Au Sable this week, and we lived, a great deal better than anybody could who was left behind in Chicago or Milwaukee. True, we got a part of the prevailing hot wave, yet on Thursday night there came an agreeable cool wave all down the Au Sable, and on Friday morning there was a covering of frost on top of our tent, so thick that one could write his name in the cool rime. When I told this to my sweltering friends here in Chicago to-day, they thought it was only part of the fish story.

Mr. McLeod and I arrived at Grayling, Mich., at 4 in the afternoon, and were much disappointed to find that our friend, Mr. George L. Alexander, could not accompany us. Mr. Alexander, however, had, with his customary kindness, arranged everything for us in advance. We were told that thirty miles down the river there was a camp waiting for us, in charge of Reuben Babbitt, the best guide and best camp man on the whole Au Sable River. Moreover, here was Ernest Babbitt, nephew of Reuben, and Leon Babbitt, son of Reuben, all members of the famous Au Sable Babbitt family, guides for generations, and now waiting to give us a touch of real life on the famous river. It is hardly necessary to state that the Babbitt family was on the Au Sable River when the latter was first discovered. It was the grandfather Babbitt—that is to say, the grandfather of Reuben Babbitt—who was the first member of the family to guide anglers on that stream in the days when no one knew what the grayling was, and where certainly no one could foresee the extinction of that species.

Our young men, Ernest and Leon, were waiting for us, each with a typical Sable boat, a long, narrow, flat-bottomed craft, which has been evolved especially for the exigencies of this river travel. This boat is about 20 feet long, and I should think less than 30 inches beam, pointed at both ends. It is a most useful boat, readily amenable to the paddle in going down stream or the setting pole in going up. In the forward end of the boat there is built a live box or well in which one's fish are kept. On either side of this live box there is a little side pocket with a hinge cover, in which pocket one keeps his fly-books, leaders and other odds and ends. The top of the live box is the angler's seat, and a legless chair is provided, equipped with cushion, for the ease and comfort of the fisherman.

This brings one naturally to a review of the conditions of sport on this much patronized stream. It is to be seen at once that the ways of wealth and luxury and comfort have prevailed here. The typical Au Sable River camp is a great affair, in which one can be quite as comfortable as he is at home. Thus I found that Mr. Alexander had sent before us his own private tent, a canvas house nearly 20 feet square, provided with a 3-foot sod cloth and floor cloth, which buckles around the edges of the tent inside, and an enormous awning which projects so as to afford an air chamber above and a porch in front. The flaps of this tent were made double upon one side, this double flap concealing a row of hooks. The edge of the other half of the tent is provided with a row of eyes. You get inside of the tent, which is already mosquito proof as to the floor, by virtue of the aforesaid sod cloth. You engage the hooks of the side flaps inside the double covers of the opposite flap, and there you are, in a house absolutely mosquito proof, so tall that an 8-foot man could not touch the ceiling, with room enough for a dozen men, cool by reason of its spaciousness and its big overhead fly, and insect proof to a greater extent than is possible in a house provided with screens at door and windows.

Besides this big house which Mr. Alexander had sent, Reuben Babbitt brought down just a few tents of his own; one mammoth fly or awning, which he stretched to use as a dining room; one 10 by 12 wall tent for himself and the other men; one 10 by 10 cook tent in which to keep the provisions, etc. It was all very magnificent. There were five of us in our party, and we had four tents, total extent pretty near a quarter of a mile, and total accommodations about enough for forty men. We had a big open camping place on one of the high bluffs known as Young's Camp. There had been others before us, but we were alone at the time. It was magnificent here again. Two well charred upright crotches held a cross beam above two other big logs, which had evidently served as side logs for camp-fires. From the support hung a series of pot hooks, which Rube extracted from his mess kit, and he soon had stewing, simmering and sizzling enough cooking utensils to run a ranch round-up. As to the cookery, both Mr. McLeod and myself, who think we ought to know, agree that Rube Babbitt is the best camp cook that ever stepped in leather, and this bars no one.

For the pure luxury of camp life, where everything has been thought out in advance, and every provision made for one's comfort, I have never seen the equal of camping as it is done on the Au Sable. This is the accumulated result of all the generations of the Babbitts' experience, backed by that of many sportsmen. There are guides and guides, but if you want to be perfectly happy break into the Babbitt family and try the Au Sable. If you want to get Rube Babbitt next May, you would better write to him now, or at least not later than

February, as that is the month in which he makes most of his summer contracts.

From this it may be imagined that the Au Sable is something of an attraction. Indeed it is. I asked Mr. Alexander how many people annually visited this stream, and he replied that without doubt it would foot up somewhere between 500 and 1,000 each year. It is difficult to obtain exact figures, as so many leave town directly for points down the river, and do not stop at any local hotel. Thus it will be seen what trout fishing can do for a community—that is to say, for both a town and farming community. If the trout fishing on the Au Sable should play out, there would be fifty abandoned farms between the town of Grayling and Connor's Bridge, thirty miles below. Grayling has some lumber mills, a proposed salt mill or so, a few other local industries—and the Au Sable River. It is no exaggeration to say that the sporting quality of this stream is what has proved the practical support of several scores of persons for many years, and what has given the town of Grayling more than a local reputation. This is the greatest instance of the cash value of sport which has ever come under my personal knowledge. The lesson of the Au Sable River ought to be a good one for local men in other sporting localities.

The Stream.

Now as to the stream itself. It was a bold, rapid, rushing little river, even as we saw it when we got off the railroad train, but Mr. Alexander laughed when we expressed admiration for it. "Wait until you get down the stream twenty miles," said he. "You will find the Au Sable twice as big, and moreover, twice as cold. The greatest number of streams come in below this town, and it is there you will find your best fish." All of which proved to be quite as he had said.

It was somewhere between 5 and 6 o'clock when at length he got our little odds and ends together and set off down stream, it being Mr. Alexander's advice that we push on to camp, although we could not get there before 11 o'clock that night, even provided that all went well. The distance was reported to be about thirty miles, and I presume that the speed of our boats was somewhere between five and six miles an hour, although the water itself seemed to be flowing as rapidly as that, and although the boys both paddled steadily all the way down.

The Voyage in the Night.

It is the custom to start from Grayling in the morning for this river voyage. This may be perhaps a little safer or a little more customary, but let Mr. McLeod and myself advise all prospective visitors on that stream to make the run at night. To be sure, the water is a trifle cold, and in places over one's head, but the guides are very trustworthy and know perfectly well how to handle a boat; so that even on the darkest night the passage can be made in safety, in spite of sunken logs and overhanging "sweepers." Most of the latter are now trimmed out.

The delights of such a voyage are not to be catalogued. It was a novel, an exalting experience, this night ride down the Sable, which we had. As the darkness came on the whole appearance of things changed. Now and again came a glimpse of the shimmer of water running straight on ahead and apparently losing itself in the impenetrable wall of blackness, there being not the least ray of moonlight to lighten up the scene. Then, just as the boat was pushing its nose into this black wall, would come a shift, a swirl and a change. The sea of ebony blackness set in all around the boat. One could not help wondering how the skillful paddler in the stern was making his way in such a mysterious haze, all the time borne swiftly down upon the surface of the rapid and somewhat ticklish stream. Yet little by little one's own eyes became accustomed to the gloom. He could make out the wall of forest on either side, could believe that this black cathedral of shadow, this noble dom of ebony, or this corridor of sable shades might be penetrable both by vision and by boat. It was wonderful, mysterious, fascinating, this ride down the Sable, and if you have not taken it, do so when you can.

Rounding one point of the river, Ernest Babbitt and I heard a splashing in the water and a crackling in the brush. "Do you know what that is?" he asked, and of course I told him that I knew it was a deer.

"We'll light up the headlight," said he, "and perhaps we will run across a deer coming down stream." This we did, the headlight, with its big reflector, casting a good light for some distance. We had run perhaps two or three miles down stream with the light, when all at once we heard a splashing in the water ahead of us. Both of us then lapsed into silence, for we both knew what it meant. Presently we drew down to the shallow whence the splashing came, and saw a magnificent buck threading his way diagonally across the river. He stood looking at the light curiously, but not taking any fright or evincing anything but extreme curiosity. His eyes now shone glittering red or weirdly green in the rays of the light, and we could see his antlers, already grown but still in the velvet. It was a superb picture of wild life. We passed within 10 or 15 feet of the buck, but for some reason or other he did not take alarm, even after we had gone by. When Mr. McLeod's boat came on behind us the case was otherwise. Mr. Buck seemed to have gathered his wits, and saluted the new arrival with snorts and whistles, which continued until he had made his escape over an adjoining ridge.

We found our camp at last, with Rube Babbitt in charge, it being then about 11:30 at night. We did not attempt to ferry across the river to Young's Bluff, but slept where Rube had made a temporary camp. We were tired that night, and did not attempt any fishing on the following morning, but pitched camp, and that evening went out to see what fun we could have with the rain-bows.

The Fish of the Au Sable.

It is perhaps well known to most readers of FOREST AND STREAM that the brook and rainbow trout have now quite taken the place of the grayling which formerly made this stream famous. The local guides and anglers think that the grayling would have become much scarcer even had the trout not been introduced, and believe that the spring spawning of the fish made it a victim of the spring lumbering operations to a great extent. The

brook and rainbow trout were planted by the Fish Commissions of Michigan and of the United States at about the same time, but since then each fish has in a way established for itself its own habitat in the stream. Thus the brook trout belt, which in May extends up to Grayling, in late July begins a dozen miles below Grayling, and it terminates at this season of the year a few miles above the place where we were now in camp, which is near the spot known as Connor's Bridge.

At this part of the stream in the months of July and August the brook trout is rare—indeed Mr. McLeod and I did not see one in our entire trip. The rainbow has selected for himself these deep, long pools, and whether or not the temperature of the water or the presence of the rainbow is uncongenial to the brook trout, the latter is not so often found in that portion of the stream. The guides, and Mr. Alexander also, thought that the ratio there would be about 20 per cent. brook trout to 80 per cent. of rainbows. We found this percentage much less in our own specific case.

Everybody told us that we would not catch any trout, that the hot weather had killed the fishing, and that all we could hope for would be to get an hour or so of fishing in the evening or in the very early morning. We found this to be true, and although we fished in mid-stream the first day of our stay we did not repeat the experience, because it was useless. On the first evening we had a little fun with the rainbows, and it was then that I got my first good specimen, a fish running perhaps close to a pound, and which gave me quite as much of a fight as any 2-pound brook trout I ever saw. I took four of these fish that evening, all of them splendid fellows, and I must say that my eyes were opened as to the quality of the rainbow trout in his fighting capacity. The brook trout simply is not in the same classification, and I should say that a half-pound rainbow would fight twice as hard as a half-pound brook trout. This is true on the Au Sable, though anglers of the Pacific Slope say the rainbow is but a very dullard. On the table, or at least as found on Rube Babbitt's table, the rainbow trout is a good eating fish. This was contrary to the impression which Mr. McLeod and I had formed regarding this fish, which heretofore we had both found soft and rather tasteless. Perhaps it was the cookery, but more likely it was the Au Sable River environment. At any rate, the fish were good to eat, and perfectly beautiful to catch. Mr. McLeod, as usual, came in that night with more fish than anybody else. He had about a half dozen, and of these there were three which would run over a pound, and which were truly magnificent fish. He said that in the deep pools, below camp, where he had been fishing, he struck one fish that seemed to offer the same resistance as a muscullunge, and he could do nothing with it. Specimens of the rainbow have been killed in the Au Sable up to 8 pounds, although 3 pounds is in the neighborhood of the usual weight for the big ones. The fish which we took were about of the average, and we did not kill any very extraordinary ones, nor indeed did I strike any fish larger than those which I was lucky enough to kill.

On the next morning Ernie and I went out early, and we did a little business with the rainbows before Rube had breakfast ready. We got away about 6 o'clock, and I think had we been away at 5 we should have had even better fun. We brought in four more nice fish this trip. Of course, on the preceding evening, and on this morning, we took several fish which were less than the legal limit of 8 inches, but not very many. The average size in these waters is very large. There is a little board nailed on the front of the live box of the Au Sable boat. In this board there are two sawed lines, and the space between the sawed lines is split out. If your fish is a little bit doubtful as to size, you put it in this measuring rule. If it is not able to touch nose and tail to the sides of this hole, you put back your fish in the river, and no monkeying about it. The 8-inch law goes on the Au Sable, and the guides are as positive about its enforcement as the game wardens, which latter are very vigilant and effective.

Mr. McLeod went out on the evening of this second day loaded for bear or big rainbows. He had not fished in the morning, but declared that he was going to "do business" with some big ones that night. He rigged a bass hook and a swivel or two, and announced that he would send a live minnow down a certain pool. He did so, and he lost his tackle, and as he had left his fly-rod at home he got no fish at all! Ernie and I were very lucky, and we met some very fine sport indeed. The net result was seven fine rainbow trout, the largest running about a pound, all, of course, over 8 inches, and I think none less than 10 inches. I raised perhaps as many fish as I got, and had several exciting experiences with fish which broke away in the rapid water. On the whole, I was very glad to make this my first acquaintance with the rainbow trout, and to see it in what may be called a typical environment. Neither Mr. McLeod nor myself had any great fishing, nor did we expect it at this time of the year, which is the worst which could be selected, and which in our case was made yet worse by the unspeakably hot weather, although, strange to relate, our last night in camp was a very cool one. I presume that had we stayed after that we might have had some very fair fishing. As it was, I had the biggest average of fish I ever had on any Michigan stream.

Game, but Not a Favorite.

Mr. McLeod and myself both agreed that the rainbow as we found him was a "sportier" fish than the brook trout. We asked the guides what they thought of the rainbow, and they all said that they would much rather the fish had never been introduced in the Au Sable. They admit that it outfishes the brook trout, but for some reason or other they do not like it so well, partly because, no doubt, it is not quite so good upon the table. There is this to be said in favor of the rainbow as found in the Au Sable: It is a much heavier fish in the average than the brook trout; it is a much better fighting fish; it is a much better fly-fishing fish than the brook trout. The guides all told us that they did not try to fish for rainbow trout with bait, simply because they could catch more rainbows on the fly than they could on bait. They all admitted that bait-fishing was far more destructive on brook trout than fly-fishing, but declare such is not the case with the rainbow. They all think that even the

large rainbows feed freely on the surface, and hence can be taken with the artificial fly, whereas the brook trout, after it reaches a pound or so, becomes a heavy fish, a bottom feeder, and rarely rises nicely to the fly.

As to the surface feeding qualities of the rainbow, we had ample proof. In the evening we could see them leaping just before sundown on every hand, and in water where during the day one would not have thought there was a fish in existence. This feeding time usually extends quite into the night, until it has become altogether dark, and sometimes, on moonlight nights, nearly until midnight. Hence fly-fishing for the rainbow on the Au Sable in midsummer classifies itself sometimes as a night sport. In our case we found that the fish ceased to rise in about an hour after they began—that is to say, they stopped rising somewhere between 7 and 8 o'clock. Our guides said that this was very unusual, and that the feeding spell in the evening usually lasted for three or four hours at least.

The Eight-Inch Law.

I have stated above that the tourist traffic on the Au Sable amounts to about 1,000 persons annually, and that it practically supports all the local population below the town of Grayling, since the farmers find their market for their vegetables at the tents of the campers, and since the wages received for guiding constitute the main cash revenue of the farming class in that neighborhood. Hence the question of this 8-inch law was a very nice one for the dwellers along the Au Sable. Mr. Alexander was the author of the measure which established an 8-inch limit this year on the Au Sable and its tributaries, and also established a limit of fifty fish as the maximum amount to be taken away by any one party. When we asked the guides privately what they thought of this new law, they without exception said that they thought it was the best thing which could have been done for the Au Sable River. Asked as to whether it had cut down the tourist traffic, they replied that it certainly had, and that there were not half as many parties on the Au Sable this year as there have been in the past. A great many anglers do not like to put back any fish, and a good many do not like to put back a fish which is 7 inches and just short of 8 inches. At Bay City I saw many anglers who have gone to the Manistee this summer instead of the Au Sable as was their habit. In spite of the fact, however, that the law is keeping away their traffic, these guides pluckily and wisely insist that the 8-inch law is the best thing that could have happened. Two years ago one man from Saginaw carried away 1,500 trout when he went home. That man is since deceased, but there are many others of his sort who are not deceased. The guides say that, wonderful stream as the Au Sable is without doubt or question, it was being fished too hard. Now they know that every 6 or 7 inch trout put back this summer will be an 8 or 10 inch trout next year. In short, they, the most interested persons, know that protection can protect, and that protection is a benefit. So much for a bit of contemporaneous history on the angling stream which, of all those of the West, is best fitted to be called the most prolific and remarkable.

That Mr. McLeod and myself were delighted with our two days' sojourn on this splendid river need not be said. There is a peculiar impression of individuality about this river which one finds it impossible to describe. You fish all sorts of trout waters, and they run very much alike. Fish the Au Sable, and you carry away an impression that you have been in surroundings different, distinct, peculiar and impressive. As there was never a trout stream more prolific than the Au Sable, certainly was there never one more appealing, more mystical, more fascinating. Long may it prosper, and the good anglers who know it and love it.

For Mr. Alexander, the local attorney who framed and was largely instrumental in getting through the Legislature this 8-inch law, too much cannot be said by way of credit. Here and there such a sportsman stands up in this naughty world and does abundant good for other people. There does not exist in all northern Michigan, nay, nor in all southern Michigan or all the rest of the West, a broader minded or more public spirited angler than George L. Alexander. His work on this grand river is something which entitles him to the respect of thousands of his fellow men, and which ought to win him the admiration of his fellow men, whether or not they are ever able and lucky enough, as Mr. McLeod and myself, to make a personal visit to this sweet stream.

Tackle.

The proper rod for so heavy a water as this is perhaps one not lighter than 6 ounces. I used a 4-ounce rod and Mr. McLeod one of 3¾ ounces, and although we stopped our fish, we might have had trouble with very heavy ones. I had the best luck with the Wickam's fancy No. 8, with a gray hackle for dropper, the latter No. 10. The smaller flies seem to do better on this stream at this season.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

SCORES of contest held at Garfield Park, July 27. Owing to a strong wind blowing during the contest, the casting was not up to the usual standard.

	Long Distance Fly. Feet.	Accuracy and Delicacy Per Cent.	Bait Casting. Per Cent.
H. H. Ainsworth.....	80	90 5-6	90 1-2
H. H. Ainsworth.....	80	90 5-6	90 1-2
I. D. Belasco.....	83	88 1-3	97
I. H. Bellows.....	104	92 2-3	95 1-5
L. I. Blackman.....	80 9-10
H. G. Hascall.....	99	93 2-3	96 4-5
N. C. Heston.....	80	90 1-3	92 4-5
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	84 7-10
E. R. Letterman.....	85 3-10
F. N. Peet.....	103	95	91 9-10
H. W. Perce.....	78	89 1-3	93 1-10
J. F. Robertson.....	65 3-10
C. B. Robinson.....	87 2-10
A. C. Smith.....	102	92 1-2	94 4-5
F. S. Smith.....	76 9-10

Winning Scores—Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows, 104 feet; accuracy and delicacy fly, F. N. Peet, 95 per cent.; bait-casting, I. D. Belasco, 97 per cent.

N. C. HESTON, Sec'y-Treas.

New England Fishing.

BOSTON, July 29.—Mr. M. L. Crosby, of Boston, who has been stopping at Jackson, N. H., spent Wednesday at Double and East Branch rivers, where he had good fishing. He took one trout 14½ inches long. There are bitter complaints of the disregarding of the law limiting the catch of white perch to twenty-five to each person at Sabatis Pond, Me. There are complaints of "whole boat-loads of perch." Persons who have been there say that the fishing has been great, but no pond on earth could supply so many fish for a very long time. Black bass are also rising well. The bass fishing is good at Great Point, Belgrade, and at East Pond, Oakland. A Mrs. Rowe is reported to have made a score of twenty-five bass at Great Pond in one day, and to have done about as well at East Pond another day.

Lake Marancook, Me., reports continue good as to bass and white perch fishing. Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Kirby, of Providence, and Mrs. E. E. Shannon, of Boston, have been spending some time at that lake. Dr. and Mrs. Kirby made some good catches of bass. Mrs. Shannon is a good fisherwoman, and succeeded in landing a bass weighing 5 pounds, the largest taken there for a long time. A Mr. Wright is reported to have taken a salmon out of that lake this season that weighed 8 pounds. Monday noon a fisherman brought in five bass that would each tip the scales at about 2½ pounds. He had only fished a part of the forenoon. Mr. Alvin Townsend has taken a pickerel there that weighed 4 pounds. Mr. A. C. Clapp has lately taken a bass of 4 pounds. It is claimed that there is now really pretty good fishing at Lake Auburn, Me., for those who have the patience to try for it. But only a few fish, the season being considered to be over. Now and then a good salmon is taken. At Bridgton and Harrison, Me., good catches of white perch are being made. Black bass are plenty and bite well, but the local fishermen care little for them. It will be remembered that Harrison is at the head of Long Lake, a body of water tributary to Sebago, and separated from it by the Songo River. At Bridgton there are several ponds, most of them well stocked with bass and perch.

Mr. Walter L. Hill, whom many will remember as so very successfully connected with the first Boston Sportsmen's Show, starts this week for a camp in Pond-in-the-River, just below the Middle Dam, Me. What makes this fishing trip of special interest to Mr. Hill is that he takes his two boys, of ten and twelve years—their first trip into the Maine woods. "Like father, like son," they are both fishermen.

SPECIAL.

American Fisheries Society.

THE thirtieth annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society was held at Milwaukee July 19 and 20, thirty members being present. Among the papers read were those by Gen. Edwin E. Bryant, discussing the power of the State to regulate fisheries and the taking of fish; by W. C. Marsh on the trout disease, Charles G. Atkins on the diseases of fishes, James Nevin on muscullunge propagation, and C. H. Townsend on life at the depth of the sea.

The next convention will be held at Put-in-Bay in August, 1902. The officers for the year are: President, Gen. E. E. Bryant, of Madison, Wis.; Secretary, George F. Peabody, of Appleton, Wis.; Vice-President, Eugene G. Blackford, of New York; Corresponding Secretary, John E. Gunckel, of Toledo, O.; Treasurer, C. W. Willard, of Westerly, R. I. The following named gentlemen were elected as the Executive Committee: John W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; George T. Mathewson, of Thompsonville, Conn.; J. H. Dunlap, of Washington, D. C.; Henry O'Malley, of Baker, Wash., and W. H. Boardman, of Central Falls, R. I.

The Smooth Puffer in the Hudson.

MR. C. L. ROGERS, of Closter, N. J., has sent us for identification a specimen of a strange fish, which proves to be the smooth puffer salt-water species, which ranges from Cape Cod to Brazil, but is rare north of Cape Hatteras. Mr. Rogers reports that eight of the strangers have been caught in the Hudson River at Piermont.

Everyday Birds.

UNDER this title Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have published a little volume of 100 pages, by Mr. Bradford Torrey, well known as a charming writer on natural history subjects. It tells in a popular form a number of facts about certain of our commoner birds, and is illustrated by twelve reproductions from Audubon plates, by the three-color process.

Mr. Torrey's sketches are always attractive, and children and grown-ups, too, will enjoy this volume. The chapter on "Winter Pensioners" is especially worth remembering against the time when the bitter days shall come again. A little effort in providing food for the winter birds pays for itself many times over during the months of cold.

We confess to a little regret that Mr. Torrey should use the term chipper for the to us more familiar and as we had supposed almost universal "chippy." No doubt it is a local term.

This is one of the many attractive nature books of the day, and should do good.

"Sam Lovel's Boy."

HAVE just finished reading Rowland E. Robinson's charming book, "Sam Lovel's Boy." The character of "Uncle Lisher," appeals to one very strongly; don't you think so? In my humble opinion this little volume is much superior in its style and conception to many of the recent novels that you see advertised on the street cars and elevated railway stations. It deserves its success, and I am glad to have had my attention called to it in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Jennie.

NEW YORK.—It was seven years ago in September that my old friend Lewis came sauntering into the office close on to lunch time and took up his "sideways" position in a straight-back chair and converted it into a rocker, and asked me how I felt. I told him I felt very like buying a bird dog. "Well," said he, "I guess I have one that would suit you."

"All right. I'll take him, or her, or—well, what is its name? How much? Here, I'll just give you a check for it now and bind the bargain."

He protested, reminded me of the pig in the poke, etc., but I bought the dog, and then found it was a blue belton named Jennie—plain Jennie.

Two days later I went home and found Jennie in the kennel alone. On looking her over I determined her pretty spots were worth what I paid for her, and that check would have bought a fair horse too. Since that time she has been the inspiration of many hunting romances—in the mountains playmate, room mate and bed fellow in the South, principal, professional, most proficient in the hunt, going on when others quit, measuring her gait by the sun, a bit speedier at sundown than sun up, though foot sore in four places, and would have been in six had she had them. A companion intelligent and faithful at home; one of the family that only missed the soup course, because soup is served hot. We all loved her, just as much out of hunting season as in.

But Jennie is dead! And now memory—at times inconvenient memory—plays its pranks, its overwhelming with good things that can never occur again, thus the inconvenience, then the sadness—the world is full of Jennies, but only one is the average lot of man.

She is the first love in the animal world. We will be faithful to her memory; we can't help it, with the passing on. The old zest is coated, and a little rust on the gun barrels doesn't seem to worry me so much.

We may hunt on for years, and shoot over all kinds of dogs and own some good ones—in fact, from a field point of view, some better than Jennie—but when the hour glass is mostly run out and we look back, think back, dream back, of those days afeld, pre-eminent above and beyond, and in a class of her own, will stand Jennie.

I see her still, jumping from rock to rock sideways at times; that nose, so full of delicate and tender tissues, on which the faintest scent makes an impression, well into the wind, speeding here, hesitating there, as that wing-tipped grouse speeds on from danger, seeking security among the rocks, her nostrils open, they drink the wind, it's tainted a second and gone; she changes her course, and the impression grows stronger; her legs shorten; the body lengthens, her mouth closes, respiration ceases; it makes too much noise; she slides on up straight as an arrow close to a high flat rock; she hesitates, looks up, measures distance, crouches, springs into space, the front paws hold, the hind ones claw the soft rock, and she is up and on; but only for a second, mounted on nature's pedestal there in full view, with the upper hip drawn in, one front paw drawn up under her body, her tail and head on a graceful level, still, very still, all that moved was the heart; I think its pumping worried her, stood that mottled statue. This is one of the pictures that helps me in her loss.

I have another Jennie, and a most promising one, but the truth is best told by the innocent ones at home. She hasn't as many pretty spots as dear old Jennie, and I—well I fear she never will have.

THOMAS ELMER.

Philadelphia Dog Show.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—The third annual show of the Philadelphia Dog Show Association will be under the supervision of the following Bench Show Committee: Clement B. Newbold, Edward Moore Robinson, Alexander Van Rensselaer, Louis A. Biddle, Marcel A. Viti, S. Boyd Carrigan, Reginald K. Shober, D. Murray Bohlen, Francis E. Bond, Mitchell Harrison, Jay B. Lippincott, C. Leland Harrison, Sidney W. Keith, George R. Packard, Henry Jarrett, John W. Geary, James W. Paul, Jr., and Robert Toland.

The prizes will be uniform throughout, \$15, \$10 and \$5 in all puppy, novice, limit and open classes. The entries will close Nov. 11. Specialist clubs and individuals who intend offering special prizes are requested to communicate with

MARCEL A. VITI, Secretary,
320 Witherspoon Building.

The Irish Setter Club.

LANSDOWNE, Pa., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Irish Setter Club of America offers \$30 to the first Irish setter and \$20 to the second Irish setter winning an undivided first, second or third prize in any State of any bona fide field trial in the United States or Canada during the season of 1901-1902, prior to Feb. 11, 1902.

GEO. H. THOMSON, Sec'y I. S. C.

Getting Down to Business.—"What a very short man the third judge is." "Yes; he judges the dachshunds."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

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Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XVII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"THAT is the head of the falls," said George, as we paddled leisurely through the still reach above, down toward the cliffs.

"How long is it?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, the whole rapid is a mile and a quarter long," I answered, "but it is not all swift water; there are several short, still reaches in it. The worst places are the middle of the falls—the part known as the Devil's Race-path and the extreme lower end. Now you must all be careful, and not run too close together, for the falls are at their worst in low water. It is not that the water is so terribly rough, although rough enough in several places, but the place is so rocky and the boat channel so obstructed with reefs and fish dams and the water is so swift and strong that caution is necessary."

We paddled leisurely up to the remains of the old navigation dam at the head of the falls, which formerly threw all the water in a deep, contracted flow down over the reefs at the head, close to the cliff along the left bank, and took a good look down the long, narrow, cliff-lined gorge, the Colonel in particular studying with interest the place about which he had heard so much.

A towering wall of massive cliffs loomed up out of the water on the left and stretched away in a gloomy, frowning, diminishing, down-hill perspective along the riverside for a mile or more, with here and there a bold, rocky point jutting out from the wall into the river. A straggling, ragged mat of low, scrubby trees and bushes covered its brow, and trailing vines and creepers hung in unempt festoons down over the face of the cliffs. The river spread out to a considerable breadth, and the right bank sloped away gently out of the water in a barren, water-washed waste of white, glistening stones and gravel as far back from the river as we could see, testifying to the fury and impetuosity with which the river rushed down through this gorge in high water. Back of this beach the high land rose up to a level fully equal to that of the cliffs, but with a gentler slope, and further back from the river.

The bed of the river was a wilderness of reefs for the first hundred yards, through and among which the water rushed and chafed impetuously, fretting itself into foam. We slipped through the remains of the old navigation dam and cautiously threaded our way among the reefs without much difficulty, as we were familiar with the somewhat crooked and winding channel. Below this was a reach of still, black, sullen looking water, in which the beetling crags were reflected somberly, and upon whose surface the bubbles floated, sharply white and distinct.

We paddled slowly and carefully through this reach, keeping a sharp lookout for the ever-present, submerged reefs.

"Now for the Race-path," exclaimed George, who was in the lead, as we approached a long fall of nearly half a mile in extent, down which the water rushed and roared through a conglomeration of ledges and reefs, absolutely impassable, except for a small, narrow canal, which led close along the foot of the cliff, hardly a boat's length in width, and down which the water shot with arrow-like swiftness, turning a little to the right at the bottom of the fall, where the river broke up into huge waves as the rush from the canal and the falls met the deep, still water below. A massive, crag-like buttress projected into the river in a sharp point from the foot of the cliff, around which the surging waters whirled and foamed in fury. This wild shoot was not inaptly termed the Devil's Race-path by the old-time boatmen, since everything wild, rough or savage seems to be the special property of his satanic majesty, as the too numerous to mention Devil's Punch-bowls, Devil's Backbones, Devil's Slides, etc., found in almost every community would seem to indicate.

We had an exhilarating shoot down this little canal, and the cliffs, rocks and bushes shot by us up stream with dizzying velocity, as we whirled swiftly past, and the big waves got in their work to good advantage, as we were shot out of the mouth of the race into their tumultuous embraces.

"Commodore, do you remember that little channel we discovered last year along the face of the cliff through the falls ahead while we were fishing along there?" said George, as we paddled leisurely along over the smooth but swift stretch below, and approached the last and worst half mile of the falls—the Kemple's Falls proper of the old-time boatmen, which is a conglomeration of reefs, ledges and dams, compared to which those above the Race-path were but as child's play. A long navigation

dam put out from the cliff on the left at the head of the reefs, and sloped away, down and across the river, until it ended a few yards from the right bank in an open passage, around and down which most of the water of the river rushed in a powerful sweep.

This was the remains of the old boat channel which passed through the rest of the falls on the right side, a chaos of reefs lying to the left, and along close to the cliff, through which led the little channel we were now discussing.

"Yes; I remember we made a note of it and decided that if we could slip over the dam it would afford a better passage through the falls than the regular boat channel over to the right," I answered.

"Why, what's the matter with the boat channel?" asked Lacy, as we paused to inspect the dam.

"Well, just at the end of the dam," I replied, "the old channel is filled up, and the water now sweeps around sharply to the left in an irresistible current. The right bank is lined with reefs; the channel to the left is narrow, and a mass of reefs lies squarely in the middle of it, just where it is calculated to do the most good, and it is impossible to dodge the reefs in the middle without going ashore on the reefs at the side. Also, just below is a fish dam with an impassable shoot at its point. I hung up there last year and narrowly escaped a capsize, and George and I decided next cruise to try the new channel next the cliffs."

"I think we can slip over the dam over there to the right," said George, indicating a little gap or depression in the rocks and reefs of which the dam was composed, through which the water poured in a perpendicular little cataract, down the face of the dam, which was some 2 or 3 ft. high. It was a peculiarly difficult shoot to make, as owing to the long down-stream trend of the dam the current swept swiftly along its face as along a wall, instead of setting squarely against it, therefore it was necessary to take the little, narrow shoot at an angle, otherwise the strong current would carry the stern around out of line with the shoot, and a hang-up and probable capsize would result. It need scarcely be said that it required nice calculation to get the exact angle of approach.

George started in first, while the rest of us hung up in the slack water in the lee of a big line of reefs above, gently back-paddling to maintain our positions, while we watched him. Dropping cautiously down along the face of the dam until the bow of his canoe was within a yard of the desired shoot, he held her stationary by back-paddling, until by patient, skillful maneuvering he got her into the desired position, with her nose lying in the little gap, when he let go, and as the powerful sweep of the current swung the stern of his canoe around, she slipped gently and easily over, without touching anywhere, although the gap was hardly a yard wide, and dropped, with a gentle splash, into the deep, swift water below, where she was caught up and whirled away down the crooked, swift little channel, dodging around here and there to avoid the rocks, most of which were of considerable size, and stood high out of the water.

I followed and dropped down toward the shoot, pretty much as George had done.

"Hurry up there, Commodore. Don't keep us holding back here all day," said the Colonel, whose boat was heavy and hard to hold, and who didn't take much stock in our back-paddling methods, generally preferring to take his shoots with a rush.

This rattled me, of course, and I took the shoot before I was fairly ready, and although the bow of my canoe reached the gap all right, instead of slipping easily over as George had done, the set of the water carried my canoe out of line to the right, and her keel hung on the rocks at the side, squarely amidships, and she swung round as on a pivot, until right across the dam, when she lodged and careened until her decks were awash and the water just level with the top of the coaming.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Meet.

The Twenty-Second Annual General Meet, Aug. 9 to 12.

THE twenty-second annual meet of the American Canoe Association will take us back again to the ever-popular islands of the St. Lawrence River.

The Camp Site.

The Commodore has kindly placed at the exclusive disposal of the Association his island of Mudlunta for the meet of 1901.

The Island of Mudlunta (meaning half moon) is one of the prettiest islands of the St. Lawrence. It is one of the Admiralty group, is over ten acres in extent, and situated about two miles south of Gananoque, between the Canadian and middle channel, and is believed will make one of the most attractive and convenient sites the Association has ever had the pleasure of camping on.

Headquarters will be very conveniently located in the Commodore's residence (which will be used exclusively for that purpose only during the two weeks of camp), within easy access from the main and ladies' camp and dock.

The main camp will lie to the east of headquarters on a high and level tract of land, and will embrace such a space that desirable spots can be secured by all.

The ladies' camp, or Squaw Point, will be situated to the west of headquarters, and while the portion laid out for this purpose is not as large as that of the main camp, still a sufficient number of beautiful and desirable spots will be found to accommodate every one.

The Camp Store.

The exclusive privileges of the right of sale on the camp grounds have been awarded to Messrs. Johnston and Hale, both of whom have been in the grocery and supply business in Gananoque for years, and were also camp storekeepers at Stave Island, giving general satisfaction. It is hoped that the members will patronize them exclusively. They will build a commodious store in the vicinity of headquarters, and will endeavor to serve to the best of their ability the wants of the members. They will also supply ice if required.

The Mess Tent.

This will be most advantageously situated on a level

stretch of land lying between two bays. It will be to the west of headquarters, and very convenient to both the ladies' and main camp. A capable caterer will have charge of this department and guarantees satisfaction. The rate will be as usual, \$1 per day.

Camp Site Committee.

The following articles can be had at camp if early notice is sent to the chairman, who will try to procure other size tents if required:

- Rent of Tent.—7 x 9, per week, \$2.25; 8 x 10, per week, \$2.50; 10 x 12, per week, \$2.75.
- Rent of Tent Floor.—7 x 9, about \$2.50; 8 x 10, about \$3.50; 10 x 12, about \$4.25.
- Sundries per Week.—Camp bed, 60 cents; camp stools, 25 cents; camp chairs (backs), 35 cents; mattress, 75 cents; wire cot and mattress, \$1.50.
- Porches.—6 x 10, for term, \$2.50.

If sufficient notice is given floors can all be built and located and tents put up when members arrive in camp. The choice locations will be given to the earliest applicants. Tents must be located by the site committee before their erection. Write early to

C. V. KETCHUM,
Chairman Camp Site Committee, Gananoque, Canada.

Transportation Arrangements.

The Trunk Line Association, New England Passenger Association, Central Passenger Association, the Grand Trunk Railway system, the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company, have granted the customary concession, viz.: A round trip of one and one-third fare to Clayton and Gananoque. Members will pay full fare to the points named, obtaining from the selling agents certificates which, when indorsed and viséd at camp, will enable the holders thereof to return to the point of starting by continuous passage at one-third of the regular rate. Tickets may be purchased three days prior to, and during the camp, and certificates will be honored for return trip (without stop over) for three days (Sundays excepted), after the close of camp, Aug. 19.

All certificates must be indorsed by the secretary-treasurer and special agent.

The special agent of the Trunk Line Association will be at the camp to visé certificates on Monday, Aug. 19, 1901.

Members arriving at Gananoque or Clayton by rail via R. W. & O., or by steamers of the Navigation Company (from Hamilton, Toronto, Kingston, Deseronto, Belleville, Brockville, Prescott, Montreal, Quebec, and intermediate points), will find the steamer Valeria at the railroad dock, running on the following schedule. The Valeria does not run Sundays, but the A. C. A. launch will connect with trains on those days.

Leave Gananoque at 6:00 A. M., arrive at Mudlunta Island 6:15 A. M.; leave Gananoque 2:25 P. M., arrive at Mudlunta Island 2:40 P. M.; leave Gananoque 4:30 P. M., arrive at Mudlunta Island 4:50 P. M.; leave Clayton 10:20 A. M., arrive at Mudlunta Island 11:00 A. M.; leave Clayton 3:25 P. M., arrive at Mudlunta Island 4:00 P. M.; leave Clayton 5:45 P. M., arrive at Mudlunta Island 6:15 P. M.

The rate on the steamer Valeria will be, from Clayton to Mudlunta Island and return, 75 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle. From Gananoque to Mudlunta Island and return, 50 cents per passenger, which includes one canoe and duffle.

Round trip tickets from either Gananoque or Clayton will be furnished by purser of steamer Valeria.

All canoes, duffle, baggage, freight or express matters, should be prepaid and plainly marked: Clayton, N. Y., or Gananoque, Ont., A. C. A. Camp, Mudlunta Island, via steamer Valeria.

Any other particulars regarding transportation will be gladly given by the undersigned and the committee would be pleased to help clubs or members in securing favorable transportation from the railroads in regard to handling canoes and duffle. The Transportation Committee.

- J. N. MCKENDRICK, Galt., Ont., Chairman.
- L. A. HALL, 71 Equitable Bldg., Boston, Mass.
- W. C. JUPP, Detroit, Mich.
- H. C. ALLEN, Trenton, N. J.

Racing Programme.

The Regatta Committee have arranged the following attractive list of paddling and sailing events. War canoe racing will again be made a feature, and special attention will also be paid to the sailing races. The Committee hope to see large entry lists in all the races, as the prizes are both numerous and costly, and well worth the effort of contest.

Record.

Event No. 1. Paddling and sailing combined, ½ mile alternately; total 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Start to be made under paddle.

The same seat shall be used as in event No. 3.

Event No. 2. Paddling, ½ mile straightaway.

Event No. 3. Sailing, 4½ miles; time limit, 2 hours.

Note.—The rules governing the record events will be found in rule 6 of the racing regulations.

Sailing.

Event No. 4. Decked or open canoes; 6 miles; time limit, 2½ hours.

Event No. 5. Trophy sailing, 9 miles; time limit, 3½ hours.

See rule 6 of racing regulations.

Event No. 6. Dolphin sailing trophy, 7½ miles; time limit, 3 hours.

The canoe winning first place in event No. 5 will not be allowed to compete in this event.

Event No. 7. Novice sailing, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours. Open only to members who have not sailed a canoe prior to Sept. 1, 1900.

Event No. 8. Cruising canoes, 3 miles; time limit, 1½ hours.

See rule 1 of racing regulations.

Event No. 9. Open canoes, 1½ miles.

Event No. 10. Atlantic division cup.

Event No. 11. Central division cup.

Event No. 12. Eastern division cup.

Event No. 13. Northern division cup.

Note.—In event 10, canoes must conform to regulations governing canoes for paddling races. Events 10 to 13 will only be held if not sailed at division meets.

Regatta committees will arrange their own races.

Paddling.

Event No. 14. Trophy, 1 mile straightaway.

Event No. 15. Novice, ½ mile with turn, single blades, open only to members who have never paddled a race outside their own club races.

Event No. 16. Open canoe, single, ½ mile with turn, single blades.

Event No. 17. Tandem, ½ mile with turn, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 18. Decked or open canoes, single paddling, ½ mile with turn, double blades.

Event No. 19. Rescue race. No. 1 men proceed in the usual way. No. 2 men to be lined up on shore, when a gun is fired. No. 1 upsets his canoe and No. 2 launches and proceeds to the rescue, picks up his man and tows the capsized canoe across the finish line. Open canoes, single blades, ¼ mile straightaway.

Event No. 20. Tandem, double blades, ½ mile with turn, open canoes.

Event No. 21. Fours, double blades, ½ mile straightaway, open canoes.

Event No. 22. Fours, ½ mile straightaway, single blades, open canoes.

Event No. 23. Tail end race, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes, single blades. Paddler to kneel in stern and paddle stern first, with the wind.

Event No. 24. Relay race, open canoes, single blades, 1½ miles over sailing course, three men from each club or division.

Starters paddle to and around first buoy, pass an article to second men, who paddle to and around second buoy, passing to third men, who paddle to finish.

Event No. 25. Mixed tandem, ¼ mile straightaway, open canoes, single blades.

Event No. 26. Hurry scurry, run, swim and paddle, standing up. A short portage will be introduced in this event if practicable.

Event No. 27. Tournament. Poles will be provided by the committee.

War Canoes.

Event No. 28. Championship of America. One mile straightaway.

Event No. 29. Tug of war. One minute heats, best out of three heats.

Event No. 30. Division race. One-half mile with turn. Each division may enter any number of crews.

Event No. 31. Northern division championship. A valuable trophy will be put up for competition by the northern division, providing three or more clubs enter teams.

Notes.

All canoes for paddling race will be measured and weighed.

All events in which less than two entries present themselves will be cancelled.

In events where less than three start only one prize will be given.

In paddling races all turning buoys will be left to port.

In event No. 28, in addition to the war canoe shield typical of the war canoe championship of America, individual shields will also be given to crew winning first place.

In events 5 and 14, trophy paddling and sailing, an appropriate flag will be given in addition to trophies and individual shields.

The committee reserves the right to add to this programme at the meet, by notice posted.

D. B. GOOSELL, Chairman.
HARRY J. PAGE.
E. McNICHOL.

Mails will be distributed in camp at headquarters by the secretary-treasurer. Address United States mail and express matter, A. C. A. Camp, Mudlunta Island, Clayton, N. Y., and Canadian mail and express matter, A. C. A. Camp, Mudlunta Island, Gananoque, Ontario, Canada.

Customs Regulation.—The same arrangements that have prevailed in former years have been again made with regard to the free entry of canoes and duffle coming from the United States. Duty must be paid on provisions.

Signals.—The A. C. A. Signal Code will be used to convey all intelligence from headquarters to the entire camp. Copies of the code may be obtained from the secretary.

Cruises.—Several short cruises will be arranged for under competent guidance to some of the many beautiful spots of the Thousand Islands, and it is hoped that many of the members will come prepared to take part. Among other cruises in prospect may be specially mentioned one up the Gananoque River to Marble Rock, a trip that is acknowledged by all who take it as one of the most beautiful and enjoyable.

Special efforts are being made to make the coming meet one of the most successful in the history of the Association and every member is strongly urged to attend and assist toward its successful conclusion.

C. E. BRITTON, Commodore,
Gananoque, Ont.
HERB. BEGG, Sec'y-Treas.,
24 King St. West, Toronto, Can.

American Canoe Association.

Atlantic Division.

INSTRUCTIONS to members attending the A. C. A. meet at Mudlunta Island, St. Lawrence River, Aug. 9 to Aug. 23, 1901:

For the convenience of members of the Atlantic Division, A. C. A., a special transportation car has been arranged for and will carry canoes and duffle free of expense, to Clayton, N. Y., and return. The car will be stationed at the Manhattan Station of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad Company, 130th street and Hudson River, on Sunday, Aug. 4, and Monday, Aug. 5; at Yonkers, Tuesday, Aug. 6, and at Ossining, Wednesday, Aug. 7. Canoes and duffle may be loaded on the

car at any of these points, the car remaining all day at the stations.

Mark all canoes and packages, plainly with your name, and address care "Henry M. Dater, Transportation Car for Clayton, N. Y., A. C. A. Camp." Advise the undersigned, No. 68 Broad street, New York city, as soon as possible of the number of canoes and packages you will have, and from what point you will ship, so that proper arrangements may be made for handling and stowing the same. Be sure to prepay all freight and express charges to the car.

Members from points on the Delaware River will ship via Pennsylvania Railroad, marked as above, also marked via "Lighter to 130th street, New York Central & Hudson River Railroad."

Members are requested to purchase tickets to Clayton at office of N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Co., No. 415 Broadway, New York city.

With the return of the Association to the St. Lawrence again, there seems to be every reason for anticipating one of the largest and most successful meets in the history of the Association. An especially attractive racing programme has been provided, and a prize has been offered by the Commodore of the British Canoe Association, which will be raced for at the meet. The Atlantic Division has always sent a large delegation to the St. Lawrence, and it is hoped that this year it will surpass its already excellent record.

Any further information desired will be gladly furnished on application to the undersigned.

HENRY M. DATER,
Vice-Com., Atlantic Division, A. C. A.,
68 Broad street, New York City.

NEW YORK, July 18.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

13. Corinthian, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
1. New York, trial race to select cup defender, Newport.
2. Duxbury, club, Duxbury, Mass.
3. Southern Gulf Coast, Y. R. A.
3. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
3. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
3. Indian Harbor, club, Greenwich, Conn.
3. Moriches, association regatta.
3. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
3. Hempstead Harbor, annual, Hempstead Harbor, L. I. Sound.
3. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
3. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
3. Kennebec, open, Kennebec, Me.
3. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Robert Center memorial cup races, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
3. Manhasset Bay, special, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
3. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
3. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
5. 6. Manchester, West Manchester, Massachusetts Bay.
7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
7. 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
9. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
9. 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
10. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
10. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
10. Shelter Island, open.
10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Marion.
10. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
10. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Horsehoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
12. 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
17. Shelter Island, club.
17. Moriches, open.
17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
17. New York, New York Bay.
17. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
17. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Mass.
17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
17. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
24. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31. Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Shelter Island, Club.
31. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

THE Canadian boat, Senneville, sailed by Mr. G. H. DUGGAN, has successfully defended the Seawanhaka cup by defeating the English boat Grey Friar in three straight races. Our Canadian correspondent will forward detailed accounts of the races, which will appear in our next issue.

SHAMROCK II., Sir Thomas Lipton's new challenger

for the America's Cup, sailed from Gourrock, Scotland, for New York on July 27. The steam yacht Erin will escort the challenger across. Shamrock II. will come over under a reduced cutter rig, and it is thought that she will make the trip in seventeen days.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

Rendezvous, Glen Cove.

GLEN COVE TO HUNTINGTON BAY—COMMODORE'S CUP.

Monday, July 22.

THE fleet of yachts that congregated in the harbor of Glen Cove on the opening day of the cruise of the New York Y. C. was undoubtedly the largest ever seen in any harbor in the world. The picture was a beautiful one, and almost every type of pleasure vessel was represented. The old schooner America was present, and there was excellent opportunity to compare her with Constitution and Columbia and note the development that has taken place in yacht designing and building in the past fifty years.

The following boats will follow the racing fleet:

Schooners—America, Butler Ames; Atlantic, Wilson Marshall; Charlotte, Charles F. Ulrich; Clytie, Henry C. Ward; Columbia, Joseph De F. Junkin; Crusader, Seymour L. Husted; Grampus, S. F. Houston; Montauk, William H. Langley; Nirvana, George G. Tyson; Priscilla, Robert J. W. Koons; Ramona, B. M. Whitlock; Sachem, Fred J. Adams; Sea Fox, Alanson Tucker; Sylph, H. D. Cheever; Varuna, Frederick F. Amos; Water Witch, David Banks; Wayfarer, W. M. Ivins.

Schooners, with Auxiliary Motors—Adrienne, William G. Titcomb; Cachalot, Richard T. Wainwright; Seneca, W. T. & R. A. Caine; Viking, James D. Smith; White Rose, Frederick C. Penfield; Calypso, J. F. O'Shaughnessy.

Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls—Awixa, W. L. Brooks; Bedouin, J. Murray Mitchell; Drusella, Augustus C. Tyler; Fern (yawl), John Hyslop; Flying Cloud (yawl), James Laughlin, Jr.; Hildegard, James C. Bergen; Itzacchuatl (yawl), H. C. Tinker; Jessica, M. R. Schuyler; Julnar, Reginald Norman; Kestrel, J. B. Mills; King Philip, H. B. Torrey; Kraken, Nathaniel Hathaway; Pawnee (yawl), J. E. Wayland; Queen Mab, Lucius H. Smith; Sauntered, Thomas H. Smith; Tigress, C. A. Appleton; Umbria, John P. Elton; Vinita, G. D. Provost; Volunteer, J. Malcolm Forbes; Xara, George W. Scott.

Steamers—Agnes, William H. Watrous; Aileen, W. B. Leeds; Akela, W. Hadwin Amos; Albatross, Ellison & Carstairs; Aloha, D. W. and A. C. James; Altair, E. D. Trowbridge; Alvina, Charles Fletcher; Amabel, D. A. Loring; America, William Zeigler; Anita, George B. Wilson; Aphrodite, Oliver H. Payne; Aquillo, William P. Eno; Aurora, Dudley L. Pickman; Avenel, W. S. and J. T. Spaulding; Barracouta, Edward Kelly; Bellemere, Samuel T. Shaw; Bo-Peep, E. H. Townsend; Buccaneer, Frank T. Morrell; Cayadetta, George B. Watson; Cayuga, F. L. Humphreys; Chetolah, Albert J. Wise; Claymore, Jarvis B. Edson; Clermont, A. Van Santvoord; Clinton, J. S. Dickerson; Colonia, Frederick G. Bourne; Columbia, J. Harvey Ladew; Corsair, J. Pierpont Morgan; Duquesne, James G. Sutter; Electra, Elbridge T. Gerry; Elreba, Henry Darlington; Elsa, Evans R. Dick; Elsa, Miss Eloise L. Breese; Fedalma, Augustus C. Tyler; Felicia, E. H. Harriman; Florence, A. H. Alker; Genesee, J. Sibley Watson; Hanniel, C. H. W. Foster; Hiawatha, Julius Fleischmann; Hope, Guy Norman; Ibis, Samuel C. Lawrence; Idalia, Eugene Tompkins; Idler, Henry T. Sloane; Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix; Ituna, Albert S. Bigelow; Jathiel, Charles M. Pratt; Josephine, P. A. B. Widener; Juanita, J. H. Ballantine; Kalolah, H. W. Hagins; Kana-wha, Henry R. Rogers; Kathales, C. L. F. Robinson; Kismet, J. Rogers Maxwell; Ladoga, J. Stewart Kennedy; Lagouda, Edward Browning; Lavrock, W. J. Matheson; Linta, Walther Lutgen; Lorna, W. L. Stow; Margaret, Isaac E. Emerson; Margaret, John H. Rutherford; Marietta, Robert A. Carson; Marjorie, Mrs. A. S. Van Winkle; Maspeth, C. M. Meyer; May, Alexander Van Rensselaer; Mirage, Cornelius Vanderbilt; Narada, Henry Walters; Narwhal, C. B. Osgood; Nautilus, G. B. Linderman; Niagara, Howard Gould; Nirvana, W. R. Sands; Norman, Frank Tilford; Nourmahal, John Jacob Astor; Oneida, E. C. Benedict; Ozhesta, E. V. Douglas; Palmer, F. K. Sturgis; Parthenia, A. Hart McKee; Peerless, C. W. Harkness; Reverie, J. B. Thomas; Sagamore, E. C. Lee; Saghaya, Howard C. Smith; Sapphire, A. L. Barber; Satanella, Perry Belmont; Scout, August Belmont; Seneca, Charles Fletcher; Speranza, O. D. Wilkinson; Sultana, John R. Drexel; Surf, C. K. G. Billings; Talisman, S. B. Sexton; Taro, Thomas & Post; Taurus, John H. Hanan; Tillie, F. L. Osgood; Trophy, F. M. Smith; Varuna, George F. Dominick; Vinita, E. C. Schaefer; Virginia, Isaac Stern; Wachusett, Edward Weston; Wacouta, James J. Hill; Whisper, Thomas Manning; White Heather, H. I. Drummond; Wild Duck, Senator Aldrich; Willada, William Hester; Zara, Harrison B. Moore; Alcedo, Daniel G. Reed; Christabel, Adrian Ise-lin, Jr.; Gunelda, H. A. Hutchins; Lady Godiva, H. C. Rouse; Radha, W. L. Bull; Sagitta, J. R. De Lamar; Tuscarora, R. F. Ballantine.

The race for the day was for the Commodore's cups, one for the schooners all in one class, one for single-masted vessels and yawls in one class in cruising trim and a cup for Constitution and Columbia in racing trim. The race for the Commodore's cup not to be counted as one of the regular squadron runs.

At 2:15 the Regatta Committee—S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold, and Newbury D. Lawton—gave the preparatory signal. Course No. 3 had been signaled for all classes, and was from a starting line off Matinick Point eleven miles N.E. by E., $\frac{1}{2}$ E., to and around a mark; thence five miles W.S.W., $\frac{1}{2}$ E., to and around the second mark, thence five and a half miles E.S.E., $\frac{1}{2}$ E., to the finish line. With the wind from W.S.W., this gave the yachts a run on the first leg against a flood tide, a beat to the second buoy and a broad reach home.

Ten minutes after the preparatory signal came the start for the single-masted vessels and yawls, and with spinnaker poles dropped they came down to the line. Navahoe crossed first with Ailsa a few seconds behind, followed by Athene, Rainbow, Eelin, Carmita, Vigilant, Mermaid,

Hester, Humma and Bedouin, the two latter boats being handicapped. The schooners were sent away next with Quisseta well in the lead of the boats in her class. The other schooners crossed in the following order: Katrina, Muriel and Elmina; Amorita, Columbia, Marguerite, Wayward and America were handicapped.

Constitution and Columbia were started at 2:45. Columbia got the best of the start, but Constitution moved along in wonderful style in the light breeze and soon passed Columbia. Constitution set her spinnaker to port, while Columbia had hers on the starboard side. It was generally thought that Columbia was handicapped by having her spinnaker to starboard, as neither her mainsail or spinnaker drew as well as Constitution. Constitution moved through the fleet in fine style, and at 3:30 had overtaken the big yawl Navahoe. Light sails were taken in some time before reaching the leeward mark and luffed around the mark and came on the wind on the port tack. The times of the boats on rounding are as follows:

Constitution	4 00 50	Humma	4 10 24
Navahoe	4 02 51	Muriel	4 10 59
Rainbow	4 03 31	Quisseta	4 11 12
Vigilant	4 03 55	Elmina	4 11 32
Columbia	4 04 22	Amorita	4 14 09
Ailsa	4 04 45	Altair	4 14 34
Athene	4 07 00	Mermaid	4 14 44

It was risky business at this mark, as there were so many boats rounding at about the same time, but no accidents happened. The leg to windward was a short one, and was soon over. Navahoe sailed a splendid race, and beat Ailsa and Vigilant handily. Rainbow led in her class across the finish line. Elmina won in the schooner class. Muriel led at the first mark, Quisseta second and Elmina third. Quisseta lost some time by getting her jib topsail in the water when taking it in. The table showing the race of the 90-footers is as follows:

Class G—90-footers.			
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	2 45 58	5 17 31	2 31 33
Constitution	2 46 35	5 13 50	2 27 15

Constitution beats Columbia on elapsed time 4m. 18s., the distance of the course being twenty-one miles.

From Start to First Mark.			
	Start.	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution	2 46 35	4 00 52	1 14 17
Columbia	2 45 58	4 04 22	1 18 24

Constitution gained on this leg of eleven miles, 4m. 7s.

From First to Second Mark.			
	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution	4 00 52	4 47 30	0 46 38
Columbia	4 04 22	4 51 05	0 46 43

Constitution gained in this leg 5m. 5s.

From Second Mark to Home Mark.			
	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution	4 47 30	5 13 50	0 26 20
Columbia	4 51 05	5 17 31	0 26 26

Constitution gained in this leg 6s. First leg, 4m. 7s.; second leg, 5s.; third leg, 6s.; a total of 4m. 18s.

Finish of Other Races.

The official summary, giving the winners of the cup for schooners and the cup for single-masted vessels and yawls, is as follows:

Single-masted vessels and yawls; all in one class:

Class G—Yawls.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Navahoe	2 26 07	5 29 44	3 07 37	3 07 22
Ailsa	2 26 10	5 36 18	3 10 08	3 09 07
Vigilant	2 29 03	5 36 42	3 07 39	3 07 39
Class H.				
Rainbow	2 26 29	5 32 09	3 05 40	2 59 34
Athene	2 26 17	5 40 54	3 14 37	3 14 37
Bedouin	2 30 00	6 15 13	3 45 13	3 37 15
Class I.				
Hester	2 30 00	5 55 56	3 26 56	3 16 22
Eelin	2 26 42	6 02 22	3 35 40	3 18 55
Isolde	2 30 00	6 04 06	3 34 06	3 29 17
Class J.				
Carmita	2 27 57	6 11 35	3 43 41	3 22 15
Altair	2 30 00	5 54 16	3 24 16	3 22 01
Humma	2 30 00	5 50 01	3 20 01	2 55 07
Class K.				
Mermaid	2 29 44	6 28 57	3 58 53	3 33 22
Class A—Schooners—All in one class.				
Columbia	2 35 00	6 22 45	3 47 45	3 22 45
Class B.				
America	2 35 00	6 23 48	3 48 48	3 23 48
Class C.				
Marguerite	2 35 00	6 08 30	3 23 30	3 08 30
Class D.				
Amorita	2 35 00	5 56 45	3 21 45	3 16 07
Katrina	2 32 50	6 07 20	3 34 30	3 29 10
Quisseta	2 32 28	5 48 52	3 18 24	3 13 04
Elmina	2 34 47	5 48 23	3 11 36	3 05 58
Muriel	2 33 32	5 48 15	3 14 43	3 14 43

Humma wins the Commodore's cup for single-masted vessels and yawls, defeating Rainbow 4m. 27s., corrected time.

Elmina wins the Commodore's cup for schooners, beating Marguerite 2m. 32s., corrected time.

Second Day—First Squadron Run.

HUNTINGTON BAY TO MORRIS COVE.

Tuesday, July 23.

The first of the squadron runs was tiresome and disappointing on account of calms, light and variable winds. The run was from a point off Eaton's Point, L. I., to Ludington Rock, near the entrance to Morris Cove, the outer harbor at New Haven, a distance of twenty-eight miles.

A number of new yachts joined the fleet before the start, among them the schooners Shamrock, Hildegard, and the handsome new auxiliary Idler, designed by Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane for Mr. Henry T. Sloane. The start from the harbor was made at 10 o'clock. The Reverie with the Regatta Committee on board had a long wait at the starting line for the yachts to cross, as the light breeze made it almost impossible for them to get down to the line. The preparatory signal was made at 11:05.

The committee announced that several extra races were on the programme. The auxiliaries, which were to be sent off after the Cup defender class, were divided into two classes. One was for square-riggers, and in this class were Perry Belmont's Satanella, Nelson Perin's Enterprise and Henry Rouse's Lady Godiva. These three are English-built yachts and are brigantine rigged. The other class was for fore-and-aft rigged vessels, and in it were Henry T. Sloane's Idler and Lloyd Phoenix's Intrepid, a

three-master. Another class was made of the schooners Shamrock, Katrina and Latona. The schooners Loyal, owned by Robert P. Doremus, and Wayward, owned by Frank B. Duryea, sailed a race by themselves. The old-time cutters Bedouin and Wenonah made another special class with the old sloop Hildegard.

The starting signal for sloops was made at 11:15, and the English cutter, Eelin, was the first to cross, a minute later followed by Ailsa and Hester. The boats were hanging around the line without breeze enough to buck the tide and cross. Vigilant was badly handicapped by crossing the stakeboat on the wrong side, and had to return and recross the line. The rest of the single-stickers and yawls were very late in getting away. The starting signal for schooners was given at 11:20, and Quisseta was the only one to cross before the handicap gun was fired. Wayward, Elmina, Katrina, Muriel, Latona, Emerald, Corona, America, Kirin, Uncas, Shamrock, Loyal, Marguerite, Woodmansie and Columbia followed. Constitution and Columbia were started at 11:35, the former first and the latter just under her lee. Columbia drew out from Constitution's lee, but shortly afterward was overtaken by Constitution. About 1 o'clock both boats were about abeam, and had overtaken Ailsa. A little after 2 o'clock the nineties had passed everything in the fleet. When off Stratford Shoal Constitution was about a mile in the lead of Columbia. About 4 o'clock the breeze came out of the N.W. rather fresh and enabled the boats to finish. Quisseta led the yachts in cruising trim across the finish line, followed by Rainbow, Corona, Athene, Navahoe, Ailsa, Emerald, Muriel, Vigilant, Elmina, Katrina, Latona, Humma and Hester. This is the summary of the day:

Class G—Sloops.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constitution	11 35 35	5 36 41	6 01 06	6 01 06
Columbia	11 35 53	5 42 15	6 06 22	6 06 22
Class G—Yawls.				
Vigilant	11 20 00	6 13 36	6 53 36	6 53 36
Ailsa	11 16 15	6 04 25	6 48 10	6 46 52
Navahoe	11 18 00	6 02 22	6 44 22	6 42 56
Class H.				
Rainbow	11 17 02	5 56 23	6 39 21	6 39 21
Bedouin	11 20 00	6 44 45	7 24 45	7 21 48
Athene	11 19 35	5 59 51	6 40 16	6 40 16
Class I.				
Hester	11 16 50	6 25 46	7 08 46	7 08 56
Hildegard	11 20 00	6 39 25	1 19 25	7 17 49
Class I—Special.				
Eelin	11 16 00	6 47 40	7 31 40	7 31 40
Isolde	11 20 00	7 06 55	7 46 55	7 38 34
Class J.				
Carmita	11 17 50	6 32 57	7 15 07	7 15 07
Petrel	11 20 00	6 57 40	7 37 40	7 37 40
Isolde	11 20 00	7 44 40	8 24 40	8 31 40
Altair	11 18 43	6 50 53	7 32 05	7 32 05
Humma	11 20 00	6 25 26	7 05 26	7 05 26
Class K.				
Sistate	11 20 00	7 02 06	7 42 06	7 42 06
Class L.				
Effort	11 17 44	6 33 48	7 16 04	7 16 04
Mira	11 20 00	6 38 45	7 18 35	7 18 35
Class M.				
Cymbra	11 18 55	6 55 49	7 36 54	7 36 54
Salome	11 19 20	Withdrew.		
Leda	11 18 35	Withdrew.		
Class A—Schooners.				
Class B.				
Columbia	11 25 00	7 59 40	8 34 40	8 34 40
Corona	11 25 00	5 58 24	6 33 24	6 33 24
America	11 25 00	7 26 10	8 01 10	8 01 10
Emerald	11 25 00	6 10 39	6 45 39	6 43 20
Class C.				
Marguerite	11 26 00	6 52 03	7 27 03	7 22 11
Class D—Special.				
Muriel	11 25 00	6 12 05	6 47 03	6 47 03
Quisseta	11 24 03	5 54 01	6 29 58	6 29 24
Elmina	11 25 00	6 13 51	6 48 55	6 48 55
Class D.				
Katrina	11 25 00	6 20 05	6 55 05	6 55 05
Shamrock	11 25 00	6 56 28	7 31 28	7 31 04
Latona	11 25 00	6 23 40	6 58 40	6 58 40
Class F.				
Indra	11 25 00	6 53 06	7 28 06	7 28 06
Uncas	11 25 00	7 35 10	8 10 10	8 10 10
Loyal	11 25 00	7 35 40	8 10 40	8 10 40
Wayward	11 25 00	Withdrew.		

Constitution beat Columbia.

Navahoe beat Ailsa and Vigilant.

Rainbow wins in Class H.

Hester wins in class I.

Eelin beat Isolde.

Humma won in Class J.

Effort beats Mira.

Cymbra wins in Class M.

Corona wins in Class B.

Quisseta won in Class D, special.

Katrina won in Class D, ordinary.

Indra won in Class F.

Third Day—Second Squadron Run.

MORRIS COVE TO NEW LONDON.

Wednesday, July 24.

The morning of the third day of the cruise opened with no breeze at all, and all hands were pretty well disheartened, but about 9:30 a little air sprung up from the S.W., increasing until it had a strength of about ten knots, sometimes blowing a little harder and then with less strength.

The Regatta Committee were the guests of Mr. Henry Walters, on board the steam yacht Narada. The starting line was from a boat anchored off the breakwater to the steam yacht Narada. The run to New London was about forty miles in length. The preparatory signal was made at 11:35, and ten minutes later the single-masted vessels and yawls were started. Navahoe was the first over, followed by Ailsa, and Vigilant last and to leeward. Effort was next across, and the rest crossed in the following order: Eelin, Salome, Altair, Carmita, Hester, Isolde, Hildegard, Humma, Isolt, Bedouin, Athene, Petrel, Rainbow and Mira.

The handicap gun for single-masted vessels and yawls was the starting signal for schooners. Corona crossed in the lead, Emerald, Latona, America, Muriel, Katrina, Shamrock, Loyal, Kirin, Columbia, Uncas, Marguerite and Quisseta following. In the start for the 90-footers Capt. Barr showed his ability in such a manner as to impress and startle every one who saw it. Capt. Rhoades was trying to put Constitution on Columbia's weather quarter, so that he could cross to windward in the better berth. Capt. Barr kept on his course, not wishing to be caught in such a predicament. Finally Constitution went about on the starboard tack, Columbia followed suit and

stood for the line with a free wind, but to secure the windward position Capt. Barr put Columbia on his opponent's weather quarter, which meant that he had to cross between Narada and Constitution. The space was so narrow that a collision seemed unavoidable. Columbia was kept off for a moment, and the boom came over as if for a jibe; when she was luffed up the boom went back and Columbia crossed with but a few feet to spare on either side. It was a close fit, and the start will be remembered as one of the prettiest ever seen. The auxiliaries were started next, and they crossed in the following order: Laurus, Cachalot, Intrepid, Enterprise and Lady Godiva, the two latter being handicapped.

Constitution was leading the fleet at 3 o'clock, and she was the first to pass Bartlett's Reef Lightship. Columbia passed it 8m. later. Corona was third boat at the lightship, but Navahoe passed her just at the finish line. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class G—Over 90ft.				
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Constitution	11 05 08	3 37 35	4 32 27	4 32 27
Columbia	11 05 11	3 46 01	4 40 50	4 39 10
Yawls—Class G.				
Vigilant	10 45 30	3 54 07	5 08 37	5 08 37
Ailsa	10 45 25	3 55 12	5 09 47	5 07 56
Navahoe	10 45 17	3 52 55	5 07 38	5 05 38
Sloops—Class H—70 to 80ft.				
Rainbow	10 49 07	4 00 00	5 10 53	5 10 53
Bedouin	10 48 06	4 41 25	5 53 19	5 49 13
Athene	10 48 38	4 31 05	5 42 27	5 42 27
Sloops—Class I—60 to 70ft.				
Hester	10 46 57	4 23 55	5 36 58	5 36 58
Hildegard	10 47 29	4 39 30	5 52 01	5 49 47
Eelin	10 46 03	4 31 53	5 45 55	5 45 55
Isolde	10 47 02	4 48 26	6 01 24	5 49 47
Sloops—Class J—51 to 60ft.				
Carmita	10 46 45	Withdrew.		
Petrel, yawl	10 49 00	4 47 26	5 58 26	5 58 26
Isolt	10 47 55	5 23 02	3 35 07	6 30 06
Altair	10 46 27	4 25 39	5 39 12	5 39 12
Humma	10 47 49	4 21 23	5 33 34	5 33 34
Sloops—Class L—36 to 43ft.				
Effort	10 45 37	4 45 54	6 00 17	6 00 17
Mira	10 49 28	5 01 54	6 12 26	6 12 26
Cymbra	10 46 16	Withdrew.		
Schooners—Class A—Over 95ft.				
Columbia	10 54 13	4 48 26	5 54 13	5 54 13
Schooners—Class B—85 to 95ft.				
Corona	10 50 30	3 53 19	5 02 49	5 02 49
Emerald	10 51 00	4 10 37	5 19 37	5 16 23
America	10 50 40	4 38 55	5 48 15	5 48 15
Schooners—Class C—75 to 85ft.				
Marguerite	10 54 22	4 17 03	5 22 41	5 15 54
Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft.				
Katrina	10 52 18	4 18 58	5 26 40	5 26 40
Latona	10 51 10	4 21 30	5 30 00	5 30 00
Shamrock	10 53 10	5 01 54	6 18 44	6 18 11
Schooners—Class D—Special.				
Muriel	10 52 08	4 08 29	5 16 21	5 16 21
Quisetta	10 54 29	4 08 36	5 15 07	5 16 20
Elmina	10 55 00	4 14 57	5 19 57	5 19 57
Schooners—Class F—Under 65ft.				
Loyal	10 52 43	4 52 00	5 59 17	5 59 17
Indra	10 54 33	5 09 55	6 15 22	6 15 22
Uncas	10 54 19	5 33 02	6 38 43	6 38 43
Auxiliaries—Class 1.				
Intrepid	11 16 25	5 20 23	6 03 58	6 03 58
Class 1.				
Satanella	11 17 00	Withdrew.		
Lady Godiva	11 17 00	Withdrew.		
Class 7.				
Cachalot	11 14 14	5 18 54	6 04 40	6 04 40
Laurus	11 13 37	5 52 32	6 14 55	6 14 55
Crossed With Schooners.				
Marvis	10 54 05	5 24 14	6 31 09	6 31 09

The winners were Constitution, Navahoe, Rainbow, Hester, Humma, Effort, Columbia, Corona, Marguerite, Katrina, Quisetta, Loyal, Intrepid and Cachalot.

Fourth Day—Third Squadron Run.

NEW LONDON TO NEWPORT.

Thursday, July 25.

The fourth day of the cruise opened with a strong N.E. breeze, and it was a source of considerable satisfaction to the racing men after the light airs that had prevailed during the earlier part of the week. The big fleet got under way about 9:30, and ran out to the starting line. The preparatory signal was given at 10:55. Ten minutes later the single-masted vessels and yawls started. Six seconds after the signal Vigilant crossed. Isolde crossed next, followed by Petrel, Bedouin, Navahoe, Hester, Altair, Ailsa, Effort, Eelin, Virginia, Rainbow, Athene, Senta, Hildegard, Isolt, Humma, Siste and Mira. The schooners were started at 12:10, and Quisetta crossed 6s. after the signal, followed by Corona, Emerald, Marguerite, Latona, Elmina, Shamrock, Columbia, Indra, Loyal and America. In the goft. class Columbia crossed ahead and to the windward of Constitution. The latter boat was handicapped by a catboat filled with sightseers that was on the line, and a bad accident was narrowly averted. After avoiding a collision with the catboat, Constitution was forced to jibe to avoid hitting the utility tug Unique. These two incidents lost her the advantage she had over Columbia. As the breeze freshened Columbia would draw ahead, and when it dropped a little Constitution would draw up a little. Constitution struck twice on a ledge off Race Rock, and although she continued in the race she seemed sluggish afterward. It was a beautiful race, for the two boats fought it out the entire forty-mile beat with hardly any distance between them. They got mixed up with a tow off Point Judith, and it was here that Columbia opened up clear water between her competitor and herself, and finally won by over 3m. It was a day of accidents, and Mr. Charles Smithers' 75ft. schooner Muriel met with disaster over a mile east of Race Rock Light. The wind was blowing hard from the E., and in an extra hard knockdown her fore topmast was carried away and fell alongside with the foremast, which was broken in two places, as was also main topmast. The yacht was a mass of broken and tangled rigging, and it is remarkable that no one was injured. The revenue cutter Gresham towed Muriel back to New London. The next vessel to get in trouble was Cornelius Vanderbilt's 70-footer Rainbow. She ran ashore twice when off Watch Hill, and was taken in tow by the auxiliary Lady Godiva and brought to Newport.

The big yawls and schooners had a fine race, and Vigilant, after a hard race with Navahoe, won by 1m. and 50s. Virginia beat Athene. Elmina won from Quisetta by 8s. Isolde and Altair were the only boats to finish in their classes, and Katrina was the only schooner to finish in her class when the time limit expired at 8 P. M.

Mr. W. O. Gay's 70-footer Athene ran aground on Goat Island when running into Newport Harbor. She came off at high water undamaged. The summaries follow:

Sloops—Class G.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Constitution	11 25 45	6 21 16	6 58 31
Columbia	11 25 29	6 21 55	6 56 26
Yawls—Class G.			
Vigilant	11 05 06	6 05 54	7 00 48
Ailsa	11 06 45	7 55 40	8 48 55
Navahoe	11 05 48	6 08 26	7 02 38
Sloops—Class H.			
Rainbow	11 07 26	Went aground.	
Virginia	11 07 16	7 54 30	8 47 14
Bedouin	11 07 56	Withdrew.	
Athene	11 07 16	8 00 28	8 52 42
Class I.			
Hester	11 06 17	Withdrew.	
Hildegard	11 08 36	Withdrew.	
Eelin	11 06 40	Withdrew.	
Isolde	11 05 07	7 39 28	8 34 21
Senta	11 08 00	Withdrew.	
Class J.			
Petrel, yawl	11 05 48	Withdrew.	
Isolt	11 08 17	Withdrew.	
Altair	11 06 51	7 37 15	8 30 04
Humma	11 03 50	Withdrew.	
Class K.			
Siste	11 05 52	Withdrew.	
Class L.			
Effort	11 06 30	Withdrew.	
Mira	11 09 05	Withdrew.	
Class I.			
Eelin	11 06 40	Withdrew.	
Isolde	11 05 07	Withdrew.	
Schooners—Class A.			
Columbia	11 12 07	Withdrew.	
Class B.			
Corona	11 10 25	Withdrew.	
Emerald	11 10 28	Withdrew.	
America	11 15 00	Withdrew.	
Class C.			
Marguerite	11 10 20	Withdrew.	
Class D.			
Katrina	11 11 12	7 53 10	8 41 58
Latona	11 11 02	Withdrew.	
Shamrock	11 11 06	Withdrew.	
Class D—Special.			
Muriel	11 10 45	Disabled.	
Quisetta	11 10 06	7 52 45	8 42 39
Elmina	11 11 19	7 53 50	8 42 31
Class F.			
Loyal	11 14 44	Withdrew.	
Indra	11 13 12	Withdrew.	
Auxiliaries.			
Cachalot	11 15 00	Withdrew.	
Larras	11 13 00	Withdrew.	
Adrienne	11 14 32	Withdrew.	

Constitution was taken to Bristol and hauled out, when it was found that she was not seriously damaged.

Muriel was towed from New London to Greenport by a tug, where she will receive new spars.

Fifth Day—Fourth Squadron Run.

NEWPORT TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

Friday, July 26.

Fifteen single-masted yachts, two yawls and eight schooners left Newport Harbor and started off Brenton's Reef Lightship for the squadron run to Vineyard Haven. At the start the wind was from the N.E., and rain fell at frequent intervals. Neither of the 90-footers started, as Constitution was hauled out at Bristol for examination, and Columbia, not having a competitor, did not enter. The absence of these boats detracted considerably from the interest of the occasion. When the fleet reached Brenton's Reef Lightship the wind hauled from N.E. to S.E., and the sun came out.

The preparatory gun was fired at 11:40, and the single-masted vessels and yawls started 10m. later. These yachts crossed in the following order: Athene, Isolde, Mira, Vigilant, Senta, Effort, Virginia, Altair, Hildegard, Carmita; Bedouin and Navahoe were handicapped. The schooners started on the handicap gun for the cutters and yawls, and they crossed in the following order: Quisetta, Corona, Katrina, Shamrock, Elmina and Indra; Cachalot and America were handicapped.

At 11:15 the wind veered to the S., and instead of beating to Vineyard Sound Lightship, the yachts were able to lay a straight course for the lightship. Shortly after the wind lightened up and the boats made slow progress, and it was nothing more than a drifting match at 2 o'clock, and up to this time the yachts had only covered about ten miles. Athene at this time was in the lead, with Virginia second and Vigilant third. Quisetta led the schooners, with Carona second.

Late in the afternoon the breeze came up a little, but the boats did not gain much, nor were their positions changed to any extent. When darkness came on the fleet was still some distance from its destination, and it was late in the night before many of them reached Vineyard Haven.

Sixth Day—Fifth Squadron Run.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO NEWPORT.

Saturday, July 27.

The few yachtsmen who made the run from Newport to Vineyard Haven were favored with a fresh N.E. breeze for the run back to Newport. The owners, guests and crews were tired out after the long, tedious drift of the day before, but the fresh breeze soon revived all hands. The course for the thirty-seven miles was W. by S., twenty miles to Vineyard Sound Lightship, and W.N.W., seven-teen miles to Brenton's Reef Lightship. The breeze was so far astern that it enabled the boats to carry spinakers.

The preparatory signal was fired at 9 o'clock, and the single-masted vessels and yawls were started at 9:10. Vigilant crossed first, breaking out her spinnaker before reaching the line. Ailsa crossed next, followed by Eelin, Effort, Hester, Isolt and Navahoe; Vigilant, Altair, Athene and Hildegard were handicapped. Athene was swept by the strong tide on the wrong side of the committee boat, and as she was unable to make headway enough to return and cross the line, stood away on her course for Newport.

The schooners were started at 9:15. Katrina crossed first, and next came America. The rest went over the line as follows: Indra, Vigilant, Shamrock, Elmina, Altair, Cachalot, Quisetta, Corona and Hildegard. Corona was also caught in the tide and was swept across the line sideways. Navahoe and Vigilant were disqualified for interfering with the committee boat Reverie. The

tide carried Navahoe down on Reverie, and Navahoe's boom snapped the bowsprit short off. Vigilant was also swept along by the tide, and the committee boat had to alter her position to avoid a collision with her. Elmina carried away her throat halyard block on her foresail and had to lower away that sail while repairs were being made.

Navahoe was the first to finish, closely followed by Vigilant. The rest of the fleet finished as follows: Quisetta, Elmina, Ailsa, Hester, Virginia, Eelin, Effort, Katrina, Shamrock, Bedouin, Idler, Cachalot, Altair, Rondina, Indra, America, Hildegard, Kiowa and Cherokee. The summary follows:

Yawls—Class G.			
Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ailsa	9 12 15	2 17 18	5 05 03
Vigilant	9 15 00	2 08 13	4 53 13
Navahoe	9 15 00	2 07 06	4 52 06
Sloops—Class H.			
Virginia	9 11 06	2 30 56	5 19 50
Bedouin	9 11 43	2 56 43	5 45 00
Athene	Did not cross.		
Sloops—Class I.			
Hester	9 14 22	2 28 43	5 14 21
Hildegard	9 15 00	3 06 22	5 51 22
Eelin	9 12 25	2 37 29	5 22 29
Sloops—Classes J and L.			
Effort	9 13 22	2 44 23	5 31 01
Altair	9 15 00	3 04 00	5 49 00
Sloops—Class M.			
Cherokee	9 15 00	3 15 47	6 00 47
Kiowa	9 12 35	3 10 44	5 58 09
Schooners—Class B.			
Corona	9 20 00	2 48 22	5 28 22
America	9 16 55	3 04 27	5 47 32
Katrina	9 16 26	2 51 32	5 35 06
Shamrock	9 17 47	2 54 20	5 36 33
Schooners—Class B—Special.			
Quisetta	9 19 14	2 13 28	4 54 14
Elmina	9 18 12	2 15 51	4 57 39
Schooners—Class F.			
Rondina	9 20 00	3 04 07	5 44 07
Indra	9 17 23	3 04 23	5 47 00
Auxiliaries.			
Cachalot	9 18 50	3 01 30	5 42 40
Idler	8 49 35	2 59 09	6 09 34
Intrepid	9 07 00	Did not start.	

The winners were Ailsa, Virginia, Hester, Effort, Corona, Katrina, Quisetta and Cachalot.

Seventh and Eighth Days—Astor Cups.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Sunday and Monday, July 28-29.

After a week of hard work all hands were glad to have a good rest on Sunday. It blew hard all day, and only one or two boats ventured outside, where there was a heavy sea running. The schooner Troubadour came into the harbor with her foretopmast gone.

The Astor cup races are the most prominent events in the yachting season at Newport, and the large fleet of fine steam yachts were filled with guests. Nourmahal, with the Regatta Committee on board, blew signals, meaning that the Block Island course had been selected. This course was first to a mark boat anchored one mile due E. of Block Island Buoy, then to another stake boat two miles S.W. by S. from West Island Light, and then to the finishing line at Brenton's Reef Lightship. The first leg was 13½ miles S.W., ¼ W.; the second, 18 miles N.E. by E., ¾ E., and the third, 6½ miles W. by N., ¼ N. The wind was N. by E., and with it holding in that direction the first leg was a run with spinakers, the second a beat and the third a reach.

The preparatory signal was given at 11 o'clock. At 11:05 the starting signal was given. Constitution was first across at the leeward end of the line, with Navahoe next at the windward end, with Columbia on her weather quarter. Senta, Hester, Isolde and Eelin followed in the order named. The course made it a free run, booms to port and spinakers to starboard.

The schooners were started at 11:10. Corona crossed just after the gun, with Quisetta next, a little ahead and to windward of Elmina.

Great interest was centered in the race between Constitution and Columbia, and much to the surprise of every one Columbia beat her opponent handily on every point of sailing. In anything besides a very light air the old defender has shown her ability to beat the new boat on almost every point of sailing. The elapsed times over the first leg of the course are shown in the following:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Columbia	12 39 55	1 31 36
Constitution	12 39 46	1 36 08
Navahoe	12 45 08	1 36 52
Hester	12 49 19	1 40 19
Eelin	12 51 26	1 42 07
Senta	12 53 10	1 44 34
Isolde	12 54 52	1 45 38
Schooners.		
Corona	12 47 04	1 36 29
Elmina	12 50 36	1 37 38
Quisetta	12 51 56	1 39 18

When hauled on the wind Constitution was in the windward berth, but on this leg Columbia gave a fine exhibition on sailing and gained 2m. and 19s. The following table is of interest:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	12 39 56	2 25 20	1 45 25
Constitution	12 39 46	2 27 30	1 47 44

On the reach home they had the wind about abeam, and the nineties moved so fast that the best of the steam yachts could not keep up with them. Columbia raced across the finish line amidst the screeching of whistles some time ahead of Constitution.

	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	2 25 20	2 54 38	0 29 18
Constitution	2 27 30	2 56 51	0 29 21

Columbia had gained 3s. on this leg and had beaten Constitution over the whole course by 2m. 54s. elapsed time.

In the meanwhile the other boats were on the way out to West Island mark, Corona in the lead, followed by Navahoe and Elmina, with Quisetta a long distance behind. The English boats were fighting out a close race among themselves. The times for the second leg of the course for these boats are shown as follows:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Navahoe	12 45 08	3 11 15	2 26 07
Hester	12 49 19	3 36 00	2 46 41
Senta	12 53 10	3 40 50	2 47 40
Eelin	12 51 26	3 41 50	2 50 24
Isolde	12 54 52	3 44 00	2 49 08
Schooners.			
Corona	12 47 04	3 10 43	2 23 41
Elmina	12 50 36	3 25 30	2 34 24
Quissetta	12 51 56	3 44 30	2 52 34

The leg from the second mark to the finish line was soon covered. Isolde picked up a little on Eelin and Senta, and Corona drew away from Elmina, but not enough to cover the time she allowed the latter boat.

Navahoe wins the cup offered by the owners of the cutters. Ailsa would have started, but she ran on Goat Island and could not be got off in time to start in the race. The elapsed times over the last leg of the course follow:

	Sloops.	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Navahoe	3 11 15	3 44 30	0 33 15	
Hester	3 36 00	4 13 43	0 37 43	
Eelin	3 41 50	4 21 47	0 40 57	
Isolde	3 44 00	4 23 32	0 39 32	
Senta	3 40 50	4 20 28	0 39 38	
	Schooners.			
Corona	3 10 45	3 42 58	0 32 13	
Elmina	3 25 00	4 00 14	0 35 14	
Quissetta	3 44 30	4 22 00	0 37 30	

Columbia beat Constitution 4m. 28s.; Navahoe, 39m. 5s.; Eelin, 45m. 51s.; Isolde, 47m. 32s.; Hester, 49m. 17s., corrected time, and Senta, not measured. Elmina beat Corona 3m. 14s., and Quissetta 32m. 31s.

The table of to-day's races follows:

	Sloops—Cup, \$1,000.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constitution	11 07 38	2 56 51	3 49 13	3 49 13	
Columbia	11 08 19	2 54 38	3 46 19	3 44 45	
Navahoe	11 08 16	3 44 39	4 36 14	4 23 50	
Hester	11 09 00	4 13 13	5 04 43	4 34 02	
Eelin	11 09 19	4 21 47	5 12 28	4 30 36	
Isolde	11 09 14	4 23 32	5 14 18	4 32 17	
*Senta	11 08 36	4 20 28	5 11 52	
*Not measured.					
	Schooners—Cup, \$500.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Corona	11 10 35	3 42 58	4 32 23	4 32 23	
Quissetta	11 12 38	4 22 00	5 09 22	4 51 40	
Elmina	11 12 53	4 00 14	4 47 16	4 29 09	

Western Yachts.

Second Trial Race, Canada Cup Defenders.

CHICAGO, July 22.—As reported by wire to-day, Cadillac won the second trial race in very clever fashion, beating her closest competitor by 12m. and 18s. Detroit was second, and close to Detroit came the Chicago boat, Illinois, which lacked but 25s. of collaring her rival. Minota came in fourth, but made no showing, which would seem to indicate that she deserves further place in the races, she being 25m. and 30s. back of the winner. Seventeen seconds back of Minota came Prairie, the fifth boat.

An unsatisfactory feature of the race was the fact that in the fresh wind the winner of the first trial race, Milwaukee, met with an accident and did not finish. Milwaukee lost its rudder, and as it did not complete the course, but fell out on the first leg, there was no means of getting a line on its relative ability in air such as prevailed to-day, the wind being about twelve miles in velocity.

Under these conditions Cadillac made a beautiful showing, and had the race cleverly in hand practically throughout. There came near being a collision between Cadillac and the judges' boat, Thistle, just before the starting gun. As it was, Cadillac carried away a part of the port rail of Thistle, and a serious collision was narrowly averted.

The Start.

The first five boats got over the line well bunched, practically all at 1:30. Prairie followed 1m. 30s. later, Minota following Prairie by 15s. Detroit showed three reefs in its big mainsail, Milwaukee carried two and all the others at least one reef, all going under jib and mainsail, on the port tack.

Illinois and Cadillac were first to go about. Milwaukee, Detroit, Orion, Yankee, Prairie and Minota stayed on the port tack, Minota and Detroit following Cadillac and Illinois on the starboard tack about 3m. later. In the next short tack Milwaukee appeared in the lead, but a few minutes later Cadillac, Illinois and Detroit showed ahead of Milwaukee as they came into the port tack and crossed its bows. It was at 1:53 that Milwaukee met with the accident, which put it out of the race, Milwaukee being then on the weather quarter of Detroit and well up with that boat. Cadillac at this station was well in advance, Illinois in second place and to the windward.

At 2:33 Cadillac finished its long port tack, and as it came about it crossed Illinois' bows with apparently a full mile of blue water between. Cadillac needed to come about but once more, and shortly jibed about the buoy at 3:06:42. At this time it was simply a question of what would be second and third, for Cadillac evidently had the race won. Thence forward Cadillac held its own, the run home being without incident other than the close finish between Detroit and Illinois.

The race was nine miles to windward and return, the wind a steady one from the N.E., estimated at twelve to twenty miles an hour, and the yachting conditions better than those of the first trial race. The following were the times:

	Start, 1:30.	First Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	3 08 00	3 59 32	2 29 32	
Detroit	3 20 20	4 11 50	2 41 50	
Illinois	3 18 10	4 12 15	2 42 15	
Minota	4 25 05	2 55 05	
Prairie	4 25 35	2 55 25	
Orion	
Milwaukee	
Yankee	

Third Trial Race.

July 23.—Milwaukee won the third trial race which was sailed to-day. The course was the triangular one of twenty-one nautical miles, and the race itself the most interesting one which has hitherto been sailed. It was figured that the wind was blowing about eight miles an hour at the start, from the N.E. The wind was lighter than on the previous day, but stiff enough to prove that Milwaukee is perhaps something better than a mere drifting machine. Milwaukee made a good impression to-day, and there is plenty of reason to believe that she will be close in when the finals are read out.

Illinois, in spite of a close brush with Cadillac, made no such showing as to warrant considering it a dangerous factor from this time on in the race. Minota seems also to have shot her bolt, and Orion and Prairie do not seem to figure henceforward. So far as can be told at this writing, the three visiting boats—Milwaukee, Cadillac and

Detroit—will have to fight it out between themselves, with the chances probably in favor of Cadillac in case of stiff sailing weather, and of Milwaukee, should the prevailing conditions continue of light and baffling airs. Illinois was a close fourth, and crowding Cadillac, losing by but 3s., but the impression is that Cadillac would lose Illinois in a stiffer wind.

The sidewalk boat from Milwaukee, as it is called, came in 3m. 30s. ahead of Detroit, the second boat, and the latter boat, Detroit, liking this sort of going very well, led the other Detroit craft, Cadillac, by 2m. and 12s.

The Start.

The first leg of the triangle lay to E.N.E. Milwaukee was first over the line, 10s. after the starting gun, the order then being Cadillac, Illinois, Detroit, Prairie, Minota and Orion. They all went on the starboard tack, close hauled, except Minota, which laid a long port tack from the start.

The boats kept closer bunched than they had at any race before to-day; and on the first leg it was long uncertain which would win the honor at the mark. Illinois proved to be the victor on the first leg, then Milwaukee, Detroit, Orion and Cadillac in order, the times at the first mark being as follows:

	Start.	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Illinois	1 30 35	3 04 50	1 34 15
Milwaukee	1 30 10	3 10 50	1 40 40
Detroit	1 30 36	3 11 33	1 41 57
Orion	1 31 15	3 12 50	1 41 35
Cadillac	1 30 20	3 13 05	1 42 45
Minota	1 31 10	3 13 40	1 42 30
Prairie	1 30 41	3 20 30	1 49 49

Second Leg.

The second leg was a fair spinnaker run, and the boats presented naturally a very handsome appearance as they went away with spinnaker and big balloon canvas aloft. Illinois for some time contented itself with mainsail and spinnaker, not breaking out the balloon jib, and for a time it seemed to travel nicely so. The wind came up fresher, rising to twelve miles. Illinois now broke out spinnaker, but Milwaukee and Detroit, the two light weather boats, seemed to take to this fresher wind surprisingly well, and they crawled up steadily on Illinois and outsailed her decisively on this point of the wind. Times at second mark:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Illinois	3 04 50	4 10 15	1 05 25
Milwaukee	3 10 50	4 09 25	0 58 35
Detroit	3 11 33	4 12 40	1 01 07
Cadillac	3 13 05	4 14 44	1 01 39

The Finish.

The third leg was a close reach, and the wind was good and strong all down the finish. Milwaukee for a time had a trifle of trouble with its balloon jib, yet it traveled like a bird at this sort of work, somewhat to the surprise of those who had claimed that the model was good for nothing but drifting. Detroit broke out a beautiful balloon jib and continued to cut down the lead of Illinois, until it was seen that Detroit was an easy second, if not first, in the race. The fighting between Detroit and Illinois was now transferred to Cadillac and Illinois, Cadillac finishing like a thoroughbred, at last nosing out Illinois a few fathoms back of the line.

This race is rather unsettling and leaves a still greater interest attached to the concluding races of the trials. There was talk that Milwaukee had violated the rules by setting its spinnaker boom too far outboard, but there is to be no protest over this, and the better sentiment prevails that Milwaukee is unexpectedly good. There are many, however, who still back Cadillac for the final winner, as the weather indications point to a break in the calm hot weather and perhaps conditions offering stiffer and more steady winds. The times were as follows on the third leg:

	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Milwaukee	4 09 25	4 52 00	0 44 35
Detroit	4 12 40	4 57 30	0 44 50
Cadillac	4 14 44	4 59 42	0 44 50
Illinois	4 10 15	4 59 45	0 49 30

Times for the course, twenty-one miles:

	Start, 1:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Milwaukee	4 54 00	3 21 00
Detroit	4 57 30	3 27 30
Cadillac	4 59 42	3 29 42
Illinois	4 59 45	3 29 45
Minota	5 08 41	3 38 41
Orion	5 11 50	3 41 50
Prairie	5 13 50	3 43 50

Fourth Race.

July 24.—The fourth race was abandoned to-day, the judges' boat returning shortly after the starting time. The weather conditions were either calm or very light and puffy winds, and it was decided not to attempt to sail the course.

July 24.—It was Cadillac with ease to-day, it finishing 6m. and 10s. ahead of the nearest competitor, which again proved to be the sidewalk boat that has cut so prominent a figure in the races heretofore. Illinois, Detroit and Milwaukee had the fight of the day for second place.

The weather conditions promised to be fine, a twelve-knot breeze blowing at the start, but the wind dropped midway of the race and the run home was under light and baffling breezes, which did not give the most sensational features to the second leg of the course, although it afforded ample opportunity for jockeying between the close-matched boats, Milwaukee, Illinois and Detroit.

The course was nine miles to windward and return. The boats got off in good fashion, Milwaukee well in the lead. The latter boat got the gun just back of the line, went about like a racing pony and crossed the line at the start well in advance of the others. Detroit stood to starboard soon after crossing, indeed, Detroit and Cadillac both standing on into a deep offing, which for a time left their actual position in the race much in doubt. All the boats went under a single reef except Orion, which double reefed. The latter boat did not finish the first leg, and may practically be counted out of the races henceforward. Milwaukee, feeling sure of a strong lead, at length came about on the port tack, coming in toward shore. At this time the wind shifted further into the N., and this temporary flaw gave Cadillac and Detroit a good lift, whereas it was not so much to the advantage of Milwaukee, which caught but the edge of the flaw. A few minutes after 2 o'clock Cadillac showed that it had cut down the lead established by Milwaukee earlier on the

leg and sailed fair across Milwaukee's bows. The Chicago boat, Illinois, which was also well sailed and left very good opinions both of the boat and its handling to-day, followed Cadillac's suit and likewise crossed the bow of the sidewalk from Milwaukee. Cadillac and Detroit after this laid a S.E. course. The wind had dropped at this stage to half its velocity at the start, and all the boats now shook out reefs and whistled for more wind.

At the turn Cadillac led everything, and although there were some who hoped that the light-weather boats could cut down this lead on the run home, the latter boat maintained a handsome lead to the finish.

The second leg of the course was rather a broad reach and was run under spinnaker. Detroit, sporting a cloud of canvas, began to foot it handsomely on the run home in spite of the shift in the wind, which proved that it was not to be a run free. Cadillac, well sailed, came on cleverly. Illinois also making a nice finish. Detroit gained nearly 2m. on this part of the course on Cadillac. The approach to free run also suited Milwaukee, which now overtook Illinois, closing up a gap of over 1m.

The skippers of both Illinois and Detroit seemed rather to have it in for Milwaukee, or at any rate they showed no mercy in the blanketing game. Milwaukee, however, was handled by able seamen and proved that she could give as well as take a little grueling of this sort. Standing higher into the wind, Detroit lay next to Milwaukee with her vast canvas cutting off the much-needed wind, and yet to windward of Detroit lay Illinois, eagerly watching for a chance to push in ahead by the second or so advantage which was now seen to be all remaining possible. Milwaukee at this stage was handsomely handled. It edged up on Detroit as the latter laid a straight course for the line, and like a flash the long shovel nose crossed the bows of Detroit. Here it ran into the lee of Illinois and was forced to ease off a bit, the three boats now making for the line as though tied together. A few fathoms from the finish Davis, the plucky Milwaukee skipper, threw his tiller hard astarboard, caught all the little wind there was back of him, and so was able to cross the line scarce half a length ahead of Detroit. Illinois, in the weather berth, finished 13s. back of the others.

The victory of Cadillac, clean and decisive as it was in mixed conditions of fair breeze and semi-calm, raises the stock of that boat yet higher and strengthens the impression that this should perhaps be the proper defender of the Canada cup. Illinois and Detroit are performing beautifully, but their battle would seem to be rather for third place. Barring accident, it would seem that Cadillac will take the series, with Milwaukee a probable second.

What the Canadians Think.

Com. Gooderham, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., has been keeping track of the trial races at Chicago. He says that he does not think Invader, the Canadian challenger, can give Minota a beating of 25m. in eighteen miles, as Milwaukee did last Monday. He says, however, that Minota is not properly handled, that she needs tuning up, requires another set of sails and in many ways might be better in her showing. As to Milwaukee, Com. Gooderham expressed the hope that this boat would win the series here, and be appointed defender of the cup. He declares that Invader will carry sailing canvas in a wind up to thirty-five miles, and believes that these racing machines will go to pieces if there should prove to be any sort of rude weather.

As to the trials here between Cadillac and Milwaukee, it is to be admitted that it is largely a question of weather. The Milwaukee boat is fast, but she carries no great weight of belief in her ability to sail in a stiff breeze, even provided that she should hold together. Her owners stoutly declare that they can stand rough weather as well as anybody, but the fact remains that Milwaukee has not yet been subjected to a real rough-weather test. All the boats were well handled to-day, and it is a pleasing thing to see the Chicago boat, Illinois, if not in the first flight, at least well in the second.

The times of the starters to-day were as follows:

	Start, 1:30.	First Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	3 08 38	4 23 00	2 53 00	
Milwaukee	3 14 00	4 29 10	2 59 10	
Detroit	3 16 48	4 29 11	2 59 11	
Illinois	3 13 18	4 29 23	2 59 23	
Orion	Did not finish first leg.

Fifth Race.

July 26.—This was a day of surprises. Cadillac made the poorest showing it has yet put up during the trials. Illinois, never rated better than a candidate for third place, took first. Milwaukee, classified as a boat which could only travel going free and which could not beat to windward, proved its ability to outfoot its competitors close hauled. Surely here was a chapter of what might be called yachting revelation.

The placing of the boats at the finish was not a matter of naval architecture, nor of able seamanship, but purely a matter of luck in regard to the prevailing winds. It was luck pure and simple, which gave Illinois the victory on the last leg, that boat, hauled closer to windward than any of the others, being the first to catch a puff of wind, which continued strong enough to carry it over the line.

There has not been in all these races one single day which could fairly be called a good yachting day—one in which a steady and strong wind has prevailed throughout the race. The winning of Illinois to-day necessitates at least one more race, which will be sailed to-morrow. There is little reason to believe that any material change will take place in the weather conditions for to-morrow. Later in the season, after this hot weather spell shall have been broken, we may have stronger and more regular winds; at least it is to be hoped so, but all that can be said to-day is that the hot wave is still with us, and that we are entitled to expect light and intermittent breezes, perhaps stronger in the morning than in the afternoon, as has ruled the case throughout the week.

The boats were well handled for the start, but in the jockeying Milwaukee had the best of it, going over the line first, Illinois second. The wind was at this time stiff from the N.E., and the boats reached well off to the sound. Detroit and Illinois stood up higher than their competitors, Detroit thinking it advisable to reef its mainsail, but gaining little at this maneuver. Thirty minutes after the start Illinois sailed clean across Cadillac's bows, and, as it came about, proved to be a full minute to the

good of Cadillac, and that in a game wherein Cadillac had conditions much to its liking. Milwaukee also was able to cross Cadillac's bows. Detroit was last to come about, and was at this station standing further out into the lake.

Splitting tacks again with Illinois and Milwaukee, Cadillac was seen to be falling out of it for some inexplicable cause, and at the first turn Cadillac was last to go about.

On the second leg of the triangular course, reaching under balloon jib, Milwaukee clearly had the best of the little fleet, and it had nearly rom, of a start at the second turn, with the race apparently entirely at its mercy. Then came the unexpected.

The last leg was also practically a reach, and Milwaukee took to it very kindly. Cadillac trailed Milwaukee, standing well off to the S. Illinois held highest into the wind of the four, Detroit apparently laying a straight course for the line, and determining to tack late on in the leg. The boats were thus placed at about a mile from the second turn, when they ran into perfectly still water, the wind having dropped to an absolute calm. Thence on it was simply a puff now and again or here and there, and the luck of a boat's place gave it or lost it its opportunity. It was therefore luck which cut Milwaukee out of the race at this stage. Illinois was most favored and Detroit next, and thus these boats, which heretofore failed to take a first, were able to outfoot both Milwaukee and Cadillac, winners of the previous races. Under these conditions Illinois got a steady puff of air, which heeled it well over and gave it a pronounced start before its rivals were able to get out of irons. Detroit was over second, but the two earlier winners were out of a place when finally they got a breath of air, and came in racing handsomely, the sidewalk boat again beating the Detroit craft.

The triangular course was laid out, with the first leg E.N.E., practically in the eye of the wind; the second leg S. by W., nearly free; the run home W. by N., with any sort of wind you cared to call it. The following were the times:

	Start.	First Buoy.	Second Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Illinois	1 30 11	3 00 25	4 01 30	5 22 48	3 52 37
Detroit	1 31 15	3 04 32	4 01 45	5 24 40	3 54 25
Milwaukee	1 30 10	2 58 54	3 51 25	5 27 20	3 57 10
Cadillac	1 30 40	3 02 26	4 00 40	5 30 14	3 59 34

Sixth Race.

More surprises turned up to-day, but incidentally there was a day of splendid yachting conditions, and the race was throughout the most interesting of the series. To the surprise of every one, Illinois appeared prominently in the running a half mile back of the line and finished nose and nose with Cadillac, overlapping Cadillac two-thirds of its length and crossing the line not more than 4s. back of Cadillac, although the judges timed the boats as 10s. apart. To spoil the effect of so sporting a finish as this came the claim of a foul, lodged by Skipper Pyncheon, of Illinois, a few fathoms back of Cadillac in the last maneuver a few moments before the run over. At this writing the judges are considering this foul, with the chances of allowing it. Thus at least one more race will probably be needed to establish a cup defender or the ownership of the Chicago Y. C. cup.

Conditions.

The wind was twenty-five miles an hour at the start inside the breakwater, where, for some peculiar reason, it is always a trifle stiffer. Outside the wind was slightly less. It dropped to eighteen or twenty miles when the race was half over, and at the finish it had fallen to ten or twelve miles an hour, but it continued steady throughout and offered conditions under which the sport might be seen at its best.

The Light Weather Boats Beaten.

The race to-day practically established the fact that such light-weather models as Milwaukee or Detroit have no business in stiff weather. Detroit and Milwaukee did the worst to-day that they have in all the races, and on the run home, beating to windward, made a showing which ought to give one very great hesitation before electing either as a cup defender.

Illinois appears to be sailing better every day. Whether this be due to improvements in the boat itself or to its handling it would be hard to say. Skipper Pyncheon to-day sailed a very canny race, and his knowledge of the air currents of the lake front stood him in exceedingly good stead.

Cadillac was handsomely sailed, and proved itself a capable boat, both before and on the wind. It was sailed cleverly and in sportsmanlike fashion throughout by Skipper Shaw, who is as sportsmanlike a man as ever trod a deck.

The Start.

Under the stiff breeze prevailing all the boats began jockeying for the start with two to three reefs in their mainsails. One minute and a half before the starting gun Milwaukee shook out a reef. The boats were timed to start at 1:30 sharp, the actual starting times being as follows:

Cadillac	1 30 17	Illinois	1 30 20
Milwaukee	1 30 18	Detroit	1 30 30

The race was nine miles to leeward and return, and the first leg was a spinnaker run. Detroit sent aloft a cloud of head sails which seemed to draw in every inch, and the pools showed Detroit a hot favorite for the first leg, running with the wind. Detroit footed it best for the first few moments across the line.

At 1:40 Milwaukee broke out a balloon jib, having heretofore used its spinnaker as a square sail. All the boats now stood under spinnaker and balloon jib. The wind outside the breakwater was probably fourteen to eighteen miles an hour.

At this leg it was conceded that Detroit and Milwaukee would make the strongest showing, but Cadillac proved unexpectedly good inside the first half hour on this first run.

At 1:50 Cadillac hauls up on Illinois, but does not cross its bows.

At 1:55 Detroit seems to hang back and has dropped back into last place. At 2:06 Cadillac leads, Milwaukee second. At 2:10 Detroit begins to travel, her head sails drawing in most beautiful fashion. At 2:19 Detroit at-

tempts to blanket Milwaukee, but the latter hauls up into the wind. Detroit is apparently trying to drive Milwaukee over into the tender mercies of Cadillac. Milwaukee sneaks over like a driven sheep toward the other boat, but pauses midway and makes straight for the goal.

At 2:28 Milwaukee has dropped its balloon jib and set a working jib for the run in for the turn. It is a close battle between Detroit and Milwaukee, the others being further to windward and just back of them.

Just back of the buoy Detroit fouls Milwaukee, which, cleverly placed just to windward, crowds Detroit stubbornly for the buoy.

At 2:30 Detroit is first, Milwaukee second, Cadillac third. At 2:31 Milwaukee shows first, Detroit second. At 2:32:30 Detroit is first, and an instant after this there occurs the foul between Detroit and Milwaukee. The spinnaker boom of Detroit scrapes across the shrouds of Milwaukee just before the turn.

The times at the first turn are:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Detroit	2 33 28	1 03 28
Cadillac	2 34 53	1 04 50
Milwaukee	2 33 25	1 03 25
Illinois	2 35 30	1 05 30

Thus it may be seen that there was very little to choose between these four boats running before the wind. The showing of Cadillac as against Milwaukee was unexpectedly good, and even Illinois was in a better place at the turn than was accorded to her in advance.

The Run Home.

Illinois whipped at once into a port tack and laid a long leg far to the leeward of the others, standing apparently deep in shore and going hull down in the offing.

The other boats continued for some distance, but at 2:42 all went on the port tack. At 2:51 Milwaukee goes about and crosses Cadillac's bows. A few seconds later she again comes about into the port tack. Milwaukee now holds the weather berth of the fleet.

At 2:55 the position of the boats is, Milwaukee furthest to windward and Cadillac close to it, Detroit further to leeward, and then Illinois.

At 2:51 Detroit seems to be in trouble. She sends a man aloft. She drops her mainsail. Detroit reefs. Detroit seems to be having trouble with her peak halyards.

Cadillac has stowed in one more reef than Milwaukee, but is skinning Milwaukee on a square challenge.

At 3:10 the wind is eighteen miles an hour. Milwaukee has been praying for wind to show what she could do. She is getting her wind now and is likewise getting the worst of it.

At 3:15 Cadillac is blanketed by the big steamer Northwest and slows up, but soon gets under way again. Milwaukee seems to have on too much canvas.

At 3:33 they are all on the port tack. The position of the boats now is, Cadillac far to the windward, near to her is Milwaukee, near Milwaukee lies Detroit, with Illinois further to leeward and standing far inshore on a long reach.

At 3:34:35 Illinois comes about on the starboard tack. At 3:38 Illinois crosses the bows of Detroit. Milwaukee is now in the rear and still standing on the port tack.

At 3:38 Cadillac is about on the starboard tack. She crosses the bows of Milwaukee by nearly a mile lead.

At 3:46 Milwaukee goes about, followed at 3:51 by Detroit. At 3:55 Illinois stands on the port tack. At 3:55:15 Cadillac follows on the port tack. Cadillac and Illinois are now apparently working well inshore. It is freely prophesied that Pyncheon, the local skipper of Illinois, is cleverly seeking for the slants of wind which always lie close inshore under the lake front of Chicago.

At 4:00 the boats stand thus: Illinois further to windward and pointing up stiffly; Cadillac is in the lead, a little to leeward of Illinois; Milwaukee and Detroit are fighting it out far in the rear, Milwaukee close inshore. They are all on the starboard tack, and the wind is now about fifteen miles an hour. Illinois is handled badly. It may be well enough for her to get inshore, but she is wasting time in short tacks. Milwaukee now seems to be hunting for smooth water and is standing inshore.

At 4:06:10 Cadillac is about on the port tack. At 4:09 Detroit is sent on the starboard tack and is now not leading Milwaukee. Illinois is now making a surprising showing, although Cadillac has kept a lead of perhaps half a mile.

At 4:10 Cadillac passes Illinois. Her lead seems to be not more than one-quarter of a mile. At 4:10:20 Cadillac again drops back into the starboard tack. At 4:10 Milwaukee goes about.

At 4:16 Illinois is close inshore, hauled up stiff and starving for wind. One cannot approve of such seamanship as this, as Illinois now has an excellent opportunity. This boat points beautifully into the wind, but her skipper seems to take delight in showing what she can do in pointing, rather than in sailing.

At 4:23 Milwaukee is seen to have her jib down. She stands inshore. She leads Detroit. Both boats are now far out of the race.

At 4:23:20 Cadillac has got inside the breakwater. She stands on a short port tack. Illinois seems still nearly a quarter of a mile back.

At 4:26 Detroit seems in trouble. She has dropped her mainsail.

At 4:31 Cadillac goes about again to port for a short tack. Illinois is still held up stiff into the wind, but might be making better time in the fine berth which she has secured.

At 4:37:30 Cadillac again makes a short tack. Cadillac cannot stand so close up into the wind as Illinois. This is Illinois' opportunity.

At 4:39:30 Cadillac is on the starboard tack, with Illinois apparently gaining strongly. The boats rush together, Illinois having made up a lot of distance in most unexpected fashion. It is very close now between Illinois and Cadillac. Illinois tries to take the weather berth of Cadillac. Then she seeks to come through her lee. She fails.

At 4:32 a grand finish begins. Illinois stands to weather, still hauled too close, still losing her chance to ease off and run down in front of Cadillac, which maneuver she has at her mercy.

At 5:44 comes the most exciting incident ever seen in a yacht race at Chicago. Illinois stands up beautifully and is coming on like a tiger. Cadillac thinks she cannot

quite make the line between the judges' boat and the buoy without a tack. She goes up into the port tack and crosses the bows of Illinois by something like two to five fathoms of clear water. Cadillac dares not stand for an instant on this tack, as the line is but seconds distant. Therefore Cadillac wears quickly as a cat. She times the maneuver a fraction of a second too soon, and hence seems to lose the fruits of her daring and skillful seamanship. This is the time at which Illinois claims that the boom of Cadillac raked across her fore stays. Illinois claims that she had to send a man forward to fend off the boom of Cadillac.

Cadillac, as she wears, finds Illinois with an overlap established, as the latter boat has rushed on strongly. They come down neck and neck and cross the line still overlapped, the bow of Illinois two-thirds up along the length of Cadillac.

The judges gave the time of Cadillac 4:45:30, Illinois 4:45:40. This places 10s. distance between the boats, which is 5s. more than actually existed.

Also Sailed.

Milwaukee and Detroit also sailed. Milwaukee came in without any jib at 4:57:25, Detroit still later at 5:12:42. Illinois hoisted a protest flag.

Elapsed Times.

The elapsed times at the finish were as follows:

Cadillac	3 15 30	Milwaukee	3 27 25
Illinois, official	3 15 40	Detroit	3 42 42

The judges will pass on the protest this evening.

The Banquet.

To-night at 7 o'clock the Chicago Y. C. entertains at the Victoria Hotel the skippers and crews of visiting yachts.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Monday, July 22.

THE sweepstake race for the Newport 30-footers was sailed over a course from Rose Island to and around Brenton's Reef Lightship in a fresh S.W. breeze on Monday, July 22. It was a beat out and a run back with spinakers. Wa Wa got the best of the start, but was soon overtaken and passed on the beat out by Esperanza, which boat held the lead to the finish. The English yachtsman, Mr. Frank Jameson, sailed Polly Wog. The times were:

Start, 3:14.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 51 54	1 37 54
Hera, R. N. Ellis.	4 52 36	1 38 36
Barbara, W. Rutherford.	4 53 21	1 39 21
Polly Wog, W. Rutherford.	4 54 29	1 40 29
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.	Withdraw.	

Tuesday, July 23.

Esperanza again won a sweepstake race sailed in a light S.E. breeze on Tuesday, July 23. The course was to a mark three miles to leeward and return. This course was sailed over twice. Wa Wa got the best of the start, but was beaten by Esperanza. Polly Wog was again sailed by Mr. Frank Jameson, and he pushed Esperanza hard for first place. The summary follows:

Start, 3:18.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	4 31 17	1 13 17
Polly Wog, W. Rutherford.	4 32 44	1 14 44
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.	4 33 11	1 15 11
Hera, R. N. Ellis.	4 33 43	1 15 43
Barbara, W. Rutherford.	4 34 29	1 16 29

Wednesday, July 24.

In a strong S.W. breeze Wa Wa won the sweepstake race sailed between the thirties on Wednesday, July 24. The course was from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and return, a distance of eighteen miles. Barbara crossed the starting line first, but the boats sailed very evenly, and at the first mark all were well bunched. It was a beat home, and Wa Wa secured the windward berth and crossed a winner by 18s. ahead of Esperanza. The finish was very close, three of the boats crossing within 47s. of one another.

There was also a cup race between two of the 15-footers, which was won by Breeze. They sailed over a triangular course of ten miles. The table follows:

30-footers—Start, 3:11.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.	5 20 31	2 09 31
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 20 49	2 09 49
Barbara, W. Rutherford.	5 21 16	2 10 16
Polly Wog, W. Rutherford.	Withdraw.	

15-footers—Start, 3:21.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 25 07	2 04 07
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor, Jr.	5 27 08	2 06 08

Friday, July 26.

Hera won the sweepstake race between the 30-footers that was sailed on Friday, July 26. The boats sailed once over a triangular course eight miles in length. The wind was light from the S. Wa Wa got the best start as usual, but was passed by Hera on the run to the first mark, and held her lead till the finish. The second leg of the course was a beat, and the third a reach. Esperanza lost all chance of winning by getting hung up on a lobster pot. Summary:

Start, 4:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis.	5 12 21	1 12 21
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.	5 12 24	1 12 29
Barbara, W. Rutherford.	5 13 02	1 13 02
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 17 21	1 17 21

Saturday, July 27.

The 30-footers sailed a race for a cup offered by Mr. Harry O. Havemeyer on Saturday, July 27. The S.E. wind made it a run up the bay to Dyer's Island and a beat back. Carolina crossed the starting line first, and was never headed, winning from Hera by the narrow margin of 17s.

The 15-footers sailed around the bell buoy off Castle Hill. The summary is as follows:

30-footers—Start, 3:42.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.	6 01 41	2 19 41
Hera, R. N. Ellis.	6 01 58	2 19 58
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.	6 02 31	2 20 31
Barbara, W. Rutherford.	6 02 37	2 20 37

15-footers—Start, 4:06.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor, Jr.	5 44 07	1 38 07
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.	5 44 08	1 38 08
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.	5 44 28	1 38 28

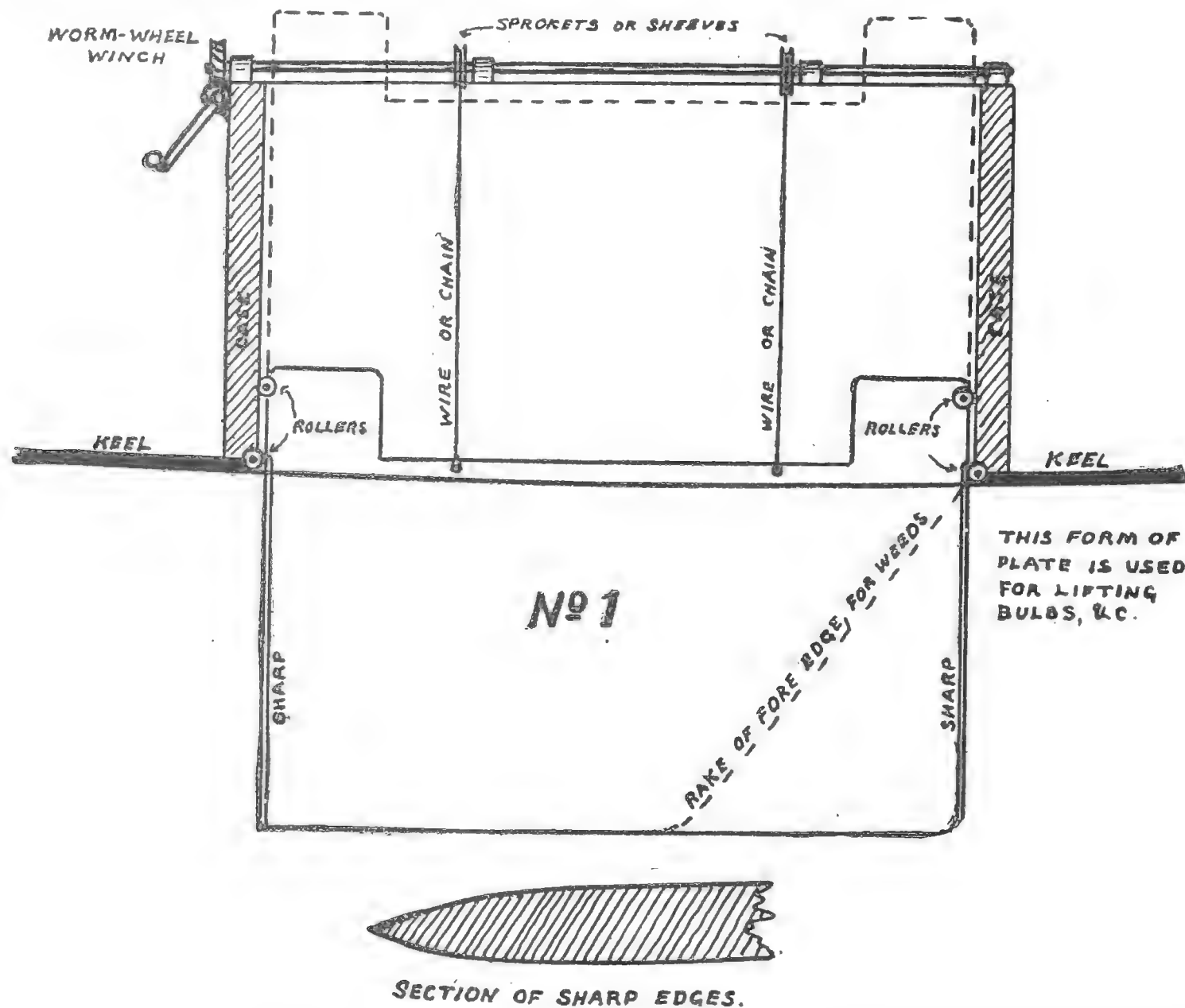
Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter IX.—Caulking, Stopping and Painting (Continued).

For those who wish to cast their own lead keels or bulbs the following hints may be of use, but I should strongly advise any one to get the lead cast at a foundry, as it is a very troublesome business and requires a good deal of care to turn out a good casting.

To make a mould for a lead keel of the size required for No. 1 design, about two cart loads of moulder's sand must be obtained from a foundry, ordinary sand being useless, having no cohesion.



There are two methods of making the mould. First (and best) by digging a hole in the ground about 6in. deep, 1ft. longer, and 1ft. wider than the pattern to be cast, and filling it up with the moulding sand round the pattern. The second way is to build a strong box of 3in. deals to contain the sand, but without either top or bottom. This box is filled with the sand round the pattern in the same way as the hole in the ground, but is liable to burst with the weight of the lead, and requires a special trench or shoot for the lead from the furnace or melting pot, whereas the other form of mould simply has a gutter cut in the sand, along which the lead flows. The advantages of each of these are cheapness, simplicity and perfect strength and safety of the first, as against portability of the mould, ease of handling and getting out the casting, and possibility of using the mould on wood or brick floor of the second method. The latter must be very strongly made to stand the enormous strain of the lead.

Whichever plan is chosen, the method of making the mould will be the same. Fill the hole or box about 6in. deep with moulding sand, well rammed down, as hard as possible, ramming each layer of say an inch in depth, till the whole mass is solid. Place the wood pattern on this bed of sand, with the top face, which is to fit next to the wood keel, exactly horizontal, and levelling it carefully in all directions. Support the pattern exactly in this position, and pour in sand, ramming it tightly as it is put in, till the whole mould is full and a bit above the level of the top of the pattern. Take a trowel and level the sand exactly to the surface of the pattern, and cut a groove or gutter for the lead to run into the mould at the thinnest end; the pattern can now be removed, but it should have a couple of screw eyes in the top to lift it out of the sand. Before lifting it out, tap it all over sharply with a hammer to loosen it in the sand, and then lift it out carefully and slowly, so as not to injure the sharp edges and angles of the mould. These instructions only apply to patterns which taper, and can therefore be easily withdrawn from the sand. Bulb-shaped keels must be cast in a mould in two halves, which is beyond the amateur's power to make, as it requires special boxes to contain the sand, and considerable skill in moulding, to turn out such a casting.

Having prepared the mould, a melting pot or furnace must be constructed. This should consist of an iron pot (wrought iron for choice), which will hold at least a ton of lead, but if possible large enough to contain the whole amount required, and a few hundred-weights extra for waste. This melting pot must be set in a ring of fire bricks, with one or two openings at the bottom for firing, and several more at the top to create a draft, or it may simply stand on three fire brick piers and have an open fire all around it. In either case a large coke fire will have to be maintained for some hours, under and round the melting pot, which should be filled with lead in as small pieces as possible at first, larger pigs being added as the mass of melted lead increases, till the whole amount is melted, or the pot is full. A pouring hole or tap should be fixed in the bottom of the pot if possible, and should consist of a hole or pipe about 1in. in diameter, which is stopped from the outside with a clay plug, to be knocked out when the lead is ready to pour. A gutter is made from this hole to the runner or groove in the mould, the whole being on a good slope, so that the melted lead flows freely.

If a melting pot with a pouring hole or tap cannot be obtained, a common cast iron pot can be used, and the lead dipped out in long-handled ladles, and poured by hand into the mould. This is a very trying job, owing to the great heat of the fire, and several hands must be employed to pour in the lead fast enough to keep it melted in the mould till it is all in, as if it partly cools a division or flake will occur and spoil the casting. In no case is it possible to obtain such a good casting by means of hand ladles as by running direct from the melting pot, though I have seen a 20-ton keel cast entirely by hand ladles, and it turned out fairly well.

To get a really good casting the lead should be very hot and fluid, and run into the mould as quickly as possible; also all dross and scum will be avoided if it is run from a hole at the bottom of the pot. The hotter the lead is when run the denser the casting will be, and consequently the casting which is run very hot will probably come out a bit heavier than one run at a heat when the lead would only just pour. A little rosin should be thrown into the pot just before running as a flux. Don't forget, a casting of a ton or more will take many hours to cool.

The centerplate must be ordered from the smith with the other iron and metal work, and a full size template of thin wood should be made to the drawing, with all holes and sharp edges, etc., marked clearly on it. Particular instructions should be given with the order, as to sharpening the edges, and also stating that the plate must be absolutely flat and true, and a bent or buckled plate is quite useless, and cannot be straightened by an ordinary smith.

The edges should be sharpened to a long, easy bevel, which

should be carried back on the plate for a distance equal to three times its thickness, dying gradually into the flat surface. The edges cannot be too sharp. Bull's metal is the best material for centerplates for all purposes, but it is expensive and often sent out very badly buckled, unless specially ordered to be planished. Next to this metal, saw blade steel is the best for very light plates, or mild steel for heavier plates, which are to be galvanized. Do not try to galvanize saw steel or it will buckle badly, and cannot be straightened.

The above remarks apply equally to all centerplates of any form, and also to bulb-fin plates and rudder blades.

There are four types of centerplates now in general use, and many modifications of these general types. In addition to these there are lifting bulb-fins and ballasted centerplates, which most of them come under one of the four main types.

These four classes are:

First—The rectangular, with a vertical hoist by means of handles or one or more wires or chains.

well, and was used in one of the competing boats, but she was not very good to windward.

The first type of a rectangular plate, though not nearly so effective for a given area and weight, is essential under a rating rule which taxes the vertical drop of the plate heavily, and is also the best form for a lifting bulb or ballasted plate.

The triangular plate lifted from the after end is hardly ever seen now, as it is ineffective for its size, as compared with the fourth class of plate, and does not conform well to the rating rules, like the first and third classes. This type of plate is in use only on very weedy waters, where a plate with a vertical or nearly vertical fore edge could not be used; even when it is used now it is usually lifted from the fore end like the No. 4 type.

The fore edge of the No. 1 type is sometimes cut at a sharp angle to get rid of weeds, but of course it leaves a gap in the fore end of the case, when raised, unless it is raised in a direction parallel to the fore edge, which requires a long case forward of the slot in the keel.

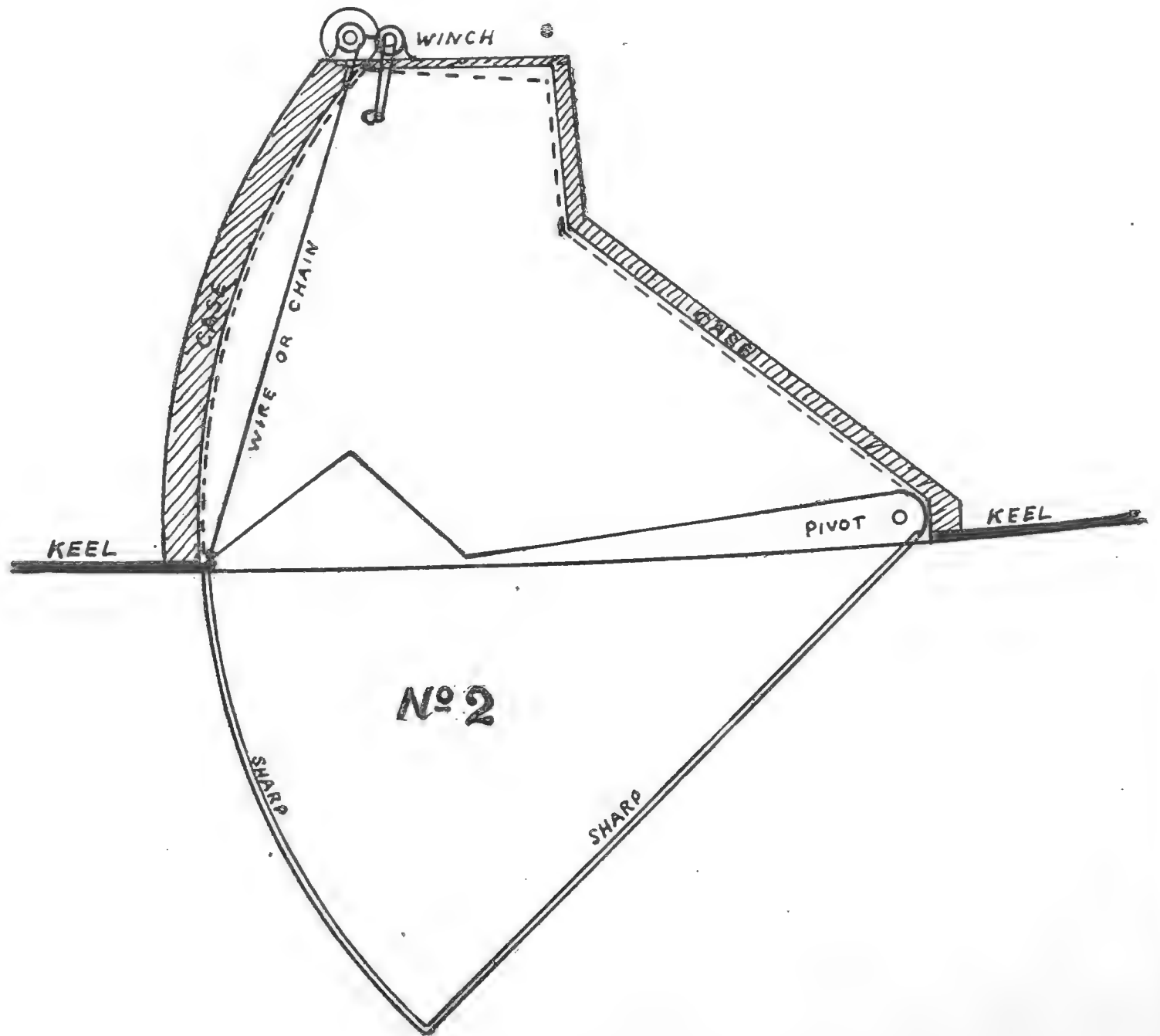
Of the lifting bulbs or ballasted plates, the simplest and most efficient is the No. 1 type plate, with a raking fore edge to clear weeds, etc., and a lead bulb of pear-shaped section and suitable weight. By means of such a plate a small boat can be made uncapizable, and carries her ballast in its most effective form, while she is not debarred from shoal waters like a fixed bulb keel boat would be; the only disadvantage of this form being that the bulb projects below the keel when the plate is hoisted, unless a very large slot is cut in the keel and a wide box case fitted with some form of self-closing arrangement to stop up the gap in the keel, and hold the plate firmly when it is lowered. This is best done by having a loose wooden block on each side of the case, weighted sufficiently to keep it at the bottom of the case, till raised by the top of the bulb striking it on rising, and prevented by a slightly overlapping keel band from falling through the slot when the bulb is down. These blocks must be hard wood, teak for choice, and at least twice their width in depth, to prevent them from jamming in the case.

Such a ballast plate as this should be lifted by two flat link, bronze, bicycle pattern chains, passing over sprockets on a central spindle along the top of the case, the latter being actuated by worm wheel gear. By gearing of this sort a bulb and plate up to several tons may be lifted, but the whole affair is very costly, and requires a good builder to fit it, and can only be made by a competent engineer.

The Canada Cup Challenger.

TORONTO, July 27.—Stripped of everything above decks Invader, the Royal Canadian Y. C.'s backer of the Canada cup challenge, stands on a flat-car, ready for shipment to Chicago. Monday, July 29, is the date of her prospective departure from Toronto, and Wednesday, July 31, is the date of her prospective arrival in the Illinois town. The yacht was taken to the Bertram Engine Works Company's yards, in the western part of the city, and there shorn of her spars, sails and rigging. Then the hull was carefully lifted out of the water by a huge crane, and flung over to where a special flat-car, 60 feet in length, was waiting for her. A gang of carpenters and other workmen was in readiness, and at once commenced preparations for the yacht's safe journey by rail. She was lowered until the bottom of her lead bulb rested on the flooring of the car and carefully shored up and braced in all directions. The ballast was not removed. After the hull had been properly secured a ridge pole was run from one end of the car to the other and a canvas cover fitted over. The yacht's spars and rigging were placed beside her on the flooring, the one car carrying all that there is of Invader.

The yacht does not go westward with the prospect of a week or two of fitting out ahead of her. She is all ready to race as soon as her spars are in place and the canvas bent. It will not be necessary to use a paint brush on her before she touches the water. All that work has been done. Her bottom has been smoothed and blacklead, and a silver band painted around her waterline. Above that is the black enamel of the top-sides, relieved by a gilt sheer ribbon with scrollwork forward and aft. On the black transom the name Invader appears in letters of gold, for the first time. Canadians are singularly reluctant about letting the names of their yachts be seen, but the experience of Aileen, at Chicago, years ago, when a tin name-plate had to be tacked on before the big cutter was allowed to race, has been borne in mind. The silver band above Invader's waterline alters her appearance wonderfully, making her look much



longer and taking away some of her sheer. Silver and black have been the Royal Canadian Y. C.'s boats' racing colors for some years, although the club colors are yellow and dark blue. Canada came out with black topsides and a white bottom, although subsequently black-leaded to the sheer-strake. Beaver wore black and silver in the Canada's cup races of 1899—and lost. Minota was in the same guise in the next international match, the Fisher cup race at Charlotte—and lost. The colors are not of particularly good omen, but they seem favorites with Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, who sailed the boats just mentioned under them. His own big cutter, Merrythought, is similarly painted.

It has now been definitely settled that Mr. Jarvis will sail Invader. Com. Gooderham and his syndicate have handed the boat over to him, and his word is law. The selection of Mr. Jarvis as skipper is the wisest one the challengers could make, although better results would have been obtained had the arrangements been made

former one, and it is claimed that it allows the boat to point better in windward work.

After being placed on the flat-car brass plates were screwed to Invader's bottom, all along the rabbet line. Before this brass plates had been screwed to her forebody, just below the foot of the mast. The boat opens up very easily and the sheathing is to prevent her spewing her oakum.

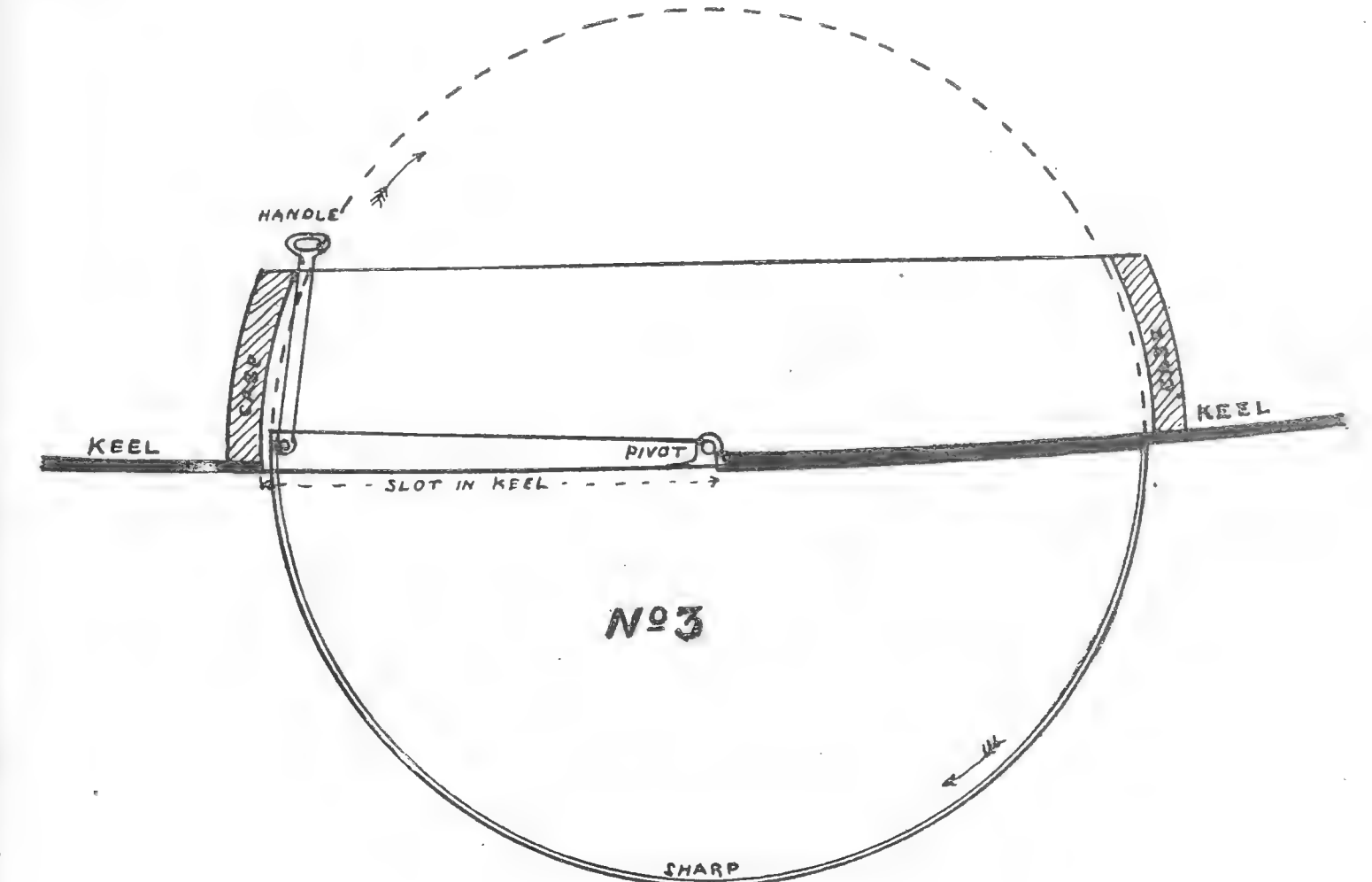
CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Sea Cliff Y. C.

HEMPSTEAD BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, July 27.

TWENTY-EIGHT yachts, representing nearly all the clubs on the western end of Long Island Sound, started in the annual regatta of the Sea Cliff Y. C. on Saturday, July 27. The start was made at 1:05, and at that time the breeze was N.W., but about 2:30 it shifted to S.W. and blew



months ago. Mr. Jarvis will do well with Invader, but she is, and will be, a new boat to him. This is the one weak point on the challenger's side. Their boat has been sailed continuously, until she is in excellent trim, but she has not been sailed by a regular crew of six amateurs and a professional all the time. The crew that will handle her in Chicago will be selected from Messrs. Æmilius Jarvis, F. A. Turner, Charles Lownes, J. S. McMurray, V. J. Hughes, Wm. Fisher (professional) and Com. Gooderham.

Invader goes to Chicago in charge of two professional sailors—Wm. Fisher and Fred Stoner. Capt. James Andrews, of Oakville, Ont., who built her, superintended the work of getting her ready for shipment, and will go to Chicago to look after her refitting. If all goes well she will be afloat by the end of the week and ready for sailing. It is Skipper Jarvis' intention to have a clear week of sailing for his crew before the contest. The first race being on Aug. 10 means that Invader will have to be refitted without any hitch if the skipper's programme is to be carried out.

The probable selection of a centerboard craft to defend the cup agrees well with the wishes of the challengers, for Invader excels in those points in which a centerboard boat usually has the heels of a keel craft—running and reaching—and light-weather sailing in general. At the same time she sails well enough in brisk weather and in windward work to give any keel boat a good argument, so that she should be able to hold her own with or prove superior to a centerboarder under these conditions. Of course, Genesee defeated Beaver in windward work two years ago, and the Payne boat's best hold is in beating, but the match was sailed in such light airs that it was not a good indication of the real abilities of the centerboarder or of the deep-draft, short-canvassed, Payne sloop.

Beaver once more showed her ability to get away from Invader in a breeze, in two informal races on Toronto Bay on July 21. Dr. Crawford Scadding, one of the owners of Beaver, handled her, while Invader was at the tender mercies of Wm. Fisher, her professional sailor. The new boat worked out a lead of a minute on the first leg of the triangle, with a soldier's wind, and stretched it out to three on the next, a run with the wind over the port quarter. Then the two hauled up for the beat back to the starting buoy, and Beaver showed her fine points. She worked up the bay in two long tacks and a short one, while Invader made half a dozen short boards. Beaver rounded the starting buoy with a lead of a minute, having beaten Invader by four minutes in a mile of windward work. The two then squared away and ran down the bay. In the mile run Invader only gained about four lengths. She sailed better in the beat back this time, but Beaver had a lead of nearly two minutes when she reached the starting buoy.

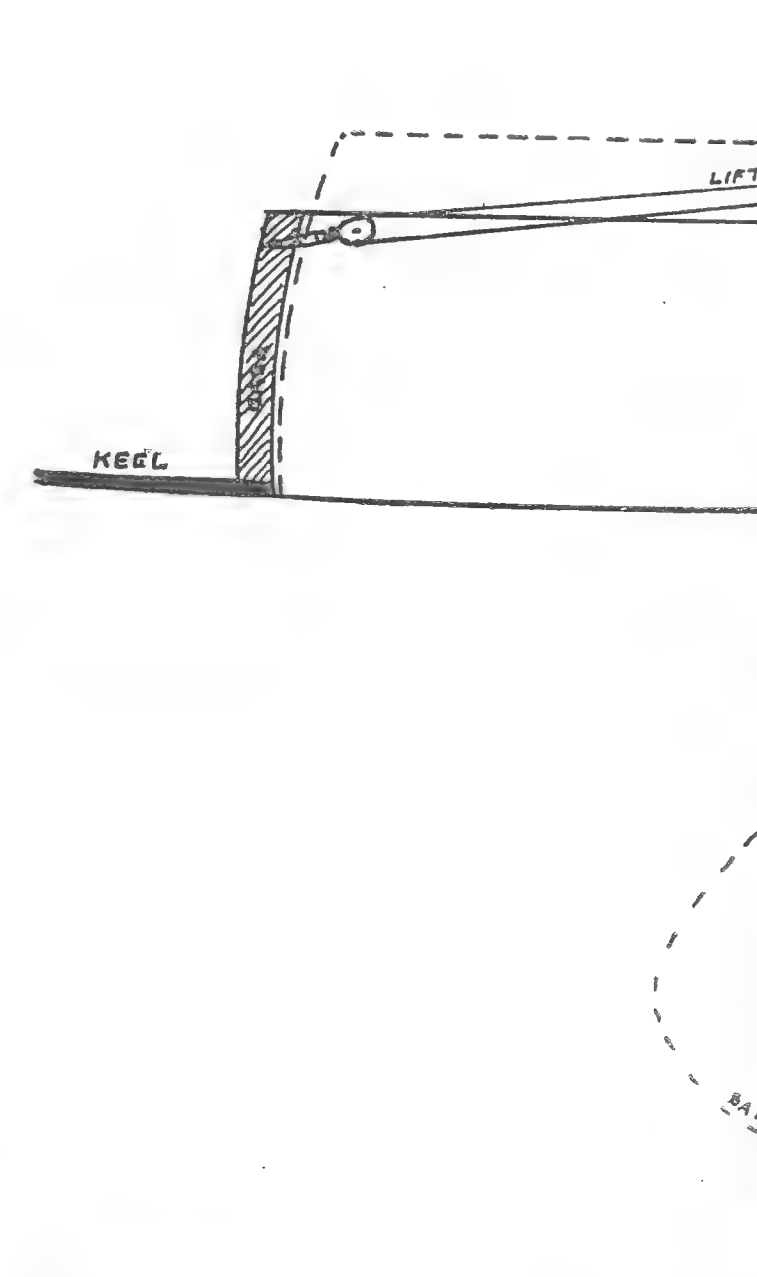
Such performances have not filled the Canadians with confidence, but they feel sure that Invader would do better pitted against a centerboard boat under the same circumstances. It was not blowing hard, during these two brushes—twelve miles an hour at the outside, with a small, choppy sea.

Invader's mainsail was blamed for her poor windward work. It had been setting well, but it stretched too much in the puffs, so a new one was ordered from Wilson & Silsby, of Boston. It arrived in time to be bent and used in a few trial sails. It is of the same dimensions as the Canadian mainsail, but of heavier material. There is no doubt it will do better work when reefed than the

fresh. For the sloop Hebe, the yawl Memory and the 30ft. sloop Oiseau and Possum, the course was from the starting point to and around Execution East Buoy, then around Matinicock Buoy and home. The smaller classes sailed twice around a four-mile triangle, with Mott's Point Buoy and the Larchmont mark off Prospect Point as their turning mark. It was a run, a reach and a beat.

Snapper, well sailed by Mr. A. Bryan Alley, defeated Viper in the raceabout class. Don, designed by C. D. Mower, defeated her competitor in the 25ft. class. Summary follows:

Sloops and Yawls—36ft. Class.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hebe, E. C. Seed.....	5 12 35	4 07 35
Memory, W. N. Bayer.....	5 20 00	4 15 00
Sloops—30ft. Class.		
Oiseau, G. L. Pirie.....	5 12 37	4 07 37
Possum, H. R. Maxwell.....	5 21 27	4 16 27
Sloops—25ft. Class.		
Don, Gabriel Reeves.....	3 37 00	2 27 00
Impudent, C. E. Silkworth, Jr.....	3 55 10	2 45 10
Sloops—21ft. Class.		
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	3 51 00	2 41 00
Quoc, A. D. Toppin.....	3 55 00	2 45 00



21ft. Raceabout Class.			
Snapper, A. B. Alley.....	3 46 12	2 36 12	
Viper, W. D. Hermen.....	3 49 12	2 39 12	
Sloops—18ft. Class.			
Hope, C. O. Iselin.....	3 46 30	2 36 30	
Cricket, H. C. Pryer.....	4 02 00	2 52 00	
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.....	3 54 35	2 44 35	
Opossum, H. M. Raborg.....	3 41 30	2 31 30	
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	3 49 55	2 39 55	
Bess, H. W. Warner.....	Withdraw.		
Flin Flam, A. D. Prince.....	Withdraw.		
Open Catboats—18ft. Class.			
Arline, A. E. Rendle.....	4 01 32	2 51 32	
Dunlea, C. S. Dunning.....	4 13 12	3 03 12	
Cabin Catboats—21ft. Class.			
Nera, Arthur Elliott.....	4 02 50	2 52 50	
Olga, W. Linnkin.....	4 02 50	2 52 50	
Punch, Von Schrader.....	3 59 45	2 49 45	
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	4 24 03	3 14 03	
Open Catboats—15ft. Class.			
Coot, A. D. Prince.....	4 03 40	2 53 40	
Bouncer, A. D. Tappan.....	4 25 30	3 15 30	
Wee Win, F. W. D. Sherwood.....	4 07 40	2 57 40	
Dory Class.			
Cecil, F. T. Chapman.....	4 14 30	3 04 30	
Prize, H. H. Van Rensselaer.....	4 11 45	3 01 45	

The winners were Hebe, Oiseau, Don, Montauk, Snapper, Opossum, Arline, Punch, Coot and Cecil.

The Yawl Venitzia Lost.

One of the saddest yachting accidents that has occurred in recent years was the sinking of the yawl Venitzia off Great Captain's Island on Long Island Sound on Thursday, July 18, when five lives were lost. Those drowned were Arthur T. Colburn, of Philadelphia; Miss Annette Colburn and Miss Ida E. Colburn, two daughters of Mr. Colburn; Capt. Flint, of Brooklyn, the yacht's sailing master, and Fred Nixon, a sailor. Those saved are Mrs. Walter J. Sprinkle, another daughter of Mr. Colburn, and the yacht's steward, James Stanbridge.

The party left Delaware City on Monday, July 15, for Bar Harbor, Maine, and intended to stop at several ports on the way.

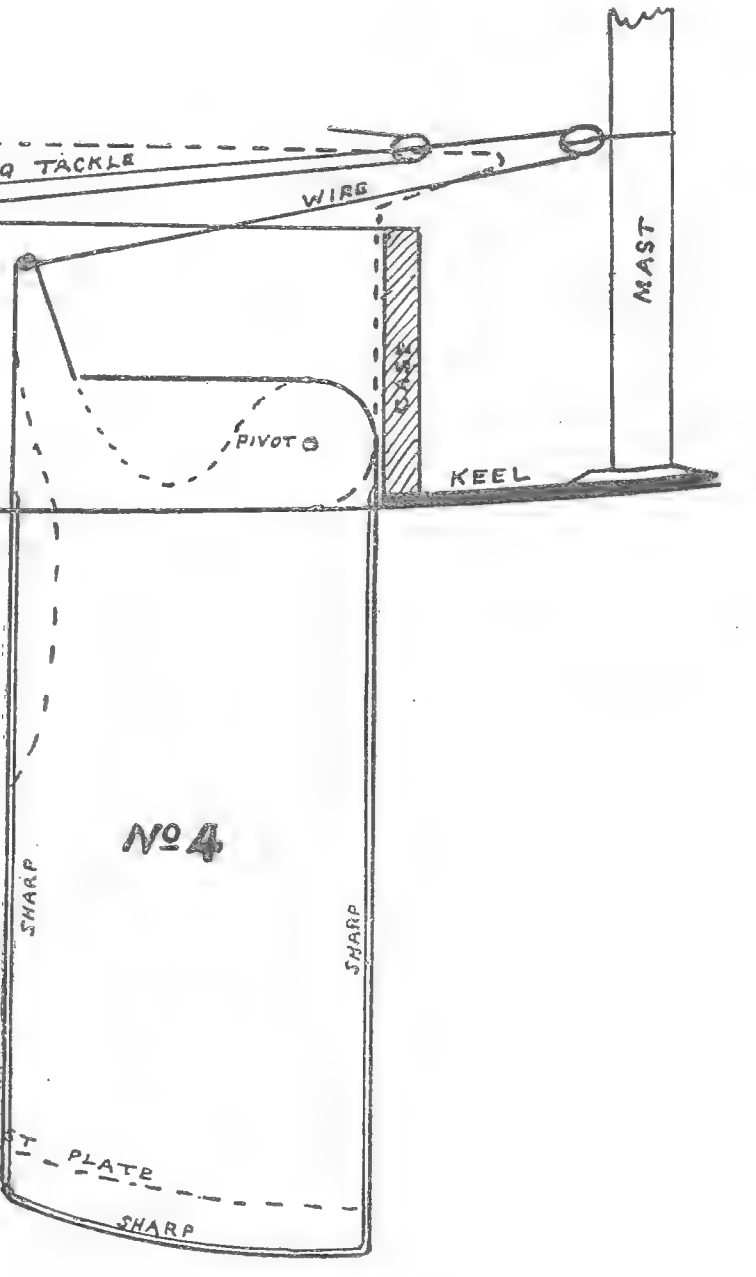
It is generally believed that the accident was due to the stubbornness of Capt. Flint, who refused to order the mainsail taken in when requested to do so by Mr. Colburn. Mr. Colburn was an able yachtsman and was well known along the Delaware River. He had taken many long cruises in the Venitzia, and his friends are at a loss to account for this dreadful accident except on the ground of Capt. Flint's incompetency. The bodies of Mr. Colburn and his two daughters have been recovered, but nothing has been seen of that of Capt. Flint or of Nixon, the sailor. Owners of boats owe it to themselves and their friends to employ only the ablest men as sailing masters.

Venitzia was built at Mystic, Conn., in 1880, and is one of the old-fashioned shallow-bodied boats, a type too well known in American waters. She is 54.5ft. long on the waterline, 63.4ft. long over all, 18.3ft. beam and 5.5ft. draft.

Edward Kelly.

EDWARD KELLY, commodore of the New Rochelle Y. C., died suddenly at his country home on Premium Point, New Rochelle, on July 27. Mr. Kelly was thirty-nine years old. He was a graduate of Yale College, and besides being commodore of the New Rochelle Y. C. he was a member of the Larchmont, American and New York Y. C.'s. Mr. Kelly owned the auxiliary steam yacht Barracouta, and the racing yachts Rochelle and Huguenot. It was through Mr. Kelly's liberality that the New Rochelle Y. C. had been able to charter Harrison Island, where the clubhouse is now located. Mr. Kelly did yeoman's work in carrying supplies on his yacht Barracouta to the American forces in Cuba during the Spanish war.

A copy of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. club book has been received at this office. The club now has 488 members, and there are 300 boats enrolled in the club fleet.



"Small Boat Sailing."

MR. E. F. KNIGHT, well known to readers of yachting literature as the author of "The Cruise of the Falcon," "The Cruise of the Alerie," "Where Three Empires Meet," "A Desperate Voyage" and many others, has written another book entitled "Small Boat Sailing." Perhaps no yachtsman or writer on yachting subjects has had such varied and extensive experience with yachts, both large and small, in all parts of the world as Mr. Knight has had, and he is particularly well fitted for the work he has undertaken. The book in question was written more especially for the novice at yachting rather than the boat-sailer of experience, but all interested in boats will find the book most interesting and instructive. To make certain points clear, Mr. Knight cites experiences of his own to better illustrate the case, and in that way he has made the book attractive all through. Mr. Knight begins with a chapter on the selection of a boat, and from there on dwells upon all the important points required in yachting, both in open and still water, covering all points in a comprehensive and lucid manner. The book is handsomely bound in green buckram, and profusely illustrated by Mr. H. Warrington Smyth with drawings made under the direction of the author. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American agents for the book.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The English-built steam yacht *Catania* arrived at New York on July 26 from Cowes, which port she left on July 11, stopping at St. Michaels for stores on July 16. The yacht is under charter to Mr. R. A. C. Smith, N. Y. Y. C. *Catania* is one of the finest and most noted yachts in England. She was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and built by D. and W. Henderson, at Glasgow, in 1895, for the Duke of Sutherland. She is a single screw vessel with two pole masts and one funnel. *Catania* is 225ft. over all, 26.7ft. beam and 15.37ft. deep. She has a maximum speed of 14 knots and carries a crew of thirty-five men.

The steam yacht *Buccaneer* went ashore on Great Ledge when attempting to enter Wood's Holl Harbor on July 25. She was floated off by the tug *Unique*, now under charter to the N. Y. Y. C. The yacht is apparently uninjured. She is owned by Mr. Frank T. Morrill, of New York, but is now under charter to Mr. A. A. Low, who was aboard with his family when the yacht went ashore.

Word is received from Glasgow, Scotland, of the death of John Henderson, the famous shipbuilder. He was born in 1846. Mr. Henderson was the nephew of Thomas and John Henderson, who started the Anchor Line Steamship Company. He built all the more recent vessels of the Anchor line, and many famous steamships plying between English ports and the East, the cup challenger *Thistle*, and also both the *Valkyries* and the *Shamrock I*.

The Lake George Regatta Association was incorporated at Albany on July 24 to encourage yachting and boating on Lake George. The principal offices are at Hague. The directors include Edward Barr and Delvan Bloodgood, Brooklyn; W. K. Bixby, St. Louis; A. Nelson Cheney, Glens Falls; Benjamin Day, West Hoboken; A. L. Lowther, East Orange; R. K. Quayle, Albany; W. H. Tippetts, Caldwell; E. Burgess Warren, Philadelphia, and Joseph Wilkinson, Troy.

The Assateague life saving station of Lewis, Del., reports that the schooner yacht *Monhegan* went ashore on July 26, and is in a bad position. The crew was taken off by the life savers. *Monhegan* was formerly owned by Mr. Clark A. Miller, but was sold this spring to J. P. Story, Jr., of Washington, D. C.

Mr. Robert Jacob is having built at his yard for his own use a hunting launch from designs made by Mr. Charles D. Mower. Forward is a trunk cabin 8ft. long, with 4ft. 6in. headroom. On each side is a berth, with hanging closets aft, and forward is the toilet room. The cockpit is 14ft. long and has seats running the full length. She will be used generally for a day boat, but her cabin accommodations will permit of her being used for cruising.

The schooner yacht *Thistle*, which was built at the Townsend, Downey & Co.'s shipyard, Shooters' Island, S. I., from designs made by Mr. H. C. Winteringham, was launched on the afternoon of July 27. She was built for Mr. Robert E. Tod, N. Y. Y. C. The boat is constructed of steel and has a clipper bow and an overhanging counter. The design shows a powerful vessel, that should show considerable speed. She is 144ft. over all, 110ft. on the waterline, 27ft. 10in. beam, and 18ft. deep. The yacht has a raised deck aft and all skylights and companionways are of teak. The cabins are finished in mahogany. There are accommodations for the owner and ten guests.

Title was passed on July 22 to representatives of the N. Y. Y. C. in Locust Lodge, at the extreme end of Huntington Bay, and the property will be immediately improved and made one of the chain of stations from New York to Newport. The Lodge is one of the finest pieces of property on the Sound and off it is ideal anchorage ground.

The new royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, was placed in commission on July 23. The Hon. Hedworth Lambton, who commanded the cruiser *Powerful* and distinguished himself at the beginning of the war in South Africa, is the captain of the yacht.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

- Aug. 1-2.—Winnipeg, Man.—Fifth annual trapshooting tournament, under the management of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association; \$1,000 in money, trophies and medals. F. W. Heubach, General Manager.
- Aug. 2.—Holyoke, Mass.—Holyoke Shooting Club's annual target tournament. J. R. Blamey, Sec'y.
- Aug. 2.—Walcott, N. Y.—Target tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club. E. A. Wadsworth, Sec'y.
- Aug. 3.—Sharon Springs, N. Y.—Sharon Springs Gun Club's first target tournament. Andrew Smith, Sec'y.
- Aug. 4.—Grand Crossing, Ill.—Grand Crossing Gun Club's live-bird tournament.
- Aug. 6.—South Auburn, Neb.—South Auburn Gun Club's tournament.
- Aug. 6-7.—Birmingham, Ala.—Alabama State Sportsmen's Association tournament, under auspices of Birmingham Gun Club.
- Aug. 6-7.—Brantford, Can.—Target tournament of the Brantford Gun Club. A. B. Cutcliffe, Sec'y.
- Aug. 6-8.—Monroe, Ga.—Monroe Gun Club's tournament.
- Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. Amateur. John Blistain, Sec'y.
- Aug. 13-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Vicksburg Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association's tournament; \$300, and \$200 in prizes added.
- Aug. 14.—Ossining, N. Y.—Merchandise clay bird tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; clam bake; brass band. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
- Aug. 14.—Trenton, N. J.—Contest for championship of Mercer county, between Messrs. C. A. Comp, holder, and W. B. Widman, challenger.
- Aug. 15.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Eherburne Gun Club's tournament. J. F. Paddelford, Sec'y.
- Aug. 14-16.—Colchester Beach, Md.—Sixth annual midsummer tournament, under the management of Messrs. J. R. Malone and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore; two days at targets; one day at live birds; added money and merchandise prizes.
- Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.
- Aug. 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—Three-day tournament under the auspices of Maj. E. P. McKissick and Col. J. T. Anthony; distance handicaps; \$100 per day added. John Parker, Mgr.
- Aug. 21-22.—Bass Lake, Ind.—Tournament of the Peru Gun Club.
- Aug. 23.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tournament of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
- Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.
- Sept. 2.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. Also Bristol sheep bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
- Sept. 2.—Albany, N. Y.—Bluecock tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.
- Sept. 2.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park.
- Sept. 2-3.—Union City, Ind.—Tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
- Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.
- Sept. 15-16.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.
- Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.
- Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.
- Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
- Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
- Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

- Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
- Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament, Sept. 24-26, has on each of the first two days eleven events of 180 targets in all. On the third day there are ten events at 175 targets in all. Every event has a handicap, distance 14 to 22yds. All who shoot over 85 per cent. will be handicapped; all others will shoot at 14, 15 and 16yds. To the five highest averages \$50; to the ten low guns, \$50. No one will be allowed to shoot for targets only. Commencing at 1 o'clock P. M. on the third day events 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 will be shot as the Cincinnati Gun Club's annual grand target handicap, 100 targets, \$10 entrance, for a guaranteed purse of \$500, and all surplus added. Regular entries to this close on Sept. 10; \$5 forfeit. Penalty entries, \$12. "All paid representatives, whether paid in shells, money or otherwise, and all those connected in any way with companies manufacturing guns, shot, shells, powder, targets and traps, shall pay \$2 each day extra, and every other shooter will pay \$1 each day extra, and this money will be divided among all amateurs shooting through all the regular events who do not draw their entrance fees out. The decision as to who such paid men are shall be left at all times to the manager, whose decision shall be final. Souvenir programme will follow. For further information address John B. Mosby, chairman tournament committee, 115 East Second street, Cincinnati, O. Grounds open for practice Monday, Sept. 23. Targets 2 cents. Ten-gauge guns and black powder barred."

The last of the series of Interstate target tournaments for the season of 1901, given for the Auburn Gun Club, Auburn, Me., Aug. 21 and 22, has a programme similar to those of its predecessors. There are ten events each day—five at 15 and five at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2 respectively. Shooting commences at 9:30 o'clock each day. A bus will leave the shooters' headquarters, the Elm House, each morning for the grounds, and return in the evening. The Rose system, in the ratios of 5, 3, 2, 1, will govern the division of the moneys; \$50 high gun money will be divided as follows: \$20 to first high gun, \$15 to second high gun, \$10 to third high gun, and \$5 to fourth high gun. The high gun money will be open to all who shoot through the entire programme. Guns and ammunition forwarded to L. A. Barker,

Auburn, Me., will be delivered to the shooting grounds free of charge. First-class loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Price of targets, 2 cents each, included in all entrances. Any contestant may shoot for prize of targets only. A good dinner will be served on the grounds each day. The Interstate Association's rules will govern all events.

The Vicksburg, Miss., Herald presents the following information: "The Vicksburg Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association have completed all arrangements for their grand shooting tournament to be held Aug. 13, 14 and 15. The first day will be devoted to sweepstake and practice shooting. The regular programme will begin Aug. 14. The club adds \$300 cash and \$200 in prizes in regular events; \$100 goes to highest gun averages. The club has an active membership of fifty members, and expects forty or fifty visiting sportsmen. Under the able management of the tournament committee, J. W. Hayes, J. J. Bradfield, W. H. Miller, Pat Henry, T. J. Hossley and L. A. Pinkston, the shoot is bound to be a success. Programmes are now in press, and will be distributed soon as finished."

Mr. John A. McNary, of Greenville, Pa., writes us as follows: "At the request of the shooters of western Pennsylvania, western New York and eastern Ohio, Alexander will hold his first annual tournament at targets in Greenville, on Aug. 14 and 15. The shoot will be held on the Packard Park grounds, which are conceded to be the finest and the coolest in the State. The fact that Alexander is so widely known in this section, and is also one of the oldest shooters in the United States, will insure a large attendance and lots of sport. An elaborate programme has been prepared."

The programme of the midsummer shooting tournament of the Catchpole Gun Club, Walcott, N. Y., Aug. 2, provides ten events, a total of 160 targets, with a total entrance fee of \$13.40, targets included at 1½ cents. Also there is added money in five of the events. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Shooting commences at 10:30. There is a prize for the first average, and one for the lowest average of the entire programme. The committee extends a cordial invitation to shooters to attend. Mr. E. A. Wadsworth is the secretary.

All the indications point to a large attendance at Providence, Aug. 7, 8 and 9, at the Interstate Association's tournament, given for the Providence Gun Club. Guns and ammunition forwarded care of C. Pope Company, Providence, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. It would be wise for all appreciative shooters to fast a few days before arrival, in view of the toothsome and bountiful clam bake with which the shooters will be regaled. Mr. R. C. Root, of Providence, R. I., is the secretary.

Were not Mr. E. D. Fulford, always a serious man we might fancy that he was a bit ironical in reference to his poor shooting, in a letter to us as follows: "I have been shooting so very poor of late that I wish you would bring out the fact that I led in the grand average in the three 100-target races at Interstate Park, as follows: 95 at 18yds.; 82 at 21yds.; 94 at 20yds.; total 271."

Mr. G. G. Williamson, secretary-treasurer of the Trapshooters' League of Indiana, Muncie, Ind., writes us as follows: "Sanction has been granted the Peru Gun Club for a tournament at Bass Lake, Ind., Aug. 21 and 22; and the Parent Grove Gun Club, of Union City, Ind., for a tournament at Union City, Sept. 2 and 3."

The Ossining Gun Club, of Ossining, N. Y., is actively preparing for its merchandise clay bird tournament, to be held on Aug. 14. A clam bake and brass band will enhance the pleasures of the event. It will be held rain or shine. For further particulars, address the captain of the club, Mr. C. G. Blandford.

The Cincinnati Gun Club announces that during the Cincinnati fall festival in September, it will hold the largest tournament held in the West this year. In one event, \$300 will be added, and a purse of \$500 will be guaranteed. The dates will be Sept. 24, 25 and 26. It will be open to the world.

The group of shooters whose portraits are presented elsewhere in our trap columns were at the Trenton Shooting Association's shoot, July 10, on the occasion of the Comp-Thomas contest for the \$50 T. S. A. trophy, emblematic of the championship of Mercer county at targets.

The communication, published elsewhere in our columns, from the pen of Mr. Paul North, will be read with keen interest by all trap shooters. Mr. North suggests the same conditions which were observed by the American team in its recent match with the English team.

The championship of New Jersey, of which the E C cup is the emblem, was contested for between Messrs. E. I. Vandever, of Freehold, and J. B. Fleming, of Newark, on the Freehold Club's grounds, July 27. The score was 42 to 41 in favor of Vandever.

The Comp-Widmann contest for the county cup will take place on the grounds of the Trenton Shooting Association on Aug. 14, and on that day the first contest for the new cup, which is a monthly trophy, will also take place.

Mr. J. T. Paddelford, secretary of the Sherburne, N. Y., Gun Club, informs us that his club will hold a one-day tournament, Aug. 15, instead of a two-day tournament, as heretofore announced.

The programme committee of the New York State shoot will hold a meeting some day this week. Its members are Messrs. Sykes, Shaner, Banks and Waters.

The Indian shoot will be held at Arnold's Park, Lake Okoboji, Ia., in the first week of September.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mt. Kisco Gun Club.

Mr. Kisco, N. Y., July 27.—Herewith please find the scores of the summer tournament of the Mt. Kisco Rod and Gun Club, held July 23.

The weather was very fine, but the attendance was not very large. We cannot understand the reason of the absence of the several brother shooters who promised the manager surely to attend this tournament, and who have failed to be present. I am sure that we have a most magnificent ground, and a fair club house on the Harlem Railroad, and we are a very short distance from New York city.

Among the trade representatives present were Messrs. J. S. Fanning; Carl Von Lengerke, of the E C & Schultze Powder Company; also I. Tallman and Mr. Stevenson, of the Millbrook Gun Club; S. W. Hoffman, of New York city.

Mr. Fanning shot, as usual, in great form, breaking 156 out of 165 targets, with Tallman a close second.

A. BETTI, Manager.

Dusted and Broken Targets.

In respect to the rules which govern competition, the shooting world is notably conservative.

Whether sound or fallacious, the ideas of the first makers of the rules, as embodied in the rules of the present time, are still in use. That fallacy should be permitted to exist in the rules is easily understood, if we consider that, in the trapshooting world, there is no central governing body, and therefore no one in authority concerning matters of general interest.

Of the mistaken rulings, no one is more illogical as a matter of horse sense, and more unjust as a matter of equity to a contestant, than the one which governs dusted targets in Interstate rules, namely, "A dusted target shall not be scored to the shooter," and in A. S. A. rules, namely, "A dusted target is not a broken target."

Why shall not a dusted target be scored to the shooter?

Why is not a dusted target a broken target?

In the first instance the contestant is arbitrarily deprived of what he scored, and in the second instance we have a statement made directly contrary to the fact, for a dusted target is a broken target.

If a contestant hits the target, and it is thereby made apparent to the referee and to the onlookers by more or less dust why should it not be scored? What is the reason for refusing to give the shooter the benefit of the hit?

"Ah! but," says the learned conservative, "there must be a perceptible piece from it." Is not dust made up of perceptible pieces, meaning thereby visible pieces?

Because dust is not in its parts large enough to be distinctly distinguished as independent pieces, it does not in the least detract from the merit of the break, for, as between dusting a target or knocking a piece out of it, much depends on the part of it which is hit. Much also depends on the state of the temperature, for on an exceedingly warm day the targets become softer and tougher, and then what is a dusted target would on a cooler day be a broken one.

Frequently targets when picked up are entirely perforated, and have quite sufficient material knocked out of them to constitute

birds and animals. Reports of young quail and rabbits found dead in regions where water is scarce are being freely circulated.

A revival of interest in the old and far-famed gun clubs of Mt. Carmel and Mt. Vernon, Ill., is likely to manifest itself ere the summer passes, in a series of intercity matches.

Ammunition trade representatives state that the Mississippi Valley drouth is seriously curtailing the volume of business as compared with recent years.

Tom V. Brennan and Dave Elliott—the Beardstown Elliott—gave a pleasurable target shoot at Beardstown, July 25. The present grounds here are the best we know of in the State for a mid-summer tourney, being located on the north side of a fine grove of natural oak timber, which affords excellent shade throughout the day for the shooters at the score. Had this fact been generally known, the attendance would have been much larger, as it will certainly be at the next shoot, which these gentlemen announce for Aug. 8. Targets were thrown from expert traps, mostly 10-bird races, division of purses being partly the class system, but for the most part under the so-called Jack Rabbit plan, which gave very good satisfaction. Mr. Ed Scott, of Jacksonville, shot in wonderful form, and averaged nearly 97 per cent., with one run of 69 straight, but was not able to stay all day on account of train connections. Of those who shot through, Richl won first, Jones second, and Caldwell third average. Scores follow:

Scott—	10	15	9	10	10	10	10	9	9	8	10	10	10	10	9
Richl—	9	14	10	10	10	10	9	9	7	8	10	9	9	10	8	8	10
Jones—	7	10	...	9	9	10	7	9	9	9	8	7	10	9	8	8	10
Caldwell—	9	7	9	7	9	10	8	8	10	7	6	9	...	8	9
Drove—	...	11	...	7	9	9	...	8	9	9	9	9	7	10	7	10	8
Halschauser—	9	1	5	...	0	7	...	8	7	8	...	8	8	...
Hagen—	0	4	5	6	7	7	...	3	2

we try to break bluerocks according to the rules which govern trapshooting since it has been "more and more perfected."

Our experience has led us to the belief that "change, which is the essence of progress," has, in the matter of trapshooting, led to a very undesirable situation. As a rule, in our club our best field shots are our poorest trap shots, and vice versa. Our best, or rather, our most successful trap shots are those who happen to possess the closest and hardest shooting guns, and who are willing and able to stand the punishment of excessive charges. We have found that the different makes of targets we have used vary greatly in breakability. When using the old Paine feather-filled ball and rotating trap our club averaged about 80 per cent. When using the most easily broken of the modern saucer-shaped targets we average about 60 per cent. When using those which break the hardest we average about 30 per cent., which shows what modern trapshooting amounts to as a test of skill in marksmanship. In gathering the unbroken saucer targets which have been thrown we find a large percentage of them have been struck fairly with shot, some with as many as eight or nine pellets. In such cases it would seem that conditions have been made so difficult that it would be eminently proper to discard the gun entirely and allow the use of an anvil and sledge hammer.

In my judgment a target for trapshooting should break regularly when struck fairly with shot. It should always present the same area of surface to the shooter, and not vary from an almost invisible streak to a great, round cart wheel standing almost stationary. It should be thrown at all angles, which should be unknown to the shooter. When the trap is sprung, the gun should be held in the position in which it is held by a shooter when walking afieid. This would make of trapshooting something more than pulling the trigger of a cannon which was half aimed before the target began its flight.

I have a great admiration for my neighbor, A. N. Cheney, for many reasons, one of which is the trite and forceful way in which he can state a fact. Witness his allusion to "brickbats" in FOREST AND STREAM of July 27. As stated above, my object in writing this is to provoke discussion of a subject which seems to need it badly.



SHOOTERS AT TRENTON SHOOTING ASSOCIATION'S SHOOT.

a break. Sometimes a dozen or more shot will be found to have pierced a target without meeting the arbitrary and unreasoning exactions of the rules.

Unfortunately this rule militates against the interests of those who can least afford to carry a penalty—that is to say, the shooters who shoot in slow time, for the further the target is away from the shooter at the moment of firing at it, the more likely is it to be dusted.

It would indeed be a gratification if some of the rule makers would publish a common-sense reason why a dusted target is not a broken target, and why, a fact being a fact, there is any good reason for asserting that it is not a fact.

Let us for a moment consider some analogous cases. In rifle shooting, if the bullet touches the edge of the bullseye, it is called a bullseye. So with the rings without the bullseye; or within it, if there be any. A dusted target may be infinitely better hit than a grazed bullseye, yet in the one case, it is ruled as being not hit and shall not score; in the other it is a good hit and scores. In live-bird shooting, it is not necessary to kill the bird to score. The test is whether it can be gathered within a certain boundary.

Probably no ruling has caused more disputes and heartburnings than that governing a dusted target and a perceptible piece.

Often a piece is knocked out of the target which the referee, owing to unfavorable background, cannot see, or which some one with keener vision can see. Often a chunk is knocked out of a target, but so thoroughly pulverized that it is dust. The target is well hit and well broken, but because, forsooth, there is no perceptible piece, it is not broken, say some of the rule makers. As a matter of fact, it is broken; as a matter of far-fetched fancy, it is not broken. Why not?

Another ancient fallacy concerning a feature of live-bird shooting is requiring a shooter to fire a blank cartridge in his first barrel after a misfire with it. In the second inning the contestant should have the use of both barrels the same as in the first.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

DAVE ELLIOTT has done wonders for the shooting game in and around St. Louis, but he now frankly admits that as a moulder of fashion in shooting apparel he is not a success. At least he avers that since the Missouri State amateur meet he does not think that knickerbockers and shirt waists go well together.

The Saline County Gun Club, of Harrisburg, Ill., advertises a two-day target shoot for Aug. 8 and 9. This club has twenty-six active members, all of whom will participate, and it is sure to prove an important event. Bluerocks will be used under magautrap rules, division of moneys being arranged on the old-time class system.

Elmer E. Hinshaw, Arnold's Park, Ia., has programmes ready for the Budd-Whitney amateur tournament at Lake Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 27, 28, 29 and 30. Liberal added money is a feature of the tourney.

Col. J. R. B. Van Cleave, president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, writes from his summer home at "Helm's Roost," Lake Milona, Minn., that fish are biting splendidly there, but he is preparing to leave ere long, accompanied by a number of Illinois sportsmen, for a bear hunt in Wyoming.

There is much apprehension lest the long-continued drouth in this part of the middle West, embracing principally Illinois, Indiana and Missouri, will cause loss of life among the smaller game

Brines—	...	7	...	7
Elliott—	...	8	5	...	7
Emen—	...	7	5
Gilbert—	9	6	9	7	8	10	7	7	10	9	10	8	...
Libbie—	7	9	10	9	9	9	7
Blackby—	9	8	10	9	9	9	10
Duchart—	7	8
Brenan—	7	4	7
Curry—	9	8	8	8
Oat—	10	9	6	6	...	9
Rupped—	10	6	7
Link—	6	...	4	...	8
Knight—	7	7
Coleman—	8	10

Shooting at the Trap and in the Field.

GANSEVOORT, N. Y., July 29.—Editor Forest and Stream: I read with much interest your article under the above heading in FOREST AND STREAM of July 27. The article interested me because, like many other old-timers, I believe that in the matter of trapshooting we have "progressed" backward.

Briefly summarized, your arguments in favor of the present system may be stated as follows: Trapshooting has always been an art necessarily different from field shooting. It has all the inherent qualities of a sport within itself, and in developing this sport experience has made conditions so hard that it has been found necessary to allow the gun to be "glued" to the shoulder of the shooter when the trap is sprung. Finally, trapshooting as now practiced is a great aid as a preparatory schooling for the field.

Now, I would like to ask: Would it detract anything from trapshooting as a sport in itself if conditions which govern it were made as nearly as possible like those which are met in field shooting? It is conceded that it is impossible to make the conditions which govern trapshooting exactly like those which are met in field shooting, but is this any excuse for making them as dissimilar as possible? Viewed from any standpoint, is it not desirable that trapshooting be made the best possible school in which to fit the shooter for field shooting? And is it not true that this would be accomplished just to the extent that the conditions of trapshooting are made to conform to those which are met in field shooting? I ask these questions in the hope that they will lead to a friendly and general discussion of the subject in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

We have had a little gun club at this place ever since the days of Bogardus' traps and Paine feather-filled balls, and occasionally

If I am successful in this, I shall be entirely satisfied, even if I have to stand as the sole target for the "brickbats" which are sure to be thrown.

JOS. W. SHURTER.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., July 27.—The regular weekly target shoot of the South End Gun Club, of this city, was held this afternoon. Yost, Melchor and Thomas did the best shooting. The scores follow:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Events:	10	25	10	25	10	25	10
Targets:	22	...	17
Thomas	20	...	13
Matthias	18	5	19	5	12	8	...
Ball	8	18	6	21	9	18	...
Walters	7	17	...	14	...	16	...
Miller	5	17	...	13	7	21	6
Schultze	6	20	9	18	8	18	...
Yost	19	5	16	5	12	5	...
Eshelman	10	18	7	15
Essick	16	...	18	...	13
Gicker	8	14	6	20	7	18	6
Yeager	20	7	18	6	18
Melchor

Harrisburg, Pa., July 25.—The East Harrisburg Shooting Association, of this city, announce their annual target tournament for Friday, Aug. 16, on the club's beautiful shooting grounds in East Harrisburg. Arthur A. Fink, of Reading, has been engaged as manager, and will have full charge of the shoot. The programme calls for 105 targets for the morning and 105 targets for the afternoon. Shooting commences at 9 A. M.; \$3 and \$2 will be awarded as average money. The principal event of the day is a 50-target race, handicap rise, 14 to 16yds. The club's grounds are easily reached by trolley from any of the railroad depots, being a ten minutes' ride. For any information or programme address J. M. Rudy, secretary, East Harrisburg Shooting Association, Harrisburg, Pa.

DUSTER.

Woonsocket Gun Club

WOONSOCKET, R. I.—At the regular shoot of the Woonsocket Gun Club, Saturday afternoon, July 27, E. C. Griffith, winner of the Grand American Handicap, and Frank Inman, both of Pascoag, were present. There were eight events, with a total of 125 targets. Seagrave shot at only 100 targets. Following are the scores:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Events:	10	15	20	15	10	20	10	25
Targets:	10	13	15	13	7	17	9	20
Inman	9	14	18	11	8	19	10	23
Griffith	9	13	19	13	10	19	7	21
Getchell	8	11	10	11	8	14	9	19
W O Darling	6	7	16	7	5	11	7	18
Emmerson	6	14	14	11	9	17	8	...
Seagrave

Events 1 and 6, known angles; 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, unknown angles; 4, reversed angles.

JOSEPH BROWN.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., July 20.—The Saturday matinee was greatly enjoyed by those participating. The weather was all that could be desired. Good scores were the rule and not the exception, and consequently every one was happy.

Some ladies did us the honor to call, and were pleased with the experience. A number of ladies have visited the grounds at different times, and their visits have always been appreciated, and to encourage the attendance it is proposed that a date will be set apart for them to visit the grounds during the club meets, and be made a permanent fixture, as "ladies' day."

The day's high average was made by Secretary Thomas, 89 2-3; Widmann, 86; J. R. Taylor, 82; J. E. Thropp, 81.

In the team matches Hingeley and Thropp distinguished themselves by breaking 24 and 23 out of the 25.

Interest in the new cup to be offered at the regular monthly meeting Aug. 14 continues to increase, and the indications point to a large entry list.

The Comp-Widmann match for the county championship trophy is also set for the same date, and a big crowd will no doubt be on hand to witness the shooting.

The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	25	10	15	25	Targets:	15	10	25	10	15	25
Thomas	14	8	21	9	15	25	Howard	6	12	8	12
Wilkes	11	6	18	8	10	18	Hingeley	21	6	10	16	..
J. R. Taylor	7	8	23	9	14	20	Thropp	21	7	14	19	..
Widmann	9	9	22	8	12	21	Trueman	6	10
Maddock	6	9	17	22	Daly	9	19
Bundy	6	7	12

Event 8, team race, 25 targets:

Team No. 1—Widmann 22, Taylor 22, Wilkes 17, Maddock 19, Howard 17; total 95.

Team No. 2—Thomas 21, Thropp 21, Hingeley 20, Daly 16, Trueman 16; total 94.

Team race, same conditions:

Team No. 1—Widmann 22, Taylor 19, Wilkes 19, Maddock 20, Howard 16; total 96.

Team No. 2—Thomas 21, Thropp 23, Hingeley 24, Daly 11, Trueman 10; total 89.

The Trenton Shooting Association, at a meeting held recently, arranged the conditions that will govern the clay target championship cup for the city of Trenton, as well as arrange a programme for the coming big shoot of Aug. 14.

The city championship event will give the local cracks all sorts of opportunity to get together frequently, and hold first-class events without challenges and other cause of blocking many matches.

The cup conditions will practically make it possible for a meeting of all the crack shots in this city at least once a month.

Secretary Thomas is so well pleased with the prospects that he looks forward to having the greatest clay target event ever held between local shooters.

Conditions of the Cup.

This trophy will be known as the Trenton Shooting Association perpetual open championship cup for the city of Trenton, at targets.

Condition No. 1.—Twenty-five targets, unknown angles; entrance cost of targets.

Condition No. 2.—All contests for the cup shall be shot on the grounds and under the auspices of the Trenton Shooting Association.

Condition No. 3.—The cup will be offered for open competition the fourth Saturday in each of the several months of each year.

Condition No. 4.—The winner will hold same for the time he wins it until it is again contested for the succeeding month.

Condition No. 5.—The holder will give some satisfactory guarantee for the safe keeping of the cup and its production when required.

Condition No. 6.—All members of the Trenton Shooting Association, and also all bona fide residents of the city of Trenton, will be eligible to contest.

Big Day's Events.

The programme that will be shot Aug. 14 will have the four-cornered match between Clarence Jaques, J. R. Farlee, William Vanarsdale and Charles Cole, as well as the Comp-Widmann and challenge shoots.

The official programme as arranged by the board of directors for the day is as follows: Events Nos. 1 to 5, optional sweeps; No. 6, medal shoot; No. 7, Comp-Widmann match for Trenton Shooting Association \$50 silver trophy for the championship of Mercer county; No. 8, first contest for the Trenton Shooting Association silver loving cup for the championship of the city; No. 9, four-cornered match shoot, \$10 a side, between Vanarsdale, Cole, Farlee and Jaques; No. 10, optional sweeps.

The directors admitted C. C. Brokaw and W. H. Rickey to associate membership and received the applications of William A. Poland, Howard Heath, Adam Exton and W. P. Conard.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, July 27.—The following scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the sixth trophy shoot of the second series of the Garfield Gun Club.

P. McGowan, C. P. Richards and S. E. Young tied for Class A medal on 21. W. A. Jones won Class B medal on 20. C. H. Kehl and C. Kissack tied for Class C medal on 13.

The day was an extremely uncomfortable one for shooting, being very hot and a strong scorching south wind blew directly across the traps, making the shooting very difficult, as the scores testify. Notwithstanding the bad weather conditions, twenty-three shooters participated in the trophy event, and several others in side events, during the afternoon.

Dr Meek	10101100000010111110010-13
N H Ford	1111110110111111001100-19
J D Pollard	1001110011010101111010-16
W T Johnson	010101111101000100101-15
A McGowan	010111111101100100101-17
P McGowan	110110101111111101111-21
C P Richards	1111110111011010101111-21
A D Dorman	011111011011010110101-18
H N Delano	011101011011011111111-19
A Marshall	110010001110111110111-17
J Monigan	0101100101100100001011-12
W Drinkwater	0010100100010001011011-11
T A Hagerty	010000010010101010101-10
S E Young	011101111101110111111-21
C H Kehl	1011011010101100000101-13
B Warder	0101101000101101010001-11
T Eaton	1111010111001111011010-18
Kissack	1000011000111001101001-13
T L Smedes	0111001010101111111010-18
A Hellman	111010110101111111111-20
S Leerer	1001110010100111000100-12
F G Barnard	1111010110000010010011-14
W A Jones	101110111011110101111-20
O T Barnard	00000001000000011101100-8

Sweepstakes:

Targets:	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Dr Meek	4	4	6	5	3	3	3	6
Ford	9	7	8	9	7	..
Pollard	9	8	6
Johnson	13	6	10	..	9	6	8	..
P McGowan	7	8	7	..	6	8	8	..
A McGowan	11	5	3	5
Richards	11	8
Dorman	8	7
Delaney	4	3
Marshall	7	7	10	9	7	8	10	..
Monigan	7	6	6	4	6	6	7	..
W Drinkwater	1	1	6	..	2	2	3	..
Jones	7	6	10	5	8	8
Hagerty	2	5	4	2
Young	8	8	10	8	6	..
Kehl	7	4	4	6	6	..
Dorman	11
Barnard	7	8	6
Warder	4	5	8	7
T Eaton	6	4	10	..	8	9	7	..
Kissack	4	4	6	8	4	5	5	..
Smedes	8	6	5	9	8	..
Hellman	12	8	7	5	5	..

Bonnell	0	4	4	..	7	3	9
Delano
Leets	3

*Five pairs.

Dr. J. W. MEEK, Sec'y.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, July 27.—The scores made at the Chicago Gun Club's weekly shoot to-day are appended. In the weekly event, at 25 targets, Mr. Ed Steck won by a clean score. He broke them admirably. A strong wind was blowing across the traps. Mr. Steck only missed a few in the whole day. Dr. Morton captured the handicap trophy in the same event. Dr. Carson won the monthly trophy on a fine score of 14 out of 15 at 21yds. rise. A. E. Rupel, of the Grand Crossing Club, also broke 14 from the 18yd. mark.

Weekly handicap, 25 targets, handicap in birds:

	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Walters	100110001111001011111011-16	7	23
Dr Morton	111011011111111110011011-20	6	25
Steck	111111111111111111111111-25	0	25
R B Mack	110111111111111111111010-21	2	23
Dr Carson	111011111110110110011111-20	0	20
*Horn	100100010011100011111011-13	0	13
Bowles	11100110111111111100101-18	6	24
A W Morton	11001101101111111110101-17	5	22
Weart	1000101111001101010101-14	7	21
Dr Burcky	00100010110000100000101-7	15	22
A E Rupel	110111011111111111111111-13	-13	0

Monthly shoot, 15 targets, handicap:

Walters, 16	11011111011111111111-13
*Horn, 16	11001111001111111111-11
Dr Burcky, 16	10000000101001-4
Dr Morton, 18	10110010110001-8
R B Mack, 18	10001110110111-10
Bowles, 18	01110110101111-11
A W Morton, 18	1011111110001-11
*Rupel, 18	11101111111111-13
Ed Steck, 20	10011111111111-14
Dr Carson, 21	11111011111111-14

Dr. Carson wins monthly trophy at 21yds. rise. Rupel, visitor, tied his score at 18yds.

*Visitors.

Team race, 15 targets per man, five men per team:

First Team.		Second Team.	
Walters	11111111101010-13	Bowles	1101101110011-11
Steck	11111111111111-15	Dr Carson	10011111111111-13
Dr Morton	10101101010010-8	Mack	10111111101111-13
Rupel	11110111111111-14	A W Morton	10110101011110-10
Horn	10011111101011-12-62	Cop	10111111111111-13-60

Targets:	10	10	5	Targets:	10	10	5
Walters	5	9	5	A W Morton	7
Bowles	5	7	..	Dr Morton	5	3	8
Steck	10	10	..	Bowles, Jr.	4
R B Mack	6	Barclay	3
Horn	3	3	6	Rupel	7
Weart	8	Cop	9

*Five pairs.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Chicago, Ill., July 27.—The Nonpareil Gun Club's shoot to-day resulted in the following scores:

Lefingwell	200222*11201021-10
Dr Shaw	12222201222222-14
Head	22221112220222-13
Stephens	200110211111102-11
Barto	02222222222222-14
Scott	22222222002222-13
Meyrick	122202022000022-9
Palmer	20222222212222-14
C S Graham	22222221222022-14
J R Graham	222220222222*1-12

Ties on 14:

Dr Shaw	Palmer	120
Barto	22222	C S Graham	22220

Practice:

Leff	222201010122002-12	Lamberton	1102*1201111122-12
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Miss-and-outs:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Head	20	20
Scott	0	0
Stephens	112	121221	..	10	..
Barto	222	111212*	20	10	10
Scott	220
Shaw	2121221
Palmer	0	22	2122	222110	..
Meyrick	222220	20	220
Dunn	0
Creyk	0
Leff	2210	222221	..

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, July 17.—The last shoot of the Boston Gun Club's summer series for 1901 was held on their Wellington grounds to-day, and though the rain put a stop to the sport for a short time and made things look dubious for the afternoon, twelve shooters seemed to reap full advantage of the afternoon's pleasures. Between drops thirteen events were run off, much to the consternation of the trapper, who had just discovered a leak in the trap house roof.

The prize match brought forth the usual amount of interest, and was finally won by a representative of the Watertown Gun Club, who made his initial performance on the club grounds one of the best. Frank was not much outdone, however, coming in 1 target in the rear, with Lane next with 1 target lead over Barry.

The series which ended to-day was one of universal interest, nine shooters finishing the necessary five shoots. Woodruff was the final leader, shooting throughout in old-time form, which means very few misses on the score card. Horace was next with 2 targets less, just scratching in the five scores, and not availing of the chance to throw out any poor scores. Frank with 99 was in third place, closely followed by Barry with 97, who had the honor of making the highest individual score in the five counting ones. Barry was fifth with 94, pushed hard by Spencer with 93. Lane was seventh with a good margin over Williams and Benton, who occupied eighth and ninth respectively.

Scores follow. All shooting handicap distance and unknown angles:

Targets:	10	10	5p	15	10	5p	10	10	5p	10	10	10	10
Frank, 18	8	3	5	13	10	7
Barry, 16	10	4	7	10	8	7	8	7	9
Lane, 16	6	4	9	10	8	4	8	7	2
Fairbanks, 16	8	5	6	13	8	..	3	6
Atwood, 16	7	5	7	10	..	5	9	7
Williams, 16	7	3	5	8	6
Banks, 14	3	3	4	4	5	4	2	3	5	..
Philbrook, 16	5	5	8	7	8	5
Elwell, 16	7	5	4	8	5	9	6	8	8	..
Retwood, 14	9	2	5	4	2	4
Fredericks, 14	5	5
Henry, 16	7

Prize match, 25 unknown—15 singles and 5 pairs—distance handicap:

Fairbanks, 16.....	11111101011111	11 00 11 11 11-21
Frank, 18.....	11111111100111	11 10 11 00 11-20
Barry, 16.....	11111011110000	11 10 10 10 11-17
Lane, 16.....	111110011100101	11 00 11 11 11-18
Atwood, 16.....	11011111100110	10 00 10 10 11-16

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 6.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE PERCY SUMMER CLUB.

THE affairs of the Percy Summer Club have been brought to public attention anew by reported progress of the litigation in which the club has been involved for many years. The case is one of much interest because of its bearing upon the growing absorption of fishing waters by individuals and clubs, and because in it are involved considerations of the respective rights of the public and of the owners of waters which are posted. The story of the Percy Club has already been told in our columns, and in view of the new interest in it aroused by current publications, may be reviewed briefly here.

The Percy Summer Club was incorporated under the laws of New Hampshire in 1882 for the purpose of acquiring a private preserve to which its members might resort for rest and recreation. The club acquired by purchase a lake of 350 acres in extent and about the same amount of land at Percy, in the town of Stark, Coos county. The lake was renamed Christine Lake. When the club made its purchase it was careful to secure title not only to the lots immediately adjoining Christine Lake, but also strips of land on both sides of a stream running into the lake, reaching to and including its source, and also land bordering the outlet to the point of its juncture with the Upper Amonoosuc River.

At the time of the purchase the laws of New Hampshire provided that any pond or body of water reserved for the propagation or preservation of fish might be preserved for private use by posting with the proper notices, and a heavy fine for trespass was attached. It was under this law that the corporation was originally established. There was at that time no recognized acknowledgment fixing a limit to the size of lakes which might thus be preserved for private use. Later, however, the Legislature passed a law declaring all lakes of more than twenty acres in extent public waters and excluding them from the privileges of the previous section.

But the club claims to hold its original title from the King of England, tracing it back to a time before the State had existence, and this title conveyed not only the land surrounding the lake, but the water and the land under the lake. Consequently, the club maintained, the act of the Legislature declaring waters of certain size open to the public could not apply to Christine Lake, because the club's title to the lake went back to a time before the State had anything to do with it. The Legislature thereupon passed a law to the effect that any person arrested for trespass in crossing wild lands to visit public waters could not be held answerable for costs unless the damages amounted to more than \$13.33. That was equivalent to throwing the costs of prosecution on the club, and deprived it of redress against trespassers. Having in the New Hampshire courts received adverse decisions, the club transferred its property to a corporation formed under the laws of New Jersey, and proceeded against the trespassers in the United States Courts. The litigation which followed extended over several years, and cost more than the property did originally.

Finally there was an attempt made in the Legislature of New Hampshire to have the State assume the cost of the litigation, that had heretofore fallen on the trespassers, and that action led to a compromise by which the State gave the members of the Percy Summer Club, of New Jersey, the right to form a new corporation under the laws of New Hampshire, and to buy or lease interests belonging to the Percy Summer Club, of New Hampshire. The club agreed to admit the right of the public to fish in the lake under restrictions which should also apply to its own membership, and received from the State a charter which made trespass on the lands of the club other than passage over a prescribed path punishable by a fine of

\$25 for the first offense and \$50 for the second. The public obtained no right to leave boats on the lake or to camp on its shores. They were obliged to bring their boats with them and carry them away when they left.

Shortly after the club got under way under its new charter (having leased the property from the New Jersey corporation, with whom it must be noted the title still remained), the United States Courts decided that the Percy Summer Club of New Jersey did own the lake and had the right to control fishing in it. The members did not immediately avail themselves of this decision. The New Hampshire law protected their land so thoroughly from trespassers that they were disinclined to surrender their charter. They lived under it three years. The open fishing, however, attracted so many visitors in the early part of the season, and they succeeded in depleting the lake to such a degree, that there was no fishing for anybody. In 1899 it was practically decided to surrender the New Hampshire charter and resume the rights accorded by the United States Court decision, and under these rights of absolute ownership in the property it sought to shut out fishermen by means of an injunction against two of the trespassers, Joseph and Jacob Astle. By a special act of the New Hampshire Legislature the Attorney-General of the State was ordered to assume the defense; and current reports state that Attorney-General Cushman has just filed his brief in the United States Circuit Court.

IN OTHER DAYS.

WHAT man is there who, separated by distance and years from the scenes of his boyhood, has not a standing resolution that he will revisit them some time when the strenuous struggle relaxes and there comes a week or two of spare time. No waters seem so beautiful as those wherein one, as a boy, caught his first fish, or rowed or sailed. No woods seem so beautiful as those wherein the first squirrels were sought, or the first expedition organized for the robbing of birds' nests. No fields seem so beautiful as those wherein pursuer and pursued played hounds and deer.

The men of to-day whose youth was spent in the West have memories of boyhood days—of sport with gun and dog and rod and reel—which the boys of to-day can never have. There then was a frontier, long since pressed westward by civilization further and further away. Civilization in turn pressed from the West toward the East, till at last the frontier became a vague thing, then passed entirely away.

The section then called the West was the West in fact, and it was a formidable undertaking to journey then from the East thereto. It is still called the West, but the term now rather denotes a point of the compass than a section.

In those days the great prairie region of the West lay open and free to all alike. Minnesota, now teeming with its agriculture, its surface divided up into farms of proven ownership, was then an area of wild land, owned by the Government, and offered to all who would take on terms so nominal in respect to price that a farm was almost a gift. As in other sections of that great fertile region, game abounded everywhere. The killing of one hundred prairie chickens in a day excited no special comment. The great lakes abounded with fish. The muscalonge was one of the most common fishes at that time in those waters.

The prairie as it then existed is now a thing of memory. The swarms of chickens, for in some sections they fairly swarmed, no longer exist, and only by stringent laws are they saved from utter extermination. The muscalonge have been exterminated in many waters, and are now rare even in many other waters in which they most abounded.

These are memories, associated with the days of a game abundance, which can never be known from experience by the boys of the present. The market-hunter, the man who killed for count, which is an euphemistic expression for slaughter, and the man who killed without cessation because it was a gratification to kill and continue killing, stripped the earth, east and west, of what should have been a nation's heritage, till now there is but a mere fragment of what once existed so bountifully.

These are memories which should carry their warnings into the present. Leave something of the game birds and the fish so that the boys of future years will have something pleasurable with which to associate their boyhood days, when they are building up pleasant memories for manhood's years.

SNAP SHOTS.

The supply of silkworm gut for leaders comes from Murcia in Spain. We have in this country a silkworm, the *Attacus cecropia*, which yields a gut far superior to the Spanish; and there are on record isolated instances of the successful drawing of the gut. Dr. Theodatus Garlick once drew a leader eight or nine feet long and strong enough to hold a salmon. Writing in 1884, in one of the chapters of his book on "Fly-Rods and Fly-Tackle," Mr. Henry P. Wells detailed what had been done in this direction, and expressed a hope that others would take up the enterprise and so establish a new and profitable industry in this country. In the new edition of his work, Mr. Wells tells us that the hope expressed sixteen years ago has not been realized. Several attempts to make good gut from the American silkworms have resulted in failure; but there is nothing in the past to prove that the American manufacture of silkworm gut leaders may not some day be achieved. The culture of the silkworm is an enterprise which has repeatedly engaged public attention, and many of us can remember the silkworm craze. A new attempt to establish a silkworm farm is making in South Carolina, where in the vicinity of Charleston, an Italian, Duke de Litta, has imported a stock of mulberry tree from Italy, which have been grown most successfully, and the actual culture of the silkworm will be undertaken next season.

The monumental liar who has been roaming around the country and reporting in the newspapers his discoveries here and there—a skeleton team on the arid desert with horses and passengers done to mummies, shrieking children carried off by panthers, tender infants devoured by bears, and an aged woman transfixed by the hoop snake—has now struck Sayville, on the Long Island shore, and is picturing that quiet village in such lively colors that its people do not recognize it when they find it described in the morning paper. The Sayville sea serpent, 100 feet long and ferocious in proportion, was followed by the Sayville shark, a real man-eater of prodigious girth and given to crushing rowboats; and now comes a fish story of the Great South Bay packed with weakfish, which residents and visitors haul in by boatloads and barrels and dump for fertilizer on the cornfields. The people of Sayville were unmoved by the sea serpent and the shark, but they rise in indignation to deny the charge of wanton waste of food fish. There is good fishing in the bay, that they admit, but it is not just the Sayville way to use food fish for manure. And as for the monumental liar, he is invited to move on.

In the large picture by the Irish artist Daniel Maclise, which has for its subject "The Sacrifice of Noah," depicting the scene of the offering by Noah after leaving the Ark, Shem is represented as a shepherd-huntsman equipped with spear and hunting knife. In the background are shown the creatures coming out of the Ark; the domestic animals are grouping themselves together near the human beings, while the others are dispersing, the giraffes, lions, panthers, tigers and elephants going east and south, and the elk and deer north, while a group of chamois and ibexes stand on a cliff. In like manner the domestic fowl are settling down near the Noah family, while the others fly off to the four points of the compass. Looking at the picture one cannot help thinking that if Shem, leaning on his spear, is half the sportsman the artist has painted, he is losing the opportunity of his life. If he had had the instinct of some hunters of the present day he would have settled for all time the destiny of some races of animals then and there.

There was warm discussion of the Sunday fishing law in Massachusetts during the last session of the Legislature, and it all resulted in retaining the prohibition against fishing on that day. The law has been persistently violated, in particular by the salt-water anglers, just as similar statutes are disregarded by them elsewhere, and now the Fish Commissioners have issued a notice to their wardens and deputies, instructing them not to attempt to enforce the law, except as to certain streams. This is a recognition of the fact that in Massachusetts public opinion classes the Sunday fishing law with the prohibitions against pleasure driving, wheeling, yachting and other open-air recreations. As we have repeatedly urged a Sunday fishing law which cannot be enforced by public sentiment should be taken off from the statute books.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Mingo—A Silhouette.

MINGO was brought from Rhode Island as portable property, a part of the marriage portion of his young mistress. When he came to his majority he came also to his freedom under the laws of our State, and then, somehow, he drifted into my grandfather's family, in which he held an intermittent membership for many years.

In our early childhood my brothers and sister and I believed him to be the only black man in the world, for there were no resident negroes near us, and our enlightenment first dawned when the underground railroad dropped a dusky passenger at our house, which was for years a station of that subterranean thoroughfare. Whoever it was my sister saw, she ran to our mother with the news of the advent of "another Mingo."

Time proved that there could never really be another Mingo for us, so fond of us, so kind, so indulgent, so forgiving, so loyal to our family, nor one so wise nor so funny with proverbs and saws for every occasion, such knowledge of signs, such mimicry, such tricks, such wit, mostly second hand, such a fund of unguessable riddles.

There were then many old-fashioned free negroes in the North—alas, that there are none now!—who possessed many of Mingo's traits and accomplishments. Others might be as black and as bald, but not one bore his proud and distinguishing marks on forehead and chin. These were two horizontal lines made by the teeth of his old master's stallion—a scion of the famous Narragansett breed. We never tired of hearing the story of this adventure, which Mingo told as often as asked, with the modesty becoming a hero, albeit a vanquished one. At least he learned how trenchant were such weapons, for he used them with effect on two occasions. One of these was an encounter with an Irish veteran who had fought with Wellington on the Peninsula. Mingo was victorious and was wont to declare, with a cannibalistic gusto, "The ol' Paddy's souse tasted swe-e-t!"

None but he could make our kitchen garden, no one tend it so carefully nor compel such growth of vegetables, nor absence of weeds, even "pussly" would die for him, though when pulled by other hands it lived and grew with its roots in the air.

He knew where the earliest "cowslops" grew, for the first dish of spring greens, always found the first strawberry—that ripened in the pine meadows; as why should he not, with eyes so keen they could detect every pin in the dirt of the road? It was one of his most enjoyed pastimes to hunt for these. He would walk slowly along the path or highway, with body bent and arms behind his back, until one of the sought-for treasures was discovered, when the stumpy black fingers would descend upon it and transfer it to coat lapel or the pin box of hollowed elder stalk, he, all the while, humming the plaintive measure of Bonaparte's march, in a deep, mellow voice that was the sweetest music to our untrained Quaker ears.

He had profound knowledge of medicinal and edible roots and herbs, especially such as flourish in the shade of the woods, whence he brought pockets full and bundles of "sarsaparil pigmit," "jingshang," princess pine and wintergreen, and a delectable bulb that he called "a taller ball," fitly named, for it cleaves to one's teeth exactly in the agreeable manner of cold mutton tallow. For some reason he never fulfilled a promise to bring us "groun' nuts," concerning whose excellence we often speculated. A later acquaintance with this delicacy inclines me to a belief that we suffered no great loss by the postponement.

He trapped "woochucks" for their skins, which he taught me to tan in soft soap, so that they made the best of ball covers and whip lashes. He trapped skunks because they were skunks, and for the oil, for their skins were then of no value but to the original owners. These animals were his only game.

He was a devoted angler, so endowed with patience that he would sit all night in his boat, quite regardless of the assaults of mosquitoes, while he nodded serenely over his tightly gripped pole between bites, and was wide awake when a fish took hold. During one of these piscatorial vigils Mingo caught a twenty-five-pound catfish—the largest, if not the only, specimen ever taken in Little Otter—and he proclaimed the achievement with a shout that awakened every sleeper within a mile of him.

He went with me to the woods for my first fish pole, which he peeled with his tobacco-clotted jackknife, and when the horn beam sapling was partially seasoned in the April sun, he gave me my first lessons in the gentle art. They were simple enough, but I was very proud of mastering them; to properly impale the worm, never forgetting to spit upon it; to sling the whistling line straight out to its full length; to deliver the ounce sinker with a resounding spang that might awaken the curiosity of all the fish in Little Otter; to wait patiently for a bite and then, hardest of all when it came, to refrain from striking until the same motion should tear the fish from the water and land it behind me after a parabolic flight the length of the pole and line.

Voyaging with him on the placid stream, within sight of Shellhouse, I was well content, though the distance from the home fireside seemed full half the township. Presently I caught my first pickerel, when but for his strong, helping hand the fish might have caught its first boy, who was barely a foot longer than itself. Mingo played his fish as the Irishman his fiddle, "by main stren'th." As practiced by him, it was not a gentle art.

If night overtook us before we had enough of fishing, he would build a fire of flood wood and we would dwell awhile on an island of light in the midst of a vast ocean of night—an ocean that I voyaged at last under safe convoy of my black consort, guided by the beacon light of home.

If it came on to rain, Mingo would remark, with cheerful resignation, "We'll du as they du in Spain—we'll let it rain." The land of the Cid afforded him another saying in a threat to make the transgressors "walk Spanish."

There were no evenings of more perfect enjoyment than those spent by the great kitchen fireplace when the home work was done and Mingo presided there, roasting ears of corn on the slanted tongs and onions and potatoes in the hot ashes. On all these he kept a watchful eye, as well as

on the blubbing camp kettle swung on its hook from the crane, while he told us of the grand old days in Rhode Island, when his father was elected governor of the negroes of the Commonwealth. Perhaps it was he whom his master, the real Governor of Rhode Island, told, after repeatedly defraying the election expenses of both, that one or the other would be obliged to decline the honor in future. Prince was the black dignitary's name, and it should have been his title, for he said that in Africa "My father had a gool iron pot an' gool iron 'tep 'tone."

When our tidbits were roasted and we sat snatching hot morsels of them from burning fingers, Mingo propounded riddles that he alone could answer, for who could ever guess "A hill full, a hole full, can't ketch a bowl full" was dew, or others equally blind and senseless? If the secret had been previously imparted to one, he declared it with the pride of an original discoverer, otherwise Mingo divulged it with the air of an inventor. The evening's entertainment regularly closed with the performance of his three most popular feats—putting a lighted candle in his mouth, mimicking the chatter of a red squirrel and popping his cheek with his forefinger. Then he covered the fire with a heap of ashes and lay down for the night on his favorite bed—a buffalo skin spread upon the broad, gray, stone hearth, with a stick of firewood for a pillow.

Notwithstanding the democracy of our rural community and the fact that in our family prejudice against color was considered a crime but little less cruel than slave holding, he had a fine regard for class distinctions, and held to a close observance of their proprieties. Any gathering of white people on "seventh day evening" brought forth the contemptuous comment, "Sat'd'y night's niggers' night." It was the common custom for all the members of farmers' families to take their meals together, but he could not be induced to sit at table with the "quality," though he held himself equal of hired white folks, and if a hired girl assumed airs did not hesitate to remind her that she "wa'n't nothin' but a pot wrastler."

Upon occasion he claimed a sort of kinship with us, for once, when having drunk too deeply, he lay in the ditch and a passing samaritan offered a helping hand, he resented it as an unwarranted interference with his rights and cried out, "G'way an' le' me 'lone; I'm some o' Row'n' Rob'son's relation."

When at last, full of uncounted years, he was quietly falling into the final sleep, a dapper young negro came to his bedside and asked if he knew him.

"Who be yo'?" Mingo asked.

"Mister Deming," was the answer.

"Mister Deming!" Mingo repeated with withering contempt. "Oh, you get out!"

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Fires in the Yellowstone.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Yellowstone Park, July 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For over a month the weather in the mountains here has been unusually dry and hot. Everything is as dry as a tinder, and the consequence is that we have three very bad fires in the Park. Great clouds of smoke are rolling up from a fire started by the side of the road near the Upper Geyser Basin; it was started by a cigar or cigarette stub thrown from a passing wagon or stage by a thoughtless person. A very bad fire in the Pelican Creek country was started by lightning. This was seen from a boat. The other fire was started in Gibbon Cañon, ten miles from Norris Geyser Basin, by a Mexican whom the soldiers are after to arrest. Every available soldier and all the other men are out fighting fire. To me the task looks hopeless unless we have rain to help the fighters. Capt. Goode has been out for several days, and had the fires under control, as he supposed, but they broke out again. High winds during the day drive the fire through the timber faster than men can cut it off. Every stream and water course is so low that little help can be had from that source; besides, the fires rage far from water. Capt. Pitcher left this morning for the fire at Gibbon Cañon, after telegraphing for all the men available. He has little hope of doing much more than has been done. Axes and shovels are about the only weapons of use in the Park now. Water buckets are the best "side arms" a soldier can carry—more useful than guns here.

The air is not as full of smoke as usually at this time, the wind carrying it to the east out of the Park. The smoke that hides everything when it is thick here is from fires to the westward of the Park.

Capt. E. Lindsley will soon be here with forty men of his troop from Ft. Keough. They will reach here about Aug. 5, and will go direct to the Geyser basins and fight fires if there are any left.

The elk, mule, deer and antelope at the Springs are looking well. Only one young antelope has died so far.

Work on the roads is progressing. A new ditch is being dug to bring water from Glenn Creek for Ft. Yellowstone. Just now water at the Fort and Mammoth Hot Springs is very scarce. If fire should break out here very little could be done to stop it.

I saw in a ride through Hayden Valley about a month ago between 800 and 1,000 elk—cows and calves. They were in two bands, besides small bands of twenty to thirty. There is a very large crop of calves. Nine of the calves took our saddle horses for their mothers, for they left the band and came to within a few yards of us. I helped them a little by trying to call them. They did not run off when quite close, but were standing still when we rode away. Later, when the packs came along, they had found the cows.

I saw a good many mule deer and antelope, and the usual number of coyotes hanging around them. Many of the doe antelope had but one young, showing that the coyotes or some other enemy had found them.

The Park is full of visitors; every wagon and rig in the country seems to be in use, with more coming.

There are now and then little local thunder showers, but they do no good. The lightning with them is apt to set fire to more timber. We are all hoping for a general storm of rain or snow.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

To Lake Chinquasabamtook.—II.

(Continued from page 87.)

COOPER'S CAMP is hemmed in by dense forests, which afford a safe retreat to the deer and grouse from the advancing buckboard. After making arrangements about hauling our canoes over, we speedily forgot all our troubles before a blazing wood fire. The beds looked very enticing after sleeping out night after night, and the welcome call to supper found us ready. The camp owner told us about a near-by pond that abounded with large speckled trout, and all doubts were dispelled at sight of a water pail full of the largest trout I had ever put my eyes on. They were all caught with angleworms, and must have averaged close to 2 pounds. The next day we were off in search of this wonderful pond. We reached it, only to find our hopes blasted by the furious wind that tore up the surface. As if to add to our gloom, a fine buck was floating around, shot, no doubt, by some miscreant out of pure wantonness. We returned to camp and passed the time examining our strange surroundings. The refining touch of woman was seen in the beautiful arrangement of flowers that bedeck the main camp. Good fare, comfortable beds and the best of fishing for lakers and brook trout make this a very desirable place for the old angler and his friend. Here they can renew their youth amid the merry trout of Webster Stream, or the heavy-weights of the pond. Cooper hauls parties to Sordahunk Lake and Webster Stream. The lake is only six miles from camp, and is one of the loveliest in the Katahdin region. Here you are within striking distance of Slaughter, Kidney, Dacey and many others. Kidney Pond is much resorted to, consequently the trout run small. Most anglers work over as far as Little Rocky and then quit. Dacey Pond is said to hold some good ones; the trout average larger in the Slaughter Pond country. The tourist can make the ascent of Katahdin from Kidney Pond on a new trail that Irving Hunt has bushed out. He has a nice little camp at the pond. Hunt's magnificent team can tackle 'most anything that comes along. You can be hauled to the West Branch, Sordahunk Lake or over into the wilds of Slaughter Pond. Lost Pond (named by the writer) lies close up to Katahdin, and is as beautiful as a dream. Trout are very numerous in most of the ponds, but seldom exceed three-quarters of a pound. The crowds are giving the preference to the Katahdin region. They are on the right scent, as no section in Maine can compare with it for magnificent scenery and fine mountain trout. I hope a decent class of anglers will follow my advice, but I suppose some others will nibble at the bait I have held out. If they come, may their cheap, split bamboos snap between the ferules, their hooks and leaders go up at the critical moment, and, last, but not least, may they wind up their outing by falling into the clutches of the game warden. With this digression we will now return to Camp Cooper.

We were now to sever our connections with the outside world and take to the "bresh" (as Kingfisher has it). The region we proposed to invade has no camps or somber farms to fall back on in case of need, so turning our backs on civilized beds, buckboards and roads, we paddled out on Telos Lake. The prospect for the day was anything but reassuring, as the wind was getting up. This made us do a powerful lot of thinking, for the Big Lake was close at hand. Moosehead, Chesuncook, Chamberlain, Eagle and Churchill lakes stretch themselves as a barrier between the east and west. The steamer has robbed Moosehead of its terrors, but navigation on the upper lakes is still in a wild and primitive state; the voyageur who attempts to cut across country has generally to reckon with one or the other of them. A furious wind is likely to descend at any moment; under its influence the peaceful surface of the lake changes as if by magic into wrathful white caps, that threaten disaster and death to the unfortunate canoeist caught out far from a sheltered headland. The hollow roar of monstrous waves breaking on the rocks, to the shrill accompaniment of the gale, may well appal the stoutest heart. Under these conditions none but a reckless fool will give battle to this giant of the waters, and he will be quickly consigned to a watery grave, or else hurled contemptuously on the beach with his belongings, a madder and a wiser man.

We were now fast approaching Chamberlain. This lake is twelve miles long, and in some places three miles in width. It is not a very attractive body of water, as its shores are quite low, and this gives the wind a pretty good sweep. Leaving Telos and Telosmis in our rear, we drew near to this Cerberus that stands guard between the East Branch and the Allegash country.

All doubts as to our reception were quickly dispelled. At the display of the grinning teeth of white caps and the ominous sound of breaking waves, determined to make the head of the lake by sundown if possible, Lyman and I took possession of one canoe, leaving Cram to shift for himself. I had for my mate a man of great experience, who can be depended on to meet any emergency that may arise. A roll of blankets with a board for a back rest constituted my seat in the bow. The bow seat is a dangerous one in rough water, until the knack of balancing has been acquired, otherwise a lurch of the canoe may fire your overboard, as there is practically nothing in front to catch hold of. Paddling out into the turmoil of waters, we soon found plenty of excitement and danger in dodging the attentions of the big fellows. They raced in like wild horses, each with its white-crested mane, and flung themselves upon us, causing the canoe to pitch and lurch fearfully. Meeting their attacks bow on, we foiled every attempt they made to board us, but if the canoe had ever struck a sunken rock when it settled in the hollow of the waves, the chances are we would have had to swim for the shore through the raging waters, which would probably have claimed one of us at least as a victim. We made as much use as possible of the sheltered headlands; but sooner or later we had to come out and face the music. Keeping up the fight for about four miles brought us opposite the Lumber farm. Any attempt to cross over to the opposite shore and add to our stock of provisions would have consigned us all to the bottom of the lake, as nothing short of a miracle could keep a canoe from capsizing amid the big white caps that had invaded the center of the lake. All this time Cram had been toiling along bravely in our rear, having about as much as he wanted to do to keep his canoe right side up. Passing by the entrance to Mud Pond, we soon came in sight of the locks

on the opposite shore. Memory was busy with the past as I gazed on the familiar surroundings. I had not visited the lake since 1891, when I made my first trip north of Moosehead. As the canoe stole quietly along the south shore, I looked in vain for the hunter's cabin where I had passed the night with my guide, but soon caught sight of familiar ground at the head of the lake. Urging our canoes onward through the fast quieting waters, we entered the inlet. The marsh on either side abounded with ducks, mostly sheldrakes; the scenery improved as we glided along, looking out for a good camping place. Passing a party off the mouth of a brook who reported no luck, we ran the canoes ashore near some high ground that answered our purpose. This ended a hard day's work with the paddle. Every one of us must have paddled at least sixteen miles, most of the way in the teeth of a strong wind—in fact, a little addition to it would have held us up at the foot of the lake. After supper we lay around the camp-fire basking in the delicious warmth, until finally tired nature asserted itself, and we dropped off one by one.

The morning dawned cold as Greenland, with the ice close at hand. The fire had died out while we slept, and our open tent gave ready access to the cold. The guides soon had the fire going, and after making a vicious attack on our provisions, we were ready for the fray as we descended to the stream. The woods and water were shrouded in mist. Changing from a cold, deathly gray to the rosy tints of dawn as it soared aloft and caught the faint morning zephyrs, it opened to disclose enchanting views of forests bathed in the splendor of the rising sun. I fairly hugged myself in ecstasy and cold while gazing on this beautiful effect of sunlight and shadow. The grating sound of setting poles came out of the mist ahead, causing the timid buck about to slake his thirst to flee in dismay from the ghostly apparitions, not to return until the canoes had passed onward and upward. The low water held us back considerably. An exasperating carry only a few yards long showed up ahead. There was no getting around it, so we had to unload and move over. The music of falling waters heralded our approach to beautiful Allegash Pond. Carrying around, we put our canoes in the quiet water above the falls. A wary old buck eyed us suspiciously from the far shore of the pond, and promptly resented a closer inspection. I met no response to my frequent casts, as we drifted out into the inlet. The sun was getting low as we came in sight of the dam. While the guides were fixing up the camp I managed to secure enough small trout for my supper.

The next morning was ushered in by a discharge of firearms above us, and around the bend came a poor sheldrake, fleeing on whistling wings. The party soon hove in sight, and fetched up at the dam. Leaving them in possession, a few strokes of our paddles brought us to the lake. Allegash Lake has considerable claim to beauty. Far to the west mountains loom up here and there on the horizon; on the north shore are some interesting caves that were discovered a few years ago by a lumber explorer. Careful was the word as we shoved out into an ugly cross sea; but we soon worked out of it, as it was only a narrow belt of wind. As we drew near to the head of the lake we gazed with ever-increasing interest at the great wilderness that stretched out to the far-away horizon, every stroke of our paddles bringing us nearer its heart. Entering the inlet we pulled up at a lumber camp on the right bank. A cat came forward to welcome us. We found the camp well stocked with supplies. The only spoil I carried away was an old pair of overs for rough work. We went into camp a short distance above, and started off to find Johnson's Pond. The stream that comes from the pond was almost dry. Placing our canoe in this miserable apology for a waterway, we urged it ahead. I have been in many tough places with a canoe, but have never seen the equal of this. The stream trickled through a quaking marsh that was alive with snipe, making me long for my shotgun. The canoe slid along through this delectable mixture of about two parts mud to one of water, until finally it defied the most desperate endeavors of the guides to budge it. There was no help for it; we had to trust ourselves to the treacherous surface of the bog, that threatened to sink beneath us at every step. We kept this up for some time before a glimpse of the pond rewarded our efforts. This beautiful trout pond is completely shut in by the forest; it is seldom visited, except by a few hardy anglers and hunters. The surface looked inviting, so I went to work with the fly-rod. I tried very likely looking places in vain. The trout would not rise, and that settled it. The return trip was uneventful, aside from having to bridge the bog with the canoe to get to the timber.

The next day the guides started off to try their luck, armed with the deadly spoon, and returned about dusk much crestfallen. Cram mourning the loss of his hunting knife. The pond had made it "two straight." There is no doubt plenty of trout in Johnson's Pond, and most of them propose to stay there. Our troubles soon went up in the smoke of the camp-fire. After a good night's rest we came up smiling. Frank Cram took the lead, as he was the only one of the party who knew about the country we were heading for. Putting our canoes in the still water in front of the camp, we paddled gaily up stream. This lasted about as long as the Irishman's descent from the steple, when that curse of the canoeeman, low water, brought us to a standstill. The canoe, relieved of our weight, slid along a few yards and then brought up against the bottom for good. The guides proved equal to the emergency; getting down into the brook among the stones, they soon scooped out a channel with their bare hands. The stream for miles above was choked up with fallen timber, reinforced by rocks and gravel bars. Undaunted by this formidable array of nature's forces, the guides fought their way up stream, demolishing one obstruction after another. At rare intervals the canoe glided into a quiet reach, where beauty thronged about us and lured us on with its siren song of restful ease, to end abruptly at the sight of some giant of the forest barring our passage up the brook. At times the water got so unmercifully low that a channel had to be dug out with the paddles. We were hardly out of this scrape before we were up against another. The axe was mightier than the paddle, as fallen trees proved to be our worst enemies. Cutting a narrow passage for the canoes was hard and exhausting work. After this enemy was conquered others showed up in front, ready to dispute our advance, and so on and so forth.

Late in the afternoon I started on ahead with my fly-rod. Pool after pool was tried in vain; no rise followed in the wake of the struggling fly. I could not understand this, as the stream was every whit as alluring as Webster Brook. The fallen timber and other obstructions were mute witnesses to the fact that no one had invaded this solitude for a long time. The trout were here, but resolutely refused to embellish the frying pan. Fly-fishing is fascinating sport, and is full of hope and promise. As daylight faded, absorbed in the pursuit, I soon became oblivious to my surroundings. I must have gone a considerable distance up stream before I awoke to the situation. Then, as I looked about me, I experienced a sort of creepy feeling. A rampart of fallen timber cut off my view ahead, so I concluded I would settle the matter by hailing my guides. To my consternation and amazement an indistinct murmur of voices drifted down from above. Climbing over the obstruction, I sighted the main stream a short distance beyond. Hurrying along as fast as possible, wondering all the time how they had managed to get above me when I had left them far down stream, and seeing no sign of them anywhere above, I began to grow suspicious of the sounds I had heard; so halting in my tracks, I shouted until the forest rang again. A prompt response came from below. After a while the guides came in sight, dragging their canoes. I mentioned the incident to them, but they failed to solve it. I am inclined to think that a bear replied to my hail. Their cry is said to resemble the hallo of a man. These woods are full of mystery. If I had kept on up stream and taken the wrong fork, I might have traveled far out of reach of my guides and been hopelessly lost. Bears are seldom seen in the day time. The shadows of night were creeping through the forest when we came in sight of the forks. The left fork leads into an almost unknown wilderness; the right trends north to Mud Pond. Moving a few yards up the right fork, we went into camp. Soon the sound of the axe resounded through the woods, quickly followed by a splintering crash, as some noble forest tree yielded up its life. After setting up the tent and boughs, we turned our attention to supper. Alas! we had no trout, but we made out pretty well with flippers, pork, potatoes and coffee. We wound up the evening by piling on the logs until we had a roaring camp-fire, that shot sparks and blazing brands above the tree tops, paling the stars. After lying around a while the conversation flagged, and one after another we fell asleep on our beds of balsam, leaving the camp-fire to its own destruction.

W. C. SOUTER, JR.

Companions on Outings.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A few weeks ago FOREST AND STREAM published an article of mine under the heading of "Companions on Outings." In that article I advanced a few opinions gained from personal experience, and offered a little well-meant advice to the novice. Soon after Mr. Charles Christadoro coincided with my views, in the main, because he had evidently met with similar experiences to my own, therefore was capable of judging from my standpoint.

But my article seems to have affected in a different way J. P. T. This correspondent seems inclined to judge my experiences from the standpoint of dissimilar experiences of his own.

As I have said before, I have found outings with untried companions to be lotteries. Once one fellow stole from a member of the party, and sneakingly put the blame on the guide. Another member of the same party passed mutilated money on the same guide, and it gave me satisfaction to call the guide's attention to the fraud. An untried companion, who is now superintendent of a large sanitarium, made it a point to go deliberately and maliciously out of his way in order to break fences and rip limbs off fruit trees in order to steal the fruit. Another made it a practice to blow trespass signs to pieces, while yet another, with more mouth than gray matter, regaled me by telling how he would "break the law and mop up the ground with the game warden if he interfered." There are others too numerous to mention here, but these are among the worst cases. One trip with each was enough for me, and most of them were tenderfeet.

But there are others, and good friends, too, with whom I would not care to go into the woods or on the waters again; and, no doubt, they entertain the same feeling toward me—and I hold no grudge against them for that feeling. Their tastes and my tastes are so diametrically opposite that it would bore each to be in the other's company again—on an outing.

Here is an extract from a letter which I am proud to keep. The writer was Fred Mather. I had invited him on a shooting expedition, and this is part of his letter of acceptance: "Provided, that you assure me that you are not like a friend of mine—a man who can talk only upon the salvation of the heathen. But—hang the heathen, I'm one of them, and I have no interest in their future welfare more than I have in their present existence. If you are that kind of man, you will never enjoy my company. I am not young, but like a lively companion—because I am mentally lively. This is, of course, plain talk; but better this than a week's horror. I think you will appreciate my candor—it is better than later discoveries." What honest, manly and sound logic! From experience I had learned that Mr. Mather was right. I did appreciate his candor, for there was the very essence of truth in it. Professor Dean, of Columbia University joined us, and there were ten golden days of fun. These were capital prizes in the lottery of companions on outings.

The tried companions with whom I would care to spend a week in camp or longer do not number more than a dozen. I have slept and camped with them in Florida, on yachting and sailing trips, in duck shooting and other bird shooting, and they are reliable companions and faithful friends. Some are naturalists and biologists, some mechanics, and others sailors, guides, etc.

I cannot apologize to J. P. T. for expressing my honest opinions, and I still adhere strictly to my first article. I am not rich, nor even "well fixed." I like good wages, and believe in good wages for others—guides included. Whether I am considered "selfish as to others' rights,

especially in money matters," or not, does not alter my opinion that any man who would luxuriate at the expense of a guide's bread and butter, by paying him starvation wages, ought to be kicked out of the woods. Give the guide what is right, no less, just a little more rather than less; and—"go it alone with your guide unless you know your companion from the ground up."

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.

Natural History.

The Sea Elephant, South and North.

AMONG the great mammals of the world which have been exterminated, or nearly so, by the greed of man, is the sea elephant, formerly extremely abundant over a considerable stretch of the Pacific coast, from southern California down into Mexico. It was also found in great numbers on some of the islands on the borders of the Antarctic seas, as Kerguelen Island, Heard's Island, the Crozets, and perhaps at other points. It is an animal of vast size, and is said to be from eighteen to twenty-five and even thirty feet in length, and with a circumference of from twelve to eighteen feet. Its general aspect is seal-like. It has little power of bending the back and cannot bring its hind flippers up under it as do the eared seals, which include the walrus, the sea lions and the sea bears; but having a more or less stiff vertebral column, it crawls by dragging itself along by movements of its fore flippers, going slowly and with difficulty.

Nearly fifty years ago the sea elephant was almost exterminated in California and Mexico, and Captain Scammon, who wrote about 1852 of Cedros Island, off the coast of lower California, says: "Seals and sea elephants once basked on the shores of this isolated spot in vast numbers, and in years past, its surrounding shores teemed with sealers, sea elephant and sea otter hunters. The remains of their rude stone houses are still to be seen in many convenient places, which were once the habitations of these hardy men."

Within twenty-five years, a few sea elephants were still found at Santa Barbara Island, off the coast of California, but to-day there is probably not a single living one in North America.

The sea elephants have many times been almost exterminated in their far southern haunts; those gloomy, verdureless and rock-bound islands, which lie near the borders of the Antarctic Ocean. Time and again, they have been killed off there, until the search for them became unprofitable, and then, having been neglected for a term of years, have increased and become sufficiently numerous once more to tempt man's cupidity.

In Volume XIX. of FOREST AND STREAM, appeared two articles written by Mr. John Easmond, the mate of a sailing vessel cast away on the shores of Kerguelen Island, where the writer spent more than a year before the opportunity came to escape from his prison. In this account—which, for quaintness, terseness and force, reads like a chapter from Defoe—is given much interesting information about the sea elephant and its habits, and at the present day it is to those islands that we must go to see these vast creatures at home.

Such a visit was recently made by Mr. Robert Hall, of Australia, who has contributed to the October Zoologist a very interesting article on these monsters. He says:

In the summer of 1897-98 I paid a visit in the brig Edward to this island of the South Indian Ocean. I did so by the invitation of Mr. Hans Gundersen, and acted in the capacity of naturalist.

The southern seals are not so strong in species as those of the northern seas. The distribution of the total twenty-five species, including a walrus, is four in the southern hemisphere and twenty in the northern. One is peculiar to both, and this is the one under present consideration, and specially called *Macrorhinus leoninus*. It is to be found in California, and is probably circumpolar in the Australis.

Certain of the seals are very local, and have reached peculiar places on the earth. One is confined to the Caspian Sea, and another to Lake Baikal, each bearing characters apart from all others of the Pinnipedia.

A considerable trade in the skins of these animals annually passes through the salesrooms in Europe, and bears, leopards, lions and elephants are vernacular names with which the various markets are familiar. Seals are eared or earless. Of the former there are nine species; of the latter, fifteen species; and an intermediate mammal, familiarly known as the walrus, completes the complement.

Kerguelen Land is a large island of about ninety miles by forty miles, and full of fjords, on the coasts of which the sea elephants congregate in number, more especially on the west coast, where they are secure, owing to its ruggedness, dangerous winds and currents. It is thought they arrive to rear a family in August, and our observations lead us to believe the departure is timed for February and March. During these months they are very restless, and remain no longer the listless creatures of December. A sea elephant is contrary in nature to a sea lion, for, while the former on this island is docile and languid, the latter on the Auckland is active and savage. The elephant, on observing a stranger, shows a restless eye, but quickly goes to sleep again. You may then walk through a herd of fifty sleeping animals, and merely disturb one or two for a moment. These hot-blooded creatures vary in size from 6 feet to 20 feet 6 inches, and we found a skeleton of a young one about 4 feet in length. The largest were exceedingly difficult to handle; but, as the enterprise of our ship was principally a commercial one, the business faculty was quickly brought to bear upon any awkward and unwilling customer.

Many of the animals would weigh approximately two to six tons. No five men could turn a large bull over without special levers, and it needed seven sealers to haul half a skin along the sand to the boat in waiting. As for dragging a whole skin, that was quite out of the question under the circumstances. For museum purposes we made a preparation of one, and this we feared would break the

tackle while being drawn on board from the end of a tow line. Its length was only 14 feet 9 inches, with a girth of 10 feet 10 inches about the pectoral girdle. From shoulder to shoulder it measured 5 feet 6 inches. The circumference at the base of the flippers was 3 feet 6 inches.

To the great bulk there was a mouth, with a breadth, at the angle, of 9 inches only, and a tongue (which we found later to be excellent eating) quite filled it. Dr. Stirling has this specimen mounted in the South Australian Museum. While the blubber ranges from 2 to 6 inches in depth, it varies in weight. Six men were employed in changing the position of one fatty skin while on the skinning board. This is a fair example of a male, which is always larger than the female. The congregation in harbors was generally systematic. The bulls occupied one part of the beach, and the cows formed a colony in another. There were always several colonies in a harbor, and they seldom appeared to intermingle. The young were not numerous. They had probably set out on their southerly migration before our arrival on Dec. 27, or were scattered promiscuously along the beaches.

It is the general impression that these mammals lie in their rookeries for days or weeks together, and do not feed otherwise than on their fatty tissue. With this view I do not altogether agree, for most of the seals are daily to be seen in the water, either coming in with the full flood, or going out with the early part of an ebb tide. That a young sea elephant 6 feet in length can live a month on its own fat was proved by one we brought to Melbourne, and which was lodged in the aquarium, but died a few months later.

One day as many as eighty may be counted; the next day the same beach may only contain ten, with other heads poking above the floating weed, and showing glassy round black eyes quite wide awake. Our men have often shot as many as sixty at one time, and found next day another twenty had come up among the dead, simply because it was their chosen lair. This species dislike expending energy on land, and they will lie in a group of twenty to sixty in some grassy spot with a sandy landing. Some few will ascend to an inclined distance of 150 yards, and there they are not so active as those below, and probably do not go out daily. The energy would be too much for them, as they are slow crawlers, using only two flippers, and the snake-like action of vertebrae and muscles.

The first anchorage of the brig was at Royal Sound, and before we removed from a beach of four miles in extent we had collected 426 skins. Our two anchors were lifted for a second harbor on Jan. 17 (Greenland Harbor).

During the first day sixty to seventy were killed, and similar results often followed. To shoot more at one time was inadvisable. An average of forty per day was considered good, and this allowed time to ship and "speck"—i. e., take the blubber from the skin.

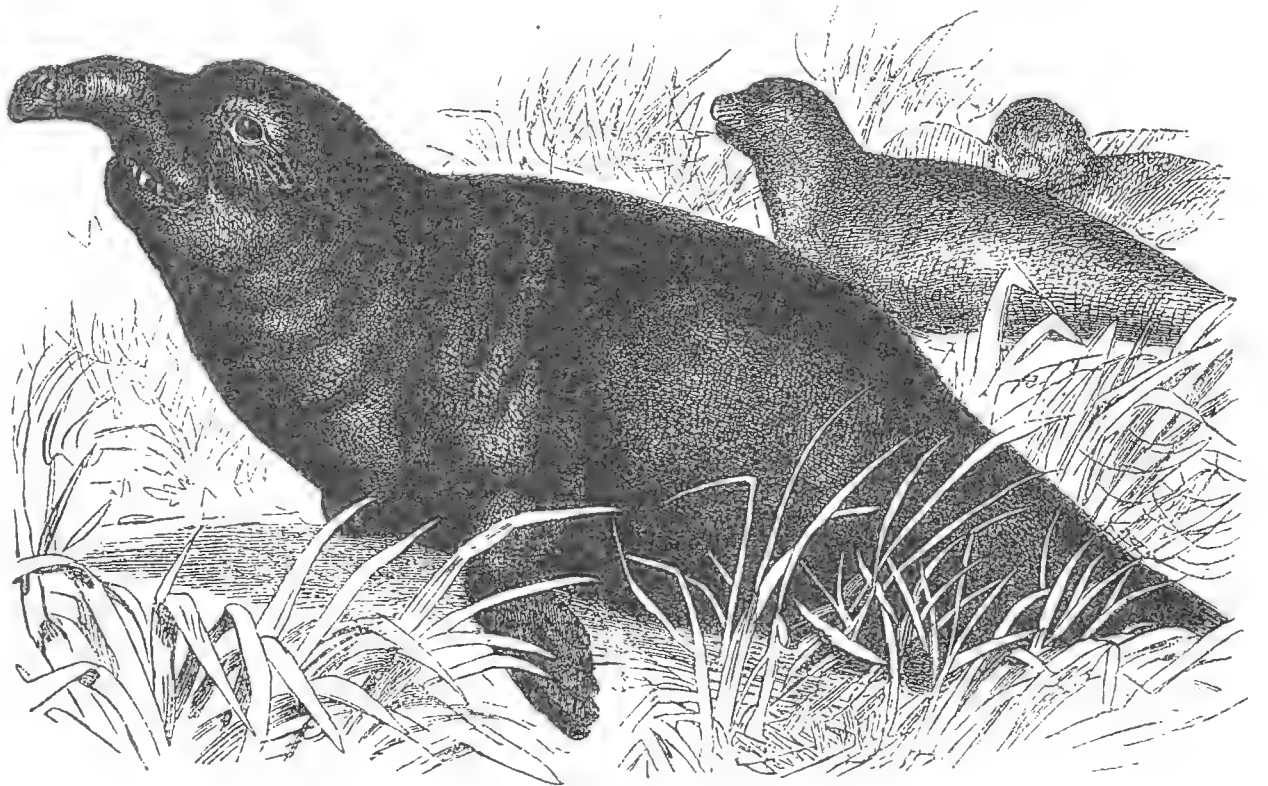
The finest herd we visited just before leaving the island. In all there were twenty-four magnificent animals, roughly averaging 19 feet in length. For the first time, in 904 seals, I saw the rugged nose of "Anson's plate," figured in Moseley's "Challenger Notes" (p. 201). The plate of Leseur, reproduced on p. 202 of the same work, does not quite agree with the animals noticed by us in respect to the eyebrow bristles. The "elephants" here have no conspicuous eyebrow, but rather have the cheek hairs more developed than this plate exhibits. Before introducing ourselves, I noticed one great "elephant" take a short cut over another, and a quarrel arose. Both growled and stood partly supported by their shoulder flippers. Another disagreement arose elsewhere, but it seemed to me there was more bark than bite, as animosity was quickly lost in sleep. One unfortunate animal had a badly torn nose, in all probability a dental evidence of past troubles. One of the crew gave me a tooth some 7 inches in length, the greater portion of which lies within the gum (e. g. 4.9 inches). When disturbed the belching of each of these old bulls was objectionably strong, for it can scarcely be called a roar. So great is the exertion that blood appears in the pharynx, and this occurred when I was engaged near its head, measuring the trough in which it lay. This lair along the convex part was 32 feet in length, the breadth 7 feet, tapering toward each end. The depth of these, mostly dry mud holes placed among the grasses, ranges to about 2 feet, seldom deeper; but they were placed in natural depressions—i. e., extra to the artificial ones. Many of the troughs are continuous, and intersect each other, so that a large lair may appear netted, which is uncommon.* This place soon showed an unfortunate change. Rifles were presented within 6 feet of each bull, and the bullet sped through the brain box, partly flattening on the blubber of the opposite side. Now slits with sharp knives are run dorsally in the long direction, and out rushed venous-like blood to stain the little bay in a few minutes. From one seal some sixty fountains of blood rose in oblique directions to a height of 2 feet, and all from the single cut on the back. Against the sky line this miniature double line of fountains looked strange, and the spray of a city corporation water van is not to be compared to its delicate and colored sprayings. In the viscera I was surprised at the length of the small intestine, which I found to be 255 feet in length, and capable of rough haulage. It stood the pulling over the grass from the carcass with only a small distension.

The method of procuring "elephants" is a simple, though not an easy one. Three boats, each with a crew of five men, row from the anchorage to the shore, haul up their boats, prospect the field, and, with four loaded rifles, drive the animals down to within a few yards of high-water mark, and shoot them. There they lie for the coming of the tide, and get anchored temporarily in a few feet of water. Some of the seals give considerable trouble before they will leave the high lands (100 yards from the beach on a medium incline), and as many as three hours may be spent in annoying them with the lance before they decide to go. If the seals carry their own skins down it saves much labor and time of the men. The boating is quite enough trouble to bear, as the harbor winds are treacherous and strong; so powerful are they that I have observed half the body of a "waterfall" blown back many yards before it could leave the ledge where gravity was strongest. Should a gale prohibit the boats leaving the ship, the

*In one trough there are very often two bulls or two cows, the broad part of one and the tapering part of another at one end, and the corresponding parts toward the opposite pole. This insures the trough being well filled.

crew will sleep in during the day, and with the lull toward midnight leave for the scene of operations. Many a time they have had to row miles against a tempest to save being out all night, and many hours it has taken. Under such conditions boats have been swamped, the skins floated overboard, and a landing arranged for fresh efforts. I shall not be likely to forget one intensely cold night while going on board with my birds and cameras. The helmsman got a renewed attack of tropical fever, and, almost collapsing, I was given charge of the helm. For three hours mittens and oilskins seemed like a miserable calico, and then I fully sympathized with the men who had their wellingtons partly filled with icy water.

Daily the boats wend their way in much the same manner, and in exactly the same way the skins are taken from the bodies. Roughly speaking, each skillful man can skin the smaller seals—ten in two hours and a half, or fifteen minutes for each. This time is for animals which are not too large for a man to handle. The carcasses in our takings were generally of large size. The following is a case of quick work: After a 1 o'clock dinner (of plum duff) the boats were rowed three miles. Seventy-two seals were killed, and all but fourteen skinned. Twenty-three of the largest were taken on board, and the last was upon the windlass at 9:30 P. M. Two skins of fair size are enough for a small boat, or one of a large bull. The last trip



THE SEA ELEPHANT.

in the above raid took two hours and a half in rowing three miles; this wasted time and much more was spent in endeavoring to get round a certain point. We agreed without a dissenting voice to call this headland Cape Horn of Royal Sound.

This uncharitable point is the type of many another. To leave a harbor for a second one is the event most trying to the constitution, for one never knows until the anchor is safely dropped where the howling wind will drive you. Altogether we tried six harbors, of which four were well worked. The fifth (Swain's Bay) took us three days to enter, and, after being ten minutes inside trying to get up the channel, our clever captain put his ship about, and thanked his lucky stars he had got safely out of the treacherous "hole." Down this fjord the wind without notice struck the foresails, while the wind astern drove her forward. Here the trouble started, but fortunately quickly ended by good management and good fortune. Had we touched the entrance island the ship would at once have been broken into matchwood. From this place I carried pleasant recollections, more on account of the bold contour and strangeness of the island than because it pleased my friends to chart it as a tribute to myself. Strange as it may read, among the finding of shipwreck remains there were letters and bottles from a sealing captain mentioned in Prof. Moseley's "Challenger Notes" twenty years ago. Capt. Fuller is an old hand at the business, and evidently has the indomitable pluck of the American in the making and losing of fortunes in rough waters! As for ourselves, we managed to quit the land safely on Feb. 18, although for a few hours we could not get over a severe loss we made at the last moment. Having on the 17th killed, skinned and anchored a batch of skins to the value of £250, all hands on board heaved anchors next morning to stand into a near bay to take them off. Two storms now showed their effects: one in driving all the skins ashore and burying them in the sand; the other in driving us off the bay altogether.

With a threatening sky our tight and dry little brig, the Edward, now headed for Melbourne, and we started a direct homeward course of 3,400 miles. This was duly accomplished in twenty-two days, and we experienced a phenomenal wind for the latter fourteen days, which was from the north instead of the prevailing one from the west, a circumstance of exceedingly rare occurrence.

By far the best accounts of the sea elephant in North America have been written by Captain Scammon, and almost all authors have copied his account, and no doubt will always continue to do so.

He says: "The habits of these huge beasts when on shore or loitering about the foaming breakers, are in every respect like those of the leopard seals (that is, the Pacific harbor seals). Our observation of the sea elephants of California go to show that they have been found in much larger numbers from February to June than during other months of the year. But more or less, we at all times found them on shore, upon their favorite beaches, which were about the Islands of Santa Barbara, Cerros, Guadalupe, San Bonitos, Natividad, San Roque and Asuncion, and some of the most inaccessible points on the mainland, between Asuncion and Cerros. When coming up out of the water, they were generally first seen near the line of surf, then crawl up by degrees, frequently reclining as if to sleep; again moving up or along the shore, appearing not

content with their last resting place. In this manner they would ascend the ravines or 'low downs,' half a mile or more, congregating by hundreds. They are not so active on land as the seals, but when excited to inordinate exertion, their motions are quick, the whole body quivering with their crawling, semi-vaulting gait, and the animal, at such times, manifesting great fatigue. Notwithstanding their unwieldiness, we have sometimes found them on broken, elevated ground, 50 or 60 feet above the sea.

"The principal seasons of their going on shore are when about to shed their coats, when the females bring forth their young (which is one at a time, rarely two), and the mating season. These seasons for 'hauling up' are more marked in southern latitudes. The different periods are known among the hunters as the 'pupping cow,' 'brown cow,' 'bull and cow' and the 'March bull' seasons, but on the California coast—either from the influence of climate or from some other cause—we have noticed young pups with their mothers at quite the opposite months. The continual hunting of the animals may possibly have driven them to irregularities. The time of gestation is supposed to be about three-quarters of the year. The most marked season we could discover was that of the adult males, which shed their coats later than the younger ones and the females; still, among the herd of the largest of those fully matured (at Santa Barbara Island in June, 1852), we

found several cows and their young, the latter apparently but a few days old.

"When the sea elephants come on shore for the purpose of shedding, if not disturbed, they remain out of the water until the old hair falls off. By the time this change comes about, the animal is supposed to lose half its fat; indeed, it sometimes becomes very thin, and is then called a 'slim skin.'

"In the stomach of a sea elephant a few pebbles are found, which has given rise to the saying that 'they take in ballast before going down' (returning to the sea). On warm and sunny days we have watched them come up singly, on smooth beaches, and burrow in the dry sand, throwing over their backs, the loose particles that collect about their fore limbs, and nearly covering themselves from view. But when not disturbed, the animals follow their gregarious propensity, and collect in large herds." Elsewhere he speaks of 165 as the largest number he ever saw together in one herd.

Among the earless seals, the sea elephant appears to stand quite alone, in the very great difference which exists in size between the male and female. This is almost as great as that between the sea lion bull and his cow.

The sea elephant takes its name from the long, wrinkled proboscis or extensible snout, which is seen in the male. Just what the purpose of this may be does not appear to be known.

The Indian Devil.

My companion and I were sitting late one afternoon at a beaver lake, waiting for the sun to get near the tree tops before pushing our canoe into the lake to watch for beaver. They generally break water near the lodge about sundown and swim along shore to cut their food, and one has usually a chance of a shot.

All at once we heard back in the bush a cracking and breaking of branches, readily understood as done by a large animal running through the underbrush at a high rate of speed. The noises came nearer and nearer, a little off to our right, and I grasped my double-barreled gun which lay beside me and waited events.

A few moments after we saw a large caribou break cover about one hundred yards to the right and spring into the lake. But what was that black object clinging to his neck? Surely some animal!

The caribou struck out as fast as it could swim, heading for the further shore, and we jumped into our canoe and gave pursuit. The keen eyes of the animal on the caribou's neck having detected us, it relinquished its hold, dropped off into the water and turned for the shore the caribou had left.

The canoe was immediately headed to cut off his retreat, and when within proper distance I shot it with one barrel and left it there dead on the surface of the lake, while we continued on our chase.

This diversion had taken our attention from the caribou, but now, when we had resumed the chase, we found the animal was getting through the water very slowly, and as we were paddling in its wake, we perceived the water at each side of the canoe was bloody. By the time we reached the caribou it was dead.

On examination we found the jugular vein had been cut by the fierce animal on its back, and it had bled to

leath, fleeing with what strength it had to the last drop of the poor thing's blood.

We threw a string over its horns and towed it back to the portage, picking up in passing our floating black animal, which proved to be a very large wolverine, carcajo or Indian devil, the beast going under all of these names with hunters and traders.

The carcajo, when he loads for deer, goes down to one of their runways, or on a road leading to a salt lick. He climbs a tree and gets out on some branch overhanging the rack. Here he flattens himself out and waits. Yes, he is a record waiter. He can give points to even the girl who is waiting and watching.

Time is no object to him; his inwards may be shriveling up for want of food, but there he remains. Once he has taken up that position nothing but a deer will make him show the least sign of life. He is to all intents a part of the tree limb, and the knowledge that all things "come to him who waits" is strongly fixed in his devil brain.

The deer passes, he drops on to him like a rock. Should he strike too far back, his cruel claws grip his way up toward the neck, and there he settles himself, a fixture, and cuts away at the large veins till the poor deer bleeds to death.

As soon as the deer feels this foreign weight on his back and the cruel teeth cutting into him, he at once runs into and through the thickest part of the forest trying to rub the incubus off his back. But the carcajo has the tenacity of the bulldog, and his own skin would be ripped and lacerated before he would let go his hold.

The deer, realizing this mad rush through the bush is useless, makes for the nearest water in the hope that this will rid him of his enemy. But vain hope, the wolverine is there to stop, and only opens his jaws when the deer is dead, or, as in my instance, through fear for his personal safety.

Our beaver hunt was spoilt for that night, so we moved back on the trail and camped. There we passed our time drying the deer's meat and skinning the Indian devil.

MARTIN HUNTER.

Some Musings.

MR. SAMUELS' delightful article in FOREST AND STREAM of July 20 struck a keynote in my memory and awakened a chord which, after three score years, vibrates as full as ever it did since my early life (and which was strung in my heart by my mother), and after all these long years as vividly as at the beginning, when she trained my young mind in the first steps of wisdom. For she awakened a habit of inquiry in it, which has never since been dormant, but has been the keynote of my life. We don't think half enough of our mothers, we men who think ourselves the lords of creation and everything in and out of it. For forty years I have been studying this matter of maternal influence in the animal, as to ourselves and our domestic creatures, before I dared venture to put my ideas in print, but I have done so recently and I am gratified to know that scientific men, so far, all acquiesce in my belief, that the mother is the most influential parent of the two; that she receives the vital influence, only, from the father; but the growth and character of the progeny are due to her solely, as the parent of the living germ which grows within her, is nurtured by her, and thus receives the impress of her character. What great man has not acknowledged the influence of his mother on the formation, the development of his character and disposition! History carries down with it the memory of the mother in regard to all our great men, and so it is all through animal life. For we are animals first and last, as to natural organic functions, and the brain's of course are the most important of all these. And when in my old age I think of any successes made in my life, the thought of the ability to have succeeded turns back to my mother's lessons, admonitions and instructions, on which all acquisitions since have been founded. And a spirit of inquiry was thus early awakened in my life which since has been the guiding principle to me. And thus, when I see or read any information in which the fullest particulars are not given, I hark back to the time when my young mind was never satisfied until I had got the whole story. So when I read that interesting article referred to, I felt impelled to supply what in my early life would have been the first inquiry.

As to chewing the cud by a ruminating animal, the explanation does not come up to my methods of telling a story, for it lacks the how it is all done. We are told what is done, but how it is is the main gist of the matter to me, and doubtless to many of your readers not well versed in animal physiology; and I hope our friend, the writer of that article, will not think I am putting a finger in his pie if I explain this from the point of view of a student of anatomy. The food, he truly says, is received into the first stomach, and passes into the second, and finally into the fourth, where it is digested. This is only the tantalizing point to my mind, for we want to know how this is done; the machinery of the stomach of a ruminant, in fact, by which this work is performed.

The simple facts are these: The food is hastily swallowed, as described by Mr. Samuels, and goes into the rumen or large sac, which has a capacity of several bushels. Connected with the rumen is the reticulum, commonly called the honeycomb on account of its cellular lining, and this is a mere adjunct of the rumen, and appears to serve the purpose mostly of a reservoir of water by which the food is moistened and reduced to a fine pulp between the leaves of the next compartment, called the omasum or maniples; so called because of the numerous leaves with which it is furnished, and between which the food is ground and macerated into a soft, semi-fluid pulp. From this the food passes into the abomasum, or true digestive stomach, in which it is partly dissolved by the gastric fluid here secreted.

Now let us go back to the food hastily swallowed by a ruminating animal. Right at the junction of the three first divisions is a curious bit of machinery, called the esophageal groove. This is a small sac or tube, a few inches in length, which connects the first and second divisions of the stomach with the third. This groove has a slit in it, through which the hastily eaten food—moistened by the water in the reticulum—is forced by

a contraction of the stomach, easily visible when the cow is ruminating, into this small canal; and by a process of regurgitation is carried to the mouth. This small quantity of food is the cud—supposed by a majority of feeders of animals to be some functional substance which may be lost, and then must be supplied to the animal. But it is simply a wad of food, forced, as described, into the mouth, where it is chewed at leisure, and with evident comfort and pleasure by the healthy animal, and, being reduced to a semi-fluid condition, is swallowed and goes into the omasum, or maniples, on account of its numerous leaves between which it is macerated into a fluid which then goes into the fourth part of the stomach, where it is mixed with the gastric fluid, the solvent of the food, and then becomes nutriment, completely, when acted on by the bile in the duodenum. But the white curd mentioned by Mr. Samuels is not formed until the food is finally dissolved and decomposed in the bowels, where, by absorption by an infinite number of minute vessels, called the lacteal vessels, of the nutriment, it passes into the great lacteal vein, which runs up the backbone, conspicuously, and is poured into the heart. There it mixes with the blood, which is forced into the lungs, through which it passes and is oxygenized by the air, and then goes into the heart again (a special part of it) from which it is forced by the heart's contractions into the great arteries, and thence to the small ones, and so on until it reaches those minute blood vessels, the capillaries, which connect the arteries with the veins, and then, having given up to the body the vital nutriment by which the animal is supported, the devitalized blood goes back again to the heart, and gets a fresh supply of nutriment; and so on from birth to death, at every pulsation, this nourishment is carried to every part of the body, and so supports the animal heat and repairs the waste of vital action and motion. Now all this is of vast interest, and I think these facts should be taught in the schools, if only that farmers and feeders of animals may get to the deeply interesting facts in this connection; and every young person might learn what an important matter it is to all of us to know how we live, and have our being, through the food we eat.

I was going to tell you something about ravens, and our rainbow trout, and other things, of which I have had the extreme pleasure of talking with your Mr. Hallock, of whom to say I have at last met and swapped stories with him is one of the most pleasant occurrences of my life. But it is too serious a matter for me to crowd into the tail end of this letter, and is reserved for another opportunity.

HENRY STEWART.

HIGHLANDS, N. C.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Ojai Valley Notes.

NORDHOFF, Cal.—Southern California, at nearly any time of the year, offers sport for the lover of gun and rod. In summer the snap shot may steady his aim on individual doves flying about the stubble and find shooting them no mean test of his skill, or, with larger ambition, go to the cañons for deer, perhaps to meet there a surviving member of the grizzly family, bent mightily on persisting in his survival; and in winter this same gun will have for his delectation wild pigeons in the forests, ducks wherever water abounds, or that supreme of all game, the great American quail, which here are found wherever there is cover. The angler may catch trout through the hot months, and sea monsters almost any time of the year.

Excepting the use of pump guns, the deer hunting is done here in the most primitive way. Hounds are seldom employed. The sportsman still hunts the likely cañons, those with either water or acorns, and shoots from the slope opposite the quarry, should it attempt to climb up the mountain, tactics that bring the whole action into view, often to keep it there for a time, rather an exhilarating dénouement to my mind, though to that of your readers it may have lost this quality because so familiar. The man who makes these drives, his way closed in with burning walls, as he climbs over loose rock and boulders his thirst often terrible, deserves a delightful finish to his toil, and he usually has it. I am afraid, though, that my preference is for the chase on the level, baying of hounds, a single shot—the only one. But the hunting here in the mountains is more primitive.

In my rather limited experience I have never known deer to be tamer than they are in this country. This is probably because the does, which are here protected by law at all seasons, acquire a fearless disposition toward man, a confidence that has caused unfortunate stags to approach within civilization, on several occasions almost to enter town, as some one remarked, "as if to inquire for a letter." An acquaintance who lives within half a mile of the post office told me of a recent case. A fine stag, doubtless from the nearest hill, was observed one morning as he came across bare fields, leaping barbed fences readily, his pace an easy lope, till he landed among the milch cows in the home lot, where shooting him later seemed almost murder. Through the spring I have never had to search long for signs where deer had been budding the fruit orchards near town. As a matter of principle, no one should try this during the close season if he carry a gun; it is much wiser to forswear all chance of being tempted.

Shooting at doves, which is permitted here after July 15, is considered by some of the inhabitants, especially by the small boy, as being not only exciting, but legitimate, and for a while I concurred in this belief, but discovery as late as August of several nests of fledglings along the foothills and elsewhere convinced me that an error had been made by somebody. Though to my mind the common dove had seemed almost a game bird, now in summer it is allowed to fly its course, a privilege it had formerly taken without my consent. The band-tailed pigeons arrive here through October. Because of their stupidity

the shooting they afford is mere slaughter. They resemble the Antwerp type, and are nearly as large. Several specimens weighed a pound apiece and measured 27 inches across, thus exceeding the spread of our passenger variety by 4 inches.

The manner in which I obtained my first band-tailed specimens showed the unwariness of these creatures. One hot October day I had assumed a high seat on a summit, from which the live oaks of Camp Comfort and miles of creek road were visible. A flash of steel-gray disappearing into the foliage beneath was at first surmised to be a dove, then a pigeon. Immediately I fell down several hundred yards of bluff, accompanied by large drifts of detached shale; but the pigeons, three, only flushed to a sycamore top a short distance down stream. Shooting at them afterward and bringing down a brace was brutal. Both individuals had iridescent hackles and otherwise resembled the blue type of our tame variety. The chopped-off tail gave a decidedly pigeon look. Yellow back, yellow tarsus and absence of wing bar were, so far as I had observed, peculiar to this local forester. Lack of fear would result in extermination but for the flocks inhabiting inaccessible country. I could not deny at home that I had shot a pair of tame pigeons—very tame.

Ducks come into the Ojai Valley during wet winters. Ponds offer fine shooting at such times. So far I have seen none of it, because we have had successively what are termed only dry years. As the weather has been more favorable this fall, a few ponds have formed, but as yet have grown little feed. The flocks are around, though, for recently we found a teal impaled on a barbed fence. During the hard storm a few days previous to our discovery, flights may have been plentiful. But why had the victim avoided the open air to hit a fence?

While returning from a walk several weeks ago to a likely pond four miles down the grade road, I climbed a hill to spend on the large mesa up there a few such hours as had been familiar to me when the hunting was over Maryland covers. The grass and rough growth of the hill top had been full of cottontail rabbits; now all the land up there except a brushy corner had been plowed. There must have been at least eighty acres of open and ten of cover. A random shot fired while I was beating the first thicket started rabbits in all directions, and afterward a kick into any of the lilac clusters started another panicky fugitive. I brought two home. They seemed very small, and had diminutive cottontails, though both were evidently matured specimens. Their flesh, being flavored with wild sage, was delicious. Beagles would have made that hill top resound with tonguing.

Newspapers—what are they? A short time ago Ranger Herbert, in patrolling the mountain fifteen or twenty miles from here, saw a bear disappearing into a cañon. After dismounting he shot five times before he discovered that it was old Club Foot, the grizzly. It was a mistake to shoot. The pony proved to be a fast runner. When Ranger Herbert ventured up that way nearly a week afterward he found the bear dead and brought the feet home as souvenirs. Missing toes from one of these identified the grizzly. But now the Los Angeles Times discredits the kill by declaring that old Club Foot, who has been killed so often and so variously, will not mind the late unpleasantness, but will soon be stealing calves or colts again somewhere between San Diego and the north end of this State, which, to say the least, is an unneighborly way of putting it.

During the winter, out of doors in this land of sunshine, with bracing air, fine scenery and the song of birds to delight one, is very captivating to the senses of man. Did you ever hear the Western lark (*Sturnella neglecta*), the California type of the meadow variety? Since the rain our valley has been full of these birds. Their notes are as various as those of an expert fife player. As musicians they are far superior to the Eastern kind. No two individuals sound just alike. The extreme to which they carry their ecstasies at times is hysterical. I always pause to listen when I happen upon a field of these wild Wagnerians.

H. R. STEIGER.

Massachusetts Partridges.

BOSTON, Aug. 5.—Game reports are excellent in this State. Already the law prohibiting the sale of partridges and quail at all seasons is showing its beneficent effects. A gentleman living in Essex county, a careful observer of game, and a lover of hunting, tells me that there are 20 partridges in the woods in his section where there was one last year. This increase he attributes entirely to the non-sale law, which went into effect last year. He says that one man, living near him, a desultory worker at his trade, has always made a practice of gunning almost every day as soon as the law was off on partridges and quail—gunning for the market. He would send in to market from one to a dozen birds almost every day, under the old law. Last year he stuck to his bench, gunning but one day that my informant is aware of, and killing but three partridges, against many dozens on other seasons. Mr. C. H. Tarbox has a story equally good from the section of Byfield. Both partridges and quail are unusually abundant, the effect, he believes, of the birds not being all killed for market last year. He has a flock of 13 young partridges not far from his buildings, that he has watched from the eggs forward. On Sunday mornings, his dog, who first showed his master where the nest was, by pointing the old bird on the eggs, will come, and through signs, understood by his master, suggest that they go down and see the birds. They go out, and the dog comes to a point half a dozen times, perhaps, and then wonders why his master does not shoot. He never went nearer the old bird on the nest than to come to a good point, and has never offered to flush her on the young.

SPECIAL.

Bay Birds at Barnegat.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Aug. 3.—There are plenty of bay birds about the inlet, curlew and willet having been going south for the past month. I saw a large bunch of black duck and about thirty wood duck yesterday on the Double Trouble ponds. Lots of weakfish biting.

HERB.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Three Rifles and a Shotgun.

FOREST AND STREAM is read by so many firearm enthusiasts and experts that I suppose it would not be possible to publish in it an article containing a single piece of true information that would be new to every reader. But I remember well, when I was a boy, with what keen delight I pored over descriptions of firearms and their performances, and what pleasure and help and knowledge I got from articles that I now know contained no facts new at that time, but merely old knowledge dressed in new words. So it is for the boys and beginners of to-day that I write, and not for the experts. For these older and knowing gun lovers I merely offer this photograph of four of my cherished firearms.

Let us first take in hand this pretty rifle with the small bore, because it is .22 caliber, and that is the boys' own size. It is rather large and heavy, isn't it, for so small a bore? The barrel is 28 inches long, and the piece weighs 9 pounds 2 ounces. You see, I am still a boy in spirit, and yet I wanted an arm more suited to my size and strength than any boy's rifle on the market. So I had the Winchester Arms Co. assemble one according to my ideas. No doubt there are .22's which would shoot just as well up to 100 yards, but my belief is that this long and heavy barrel would shoot more accurately at 200 yards. At any rate, it does shoot accurately at long distances, and such other .22 calibers as have shot against it did not equal its performance. It even won a prize at a shooting match away from a .30-30, .303, .32-40, .38-55 and other arms of various calibers. One reason for having a long and heavy barrel is that the longer the barrel, the truer the alignment of the sights with the bullseye. To this reason one of my humorous friends replied, "What you want, Sawyer, is a barrel that will reach from you to the bullseye." But you mustn't mind him—he's a joker.

In purchasing for yourself a .22-caliber rifle for general use, you may find some of these suggestions useful. First, suit the weight to your strength, and the shape to your length of arm and neck and droop of shoulder. Suit the exterior finish to your pocketbook. But be sure that the inside is all right; it must be clean and bright as polished steel can be; be sure that the polishing of the inside at the factory has not worn it out while it is yet new; the grooves and lands must be clean cut and sharp edged. The rifle had better take the long-rifle cartridge, if it is built for a rim-fire action, because if it is made for that cartridge it will shoot well at a distance, and allow you a variety of ammunition for short range; while if your rifle is made for the short .22-caliber, it will shoot nothing larger. The long cartridge (.5-35) is freaky at distances beyond 50 yards—sometimes it hits where it is pointed, sometimes it does not—and, if your barrel is rifled for this cartridge, it will not shoot the long-rifle cartridge (.5-40) well, because the twist is not rapid enough to keep the long-rifle bullet point on. So, the rifle chambered for the long-rifle cartridge is best. And just see what a variety of ammunition you can then use in one arm—the long-rifle, long, long hollow point, short and short hollow point, all black powder cartridges. All of these but the first are duplicated with smokeless powder charges, making nine different cartridges for one rifle. Besides these are the shot cartridge, and the two bullet breech caps. But neither of these last three should be used in a good rifle. Twenty-two-caliber cartridges are made by different great cartridge-making companies, no two similar productions of which shoot alike; that is, if your fine new rifle is targeted with the long-rifle cartridge, say, of the Union Metallic, Winchester and Peters companies, you will find that one of these makes of cartridges gives better results in your particular rifle than the others. No two of these cartridges are alike, though bearing the same designation. Also, different makes of rifles are rifled differently, and, strangest of all, no two rifles of the same make shoot just alike. If you and your twin brother buy two rifles alike, you expect them to shoot alike. They were made by the same workmen, of the same kind of materials, on the same machines, according to the same formulae, and perhaps on the same day. They look alike, yet they do not shoot alike. They have their peculiarities, just as you and your brother have yours. So, try different makes of cartridges.

Another reason for having a long and heavy barrel is that it holds steadier in a wind. Still another reason, is the lessened report—it takes up the sound and vibration just as a safe does when a burglar cracks it. In this rifle a smokeless, short, hollow point makes about as much noise as a snap of the fingers—you would not notice it 50 feet away. Absolute noiselessness of person and the least possible noise from your firearm are the greatest aid in hunting. It used to seem marvelous to me the way squirrels and partridges paid no attention to the report of this little cartridge. An amusing incident of last summer will well illustrate how slight is the report. My friend and I in the country were lying on the side of a knoll one day waiting for woodchucks to come out of their holes in the field beyond. We fell asleep. I awoke first, and, sitting up, saw a 'chuck. Without rising I reached for my rifle and took a shot over my friend's body. The woodchuck dropped, but kicked vigorously, so I took a shot at its head. That quieted it. My friend still slept peacefully. That is all I need to say to illustrate that point.

When you get a new rifle, the first thing to do is to target it. Of course you have already practiced at guessing distances, and verifying your guesses. Find the point blank of your rifle, and between that and the practical range limit—200 yards for your .22 caliber—make intervals of 25 yards. Fire from a rest on the target from each distance, and make a note on paper what your sight elevation is. Thus: 50 yards, point blank; 75 yards, rear sight one notch, front sight against lower edge of bullseye; 100 yards, rear sight two notches, front sight on top of bullseye; 125 yards, rear sight three notches, front sight on center of bullseye, and so on. I give these holdings as they would be likely to come. The best way to aim, when rear sight permits, is to hold the front sight against the bottom of the bullseye for any range. Make a note of your sight holdings and commit them to memory. Then, if you go to a shooting match, where the known range is 90 yards, and you put up your sight two notches and hold front sight one-half inch below bullseye, your bullet will not be far off. In other words, know your rifle.

A small-bore rifle is the most difficult of all arms to

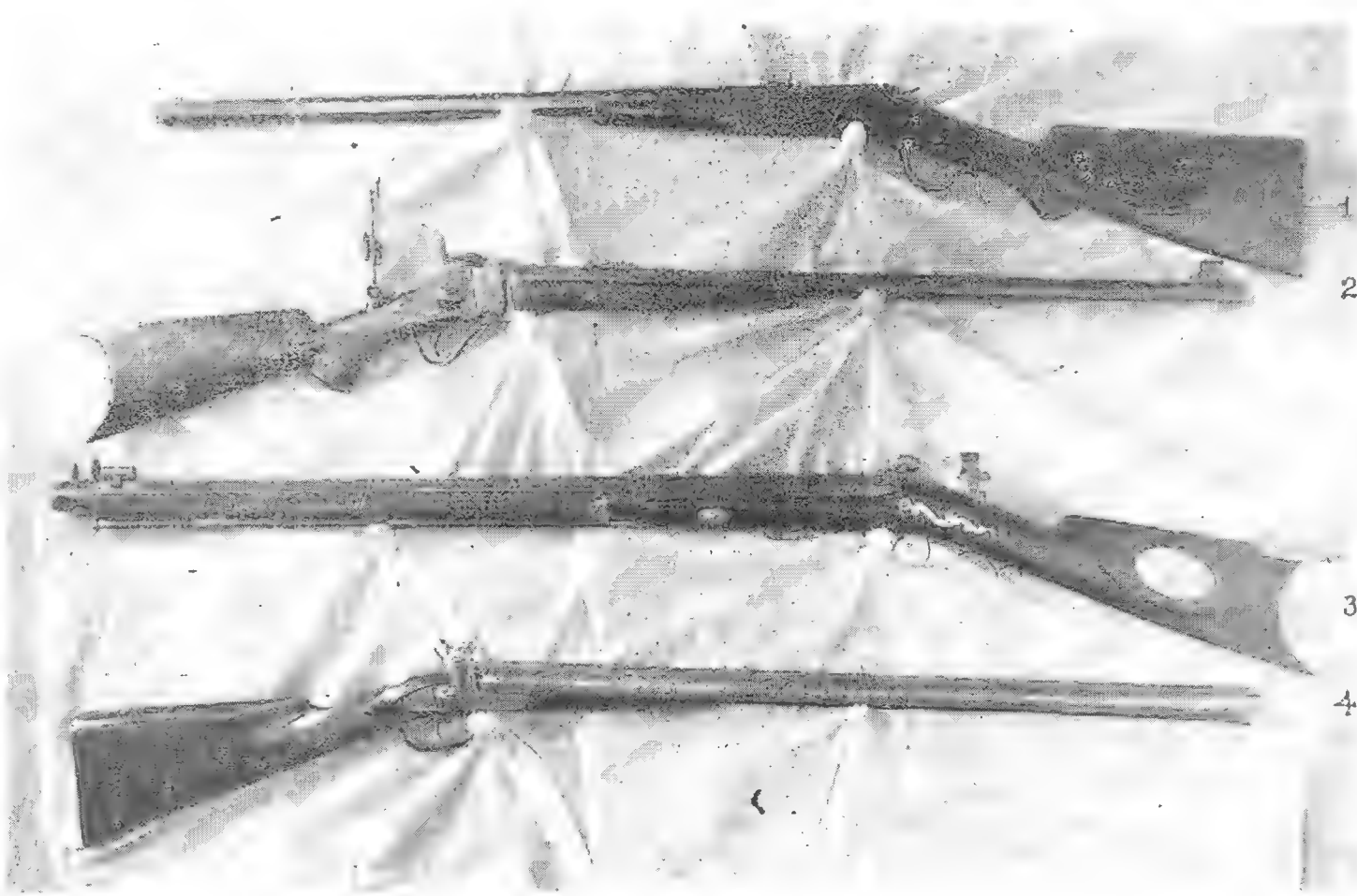
keep in good condition, and it seems as if the smaller the bore the greater the difficulty. Remember that if your rifle bore becomes rusty or remains leaded, it is no good. Therefore, treat it with all the care a mother gives her baby if you wish it to keep perfect and serve you well. Never, never, let it be dirty over night, and never let it be fired many times without being cleaned. When you give it the final cleaning, do not spare time or pains to get it clean. One rag will not do it, two rags will not do it, three will not do it properly; use half a dozen. The first one or two rags can be dipped in soapy water, to clean out black powder residue, squeezed pretty dry in a cloth between the thumb and fingers, and inserted by the ramrod at the breech end. Let me emphasize breech end. That is where the greatest diameter of the bore is, and a rag inserted at the muzzle is squeezed to the size of the bore, and, on reaching the chamber, does not swell enough to clean it. The breech end of the barrel is the dirtiest, and should receive the clean, wet rag. The breech end is subject to the greatest heat and wear, and is more liable to rust, therefore, breech end first. Cotton flannel—known to women as canton flannel—seems to be the best rag. The fuzzy side is the right one. Tow is without doubt the best of all cleaning mediums, but ramrods for small-bore rifles are seldom made with jagged tips—they usually have slotted tips, suitable only for a rag. Cotton flannel is thick, and the fuzz seems to have a bite to it which a linen or woollen rag does not have. For convenience it is well to keep a supply of rags all precisely alike. The best shape seems to be rectangular, about 1½

am ordinarily but a commonplace rifle shot; this was merely one of those unaccountable runs of luck that happen occasionally to every rifleman. The conditions also happened to be perfect—light, temperature, moisture and calm air. I cite this circumstance merely in illustration of what this remarkable little cartridge did once.

The film that the smokeless leaves can be removed by a little putty pomade, or razor sharpener, or jewelers' rouge, applied to and by a rag. Then, after wiping again with a clean rag, grease thoroughly. Never use a coarse, mordant-like sand or emery. If your barrel becomes a trifle leaded, the putty pomade will generally remove it. If not, use mercury. Either use it on the rag, or let it stand a couple of hours in the barrel, plugged, covering the leaded place. This treatment I have never known to fail.

But, in spite of all care, patience and skill, a much-used .22-caliber barrel has passed its prime in two or three years. No amount of knowledge, skill and loving care will indefinitely put off the appearance of the dreaded rust and pitting. When that happens to this Winchester, as the heavy barrel can be rebored, and the action is amply strong, I shall have it rebored to the next diameter, and then my collection of firearms will have added to it a .25-21 and a new .22.

One day I was in a gunsmith's shop poking around for relics or curiosities. The gunsmith brought me this Sharps rifle, saying, "Here is a rifle you want, for it is a 'Jim Dandy,' and it's dirt cheap." He was right—I wanted it. The story to it, as well as I know it, is this:



THREE RIFLES AND A SHOTGUN.

inches by ¾ inch; but you need to find the right size for your rifle by experiment. It should need a medium pressure to pass it through the bore. The rag should be split from each of the narrow ends toward the center, leaving a quarter inch of the center whole. After passing into the ramrod slot, open out the four flanges equally. The object here is to cover the ramrod equally, and so clean the entire circumference of the bore. A large darning needle, inserted head first sufficiently to hold it firmly, into the woodwork of the room where you clean your weapons, makes an admirable impaler for your cleaning rags. You can keep fifty or sixty on it at a time.

When you attempt to clean your .22-caliber rifle after using U. M. C. smokeless cartridges, you had better substitute ammonia for soap and water, to neutralize any acid residue. No matter what the moisture is, soap and water, ammonia, alcohol or kerosene, there remains a something in the barrel which I can only describe as a film. It appears to have a great affinity for moisture, for a barrel left with it, ungreased, for a couple of hours on a summer day, will show a trace of rust. Left over night it would be ruined. Ruined for you or me, that is, because the finished surface of the bore would be gone forever, and no amount of care would prevent the frequent recurrence of rust. And when your rifle bore gets rusty or pitted, sell it at once, for the most you can get for it, to one of those individuals who uses his firearm for a walking stick, a lever or a club; who throws it around, lets it get wet, gives it never a thought and never cleans it. The world is full of those individuals, and your old gun is just as good for him as a new one. These U. M. C. cartridges just mentioned, in spite of their rust-producing quality, are next to ideal. Their slight report I have mentioned; their range and accuracy are beyond belief. So little is said of them in catalogues that you would be likely to regard them as considered inferior to black powder cartridges by the same makers. My experience has been that they are far superior, long-rifle excepted. Consider, for instance, the short mushroom smokeless. Here is a tale that sounds like a story of Oriental jugglery; but it is true: One summer afternoon in 1899 a country boy and I came in sight around a bend in the road of an abandoned farmhouse. There was a sixteen-light window of 7 x 9 panes, with the four top panes whole. I fired from where I stood, using the short smokeless mushroom, and broke all four panes without a miss. We paced to the house, and found, to my astonishment, that the distance was 224 and a fraction long steps. We then measured the panes, and paced again, and came out, I two steps more, he three steps less, which means, I think, that the range was about 225 yards. The rifle used had a turn in 18 inches. The Winchester of this picture has a turn in 16 inches, which is not so good for the short smokeless mushroom, but better for the long-rifle cartridge. You must not suppose I am in the habit of doing such shooting. I

It was made to order for a member of the Press Rifle Club, of Boston. Cataracts came on his eyes. When he found his shooting days were over forever, he sold his firearms one by one, until only the favorite Sharps remained. Finally that, too, was put upon the market. I have thanked my lucky star many a time that I happened along just then. And perhaps the old gun, too, was lucky, for it never had a more ardent admirer. It has, as you see, fine lines. They differ but little from the regular lines of the Sharps sporting model—just enough, probably, to fit the gun to the former owner. The stock is a beautiful piece of fancy walnut. The weapon is as bright and new looking as when it left the factory. The target sights are simply unsurpassed. The front sight is a wind gauge, with spirit level and interchangeable disks. One of the disks holds the finest thread and ball or pinhead sight that I have ever seen. The accuracy of the weapon really charms one.

I have three friends who are also firearm enthusiasts. The four of us go, as often as possible, for an afternoon's shoot. A favorite place is a ledge with an open space before it, and we shoot against the ledge. We call it the Cathedral, and, as a preliminary to the rifle play, we decorate it profusely with statuary in the way of tin cans, (c)old bottles and brickbats. We shoot from 90 to 200 yards, one shot each, in turn. First the Editor, say, then the Sculptor, then the Schoolmaster, then yours truly. After the "statuary" is reduced to bits, we shoot at the bits. When a fragment is so small that it remains after a couple of rounds, some one remarks—generally the Schoolmaster, for he beats the rest of us, as is proper—"Sawyer, let me take the old Sharps." Then there is a careful aim from a rest, and the "hand cannon" emits its mighty roar. You would be pretty safe to wager your life that the fragment has become but a puff of dust. Once by agreement we wore old hats to the ledge, each to shoot at the other's hat, and each to wear his hat home. We took an electric car homeward from that part of the country to the railroad station, and the other passengers greeted our entrance with smiles and smiles. The victim of the bullet from the Sharps was most deserving of smiles. When that ponderous bullet passed through the hat and smote the granite behind it, such a cloud of chips and splinters of rocks rebounded through the hat that there was little left but the wire of the brim and a few rags that barely held together. The charge for the Sharps is nominally .70-330. Really, the shell holds but 65 grains of black powder, I presume because the modern shell is thicker at the base than the original. If King's C. G. semi-smokeless is used, 70 grains can be put in by gentle tapping. As we all usually shoot small-bore rifles—from .22-5-40 to 32-40-165—the recoil and report of the .40-70-330 seem tremendous, and the light barrel freely gives us all there is of both.

The third rifle, as you see at a glance, is a muzzle-

loader. It is an extremely good specimen of the gun-maker's art. It was doubtless a high-cost weapon, and has had good care. The remarkable thing about it is that there is not a name, nor a date, nor a mark of any kind, to tell who made it, when, or where. I judge it was made to order for some target shooter of the New England States by a local gunmaker about 1840. It weighs 16 pounds. You would not want to lug it far, would you? And you would not be likely to, for the weight forward makes it unwieldy to be used for a hunting rifle. In the days when this rifle was in use target shooting was a fad, and was carried to such an extreme as to make shooting no shooting, in one sense—that is, extreme accuracy at a known range was the sole object. To this end, ponderous weapons were used from a rest, and telescopic sighting was done with such deliberation as would make a modern rifleman nervous to see. A small powder charge was used, with a heavy bullet, giving extreme accuracy, but so high a trajectory that a difference of a few yards in the range made a great difference in the location of the bullet hole.

This rifle has better lines than most of its kind that I have seen. The Kentucky-shaped stock is very graceful. It is cast off about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch—that is, bent to the right—the better to present the rear sight to the eye. The fitting of parts is very good, and the engraving on the lock plate very free and firm of line. The oval on the cheek piece shows a deer running for his life across a forest glade. The mountings appear to be solid silver, except the butt plate, which may be an imitation. The trigger has a set screw. The trigger guard is the celebrated Freeman design. The loading funnel on the muzzle is the design of Alvan Clark, the great telescope maker; he was also an able rifleman. On its muzzle a circular recess, the size of the patch, insures centering the patch on the bore and on the bullet. To insure the removal of the loading funnel before shooting—otherwise it would be blown away—a leaf blocks the sight. The woodwork has a handsome grain, and age has given it a beautifully rich color. The caliber of this rifle is .40. There are eight lands; the grooves are very shallow. There is no step rear sight or slot where one could go, as there would have been for a hunting rifle of its date. The shot in the barrel for the front sight takes either a telescope holder or a globe front sight. The elevating rear sight has a turn-table on top, on which is a cylinder, which serves at the same time as a telescope holder and a peep sight by adjusting a disk. The turn-table is also a crude wind gauge.

Another time, when I was in the shop of the same gunsmith, he brought out from under the counter, with the remark, "Here is a sight good for sore eyes," a long sole-leather case. Unbuckling an end he slipped out a mahogany box, inlaid with brass at corners, locks and handle. Opening the box brought to view, in compartments lined with purple velvet, the finest muzzleloading shotgun I ever saw. In the same state of luxury lay a complete set of equipments—shot pouch, powder flask, jointed cleaning rod with slot tip, jagged tip, sponge wipers, greasing puff, wire brush and corkscrew wormer. There was also a pocket field tool, comprising in one instrument a screw driver, nipple wrench, picking needle and a set of spare nipples, which were in the hollow ends of the handle. Besides these were Eley's thick metal waterproof caps, and wire-wound cartridges for long-distance shooting—neither of which can be bought now—and Eley's grease-soaked pads (wads) and a wad cutter. Everything was in the pink of condition. I slipped the barrels onto the stock; they assembled as quickly and smoothly as those of the best breechloader. My heart went out to that gun. The market is full of antiques—miserable things when they were new; rusty, defaced and broken now. They catch the pennies of the unknowing, but not your money, I trust, and certainly not mine. On the other hand, a collector may watch for years for a perfect antique and not find one then. This gun, almost as new looking as the day it left its maker, is a beautiful specimen of the cap-lock muzzleloader. The locks alone would tell a blindfolded expert a whole tale; the hammers move with the smoothness of two pieces of silk rubbed together; they are absolutely without looseness; the tumblers meet the sear with a clear, musical ring; they rise with absolutely the same strength, and yield to exactly the same trigger pull; the yield of the trigger is instantaneous, without a trace of drag. I saw that the hammers struck the nipples in the center of the cups, and that they stood just alike at half and full cock. They are Purdy's pattern—the most beautiful, to my mind, of all hammer shapes. And the whole gun is as good as the locks. The outline is easy and graceful, with refined curves. The stock and fore end, of one piece, show the same color, grain and pattern in the grain; the grain runs with the top and bottom of the stock, converging toward the grip; the wood is dense and hard. The fitting of all parts is simply perfection, and wood and metal join as if they grew that way. The engraving was done by a workman so skilled he did not fudge; every curve was done right with one sweep of the tool—a clear, clean line. The checking of the wood is beyond any that I ever saw before, so regular and clear cut; even the magnifying glass shows no imperfections. The barrels have two patterns of twist—Damascus was not in favor in those days—one pattern, like spirally wound fern leaves, for about 12 inches of the rear end, the other pattern like Jack Frost sometimes makes on the window panes, for the rest. The ramrod is a piece of solid ebony, with a gunmetal rammer and a brass capped and fitted wormer on the tip.

This outfit was made to order by Wm. Ellis, a London gunmaker, whose exact dates I do not know, except that I have seen one of his guns dated 1846. The barrels bear both Birmingham and London proof marks, from which I judge that Ellis did not make his barrels in his London shop. He was one of the world's great makers. The most fashionable makers of that time were probably Purdy, Lancaster, Long, Moore and Ellis, in the order named. Of the last four, one's production was doubtless as good as the other's, the only difference in his fame being due to the amount of his patronage by the nobility. Later, about 1855 to 1861, Ellis made cheaper guns for the American trade—good, strong, serviceable pieces, but plain. I have seen but one of Purdy's guns for sale. That was not in half as good condition as the Ellis gun, and the amount asked was \$125, which seemed to me

exorbitant. The original cost of the Ellis gun I do not know, but it was probably much in excess of 38 guineas (\$190), as that was the price of Long's cheapest gun in 1852, while this was probably one of Ellis' high-grade guns. I bought the Ellis gun and outfit for a mere nothing, and can only say, in justification of the amount asked me for the Purdy, that it was a flintlock—not necessarily on that account much older than the Ellis—and that Purdy was the foremost maker of the world.

The remarkably good condition of the Ellis gun is due to the fact that its owner was too old to use it much, and it was his custom to send any gun—he had a whole battery—immediately after use to a near-by gunsmith to be cleaned and put in condition. Since the owner's death, many years ago, the gun has lain unused. The executors of the estate disposed of the whole battery for anything they could get. I concluded to take this gun to the country with me last summer to see how it would shoot. The proper load, named on the case, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ drams and $1\frac{1}{4}$ ounces No. 6. It seems a ridiculous load to moderns for an 11-gauge gun. In old times little was known of choke boring, so a small powder charge in proportion to the shot used was needed to get a close pattern. The load named, at 40 yards, gave surprising penetration, but a very open pattern, though regular. By experimenting with powder and shot charges, kinds of powder and sizes of shot, and wads few and many and of various kinds, I finally got excellent results. The barrels are bored perfect cylinders, and they are so smooth and true that a wad cannot be forced down on top of a charge already covered by a wad, unless the wad has a nick in it to let the air pass. The Eley wads in the case have nicks, and the wad cutter has an indentation to produce a nick. I used modern factory-made wads, and had to use my rifle on every one if I got it home. Of course after I got over the fun of trying wads, I one evening nicked all I had to save time. I used the gun for a couple of weeks on partridges. Its shooting ability was all any one could ask. A few birds the first part of the time got away because I forgot about having to raise hammers before the gun could go off. It was necessary, too, to have both hammers constantly full cocked, because the size, shape and position of the hammers when down, although beautiful to the sight, are so awkward to the untrained thumb that the gun must be removed from the shoulder to raise the hammer for a second shot, and partridges do not wait while one does all that.

In order to preserve this fine gun from rust and scratches, before using it I gave it a couple of coats of waterproof varnish over all metal. It seems to me very odd that I have never known varnish to be proposed before. Perhaps it is because a weapon so treated does not look gunified. But it is a very simple matter to wash the varnish off at close of shooting season with a sponge dipped in spirits of turpentine. Manocitin, rust preventives, gun greases, oils, and other such, are all viscous, soft, or fluid. They come off at a touch, and the exposed metal is then as subject to erosion as if it had not been treated. The best waterproof varnish, I know by years of experience in shooting in the country and at the sea shore, to be a perfect preventive. It covers the joining of wood and metal, fills flush the engraving and barrel patterns, is smooth, hard and adhesive. It is proof against sultry heat, fog, rain and salt water, and wears like iron.

To use the muzzleloader a good deal of paraphernalia was needed, so that no matter how warm the day, a shooting coat had to be worn. There were the powder flask, shot pouch, wads of two kinds and caps. Lugging all these, in sagging pockets, I could not help thinking what improvements in simplicity have been made in firearms in a few years. It is not so very long since the flintlock muzzleloader was in use. The flintlock musket, known as the Brown Bess, was issued to the British army as late as 1842. And what a hue and cry rose among the sporting gentry when the innovation was proposed of substituting caplock for flintlock! That was during the first quarter of 1800. At first they wouldn't have it. The flint-lock was good enough for their fathers, and it was good enough for them. But some sensible leaders among gun experts—Colonel Hawker was one of them—saw the advantages of the new system, and then, slowly, the others got used to it. Then, about 1851, came another hue and cry. Lang, gunmaker of London and Birmingham, placed on the market a breechloading shotgun using a cartridge. The sportsmen of the time couldn't find enough abuse for it. They called the principle an absurdity, the gun a gimcrack fit only for a dilettante, and the cartridge utter nonsense. Yet it was the prototype of what we of to-day consider perfection. It is curious, isn't it, that in each period of firearm development—primeval matchlock, wheel-lock, flintlock, caplock and cartridge breechloader—the people of the time considered that their arm had reached perfection. We of to-day, with our weapons built on the latest scientific principles, raised on high upon the mistakes, imperfections and crudities of those of our ancestors, can see no radical improvement beyond. Yet we are not so obtuse as to believe that there will be no improvement. Our grandchildren will no doubt use a very different weapon from ours. What it will be, none can foretell.

CHAS. WINTHROP SAWYER.

Rhode Island Notes.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 4.—The farmers in many sections of Rehoboth and Seekonk, Mass., and in East Providence, say that they never saw the foxes so bold and plentiful as they are at the present time. They have become so numerous that they are a nuisance, and so bold that they sometimes steal chickens in broad daylight. Recently one farmer near Nayatt, R. I., lost 200 chickens from a flock of 263 in one night.

F. S. Cole, who lives on the Blackstone Boulevard in this city, shot an albino blackbird Friday last. He saw the strange specimen from the window of his house. It was in an open field with a large flock, and conspicuous for its color, being a white specimen among 500 or more of crowy colors. The bird is to be mounted and an effort will be made to obtain it for addition to the collection of Rhode Island birds at Roger Williams Park.

Squiteague are commencing to bite in goodly numbers in Narragansett Bay, the Warren River being an especially good fishing ground. They are running of a larger size than usual.

W. H. M.

Pennsylvania Shooting.

Depredating Hares.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF GAME COMMISSIONER OF PENNSYLVANIA, Harrisburg.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The last Legislature passed an act empowering the owners and lessees of real estate to kill hares or rabbits upon their own premises at all times of the year. This act is intended to authorize the killing of these animals only where it is found necessary to kill them as a protection to growing crops and fruit trees, and for no other purposes. Now, as I understand it, the natural law of self-defense permits a man to defend his property as well as his person from injury of all kinds. Section 33 of the Game Law of 1878 (unrepealed) says, "Provided that nothing in this act shall prevent any person killing any wild animal or bird when found destroying grain or fruit on his or her lands." The right then existed last year, both by common law and by statute, to kill a rabbit or any other wild animal or bird that was a menace to the interest of the farmer or the fruit grower, just as he may to-day kill a robin or catbird from his cherry tree. This bill was unnecessary and makes no change in the law of last year.

In many sections the rabbit is a source of extensive food supply; especially is this so in our mining counties. To the poor man all over the State the rabbit means a nutritious, cheap meal, no matter whether he kills it or buys it in the market. He is prevented from securing it at pleasure by the game laws. The rabbit is classed as game, and as such belongs to the people of the State in their collective capacity, and not to the farmer or landlord upon whose premises it may be found. The Legislature as the representative of the people may say what disposition shall be made of the rabbit, or any other game, but it has no right, under the constitution, to say that the farmer or the fruit grower or land owner may kill game to the exclusion of the miner, the man who lives in the city, or the man who is lucky enough to own no real estate. This, it seems to us, would be class legislation, and this act was intended to give no rights conflicting with the general game law of the State; and unless the rabbit be destroying the property of the man who kills it, it does not come within the provisions of this act; and no one in the State may kill a rabbit and use it for food except during the time allowed by said general game law. There can be no objection to the farmer killing a rabbit found destroying his property; but if he kills it for any other purpose or reason, I take it he exceeds the authority given by this bill, No. 42, and is liable to prosecution for violation of the provisions of the game law of 1897.

Non-Resident Shooters.

I also inclose an act requiring non-resident gunners to secure a license before hunting in Pennsylvania. This bill is not a Game Commission measure, and is of that kind that appears to a great many people to be unfair and unjust, imposing great hardship upon numbers of our people, for instance upon the man who is visiting his farmer friend or relative for a few days during the open season for game.

Especially does this law appear unjust when we consider that while the State owns the game, the many farms of the State are individual property, and a license granted by the State gives no right to enter any of these farms without permission of the owner; and so a person possessing a license under this act might still be prevented from shooting in this State. To illustrate, one of the bills recently signed by the Governor forbids hunting upon posted cultivated land without the consent of the owner, under a penalty of five dollars and costs, or, in default, imprisonment in jail. So that this license in reality gives no authority whatever to hunt or shoot in this State. Yet by the farmers, with whom it originated, it was considered an absolute necessity (especially in the border counties) as a protection against the irresponsible gunner, who, as soon as the game season opens, swarms from the cities and larger towns across the border, shoots everything in sight without limit, including the farmer's stock and poultry, open his gates, tears down his fences, starts fires, and commits other depredations too numerous to mention, swearing at and insulting the farmer when he dares to raise his voice in protest, then quickly slipping across the border into his own State, secure in the knowledge that he is unknown and that even were his victim so disposed, he in all probability would refrain from pursuit because of the consequent costs and trouble necessary to reach him. Under this law non-resident gunners will soon learn that they are liable to arrest and punishment immediately upon beginning to hunt in this State unless they are in possession of the before-referred-to license. Any constable or game warden can arrest without warrant upon refusal to display this authority, upon demand, and where the license is taken out a record has been made that in all probability will lead to the arrest and punishment of the offender when he fails to conduct himself as a sportsman and gentleman.

I also inclose a copy of bill 173. This is the only law drafted and supported by the Game Commission that reached the Governor. Upon it I have no remarks to make, except that we look upon it as a great stride in the right direction, and which will greatly aid in the enforcement of the law.

For general information I desire to say that the Game Commission of Pennsylvania and the Fish Commission are two entirely distinct and separate bodies. Letters of inquiry relative to fish should be directed to the Fish Commission; letters on game subjects to the Game Commission. If this is done much time will be saved to the writer.

JOSEPH KALBFUS,

Secretary of the Game Commission.

[Bill 173 referred to by Secretary Kalbfus empowers game protectors to arrest without warrant, and to seize game and guns and shooting appliances.]

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Illinois Quail Protection.

I SEE articles about the quail in the State of Illinois. I send you a clipping from the Geneseo News that shows how they understand the law:

"Farmers will be glad to hear that there is no open season at all now for quail. They are under the State protection, the same as song birds. There has been an open season of a month or two for a good many years. They are now off the list as game birds, and are listed with song birds, and may not be shot or trapped at any season of the year. The penalty for killing them is the same as that for killing song birds, which is \$5 for each and every bird, half of which fine, we believe, goes to the informant, and half to the school fund of the township in which the birds are killed. Deputy Warden Harbaugh says that he is determined that the law shall be strictly enforced."

MRS. EMMA JAKUES.

The New York Cold Storage Case.

IN the noted cold storage case, the Arctic Freezing Co. have been served with a complaint and summons, demanding penalties of over one million dollars. An effort has been made to have the real owners' names of the stuff revealed, and sue them instead of the Freezing Co., but this having failed by amicable means, the fight will go on against the Freezing Co., during which the storers' names will come to the surface through legal inquisition. The storers have employed Guggenheimer, Untermeyer & Marshall to defend their interests. There is no question that the publicity given and the importance of this case will inure to the benefit of game law restrictions all over the country. It is said that it will be carried to the U. S. Supreme Court.

On Dakota Prairies.

GALESBURG, N. D., July 29.—The feast of the green corn is at hand up here, and nature's bounty is very lavish this year. Vegetation is luxuriant and wears its richest greens. The outlook across the prairie is extremely lovely just now. The weather is about perfect. The sloughs are full of water and there are ducks in all of them. Going to be a good many chickens, too. Hope to look at a few over my old Remington myself, and a little later on a platter also. If you want to see Dakota at her prettiest, now is your chance.

J. P. W.

"The Real and Original Game Hog."

UNDER the title of "The Real and Original Game Hog, Drawn by Himself," the Marlin Fire Arms Co. have reprinted from the FOREST AND STREAM the Didymus correspondence relative to G. O. Shields, or Coquina. This, it will be recalled, was in the main an exposition of the doings of Mr. Shields, as related by himself, in Florida. The Didymus letters attracted much attention at the time and, as now distributed by the Messrs. Marlin, will doubtless interest a new circle of readers.

Maryland Bay Birds.

STOCKTON, Md., Aug. 1.—There are a good many birds moving, mostly yellowlegs. Some of my patrons have been down and got all the shooting they wanted. Last year I did not have anything like room for all who answered my advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM, but I have now.

O. D. FOULKS.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Bass in the Gatineau Country.

A REGION that is destined within the next few years to become one of the most famous in the world for black bass lies to the north of Ottawa, Canada. The Gatineau country, as it is called, is as yet unknown to the majority of American anglers, probably because of the fact that it has not been exploited, as have been the more familiar resorts, both on this side of the line and in Canada. The Gatineau country is within easy reach of New York, via Ottawa, and the Ottawa, Northern & Western Railway, but after reaching the terminus of the latter, at Gracefield, some sixty miles to the north of Ottawa, the visitor, if he desires to fish the almost unknown lakes to the north, must rough it, so far as transportation goes; although, as a matter of fact, he can live very comfortably at the homes of settlers scattered here and there, or camp, according to his desire. But no matter which course he pursues, he is certain to find some of the most magnificent bass fishing in Canada.

I made the trip last summer in company with Chas. Genslinger, proprietor of the Hotel Cecil, Ottawa, and while I am an expert angler, as the term goes, my experience may prove of interest to those who have been looking for a region where fish exist in reality, and not altogether in the hotel and railway books. Leaving Ottawa one morning, a pleasant trip over the Ottawa, Northern & Western, brought the party, about noon, to Gracefield, the terminus at present, although the system is to be extended north in the near future. At Gracefield a local hotel keeper furnished what is known as an "express," but which is only an ordinary spring wagon, and at about 3 P. M. brought our party to the lower end of Blue Sea Lake, ten miles, more or less, distant from Gracefield. Blue Sea Lake some day will be a famous resort. It is an exquisite sheet of water, eight or nine miles long, dimpled with islands, and perfect in its present solitude. There are half a dozen settlers scattered the length of the lake, who, while they are not in the boarding house business, will accommodate fishermen with such as can be offered. But Blue Sea Lake was not the destination of our party. By previous arrangement our guide, who lived at the upper end of the lake, met the "express" and conveyed us to his home by boat. The weather was bad for fishing or anything else that after-

noon, but a dozen fine bass were taken on the trip up, trolling. As many more might have been secured, but the guide had been instructed to make speed and no particular attention was paid to the matter of fishing. Blue Sea Lake offers many beautiful spots for camping; and, in fact, it is to be the center some day of quite a summer colony. The superintendent of the Ottawa, Northern & Western, P. W. Reeseman, who is a New Yorker and one of the most energetic and able railway officials in Canada, hopes to provide a fine hotel at this point soon, for the influx of American visitors, which is certain to follow; and he has also planned to improve the facilities for reaching the upper Gatineau country. In the meantime, however, those who delight in fleeing from the tourist crowd can reach, in twenty-four hours from New York, a region as wild and primitive as any in Canada, and find fishing unsurpassed. The bass in Blue Sea Lake grow to large size, and 5 pounders are common to the expert angler.

Our party, as stated, did not spend any time on this lake. After a night at the house of the guide, Eachie, who has lived on the shores of the lake for years, a trip was taken the next morning to a small lake lying a mile or two to the east, which we were told offered chances for very large bass. And the information was correct. Mr. Genslinger and the writer caught in this little lake, nameless and unmapped, no less than twenty big bass in two hours' fishing. Several of these bass ran close to 4 pounds, two went several ounces over 5 pounds, and none were kept weighing less than 3 pounds. There are many other small lakes in the vicinity quite as good as the one visited; in fact, they ought to be better, for they are never fished, except by an occasional settler, or an Indian from the reservation to the north. It is rather difficult to reach some of these lakes, but to those who want wilderness fishing these waters can be recommended without qualification.

Following a prearranged programme, we left Eachie's in the late afternoon, via an "express" route through the woods and arrived at Maniwaki, a town of considerable pretensions, some thirty miles distant from Gracefield, in the evening. Here is a village far removed from railway travel, yet the scene of great activity from a trade standpoint. It is the base of supplies for the great lumber camps of the far north, it boasts of fine churches, schools, and one store, at least, which rivals those of the large cities. The town is the creation in part of the genius of the late Charles Logue, a very wealthy trader, whose business is now continued by his brother, Charles, an affable and cultured gentleman, who finds relaxation from the monotony of solitude in occasional trips to Europe. It was surprising to find in this town, remote from civilization, water works, acetylene gas, a hotel with porcelain bath tubs, and every evidence of a refined local life. The improvements are due to the Logue family, who own thousands upon thousands of acres of the surrounding farm and timber lands, and whose wealth is reckoned—but that has nothing to do with fishing.

The morning following our arrival found us flying behind Mr. Logue's magnificent private coach team toward Hardwood Lake, a beautiful sheet of water some fourteen miles to the east and north. This was our destination. Hardwood Lake is one of a chain of beautiful sheets of water that extend north and south for miles. The lake itself is leased by a number of residents of Maniwaki, from whom it is necessary to secure permission to fish. Even in that country of black bass it has a reputation for gamy fish, and it deserves it. Putting up at the farm house of Mr. John Kenny, a settler, we were, as events subsequently proved, in the center of the finest black bass fishing in all Canada. Hardwood Lake is seldom fished; many of the other lakes are virgin, except for occasional visits from the Indians, and on several no white man except the writer has ever wet a line. To detail the sport these lakes afford will not be attempted by one who does not claim expert ability in angling. But the plain truth is that the veriest tyro can here make a record in weight and number of bass if his conscience permits. Two hours' trolling any morning meant seventeen to twenty bass, and by bass two and three pounders are meant, as that was minimum weight agreed upon. There was nothing to do with the fish, when caught, and they were, with the exception of two or three, returned to the water as soon as brought to the canoe. What a "fish-hog" could do in these waters in the course of a week's work is a subject fearful to contemplate, and, it is hoped, one that will never have to be recorded as an actuality. Frequently, in paddling over the clear waters of these lakes, the writer has seen, on the bottom, dozens of bass of great size, and in reeling in one fish, it was not unusual to have several follow the unfortunate victim to the very landing net. Woe betide the frog that escapes from the bait bucket in a canoe on Hardwood Lake! His first jump into the lake is followed by a swirl in the water, the splash of a broad tail, and the disappearance of the frog down the throat of a hungry bass. This happened frequently, and again, when the hooked bass in his struggles to escape shot the bait half a dozen feet up the line, there was a race between several of his fellows in the water to secure the tid-bit. This may sound exaggerated, but it happened on more than one occasion during that week of splendid sport. Our party went out to break no records; we did not even see how many fish we could catch, and compromise with conscience by returning them to the water. It was quite sufficient to take the few we wanted, and that done, to spend the remainder of the day exploring the nooks and corners of the lakes, or in contemplation of the beautiful mountain scenery for which the region some day will be famous. The only "fish story" that I will attempt will be to say that on one pleasant afternoon, when the wind was right and conditions were otherwise favorable, I caught, in quick succession, three bass which tipped the scales at 5 pounds and—well, a few ounces—each. That was enough. There are many there which are larger, and it is my hope this year to make their acquaintance. If I don't, no matter; it is quite sufficient to know that they are there, and long life to them!

As to the matter of bait, we found small frogs good for trolling, and minnows, either live or artificial, a very tempting lure. But the bass are not capricious; they will

bite at anything, and as to gaminess, they are a revelation. The heavy bass that will not make three and four leaps high out of water, when permitted, is the exception, and the savage rushes and lunges that these denizens of the cold, springlike waters of the northern lakes indulge in, once hooked, are still a thrilling memory.

The country cannot be visited to best advantage unless previous arrangements have been made, and Mr. Reeseman, superintendent of the Ottawa, Northern & Western Railway, at Ottawa, or Mr. Genslinger, of the Hotel Cecil, himself an enthusiastic angler, should be consulted by intending tourists. The accommodations are primitive, and it is somewhat of a shock to the average city fisherman to find the women of the houses where he stops using spinning wheels, and to meet adults who have never seen a railway train, to whom the multiplying reel and the eight-ounce jointed rod are a mystery, and the little conveniences of modern life a sealed book. Yet they are intelligent, honest folk, hospitable, and in their simple, monotonous lives are working out the destiny of our sister nation. The pioneer of our own frontier lives again in these northern woods, and is the empire builder in the same sense that Daniel Boone and his contemporaries opened this continent for us.

In closing it is perhaps proper to say that the Gatineau country is the natural home of the red deer, and in the proper season furnishes sport beside which the hunting of the Adirondacks is tame, indeed.

C. A. HAZEN.

ANGLING NOTES.

Red Drum and Channel Bass.

MR. THOS. J. CONROY, of New York, writes me a letter from which I quote: "To settle at least twenty-five or thirty disputes I have had over my counter within the last week or so, will you, in your notes in FOREST AND STREAM, tell us about the channel bass? A man told me recently that the Aquarium here advertised the fish as a red drum or channel bass. You may remember that I asked you some time last year when you were in the store, and if I remember correctly you told me there was no red drum, but there was a black drum, but I was not positive enough to quote you in the matter. It is a fish that has been caught extensively along the New Jersey coast, and it will settle many disputes to decide what the fish is, and I will cut out your answer from FOREST AND STREAM and put it up here in the store where customers can see it."

Mr. Conroy must have misunderstood me, for I cannot think I would have said there was no red drum, for there is a red drum, and it is called channel bass, and it is the fish which he refers to.

It is more than possible that I said we had no black drums, for though there are two black, one is found off the coast of South America and the other off the coast of southern California, where it is known as red roncadore and also as black croacker, but as they are not found in Atlantic coast waters, it is quite likely I did say we did not have the black drum.

The red drum, or channel bass, *Sciaenops ocellatus* (Linn.), is a fish found on the coast from New York to Texas, and particularly in Florida and Texas, is highly regarded as a game fish and important as a food fish. Jordan and Evermann give its coloring: "Color grayish-silvery, iridescent, often washed with coppery red; each scale with a center of dark points, these forming rather obscure, irregular, undulating brown stripes along the rows of scales; a jet black ocellated spot about as large as eye at base of caudal above, this sometimes duplicated."

I noticed specimens of this fish at the New York Aquarium very lately, but do not recall the names, though Mr. Conroy's friend quotes them correctly.

Red Trout at Pan-American.

I have at last seen the red trout of Canada alive in water. It was only a week or so ago that I said something about this fish in reply to a correspondent, and then, if memory serves, mentioned that I had made two journeys to distant lakes in Canada to find them and had failed; but I saw them in the tanks of the United States Fish Commission exhibit at Buffalo. In another tank near by are saibling or golden trout from Averil Pond in Vermont, and these saibling have been pronounced identical with the Sunapee saibling of New Hampshire. Commissioner Titcomb wrote me on his return from Canada that he had eleven of the red trout, and later that two, the largest fish, had died. I found seven still alive when I reached Buffalo, and side by side it is no wonder that at first glance the red trout of Canada is taken to be the same as the Sunapee saibling; but it may be wondered in this month of July why the trout from Canada is called red trout. The most striking difference between the two fish is that the Canada trout has a forked tail and the Sunapee saibling a square tail, and the broad white marginal fins of the Sunapee fish are absent in the Canada fish, although the latter has a fine white line on margin of some of the fins, but entirely absent on the pectorals. In general appearance the two fish are very like in shape and coloring, slender bodies and olive-greenish backs, but no one would suspect that at spawning time the Canada fish puts on a color that rivals a sunset's glow and well entitles it to the name of red trout. As the two fish will later be described by an ichthyologist who has studied them more closely, with more specimens at his disposal, than any other man, I only call attention here to the fact that visitors to the exposition may see the fish for themselves and compare them as they swim in their respective tanks, and as the exhibit as a whole is the best that has ever been made at any exposition, it will be well worth visiting for features other than the living fish.

Michigan Grayling.

One of the tanks at the exhibit in the Government building contains some live grayling from Michigan, and it offers the only opportunity that many will have to see what has now come to be a rare fish. The practical extinction of the Michigan grayling followed so closely upon its discovery that I was surprised to find such fine examples of the fish at Buffalo. As all efforts to cultivate the grayling artificially were failures, the fish seemed to

be doomed from the very first, and the scores that anglers have made and published of grayling killed must now haunt their makers. To me the short history of the Michigan grayling borders on the pathetic. Possibly I have idealized the fish until it has become something more to me than a vertebrate with fins and scales, and fills the place of a martyr among fishes. Certainly I rejoice to find that there are still enough of the grayling left to make an exhibit at Buffalo, and this gives one faith to believe that there may be streams where one may yet entice a very few with the artificial fly and have the honor of catching one of the most shy and delicate of fishes, and then return it to the water.

A Working Fishway.

A most instructive exhibit in the collection of the U. S. Fish Commission is a working model of an improved Cail fishway, the improvements being made by Wm. H. von Bayer, engineer and architect of the United States Fish Commission. It is this pattern of fishway that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of New York is erecting in the Salmon River near Pulaski, to enable the salmon which were found there as the result of planting fry in the stream to find their way to the upper waters, from which they were barred by four dams. The model of the improved fishway demonstrates its practicability before the eyes of the visitors to the exposition. Young rainbow trout, as they are hatched and after the sac is absorbed, are placed in the water at the foot of the fishway and many make their way up through the fishway to the pool above it, and every morning they are returned to the pool at the foot, only to repeat the operation of ascending through the fishway, showing most conclusively that the fishway will perform what is claimed for it. It is a case of seeing is believing. There are many other features of the exhibit of the United States Commission worthy of extended notice at another time. A. N. CHENEY.

Tarpon Fishing.

TARPON, Texas, July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have looked in vain for an expression from the tarpon critics on the able paper of my friend Waddell on tarpon tackle. Though I claim the honor of being his pupil, I am not prepared to follow him to the full extent of his comprehensive outfit or to allow his paper to go unchallenged as a possible deterrent to those who may wish to try the sport.

I have read his paper with pride and profit. Having undertaken to give a list, he must be excused for being comprehensive, though he may have enumerated many things which under certain conditions would be cumbersome and unnecessary. In summer time especially there is no need of hunting coat or other heavy clothing. The lighter the latter the more comfortable. I prefer to get my feet wet occasionally to inclosing them in a pair of waders. No doubt Mr. Waddell and others who can frequently enjoy the sport as he does will find abundant use of everything in his list. My lot is to be content with a few weeks in the season with the tarpon, and I know of no more enjoyable or profitable manner of spending the short time that one can snatch from more serious affairs. My object on those occasions is to throw off all care and burden and to set out with rod and reel and small valise containing a few changes and a little tackle. I fear that Mr. Waddell's list, entailing an initial expense of two or three hundred dollars, would scare the average beginner. This I know was not intended, however, for when he furnished me with a list of the outfit necessary in my case, it consisted of a \$20 reel, a \$12 rod, a Hall line No. 27, a dozen Van Vleck hooks and three dozen large barrel swivels; and with these I was content, until I saw his list and Mr. W. B. Leach's outfit, from which I propose to cull for future use—a small vise, some strong wire, wire cutter, a pair of flat pincers, a pair of round pincers, a file, a screw driver, an oiler, a sheet of emery paper and some old line. This, with my present outfit, is all that is necessary, in my estimation, for a pleasant outing.

I am glad Mr. Waddell has called attention to the fact that tarpon tackle is too light. In nineteen days and a half that I fished this summer, I broke the wire snell six or seven times; the Van Vleck hook three times; in ten days that I was compelled to use the 27 Hall line it broke three times. The balance of the time I used a Hall 37 with entire satisfaction. It is very discouraging to lose so many of the largest and most coveted fish of one's catch. Judging from the number of complaints that I have heard from all sides, even this is not a fair average of the loss occasioned by light tackle. I wish the manufacturers would take the matter into consideration and furnish a stronger article to those who desire it. The manufacturers, however, are not entirely to blame; some men will not use heavy tackle, and we are all apt to compare the lightness of our tackle with the weight and strength of the fish, paying thereby an indirect compliment to our own skill.

I have not seen Mr. Waddell's paper on where to fish. I trust he has not slighted Aransas Pass. I can give no opinion on its relative merits, having no experience anywhere else, but from what I have heard and seen, few places, if any, would have furnished me the sport that it has this season. In nineteen days and a half I landed fifty-eight tarpon, four sharks, eight jackfish and two Jewfish without any extra skill or other advantage over the ordinary every-day amateur. I never enjoyed such recreation. To my mind it is the pink of perfection. I don't know where to go nor what to do to improve on it. If you add to the above the balmy sea air and an occasional bath in the surf, it would be difficult to surpass it.

Now let me say a word in behalf of the tarpon himself. I have heard a great deal of discussion in regard to the fate of those landed on the beach. I incline to the opinion of the majority, who hold that they invariably die or are devoured by the sharks. I am inclined to think so, because of the number cast upon the shore, and because of the thumping they give their heads on the ground occasionally, causing blood to flow from the mouth. So dazed are they when returned that they cannot make their way to deep water; the boatman has generally to steer them out. Frequently they float on their backs as long as

they are in sight. Fish that are intended to be returned should not be landed on the beach. The hook should be taken from them at the end of the boat in deep water. I have done it and have seen it done in this way. When the fish is ready to land he is reeled in to the end of the boat. Then the boatman takes his gaff, passes back and holding the snell with the left hand passes the point of the gaff through the thin skin under the tongue and immediately behind the lower jaw and jabs it against the boat. Here it is easily held by the fisherman until the hook is removed. Then the boatman takes the gaff again, estimates the length and weight of the fish and sets it free. Compare the fate of this fish with the one landed on the beach and you can readily see that his chances for life are a thousand to one. In fact, except for the exhaustion of the struggle, which a few hours' rest will dispel, and a small hole in his mouth, which closes immediately that the gaff is removed, and which in a few days will heal up, he is just as he was before he struck for the bait. My boatman at first protested that this could not be done, but after a little patient coaching he was delighted to find that it could be, and frequently in half the time that it would take to land the fish on the beach.

If I have hereby obtained for the silver king at the hands of his friends more humane treatment, of which, indeed, he is so worthy, and encouraged others to try this most enjoyable and beneficial recreation, and pleased my friend Waddell, I feel grateful for having done through your good will what I set out to accomplish.

M. J. O'DWYER.

Brown Trout in the Adirondacks.

BOONVILLE, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent remarkable catch of a 5-pound trout in the waters of Mill Creek, a stream flowing through this village, and which has yielded a most prolific supply of small trout for the last century, has created no little excitement among local anglers. The creek runs into the northerly part of the village from the west and flows in an easterly direction, being one of the many tributaries of Black River, some three miles distant. In wet seasons the waters of the stream turn the wheels of a half dozen mills located in the village, but the greater part of the year the waters are shallow, especially so in the summer months. There has been no stocking of the stream for the last ten years, but catches of trout of a pound weight are not infrequent, though the average weight of those caught does not exceed 4 ounces. The largest brook trout taken from the stream heretofore weighed 2¾ pounds.

For several years anglers have brought home well filled baskets, but always with the doubtful tale of the big fellow that got away. The big fellow referred to above was captured by Dr. Webster S. Seavey, of this village, last Friday afternoon. Out of a cold spring hole he drew him with a 7-ounce rod, leading him into shallow water and drawing him thence to the shore. The bait used was an ordinary minnow. Many persons viewed the prize, which was caught forty rods east of the corporate limits of the village. Various opinions were expressed as to the variety of the trout caught. Dr. Seavey claimed it to be a speckled or brook trout, but other well-known anglers insist that it was a hybrid. The weight of the fish was 5 pounds, and length 25½ inches. It had the appearance of having been hooked in the mouth several times, the upper jaw being out of shape, and with no teeth on the left side. The upper jaw from the corner of the mouth was ½ inch shorter than the lower, the latter measuring 4 inches. The trout was of a dark color, with large red spots on sides and dark yellowish specks about the head and back, the red spots appearing on about two-thirds of the distance between head and tail. The flesh was pink in color, firm and of good flavor; in fact, similar in appearance and taste to a brook trout. It is possible that the trout at some season of high water had come up Mill Creek Stream from Balck River, and remained in the shallow waters to baffle the efforts of the many anglers who frequent the prolific waters in which it was caught.

FRANCIS A. WILLARD.

[The fish described by Mr. Willard, and of which he sends a photograph, is the brown trout of Europe, introduced into this country, and often incorrectly called German brown trout, and by the U. S. Fish Commission called Von Bahr trout, after the distinguished German who early sent the eggs to this country. A mark by which the brown trout (*Salmo fario*) can always be recognized is a pink spot on the adipose fin, for no other trout has it.]

About "Giving It Away."

ST. PAUL, Minn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your remarks about giving away the good fishing spots to the outside world lead up to the practice of secretiveness in fishermen. The man who as a rule can keep a secret will suffer the tortures of a Byrnes third degree, and come out with the secret of his favorite trout stream or bass lake entombed in his breast. I think there are some fishermen who would be shot first before they would divulge the whereabouts of their particular stream. Well, in all this I presume there is the natural principle of keeping what you have. A miner would not proclaim to the world his newly found pay gravel or rich outcropping until his claim had been entered and duly filed, giving him exclusive ownership. Now the fisherman as a rule does not own his stream, and when he finds a stream back in the wilderness choked with big trout, why, he keeps as still as death about it, trusting that no one may find it out and thus will the stream remain undisturbed until a year hence.

And here is where the art of medicine differs from the art of fishing. If the physician finds some new remedy of greater service than any heretofore known, he tells his brother practitioners all about it, so humanity can be helped. Not so the angler. When he makes a discovery he keeps it to himself and sees that the rest of fishing humanity do not "get on to it."

But I have never yet found a good spot but I was willing to let the other fellow know about it, be it lake or stream—a foolish thing to do in the opinion of many, but nevertheless I have so done.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

They Got Muscallunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 3.—One of the most successful muscallunge parties to leave Chicago this summer was that engineered by Mr. W. T. Davis, of Chicago, representative of the Kansas City Star, which party has but recently returned from the Manotowish chain of Wisconsin. The party, as made up, was something of a family affair, Mr. Davis being accompanied by his daughter and son, Mr. Budke, of St. Louis, taking along his family, and there being also in the party the Misses Caldwell, Miss Lulu Perkins, Miss Flossie Cowgill, Miss Susie Thompson and Miss Lucas, Dick Brandon, of Lord & Thomas; Mr. George Williams and Mr. John Walker, completed the list. The party made a stay of three weeks, driving seven miles from Manotowish Station to Rest Lake, and then going up the river to Manotowish Lake. They comprised, it is true, quite a number of rods, and had several days of fishing, but the results seem to be better than those of any other party that has been in there this season.

The largest fish weighed 25 pounds, and was taken by Miss Cowgill, a lady who had never before wet a fish line in all her life. She had been fishing but a short time before this fish struck, and naturally had rather an interesting time for a while. Mr. Brandon was in the boat at the time with Miss Cowgill, and in attempting to gaff the 'lunge got it only part way inboard, and then told the guide to row ashore. At this moment the fish struggled and broke away from the gaff, going again into the water for a little run. Fortunately the hooks still held, and the 'lunge was finally boated and secured.

Mr. Davis himself was fortunate in taking a fish weighing 24½ pounds, although it was 3½ inches longer than that taken by Miss Cowgill, which fish, although heavier, measured but 44½ inches, whereas that taken by Mr. Davis ran 48 inches full. Mr. Budke had several nice 'lunge, his largest being 43 inches in length and weighing 20 pounds. Miss F. Caldwell killed one handsome fish of 40 inches length and 16 pounds weight, and Miss Lucas took one weighing 12 pounds. Mr. Davis' son, F. G. Davis, killed a handsome 'lunge of 16 pounds, and different members of the party had fish of 10, 11 or 12 pounds. At one time this party, or rather three boats of the party, came down in front of the hotel at the same time, and each boat was playing a muscallunge. Fishing of this kind is not ordinary in these days on our muscallunge waters. It is thought that the water in the river was getting a little low, as the dam was open, and that the fish were just beginning to be uneasy and were moving back into the lake. The party were delighted with their trip, and purpose repeating it next year. Mr. Davis, who is the best fellow in the world among those good fellows, the newspaper men, gets up one of these big parties nearly every year. Dick Brandon, of Lord & Thomas, went along to tell them how to fish for muscallunge, and he seems to have been about the only one in the outfit who did not get any good muscallunge. Such is life.

The Waterville Bullheads.

The howl which recently arose from the village of Waterville, Minn., at the cutting off of their ancient bull-head privileges by the State Fish Commission, has resulted rather unexpectedly in favor of the bullhead-infested community. After a long and hot argument before the State Fish Commission, where a delegation of the citizens of Waterville presented a petition for relief from the too numerous numbers of bullheads, the Commission finally granted permission to the citizens of Waterville to resume their former industry of shipping bullheads, this industry, however, to be carried on only under a special bullhead inspector. Mr. L. L. Blair, of Waterville, has been appointed to this onerous position and will receive his pay from the citizens. The latter claim that they ship \$1,200 worth of bullheads every month, and submit that the State Fish Commission will cost the life of every able-bodied citizen of Waterville unless the latter be permitted to continue in their favorite calling of shipping this succulent product.

Western Men on the Cascapedia.

Messrs. Watts Humphreys and C. E. Davis, of Saginaw, are just back from ten days' fishing on the Cascapedia River. Mr. Humphreys had the good fortune to kill two handsome salmon, and to raise three others. This was unexpected luck, for the salmon season was practically over. The gentlemen went for the trout fishing and had magnificent success. The largest trout taken was 5½ pounds, but each had many which ran from 4 to 4¾ pounds. These gentlemen were guests of Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, who in the following week will probably send down to his lodge on the Cascapedia his friends, Major Lyons and wife, also of Saginaw. Mr. Mershon will hardly be able to attend his guests, a multitude of business engagements making this impossible.

Must Not Seine.

Mr. Nat H. Cohen, President of the Illinois Fish Commission, issued the following notice regarding the observance of the new Illinois fish law, for which as great publicity as possible is requested:

"The Board of Fish Commissioners have instructed the various fish wardens of the State to prosecute all persons seining or netting fish in the rivers of the State and other waterways which are not used for commercial navigation. This action of the board is taken under Section 1 of the act of 1899, still in force, according to the following opinion by one of the most eminent attorneys of the State:

"The act of May 11, 1901, prohibits all kinds of fishing except with hook and line between the 15th day of April and the 1st day of August, and for bass, pike and pickerel at all times, except with hook and line. The provisions of this act leave in full force and effect the provisions of Section 1 of the act of June 11, 1897, prohibiting fishing at other times, except in accordance with the provisions of that act, and it is therefore lawful between the 1st day of August and the 15th day of April to seine with meshes not less than 2 inches square in the waters of the State used for commercial navigation."

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following are the records of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club on the date of July 27, also for the re-entry events of July 13 and July 27. The next contest of the club will be held on Aug. 10.

	Long Distance Fly. Feet.	Accuracy and Delicacy.		Bait Casting Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait. Per Cent.
		Per Cent.	Per Cent.		
H. H. Ainsworth.....	80	90 5-6	90 1-2
I. D. Belasco.....	88	88 1-3	97
I. H. Bellows.....	104	92 2-3	94 1-5
L. I. Blackman.....	80 9-10
Re-entry, July 13:					
Bellows	110	95 1-6	89 3-10	97 1-6	..
Bellows	94 2-3
Belasco	92	84	88 1-2	94 2-3	..
Belasco	90 1-6
Blackman	91	81 1-6	..
Blackman	89 9-10	72 2-3	..
Church	85	..	72 2-3	93 1-3	..
Robinson	85 9-10	88 1-6	..
Smith	97	92 1-6	97 5-6	95 5-6	..
Smith	94 1-6
Letterman	90	..	76 1-10	89	..
Salter	84 4-10	96 1-2	..
Peet	106	95 1-2
Peet	97 2-3
H. G. Hascall.....	99	93 2-3	96 4-5
N. C. Heston.....	80	90 2-3	93 4-5
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	84 7-10
E. R. Letterman.....	85 3-5
F. N. Peet.....	103	95	91 9-10
H. W. Perce.....	78	89 1-3	93 1-10
J. F. Robertson.....	65 3-10
C. B. Robinson.....	87 1-5
A. C. Smith.....	102	92 1-2	94 4-5
F. S. Smith.....	76 8-10
Re-entry, July 27:					
Hascall	93 5-6
Perce	88 1-2

Winning scores: Long distance fly, I. H. Bellows, 104 feet; accuracy and delicacy fly, F. N. Peet, 95 per cent.; bait-casting, I. D. Bellows, 97 per cent.

Got Some Rainbow.

Mr. H. G. Hascall, one of the most enthusiastic anglers for the rainbow trout which we can furnish in Chicago, is recently back from a successful trip on the Pere Marquette River of Michigan. He had some splendid fish, one running over 3 pounds, and is as enthusiastic as ever over the magnificent sport furnished by this fish. The rainbow trout is certainly coming up very rapidly in the opinion of Chicago anglers.

The St. Joe as a Bass Stream.

Everybody in Chicago knows where the St. Joe River is. Its name in full is the St. Joseph River, and it flows into Lake Michigan well toward its foot, opposite Chicago. This is the stream which was formerly ascended by the voyageurs who reached the Mississippi by way of the Illinois and the Kankakee, the portage being near South Bend, Ind. The St. Joseph River is a clear and bright stream, and has always been a good bass water, although punished hard enough by local and visiting anglers. Flowing into Lake Michigan, it no doubt receives a great many of its fish from that lake, which, contrary to the understanding of many anglers, still contains a good many black bass, although no one fishes for black bass in Lake Michigan. Mr. F. N. Peet and a friend returned last week from a bass trip on the St. Joe, and they report very fine sport indeed, killing a couple of dozen of nice bass each day they fished. They used spoon hook and pork rind for bait, and found the fish eager and gamy, taking many bass over 3 pounds, and some between 4 and 5 pounds. They describe the river itself as being lovely as an angling stream. They took boat at the station on the Michigan Central Railroad, which is located at the St. Joe crossing, and thence ran down stream in that most delightful of all angling fashions, drifting with the current.

Death of Mr. Woodford.

Mr. Philip R. Woodford, generally known among Chicago sportsmen as Phil Woodford, died this week at his country home in Glencoe. Mr. Woodford for many years was director of the Wells-Nellegar Co., wholesale hardware dealers, and had always a great deal of fondness for the sporting goods department of the trade. He was a lover of the sport of upland and marsh, as well as an enthusiastic hunter of big game, and an angler of skill. More than all this, he was a man of that big and broad nature which is so often found among sportsmen, a lovable and unselfish soul, and withal one much to be missed by his many friends.

Cannot Sue a State.

Game Dealer E. W. Davis, of Detroit, Minn., during the former administration of Executive Agent Betner, got a judgment against the State of Minnesota for \$100, with costs of \$81. The suit was brought on account of seizures of game in the northern part of Minnesota, which Davis claimed, and apparently proved, were made illegally. Now Mr. Davis wants his \$100 and costs, and inasmuch as the matter was about game, he writes to the present executive agent, Mr. S. F. Fullerton, to pay to him the \$100 and costs. Mr. Fullerton has referred the matter to the Attorney-General, who advises Mr. Davis that the State cannot be sued, and that his judgment is not worth the paper on which it is written on the docket. Mr. Fullerton has also advised Mr. Davis in accordance with the foregoing decision. He has suggested to Mr. Davis that he levy on the Attorney-General himself or the person of the Governor of the State, or take such action as may seem to him desirable in the premises. It would seem that there are certain advantages in being a State which can sue and cannot be sued.

New Minnesota Hatchery.

Work was commenced this week on the Willow Brook State fish hatchery, near St. Paul, Minn., which, when completed, is to be one of the most complete hatcheries in the country. There is abundance of clear, cold water for this hatchery, and the location is perfect. It is thought that the construction will be completed by November. The State Fish Commission has in the lower pond at present about 6,000 steelhead and rainbow trout, and about 1,500 black bass in the upper pond. The new ponds which will be constructed will hold much greater numbers of graded fish. The grounds about the buildings will be parked and well cared for, so that the entire hatchery grounds will form a most beautiful and pleasant place for visitors.

Will Take Sooners' Wagons.

It was the State of Minnesota that inaugurated the somewhat drastic but very effective protective measure of confiscating the dogs and guns of sooners caught in the act of hunting before the opening of the season. This year the Commission has decided upon yet more herodian measures. They have decided that if a party is caught shooting birds out of season, not only the dogs and guns will be taken from them, but also the wagons in which they are traveling. The same rule will be applied to any big-game shooters. Dogs, guns, boats and entire camp outfit, even provisions, and horses and wagons, will be seized by the warden. This will certainly make times mighty interesting for the sooners who go out to kill chickens in the egg shell or deer in the red coat.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Sea Trout of Canada.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Hallock's Sportsmen's Gazetteer is a description given by me of a forked-tail speckled trout, found in a little mountain lake called Coon Pond, in the eastern townships of Canada. I have recently caught this same variety of trout in Lake Manitou some sixty miles north of Montreal. These fish do not run large, seldom over a pound in weight. They are a slim, forked-tail trout, dark back, silver sides, white belly, with a fine but sharply defined jet black lateral line running from the tail to the gills. On each side of this line are several rows of light colored spots about the size of a small pea, while near the tail these spots are oblong in shape. There are also a few—very few—faint crimson spots on the fish, and numerous black spots about the size of a pinhead.

These fish are called by the natives white trout, and are as gamy as possible for a fish of that size to be. It is a favorite trick when hooked to roll themselves up in the casting line and tear the fly out of their mouth. Early in the season they were caught with bait, but after the middle of May they rose freely to the fly. The Montreal and white-miller are the favorites.

The water of Lake Manitou is cold and deep, and also contains the ordinary *S. fontinalis*. The fins of this white trout were when seen, about June 1, tinged with red.

The Coon Pond trout spawned after the ice had formed late in December, and I presume that the Manitou fish spawn at the same season.

Kindly place this fish for us.

STANSTEAD.

After reading Stanstead's description of the forked-tail trout I naturally turned first to Hallock's Gazetteer for the description of the forked-tailed trout from Coon Pond, but do not find it in my copy, which is the fifth edition, printed in 1879. I will be glad if Stanstead will give me the page on which mention is made of the fish he calls the Coon Pond trout. I am strongly inclined to believe this trout from Lake Manitou is the "sea trout of Canada," about which I have written in this paper on several occasions.

My first introduction to the "sea trout" came from a specimen sent to me by Mr. J. G. A. Creighton, from Ottawa, though the fish itself came from Lac de Marbre, in Ontario. This fish was pronounced by Prof. Garman a new species, and I was asked to name it, and did name it after Mr. Marston. Other specimens were sent to me and spoiled en route. I made two journeys in search of red trout in Canada, and the fish turned out to be male *fontinalis* in breeding colors, although in each instance it was promised that I would see a "red trout" with forked tail. Finally specimens came to me (also spoiled) from a new region, the Fourile Club waters. Then they were found in St. Bernard Club waters. Really, to be correct, I think they were discovered in these waters before they were found in any other waters, except it be Lac de Marbre. Specimens were sent from there again and again, chiefly to be spoiled on the way; but last winter Mr. Simpson, who has a preserve adjoining the St. Bernard Club waters, brought six fine specimens to me, and I got them off within an hour of their receipt to Prof. Garman, and I wired to Denton to go to Cambridge and paint them. This he did, and I received colored drawings of the young and adult.

Last fall Commissioner Titcomb, of Vermont, went to the Simpson preserve to hatch the fish artificially, and again this year to fish for them for the Pan-American Exposition. He was successful; the fish are now alive in the fish exhibit, Government Building, Buffalo. The fish that Denton painted will make an automobile shy and jump the fence should it meet them on the turnpike, and one never need to ask why they are called red trout, once the picture is exhibited. It must be remembered that Denton's paintings are of breeding fish in November. The paintings will be reproduced in the Fifth Annual Report of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission of the State of New York. Prof. Garman will have a specific description of the fish, and Commissioner Titcomb will have a popular article. Prof. Garman has not yet given out his final opinion of the red trout, for which he has compared them with the big specimens of the Sunapee saibling and the Aviril Pond saibling, the same species. He wished small immature Sunapee fish for comparison before finally describing them. Stanstead's description of spawning time, appearance and habits fit the red trout in all particulars, except the deep red coloring, and that is peculiar only to spawning times, so that it is more than likely that his trout is the red or Marston trout.

A. N. CHENEY.

Fyke Nets in Rockaway Pond.

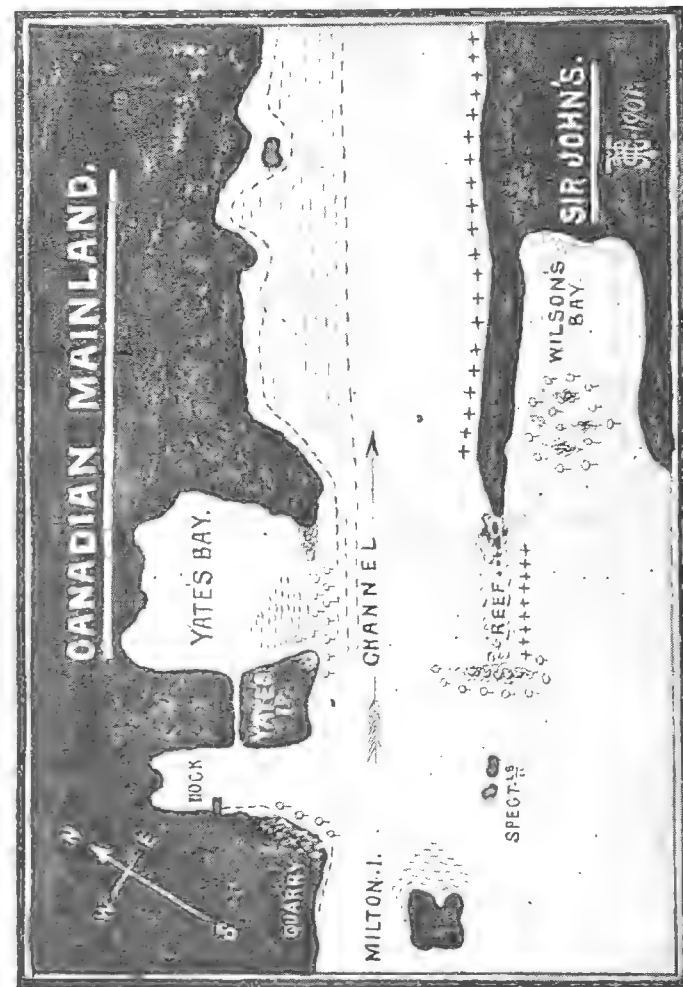
STATE GAME PROTECTOR OVERTON, of Suffolk county, N. Y., has been called into Nassau county to stop illegal fyke netting in the East Rockaway Pond. After spending several days and nights there, he succeeded in securing evidence sufficient to arrest Wm. Webster, John B. Smith and Peter Terrell. The two former pleaded guilty last Tuesday when arraigned before Justice Hawkins, of Lynbrook, and the justice let them off upon the minimum fine of \$10 each. Terrell has elected to stand trial, and will probably have to pay much more.

Two Weeks Among the Thousand Islands.—III.

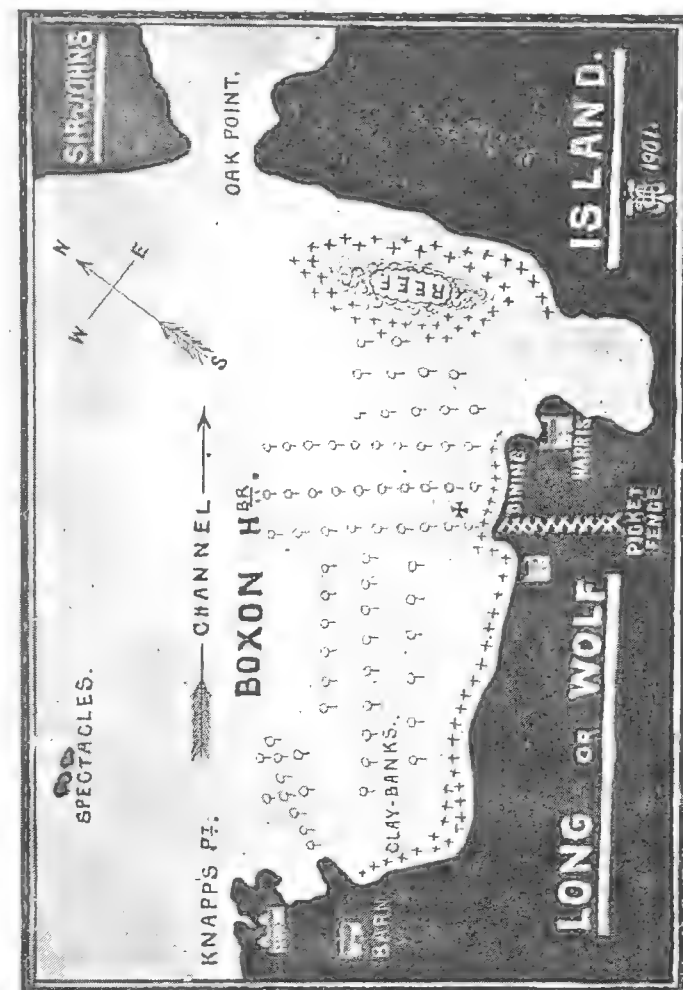
(Continued from page 87.)

Ninth Day—Yates' Bay and Surroundings.

THIS water lies about a couple of miles above the back of Sir John's. We get up at Foley's, have an early breakfast and start for Yates' Bay. The angler can either make straight for the bay, under sail, if the wind is favorable, or he can row and troll along the Canadian mainland. It is good fishing for pickerel all the way. Yates' Bay is a mighty good piece of water. Every year a number of muscallonge are taken from it; they are generally taken just off the smooth rock at the lower outer point. About a mile above there is another bay. Muscallonge are often taken alongside the quarry; the water is deep close up to shore. Just across the channel is Milton's Island, at the foot of which is a small flat, a



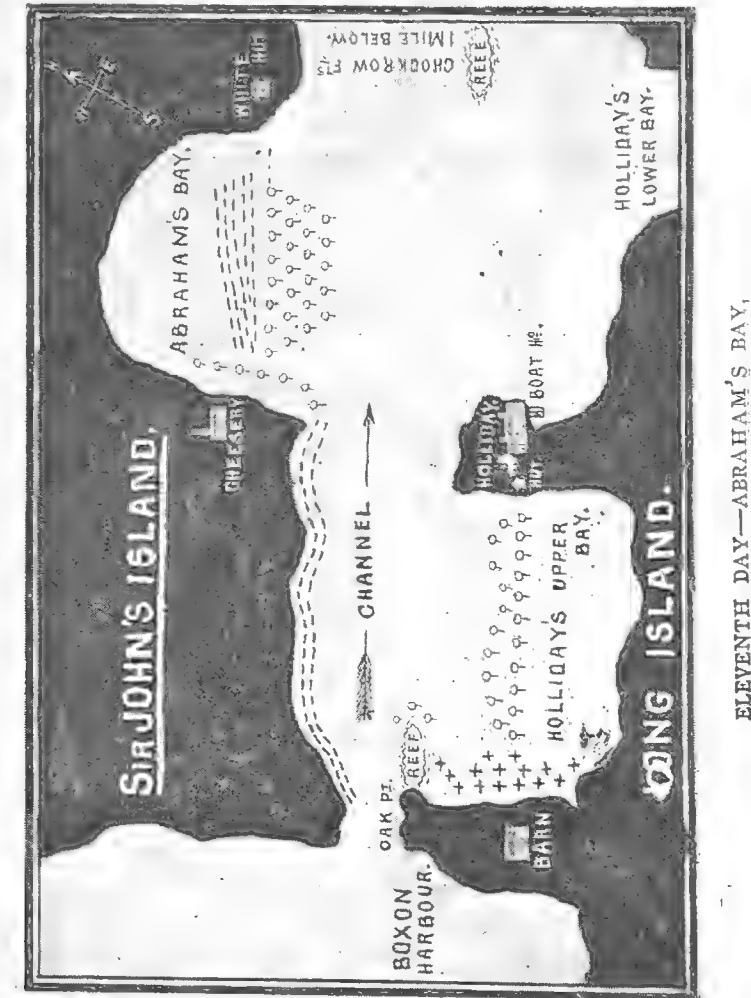
great place for large pickerel of 12 or 15 lbs. The choicest bit of muscallonge water in the River St. Lawrence now before the fisherman; but it requires locating, as it is the end of the reef running out from Sir John's. At the end there is a cross-reef forming the letter T. You can either strike the reef and follow it out to the end, two miles from the head of the island, or you can locate



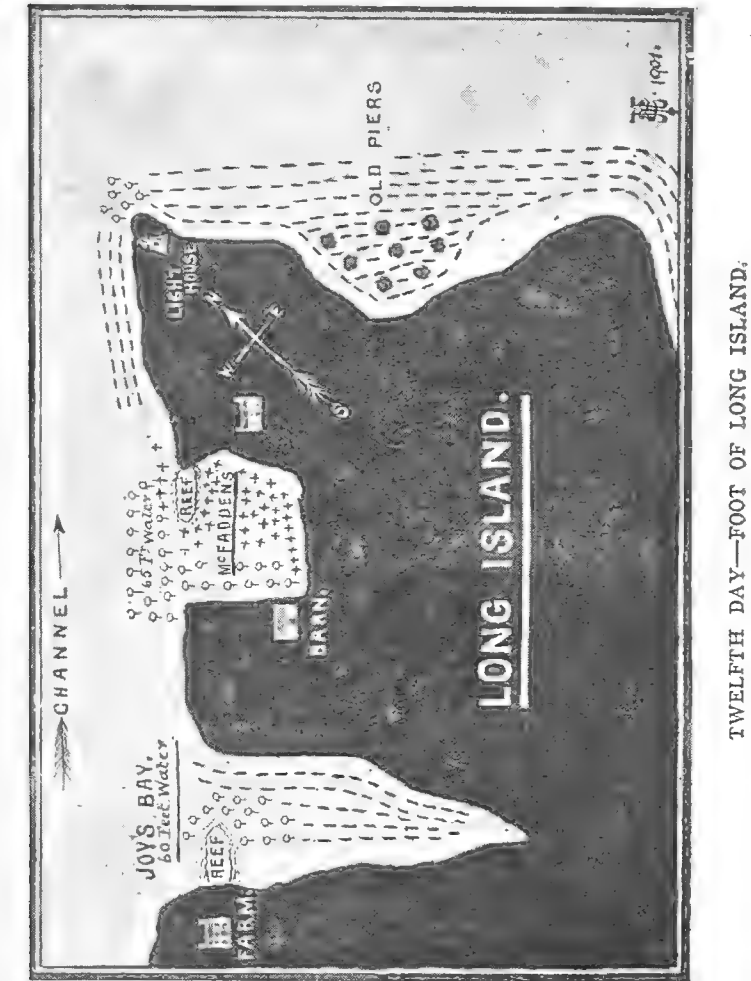
it by bringing the church spire on Sir John's Island in line with the point on the one hand and directly looking up the valley at the back of Yates' Island on the other. The cross reef lies in about 16 ft. of water, and is the home of some mighty monsters—in fact, some of the largest fish ever taken out of the St. Lawrence have been taken from this reef, and we believe never a small one. It is also a great bass reef. On one occasion we were fishing it for bass and catching them just as fast as we could tire them out on a very light rod and tackle. All at once this ceased, there was not a bite, and directly the head of a muscallonge showed above water. We lifted anchor, put out our trolling rigs and in half an hour were playing a pair that scaled 34 and 35 lbs. each. Half an hour after we got them into the boat and the place had quieted down again, the bass came on and remained feeding in first-class style until we had got all we wanted. Wilson's Bay sometimes yields some very fine fish, both pickerel and muscallonge.

Tenth Day—Boxon Harbor.

After fishing the reef at the head of Sir John's, we can go up to Knapp's Point and stay the night there, with fair recommendation, go over to Harris' with but poor accommodation, but close to our ground, or go back to Foley's and make an early start in the morning for Boxon Harbor, the old stand-by for muscallonge. The principal grounds in Boxon Harbor are just above Harris', known to the guides as "off the dining grounds." There is quite a large weed bed running from shore out to the channel; it is around and across this weed bed that the bulk of the muscallonge are taken. At the end of the dining grounds is a picket fence. In a direct line with this fence, about 100yds. out, is a deep hole, the bottom of which is covered with boulders and weeds. This hole is the best spot in Boxon Harbor. Another good spot is at the upper end, around two clumps of weeds. Bring the barn on the shore in line with the point, and row out half a mile; you will then strike the first clump of weeds; the second lies a couple of hundred



yards further on and a little to the right. These clumps of weeds are great spots for muscallonge. We have mentioned two spots in Boxon Harbor, but that does not take in all the fishing; in fact, muscallonge are annually taken all over the bay; but most come from the places mentioned. As a bass ground Boxon Harbor has but few equals. Commencing in under Knapp's Point, along



the clay banks, and all the way down to Harris', is excellent ground. Just inside Oak Point, alongside the neck of land, is a long, wide reef in about 8 to 10 ft. of water. When the bass are on the reef no one needs to go any further than this reef for all the bass he wants to catch. But it is quite a common thing on this reef to have a muscallonge dispute your right to the game even after you have hooked it. The largest muscallonge we ever got hold of in Boxon Harbor was in this way: We were trolling along the reef when a bass took the spoon; when within 15 ft. of the boat the musky took the bass. We let him have it and after 15 minutes gave him a good, rattling strike. This bait weighed close on 5 lbs.

Eleventh Day—Abraham's Bay and Surroundings.

In this day's fishing we have some thoroughly good bits of water and a great deal only medium. We will commence at Holliday's Upper Bay, directly on the other

side of Oak Point. From the point a reef runs down. At the point of the reef is a bit of muscallonge water. On the inside of this reef, and all along the shore, is a bit of good bass ground. Some distance on there is a barn to be seen; take this barn as a starting point and bring in line the little hut showing amongst the trees on Holliday's Point. This run is the only bit of good muscallonge water in the bay, although they are occasionally taken on the outside of this line.

We will now go back to Oak Point and troll down along the shore of Sir John's; it is good pickerel ground all the way. Just opposite Holliday's Point is the celebrated water known as Abraham's Bay. It is only a small place, but has produced a vast number of muscallonge, and some bouncers at that. There are two runs in this bay:

First—From the upper point along the shore down to the cheeseery; the boat should run about 60 ft. from shore, just where the weeds join the bouldery bottom. Most of the big fish come from this run.

Second—Take the little white hut on the lower point and bring in line the upper point. Just about the center of the mouth of the bay is a large, deep weed bed. This is the spot where you may expect to find them. It is as well to try all the way out to the channel from the mouth of the bay, as often a big fellow is found lurking around outside of the weed bed.

Twelfth Day—Foot of Long Island.

From Abraham's Bay we will cross the channel and strike Long Island again. About a couple of miles down is Joy's Bay, a deep piece of water. From the upper point, where there is a farm house, a large reef runs out. All around the point of this reef is muscallonge ground, and many a fine one has been carried home to Clayton from here. The bay itself is full of large pickerel. About a mile below Joy's Bay is McFadden's Bay. At the lower point a reef runs up all around, and inside of this reef is a bass ground. Outside of the reef is a flat in 70 to 75 ft. of water. It is always questionable what you will get from this flat. We have taken a couple of 35-pounders from it one day; 14 pickerel another, every one over 10 pounds and the largest 16 pounds; again we have trolled it without getting a strike of any description. This flat continues in alongside the upper shores and 20 feet from shore it is 50 feet deep. One of the largest muscallonge ever taken at the Thousand Islands was taken in the corner of the bay, 50 feet from the barn; it went something over 60 pounds, as well as we can recollect. At the foot of the island there is good pickerel fishing among the old piers. At the Light House point there is always the possibility of a muscallonge.

We have now given twelve charts and twelve days' fishing, but two months could be well spent at these grounds.

We have given them as following each other; but circumstances might suggest alterations in the rotation of fishing. For instance, if a nice southerly breeze were blowing on the second or third day we would hoist sail and make either Boxon Harbor, Abraham's Bay or back of Sir John's. As winds are variable, we should avail ourselves of the wind, and take the ground it would carry us to. You would then arrive with a guide fresh and ready for work, instead of one who has spent half a day's energy in getting there.

J. CHURCHWARD.

Cocagne River Trout.

MONCTON, N. B.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have in our neighborhood a stream known as the Cocagne River, emptying into the Straits of Northumberland. Years ago this was a famous sea trout river, but the erection of a saw mill and dam at the tideway prevented the trout from ascending the stream; but quantities are still to be caught at the foot of the dam as large as two pounds in weight, and there are plenty of small trout to be caught on any part of the stream above the dam, but these rarely exceed half a pound in weight, the greater number being mere fingerlings.

The river is some twenty miles in length and is well shaded, running almost its entire length through unsettled land. Within twelve miles of the city there is a stretch of natural meadow of two or three miles through which the river flows, forming splendid pools and still-waters of an average depth of 4 feet, and in the deeper holes perhaps 8 feet of water may be found. Most of these pools are well shaded with alders and birch. I understand that it was at this meadow that the best fishing was to be had fifty years ago, before the dam was erected.

The distance from this point to the head of the tide where the saw mill is situated is about ten or twelve miles. A year or two ago a driving dam was put in a short distance below the meadow referred to, and helps to deepen the water at this point.

The dam is only used in the spring to assist in driving the lumber, and this lumber is always out long before the sea trout strike in. There is no sawdust in the stream or tideway. The mill at tideway is the only one on the river, and of late years has been run by steam power, the dam being only used to form a pond for log booming purposes.

The height of the saw mill dam is about 15 feet, and the driving dam is some 8 feet high. We are thinking of putting fishways in both of these dams, and I shall be obliged for your opinion as to the best fishway for our purpose, and also whether you think the fish will return to their old haunts if thus enabled to do so. If sea trout spawn were put in the stream at the meadow referred to do you think the fish will return to this portion of the stream after they have visited the salt water?

The small trout in the stream are apparently the same stock as the sea trout. Do they go over the dams and are unable to return, or will they not grow any larger than the size mentioned, say half pound in these waters?

J. W. Y. S.

To begin with, the ordinary sea trout of Canada is the common brook trout (*fontinalis*), which has acquired a sea-going habit, and while at sea and on its return journey to fresh water has a silvery livery overlying its spots and spangles, but this silvery coat wears off after the fish has

been for a time in fresh water again. This fish has a square tail, whether it is for a time sea trout or common brook trout. There is another sea trout, also a char, found in the Trinity and other rivers, which has no spots, and has a slightly forked caudal fin. This may be the Greenland char (*Stagnates*), or the Arctic char (*S. alpinus arcturus*), but in all probability the sea trout of the Cocagne River is the common brook trout that has been to sea for change of food. The building of fishways in the dams that have shut the trout out of their original habitat will without doubt restore the fish to their accustomed haunts and breeding places, and it will not be necessary to plant the sea trout above the dams after the fishways are constructed, for they will very naturally seek the upper waters of the stream through the fishways.

The Rogers fishway is a most excellent fishway, and it accomplishes its purpose. In fact, the most timid of fishes, the shad, will pass through a Rogers fishway, and where a shad will go any fish will go. The Rogers fishway would cost, approximately, \$3,500 in a dam 15 feet high, but specifications might change these figures somewhat. The improved Cail fishway is of a different construction, and costs less for its erection. The improvements are those made by the engineer of the U. S. Fish Commission, Mr. Von Bayer. The State of New York is now erecting Cail fishways in the Salmon River for the passage of salmon, and when they are completed I will say more about them.

A. N. C.

Boston Anglers.

BOSTON, Aug. 5.—An Allen's Mills, Me., report gives the taking of a salmon of 12 pounds weight. The fish was 30 inches long, and was taken by Mr. F. B. Morgan, of East Orange, N. J. This is a remarkable fish for Clearwater Pond, considering that these waters have been stocked with landlocked salmon only a few years.

The Megantic Preserve management is after the person or persons guilty of killing a deer on their lands this summer; also a moose, that has been found dead in the woods. A reward of \$50 is offered. L. O. Crane, who is still summering there, with Mrs. Crane, writes that the fishing is holding out remarkably well in Big Island and other ponds. Salmon fishing is promising great things, the way restocking and protection is being carried out. The recent cooler weather has helped the fly-fishing at Moosehead Lake. Good black bass and white perch fishing are still reported from Lake Pushaw, near Bangor. At Sebasticook, near Newport, Me., great bass fishing is reported. The biggest landlocked salmon ever taken at Green Lake was brought down to Bangor the other day by William Givern. It was 29 inches long and weighed 13 pounds.

The Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission has just issued the following order in regard to Sunday fishing. The order is especially addressed to the wardens and deputies:

"By order of the board, it is not deemed incumbent upon the commission to attempt the enforcement of the Sunday fishing law, and prosecutions under this law now pending will be withdrawn. This is not to be understood as preventing the arrest of parties fishing on Sunday in ponds closed to fishing on that day under chapter 208, Acts of 1897, or in brooks wherein fishing is prohibited on Sundays under chapter 284, Acts of 1900. Until otherwise ordered, the deputies of this commission will not attempt to prevent trout fishing during August in any part of the commonwealth. Deputies are earnestly enjoined to carefully observe this order."

The trouble about enforcing the Sunday fishing law seems to have largely grown out of the persistency with which harbor and other coast line salt water fishing has been indulged in on Sunday. Parties go out every Sunday when the weather permits, and during the smelt fishing season persons boldly went out with their tackle, taking the South Shore trains and electric cars. Now this fishing can be followed on Sunday without fear of arrest.

Mr. Ward O. Perkins, of Boston, summering at Camp-ton, N. H., is reporting a good trout record, taking 22 one day and 29 another.

SPECIAL.

Rangeley Lake Fishing.

BOSTON, Aug. 3.—Mr. T. J. McDonald, of Lowell, has just returned from a trip of eight days to his new camp at Black Point, Mooseluckmaguntic Lake, Me. He was accompanied by a brother-in-law. They fished in deep water, and besides all the trout they wanted for the table, they took twenty-two good ones to bring home.

From Smithfield, Me., ponds I have reports of white perch biting very well, indeed. At North Pond recently Frank Cotton, a local fisherman, made a catch of a 12-quart pail full of perch in less than half a day. At Lake Auburn they continue fishing, and a salmon of 4 pounds and one of 3 pounds were reported taken last week.

Now the Rangeley guides, the hotel keepers, and the old-time sportsmen are in somewhat of a wrangle. The Fish and Game Commission has been petitioned to stop all fishing in Rangeley Lake, with bait or spinners—all trolling and "plug fishing," after July 1. In other words, no fishing is to be done on that lake, except with artificial flies, after July 1 of each year. Meetings are being held, and the discussion is warm. The advocates of the request say that the fishing in Rangeley Lake is rapidly "playing out"; whereas, if only fly-fishing were allowed after July 1, the fish would increase and the sport be much greater. On the other hand, the friends of trolling and bait fishing say that the trollers and bait fishers pay them a great deal of money, both as guides and hotel and camp keepers, and to stop this fishing altogether, even after July 1, would mean a great loss to them, and a loss of pleasure to the fisherman. They say that it would be particularly hard on women and old men. The women hardly take kindly to fly-fishing; some of them never can learn. A number of old fishermen, who have visited Rangeley Lake for years, for the sake of trolling and bait-fishing, say that they can never learn fly-fishing. The petition also calls for the screening of the outlet of Rangeley Lake, to prevent the fish from running down into the lakes below. This is likely to meet with a good deal of opposition from guides and camp owners interested in the lakes below.

SPECIAL.

Canadian Angling Notes.

THE outlook is very bright for the fall fishing season, according to the reports of the various fish and game clubs in this district. Some ten parties of Americans are already booked for this month at the club house of the Tourilli Club, and a large number of members of the Triton, Metabetchouan and Nomantum clubs are expected shortly at headquarters. Mr. Nathan Bill, of Springfield, has joined the Iroquois Club, and will be at his camp on the club's preserve in the course of a few days.

Since the subsidence of the extreme heat, the trout in some of the northern waters are again rising to the fly, and a catch of fish running from 1 to 3 pounds each is reported from some of the smaller lakes in the vicinity of Lake Edward.

The Grande Décharge continues to yield very fair sport to ouananiche fishermen, and some beautiful specimens of the fish have recently been exhibited in the windows of the local fishing tackle shops.

The Marquis de la Gaudara, of Rome, who is on his way to Manitoba and the Northwest for the fall hunting, has gone to Lake St. John to fish for ouananiche while awaiting the arrival of European friends. Last winter the Marquis hunted in Newfoundland, and next year he will go to Alaska.

Lake St. Joseph is much frequented at present by bass fishermen, and the sport afforded is extremely good. Trout fishing ought to be splendid in the Lake Edward district by the middle of the month.

Salmon fishing during the latter part of the season has been exceedingly poor, and in some of the larger streams it has been poor all summer. This is the substance of the reports from the Ristigouche, the Cascapedia, the St. Johns of Gaspé, the York, the Natashquan and the Nepisiguit. The fish are by no means scarce. On the contrary, they have been seen by hundreds in all the rivers. But on account of the absence of rain and the extreme heat, producing exceptionally low water, the fish were so sluggish that they absolutely refused to look at the fly. In the Moisie, the Trinity, the Mingan, the Pabos and Grand River the fishing has been fair.

I hear that Mr. J. J. Hill has been the St. Paul or Esquimaux River from the Quebec Government for \$500 a year. Mr. Hill also pays \$3,500 a year for the St. Johns on the North Shore.

It will be good news to anglers that the Dominion Government has in preparation a series of revised regulations regarding the size of game fish, such as black bass, trout, etc., to be taken by sportsmen, as well as the limit of number to be taken each day during the season. In order to frame regulations upon these and similar points, a large amount of information is being gathered, throughout Canada, and a general desire has so far been expressed that such regulations should apply to all the Provinces. When full reports have been received from all of them, effective regulations will be at once promulgated.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 3.

White Landlocked Salmon.

THE stories of the "white trout" that are given to the public from time to time through the medium of the press are regarded by anglers generally somewhat in the light of fish stories or fairy tales. But the United States Fish Commission's exhibit at Buffalo contains twenty white landlocked salmon. From their birth at the Green Lake Station of the Commission more than two years ago these beautiful creatures have attracted widespread attention, which now culminates at Buffalo, for which place they were destined almost from the beginning of their strange career. Sedulously cared for and guarded against their many enemies, they have developed into fine specimens of the ouananiche, gifted with all the beauty, endowed with all the courage and strength which make them so much sought for in their native haunts. In one respect only—that of color—do they differ from their brethren of Maine and Canada lakes; the usual neutral color is replaced by a dazzling, silvery white, which in some of the specimens takes on a light golden hue, forming a most striking background for the customary black and red spots.

These beauties have had an unusually eventful career; the striking color that made them so attractive to sight-seers in their old home "down in Maine" made them a shining mark for their natural enemies. During the winter of 1899-1900 minks somewhat lessened the original number. In February of the latter year ten of them were sent to Boston, where they were the feature of the fish exhibit at that most successful Sportsmen's Show; the rest were forwarded to the New Hampshire station for safe keeping. Here again their strange color was the means of their undoing. A monster turtle took up his residence in the large pond in which they were placed along with a number of their more soberly garbed brethren, and before his presence was discovered by the attendants a few more of the albinos had been destroyed.

Albino fry are so rare as to attract attention in the hatchery troughs. These freaks—for freaks they are—rarely attain any size or age.

WILDWOOD.

Photographing a Grouse.

WATSONTOWN, Pa., Aug. 2.—I inclose two photos of a ruffed grouse on her nest, which were taken during a recent outing in camp on the mountains near Trout Run, Lycoming county, Pa. The nest was located about 50 yards from our cabin, and was discovered shortly after we arrived. We observed it daily for nearly two weeks, when, upon going to it one morning, the grouse had disappeared, leaving no trace—not even the shells of her eggs. We are somewhat puzzled to account for this, and would like some one better informed on the habits of this game bird to explain.

The pictures were very difficult to obtain on account of the thick underbrush. One shows the grouse fairly distinctly, and we value them as rare representations of this very shy bird.

C. C. F.

Long Island Weakfish.

THE weakfish are in Great South Bay in immense numbers, and parties going out from Sayville have made good catches.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 8, held at Stow Lake July 27. Wind, strong west; weather, foggy:

Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.	Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.	Event No. 3, Acc. %	Event No. 4, Del. %	Event No. 5, Net %	Event No. 6, Lure Casting %
Battu88	90.8	89.8	81.8	85.8	64 5-15
Brooks106	89	85	78.4	81.9	..
Brotherton123	93.4	90.4	84.2	87.3	93 11-15
Everett119	92	92	86.8	89.4	..
Golcher130	92	91	77.6	84.3	91 4-15
Grant104	88.8	88	75	81.6	..
Mansfield88	88	91	76.8	83.10	84 3-15
Mocker105	86.4	90	80.10	85.5	..
Muller105	94	86	79.2	82.7	..
Smyth84	90.4	86.4	79.2	82.9	..

Judges, Brooks and Mansfield; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday, July 28. Wind, southwest; weather, warm and foggy:

Battu86	92.4	89.8	75	82.4	65 14-15
Blade85	68	73.4	68.4	70.10	..
Brooks100	90.8	93	64.2	78.7	..
Brotherton113	91.4	91.4	75.10	83.7	91 7-15
Everett104	92	90	75.10	82.11	..
Faulks98	84.4	73	74.2	73.7	..
Grant102	93.4	94	73.4	83.8	79 14-15
Golcher124	92.8	87.4	74.2	80.9	75 11-15
Haight80	84.4	87	75.10	81.5	..
Heller90	97	88	73.4	80.8	63
Huyck96	95	86.4	74.2	80.3	..
Isenbruck70
B Kenniff110	80	86.8	75	80.10	94 12-15
Mansfield93	93.4	94.4	78.4	86.4	82 10-15
Mocker94	87.8	87	75.10	81.5	..
Muller102	93.8	81.8	80	80.10	..
Reed95	90	93.4	70	81.8	..
Smyth89	89.8	90.4	75.10	83.1	..
Turner94	94.8	90.4	75	82.8	..
Young84	94.4	85.4	80	82.8	..

Judges, Turner and Brotherton; referee, Mansfield; clerk, Smyth.

Susquehanna Bass.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 2.—Nathan Hanford, Edward Ingalls and Leroy Van Kirk, of Ithaca, N. Y., were in Wyalusing one day recently and took from the Susquehanna 100 black bass, the largest weighing 4 pounds. The water is now in good condition, and some fine creels of bass should be reported from the Susquehanna during the next fortnight.

On these same waters, between Athens and Ulster, a Mr. Little and friend took forty-five black bass one day last week, and another local angler is credited with a string of twenty-five for one day. As a matter of fact, good bass fishing now abounds on the Susquehanna from Athens to Wyalusing. Small live bullheads constitute the most effective bait for river bass, minnows and grasshoppers and helgramites coming next in order.

From Owego Creek word comes to me that not a few fine California trout are being caught in that stream. A few exceptionally large trout of this variety are said to have been recently caught.

A line from Union Springs, on Cayuga Lake, tells me that splendid perch fishing is now being enjoyed at Canoga, opposite the Spa. Trolling for pickerel is also bringing satisfying results just now at Canoga.

M. CHILL.

Florida Tarpon.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Aug. 2.—I inclose clipping from Tampa Weekly Times. It has a fish look, but may be true:

"County Treasurer Isbon S. Giddens was one of a party that spent a short time at Sarasota this past week, fishing for the beautiful silver kings. He put in twelve hours and a half fishing there, and landed seventeen fine specimens of tarpon. The waters are literally alive with these fish around Sarasota, and so many were never seen there before."

Certainly tarpon were never so plenty in this vicinity in the seventeen years that I remember. And, alas! they are the only fish one can catch here now. We have had so much rain, that all other fish are off for deep water. Well, it's too warm to fish, anyway. We have had it up to 96 several times this summer, and once up to 98, but never a sunstroke, and when I look over the New York papers, telling of prostration, sunstrokes and death, I am reconciled to Florida. Everything is growing, the birds are singing, and it's cool enough in the shade.

TARPON.

The Insinuating Hagfish.

IN Current Proceedings of the United States Museum Dr. David Starr Jordan gives this description of the hagfish, a marine, lamprey-like animal that burrows into the flesh of fishes on which it feeds:

The hagfish fastens itself usually on the gills or isthmus of large fishes, sometimes on the eyes, whence it works its way very rapidly into the inside of the body. It then devours all the flesh of the body without breaking the skin, so that the fish is left a living hulk of head, skin and bones. It is especially destructive to fishes taken in gill nets. In gill nets, in summer, these empty shells of fishes are often obtained. When these are taken from the water the hagfish scrambles out with great alacrity. It is thought that the hags enter the fishes after they are caught. A fish of 10 to 15 pounds weight will be devoured by them in a single night.

The Tuna in Honolulu Waters.

A HONOLULU paper of recent date has an article about tuna fishing, saying that these fish are numerous outside the reef at that port. The Hawaiians call them the ulua, and they are said to abound in the deep water around the islands. Hitherto it appears they have not attracted the attention of sportsmen, but the Honolulu market is supplied with them by the Japanese net fishermen. Considering that these fish are in American waters now, perhaps it is in order for Mr. Cheney to investigate and let the readers of FOREST AND STREAM know more about them (if he has not done so heretofore). Catalina Island seems to have had a monopoly of tuna fishing, but if the ulua is the same fish we may soon have accounts of American sportsmen playing them about the Hawaiian reefs.

RANSACKER.

Wild Parsnip.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of July 13 I find this in "The Woodman's Wild Garden": "The wild parsnip, found in May and June growing along water edges, is fully as palatable as the cultivated variety, and is an excellent appetizer, fried or browned in the camp-spider."

I have always been led to believe that the wild parsnip is poisonous, and that the cultivated variety would run wild and also become poisonous the second year. Now is this another tradition handed from our grandparents, with no foundation in fact, or does your correspondent affirm something he knows nothing about?

I have never tried the wild parsnip, and if it is not poisonous, I have lost a great opportunity, as the wild ones grow larger than the cultivated ones just beyond my garden fence.

MRS. EMMA JAKUES.

A British Columbia Rainbow Trout.

IN the Victoria Daily Colonist Mr. Walter Langley, of Ashcroft, reports his capture of a rainbow trout weighing 22 pounds 4 ounces, and measuring 37½ inches from tip to tip, with a girth of 20 inches. It was taken on a silver spoon, and thirty-five minutes were taken to land it.

Mosquitoes, Midges, Et Al.

HERE are some receipts from "Hints and Points for Sportsmen" and other sources. We give them all because one remedy may be more readily secured than another. If you have anything better than these send it in:

Mosquito-Proof Tent.

The top is formed with the shape of a bag, open at both ends, covered with muslin, like the head of a drum. Two strong pieces of tape are sewn from side to side of the hoop, crossing each other at right angles, and at the center, where they meet, is attached a thin rope, about 10 feet long. To the muslin at the rim of the hoop is sewn a quantity of coarse cheesecloth or "tarlatan," descending so as to form a bell 6 feet in height and 8 feet in diameter at the ground. Around the lower edge, at intervals of 2 feet, are small tape loops for pegging out wide when two or three people wish to sit inside. The whole article weighs only about 2 pounds, and can be folded flat, so as to go inside a bag when traveling. When required for use the rope at the top is thrown across the branch of a tree and drawn up just enough to let the lower edge of the cheesecloth or "tarlatan" rest on the ground. Danger from fire can be avoided by soaking the screen in a solution of tungstate of sodium.—J. J. M.

Head Mosquito Net.

Make some tarlatan into the shape of a bag, open at both ends, from 15 to 18 inches long and 2 to 2½ feet in circumference. A piece of fine elastic cord is run in the hem at the top, to clasp the body of the hat, while a similar cord in the hem at the bottom secures it around the neck. The hat rim keeps it out of the face. If a low-crowned hat is worn the bag may be closed at the upper end.

Mosquito Gauntlets.

Sew linen cloth cuffs to the wrists of a pair of gloves, and run an elastic cord in the hem at the top of the cuff to clasp the arm underneath the coat sleeve.

Mosquito Dopes.

Make a preparation of 3 ounces sweet oil and 1 ounce carbolic acid. Let it be thoroughly applied upon hands, face and all exposed parts (carefully avoiding the eyes) once every half hour, when the flies are troublesome, or for the first two or three days, until the skin is filled with it, and after this its application will be necessary only occasionally. Another receipt equally efficacious is: Six parts sweet oil, 1 part creosote, 1 part pennyroyal.

Simmer together over a slow fire 3 ounces pine tar, 2 ounces castor oil, 1 ounce pennyroyal oil, and bottle for use. Rub it in thoroughly at first, and replenish it on the exposed skin from day to day.—Nessmuk.

Fox's Fly Dope.

Oil pennyroyal, oil peppermint, oil bergamot, oil cedar, F. E. quassia aa zi; gum camphor ziv, vaseline, yellow, zii. M. S. Dissolve camphor in vaseline by heat; when cold add remainder.

Mosquito Smudges.

Evaporate a piece of gum camphor, one-third the size of an egg, in the tent or room by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a candle or other flame, taking care that it does not take fire.

From the side of a fallen cedar log, dry but not rotten, cut strips of bark about 6 feet long, enough to make a bundle a little larger than two hands can span. From the white inner bark of a growing cedar tree make long, pliable strips, with which bind the dead bark at intervals of 9 inches into a compact mass. Ignite one end of this and leave it to smudge in the tent like a cigar. The smoke is fragrant and agreeable. When the mosquitoes are routed let the smudge remain all night at the tent door and none will enter.

Our Dumb Animals, which does not believe in killing mosquitoes, but rather in driving them gently away, suggests: "To expel mosquitoes, take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of a hen's egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room and expel the mosquitoes, and not one will be found in the room next morning, even though the windows should be left open at night."

The British Angler Has His Troubles.

It may be possible to keep off the casual midge of the Thames-side tennis lawn and the Hampshire trout stream with eucalyptus and other oils, but these balsams have little efficacy on a moor in August about 4 or 5 o'clock on a calm afternoon. It is not uncommon in Sutherlandshire for the sun to be partially obscured by the dense swarms, so as to be easily looked in the face, as though shining through a mist. In Donegal I have known peat cutters driven off a bog by midges, though I cannot vouch for the story that in the Orkneys business is sometimes suspended, and the very townsmen go to bed early in order to avoid the pests. Now, when midges are as thick as this it is physically impossible for them to be deterred by the so-called deterrents. I have bathed my face in eucalyptus to no purpose when fishing a loch in Sutherlandshire. The stifling smell and the smart were very unpleasant, but apparently not to the midges, which seemed to enjoy even the weather-beaten gillie when thus medicated. Perhaps they did not bite so fiercely when our skin was wet, but the irritation caused by their presence in eyes and nostrils is always the worst part of their tortures, and they soon resumed the banquet. In short, to keep off midges is, I believe, beyond the power of any application, and of all the prescriptions to prevent them from biting I find the best to be the well-known anti-mosquito specific—Stockholm tar diluted with olive oil.—London Field.

Sulphur Taken Internally.

One of our readers informs us that, having seen a statement in some English medical journal to the effect that sulphur, taken internally, would protect a person against flea bites, it occurred to him to try it as a preventive of mosquito bites. Accordingly he began taking effervescent tablets of tartar-lithine and sulphur, four daily. He provided himself with several lively mosquitoes, and having put them into a wide-mouthed bottle, inverted the bottle and pressed its mouth upon his bare arm. The mosquitoes settled on his skin, but showed no inclination to bite him. If this gentleman's experience should be borne out by further trials, it might be well for persons who are particularly sensitive to mosquito bites to take a course of sulphur during the mosquito season, especially in view of the growing opinion that the mosquito is the common vehicle of malaria.—N. Y. Medical Journal.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Points and Flushes.

The Derby and All-Age Stake of the Monongahela Field Trial Club close on Sept. 1. The Derby for pointers and setters whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1900. First forfeit in each stake, \$5; second forfeit, \$5, payable Oct. 1; \$10 additional to start. The judges are Maj. J. M. Taylor, W. S. Bellard, N. Wallace. The secretary is Mr. A. C. Peterson, 216 Sixth avenue, Homestead, Pa. The trials will be run at Senecaville, Guernsey county, Oct. 29.

The Derby and All-Stage Stake of the Brandon Kennel Club, of Brandon, Man., close on Sept. 2. Two other stakes are on its programme, namely, the Manitoba Stake and the Puppy Stake. The Honorable Secretary-Treasurer is Dr. H. James Elliott, Brandon, Man.

Entries to the Continental Field Trial Club's Derby for 1902 close on Aug. 15. The purse is \$500—\$250 to first, \$150 to second and \$100 to third. First forfeit, \$10; second forfeit of \$10, is payable Sept. 15; \$10 additional to start. Forfeit money and breeding certificate must accompany entry. The trials will commence on Feb. 8, and will be run at Grand Junction, Tenn.

Dr. Geo. W. Clayton, Box 914, Chicago, Ill., superintendent of the Texas Kennel Club's fourth annual dog show, to be held at Dallas, Texas, Oct. 7-10, informs us that the premium list is now ready and may be obtained of him. He further informs us that he is mailing ten thousand premium lists this year. The judges are Mr. John H. Naylor, Mount Forest, Ill., and Major J. M. Taylor, New York. Entries close on Sept. 25. Address all communications to the superintendent.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

- 7. Misery Island, Salem Bay, Mass.
- 7. 8. East Gloucester, Gloucester, Mass.
- 7. East Gloucester, evening race, Gloucester, Mass.
- 9. 10. Annisquam, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
- 10. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Monument Beach.
- 10. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 10. Westhampton C. C., association regatta.
- 10. Brooklyn, Gravesend Bay.
- 10. Shelter Island, open.
- 10. Beverly, Van Rensselaer cup, open, Marion.
- 10. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 10. Bridgeport, annual, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
- 10. Horsehoe Harbor, annual, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 10. Bridgeport, special, Bridgeport, Long Island Sound.
- 10. Seawanhaka Corinthian, sixth race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 10-15. Chicago, races for the Canada cup, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 12. 13. American, Newburyport, Massachusetts Bay.
- 17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 17. Shelter Island, club.
- 17. Moriches, open.
- 17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 17. New York, New York Bay.
- 17. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 17. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
- 17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Mass.
- 17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 17. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
- 17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
- 24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 24. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
- 27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
- 29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
- 30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
- 31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
- 31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 31. Westhampton C. C., open.
- 31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
- 31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
- 31. Shelter Island, Club.
- 31. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

- 2. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 2. Handicap, quincy, Mass.
- 2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
- 2. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
- 2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
- 2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
- 2. 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
- 2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
- 2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, New York Bay.
- 2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 2. Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.

- 3. Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
- 5. 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 7. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
- 7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
- 12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
- 14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
- 14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
- 14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
- 21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
- 21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

SHAMROCK II. arrived at Ponta Delgada, Azore Islands, on Thursday, Aug. 1, a little after 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Erin arrived about an hour later. Up to the time of the arrival of Shamrock II. at the Azores pleasant weather had been experienced, and she had only been towed by Erin when there was no wind. She has covered the 1,300 miles from the Clyde to St. Michael's Island, Azores, in five days, which makes her average speed 260 miles a day. In the event of her being able to continue at this speed, she should arrive in New York about Aug. 10 or 12.

The steel mast, boom and a number of other spars belonging to Shamrock II. that arrived on the Anchor Line steamer Astoria on Aug. 4 have been conveyed to Erie Basin, where they will be stored until the challenger arrives here.

CONSTITUTION has been at Bristol for some days past, where some radical changes are being made in her rig. The poor showing that Constitution has made when racing against Columbia in moderate and strong breezes has prompted her designers to make alterations that it is hoped will improve her under the conditions of weather just mentioned. Her new rig will be shorter on the base and more lofty, but there will be very little difference in the actual sail area. The new mast, which is one of the longest ever built for a yacht, is nearly 115ft. in length, and weighs about five tons. Riggers are now completing their work, and she will be ready for the races at Newport on Saturday. One of the principal changes in the new rig is the changing of the position of the peak halyard blocks on the masthead; it is hoped they will now lead better and the gaff will not sag off to leeward to the extent that it did before the changes were made.

The Canada Cup Challenger.

TORONTO, Aug. 3.—The announcement that Cadillac had been chosen to defend the Canada cup was received by Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seaver, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Canadian Y. C., Saturday night, and was met with the formal announcement that Invader would be the Canadian representative—not a very startling piece of information, as the yacht was already in Chicago. The announcement of the challenger and defender came just in the nick of time. The conditions governing the contest state: "The challenging and the challenged club shall each name its representative yacht by written notice to the other at least one week prior to the races." The two telegrams may be considered as written notices, for it is scarcely possible for letters to pass between the two clubs in time, the first race being on Aug. 10.

The challengers are well satisfied with the selection of Cadillac, arguing on general principles that Invader, being a keel boat excelling in the strong points of a centerboarder—running, reaching and light-weather sailing—would have a better chance against Cadillac than against Illinois. At the same time, they remember the name of Cadillac's designer. They would have been much better pleased had the sidewalk Milwaukee been chosen to defend the cup, but they are not downcast at the prospect of having to do battle with the Hanley centerboarder. They pray for stiff breezes and mounting seas, although such weather is not to Invader's liking when she is in company with other keel boats. But they think that she can vanquish any centerboarder under such conditions.

Toronto yachtsmen are very much disappointed at Invader not having had a brush with Genesee before leaving for the West. Mr. Van Voorhis, owner of Genesee, expressed his intention of bringing her to Toronto for a race when she was lying in Cobourg, about sixty miles away. Genesee's arrival was anxiously awaited, but she came not. A telegram was received, stating that lack of wind prevented her leaving her moorings.

Toronto yachtsmen consoled themselves with the prospect of a match between Beaver and Genesee at the Buffalo Y. C.'s regatta, commencing on July 30. Hundreds went to that affair for the sole reason that Beaver and Genesee were expected to meet there. But they were doomed to disappointment. It was understood that Genesee had abandoned the proposed match with Invader, so as to have plenty of time to spare for preparations for the Buffalo regatta. Genesee, however, did not race. Beaver was in splendid form, and had practically a walk-over in the stiff blow of the first day's racing. Every one said that she would have defeated Genesee that day. She certainly did some remarkable sailing, covering the course within 30s. of the time of the famous Canada, a heavy-weather cutter half as big again.

The Canadians sent a strong contingent to Buffalo, and captured nearly everything worth taking. What is particularly gratifying to them is the fact that locally designed boats, such as Merrythought, of Toronto, or Clytie, of Hamilton, defeated the creations of such famous old-land designers as Fife and Watson. Merrythought, the splendid cutter that swept everything in the special class, was designed and built in 1895 by Capt. James Andrews, of Oakville. She was known as Winnetta, and was a failure in the racing line until Mr. Æmilius Jarvis acquired her. He has made her new name famous all over fresh water, and she has beaten everything of her size, and yet she was not intended for a racer, and is only used as such upon

occasion. As a cruiser she is one of the most comfortable afloat. She substitutes the yawl rig for that of the cutter when not racing. Clytie, the Hamilton 40-footer that defeated the brand-new Chinook, of Fife design, was built by Weir, of Hamilton, as a 35-footer, to defend the Canada cup in 1899. The boat was under-canvassed, and when she got enough sail area—2,000 sq. ft.—she was away over the 35ft. measurement, so she was run in with the 40-footers, and, like all the Weir boats, has been giving a good account of herself ever since.

Invader's crew goes to Chicago with no little prestige, for nearly all the members have been sailing in the stiff breezes of the Buffalo Y. C.'s regatta, where the Toronto and Hamilton boats met with such marked success. Skipper Æmilius Jarvis has had a bad run of luck in international matches since his famous Toledo victory. He lost the Canada cup in 1899 through not having enough wind, and he failed to win the Fisher cup in 1900 through too much wind, when the race seemed sure to go to him. His recent victories in the races at Chicago should prove encouraging, however, both to the skipper and to his crew. Neither skipper nor crew has had enough experience with Invader to satisfy every one, but there is the prospect of a week of sailing before the races, and they will make the best of it.

The cup over which the match is being held is not an ancient trophy, although the most important one. Its story is as follows:

In 1896 the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, Ill., challenged the Royal Canadian Y. C. for an international match. The challenge was accepted, and Fife, of Shamrock I. fame, designed Canada for the Toronto syndicate that looked after the acceptance of the challenge. Toledo, O., offered the greatest inducements, and there the match was held, Canada, sailed by Mr. Æmilius Jarvis, of Toronto, defeating Vencedor, the Lincoln Park Y. C.'s representative, and winning the silver trophy, besides a considerable amount of prize money. The syndicate, composed of Messrs. George Gooderham, Geo. H. Gooderham, S. T. McKinnon, Frank J. Phillips, J. H. Plummer, James Ross and Æmilius Jarvis, donated the cup to the Royal Canadian Y. C. in 1897, for a perpetual international challenge trophy. "The said cup," the first clause of the deed of gift says, "shall be known as the 'Canada cup.'"

The cup rested quietly in Toronto for a couple of years, but the Chicago Y. C. challenged for it, and it was wrested from the holders in 1899. Beaver, a marvel of speed in heavy weather, was helpless in the light breezes that prevailed in the match, although Genesee, the challenger, did not win by extraordinary margins. Genesee belonged to the Rochester Y. C., but she won the trial races and was chosen by the Chicago Y. C. as their challenger. She proved a wise selection.

The Canadians promised not to let the cup rest in Chicago, but nearly a year passed before the Royal Canadian Y. C. challenged the Chicago Y. C. Com. Geo. H. Gooderham and a syndicate backed the challenge by building Invader, from the designs of Sibbick, of Cowes. Invader won the trial races, her only competitors being Beaver and the Hamilton craft, Canadian. Invader has not yet shown herself superior to Beaver in a stiff breeze, although there is no question of her superiority in light weather.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

Caress Must Pay Tonnage Tax.

MR. W. BARTON HOPKINS, the Philadelphia yachtsman who bought the 60ft. yawl Caress in Scotland last May, must pay a tonnage tax of about \$30 every time she puts into a custom house port until she is regularly entered as an American vessel.

Considering the large number of English-built yachts, both steam and sail, that have been brought over to America this year, it seems remarkable that Caress should be picked out of all these vessels to be made an example of.

The New York Sun, commenting on the affair, says: Caress arrived at Marblehead under command of Capt. John Barr several weeks ago, and differences of opinion arose as to whether the yacht was subject to a tonnage tax. Thereupon the customs collector wrote to the United States Navigation Bureau for instructions, which have been received from Acting Commissioner T. B. Sanders.

After referring to the fact that Caress was brought to the port without any other papers than a bill of sale to an American citizen and citing the statutes, Mr. Sanders says:

"Regular tonnage dues should be levied on Caress at the maximum rate under Section 11, Act of June 19, 1886; tonnage tax of 50 cents per ton should be assessed under Section 4,219, Revised Statutes, and light money of 50 cents per ton should be collected under Section 4,225, Revised Statutes. The payments may be made under protest if the private persons concerned think proper."

Savin Hill Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

THE third of the series of the Savin Hill Y. C. for the handicap class and the sailing tenders was sailed off the club house at Savin Hill on Saturday, Aug. 3, in a light S.W. breeze. The races were not so close as usual, the Coming and the Leach tender winning by fairly good margins in their classes. The summary:

Coming, E. F. Bent.....	Corrected.
Widgeon, A. J. Horton.....	1 33 17
Hanley, W. F. Bache.....	1 37 03
Eleanor, J. Clark.....	1 38 08
Hattie, J. H. Elliott.....	1 43 00
Tabasco, C. C. Durgin.....	1 48 17
Primrose, J. H. Stark.....	2 06 43
Gleam, T. J. Barry.....	Withdraw.
Kalitan, W. F. Patten.....	Withdraw.
Asra, E. S. Wessborg.....	Withdraw.
Tender Class.	
C. Leach	1 32 40
Mr. McCurdy	1 35 02
W. S. Scott.....	1 35 03
A. P. Haws.....	1 35 44
A. S. Howland.....	1 37 14
C. A. J. Smith.....	1 37 57
A. A. McInnes.....	1 38 15
J. E. Robinson.....	1 38 16
H. Skinner.....	1 42 00
J. Wills	1 42 20
J. Turner	1 43 15

Seawanhaka Cup Races.

THE series of races for the Seawanhaka cup began on July 25, the challenger, Mr. Lorne Currie, and his party having been at Dorval, the station of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., for some time previous getting their boat into racing condition. Mr. Currie was accompanied by his helmsman, Mr. Maudsley, and two other amateurs. Mr. Pike and Mr. Fletcher, and in addition his party included Mr. Southley and Dr. Ward-Humphries, who acted as judge for the Island Sailing Club. The boat Grey Friar arrived at Montreal in good order on the deck of the steamer Australasian, and was towed up to Dorval, rigged and put into racing shape without any delay or accident.

Grey Friar is in many respects quite unlike previous aspirants for the cup, possibly on account of the elastic rule used this year, which restricted only one factor, the sail area, to 500 sq. ft., leaving the designer free to take all the length he cared for. The waterlines were not measured at all, Grey Friar's being about 24½ ft., but the overall length is enormous, some 46 ft., caused principally by carrying out overhangs at each end to a chisel-like edge, the uses of the extreme ends of which are not very apparent. The freeboard is low amidships and drops rather than rises at both bow and stern, the whole sheer showing a reversal of what until a few years ago was the invariable practice, and looking decidedly scanty and attenuated. The under-water body is by no means full, and one is inclined to pronounce the boat crank and lacking in power, although this is not the case, and she stands up better than would be expected. As a whole, her model is sweet and fair, with small wetted surface, and suggestive of easy driving. The construction and finish are first rate. Frames are ½ in. by ¾ in., spaced 3 in., planked with ½ in. stuff, the deck being 7-16 in. and canvassed. She is fitted with hollow spars, made by the Spalding St. Lawrence Co. In rig, Grey Friar is peculiar, having a mainsail cut so as to top the boom very high, the object being, so it is said, to secure a high and effective peak. The sail is really up in the air, and one result is a high center of effort. It is supposed to be effective in light airs, but the advantage was not very apparent in the first day's race.

The boat chosen for the defense, Senneville, is the property of R. B. Angus, of Montreal, and is one of the boats designed this year by Mr. Duggan. The final selection of this craft was dependent more on details than on any question of distinct and decisive superiority. So far as the trial races went, the steadiest winner was last year's boat, Red Coat, with Thorella, Whitecap, Black Sheep and one or two others among the possibilities. The worst trouble was with the sails, and one of the final features of the trial races was a general exchange of sails and spars. Skippers and crews had been exchanging all season, and as one local authority remarked, there was little left to exchange except centerboards. The final combination evolved was Senneville's hull, White Cap's sails and a picked crew.

On the day before the first race the judges were busy measuring sails and weighing crews, the results standing as follows:

	Grey Friar.	Senneville.
Area mainsail	373 sq. ft.	394 sq. ft.
Area headsail triangle.....	109 sq. ft.	102 sq. ft.
Weight of centerboard.....	350 lbs.	340 lbs.
Draft with board down.....	5 ft. 6 in.	6 ft.
Weight of crew.....	731 lbs.	731 lbs.

The agreement called for a crew limit of 650 lbs., but as Mr. Currie found it impossible to secure a crew of middle-weight men, it was agreed that the limit should be raised to 735 lbs., the Royal St. Lawrence representative voluntarily promising not to sail with less than 700 lbs. The weights were made up as follows:

Grey Friar's Crew—Lorne Currie, 195 lbs.; H. Fletcher, 192 lbs.; M. Pike, 166 lbs.; A. Maudsley, 178 lbs. Total, 731 lbs.

Senneville's Crew—W. T. Angus, 192 lbs.; F. P. Shearwood, 151 lbs.; C. Routh, 169 lbs.; Herrick Duggan, 156 lbs.; Herrick Duggan, Jr., 63 lbs. Total, 731 lbs.

The crew of Senneville being so much short of weight, Mr. Duggan took his son aboard, a bright, active boy and a most enthusiastic sailor, whose weight was exactly the thing required to even matters up.

First Race—Thursday, July 25.

July 25 was fine and hazy, with light airs during the morning and early afternoon. A windward to leeward course was chosen for the first race, the leg to be two miles, if possible, but, although a start was made from the Beaconsfield buoy, well in toward the shore at Point Claire, it was possible to go only a mile and a half, the water shoaling rapidly beyond. This required four rounds for a twelve-mile course. A start was made at 1:40, the wind being light, but fairly steady. Grey Friar came about neatly on starboard tack just at gunfire, crossing well timed and with a weather berth. Senneville was a trifle ahead and to leeward, and so far the advantage lay with Grey Friar. It certainly ended there, for Senneville at once began to show the way, pulling out a clear and decisive lead in the first ten minutes. The middle of the lake was full of soft spots, into one of which Grey Friar ran, Senneville having better luck, but taking nearly an hour to beat to windward, a mile and a half, the times at the weather buoy being:

Senneville	2 29 30	Grey Friar	2 39 15
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Running back the wind improved a trifle, and on the second round it began to shift, and by the time it was completed had got well into the opposite quarter, making the course one to leeward and return. Through all these chances and changes luck had favored Senneville, to what extent may be inferred from these times at the end of the round, which marked the completion of half the course:

Senneville	3 55 00	Grey Friar.....	4 18 40
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The boats were really a whole leg of the course apart, and as a spectacle the race was a failure. Many hoped such an unsatisfactory affair would not be finished in the time limit, but the wind continued to improve, working up to a good breeze, the third round being timed:

Senneville	4 37 45	Grey Friar	4 54 30
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This showed a great gain for Grey Friar, the luck of the wind having for once been in her favor. On the final round she lost again, the times at the finish being:

Senneville	5 10 57	Grey Friar.....	5 30 12
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Second Race—Friday, July 26.

Triangular course, four miles round, three rounds making twelve miles.

A start was made at 1:50, with a light wind, the boats being instructed to keep all buoys to starboard, which gave windward work on the first leg of the triangle. Senneville led at the start, standing off on port tack, and after a short hitch on starboard tack got Grey Friar nicely under her lee. The wind was paltry at best and not very steady, Senneville going along well enough, but Grey Friar neither pointed nor held on well. The first leg took a long time, and it soon became evident that without a better breeze the race would not be finished in the time limit of three and a half hours. Senneville gained steadily the first round, being timed:

Senneville	3 11 00	Grey Friar.....	3 15 15
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Conditions were more promising at the beginning of the second round, and for a while the boats went along nicely, the gap between them ever widening, especially on the second leg, when Senneville led by 14 m. At the completion of the round the times stood:

Senneville	4 31 10	Grey Friar	4 58 20
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The wind had now fallen very light indeed, and the race was practically off. Senneville drifted over the first leg of the third round, completing it at 4:59. The time limit expired at 5:20, with no chance of a finish, so the boats were taken in tow and the day's work was over.

Third Race—Saturday, July 27.

The prospects in the early morning were little better than the day before, and up to noon there was little wind. The launch with the crews and judges left the club house, towing the boats for the course as usual, and rather hoping against hope, but a working breeze came up rapidly, so that it was safe to give the first signal at 1:30, making a start at 1:40, over the triangular course, leaving all buoys to port. This gave a spinnaker run to the first mark, a reach to the second and windward work home. Grey Friar led over the line, but was slow in getting her spinnaker drawing, and the boat seemed to have no way on.

Senneville came up with everything drawing beautifully, passing Grey Friar with ease and working out a clear lead of 14 s. at the first mark. The next leg was a reach in smooth water, with a fair working breeze, conditions under which every one hoped to see Grey Friar do better, instead of which she dropped over half a minute. This was not so bad as on previous days, and the affair really looked like a race so far. On the windward work of the last leg the boats spread out and Grey Friar seemed to be losing again. When the times were taken at the end of the first round, they stood as follows:

Senneville	2 27 20	Grey Friar.....	2 31 15
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showing a lead of 3 m. and 55 s. for Senneville. Then followed the spinnaker run, and for once Grey Friar picked up and reduced Senneville's lead by 25 s. On the following reach she kept it up, gaining another 15 s., but there the good work stopped, the boat losing heavily on beating the last leg, the completion of the round being timed:

Senneville	3 15 30	Grey Friar.....	3 24 50
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Then came the third and last round, Grey Friar about holding her own on the running and reaching of the first two legs. It was clearly Senneville's race, but for a wonder Grey Friar made a substantial gain on the last and windward leg, the finish being timed:

Senneville	4 08 50	Grey Friar.....	4 16 20
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Mr. Currie attributed this good work at the last to a stronger breeze, saying it was really the first taste they had had of conditions at all favorable to the boat. Throughout this race Grey Friar was steered by Mr. Pike, who handled her very well, especially considering that he had never steered the boat before. The change of helmsman was the result of a good deal of criticism of Mr. Maudsley's handling in the first two races, some of it in the local papers, and as a result he requested that, in fairness to all concerned, some one else should take the stick, if only for an experiment. The fact is that on the first two days the conditions were trying in the extreme, and the best skipper might easily have done the wrong thing at times. The wind was never of that comfortable working strength that gives a man the best control of his boat, and considering that Mr. Maudsley was on a strange course, it is little wonder that he at times made an error of judgment, especially when sailing a losing race. There is no disguising the fact that in light to moderate breezes Grey Friar is no match for Senneville, at all events on Senneville's own waters. What they might do on the Solent or in rough water and fresh breezes is another question altogether.

Fourth Race—Monday, July 29.

After the very conclusive work of Senneville on Thursday and Saturday, interest in the match declined, Senneville being regarded as a sure winner, and the conclusion of the series of races was looked upon as a mere perfunctory affair. What was chiefly desired for Monday was a good breeze free from flukes and soft spots, something that would at least keep the boats near one another, and in addition Grey Friar's possible showing under more driving power was worth investigating. Both Mr. Currie and Mr. Pike were sure that the boat only wanted wind, but the general opinion was that Grey Friar was, if anything, a light-weather boat, and with little to sail on in a strong breeze. The morning promised nothing particular in the way of weather. It was simply fine and settled, but by 1 o'clock there was a breeze of fair working strength blowing up the lake, the best possible direction, as it allowed a windward course of the prescribed two miles to be laid.

The club launch St. Louis broke down soon after leaving Dorval, so the competing yachts sailed up to the starting line, while the judges were kindly looked after on Senator Drummond's steam yacht Wild Rose. A start was made at 2:25, and at once Senneville forged ahead. The boats broke tacks, but Grey Friar lost heavily on the windward work, the times at the weather buoy being:

Senneville	3 04 40	Grey Friar	3 09 42
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Running back she gained 47 s., and the wind began to

come abeam during the second round, Grey Friar scarcely holding her own, and the completion of the round was timed:

Senneville	4 09 45	Grey Friar.....	4 16 20
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The race continued with little change in relative positions, the end of the first leg of the last round showing: Senneville over 6 m. ahead, but in the home stretch she picked up a little, the finish being timed:

Senneville	4 52 42	Grey Friar.....	4 57 38
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This last race was on the whole the most satisfactory of the series. The wind held well, keeping the boats moving, and they were never so widely separated as in previous races. While the result was never in doubt after the first round, the occasional gains made by Grey Friar were interesting, if difficult to account for.

As usual the technical work was intrusted to three judges selected outside of the club membership. Dr. G. H. Ward Humphreys represented the Island Sailing Club, Mr. W. Q. Phillips the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., and Mr. W. P. Stephens was third judge or referee.

Western Yachts.

Plot Thickens Among Cup Defenders.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 29.—As reported by wire to FOREST AND STREAM to-day, Illinois was allowed her claim for a foul in the race of Saturday, the judges ordering Cadillac and Illinois to start again to-day, Milwaukee also to sail, it being conceded that these three boats now had the best chance.

As to the justice of the decision of the judges in thus allowing Illinois to win the race under foul, there is still very much discussion. As to the rule, there is no doubt at all. It reads: "If two yachts are converging by reason of the leeward yacht holding the better wind and neither can claim rights of a vessel being overtaken, then the yacht to windward shall keep clear."

The judges on the Thistle could not pass upon what they did not see, but other testimony was admitted, showing that the foul was committed by Cadillac, not as she came out into her final starboard tack, but later on, when, as windward boat, she started sheets a bit to run, and so crowded Illinois, which was at this stage decided to be sailing on the shorter leg of the triangle. Com. Shaw claimed Illinois was the overtaking boat. For Cadillac to luff and keep clear when she was herself close hauled and crowded by the better windward quality of Illinois, would perhaps have lost Cadillac the race. In the last desperate instant her boom, not far outboard, just touched the stays and jib of Illinois, as the boats raced on, almost hull to hull. No one on the judges' boat saw the foul or knew why the protest flag was raised.

Cadillac Wins Monday's Race.

In Monday's race it might have been a case of poetic justice that Cadillac should defeat Illinois once more. At any rate, she did so again, by only a close margin. The boats were sailed in a thoroughly plucky and sportsman-like manner on both sides, and Cadillac's margin showed clearly enough that Illinois is coming up out of nowhere into a rightly earned second place. Skipper Pynchon received many compliments on his able handling of Illinois.

The result, however, argues little in favor of Illinois as a cup defender. It is all the worse for Milwaukee, which boat, while beating about back of the line, 10 s. before the gun, had the misfortune to lose its mast, and hence could not start at all. Milwaukee requested that the race be postponed, but as by this time it was already in the hands of the judges, the latter could not accede to this request. The contest therefore resolved itself into a battle for blood between Cadillac and Illinois.

The race was over the triangular course, with very favorable weather conditions, the time made being more than 6 m. better than Milwaukee's winning time in the first race. At the start the wind was 20 to 25 miles an hour, W.S.W., and it continued steady for the first two legs, though dropping slightly in the last leg.

Illinois was first over, crowding the gun within 10 s. Milwaukee had been dismasted only a few seconds before the starting gun, and at the gun Cadillac was near the wreck of Milwaukee, going across the line 30 s. later than Illinois. The course was laid S.E. by E., and both boats were double reefed and under mainsail and balloon jib. Although Illinois had a pronounced start, Cadillac began to steadily overhaul her, and 15 m. from the start had established a lead over Illinois. Illinois at this time had broken out spinnaker besides balloon jib. At the first turn the times were as follows:

	Start.	First Buoy.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	1 30 00	2 17 21	0 47 21
Illinois	1 30 00	2 18 17	0 49 17

Cadillac gained 1 m. 56 s.

On the second leg Illinois' balloon jib did not seem to behave any too well. Both boats stood under mainsail and balloon jib to the second mark, where both took in balloon jibs and hoisted working jibs. Cadillac again demonstrated its superiority to the fin-keel on this point of the weather, and gained 1 m. and 19 s., making a total gain of 3 m. and 15 s. in the fourteen miles of the first two legs. The times at the second turn were as follows:

	First Buoy.	Second Buoy.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	2 17 21	3 14 38	0 57 17
Illinois	2 19 17	3 17 53	0 58 36

Cadillac gained 1 m. 19 s.

The greater interest began as the boats swung into the last leg of the triangle, a seven-mile beat to windward home, under which conditions it was generally conceded Illinois had its sole hope for the place of a cup defender over Cadillac. Illinois indeed once more proved its superiority in the windward work, and made a good finish toward the close of the leg.

Both boats laid a long port tack and came well in toward the lake front opposite Lincoln Park before they went about. Cadillac at 3:17 concluded that she could stand a little more of the lighter wind, and shook out a reef. Cadillac stood on the port tack for 34 m., and when well over inshore stood to starboard, holding this course for 5 m., and then going again into the port tack, apparently having learned something by the lesson of Saturday, and being anxious to get well inshore and well to

windward, the wind being, oddly enough, stronger inshore than out in the lake.

Illinois, with a baby jib, had been standing up well. It stood on the port tack until 3:55, and as Cadillac came into the starboard tack, it was apparent that Illinois had closed up something of the gap. The two boats now had practically the same fight that they had on Saturday. Illinois was outpointing Cadillac, but the latter was outsailing its competitor.

At 4:07 Cadillac shook out yet another reef, and at 4:11, standing on the starboard tack, passed the Carter Harrison crib to leeward. Illinois showed her windward quality by passing the same crib to weather.

Cadillac now tacked to port inshore at 4:23, and thus challenged Illinois smartly, crossing the bows of the latter boat at 4:27 with a lead of what seemed to be a quarter of a mile. When Cadillac came to starboard at 3:46 she was 200yds. to weather of Illinois. The latter boat was coming on nicely, and the conditions of Saturday seemed apt to be repeated. Had Cadillac been obliged to tack once more, Illinois could have challenged her at the line and perhaps have nosed her out. Skipper Shaw, however, good sailor that he is, this time had timed the thing too nicely. He did not have to tack, but laid a straight course for the line and luffed across just 1m. and 5s. ahead of Illinois, which also luffed up and went over a very good second indeed, after making up 2m. and 50s. on the windward leg. The times at the finish were as follows:

	Second Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	3 14 38	4 44 00	1 29 02
Illinois	3 17 53	4 45 05	1 27 12

Illinois gained 2m. and 50s.

Milwaukee was taken to the yards of George B. Carpenter & Co., ship chandlers, and will have a new stick put in her by to-morrow.

Unfortunate Complications.

Immediately after the race there was a meeting of the judges, and Cadillac was declared winner of the Chicago Y. C. trophy, Illinois taking the dinghy for second place. The judges, however, declared that this did not decide a cup defender, and that they would order the boats to sail further races, two or perhaps three more, during the course of the present week.

Hearing this, the patience of that very good sportsman, Com. Shaw, seemed for the first time to forsake him. He protested that his friend, Mr. Pynchon, would have withdrawn his protest on Saturday had the judges allowed him to do so. In his temper he declared—what, perhaps, he does not mean, although the same thing has been repeated all over Chicago this week very frequently—that it looked to him as though the proposition were to get Illinois a chance to win somewhere and to gain the place of cup defender. Com. Shaw declared his boat—as, indeed, nearly every yachtsman in the harbor is satisfied to be the case—the best boat in all-round weather, and the most likely boat to win against the Canadian challenger. He said that the trials of the boats for the past two weeks proved this conclusively, and as for himself, he did not intend to stay here and sail races until some other boat might, by accident or otherwise, be able to beat him. He declared his intention of leaving for Detroit, and for a time even threatened to take Cadillac with him and withdraw it from the competitions. Then at last he said he would turn Cadillac over to the committee, washing his hands of the whole thing, and let them use his boat if they needed it. He said also that he thought it would be equity to himself to have Milwaukee and Illinois sail a series and then for Cadillac to sail against the winner. The owner of Milwaukee, Mr. Nunnemacher, of Milwaukee, stated modestly that his boat, although it has been pretty generally roasted by everybody, had done a bit of sailing of her own; that she was dismasted by sheer accident just before the start to-day, and that if the committee pleased he would be glad to have one more try, just to show that his boat was not so black as she was painted.

Under these circumstances it might be seen that the position of the Chicago Y. C. was anything but an enviable one, and there seemed, it must be in candor admitted, some little danger that the cup offered by the local club would seem a little oxidized, to put it mildly, and that the victory of the cup defender, as ultimately determined, ran danger of being similarly somewhat tarnished.

The Final Solution.

Yet after all it was to be supposed that the spirit of fairness which animates all good yachtsmen and all Western gentlemen would eventually prevail. Com. Shaw stated that he had important business engagements which would necessitate his going back home and prevent his appearing this week to sail his own boat. Capt. Pynchon stated that he was content to leave the matter quite in the hands of the committee. The latter, to a certain extent, reconsidered their first decision and decided that Illinois is not safe to pick as a cup defender, and have ordered Cadillac and Milwaukee to sail three more races, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Com. Shaw places Cadillac in command of William Hale Thompson, of Chicago. He says that he does not in the least object to meeting Milwaukee again, and does not want to take any advantage of breakdowns on the part of a rival. Milwaukee is at this writing ready to sail again after stepping a new spar and rerigging completely. Cadillac went to dry dock to-day.

Should Cadillac win in the contests with Milwaukee and eventually be chosen as the cup defender, it is very likely that William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, will sail Cadillac against the Canadian boat. Mr. Thompson, and indeed all of the yachtsmen of this port, agree that Cadillac does not offer a lead pipe cinch against the boat which the Canadians will be sure to send over. In fact, the races have been extremely close between several of the boats—too close, as has been regretfully pointed out, for the comfort of all concerned. Milwaukee is by no means out of the running till these races are over.

Cadillac Beats Milwaukee.

Aug. 1.—Cadillac beat Milwaukee to-day in very hollow fashion in the first race between these two boats for the determination of a cup defender. The course was nine knots to windward and return, and the wind, E. by S.E., was about twelve to fifteen miles an hour, the course

being laid E. by S. Under these conditions Milwaukee ought to have been able to give a very good account of herself, and perhaps she would have done better had she carried a reef on the windward beat. As it was, Cadillac gained 8m. and 50s. on the run out, and running home, where Milwaukee ought to have had everything quite to her own liking, the latter boat could gain only 7s. on Cadillac.

This victory practically certifies Cadillac as defender in the minds of the more experienced yachtsmen of this port. Surely Cadillac has been the most consistent performer seen in the races here. She has won nothing by a fluke, but, on the contrary, has lost one victory by a fluke, or, rather, by a protest, to Illinois, and another race to Illinois where every one admits that it was simply a chance flaw of wind that brought Illinois in victor.

As to Milwaukee, it is a boat which deserves something better than contumely, and the impression strengthens that it might be handled a little bit more skillfully in the windward work, where it has thus far been too heavily canvased in two of her defeats.

The likelihood is that in the race to-morrow Cadillac will be apt to make it two straight, as the hot weather has broken and we are having a series of winds from the N. and N.W. which promise to continue fairly steady and fresh.

Cadillac was sailed by her new skipper, William Hale Thompson, of Chicago. Cadillac carried Detroit's balloon jib and Yankee's spinnaker.

The Race.

Cadillac was first over the line, Milwaukee following 5s. later. Both went out on the starboard tack, jib and mainsail, Cadillac with a single reef. Cadillac took the lee berth for 5m. and then began to point a trifle higher. The boats stood to starboard 45m., Milwaukee coming about first and Cadillac following shortly afterward. Cadillac seemed to stand up better than her rival.

At 2:42 Milwaukee came about again into the starboard tack, and 3m. later was seen to pass astern of Cadillac.

At 3:10 both were standing on the port tack, Cadillac half a mile in the lead. At 3:16 Cadillac came about into the starboard tack and was seen to have half a mile lead over her rival. The times at the turn were as follows:

	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	3 36 40	2 06 40
Milwaukee	3 45 30	2 15 30

Cadillac gained 8m. and 50s.

On the run home Milwaukee promptly broke out balloon jib and spinnaker and began to foot it handsomely. The breeze was now fresh. At the 4-mile crib Cadillac kept her pronounced lead, and it was impossible to tell whether or not Milwaukee had made up any distance. This leg was a procession, the time being as follows:

	Buoy.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	3 36 40	4 53 00	1 16 20
Milwaukee	3 45 30	5 01 43	1 16 13

Milwaukee gained 7s.

Time for the course:

	Start, 1:30.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	4 53 00	3 23 00
Milwaukee	5 01 43	3 31 43

The Canadian Challenger Arrives.

Aug. 2.—Invader, the handsome Canadian boat which visits Chicago with the purpose of taking home the Canada cup, reached South Chicago yesterday in perfect condition. Barring a little dust accumulated on the journey, she shows nothing the worse for her trip by rail. She was stowed on a flat car very carefully, and so far as can be told has reached Chicago without the slightest perceptible injury.

Invader, on a hurried first look, makes a good impression upon the Chicago talent, and if truth be told the local feeling is rather to the effect that Invader will prove dangerous. The recent good showings made by the fin keel Illinois have rather overcome the depression of stock in that model. Upon the other hand, there are many who bring up the Invader-Beaver-Minota comparisons. Minota was able to do something with Beaver. Beaver, in the preliminary trials, seemed able to take care of Invader. Minota has been nowhere in competitions with Cadillac, Milwaukee, or even Illinois. This comparison causes hope to spring in the breasts of the Chicago yachtsmen.

There is no doubt whatever that Invader will do better here after being tuned up than she did in her trials with Beaver at home. An unprejudiced outlook would seem to place the betting odds about even at this stage between Invader and Cadillac. Given conditions such as have prevailed here for the last month, light airs and shifting winds, the center board type should prove rather a favorite in spite of the opinion of the Canadians in regard to that model as shown in the selection of Invader. On the other hand, should we have what is possible here on Lake Michigan any day of the year, and much more likely in the latter part of August than it is in midsummer—stiff winds, with perhaps squalls—then the fin keel ought to show its superiority as a big water boat. We have been having, in fact, in these trial races here, big water boats sailing under inland lake conditions. This sort of thing will not last. It is probable that in the luck of the conditions will rest the victory for the one type or the other, or the one boat or the other, in the final cup races.

Invader will go into the water to-day, and will be accorded a royal welcome when she sails to her anchorage in the Chicago harbor.

Yachting has attained a prominence in this city during the present season which could never before have been accorded it. Meantime there are continuous regattas among the fleets all over our inland lakes of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota. The sport seems surely a growing one in the Western region.

Cadillac Chosen as Defender.

Aug. 2.—Cadillac made it two straight over Milwaukee to-day and was elected cup defender, leaving her rivals bearing a strong facial resemblance to thirty cents.

Invader, the beautiful new Canadian boat which has come over to lift the Canada cup, if possible, sailed up from South Chicago during the afternoon and was sighted from the judges' boat before the conclusion of the race

between Cadillac and Milwaukee. The visiting boat was received with all manner of salutes from the craft in the harbor, the steam whistles giving the customary greeting, while the crews at the club house and on the different boats joined in lusty cheers. Invader was under working canvas, carrying a lot of extra spars, etc. It will soon go out to get acquainted with the local conditions. This boat has before been fully described in FOREST AND STREAM, and all that remains to be said regarding it is the story of its performances later in the following days.

Cadillac's Victory Decisive.

Milwaukee had made some changes in center board and ballast preparatory to this race, putting in a wooden board and laying aboard 1,400 pounds of ballast. As a matter of fact, Milwaukee sailed the triangular course of twenty-one miles in faster time than she has made in any of her four early trials over the same course, beating its best time by over 14m. The weather conditions had much to do with this, the wind being stiff, from twenty to twenty-four miles an hour. Cadillac sailed the course 20m. faster than on last Monday, when it defeated Illinois. She defeated Milwaukee to-day by 11m. and 13s., which performance would certainly seem to give Cadillac the premier rank among all the boats which have been gathered for the competition. This race, in a good, fresh wind, taken in conjunction with the race last Saturday, sailed also under good, stiff breeze, would seem to put a damper on the hopes of the shovel-nose model as an all-around boat. It was admittedly faster running free, and in spite of all that has been said regarding the windward qualities of this model, it does not seem to deliver the goods under the actual test of windward work. There would seem to be no doubt that the selection of Cadillac for the cup defender is the wisest possible choice which could have been made by the committee. The Hanley boat has proved a wonderfully consistent all-around performer. Its show running free is remarkably good for a boat which can beat so well, and the impression to-day, after seeing the decisive victory over Milwaukee, strengthens the growing belief among the experts that the cup is going to stay where it is this year.

The First Leg.

The course on the first leg was E. N.E. and was run as a broad reach, with wind abeam. Milwaukee went across the line 5s. ahead of Cadillac and took the weather berth. Cadillac was close reefed, Milwaukee carrying two reefs in its mainsail. For the first 6m. Milwaukee seemed to gain. Cadillac then set a balloon jib, Milwaukee following at once with its balloon jib. Milwaukee seemed to be gaining still. At 1:53 Cadillac shook out a reef, and presently yet another. She now seemed to foot better and hold her own with the shovel-nose. At 1:56 Milwaukee broke out spinnaker, the wind by this time having dropped, as is nearly always found to be the case farther out ashore at this port. At the turn it was seen that Milwaukee had not much better than held its own in the latter half of the first leg. The times were as follows:

	Start, 1:30.	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Milwaukee	2 11 20	0 41 20
Cadillac	2 13 46	0 43 46

Milwaukee gained 2m. 26s.

Second Leg.

Both boats broke out spinnaker and balloon jib after the turn, carrying headsails wing and wing. Milwaukee now let go a reef, but in spite of this Cadillac liked this point of the weather and began to crawl up slowly, the wind being now light and from the N.W., and Cadillac holding the weather berth. For 20m. the boats held as they were. At 2:30 Milwaukee crosses the bows of Cadillac, but the latter seems to be closing slowly. Milwaukee catches fresher breeze at 2:55. It spurts away from Cadillac.

At 3:04 both boats take in spinnakers. Cadillac's canvas seems to set nicely. Two minutes back of the second turn Milwaukee sets a storm jib, and before the turn drops the balloon jib. The times at the turn are:

	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Milwaukee	3 14 40	1 03 20
Cadillac	3 16 47	1 03 01

Cadillac gained 19s.

The Windward Finish.

Soon after the turn into the last leg Milwaukee got into trouble, catching a quick slant of wind which sent her far over, so that her main boom dipped deeply, while center board and rudder both showed nearly clear. Finally the boat righted, and Skipper Davis got it in hand again, avoiding what looked like a capsiz. It is possible the new ballasting of Milwaukee left her crew less acquainted with the boat. The old center board carried by Milwaukee had 800 pounds of lead, but this was replaced by another board and by ballast.

Meantime Cadillac had taken the windward berth, but did not hold it, and though footing faster at the end of 14m., had dropped to leeward of Milwaukee. The wind was N. by N.W. and growing fresh at this time.

At 3:55 Milwaukee drops its jib. Cadillac passes Milwaukee and takes the weather berth. At 3:40 Cadillac puts out a baby jib. Cadillac is now leading steadily. At 4:10 the boats split tacks, and at 4:17 they repeat this maneuver.

At 4:22 Cadillac, with all kinds of a lead, comes about and lays course for the line, crossing shortly later a victor in any kind of fashion, Milwaukee finishing nearly a quarter of an hour later. The times:

	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	4 24 55	1 08 08
Milwaukee	4 36 08	1 21 28

Cadillac gained 13m. 20s.

Cadillac was announced as cup defender by the judges at the Chicago Y. C. club house immediately following the close of the race.

In concluding the running comments which have been made upon the Hanley boat from time to time, it is enough to say that every yachtsman of Chicago is satisfied that she is a better boat than any which sailed against her in these competitions. She is a most desirable com-

bination of windward and running qualities, and the boat which beats her will need to rank somewhere in the phenomenal class. Cadillac has been sailed by an able mariner and a thorough sportsman, Commodore Shaw, of Detroit. It certainly cannot be said that she has had any favors shown to her or that she has won by any flukes, any more than it can, on the other hand, be said that any of her competitors have profited in any wise except through their own ability or through the chance conditions of wind and water. Picked as a winner when she first sailed into Chicago harbor, and before her performance could be rated by any available comparisons, Cadillac has been a favorite from the start, and she has even more than made good the favorable impressions gathered regarding her at the first. She has clearly outsailed the other boats here, and no sportsman can for a moment grudge her her victory. In the belief of the Chicago yachtsmen, founded before they have yet seen Invader sail or had any opportunity of getting a line upon her abilities, Hanley has for a second time designed a cup winner.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—MIDSUMMER SERIES.

THE midsummer series of races of the Corinthian Y. C. were quite successful. There were four days' racing in all, counting the open race for the wind-up. The number of starters varied from forty-six to fifty-two, which is the largest number of starters in any single race sailed in Massachusetts Bay this season, with the exception of the city of Boston race on July 4. There were the usual light breezes for which Corinthian Y. C. races are noted, but there was not a single day of fog. This feature was an exception that could not pass unnoticed.

Wednesday, July 31.

The opening race of the series was sailed in a very light westerly breeze. It was also very fluky. In the 25-footers Chewink, Flirt and Calypso were the favorites. The breeze suited the two keel boats, and they both finished ahead of Calypso. Flirt was a close second to Chewink, but was disqualified because she was sailed by a professional. In the other classes the boats were well bunched at the start, but soon spread out, the best light-air sailers being at the heads of the classes. The summary:

Class A.			
	Elapsed.		
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 59 38		
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 04 31		
Jingo, R. T. Paine, Jr.	2 05 54		
Khalifa, R. Tucker	2 07 27		
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 10 13		
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee	Disqualified.		
Class B—Handicap.			
	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Oivana, R. Boardman	2 09 41	2 per cent.	2 07 06
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	2 14 07	2 per cent.	2 11 32
Brigand, H. A. Morris	2 19 15	2 per cent.	2 16 40
Gringo, H. L. Brown	2 29 13	3 per cent.	2 19 27
Thordis, W. C. Foster	2 19 42	Scratch.	2 19 42
Urchin, C. W. Chapin	2 51 46	4 per cent.	2 46 15
Class C.			
	Elapsed.		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 11 55		
Indian, J. Lawrence	2 17 55		
Runaway Girl, C. H. Tweed	2 23 48		
Idol, F. K. Lothrop	2 26 22		
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins	2 28 02		
Class D.			
	Elapsed.		
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	2 22 18		
Eaglet, S. Burgess	2 24 12		
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins	2 27 38		
Privateer, J. McConnell	2 31 18		
Mildred II., S. P. Morse	2 32 00		
Rambler, S. M. Pomeroy	2 34 03		
Dosia, E. A. Phemister	2 47 30		
San Toy, R. B. Emmons	2 47 50		
Class E.			
	Elapsed.		
Plunger, J. A. Will	2 24 12		
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs	2 25 54		
Monsoon, A. W. Erickson	2 28 15		
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	2 40 48		
Fantasy, W. Allerton	2 41 10		
Handicap Knockabouts.			
	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Thistle, A. P. MacKinnon	1 27 07	5 per cent.	1 22 57
Dabster, C. P. Keith	1 23 16	Scratch.	1 23 16
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 37 32	Scratch.	1 27 32
Soubrette, R. D. Moot	1 35 45	9 per cent.	1 29 55
Class G.			
	Elapsed.		
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	1 34 21		
Miladi, F. R. Adams	1 36 53		
Oriana, B. Douglass	1 38 04		
Suzan, Q. Bent	1 38 30		
Comforter, J. W. Whittemore	1 39 42		
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	1 39 43		
Class H.			
	Elapsed.		
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	1 02 27		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	1 05 05		
Moccasin, J. D. Irving	1 07 21		
Kalitan, H. E. Rogers	1 08 31		
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins	1 12 27		
Gee Whiz, L. Percival	1 14 50		

Thursday, Aug. 1.

On the second day of the series there was a good breeze from the southward, and the racing was close and interesting from the start. On the windward work the keel boats showed their superiority over the centerboards more than they have before this season, and in the 25-footers the keels were at the top of the list at the finish. In all classes the races were hard fought and were well sailed from start to finish. The summary:

Class A.			
	Elapsed.		
Chewink, F. G. Macomber	1 35 46		
Nereid, C. H. Lunt	1 36 42		
Jingo, R. T. Paine, 2d.	1 37 20		
Tarpon, E. C. Grew	1 40 12		
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	1 44 41		
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	1 45 15		
Class B.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Gringo, W. H. Brown	1 48 35	1 43 51	
Oivana, R. Boardman	1 44 08	1 44 08	
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	1 48 08	1 45 54	
Thordis, W. N. Foster	1 48 08	1 48 08	
Jungfrau, H. B. Bailey	1 51 08	1 51 08	
Theodora, F. Burgess	1 56 51	1 51 35	
Louise, E. McWilliams	1 57 58	1 55 52	
Class C.			
	Elapsed.		
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins	1 16 34		
Indian, J. Lawrence	1 46 49		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	1 46 59		
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed	1 51 45		
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	1 55 26		
Idol, F. K. Lothrop, Jr.	Disabled.		

Class D.			
	Elapsed.		
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	1 44 04		
Eaglet, S. Burgess	1 45 48		
Rambler, S. M. Pomeroy	1 46 03		
Mildred II., S. P. Morse	1 46 20		
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins	1 47 03		
Privateer, J. McConnell	1 49 20		
Dosia, E. H. Phemister	1 50 53		
Class E.			
	Elapsed.		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon	1 32 38		
Plunger, J. A. Will	1 45 08		
Pioneer, Walter Kelly	1 54 22		
Fantasy, W. Allerton	1 54 41		
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs	1 56 31		
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	1 57 11		
Class F.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Soubrette, R. D. Moot	1 35 52	1 20 09	
Thistle, A. P. MacKinnon	1 34 30	1 30 40	
Spy, R. Stone	1 35 12	1 32 19	
Theresa, L. Davis	1 37 47	1 33 19	
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 33 50	1 33 50	
Dabster, G. P. Keith	1 34 39	1 34 39	

Class G.			
	Elapsed.		
Susan, Q. Bent	1 34 05		
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	1 34 34		
Malillian, B. F. Permar	1 35 09		
Nethla, Cole & Bacon	1 35 51		
Miladi, F. R. Adams	1 36 58		
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	1 38 10		
Comforter, J. W. Whittemore	1 43 32		
Oriana, A. Douglass	1 43 41		
Class H.			
	Elapsed.		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	0 58 45		
Moccasin, J. D. Irving	1 00 25		
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	1 00 35		
Gee Whiz, L. Percival	1 01 43		
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers	1 02 20		
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins	1 04 50		

Friday, Aug. 2.

In the third and last race of the midsummer series there was a very light easterly breeze. It was best suited to the keel boats Flirt and Chewink in the 25-footers. They sailed a very close race all over the course, Flirt winning out by less than 2m. The closest race of the day was between the 21-footers, in which Eaglet finished 15s. ahead of Opitsah III. The racing was good in the other classes, but on account of the extremely light air the times were slow. The summary:

Class A.			
	Elapsed.		
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee	2 34 35		
Chewink, F. G. Macomber	2 35 02		
Jingo, R. T. Paine, 2d.	2 35 44		
Nereid, C. H. Lunt	2 36 42		
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 44 24		
Khalifa, R. Tucker	2 47 38		
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 56 31		
Tarpon, E. C. Grew	Withdraw.		
Class B.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Sally IV., H. W. Mason	2 45 40	2 40 44	
Oivana, R. Boardman	2 44 18	2 44 18	
Thordis, W. V. Foster	2 53 08	2 53 12	
Gringo, W. H. Brown	3 02 12	2 57 16	
Louise, E. McWilliams	Withdraw.		
Class C.			
	Elapsed.		
Indian, J. Lawrence	2 49 52		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 51 34		
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed	2 52 54		
Idol, T. K. Lothrop	2 57 52		
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins	2 58 03		
Class D.			
	Elapsed.		
Eaglet, S. Burgess	2 52 28		
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	2 52 43		
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins	2 57 00		
Mildred II., S. P. Morse	3 04 19		
Privateer, J. McConnell	3 05 59		
Rambler, S. M. Pomeroy	3 06 25		
Dosia, E. A. Phemister	Withdraw.		
Class E.			
	Elapsed.		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon	2 36 33		
Fantasy, W. Allerton	3 08 36		
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs	3 14 08		
Hector, A. W. Hubbard	3 17 35		
Plunger, J. A. Will	3 19 23		
Monsoon, A. W. Erickson	Disabled.		
Class F.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 38 00	1 38 00	
Spy, R. Stone	1 40 00	1 38 02	
Thistle, A. P. MacKinnon	1 42 33	1 40 06	
Dabster, G. P. Keith	1 40 15	1 40 15	
Soubrette, R. D. Moot	1 44 07	1 41 11	
Theresa, L. Davis	1 52 25	1 48 46	
Class G.			
	Elapsed.		
Comforter, J. H. Whittemore	1 51 04		
Nethla, H. W. Macomber	1 54 25		
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	1 54 29		
Susan, Q. Bent	1 54 39		
Malillian, B. G. Permar	1 54 54		
Oriana, A. Douglass	1 56 02		
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey	2 00 35		
Miladi, F. R. Adams	2 02 00		
Class H.			
	Elapsed.		
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	1 05 03		
Gee Whiz, L. F. Percival	1 06 07		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	1 06 55		
Moccasin, J. D. Irving	1 10 40		
Kalitan, E. H. Rogers	1 10 45		
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers	1 13 50		
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins	Disabled.		

Saturday, Aug. 3.

For the annual open race, which always follows the midsummer series, the Corinthian Y. C. had another of those fluky S.W. breezes for which Marblehead is noted at this time of the season. There was a good breeze at the start, but it flattened out soon afterward, and was uncertain in strength all through. The times were slow in all classes. The event of the day was the win of Nereid in the 25-footers. She is a new boat, owned by C. H. Lunt, of Gloucester. She made a good showing in the other races, and this time she went to the fore. In the 21-footers Eaglet, designed by Starling Burgess, had another close finish with Opitsah III., Eaglet crossing the line less than a minute and a half to the good. The summary:

Class A.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Nereid, C. H. Lunt	2 30 58	2 30 58	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee	2 33 36	2 33 36	
Chewink, F. G. Macomber	2 34 10	2 34 10	
Jingo, R. T. Paine, 2d.	2 34 11	2 34 11	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 36 46	2 36 46	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 48 56	2 48 56	
Class B.			
	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Onda, D. Greenough	2 32 55	2 per cent.	2 32 55
Oivana, R. Boardman	2 36 21	Scratch.	2 36 21
Gringo, H. S. Brown	2 41 22	3 per cent.	2 36 30
Sally IV., H. S. Mason	2 53 26	2 per cent.	2 50 22
Eclipse, Jones & Crocker	2 54 05	Scratch.	2 54 05
Thordis, W. V. Foster	3 02 12	5 per cent.	2 54 33
Theodora, F. Burgess	3 16 00	6 per cent.	3 06 50
Jungfrau, H. B. Bailey	Withdraw.		
Class C.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 31 38	2 31 38	

Class D.			
	Elapsed.		
Indian, J. S. Lawrence	2 37 43		
Idol, F. K. Lothrop	2 46 58		
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins	Withdraw.		
Class E.			
	Elapsed.		
Eaglet, S. Burgess	2 39 27		
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	2 40 54		
Rambler, S. M. Pomeroy	2 46 03		
Privateer, J. McConnell	2 46 42		
San Toy, R. M. Emmons	Withdraw.		
Dosia, E. H. Phemister	Withdraw.		
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins	Withdraw.		
Class F.			
	Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.
Suzanne, F. Brewster	2 44 43	Scratch.	2 44 43
Spy, R. Stone	2 50 41	1 per cent.	2 49 02
Ruth	3 00 40	1 per cent.	2 49 08
Dabster, G. B. Keith	2 53 02	1 per cent.	2 51 22
Theresa, L. Davis	3 03 43	5 per cent.	2 55 29
Thistle, A. P. MacKinnon	3 10 50	2 per cent.	2 53 30
Soubrette, R. D. Moot	3 07 15	3 per cent.	3 02 19

Class G.			
	Elapsed.		
Susan, Q. Bent	2 06 30		
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore	2 11 22		
Malillian, H. S. Permar	2 11 38		
Miladi, F. R. Adams	2 12 55		
Aspinquid, F. A. Comey	2 17 05		
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat	2 17 20		
Oriana, A. Douglass	2 27 02		
Class H.			
	Elapsed.		
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	0 59 16		
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman	1 01 15		
Gee Whiz, L. F. Percival	1 01 32		
Moccasin, J. D. Irving	1 01 33		
Mongli, W. Palmer	1 02 42		
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins	1 06 05		

Burgess Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.—Y.

Class T.			
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	3	07	50
Fantasy, W. Allerton.....	3	08	07
Plunger, J. A. Will.....	3	10	25
Pioneer, W. Kelley.....	3	25	13
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	Withdrew.		
Pioneer protests Vitesse.			
Class I.			
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	Withdrew.		
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.....	Withdrew.		
Miladi	Withdrew.		
Oriana, A. Douglass.....	Withdrew.		

Class A.			
Elapsed.	Handicap.	Corrected.	
Sally IV., H. Mason.....	2 58 52	3 per cent.	25 04 46
Romance, Sears.....	3 09 30	Scratch.	3 09 30
Thordis, W. C. Foster.....	Withdrew.		
Gringo, W. H. Brown.....	Withdrew.		

Class B.			
			Elapsed.
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....			3 06 05
San Toy, R. B. Emmons.....	Withdrew.		
Soubrette, R. D. Moot.....	Withdrew.		
Rikki Tikki, Loring Brothers.....	Withdrew.		

Class C.			
Ugly Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1	49	17
Raccoon, A. D. Irving.....	1	50	17
Bagheera, F. Allen.....	1	52	12
Cyclone, R. Wiggan.....	1	54	00
Moccasin, J. D. Irving.....	1	59	12
Kalitan, E. Rogers.....	Withdrew.		

M. Y. R. A. Percentages.

THE following are the percentages of the yachts in the different classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts to date, as compiled by the secretary, A. T. Bliss:

Class C—25ft. Open Yachts.									
Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Per C't.	B'ks.	Per C't.	Average.		
Thordis.....	5	3	2	0	0	0	.86		
Hustler.....	3	1	0	2	0	0	.56	2-3	
Romance.....	6	1	1	2	0	2	.235	.39	1-6
Widgeon.....	2	0	1	1	0	0	.100	.33	1-3
Hostess.....	2	1	0	0	0	1	.100	.33	1-3
Theodora.....	3	0	1	0	2	0	.95	.31	2-3
Carrie M.....	2	0	1	0	1	0	.80	.26	2-3
Acme.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	.35	.11	2-3
Eleanor.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	.30	.10	
Rival.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	.15	.05	
Walrus.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	.15	.05	

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.									
Calypso.....	8	4	1	1	2	0	.530	.66	1-4
Flirt.....	8	4	1	1	2	0	.530	.66	1-4
Early Dawn.....	9	1	3	2	3	0	.410	.45	5-9
Chewink.....	5	0	2	2	0	1	.200	.40	
Marion.....	4	0	1	0	3	0	.110	.24	1-2
Jingo.....	2	0	1	1	0	0	.100	.22	1-2
Little Peter.....	5	0	0	1	3	1	.80	.16	
Cyrella.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	.15	.03	3-4

Class L—21ft. Cabin Yachts.									
Hostess.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	.100	1.00	
Bud.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	.100	1.00	
Tacoma.....	2	1	0	1	0	0	.135	.67	1-2
Cleopatra.....	2	0	2	0	0	0	.130	.65	
Problem.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	.15	.15	

Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.									
Opitsah III.....	8	3	1	2	2	0	.475	.59	3-8
Zaza.....	7	3	0	2	2	0	.400	.57	1-7
Mildred II.....	4	2	0	1	1	0	.250	.55	5-9
Harriet.....	4	1	2	0	1	0	.245	.54	1-2
Eaglet.....	9	0	5	0	3	0	.370	.41	1-9
Tabasco III.....	3	1	1	0	1	0	.180	.40	
Coquette.....	5	0	0	2	3	0	.115	.23	
Rambler.....	2	0	1	1	0	0	.100	.22	2-9
Pioneer.....	4	0	0	1	3	0	.80	.17	7-9
Freyja.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	.30	.06	6-9
Tarpon.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	.30	.06	2-3

Class T—18ft. Open Yachts.									
*Dauntless.....	3	2	1	0	0	0	.265	.88	1-3
Fantasy.....	5	3	2	0	0	0	.430	.86	
*Circe II.....	2	1	1	0	0	0	.165	.66	
Plunger.....	2	1	0	1	0	0	.135	.54	
Vitesse.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	.100	.40	
Lobster.....	4	0	1	2	0	1	.135	.33	3-4
Cathryn.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	.65	.26	
Flip.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	.65	.26	
Hector.....	4	0	0	2	2	0	.100	.25	
Pioneer.....	3	0	0	1	1	1	.50	.16	2-3

*Measured out of class.

Class X—15ft. Open Yachts.									
Vitesse.....	5	4	1	0	0	0	.465	.93	
Tess.....	4	1	3	0	0	0	.275	.73	3-4
Dorothea.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	.65	.26	
Melodie.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	.35	.14	
Elsa.....	1	0	0	1	0	0	.35	.14	

Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.									
Aspinquid.....	7	3	2	2	0	0	.500	.71	3-7
Malillian.....	5	2	0	2	1	0	.285	.57	
Bacchante.....	6	1	1	1	3	0	.245	.40	5-6
Bonito.....	2	1	1	0	0	0	.165	.40	5-7
Nethla.....	3	0	1	0	2	0	.95	.27	1-7
Ayaya.....	6	0	1	1	4	0	.160	.26	2-3
Oriana.....	4	0	0	1	3	0	.80	.20	
Miladi.....	1	0	1	0	0	0	.65	.18	4-7
Barbara.....	3	0	0	0	3	0	.45	.12	6-7

In this table neither the races of the Corinthian Y. C. nor the club races of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. are figured. In figuring the percentage of each yacht it is assumed that she has started in at least half as many races as any yacht in her class. This will account for the difference shown in the actual wins and the percentages of some of the yachts.

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

EIGHT boats started in the annual memorial races for the Center cups, which were sailed off the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 3. The course was twelve and three-quarter miles in length, the mark boats being anchored off Plum Point, Middle Ground Shoal, Center Island Point and Lloyd's Point. It was a close reach to the first mark, a broad reach to the second, a run to the third and from there a beat to the finish. A fresh southerly wind blew throughout the race. The boats were sent away at 3:05 o'clock, with Joker ahead and to windward. On the first two legs Joker and Persimmon fought it out for first place, but the latter boat's chances were spoiled when she hauled on the wind by losing her bowsprit, and she withdrew. Wyntje overtook Marcia before reaching Middle Ground Buoy and finished a winner. Summary:

Raceabouts—Center Memorial Prizes—Start, 3:05.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Joker, Walter Jennings.....	5 31 09	2 26 09
Persimmon, E. J. Clarke.....	Withdrew.	

Knockabouts—Start, 3:00.		
Wyntje, Sherman Hoyt.....	5 42 55	2 32 55
Nakodo, C. W. Wetmore.....	5 45 50	2 35 50
Mistral, E. I. Low.....	5 46 42	2 36 42
Lucille, H. H. Landon.....	5 47 55	2 37 55
Vagrant, Brown & Low.....	5 49 18	2 39 18
Marcia, Dresser & Jacquelin.....	5 49 38	2 39 38

The winners were Joker and Wyntje.

Newport Y. R. A.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Thursday, Aug. 1.

THE Regatta Committee of the Newport Y. R. A. offered prizes for the Cup defender class, 90ft. class of yawls, 75ft. class of schooners and the 80, 70, 51 and 43ft. classes of sloops for races to be held on Thursday, Aug. 1, but only three classes filled, and there were only six starters. Columbia and Independence started in the Cup defender class. Constitution was at Bristol being re-rigged. Vigilant, Navahoe and Ailsa started in the 90ft. class for yawls, and Elmina and Quisseta started in the schooner class. None of the boats started in the class for English cutters. This was due to a disagreement that has arisen among the owners of these boats. There are now four boats racing in this class—Hester, Isolde, Senta and Eelin. The three latter boats are practically the same racing length—about 60ft.—while Hester measures about 70ft. The racing rules state that boats built since 1896 shall be considered to measure and race at the top of their class, without time allowance, but those boats built previous to 1896 shall receive time allowance. Eelin and Senta, both having been built during 1896, do not receive any allowance from Hester, while Isolde, having been built previous to that time, receives 8m. and 56s. over a thirty-mile course. As these boats were built to race under the English rule and not under the American rule, the owners of Eelin and Senta object to racing under the present conditions, and as their case is an exceptional one, they believe they should receive special consideration.

The breeze in the morning was light and uncertain from the N.W., and it finally died out, leaving the boats becalmed. The Regatta Committee was aboard Col. Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal, and it postponed the race for a time, but about 11:30 a strong S.W. wind came up and course signals were hoisted. The course was a triangular one, the first leg being S.W. by S., the second E., and the last N.W. The start for Columbia and Independence was given at 11:40 o'clock. The breeze was now quite fresh, and Columbia and Independence crossed almost together, the former defender being in the weather berth. At 11:45 o'clock the yawls were sent away, Navahoe ahead, but at the leeward end of the line, Ailsa second and Vigilant third, but to windward. At 11:55 o'clock the schooners started, with Elmina in the windward berth. Columbia and Independence held the starboard tack off shore, while the yawls and schooners stood in on the Narragansett shore.

About 1 o'clock Independence came about; Columbia stood on and crossed her bows, finally coming about well on the weather bow of the Boston boat. Independence began to move faster, but Columbia reached the weather mark first. While the two big cutters had been fighting the race out off shore, the yawls had got the better breeze inshore and rounded first. The times of rounding the first mark by Columbia and Independence were:

Columbia.....	1 31 44	Independence.....	1 32 53
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The yawls and the schooners were timed:

Navahoe.....	1 26 16	Elmina.....	1 41 58
Ailsa.....	1 28 31	Quisseta.....	1 50 02
Vigilant.....	1 29 12		

It was a broad reach to the second mark. The balloonier was set on Columbia, while on Independence a reaching jib topsail was used. This move seemed to be an error for Independence, as Columbia began to leave her very fast. After a time a spinnaker was set on Independence, but this sail did not help her to any appreciable extent. The times at the second mark were:

Columbia.....	2 35 03	Independence.....	2 41 35
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In the meantime Navahoe was leading the yawls, and Vigilant and Ailsa were both trying for second place. Their times as they jibed around the second mark follow:

Navahoe.....	2 37 07	Ailsa.....	2 45 23
Vigilant.....	2 38 01		

Elmina was well in the lead in her class, and she rounded the second mark at 2:52:15. Quisseta followed at 3:10:00.

On the run to the finish Columbia moved away from the yawls in great shape, and Independence also went through their lee and left them well behind. Independence caught the first of the freshening breeze and picked up considerably on Columbia, but not enough to make her dangerous. The yachts as they finished were timed as follows:

Columbia.....	3 22 57	Ailsa.....	3 37 16
Independence.....	3 27 40	Elmina.....	3 50 52
Navahoe.....	3 29 07	Quisseta.....	4 05 09

Summary:

Sloops—Class G—Under 90ft.—Start, 11:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia.....	3 22 57	3 42 57	3 42 26
Independence.....	3 27 40	3 47 40	3 47 40

Yawls—Class G—Over 90ft.—Start, 11:45.			
Navahoe.....	3 29 07	3 44 07	3 43 25
Vigilant.....	3 28 23	3 43 23	3 43 23
Ailsa.....	3 37 16	3 52 16	3 50 51

Schooners—Class D—65 to 75ft.—Start, 11:55.			
Elmina.....	3 50 52	3 55 52	3 55 52
Quisseta.....	4 05 39	4 10 39	4 10 39

Columbia beat Independence 4m. and 43s. elapsed time. Independence, on account of her new racing measurement, which is 102.79ft., allowed the old racing 31s., which increased the latter's victory on corrected time to 5m. and 14s. Vigilant beat Navahoe 2s. and Ailsa 7m. and 26s.; Elmina beat Quisseta 15m. and 7s.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

The Regatta Committee was again on board the steam yacht Nourmahal, and after making a starting line from the lightship, at 10:35 o'clock set signals for the triangular course of thirty miles, ten miles to each leg. The first leg was S.W. by S., the second E., and the third N.N.W. The wind was strong from the S.S.W., so this made it a beat to the first mark, a broad reach to the second and a close reach home. A little later a temporary postponement flag was hoisted on the committee boat, as some of the boats had started to take in club topsails, as the breeze had freshened so much, and the committee wanted the boats in all classes to start on time.

At 11:15 o'clock the warning signal was given, and 5m. later the preparatory signal followed for Columbia and Independence. Columbia at this time was to windward of

the line, with Independence some distance to leeward. Columbia came about and crossed the line, and then tried to luff on Independence's weather quarter, but owing to a miscalculation the mainsail of Columbia scraped the fore rigging of the Boston boat. No damage was done and no protest was made. Independence crossed the starting line to leeward just as the signal was given, 12s. ahead of Columbia. Both boats stood in on the Narragansett shore, and were moving finely in the jump of sea, but Columbia was drawing a little ahead. It was almost 12 o'clock when Columbia came about and crossed her opponent's bows. The times of these boats at the weather mark was:

Columbia.....	12 42 30	Independence.....	12 45 20
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On this leg Independence had been beaten 3m. and 50s. It was a broad reach to the next mark, with the wind coming over the starboard quarter. Independence was gradually picking up Columbia on this leg, and she gained 1m. and 35s. The times at the second mark:

Columbia.....	1 30 00	Independence.....	1 31 15
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Owing to the pounding that Independence had gotten in the earlier part of the race, it was now found nearly impossible to steer her, for the plates around the rudder post were badly wrung, and the rudder seemed to jam in its sleeve. Another thing which helped to lose the race for her was the fact that her compass was several points off, and consequently she stood well off her course, and set wrong sails, which she soon had to take in and head up several points to make the finish line. On the leg home Independence was slowly but surely decreasing Columbia's lead, and had the finish line been a little further away she would have undoubtedly been a winner; but Columbia had just lead enough to carry her across the finish line a winner by 40s. on elapsed time and 1m. and 11s. corrected time. It was undoubtedly the hardest race Columbia had ever sailed, and the rare performances of Independence are now beginning to command respect from all quarters. Columbia crossed at 2:16:48, and Independence at 2:17:28.

In the yawl class Vigilant crossed before the signal, and she had to return and cross again. Navahoe crossed at the leeward end of the line, and had to tack to clear the lightship. Navahoe was handicapped a minute, Ailsa a minute and a half and Vigilant three minutes. Ailsa sailed in the fine form that she showed in the N. Y. Y. C. race down the bay, when she beat Vigilant handily, again running away from her rivals, and finished a winner by a substantial margin. Ailsa finished at 3:10:26, Vigilant at 3:14:23 and Navahoe at 3:15:36.

In the schooner class Quisseta and Elmina crossed together at 11:40:00. Elmina worked into the lead early in the race and finished a winner at 3:58:22, while Quisseta crossed at 4:03:06.

In the class for English cutters, Hester, Isolde and Senta started at 11:45 in the following order: Hester led all through the race, but Isolde held her close enough to win on allowance. Hester finished at 3:57:46, Isolde at 4:02:01 and Senta at 4:08:54. The table follows:

90ft. Sloops—Class G—Start, 11:25.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia.....	2 16 48	2 51 48	2 51 17
Independence.....	2 16 28	2 52 28	2 52 28

Class G—Yawls—Start, 11:30.			
Vigilant.....	2 44 23	3 14 23	3 14 23
Navahoe.....	2 45 36	3 15 36	3 14 54

Monday, Aug. 5. There was a good breeze from the N.W., and Hera won after a close race. The summary:

Start, 3:42.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 04 12	2 10 12
Carolina, P. Jones.....	5 04 30	2 10 30
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	5 05 00	2 11 00
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	5 05 30	2 11 30
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	5 06 11	2 12 11
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 06 45	2 12 45

Bayswater Y. C.

FAR ROCKAWAY—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

In the open regatta of the Bayswater Y. C. that was sailed on Jamaica Bay on Saturday, Aug. 3, twenty-three boats started. The breeze was fresh from the S.W., and the course was from an imaginary line made off the club house to Mud Channel, which is off the head of Sloop Island, and from there to a mark off Sweet Water, and thence home over the same course. The boats of all classes sailed over this course twice, with the exception of the sharpies, which went over but once.

The first class catboats Elsa and Jennie sailed for the championship of Jamaica Bay. Jennie got a bad start, her opponent beating her over the line 17s. Elsa continued to draw away from Jennie soon after the start, and finished a winner with minutes to spare. The times:

First Class—Cabin Sloops—Start, 4:05.		
Moriches.....	6 30 45	2 25 45
Robin.....	6 19 10	2 14 10
Ella A.....	6 24 19	2 19 19
Truant.....	6 35 47	2 30 47
Second Class—Sloops—Start, 4:10.		
Joker.....	6 35 55	2 25 55
Amy.....	6 30 17	2 20 17
Sponge.....	6 34 30	2 24 30
First Class—Catboats—Start, 4:00.		
Elsa.....	5 57 20	1 57 20
Jennie.....	6 12 05	2 12 05
Second Class—Catboats—Start, 4:15.		
Catherine.....	6 23 09	2 08 09
Mattie.....	6 31 10	2 16 10
Minnehaha.....	6 22 55	2 07 55
Flossie.....	6 32 12	2 17 12
Unknown.....	Not timed.	
Third Class—Catboats—Start, 4:20.		
Meta.....	6 44 42	2 24 42
Agnes.....	Withdraw.	
Mauwee.....	Withdraw.	
First Class—Sharpies—Start, 4:25.		
Domino.....	5 43 55	1 18 55
Avicet.....	5 39 55	1 14 55
Anna.....	5 52 27	1 27 27
June W.....	5 46 50	1 21 50
Marion.....	5 38 00	1 13 00

The winners were Robin, Amy, Elsa, Catherine, Meta and Marion.

Williamsburg Y. C.

NORTH BEACH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sunday, Aug. 4.

THE annual midsummer regatta of the Williamsburg Y. C. was sailed in a light breeze on Sunday, Aug. 4. The boats sailed over a course some six miles in length. The first leg of the journey was a beat, the second was two tacks of a long and short leg and the third a free run home, with booms to port. The summaries:

Class A—Cabin Sloops—30ft. and Over.		
Bertha K., Frederick Kaiser.....	3 47 40	1 37 40
Portia, John Fennell.....	4 13 00	2 03 00
Class C—Cabin Sloops—24 to 26ft.		
Pastime, James Schuessle.....	3 44 45	1 34 45
Volunteer, E. Ray.....	3 52 25	1 42 25
Class D—Cabin Sloops Under 24ft.		
Eagle, Charles Hartman.....	4 40 20	2 30 20
May, E. Falterman.....	Not timed.	
Hellfire, A. Potramann.....	Withdraw.	
Class E—Cabin Catboats 24ft. and Over.		
Mabel M., E. Haman.....	4 18 44	2 08 44
Matilda, Thomas H. Doremus.....	4 27 44	2 17 44
Class F—Catboats Under 24ft.		
Jessie, W. P. Phillips.....	4 08 40	1 43 40
Reckless, L. W. Rice.....	4 14 05	1 59 05
Swan, Robert Jones.....	Not timed.	
Bessie, William H. Roth.....	Withdraw.	
Class G—Cabin Catboats 20ft. or Under.		
Florence, G. S. Card.....	4 05 22	1 50 22
Etona, H. R. Rosemond.....	4 32 27	2 17 27
Class H—Open Catboats Under 21ft.		
Edith M., F. Eardley.....	4 11 07	1 50 07
Dart, E. Kallina.....	Not timed.	
Class D—Open Sloops Under 21ft.		
Poll, W. S. Heatine.....	4 01 32	1 46 32
Dot, W. Waldheim.....	Not timed.	

The winners were Bertha K., Pastime, Eagle, Mabel M., Jessie, Florence, Edith M. and Polly.

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

THE regular club race of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed Saturday, off the club house on Columbia Road. The wind was very light, and poor times were made over the course. The summary:

First Class.		
Ustane, C. J. Moriarty.....	1 57 17	2 05 17
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson.....	1 54 10	2 06 10
Venture, W. C. Cherrington.....	1 59 00	2 07 00
Alcyone, Fred Coombs.....	2 08 59	2 08 59
Helen, Wm. Tracey.....	2 04 22	2 09 22
Alda, C. P. Mooney.....	2 09 09	2 14 09
Second Class.		
Hoyden, C. Aldrich.....	1 57 37	2 12 37
Myosotis, A. La Fort.....	2 15 36	2 15 36
Louise, A. Sherlock.....	2 05 37	2 15 37

Bergen Beach Y. C.

BERGEN BEACH—JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

THE first open regatta of the Bergen Beach Y. C. was sailed off the new club house on Jamaica Bay on Saturday, Aug. 3. The boats were divided into five classes, and there were nineteen starters. The course was from the club dock to a stake boat off the Canarsie dock; thence to the main channel, thence to the red buoy No. 4 and back to the starting point. The breeze was from the S.W., making the first leg of the course a run, the second a broad reach, the third a beat and the fourth a reach. The times were:

Cabin Cat Class—Start, 4:05.			
Madeline.....	5 40 45	1 35 45	1 35 45
Mignonette.....	5 41 19	1 36 19	1 36 19
Irene.....	5 26 03	1 21 03	1 21 03
Hattie E.....	5 29 19	1 24 19	1 22 19
Open Cat Class—Start, 4:10.			
Tam o' Shanter.....	5 27 14	1 17 14	1 16 54
Vision.....	5 37 45	2 27 45	1 26 05
Widgeon.....	5 27 48	1 37 28	1 36 48
Caddie.....	5 28 30	1 28 30	1 28 30
Open Cat Class—16 to 18ft.—Start, 4:15.			
Gannette.....	Not timed.		
Pepetia.....	5 42 32	1 27 32	1 26 52
Felice.....	5 39 00	1 24 00	1 23 00
Ripple.....	Not timed.		
Skimmer.....	Disqualified.		
Sharpie Class—Start, 4:20.			
Lester.....	Withdraw.		
Alert.....	5 43 08	1 23 08	1 23 08
Start.....	Withdraw.		
Free.....	5 43 00	1 23 50	1 23 50
Sloop Class—Start, 4:05.			
Chief.....	3 30 12	1 25 12	1 25 12
Chelsea.....	5 38 45	1 35 45	1 21 30

The winners were Irene, Tam o' Shanter, Felice, Alert and Chelsea.

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

THE special handicap race of the Winthrop Y. C. was sailed off the club house Saturday, Aug. 3, in a very light southwesterly breeze. Freyja finished first, but lost to Alert on corrected time. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Alert, H. M. Ridgeway.....	1 52 17	1 44 17
Freyja, C. H. Goddard.....	1 49 00	1 46 00
Hector, A. W. Hubbard.....	1 59 24	1 47 24
Zetes, L. B. McKie.....	2 00 46	1 49 46
Favorite, F. W. Bird.....	2 01 46	1 50 46
Grayling, Mr. Lansing.....	1 52 43	1 52 43
Louise, W. D. Allen.....	2 06 59	1 52 59
Charlotte, W. H. Watkins.....	3 12 28	1 57 28
Thelma, E. K. Tewksbury.....	2 12 59	1 58 59
Ideal, H. B. Whittier.....	2 18 33	2 08 33
Dot, Dr. Maynard.....	2 30 56	2 08 56
Ruth, A. F. Richards.....	2 27 14	2 09 14
Caper, W. W. Colson.....	2 33 38	2 12 38
Henrietta, J. A. McCloskey.....	2 26 40	2 12 40
Flash, W. H. Myrick.....	2 33 11	2 13 11
Eva, H. D. Flynn.....	2 35 32	2 15 32
Zoo, H. Waitt.....	Withdraw.	

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

THE Duxbury Y. C. sailed its regular club race on Saturday, Aug. 3, in a rattling southwester with plenty of puffs. All of the boats had as much as they wanted to handle, and two of them were disabled. The summary:

21ft. Class.	
Geisha, W. T. Whitman.....	1 41 12
Scamper, Reed Brothers.....	1 44 33
18ft. Class.	
Lobster II., C. C. Clapp.....	1 40 10
Dazzler, Goodspeed Brothers.....	1 43 40
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones.....	1 45 04
Trouble, Henry Hunt.....	1 46 35
Oom Paul, George Cushman.....	Disabled.
Handicap Class.	
Aureleux, H. Kellogg.....	2 03 24
Fedora, Simmons Brothers.....	2 08 21
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	Disabled.

Quincy Y. C.

QUINCY, MASS.

THE regular club race of the Quincy Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Saturday, Aug. 3, in a very light breeze from the S.W. The yachts in the first class were bunched all over the course. Hustler finished first, but lost to Whisper on time allowance. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Whisper, W. C. Harrison.....	4 05 10	4 11 10
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	4 01 15	4 13 15
C. C., G. H. Carey.....	4 02 35	4 14 35
Goblin, E. Ricker.....	4 10 00	4 15 00
Dora, Mr. Albright.....	4 12 45	4 17 45
Ida J., C. Collins.....	4 07 40	4 19 40
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln.....	4 10 35	4 22 35
Hester, Mr. Blackman.....	4 24 09	4 27 09
Dolly, W. W. Arnold.....	4 22 28	4 27 28
Special Class.		
		Elapsed.
Cleopatra, F. F. Crane.....		4 15 04
Bobolink, W. B. Vose.....		4 20 10

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter X.—Lead Keels and Center Plates.

THE lead keel of No. 2 design should be cast at a foundry, but the wooden pattern must be made exactly to the drawing by the boat builder.

When making the pattern, first cut out a set of hollow templates to the sections shown in the design. These are made in the same way as the building moulds; but instead of the template being made to fit inside the section, as the moulds were, it is made to fit outside, so that it can be tried on the pattern as it is being made. In very large patterns, moulds are used, and the pattern is planked up on them in the same way as the boat is built; but for a small keel it is simpler to make it out of a series of 3in. deals nailed together to make a solid block large enough to cut the pattern from.

A full-size drawing of the keel must be made from the sections in the design, and it should have a series of longitudinal sections worked out from the others at every 3in. from the upper side, which is to fit next to the boat and parallel to it. (Note—These longitudinal sections will not be parallel to the L.W.L., nor at right angles to the cross sections.)

A 3in. deal should be planed up, and if it cannot be got of sufficient width to make the top piece in one, two such pieces must be joined together. Draw a center line and set off the stations for each section, remembering to take all distances along the line of the top of the lead, and not the horizontal interval between the sections, as shown on the design. Set off the half-breadths at each station, draw a fair line through the spots, and saw it out to the required shape.

Mark out and cut a similar 3in. slab to each of the longitudinal sections, and fasten them all together, with their center lines coinciding. The result will be like a series of steps, and the angles must be trimmed fair with adze and plane.

Having roughly faired up the pattern, mark the rake of the sections with the upper side, and try the templates at each station. Be careful not to cut away too much at first, and try the templates several times, planing off a little at a time till they all fit; then fix the pattern temporarily in place on the boat's keel, and fair it up, with a batten bent over the planking and pattern, at various angles,

planing off any lumps till the batten lies fairly in every direction. The pattern must now be finished with a fine plane and glass paper till it is perfectly smooth, and all cracks and holes must be stopped. It is then ready for a coat of priming, and when that is dry, it should be rubbed down and sent to the foundry.

Most metals shrink in cooling when they are cast, and it is usual to allow for this in making the pattern; but as a lead keel nearly always come out heavier than it is calculated, owing to the immense weight expanding the sand and mould when it is poured in, the contraction may be ignored.

Do not try to get the bolt holes cast in the lead, but bore them with a shell-pointed auger from inside the boat. This will insure the bolt holes being in their proper places with regard to the floor frames.

Boring the lead is a tedious job, and requires an auger properly sharpened, or it will stick in the hole. A twist auger is quite useless for lead, and will stick at once and probably break in the hole. Use plenty of oil or soapy water as a lubricant when boring lead.

When boring the bolt holes for the lead keel from inside the boat great care must be taken to get the boat plumb exactly upright, so that when boring a plumb line inside the boat will show the proper direction for the auger, to get the hole in the center of the lead. Be sure and start your auger perfectly plumb, and once the hole is a few inches deep, the auger cannot go wrong.

A lead keel is far too heavy to move about single handed, and help must be obtained to place in position and wedge it close to the wood keel ready for boring; but before it is in place the upper part must be leveled to fit the wood. This is done first with an adze and afterward with a plane. A heavy hammer will often reduce a small lump, and if the lead is bent it can be straightened by laying it on blocks of wood and striking it with sledge hammers (with a piece of wood over the lead to prevent dents). The bolts for the lead keel should be of Bull's metal, with long, tapered, square heads, and driven upward. They should be fitted tightly through the wood keel, but the holes in the lead should be large enough to let the bolts drive fairly easily.

The end-filling pieces of wood to carry out the form of the keel are fitted after the lead is on and the whole dubbed with the adze and planed up when bolted together.

Take plenty of time over fairing up the keel, as on this depends much of the boat's speed.

Paint well between the wood keel and the lead, and all joints.

For those who wish to cast their own lead keels or bulbs, the following hints may be of use, but I should strongly advise any one to get the lead cast at a foundry, as it is a very troublesome business, and requires a good deal of care to turn out a good casting.

To make a mould for a lead keel of the size required for No. 1. design, about two cart loads of moulders' sand must be obtained from a foundry, ordinary sand being useless, having no cohesion. There are two methods of making the mould. First (and best) by digging a hole in the ground about 6in. deeper, a foot longer, and a foot wider than the pattern to be cast and filling it up with the moulding sand round the pattern. The second way is to build a strong box of 3in. deals to contain the sand, but without either top or bottom. This box is filled with the sand round the pattern in the same way as the hole in the ground, but is liable to burst with the weight of the lead, and requires a special trough or chute for the lead from the furnace or melting pot, whereas the other form of mould simply has a gutter cut in the sand, along which the lead flows. The advantages of each of these are cheapness, simplicity and perfect strength and safety of the first, as against portability of the mould, ease of handling and getting out the casting, and possibility of using the mould on a wood or brick floor on the second method. The latter must be very strongly made to stand the enormous strain of the lead.

Whichever plan is chosen, the method of making the mould will be the same. Fill the hole or box about 6in. deep with moulding sand, well rammed down as hard as possible, ramming each layer say an inch in depth, till the whole mass is solid. Place the wood pattern on this bed of sand, with the top face, which is to fit next to the wood keel, exactly horizontal, and level it carefully in all directions. Support the pattern exactly in this position, and pour in sand, ramming it tightly as it is put in, till the whole mould is full and a bit above the level of the top of the pattern. Take a trowel and level the sand exactly to the surface of the pattern, and cut a groove or gutter for the lead to run into the mould at the thinnest end. The pattern can now be removed, but it should have a couple of screw eyes in the top to lift it out of the sand. Before lifting it out, tap it all over sharply with a hammer, to loosen it in the sand, and then lift it off carefully and slowly, so as not to injure the sharp edges and angles of the mould. These instructions only apply to patterns which taper, and can therefore be easily withdrawn from the sand. Bulb-shaped keels must be cast in a mould in two halves, which is beyond the amateur's power to make, as it requires special boxes to contain the sand and considerable skill in moulding to turn out such a casting.

Having prepared the mould, a melting pot or furnace must be constructed. This should consist of an iron pot (wrought iron for choice), which will hold at least a ton of lead, but if possible large enough to contain the whole amount required, and a few hundred-weight for waste. This melting pot must be set in a ring of fire-bricks, with one or two openings at the bottom for firing, and several more at the top to create a draught, or it may simply stand on three fire-brick piers and have an open fire all around it. In either case a large coke fire will have to be maintained for some hours, under and round the melting pot, which should be filled with lead in as small pieces as possible at first, larger pigs being added as the mass of melted lead increases, till the whole amount is melted or the pot is full. A pouring hole or tap should be fixed in the bottom of the pot if possible, and should consist of a hole or pipe about 1in. in diameter, which is stopped from the outside with a clay plug, to be knocked out when the lead is ready to pour. A gutter is made from this hole to the runner or groove in the mould, the whole being on a good slope, so that the melted lead flows freely.

If a melting pot with a pouring hole or tap cannot be obtained, a common cast iron pot can be used, and the lead dipped out in long-handled ladles, and poured by hand into the mould. This is a very trying job, owing to the great heat of the fire, and several hands must be employed to pour in the lead fast enough to keep it melted in the mould till it is all in, as if it partly cools a division or flake will occur and spoil the casting. In no case is it possible to obtain such a good casting by means of hand ladles as by running direct from the melting pot, though I have seen a 20-ton keel cast entirely by hand ladles, and it turned out fairly well.

To get a really good casting the lead should be very hot and fluid, and run into the mould as quickly as possible; also all dross and scum will be avoided if it is run from a hole at the bottom of the pot. The hotter the lead is when run the denser the casting will be, and consequently the casting which is run hot will probably come out a bit heavier than one run at a heat when the lead would only just pour. A little rosin should be thrown into the pot just before running, as a flux. Don't forget a casting of a ton or more will take many hours to cool.

The centerplate must be ordered from the smith with the other iron and metal work; and a full-size template of thin wood should be made to the drawing, with all holes and sharp edges, etc., marked clearly on it. Particular instructions should be given with the order, as to sharpening the edges, and also stating that the plate must be absolutely flat and true, as a bent or buckled plate is quite useless and cannot be straightened by any ordinary smith.

The edges should be sharpened to a long, easy bevel, and it should be carried back on the plate for a distance equal to three or four times its thickness, dying gradually into the flat surface. The edges cannot be too sharp. Bull's metal is the best material for centerplates for all purposes; but it is expensive and often sent out very badly buckled unless specially ordered to be planished. Next to this metal, saw blade steel is the best for very-light plates, or mild steel for heavier plates which are to be galvanized. Do not try to galvanize saw steel or it will buckle badly and cannot be straightened.

The above remarks apply equally to all centerplates of any form, and also to bulb-fin plates and rudder blades.

There are four types of centerplates now in general use, and many modifications of these general types. In addition to these there are lifting bulb fins and ballasted centerplates, which most of them come under one of the four main types.

These four classes are: First—The rectangular, with a vertical hoist by means of handles or one or more wires or chains.

Second—The triangular plate, pivoted at the fore end and hoisted by a handle, wire or chain at the upper corner.

Third—The semi-circular plate, pivoted in the center of its straight edge or diameter, and hoisted by a handle on one end; the slot in the keel being only half the length of the plate, but the case inside being the whole length. This is the easiest plate to raise of its weight.

Fourth (and most generally used now)—The deep rectangular or knife-shaped plate (commonly called a "dagger" plate), and lifted by a lever and tackle from the forward upper corner. This plate was introduced in this country by me in 1891, in the 1-rater

Sorceress, and is very effective, but requires a long case and slot in the keel. I have used this type of plate of many shapes, from the original knife form of 6ft. drop and 2ft. wide to a plate of only 3ft. drop and 2ft. 6in. in width, in the case of Scotia II., the winner of the French international one-tonner cup in 1901. The object of the shallow plate in this case was to evade the tax on radius of the plate, taken from the pivot to the furthest point in the plate. The semi-circular plate No. 3 type evades this rule very well, and was used in one of the competing boats, but she was not very good to windward.

The first type of a rectangular plate, though not nearly so effective for a given area and weight, is essential under a rating rule which taxes the vertical drop of the plate heavily, and is also the best form for a lifting bulb or ballasted plate.

The triangular plate lifted from the after end is hardly ever seen now, as it is ineffective for its size, as compared with the fourth class of plate, and does not conform well to the rating rules, like the first and third classes. This type of plate is in use only on very weedy waters, where a plate with a vertical or nearly vertical fore edge could not be used; even when it is used now it is usually lifted from the fore end like the No. 4 type.

The fore edge of the No. 1 type is sometimes cut at a sharp angle to get rid of weeds, but of course it leaves a gap in the fore end of the case, when raised, unless it is raised in a direction parallel to the fore edge, which requires a long case forward of the slot in the keel.

Of the lifting bulbs or ballasted plates the simplest and most efficient is the No. 1 type plate, with a raking fore edge to clear weeds, etc., and a lead bulb of pear-shaped section and suitable weight. By means of such a plate a small boat can be made uncapsizable, and carries her ballast in its most effective form, while she is not debarred from shoal waters as a fixed bulb keel boat would be, the only disadvantage of this form being that the bulb projects below the keel when the plate is housed, unless a very large slot is cut in the keel and a wide box case fitted with some form of self-closing arrangement to stop up the gap in the keel, and hold the plate firmly when it is lowered. This is best done by having a loose wooden block on each side of the plate weighted sufficiently to keep it at the bottom of the case till raised by the top of the bulb striking it on rising, and prevented by a slightly overlapping keel band from falling through the slot when the bulb is down. These blocks must be hardwood, teak for choice, and at least twice their width in depth, to prevent them from jamming in the case.

Such a ballast plate as this should be lifted by two flat-link, bronze, bicycle-pattern chains, passing over sprockets on a central spindle along the top of the case, the latter being actuated by worm wheel gear. By gearing of this sort, a bulb and plate up to several tons may be lifted, but the whole affair is very costly, and requires a good builder to fit it, and can only be made by a competent engineer.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. Amateur. John Blistain, Sec'y.

Aug. 13-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Vicksburg Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association's tournament; \$300, and \$200 in prizes added.

Aug. 14.—Ossining, N. Y.—Merchandise clay bird tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; clam bake; brass band. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Aug. 14.—Trenton, N. J.—Contest for championship of Mercer county, between Messrs. C. A. Comp, holder, and W. B. Widman, challenger.

Aug. 15.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Eherburne Gun Club's tournament. J. F. Paddelford, Sec'y.

Aug. 14-16.—Colchester Beach, Md.—Sixth annual midsummer tournament, under the management of Messrs. J. R. Malone and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore; two days at targets; one day at live birds; added money and merchandise prizes.

Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.

Aug. 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—Three-day tournament under the auspices of Maj. E. P. McKissick and Col. J. T. Anthony; distance handicaps; \$100 per day added. John Parker, Mgr.

Aug. 21-22.—Bass Lake, Ind.—Tournament of the Peru Gun Club.

Aug. 23.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tournament of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2.—Ilion, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Remington Gun Club. W. H. Grimshaw, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. Also Bristol sheep bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Albany, N. Y.—Bluecock tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Sept. 2.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park.

Sept. 2-3.—Union City, Ind.—Tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

Sept. 2-3.—Portland, Me.—Maine State tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, secretary.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.

Sept. 15-16.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreihis, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-14.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The programme of the sixth annual midsummer tournament to be held at Tolchester Beach, Kent county, Md., Aug. 14, 15 and 16, provides for two days at targets and one day at live birds. Merchandise prizes and added money \$50. Gold medal to high average. Tolchester Beach is about two hours' sail from Baltimore, on fine steamers, which leave Pier 16, Light street wharf, at 8:30 A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. daily. Mr. A. R. Middleton has made known his intention to take the shooters on his steam yacht up the bay after supper of each day of the tournament. The tournament will be under the able and popular management of Messrs. J. R. Malone and J. M. Hawkins. It is open to all. The programme, concerning the amusement features, states: "Those wishing to bring their families or their lady friends will find this a very pleasant place, as no intoxication or disorder is allowed on the grounds. All the amusements found at the seashore, such as bathing, boating, dancing, etc., can be had at this beautiful resort. Two cents will be charged for targets in all events except the merchandise event. Live birds twenty-five cents each. Ship your shells to J. R. Malone, care Tolchester Steamboat Company, Pier 16 Light Street Wharf, Baltimore, who will see they are delivered on the grounds. Handicap committee will consist of Messrs. J. C. Hicks, Hood Waters and Dr. H.

E. Lupus. Plenty of first-class loaded shells can be had on the grounds. Shooting will commence each day at 10:30 A. M. All shooters will be handicapped by distances from fourteen to twenty yards, according to their ability. The management reserves the right to change handicaps any time during the tournament. Two sets of traps—a magautrap and one set of Sergeant system—will be used—targets thrown from known traps but unknown angles. The division of money will be by the Rose system, with a ratio of 3, 3, 2, 1, as that system seems to give the best satisfaction wherever used. In the merchandise event no entrance will be charged, except price of targets, which will be three cents each in this event. High guns win the prizes." The merchandise event is at fifty targets. The management has arranged for a team race of ten men from the Eastern Shore against ten men from the Western Shore at fifty targets per man—Baltimore City residents barred—to determine which side of the bay can boast of the best county team. The live bird events are at 5, 7 and 10 birds, and miss and outs. The first and third days will be devoted to targets, in respect to which there are ten events, five at 15 and five at 20 targets, with entrance of \$1, \$1.30, \$1.50 and \$2. The prizes are, a handsome gold parlor clock, a leather re-enforced dress suit case, a gold mantel clock, a silver butter dish, a silver bread plate, a silver cream pitcher, a half dozen silver dessert spoons, two silver berry spoons, a silver clothes brush, a fine pocket knife and a hand protector. The shooter making the lowest score will receive one hundred empty shells.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier writes us as follows: "On Wednesday, Aug. 14, an all-day shoot at live birds will be held at Interstate Park, under the auspices of the New York County Gun Club and under my management, beginning on the arrival of the 11 A. M. train from East Thirty-fourth street, New York. On the arrival of the 11 A. M. train, miss-and-outs. On the arrival of the 12:20 train the first regular event: 10 birds, entrance \$6, three moneys, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; second event, 7 live birds, entrance \$4, three moneys, class shooting, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; third event, 10 live birds, entrance \$6, three moneys, Rose system, 6, 3 and 1 points; fourth event, 7 live birds, entrance 4, three moneys, Rose system, 6, 3, and 1 points. Ten dollars added, \$5 of which to go to man killing most birds in the regular event, a possible 34 birds; \$3 to second, and \$2 to third. All events handicap. Visitors may shoot for birds only. Birds deducted at 25 cents each. This will be a good chance to practice on the grounds for the Dean Richmond cup at the New York State Association shoot in September."

The programme of the amateur shooting tournament at Arnold's Park, Aug. 27 to 30, is now ready for distribution. The programme is alike for each day, namely, twelve events—eight at 15 targets and four at 20 targets. Entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Five dollars are added to each of the 15-target events, and \$7.50 to each of the 20-target events. Three cups and \$375 are added. There are \$65 for general averages. One cup will be awarded to contestants 85 per cent. and over; one to contestants below 85 per cent. All ties for cups will be shot off at 50 targets, entrance, price of targets. A cup will be given to the manufacturer's agent making the highest average through the programme. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. American Association rules govern. Targets 2 cents. All ties divide. Ship shells care of E. Hinshaw, Arnold's Park. Arnold's Park is situated on the C. M. & St. P. Ry., five miles south of Spirit Lake, on Lake Okoboji. Ask for reduced railroad rates. Chas. W. Budd, of Des Moines, manager. Elmer C. Hinshaw, of Okoboji, secretary. Fred C. Whitney, of Des Moines cashier.

The Philadelphia Times states that D. Sanford again outshot the field in the Keystone League inanimate-target tourney on their grounds at Holmesburg Junction, July 31, breaking 43 out of 50 from the 18 yard mark. Cartledge and Luther, shooting from the 16 yard mark, broke 41. The conditions were 50 targets, 20 from the magautrap, 20 from the set of expert traps at unknown angles, and five pairs of doubles. Over the magautrap Cartledge and Luther were the high scorers, both men making straight scores.

Mr. Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., writes us as follows: "I am just in receipt of a letter from Mr. Theron Powers, to the effect that the condition of his brother, Mr. Chan. Powers, warranted the statement that he was entirely out of danger, and would be able to accompany Dick Merrill home, sailing on Aug. 23, all of which will be hailed as excellent news by Chan's host of friends."

In a match at 15 live birds per man, said to be for \$200 a side, between Messrs. Och Jones and George Wolfgang, at Mahanoy City, Pa., Aug. 1, Jones killed 10 to 8 for Wolfgang. Nothing is said concerning whether the referee was persona non grata, or otherwise, or whether the position was less strenuous than ordinary in that region.

The clambake, merchandise shoot, pink tea and conversazione of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on Tuesday of last week, was a success. There were so many shooters that the day was hardly long enough, and there were so many eaters that the tables were hardly long enough. It was a great day taken big and large.

Mr. F. C. Riehl, in "Mississippi Valley Notes," in FOREST AND STREAM this week, tells of the Indian anniversary, shooting events in the West, and of the willingness of the Indians to accept any shooting proposition, as set forth by Mr. Paul North in our issue of Aug. 3.

The first tournament of the Holyoke (Mass.) Gun Club was held on Aug. 2. Messrs. Leroy, Fanning and Griffith shot from the 20 yard mark and were amongst the makers of high scores throughout the programme. Mr. J. R. Blarney is the secretary.

At the old mill, in Brooklyn, last week, a match was shot at 50 targets by Messrs. J. D. Nager and A. P. Atchley, of the Empire Rod and Gun Club. Each shot from the 18 yard mark. Mr. Nager won by a score of 46 to 43.

The live bird shoot, to be held at Interstate Park, on Aug. 14, will give an opportunity for some preparation concerning the contest for the Dean Richmond trophy, which is a feature of the New York State shoot.

July 31, at South Atlantic City, N. J., Mr. Chas. Cummings, of the Keystone Gun Club, and W. Z. Adams, shot a match at live birds, which was won by the latter, by one bird.

The annual Maine State tournament will be held under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club, Sept. 2 and 3. Mr. S. B. Adams is the secretary.

At the monthly shoot of the Ambler (Pa.) Gun Club, Aug. 1, Mr. Pfleger won the Ambler medal with a score of 24 out of a possible 25.

The Remington Gun Club, of Ilion, Herkimer County, N. Y., has announced an amateur all-day shoot, to be held on Labor Day, Sept. 2.

The programme of the New York State shoot is nearly prepared, and will be ready for distribution in the near future.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., July 30.—The clambake and fifth annual trapshooting tournament of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held at Dexter Park on July 30, was largely attended and was a pronounced success. Two sets of traps were used, both Sergeant system. The main events were not concluded till well toward evening. The gun and ammunition event and the merchandise events were the main ones. Re-entries were allowed in the former up to 4:30 P. M. The first prize was a Marlin repeating take-down shotgun; second prize, a target pistol or revolver. There were prizes up to a total value of \$75. The clambake had a full entry list. A monster pile of clams, uncovered from a heavy layer of seaweed, canvas, etc., was the first course at the dinner after the shoot, followed by delicious fish, chicken, lobster, etc., in abundance for all.

The Hell Gate Gun Club's system of handicapping is such that allowances are added to totals of the shooters, thereby permitting

the making of more than a possible possible. Thus, in a 20-target event, if a contestant had 5 allowance and broke 19, his score would be 24. It is an absurd system, since the contestant who shoots as scratch man cannot possibly hope to win, even if his score be perfect. The ties are shot off among those scoring over the 20, and each contestant therein is not out till he has missed as many as he broke over 20.

Following are the scores of five events shot on No. 2 set of traps; entrance in each \$1, targets included. The allowances follow the names of the contestants. A number shot for targets only.

Only one of the five 15-target events, \$1 entrance, on the programme for No. 1 set of traps was shot, and in it the scores were as follows: Vos 12, Muench 11, Schoverling 11, Carlough 10, Count 11, Van Allen 13, Schorty 12, Glover 8, Short 7, Klank 8, Doenick 7, Kroeger 8, Ernst 10, Greiff 9, Hawes 12, Albert 7, Sands 10, Wellbrock 7, Wehler 8, Meckel 6, Pfander 9, Von Lengerke 10, Hainhorst 8, Daiten 8, Roberts 10, Scott 6.

No. 5 is the allowance in No. 6, the gun and ammunition event, 20 targets, entrance \$1.50. No. 7 is the allowance in No. 8, the merchandise event, and Nos. 9 and 10 are the same event, re-entries.

In the gun and ammunition event Schorty and Schoverling divided first and second, and the other winners were in the order following: Muench, Koegel, Voss, Doenick, Hendrickson, Kroeger, Klenck, Roberts, Lebohner, E. Steffens, Trostel, Ficken. In this event Schorty re-entered, scoring 24 with an allowance of 5. Carlough also re-entered, scoring 21 with an allowance of 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Voss, 5.....	18	17	18	8	24	5	16
Muench, 5.....	16	20	20	..	8	26	5	17
Schlicht, 7.....	16	15
Dannefelder, 6.....	20	19	15
Schoverling, 2.....	20	20	19	20	5	25	2	15
Carlough, 0.....	19	15	16	19	2	19	0	19
Count, 4.....	13	19	15	14	6	19	4	15
Kattengill, 5.....	17	..	20	..	7	21	5	17
Van Allen, 0.....	11	15	18	18	1	19	1	17
Schorty, 3.....	20	19	20	20	3	17	3	23
Glover, 0.....	18	19	20	19	1	18	..	18
Short, B.....	8	15	..	15	4	13	4	13
Breit, B.....	4	8	7	7	16	7	16
Klank, 8.....	15	17	17	..	12	25	8	20	8	19
Schnell, 2.....	17	16	14	15	2	11
Doenick, 6.....	11	11	24	6	12
Wilson, 5.....	19	5	17	5	15	..
Kroeger, B.....	..	11	9	20	8	23	5	18
Ernst, 3.....	..	15	17	5	17
Belden, 6.....	..	12	6	15	6	18	..
Greiff, B.....	..	16	14
Hawes, 4.....	..	18	17	18	8	20	4	19
Albert, 6.....	..	17
Krauss, B.....	..	6	6
Sands, B.....	..	12	16	10	21	6	19	6	22	..
Wellbrock, s.....	..	13	16	5	16	5	15	5	14	..
Deady, B.....	..	6	6	8	14
Wehler, B.....	..	15	7	7	21
Woelfel, 7.....	..	19	19	7	15	7	17	..
Steffens, 5.....	..	13	19	8	21	5	20
Meckel, 7.....	..	16	19	8	20	7	15	7	21	..
Maynard, B.....	..	15	2	16
Alzheimer, 16.....	..	17	6	16
Heinrich, B.....	..	9	4	11	8	20	..
Dougherty, B.....	..	0
Super, 2.....	..	13
Pfaender, 4.....	..	17	4	19
Trostel, 7.....	..	19	20	19	22	7	15
Frank, B.....	..	7	14
Karl, B.....	..	11	12	8	20
Von Lengerke, 0.....	..	15	..	14	1	11	..	14
Bang, B.....	..	12
Welles, 3.....	..	18	0	20	..	16	..	19
Ficken, B.....	..	6	12	22	6	14	6	11
Keller, B.....	..	17	9
Bowden, B.....	..	7	4	13
Menken, B.....	..	7	7	16
Meyer, B.....	..	3	12
Brennen, B.....	..	7	7	14
Passé, B.....	..	8	5	15
Meiser, B.....	..	6	6	15	6	15	..
Valenti, B.....	..	4	8	13
Gardella, B.....	..	3	5	17
Bacigalupo, B.....	..	5	5	9
Hainhorst, 3.....	..	19	7	23	5	19	5	23
Koegel, 0.....	..	13	8	24	2	16
Mager, 2.....	..	13
Amend, 2.....	..	15	4	21	2	19	2	17
Datjen, 7.....	6	15	6	18	..
Roberts,	5	21	4	19
Scott,	4	13	4	14	..
Brewer,	1	24	..	14
Kronsberg,	9	17	5	9
Selg,	12	20	8	12	8	12
Weiblin,	6	19	6
Hendrickson,	5	24	3	18
Albert,	10	19	6	17
Greiff,	1	16	..	14	4	15
Moore,	6	12	5	14
Kay,	8	21	6	17	6	18
Lebohaer,	7	23	5	21
Bowne,	4	8
Lang,	6	13	6	13
Wood,	4	13
Krausse,	5	8
Webber,	6	16	6	10
Knodel,	8	11
Deady,
Bernd,	4	7
Super,	0	9	2	18
Voss,	5	13
Conyngham,	4	15
R Muench,	5	10
Nowas,	7	12
Nausch,	6	8
Frank,	6	13
Fischer,	12	18
Forster,	6	21
Cunningham,	6	9
Brady,	8	14
Mager,	6	17
Radel,	6	13

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 7.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. }

CANADIAN ANGLING PERMITS.

WE print to-day a communication from Mr. J. B. Townsend, Jr., of Philadelphia, relating his unpleasant experience with the Dominion authorities upon the occasion of a fishing trip to Nova Scotia. The recital should have the careful attention of all American anglers who may be contemplating a visit to Canada, and who, unless they shall forestall such an event by taking out a fishing license, may have a like indignity put upon them.

Mr. Townsend reviews the circumstances so fully that little remains to be said in comment. It is pertinent to remark, however, that Mr. Townsend appears to have been at all times and in every particular desirous of conforming to the law as he understood it, as it was interpreted to him by those who might be presumed to understand it, and as it has actually been construed in practice. It is this phase of the affair which makes the action of the authorities at the time and their subsequent course appear so harsh and inconsiderate.

The whole case turns upon the meaning of the provision that "foreigners temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian guides, boats and boatmen shall be exempt from the regulation requiring permits." As Mr. Townsend's counsel points out, the self-contradictory term "temporarily domiciled" can be interpreted only to mean "temporarily present," and the regulation then provides that if visiting anglers employ Canadian guides, they shall be exempt from the license requirement. If this is not the meaning of the regulation, it would be difficult to discover that it had any meaning at all. This has been the construction of it in practice; permits have not been required of American anglers employing Canadians; Mr. Townsend is only one of scores of Americans who have fished in Canadian waters without a license because instructed by the authorities that under the circumstances no license was required.

Mr. Townsend's experience, however, demonstrates that at any time and in any particular isolated case the Canadian officials are likely to arrest the unwitting foreigner, and until the test case which is pending to determine the matter shall have been decided, the only safe course for the visiting angler, to insure immunity from trouble, will be to take out a fishing license.

GOING IT ALONE.

WE have had recently several expressions of opinion about desirable and undesirable companions for outings, and some of the writers have urged that one would do better to go alone. It is to be noted, however, that all of them apparently have taken for granted the employment of a guide. Has it come to this, that the art of woodcraft is dying out and forgotten except by such as follow the pursuit as a business? Are there no longer sportsmen who go into the woods, packing their own outfit, selecting their own routes and camping places, making their own shelter, building their own fires, killing their own game, catching their own fish and making their own beds? It would appear to be so, judging from the ubiquity of the guide, his manifest importance, and the trustful dependence put in him by his "sport" or "party."

It is better to go with a guide than not to go at all; and in ninety-nine cases it may be better to go with one than without. But the hundredth man who goes it alone, or the party of comrades who go alone, will surely get the most from the outing.

He gets most who does most.

That is, within reason, if he has the physical strength and the knack. If he does not, as the phrase goes, "do himself up" with fatigue produced by over-exertion, or insomnia caused by the hard bed he makes for himself, or indigestion caused by the impossible food he sets before himself.

We talk about a wilderness excursion as a getting back to nature. It is a getting back to the childhood of the human race. The camper who goes alone is confronted by the same necessities and problems that his primeval ancestor met and solved. He must have shelter. For 365 days in the year he has lived in houses built by other men; now he must make one for himself. He must have something to eat. For 365 days in the year he has sat down at a table to eat what some one else has provided, cooked and set before him; now he must find it and prepare it himself. He must make a place to sleep. All his life he has had beds made for him; now he must contrive one for himself. In all these things, at every step, the artificial

man of to-day, with his dependent nature acquired by centuries of living in a house in a town in a community, finds himself in the position of man the beginner. Partially in that position, it must be said, for rarely does one recede so far back into the past as not to have a modern gun or fishing rod or frying pan. But the point we wish to make is this, that the more nearly the person who is playing at being a savage actually comes to being a savage, the further back he gets toward the simplicity of living, the closer does he get to nature, and the more satisfaction and profit does he win.

There are not many who have the physical stamina, the taste or the knowledge to "go it alone" without a guide. In a great majority of cases where such an experiment is tried, the result is not such as to encourage a repetition. The great world movement constantly in progress which draws population as with some great centripetal force into town and city is converting the modern man into a dependent creature, who, when in the woods, must be guided and guarded and sheltered. It is for him to go with a guide or not at all.

THE MOSQUITO WAR.

FOR untold ages the human race has borne patiently the torture inflicted on it by the mosquito, but at last it has now rebelled, and has declared war on the tyrant. What the result will be is as yet doubtful. We cannot tell whether man's rebellion will be spasmodic and short lived, or will be carried on year after year with a grim determination to conquer which shall at last be crowned with success; but in any event we may feel sure that the struggle will continue for years before it is ended.

It seems an extraordinary thing that no general interest was aroused in the mosquito and its ways until the discovery that the insect is the vehicle through which certain diseases are conveyed from man to man—from the sick to the well. The petty annoyance of bites, the nightly disturbance of his rest and the injury to his live stock was meekly endured, but when—only a few years since—it became established that malaria and possibly yellow fever and other diseases were communicable only by means of certain species of mosquito, it became evident that something must be done.

In previous years, and, indeed, running back nearly for a century, complaints against the ravages of the mosquito had been frequent, but they had been only complaints, and man had come to believe that the insect was a necessary evil—one of those things which, like the winter's cold, or the fierce heat of the summer sun, might be complained about, but could not be avoided. But within the past few years the mosquito evil has been taken up seriously by many people in this country, and on other continents, and among the Americans who have striven to learn his ways and so learn to fight him most effectively, Dr. L. O. Howard, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, stands easily first.

It is, of course, well understood that the mosquito breeds in water, the female laying her eggs during the night on its surface in masses containing from 200 to 400 eggs. The eggs hatch in from sixteen to twenty-four hours, and the exceedingly active larvæ emerge—the "wrigglers," which are such familiar inhabitants of still pools, of water butts, and generally of standing water. For about seven days they inhabit this water, constantly in motion and continually rising to the surface to breathe and again sinking toward the bottom. It appears that their specific gravity is slightly greater than that of the water, and the larva's tendency thus is always to sink. This tendency must be overcome, for without frequent breaths of the surface air it will drown. It seems like a contradiction in terms to speak of the drowning of this water-inhabiting larva, which has never known any other home, yet as a matter of fact many of them do drown.

After about seven days of the larval condition the insect transforms into the pupa stage, and about two days later emerges from the water a complete insect. The total period, therefore, from the laying of the egg to the emergence of the insect, is about ten days, but this time may be lengthened by unfavorable weather conditions. The female mosquito is now ready to perform her allotted task of biting, and singing to the human subject if she can find him.

Since a considerable period of the mosquito's life is passed in the water, it is obvious that it is at this time and

at this place that it should be attacked, for here it cannot get away. It has natural enemies enough to somewhat reduce its number, yet not enough to seriously keep it in check. Small fish devour the larvæ in goodly numbers, and so do certain predatory water beetles, while larval dragon flies prey on the larval mosquitoes as the transformed ones do on the adults.

As long ago as 1812, in a work entitled "Omniana or Horæ Otiosiores," the following suggestion is to be found:

The mosquito, which is of all the race of flies the most noxious, breeds in the water. Might it not be possible at the seasons when they emerge and when they deposit their eggs upon the surface to diminish their numbers by pouring oil upon great standing water and large rivers in those places which are most infested by them?

For many years petroleum has been used in Europe by a few individuals to destroy the larvæ of the mosquito, but this remedy had attracted no general notice until Dr. Howard's extensive experiments within the past few years. Nowadays this remedy, together with dyking and draining lands where standing water has commonly been found, promises in many localities to greatly reduce the numbers of the pests. Localities which have for years been notorious for the number and ferocity of their mosquitoes have been almost freed from the insects in a comparatively short time. The method of applying the oil is simple. A small quantity—from half a teaspoonful to a cupful, according to the surface to be covered—is poured in the water, and is likely very soon to diffuse itself as a thin, but effective, film over the whole surface of the water.

The effect of such a treatment is very interesting. In a recent case under observation, a water barrel in which the water for the plants in a small green house was held contained thousands of larvæ; a tablespoonful of oil was poured on the surface. The next morning the water at the surface was thick with the dead larvæ, and besides, there lay dead on the surface a great many adult mosquitoes, which had apparently alighted on the water to deposit their eggs. There were no living larvæ in the barrel.

A drinking trough in a barnyard was seen in the morning to be alive with larvæ. Many of them were at the surface and were seen sinking slowly to the bottom and again struggling upward. A tablespoonful of kerosene oil was poured on the surface, and lay all together in one flattened globule. Two hours later it had diffused itself over the whole surface of the water; many dead larvæ were at the surface, and many hundreds of others could be seen resting on the bottom of the trough dead. No living ones could be discovered. Besides, there were fifteen or twenty dead flies floating on the surface, whether killed by the fumes of the oil or by drinking of the tainted water could not be determined.

A specific has now been found for the mosquito—one which is within the reach of every one, cheap and easily applied. There is no reason, therefore, why one of the small, yet really serious, annoyances of summer life in many places should not be largely abated.

The question of the spread of disease among people by the mosquito is another and broader one.

We congratulate the Massachusetts Fish and Game Commission upon the ruling of the courts and the Attorney-General, that the Sunday fishing law in that Commonwealth must be considered an act for the better observance of the Lord's day, and not one for the protection of fish. This immediately takes from the Commission the duty of enforcing the statute and transfers it to the police. This is a welcome way out of an unpleasant complication. The protection of fish has no proper or logical connection with the observance of the Sabbath, and any fish commission which concerns itself with the Sunday question is out of its field; there is quite enough for it to do in the single work of fish propagation and protection. We have always felt that the Sunday fishing question was one which should not be made a part of fish protection, nor a subject of discussion in sportsmen's conventions, for the feeling on both sides of the controversy is always very strong, and the topic is closely connected with religion, which, along with politics, is taboo.

We have just learned with deep regret of the death of N. D. Elting, of Central City, W. Va., who for more than twenty years had been a frequent and valued contributor to the FOREST AND STREAM.

The Sportsman Tourist.

August Days at Mabellon.

IF you should happen to own a peach farm, or are fortunate enough to have a friend who does, I know of no place more agreeable to camp at for a week. The mountain sites are usually chosen with us in Alabama, and anywhere on a mountain is always superior to the lowlands for camping. The breeze has a charm in it inducing forgetfulness and bringing evening and morning a quality as individual as that of the sea. The birds one sees are of a shy and engaging sort. What more restful sound than that of the beautiful white and black woodpecker, or the flicker beating his tattoo call on a dead chestnut limb at sunrise! And who does not think a day well begun when the inquisitive titmouse hangs on the tent door, and, turning his head on one side, asks how this great, white, hollow tree has grown up so quickly! Long after the cardinal has ceased to sing in the valley, because of the heat and the advancing season, you can hear him in the hollows near the crest piping the most joyous strain of all. The one exception to this is the wren's song—to me a type of the joys of the world. He likes to potter around the cliffs and make believe he is finding a nest site during any month in the year, and he never fails to stop and fling out a few bars of spring notes with a faith which always convinces me at least.

Mabellon is an iron ore spur lifted up from a fertile valley, and it commands a wide view of other ore ridges and Lookout Mountain on one side, and Coosa River on the other. Take away its charm of history and the view from the ramparts of Sterling Castle in Scotland is not greatly its superior. On the north side, where the peaches are generally planted, the Elbertas are colored a deep red; on the south-side, from a thinner soil, a light red. This year, although the crop where little or no attention has been paid to it is poor, indeed, ours is very good.

My tent is stretched just above the orchard in a grove of hickory and oak trees, with an opening in front, toward the valley. My first night out I am sure I was subjected to inspection by some of my wild friends of the woods. Before I went to sleep I heard a cautious approach extended to a half circle around my tent. Then, evidently satisfied that I was of the fraternity, I was left in the restored silence of the forest, the moon penetrating the thick shadows with shafts of light.

I have rarely felt so triumphant as when I had finished a very good breakfast and washed up the dishes the next morning. I had to devise some means of keeping the ants out of my supplies, so, in the ever-resourceful woods, I got a little chestnut tree, cut forks from the branches all along and then planted it alongside my back tent pole. It was soon hung like a Christmas tree with sacks of various groceries, and was also used as a towel and clothes rack. My dining table was a providential flat rock in front of the door, already spread with gray lichens. The spring is some distance away, but it was always a pleasure to go to it, however heavy the bucket might feel before I got back. It came out very quietly from the bluff, and flowed over a red marble bottom on down the hill, and, gaining in volume and assurance, it gave louder voice when it had reached the trillium beds and the violet banks of the hollow below.

All day long as I sat in the shade, came, at frequent intervals, a bar of song from one of the old negro pickers—just one bar, with sometimes one variation, repeated over and over again, like the monotonous chant of the preacher's vireo. This negro was interpreting, in his barbaric refrain, the peaceful and uneventful charm of the place. His satisfaction with the day, as it came, was so genuine that one variation was enough. One song was enough, too, I thought, as I went to sleep my last night in camp with the rain pattering on the tent roof.

E. M.

LAURONE, Attalla, Ala., Aug. 7.

Old Doc, the Tote Horse.

THIS was what the toter called him—Old Doc; and he had the general appearance of being nothing but just an ordinary old tote horse, until stepping in front of him you chanced to look at his head; then you noticed his large, expressive, brown eyes, as well as his short, finely pointed ears, and you would immediately exclaim, "There is a horse that knows something!" and your last opinion would not be far from correct.

During three successive winters I had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and during that time never did I regret our fellowship—nor did he in any manner disappoint me in my first impressions of him.

He was the most intelligent horse that I ever saw, and many is the man I have met who didn't know half as much as Old Doc.

Noticing him as he passed my camp in the early morning, going out after a load of supplies, I observed his massive build as well as his sleek, white coat of hair, and after a while, as David, the toter, stopped to say *bon jour*, I formed the habit of stepping out of my shanty with a lump of sugar for the old horse, and thus it was that I first noticed his eyes.

After I had given Old Doc sugar three times, I was just as sure of a morning caller as the tote team was sure to go out to the settlement; nor could David get the horse by until I had given him his sugar. When Doc got to my camp he would stop and either paw or whinney until I came out.

As the days passed I grew more and more fond of the horse, as also did his driver. Often I would jump on the tote team for a ride out to the settlement after my mail, and walk back behind the loaded team.

On one occasion as we were going down a very sharp pitch, the tote sled jumped out of the road and brought up against a large beech, but David and I kept right on—David over old Doc's head, I on his neck, and the way he looked at me as I was picking myself up after my fall was a caution.

It was in February that David asked me to ride out to the "States" with him. This was a railroad terminus, with a few log houses, in one of which was a kitchen stove and

post office. In the winter the train generally left from one to three passengers at this metropolis, called in that section "The States." Of course the arrival of the train each day was a matter of great importance to the natives, and the entire community would be on the platform to inspect whoever might arrive, and speculate as to their business plans and future movements.

On this particular day we were out unusually early. Quickly loading the tote team, we awaited the arrival of the train to get our mail. This we had at last secured and had already started toward camp, when we were asked by the new and only arrival on the train that day, if we knew the way to Chase's camp.

"Oh! yes," said David. "Just beyond where I stop."

"Can I go with you?"

"Oh! yes," answered David, and made a place for him on the load of grain and hay, so we started on our trip over the mountain in company.

We had proceeded but a short distance, when the stranger produced from his kennebecker two one-quart bottles of whisky, and urged us to drink, at the same time setting us a most lavish example of the quantity to be taken. The amount of urging that it took to start David was surprisingly small. The amount that he drank was surprisingly large. As I had never drank a glass of liquor in my life, under those conditions I did not propose to begin.

As we slowly ascended the mountains, to my dismay it began to be overcast and to grow very cold. In a short time, as the liquor began to work, the men began, first, to be silly, and then drowsy.

Before we had reached the top of the mountain Old Doc and I were doing the best we could in a howling blizzard—he in hauling two drunken specimens of humanity, I in trying to hold them on the top of the loaded team.

The stranger was very thinly clad, and I soon saw that his hands and wrists were beginning to freeze. Chafing them with snow, then thrashing my own arms to keep from freezing myself, and every now and then covering up David with the horse blanket, we began the descent of the further side of the mountain.

I could not drive, for the moment I let go of the men they would fall off the team, for by this time they were dead drunk. How Old Doc got us as far as he did that day with no one to rein him was a miracle. With my voice I guided him as best I could, while every moment the cold was growing more intense, and the faces of the men were beginning to freeze.

We had accomplished about two-thirds of the distance to camp, when, to my horror, on going down the last sharp pitch, the whole outfit jumped out of the road, and one of the runners of the sled, striking against a maple tree, was snapped in two. For one moment I was bewildered; it was a question of moments now, and a very few at that, for I had on my hands at least one man who was freezing to death—possibly two.

Then, as I worked, I talked with Old Doc as I never expect to talk with another horse. Cutting the tangled traces, I at last got him out in the road. Freeing the leather reins from the bridle and tying one end of them under the arms of the stranger, and keeping his head out of the snow as well as I possibly could, I dragged him off the load and into the road behind Old Doc. Making the other end of the reins fast to the traces, already severed, and keeping the man's head well up by fastening it to the taut lines, I led Old Doc as he slowly dragged him to camp.

As about six inches of snow had fallen during the previous night, with the exception of a few bruises, my man was little the worse for his rough ride. It was a long, tedious job to bring that man out of his part-drunken, part-frozen stupor, and when, at last, he did come out of it, he immediately asked for rum, and I hardly blamed him, after his ride behind Old Doc. A part of the crew hastened back and got David, whom I had left on the sled covered with Old Doc's blanket. For two weeks the stranger was a very sick man, and it was a long time before he could use his hands, which were badly frost bitten.

David came out of the scrape in better shape, as he was more warmly clad. His face was severely frozen, however. They were very appreciative and kind to me, as well as to Old Doc.

The stranger afterward became cook of the camp where David stopped, and as the cook of a camp is always monarch of all he surveys, whenever I went up I was granted the freedom of the premises, including the doughnut firkin and pie box; nothing was too good for me, and often as I sat out in the cook room sipping a dipper of tea, the cook would exclaim, "You one fine feller, Jose; only you don't drink rum, not a little bit," and he would always add, "I glad you don't—me and David."

When at last the crew broke camp in the early spring, and Old Doc, on his way out, stopped at my shanty and whinnyed for his last lump of sugar. I went out, and there on the tote team were David and the cook, unbinding five large firkins, which they left for me.

I afterward found one to be full of doughnuts, one of biscuits, one of mince pies, one of sugar cookies and one of sweet bread—large, 50-pound buckets, full. The cook had sat up most of the night to cook these for me, so that they should be fresh.

Giving Old Doc his sugar and patting his fine neck, I bade him good-by, as I supposed, for the last time. Bidding David and the cook *bon voyage*, I went into my shanty and closed the door for fear that I might show them how badly I felt.

It was during the following November that I ran across Old Doc under the most singular, as well as laughable, circumstances.

On breaking camp in the spring, his owner had decided to put all the horses out to pasture for the summer, instead of taking them down river, as he intended logging in the same town the following winter; he would thus save the railway freight, and my putting his horses in a good pasture and in the care of a good man, have them in prime condition for the next winter's work. Having found such a place, he left them. They all did finely, and at the end of the summer were fat and sleek, but as the feed in the pasture grew short and the fall nights frosty and cold, Old Doc made up his mind that it was about time for him to be on the tote road during the day and at night in a good, warm hovel. Possibly he

remembered the hay and oats that had been left in the hovel for use the next winter.

Be the case as it may, he jumped the pasture fence, and after traveling many miles of road, found his old beat. As the old winter tote road crossed three ponds on the ice, and as these ponds had not yet frozen over, Old Doc was obliged to travel away around them in order to come into his road again. After much hardship, and to his great satisfaction, I imagine, the old fellow found himself in his old quarters, with plenty to eat inside the hovel, a beautiful spring of clear water just outside, and no one within miles to say him nay.

At the close of a hard day's hunt, I found myself in the vicinity of the old logging camp of the previous winter, and thinking that I would like to see the place once more, I wended my way in that direction. How familiar the place looked, and as I opened the door and walked in, lowering my head a little to save it a bump, I could almost recall each face of the merry crew. As I sat in the cook room, wishing for some of the cook's nice, hot doughnuts or a piece of his fine mince pie, I heard a noise out in the hovel. Grasping my rifle and cocking it, I rushed out of the camp. What did I see in the hovel door, slowly munching some hay but Old Doc! I really believe that he was as glad to see me as I was to see him; he whinnied and came right up to me, as if expecting a lump of sugar.

"Why, Old Doc!" I exclaimed. "Where did you come from?"

After I had recovered from my surprise I decided that it was best to lead him back to my camp at any rate. He followed me back home like a dog, and the next day I led him out to the settlement. In a few weeks he was toting every day past my camp in the same way as the previous winter, nor did he forget his daily lump of sugar.

The third and last time that I saw Old Doc was one year later, and on that occasion, as I could hear him long before I could see him, I surely thought him to be a moose.

I was up hunting in the region of the old camps, when clack! clack! clack! I heard something away off in the distance, but surely coming nearer every moment. The noise very closely resembled the approach of an old bull moose as he often strikes the trees with his immense antlers. With rifle at ready, I anxiously awaited his approach, when, behold! the moose was white, with Old Doc's head, and just behind him were four men.

Having cut all the timber in that section in previous winters, the owner of Old Doc had just completed a new set of camps over on the south part of the town, and had sent this crew of four men across country after the stoves, which had been left the previous winter in the old camps. The sounds which I had heard were occasioned by the axe men occasionally cutting a small tree as they swamped a road, over which to haul the stoves on a woods jumper.

After a luncheon with the men and watching the loading of the stoves, I bade Old Doc good-by for the last time.

If alive, I hope that he is well cared for. If dead *requiescat in pace*. JOSEPH A. THOMPSON.

To Lake Chinquasabamtook.—III.

(Concluded from page 108.)

THE next morning the guides appeared uneasy. By some means they had discovered that some one was below us. It may have been some party that followed us up from Allegash Lake, keeping out of sight and having a comparatively easy time, while my guides were doing all the hard work. As we had no idea of letting them follow us in to Crescent Pond, we struck camp in short order. After hiding away one of the canoes, we started up the trail that follows the brook. It was only five miles to the end of the trail, but we made it all of fifteen, as we had to retrace our route so often, in bringing up the camp stuff. The trail was blocked up in many places, and this made our progress slow and exasperating. It was a sight to see Cram mount a barricade of fallen trees, balancing himself with all the confidence of an acrobat, and carry the heavy canoe safely across, with never a slip. Late in the day it commenced to rain. I expected we would have to camp out in it, but Cram had a surprise in store for me. Striking off through the woods, we presently came to a trapper's cabin that Cram and his mate had lived in at one time. It was a welcome change from the wet woods. Leaving me ensconced in my comfortable quarters, they started off on a cruise, and returned about dusk with a splendid lot of lakers and brook trout fresh from the cold waters of Crescent Pond, which furnished a welcome addition to our bill of fare. After supper we gathered around the fireplace, with its primitive chimney of logs. When the logs are green this arrangement works pretty well; but when they dry out there is danger from fire. Our fears were soon realized, but the fire did not make much progress; so after throwing a few dippers of water up the chimney, with little success, we ceased to give it a thought. The contrast between the comfort within and the gloom without was delicious.

All hope of making the cabin our headquarters was blasted by the tough navigation between Mud and Crescent ponds; so, abandoning the cabin, we followed a path that leads to the brook, and the canoe soon glided out of the stream into Mud Pond. The contrast with the pond above is like that between an ugly old hag and a beautiful forest maiden. The canoe was hardly clear of this receptacle of mud and water before it brought up on the bottom of the inlet. After a spell of wading and dragging, we caught a glimpse of the promised land. The pond was all smiles as we paddled across to Cram's old camp ground, where the sight of a bark camp aroused my suspicions that some party had been ahead of us; but Cram informed me that it was his own handiwork.

For some reason the guides fought shy of the bark camp, preferring to pitch their tent in the usual manner. Cram warned me to be careful in my movements or I might wander where no help could reach me. The grim forests are a veritable death trap to the unwary, as many an unfortunate's bones that bleach in the depths of the woods bear witness. It was only a few months ago that a game warden nearly lost his life in attempting to

reach a camp on the far-away St. Johns. Far from human help, he broke down. Fortunately he did not despair, but made a brave effort to extricate himself from his grim surroundings. After a while he got so played out that he blazed the trees behind him, so if any one chanced along they might follow the marks and come to his assistance. Keeping up his fight with the grizzly spectre that always confronted him, he finally came in sight of a lumber camp on the edge of the woods. It took him hours to reach it, more dead than alive.

Here is another close call: It was in the depths of winter that Cram's mate started off alone through the woods to reach some distant point. Far back in the forest, he lost his bearings. After trying in vain to find the lost trail, he concluded to follow his back tracks in the snow. The woods abounded with deer, but somehow, they managed to keep out of his reach. With little or nothing to eat for two days, he plodded along, never relaxing his heroic efforts to extricate himself from this living grave. Fortune smiled on him. The third day a deer fell to his rifle. Driven desperate by hunger, he made a meal of its raw flesh. After this truly hunter's feast, he braced up and managed to stagger into camp, presenting himself before his horrified companion like one risen from the dead. The woods have claimed two victims lately. One of them, a woman, strolled into the woods back of Stacyville and was never seen again; the other, a man, was lost on the southern edge of the forest. A most determined search was made, but it availed

would steal forth like beasts of prey from the darkening forest, and invade the clearing, to be quickly routed at the first glare of the camp fire. We were prodigal with our wood, and soon had a fire that roared like some monster, casting brands and sparks far into the heavens, illuminating the tall columns of trees that encircled the camp, like grim sentinels, ready to bar our outward progress. The hole in our canvas tent spoke eloquently of the danger from sparks and blazing brands. Our tent is shaped so as to reflect the heat. This was anything but a blessing when an extra supply of fuel was heaped on the fire. At such times we would retreat to the back of the baker, imagining we were human biscuit. In a short time it would die down and allow us to return to our old lounging place on the blankets, where I would lie, watching the effects of firelight or listening to the guides relate some incident of wood life.

One evening we paddled up to the head of the pond. Here Lyman gave an exhibition of moose calling through his hands, commencing with two or three short blasts, the same repeated after a pause, or else varied by a prolonged note, ending in a muffled roar that pierced every crevice of the woods. A weird charm brooded over the scene. The forest stood out in dark relief against the evening sky, while, ever and anon, the mournful cry of the loon rose and fell. After a while the chilly air of night asserted itself, so we sped back to camp. If I remember rightly, we visited the spot next day, and found the fresh tracks of a moose. Moose calling is a

the surface of this lonely lake. In fact, the whole region is given over to the wandering hunter and trapper. At rare intervals a band of hardy sportsmen hurry through the wilderness. It has been years since any party worked in to the lake. Many of the moose that are hidden away in these forests are no doubt battle-scarred veterans that have been driven out of northeast Maine by the army of sportsmen that annually invade its choicest hunting grounds. There are no wolves in this region to persecute the deer, nor Indians to play havoc with the moose. The wilderness boasts of no lofty mountains; its chief attraction is its vast expanse of unbroken forests, far from the haunts of man.

It was now about the middle of September. A subtle change was stealing o'er the scene, changing the landscape from grave to gay. At the magic touch of frost the maple quickly dons its scarlet coat; and its brave example is soon followed by the other hardwoods, until the forest is ablaze with orange and gold, while from every hilltop autumn waves its gay banners, as if in defiance of the advancing hosts of winter. And so it will be until pitiless blasts strip the forests of their glorious raiment, while the mournful refrain of wind and waves chants the requiem of their vanished beauty. The waning light reminded us that miles of dark forests were between us and the camp, and it was time to be going if we expected to pull through before dusk. So farewell, beautiful lake with the Indian name; may none but the brave lover of the woods ever gaze on thy beauty. The woods closed around us. A snapping of branches; voices dying away in the forest, and we were gone on our long journey, leaving the lake to its solitude and moose. We found our camp undisturbed by bears or humans.

It was getting about time to retreat out of this wilderness, as our stock of flour was nearly played out, with potatoes about gone. One biscuit a meal was the order of the day; and help yourself to the pork or anything handy. Before leaving, Lyman and I had an experience with a spike buck. We happened to be out on the pond, drifting about, when a young buck was sighted feeding along the shore. Silently the canoe approached the unsuspecting animal, and only a few strokes of the paddle separated us, when up went his head, and we were all turned to stone. After a long stare at the strange apparition, he resumed feeding, but soon paused and looked us over again, with mingled astonishment and alarm. The canoe was almost upon him, yet still he lingered, a beautiful woodland statue set against the dark background of forest. The speaking attitudes he threw himself into expressed wonder, fear and curiosity, while nearer and nearer came the canoe, with its silent figures. Fear at last gained the mastery. Wheeling about, he made a few graceful bounds, and waved us a mocking salute with his white flag, as the woods closed around one of the most beautiful of God's creatures. It is doubtful if either of us ever before had made such a close call on a deer. The buck probably had never seen a human being until he sighted us, as Cram had done no trapping hereabouts for some time.

This incident brings to mind the buck that we stalked on the Upper Sordahunk last season. We were handicapped by loose stones, that were liable to sound the alarm at every footstep. This put us on our mettle, and between us it was about as pretty a piece of work as we ever had done. Not a sound drifted down to him to warn him of our approach, and we got quite close before he was aware of our presence. Lyman and I have acquired the art of stealing noiselessly through the woods; in fact, we are both built for the work, as we are of a tall, slim, athletic build, fast-gaited and capable of paddling and tramping from sunrise to sunset.

White Deer was the name given our camp. I could think of nothing more appropriate, as I was so fortunate as to catch sight of one of these albinos from the landing.

The eventful morning of departure dawned at last. Before leaving, I scrawled our names on a convenient tree, with an account of the moose we had seen on the Big Lake. Silently, like shadows, we stole out of the little clearing, down the path to the landing, only to be brought up all standing on the shore. The pond seemed determined to bar our way out, finding a real ally in a strong wind that kicked up a wicked cross-sea. Undismayed, we shoved out into it and headed for the outlet. Cram had doubts about our getting through, as the canoe was loaded nearly to the water's edge. Wave after wave tried to come in over the side, but was balked by superior paddle work. As we neared the foot of the pond, they drew off their forces, and left us in peace. The tough navigation of the outlet and the pond, whose name is Mud, were soon left in our rear. We took to the woods a short distance below, and striking the old trail, arrived at the Forks, with plenty of daylight to spare. Leaving the busy guides, I strolled off into the woods, to visit a bear trap. Imagine my disgust to find that a thief had taken nearly every article I had stowed away in it on the up trip. While stopping at the cabin the guides heard two rifle shots not far away, so it seems to be due to our friends who had camped on the stream below us to explain matters.

The next morning I was agreeably surprised to find that recent showers had raised the brook considerably, and as we floated down stream to the lake, I tried likely-looking places, but met with no response. A large brook trout that we found dead in the stream showed that they were there; perhaps angle worms might have tempted them. It was a trout famine here, but a feast awaited me at pretty Allegash Pond. But I am getting on too fast. Along toward sundown we glided out on to Allegash Lake. Parties work in from Chamberlain and Cangomgonasc, but seldom or never go further, as the condition of the stream that we came out of bears witness. There are no choppings west and north of this lake. The steady clip we kept up soon brought us to the dam. As soon as we had things in shape Cram and I started out to make war on the trout. Cram took charge of the dam, while I attended to the pool. His pork bait went into nearly every crevice where trout were likely to hide, and soon he had a goodly lot of them flopping around. They were hidden away under the dam out of reach of the fly. The bait came out far ahead of the fly both in numbers and size. This shows how destructive bait is compared to the fly. Persistent bait-fishing will ruin any



AT SUNSET IN THE WOODS.

naught. The woods had swallowed him up and left no sign. Let this be a warning to the sportsman to stick close to his guides and depart not from the narrow path of safety. So much for the dangers of the forest.

The chilly air of morning that invaded our blankets made early risers of us all. After breakfast I strolled down the path, keeping a sharp lookout for grouse. At the landing I exchanged the rifle for the rod. The surface of the pond looked very tempting, and we knew that its depths swarmed with lakers and speckled trout. I had had a feast of fly-fishing the season before in the Slaughter Pond country, but now a famine confronted me. The magical wand was waved in vain; not a rise could be invoked out of its depths. Flies that would have brought great, speckled giants to the surface in the Big Fish Lake region were worthless here. The reason was not hard to find; the pond was alive with little fish that resembled small mackerel. After gorging themselves with this dainty fare the trout had little inclination for anything else. Seeing they were not disposed to rise, I stowed the rod and gave my attention to the wild scene before me. This beautiful home of the trout and deer is completely encircled by unbroken forests that reach out toward the horizon. To see its placid surface, bathed in the sunset's glow, with every grassy point and meadow thronged with happy deer which know not the ways of the hunter, and every atom of forest life faithfully shadowed in this mirror of the woods, is to gaze on a scene that will live in your memory long after old age has barred you out of the wilderness. The almost impenetrable forest that closed around the little clearing warned me to beware how I followed the skulking grouse or vanishing deer. The smoke of our camp fire, ascending in the blue, met with no response. We were alone in our glory; for narrow is the trail and rough the going, and few there be that find their way into this haunt of the moose.

I made many attempts to beguile the lazy trout. I sent the feathery cheat in to every spot that seemed likely to harbor them. It was of no use. They spurned the fly, but not the spoon; we soon found out that by fishing the pond hard with this deadly implement we could generally secure a fair supply of lakers and speckled trout. It was pretty aggravating sport, as a large percentage broke away after being hooked. We had intended bringing in a supply of angle worms from Cooper's camp, but forgot them at the last moment. The laker fresh from these cold, Northern waters contests the honors of the frying pan with the brook trout. The guides had a hard time of it trying to keep the camp supplied with fish. Presently I took a hand in the game, but soon gave it up in disgust, as it was too long a time between strikes. I much preferred prowling around the clearing with the rifle, occasionally penetrating as far as I dared into the mysterious woods. At nightfall shadows

thing of the past in Maine, and soon will be in New Brunswick.

Chinquasabamtook, a few miles to the north, was ever in our thoughts. Cram was the only one of the party who had ever seen it. The glowing accounts he gave of the lonely lake filled us with a strong desire to see its attractions; so early one morning we left camp in light marching order and started for the head of the pond. Leaving the canoe, we plunged into the dense woods, with Cram in the lead, and following a trappers' line trudged solemnly in Indian file behind our leader, stopping occasionally to slake our thirst at the icy brooks that trickled through the forest. These magnificent woods are unmarred by the axe; their solid phalanx of tree trunks repels the light of day. The denizens of the forest fled in dismay before the uproar we made in smashing our way through thickets and fallen trees; after keeping this up for some time, we came to what appeared to be an ancient logging road; it probably belonged to the remote past, when the craze for the white pine brought prospectors and lumbermen in to cull out the choicest specimens. All the old camps, if there ever were any, have disappeared. The beaver is the only chopper now that haunts the Bamtook country. As we hurried along, Cram told us that he had never been to the lake without seeing moose. This made us cautious in our movements, for the lake was not far away. Presently a rustle in the bushes ahead brought us to a halt, and quietly mounting a fallen tree I looked around carefully. I was soon rewarded by seeing the head of a beautiful doe appear from behind a tree. Slowly the sight on the rifle fell in line; a slight pressure and her life would have gone up in flame and smoke. Not on my life. Lowering the rifle, I watched the pretty creature fade away into the forest. The gleam of water ahead warned us to be careful. One of the guides stole cautiously forward and took a careful survey of the lake, and presently he beckoned to us. As we joined him he pointed out two moose about three-quarters of a mile above us. One was standing on the shore, while the other was out in the lake, feeding. Lyman tried calling, but it wouldn't work; if the bull had been alone he might have paid some attention to it. Getting tired of this long-range acquaintance, we started up the lake shore, keeping well under cover. Hardly had we got under way, when he left the water and disappeared in the forest; but he was not alarmed, as there was no friendly breeze to favor him with a scent of the human. Disappointed, we retraced our steps and gathered on the shore to take a long, last look at the wild expanse of water set in a sportsman's paradise. This lake is wildly beautiful, and extends for nine miles through a wilderness that abounds with moose, deer and bear. Its waters swarm with the choicest fish, as likewise do most of the ponds scattered through the woods. A canoe is seldom seen gliding over

stream or pond in time, and accounts for the small size of the trout in many parts of the Maine woods. We had a feast of square-tails that night, but the short ration of flour was still on. After breakfast we raised the gates and sent a flood of water humming on its way. After letting it get a good start we put the canoes in and went down stream like a shot. It did not look very promising for trout, and none showed itself until we had nearly reached the pond, when we discovered trout breaking in the stream below us. Stepping ashore, I commenced casting, and was overjoyed to find I was "in it" and no mistake. I soon fastened to a fine one, that was netted after a brief struggle; others quickly followed, but after a while they grew suspicious and refused to rise. My hopes ran high, as we came out on the pond; everything was in my favor, as the sun was veiled in clouds. Flushed with success, I lost no time in getting to work, fearing the morning might change for the worse. The pretty fly that frequently kissed the surface of the pond seemed destined to find no admirers, when all at once it vanished in a mighty swirl, and I was fast to the trout of my fancy. The whippy Bethabara bowed in obedience to the summons he sent along the ever-taut line, that cut viciously through the water. I made him fight for every inch of line, as I did not propose to have him hang me up on lily stems or snags. After a few vain efforts to catch me napping and snap the delicate leader, he found a resting place in the fatal net. He was the best trout of the trip, and looked all of 2 pounds. I soon hooked another good one, but lost him directly. They now commenced to rise all around us. The best place was near a stick of timber, well out toward the center of the pond. I managed to gather in several fine specimens before they awoke to the situation, and slacked off. Meanwhile our old friend, the buck, had put in an appearance, and eyed our proceedings with manifest disapproval. Drifting down to the falls, I found the upper pool alive with small trout, and soon had enough for camp use.

My rod and flies are my own make, and never fail me. The sliding loop prevents the fly from stripping; it is my own contrivance, and has been tested by an enormous speckled giant in McCloskey's Pool, Fish River. This trout must have weighed close to 6 pounds. I lost him after a prolonged struggle, but he failed to strip the fly or slip the loop. Flies tied on the old-fashioned plan may be safe enough when new, but are liable to strip. After being in use a short time the fly will often look bright and new, when the gut is so worn at the head as to render it useless. When the gut gets worn at the head of the loop it will take you about one minute to cut above the tender spot and tie in another loop. I have tried both kinds, and speak from bitter experience. The sliding loop was placed before the angling public some years ago. It met with a chilly reception from a class of anglers who were too indolent to give it a fair trial. If the other sort are interested, I will cheerfully give all the information required in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The prospects for supper were rather one-sided; it was a feast of trout and a famine in flour. Cram had the mate to my big one, but I am inclined to think the fly came out ahead this time, in numbers at least.

At break of day we hurried down stream and went into camp on Chamberlain Inlet. Stowing my precious rod in a hollow log, to protect it from the fast-falling rain, I watched the guides trying to coax the timid flame with birch bark and other devices. They succeeded after a while in starting a roaring fire that bade defiance to the elements. As we reclined in our tight little tent, listening to the patter of the rain, a delicious sense of warmth and repose stole over us, as we watched the fast-dying fire.

Old Chamberlain was all smiles in the morning, and sent us on our way rejoicing. Cram kept the spoon going, while urging his canoe forward, and when we brought up at the foot of the lake for lunch he had managed to secure a fine laker. While strolling around waiting for grub I noticed the guides gazing at some object on the north shore of the lake. Joining them, I saw a dark spot up against the background of woods. Almost imperceptibly, it changed its position, and proved to be an immense moose moving along the lake shore. As we paddled out into Telosmis, a cow moose was sighted. She eyed us suspiciously, and retreated before our advancing canoes disappeared in the forest. In due time we arrived at Cooper's, and our troubles were over, as far as provisions were concerned. The remainder of our trip has little to interest the sportsman. No moose nor deer were sighted on the way down, and we found precious few trout; Bill Fish Brook was deserted; I had no rises at Hollister's Level; in fact, the fishing on the river is beneath contempt, as far as my experience goes. Thinking to better my fortunes, I tried Sunsoos Pond. I found a comfortable camp here, but no trout. When one of these abominations fastens itself on a trout pond the fishing soon shrinks to nothing. Camps and lumbermen have done more to ruin the trout fishing than any other cause that can be named. Large speckled trout are not often met with outside of Big Fish Lake, a famous resort a few years ago—and may be yet. The water was fearfully low, and kept the guides guessing. This trouble gradually passed away, as the canoes caught up with the water that passed by in the early morning.

My faithful guides, Frank Cram, of Staceyville, and his friend, Lyman Hunt, are both good moose hunters, and know more about the forest than most of the guides. I was determined to have one more layout in the woods before donning the garb of civilized life. We found a place that suited us, near the deadwater. Here we gathered around our fire for the last time. The merry jest and story were lacking to-night; the glorious life in the woods had come to an end; the next night I would exchange the balsam boughs for the cramped quarters of the sleeper—the wild song of the rapids for the roar of traffic. Good-by, old woods! the care-free life we lived beneath thy shade will not be forgotten while memory lasts.

W. C. SQUIER, JR.

Cruising—From a Woman's Point of View.

We had been disappointed in our previous plans for making the cruise of the Muskosh and Moon rivers, and, owing to the scarcity of guides, it was beginning to look as though we would be disappointed again. We had been in camp with a large party on the Georgian Bay nearly two weeks, when my husband finally procured a seventeen-year-old Indian boy for a guide. Taking our canoe, provisions, tents, and blankets, we boarded the steamer City of Toronto on Monday morning. When we reached Go-Home Bay, where we intended leaving the steamer and commencing the canoe voyage, we found a high wind and heavy sea; these, with a cold rain that was falling, decided us to remain on the steamer till evening, when she would run in to Madawaska Dock.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon we started on our cruise up Go-Home River, and camped at the first falls that night. The rain was over before we left the steamer and we had no difficulty putting up our tents and getting balsam for beds. Then we sat around the campfire and ate our supper and watched the stars come out and take their places in the sky.

We had closed up our tent for the night, and I thought how soft and fragrant these balsam boughs are and what sleepy music comes from the falls. Then I opened my eyes. The birds were singing, and it was morning. I was not sleepy now. I only wanted to see how it looked outside. What a morning! Yesterday was dull and stormy, with a dampness and chill in the air that sent us to the cabin. When the boat stopped at the dock it was with some misgivings that we left the comfortable steamer for canoe and cruising tent; but this morning all is changed. The whole atmosphere is filled with softest rose tints. The clouds, the tree tops, the mist rising from the river, and even the spray from the falls, are tinted with the same rosy hue. As I stand entranced by this more than beautiful scene, "Old Sol" rises above the hills, sending his first slanting rays across water and woods, and the rosy hues are changed to yellow and green.

After breakfast we packed up our tents, "like the Arab," but were on the wrong end of a hard portage to "steal away silently." Finally everything was loaded into the canoe again and we paddled up Go-Home River into the Muskosh, crossed Flat Rock portage, and were soon on Sandy Grey Lake.

The log chute at the next falls was washed away lowering the river above and making the portage long and difficult. From this log chute to the Big Eddy is a beautiful stretch of river. In places the banks are densely wooded. The tree tops seem to meet and form a green arch overhead, while the shores are fringed with bright red lobelia cardinalis; all of which are reflected in the water over which we were swiftly and silently moving.

As we came around a sharp bend in the river, the Big Eddy lay before us in the form of a small, circular lake, surrounded by tall hemlocks, and having a beach of clean white sand on one side. At these falls the water is gathered into a narrow gorge and comes rushing and tumbling down over the rocks, which are worn, so as to leave what seems a massive curved stone balustrade on one side. One can easily imagine the water tumbling down over a great stone stairway. After spending some time at this place we crossed the portage, which, although a long one, is not difficult, and were soon on our way to the next falls, where we intended to camp for the night.

We came to quite a large island, with falls on each side. The channel on the left of the island is filled with great rocks and boulders that have fallen from the high bluff. Above this island is another falls, and the bluff has become a steep hill, covered with a thick growth of pine and hemlock. Here the river sweeps around in a great curve, inclosing a tract of level land which has been cleared. This tract is a deserted Indian reservation. Our camp for the night was opposite the upper falls, about two hundred feet back from the river and near an old log cabin on this clearing. When our guide was carrying the canoe up from the river, an Indian called to him from the woods on the other shore, but our Indian did not understand what he said, as he belonged to a different tribe.

It was now getting late, and the men went into the woods, three or four hundred yards back of the clearing, for pine and tent poles. I watched the Indian across the river to see what he would do. He got on a log, and, by some method known to Indians, commenced to paddle himself across. When I saw that he was going to get over, I sat down, took an empty revolver in my hand (I did not know where the cartridges were, and, covering it with my hat, thought I would at least guard the provisions. The Indian got safely over, climbed the steep bank, and said "Good Evening," as he passed near where I was sitting. As I watched him follow the trail across the clearing, with his rifle over his shoulder, I laid down the empty revolver, thinking the provisions were probably safe. I now turned my attention to making bread and butter sandwiches, with a feeling that I understood this work better than acting as guard.

The men returned with the pine and our tents were soon ready for the night. The guide prepared the supper, which we ate as the sun sank below the tops of the pines.

As we sat in the midst of this clearing, and our campfire had become a bed of red coals, we could trace the windings of the river by the white mist that rose, soft and mysterious, against the pine-covered hills on the opposite shore. The sky was like ebony set with millions and millions of diamonds, so numerous were the stars. Back of our camp, standing a few feet apart, were two dead pine trees that seemed, in the darkness, to reach to the heavens and hold them aloft. The almost oppressive silence, broken only by the falling of the water, the rugged grandeur of the surroundings, together with the brilliancy of the sky, made the night one never to be forgotten.

The next morning as we were leisurely packing up, we heard an unearthly war whoop, and, looking round, saw four men from our camp, with their Indian guides, crossing the portage. They had only been able to procure guides in time to start Tuesday morning.

We now hastened our packing and were soon afloat in company with the other canoes. Stopping at the Ragged Rapids, we cooked our dinner, and in a short time had left the Muskosh and were floating down the Moon River. The scenery on the Moon River is wilder than on the Muskosh. There are high hills on both sides of the river. The falls are higher and more numerous, but the general characteristics of many of them are the same. The water is gathered into a narrow gorge, and makes a first leap of several feet, striking boulders and broken rocks, over which it rushes at an angle of from 45 to 60 degrees, churning the water into foam and dashing spray high in the air, till it reaches the foot of the declivity, where it forms a large eddy.

Late in the afternoon we traversed a beautiful stretch of river above Lunge Point. The surface of the water seemed to be without a ripple. The blue sky, flecked with fleecy white clouds; the steep hillsides, covered with forest trees; and the shores, dotted here and there with bright, red flowers, were reflected so perfectly in the water that we appeared to be floating in space. It took an occasional war whoop from some of the boys to reassure us, for it seemed as though we had gotten lost in fairy land. But we reached Lunge Point at last, and proceeded to make camp for the night.

After supper the Judge took his rod and went down to the river to try his luck, which, so far, had been good, and this venture proved no exception, for he soon returned with a large bass. The Judge and I, deciding to have that fish broiled for breakfast, hung the landing net, with the fish in it, high up on a tree. But "Mr. Coon" came around in the night hunting a lunch and carried off fish, landing net, and all; first walking over our tin dishes in his bare feet. After quite a search the Doctor found the landing net in some bushes the next morning.

That night the wolves were out late, and they gave a concert on their way home. About the time they arrived opposite our camp we were very wide awake, and glad to hear their music, especially as they were on the other side of the river. From the volume of sound I thought there must be a hundred in the pack, but when I asked the Indian in the morning, he only shook his head and said, "Ugh, 'bout five, six."

The next morning we went to Lunge Lake, which, tradition says, abounds with big fish; but experience taught us that if the fish are there, both big and little ones intend to stay. We had given up and were about to return to camp when the Judge caught a 3-pound muscullunge. The rest of us had to be content with looking at this fish, for we did not even get a strike.

After an early dinner we were again on our way. Our hardest portage was on this part of the river, around a series of rapids and falls known as the Seven Sisters. It was quite exciting to watch the Indians going over the rapids, standing in their frail craft, their paddles poised in the air ready to steer them away from dangerous rocks. A short distance below this portage we came to a recently deserted camp. The board tables and seats were well arranged, and everything was clean. Beaching our canoes, we made ourselves comfortable for the night.

After dark the boys gathered around a chart of the Moon River, spread out on a corner of the table, which they were intently studying by the light of a candle. There not being room for my head in the circle, I thought I would liberate six or eight half-grown frogs we had in a tin can. Quietly removing the lid, I turned the can a little to one side, and the frogs, by a common impulse, made a leap for the light, landing on the heads and shoulders of the thoroughly astonished group. I was sorry for my rash act the next day, when, fishing at the foot of the falls we saw an immense 'lunge following "Lucky Jim's" bait, but it would not strike at the little frog. I knew his chance for catching a 15-pound 'lunge would be much better if he only had one of those large frogs. That night we were again awakened, about 4 o'clock, by the barking of a wolf in the distance.

The next day, after passing through some wild and rocky country and portaging around some beautiful falls, we came to a sharp bend in the river and were facing the narrow gorge, with its high, rocky banks, above the Moon Falls. As we looked out through the gorge the whole country seemed to have dropped down, the tops of the trees being away below us. The effect was weird and unreal.

I could not describe these falls if I would, but if you go to see them you will be well repaid for your trouble, even if you have to do as we did; portage around a log boom in the mouth of the river. I realize that it is superfluous for me to advise men to make this cruise, for they go any way, but I would advise every woman to go that can. I always accompany my husband when he goes on a cruise, and I have never had one wholly unpleasant day nor uncomfortable night.

As we came through Capt. Allyn's Straits, the three canoes abreast, we seemed to be floating on enchanted waters. The sun, like a great, red ball, sank below the horizon, coloring the sky and water a bright orange, which slowly deepened into purple, then faded to gray. When we approached the main camp many of the party were out in skiffs, and the sound of their singing and laughter, as it came to us over the water, lent an additional charm to the surroundings.

What a change! We had left camp Monday morning in the mist and rain, and, after a delightful trip, returned Friday evening in the golden glory of a Canadian sunset.

A. W. C.

Teacher—What is the meaning of the word "excavate"? Small Pupil—It means to hollow out. Teacher—Correct. Now form a sentence in which the word is properly used. Small Pupil—Stick a pin in a boy and he will excavate.—Chicago News.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Natural History.

North American Mammals.

NEVER has so much work been done in biology as at the present time. Never before has there been so much study of the life of the globe which we inhabit, such a gathering of the facts concerning it. While to the layman much of the work done may seem to have no direct bearing on the well-being of humanity at large—to be “of no use” in other words—the practical value of other investigations is sufficiently obvious, even to the least informed person.

An important and useful work has just appeared in the Zoological Series of the Field Columbian Museum. It consists of a large volume of nearly 500 pages, entitled “A Synopsis of the Mammals of North America and Adjacent Seas,” by Daniel Giraud Elliot, F. R. S. E.

This is intended to be a complete list of North American mammals to date, and is thus one of the most useful works that could have been presented to the working mammalogist, to him who is interested in natural history and desires to keep up with the times, or merely to the man of general culture who desires a volume to which he can refer for general information as to our mammals.

Not a few eminent workers in science believe that one result of the great mass of work now being done is the hasty and ill-considered multiplication of new species; the giving of distinctive rank to too many forms; the naming of species, sub-species and geographical races on differences which to some appear to be merely those variations likely to occur between individuals within a group. Such critics believe that among mammals, birds and reptiles, new species are continually being described which ought not to be described, because they are not valid—i. e., permanent as they see it—divisions of the group. This, of course, brings us back only to the old and vexed question, what is a species? the answer to which is likely to be long waited for.

Dr. Elliot is one of those naturalists who deprecates the tendency to species making and in his preface he objects to the apparent readiness of some mammalogists to magnify slight differences, and to base distinction on variations which can be recognized only when the specimens in question are compared with the nearest allied forms, and he expresses the belief that not a few of the names in his book will ultimately serve only to swell lists of synonyms.

Over this matter we may leave the scientific men to worry, secure in the faith that some student of the future will unravel the knots that have puzzled those of today, and will relegate all the different described forms to their proper systematic position. Meantime, we may be very grateful to Dr. Elliot, who has done an immense amount of work in order to include in his synopsis all the described forms. It undoubtedly represents very closely the list of described North American mammals up to the close of the year 1900, yet it must be remembered that a volume of this character is hardly put on the press before it is out of date, and since the beginning of the current year a number of new species of mammals have been described—among them several of especial interest to the big-game hunters.

The order followed by Dr. Elliot is from the lowest to highest, beginning with the marsupials and passing up through the edentates, sirenians—or sea cows—whales, ungulates—all grass-eating big game—the rodents—squirrels, rats, mice, porcupines, hares and so forth—carnivores—cats, wolves, bears and weasels—the seal group, the insectivores—shrews and moles—and the bats. There are more than 600 species and 115 genera listed, besides a great number of subspecies and geographical races.

The volume is very fully illustrated by nearly 100 photographs of skulls and teeth of very nearly every genus and subgenus of North American mammals. These illustrations add greatly to the volume's usefulness to the student, and make it very desirable to big-game hunters. Of these very effective photographs, many are larger than a full page, and form a folded plate. In an appendix are included a number of species which were described after the volume went to press and added later, among them new foxes from Alaska, described by Dr. Merriam.

It is not easy for the casual reader to comprehend the vast amount of labor involved in the preparation of a volume such as this—the infinity of books to be turned over, the vast number of references to be hunted up, the necessity for constant vigilance, both in the preparation of the manuscript and in the reading of the proofs. That some mistakes shall occur in a work of this nature is inevitable, but in Dr. Elliot's volume they appear to be few, and most of them are corrected in an errata table.

Even to the uninformed layman this volume is extremely interesting, for it gives, as already said, a list of all the North American mammals that have been described, and which are generally considered as entitled to some kind of recognition. As here understood, North America extends from the North Pole to the boundary which separates the United States and Mexico, and, of course, includes the seas which wash these shores.

A Tragedy in Sparrow Life.

MR. A. D. WYDEVELD, of 592 Palisade avenue, Jersey City, N. J., tells us of witnessing a very curious incident of bird life. An English sparrow, which was flying with some twine into a crevice in a stone building, became entangled in the twine and was hanged. The mate of the sparrow, the female, coming soon after, discovered the plight of the bird and sought to release it from the coils of the string by biting through the string above the suspended bird. Failing to do this, it flew away in great perturbation, then immediately returned, perched on a wire and acted as if it were endeavoring to sharpen its bill on the wire. It then went to the string and again endeavored to cut it through and release the hanged bird. Mr. Wydeveld, who is an artist of great skill, and known to many as a delineator of fishes, was so impressed by the incident that he has transferred it to canvas, on which he has pictured the dead bird and its mate in the several stages of its endeavor to rescue by cutting the string. The fidelity of the painting is much admired by the friends of Mr. Wydeveld, who, with him, witnessed the incident.

An Outing in Acadia.—VII.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

SUNDAY was passed rather quietly, although the Doctor and I took a short ramble in the forenoon. On climbing the hill near the house a good view of the settlement and the surrounding country was obtained. For many miles in all directions stretches of forest were to be seen, dotted here and there with clearings and farm buildings, and ending in blue lines of hills and mountains in the dim distance.

“What a grand location for a cottage!” I exclaimed, as we reached the summit. “One would never tire of such a glorious panorama as that which lies around us. I'm afraid, though, it would be pretty bleak and cold in winter.”

“Yes; one would need pretty thick walls to his house in such an exposed position as this. Imagine the wind blowing a gale, with the thermometer showing twenty degrees below zero, a not uncommon temperature here. It is glorious air, though.”

We paused for a few minutes to enjoy the beautiful view and watch the cloud effects as their shadows fell upon hills and pastures, forests and cultivated fields. As we stood on the greensward we noticed a great many gossamer webs and presently we saw a number of spiders flying, or rather drifting, through the air, impelled by the light breeze that was blowing from the south.

A dozen passed us in a very short space of time, and the air seemed to glisten with the fragile filaments which supported them.

“There seems to be a migration of spiders,” said the Doctor, watching the little aeronauts as they drifted by. “I never saw so many on the move at one time; probably there will be a change of weather soon, for they are very sensitive little barometers, and they may desire to find new quarters before the storm breaks.”

“But where do they all come from, Doctor?” I inquired. “They seem almost numberless.”

“Oh! they are quite abundant in all these stretches of sward and grain fields; there are, no doubt, many thousands on every square rod of land around us; they are greater wanderers than most people are aware of, and they often travel distances that we would hardly suspect them of covering.”

The spiders were all of one species—the common field spider—and as far as we could see they were of almost uniform size, and were probably females, for they averaged larger than the ordinary males that we had met with.

Although spiders are to the casual observer unattractive and sometimes even repulsive in a high degree, they are to the naturalist among the most interesting of creatures. The phenomenon that we witnessed of the moving hordes was an example of the instinct which at certain seasons of the year impels them to travel sometimes quite considerable distances in a sort of migration or rather change of locality.

The method by which they perform their flight is simple, but most efficacious. The spider selects a bright day, one that is calm or with but a slight breeze in motion, and climbing to the top of a bush or a tall weed or grain stalk or fence post, it begins to emit its silky filament, which is carried along lightly by the breeze.

Sometimes as much as 200 yards of the delicate thread are needed to support the little aeronaut in safety. When it ascertains that there is enough of the cable out to buoy it, it drops from its resting place, and hanging to the filament, is borne off by the wind, perhaps for many miles.

If it finds itself coming down near a body of water, it throws out more of the silky thread, and thus obtains a more upward movement and passes by the dangerous element; but if it finds that it is ascending too high, it draws in the cable and descends by lessening the buoyancy of the filament.

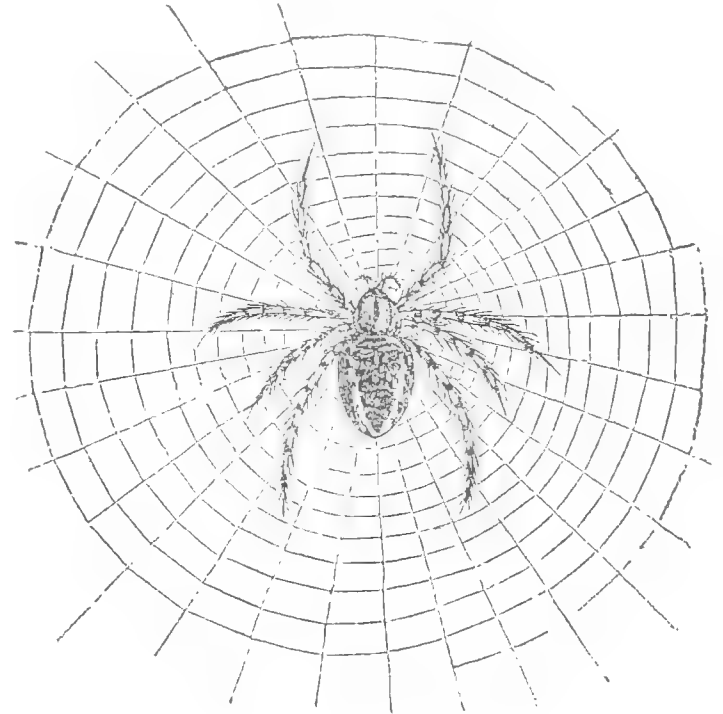
That the spider has the power of projecting its silky thread in almost any direction, provided the air is still, has been proved by a number of good observers.

Mr. H. M. J. Underhill, an English naturalist, who has devoted much time to studying the habits of the spider, states that one calm afternoon he was amusing himself by keeping a spider on a short piece of stick, by just winding up her thread as fast as she let herself down. The thread when broken and left hanging showed no tendency to blow out. But the spider soon got tired of being teased, and after having several times, by breaking the thread, dropped herself to the ground, only to be picked up again, she tried a new expedient. Still hanging by her thread, she shot out several others, each composed of many detached threads, which blew about at once, and one of them catching in a twig near by, she seized it, cut off the other filament and escaped.

Another scientist in corroboration of this fact states that all spiders are able to eject and attach lines of web just where they wish. He obtained a cocoon half full of house spiders, one end of the soft, silken ball appearing quite black with the number of busy spiders huddled together, while the other half was filled with the empty shells of the eggs from which they had lately emerged. With the point of a needle he made an aperture in the cocoon, and let a number of the little creatures free, being anxious to see whether they would exercise their web-spinning power soon after their entrance upon life. It so happened that he allowed them to escape on to a book which was laid across the end of a marble mantel-piece. The spiders immediately began to run about, and several let themselves down by lines a few inches from where the edge of the book projected beyond the mantel-piece, as if to reconnoiter, but quickly returned again. Suddenly he perceived that from one of the small creatures, after being for a time motionless, a line of web of exquisite fineness had been put up, at about an angle of 45 degrees, to the edge of a terra-cotta vase which stood on the other side of the book, and was about ten inches high. The line was taut and firmly fixed, although so fine. No portion of it hung over the edges of the base, and the web had exactly impinged on and adhered to the outer angle of the rim. The young spider was about a line in length, and the web it had sent up was rather more than ten inches in length, therefore it was evident that these new-born creatures, before being nourished by food, possess the power of ejecting a line one hundred times their own length, and are able to attach it to exactly the spot they desire, while the matter ejected preserves its

stickiness sufficiently to adhere to the spot after its passage through the air. The spider next ran up the line, carrying with it a second line, attached to the edge of the book. Other spiders followed its example, and soon a lovely band of innumerable silvery threads were formed between the book and the outer angle of the rim of the vase, and extending about an inch and a half round its circumference, the little creatures traveling up and down with incredible celerity and industry until it was formed. The writer, in commenting on this wonderful performance, says: “I had no difficulty in understanding the following autumn how a large *Epeira diadema* had been able to send out a line two and a half inches in length from a trellis to exactly the corner of a projecting balcony, and another from that corner back to the trellis, so as to form an angle within which his splendid, large, wheel-shaped web was formed.”

The question is often asked, “How does the spider make its web? Does it travel back and forth to all the various points to which it is attached, or has it the faculty of projecting the filament of the frame and fastening it se-



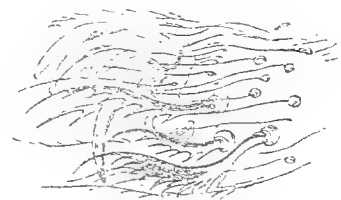
Garden Spider and Web.

curely without going to and fro to all the places of attachment?” This is a difficult question to answer, because the work is done in the evening or the early morning at a time when we may have but little chance of witnessing it.

The web of the *Epeira* or garden spider is almost perfectly geometrical in shape, and from this fact the species is often called the geometrical spider. That the rays of which it is composed are not all attached to their points of contact by the direct touch of the spider is proven by the fact that the web is sometimes built over a running brook which the creature could not possibly cross.

An observer notes this fact as follows:

“Two or three years ago I was walking by the side of a small mill stream, when my attention was arrested by a very large spider's web stretching across the stream from bank to bank, and attached to the stems of grass and other herbage. The stream was not less than three feet in width, and the web itself would not be less than four by six feet in length. The web itself was constructed on

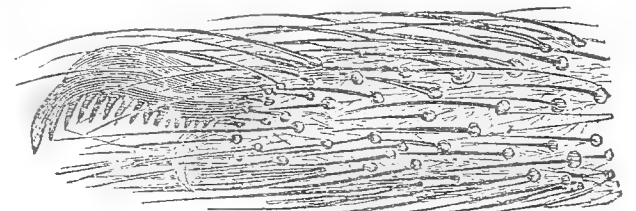


Spider's Foot.

the mathematical principle, and resembled a cart wheel in general outline, a number of diverging spokes proceeding from a central point or nave, and these spokes were united by concentric circles of threads about a quarter of an inch apart, over the whole structure. The domicile of the spider was exactly in the center of the web and over the middle of the stream, and, when I saw it, the spider was hanging by a thread about a foot from the running stream. The spider itself was about the size of a dried marrow-fat pea of the same color. Now this remarkable sight excited my wonder and curiosity to comprehend how an animal that neither flies, leaps, nor swims, could accomplish such a feat, and I am still in the dark as to its mode of operation in making its web.”

The building of the web is well described by Mr. J. H. Emerton in the American Naturalist, Vol. II. In this article he says:

“The feet of spiders are wonderfully adapted for walking on the web. Each foot is furnished with three claws,



Claws of Spider.

the middle one of which is bent over at the end, forming a long finger for clinging to the web, or for guiding the thread in spinning. The outer claws are curved and toothed like a comb. Opposite the claws are several stiff hairs, which are toothed like the claws, and serve as a thumb for the latter to shut against.

“When a spider wishes to build a web she usually selects a corner, so that the structure may be attached on several sides. She then runs a few threads along the objects to which the web is fastened, to facilitate her passage from point to point. The web is commenced by a line or two across the point where the center is to be,

which is not usually the geometric center, but nearer the top than the bottom. Radiating lines are then spun from the center in all directions. In doing this the spider often crosses from one side of the web to the opposite, so that the finished portion is always tightly drawn, and the tension of the completed web is the same in every part.

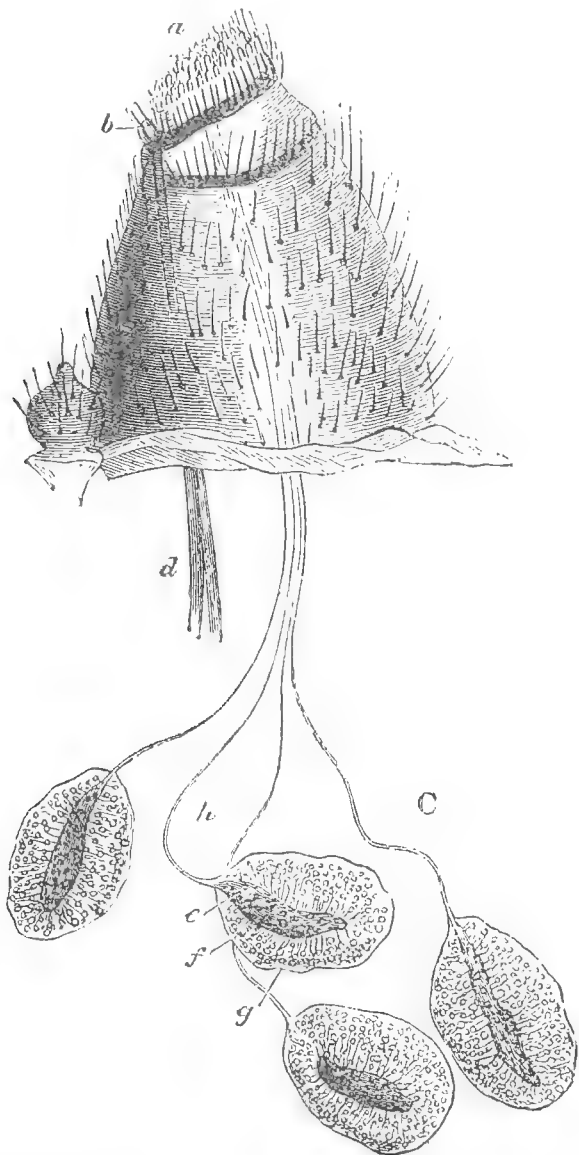
"Having finished the framework, the spider begins near the center and spins a thread spirally around the web to

scaffolding previously prepared. She gradually destroys as she proceeds, until in the finished web only a few turns in the center are left. The thread of the circles last spun is covered with viscid globules, strung upon it like beads at short distances. If an insect comes in contact with the thread it immediately adheres, and its struggles only bring a larger part of the body into contact with the web."

A description of the apparatus by which the silk is produced will be interesting at this point. The silk is contained in a series of glands within the spider's abdomen, in close proximity and attached to the spinnerets. These glands communicate, according to Mr. Underhill, with the silk tubes by ducts. Each gland has its own duct and silk tube. On the first pair of spinnerets there are about sixty silk tubes; on the second pair, although the spinnerets are smaller, about eighty. The silk tubes on these two pairs are alike; but they differ in shape from those of the third pair, and are much larger. There are nearly 220 tubes on the third pair, thus making altogether about 360 on the six spinnerets.

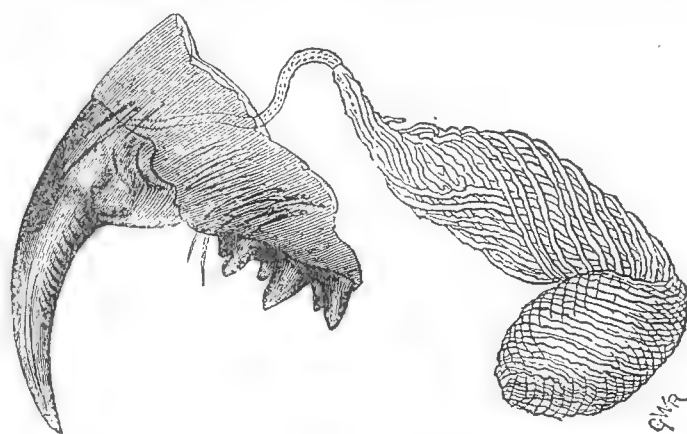
The silk secretion in liquid form passes through the gland tubes, and from there it is conducted by the duct to the spinning tube, and then by the spinnerets they are united in filaments, from which the web is spun.

The spinnerets are the exterior parts by which the web is spun. They are, I believe, usually six in number, and are arranged in pairs. The illustrations of the spinnerets of *Epeira* show the characteristics of each, and indicate how each pair differs from the others. The offices of these three different pairs of specimens are varied, each having its peculiar product, the first pair making the thick threads which form the beams or foundation of the web, the second pair producing the spiral and crossing line, and the third pair making the viscid thread which forms the



The Third Spinneret of *Epeira*.—a, common spinning tubes. b, large spinning tube. The glands, c; e, caeca or gland tube. f, glandular epithelium. g, the outer skin of the gland. h, duct. d, ducts belonging to the large spinning tubes (b). Magnified 40 diameters.

the circumference, fastening it to each radius as it crosses. The distance between the spirals varies with the size of the spiders, being about as far as they can reach. This spiral thread serves to keep the parts of the web in place during the rest of the process, and is removed as fast as the web is finished. It also furnishes a ready means



Fang and poison bag of spider. Magnified 50 diameters.

outer lines of the structure. Mr. Emerton gives the following very interesting account of the habits of the spider after her web is made: "When the web is finished she stations herself in the center, where a small circle is left free of the adhesive threads. Her usual position is head downward, with each foot on one of the radii of the web, and the spinners ready to fasten themselves by a thread at the least alarm. She often remains in her hole with one foot out and resting on a tight thread connected with the center of the web, so that any vibration is quickly detected. If the web be gently touched the spider will rush into the center and face toward the disturbed part. She will then jerk smartly several of the radii leading in that direction to see if the intruder is a living animal. If this test is followed by the expected struggle, she runs out toward the victim, stepping as little as possible on the adhesive threads, seizes it in her jaws and, as soon as it begins to feel the effects of the bite, envelops it in a silken covering, and hangs it up to suck at her leisure."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Life Saving from Drowning.

First—Impress upon parents the necessary duty of having their children taught to swim, and upon all young persons the great importance of knowing how to swim. At every important place on the waters of this State our volunteer life-savers can be found to give them lessons that may ultimately save their lives in some unlooked-for disaster—the ability to even hold one's self up for a few minutes until help may come every year saves many lives.

Second—Go out in no pleasure boat of small or large dimensions without being assured that there are life-saving buoys or cushions aboard sufficient to float all on board in case of an upset or collision.

Third—With a party be sure you are all properly and satisfactorily seated before you leave the shore—particularly so with girls on board. Let no one attempt to exchange seats in mid-stream, or to put a foot on the edge or gunwale of the boat to change seats. This, by rollicking girls, has upturned many a boat and lost very many lives every year in the waters of this State. Where the waters become rough from a sudden squall or passing steamers, never rise in the boat, but settle down as close to the bottom as possible; keep cool until the rocking danger is past. If overturned, a woman's skirts, if held out by her extended arms, while she uses her feet as if climbing a stairs, will often hold her up while a boat may pull out from the shore and save her. A non-swimmer, by drawing his arms up to his side and pushing down with widely extended hands, while stair-climbing or treading water with his feet, may hold himself several minutes, often when a single minute means a life; or throwing out the arms, dog-fashion, forward, overhand and pulling in, as if reaching for something—that may bring him in reach of help. One of our best swimmers upon the Hudson got his first and best lesson by being capsized in midstream and compelled suddenly to strike out for himself.

Fourth—In rescuing drowning persons, seize them by the collar back of the neck; do not let them throw their arms around your neck or arms. If unmanageable, do not strike them, but let them drop under a moment until quiet, then tow them into the shore. If unconscious, don't wait a moment for a doctor or an ambulance, but begin at once. First get the tongue out and hold it by a handkerchief or stocking to let the water out; get a buoy, box or barrel under the stomach, or hold him over your knee head down and jolt the water out of him; then turn him over side to side four or five turns, then on his back, and with a pump movement keep his arms a-going from pit of stomach overhead to a straight out and back fourteen to sixteen times a minute until signs of returning life are shown. A bellows movement on the stomach at the same time is a great aid. Of course you will at first loosen collar and all binding clothing. Let some one at once remove shoes and stockings, and at the same time rub the lower limbs with an upward movement from the foot to the knee, occasionally slapping the soles of the feet with the open hand. Working on these lines our volunteer life-savers have been successful after two hours of incessant manipulation, but generally succeed inside of thirty minutes. Spirits of ammonia to the nostrils or a feather tickling in the throat often helps to quicken, but we rarely need anything more than the above mechanical means. Use no spirits internally until after breathing and circulation are restored; then a moderate use of stimulants or hot tea and a warm blanket or bed is of the first importance.

The U. S. Volunteer Life-Saving Corps of this State has distributed several thousands of its illustrated "Rescue and Resuscitation Cards," through its life-saving members, and per mail will furnish them to any one on receipt of the cost of postage and mailing tube, five cents. But if any of your readers will cut out this article from your paper and study its instructions and carry it with them, they will be able to meet any emergencies that may occur upon the waters.

J. WESLEY JONES.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The Snared Partridge and the Rocketing Grouse.

It was in Connecticut, as tramping along a ravine, I espied ahead of me a magnificent cock partridge suspended in midair. As I neared the bird I saw the horsehair that, attached to a sapling, had choked out its life.

The slender hair had quickly done its work, the noose holding the bird at the base of the head. Not a feather was ruffled. The wings were closely drawn to the body, and the legs distended and held close to the feathers. The dark neck plumes lay closely in place. So smooth and compact was every feather as to lead one to imagine how a falcon might look when dropping upon its prey with distended head and neck and closed wings.

I stood and admired the gamy bird come to an inglorious and untimely end. He had for the last time outwitted the dog and gunner. He had led the dogs through brush and tangle for the last time, and the roar of his wings thirty yards away among the hemlocks would be heard no more. Fate had decreed that no more should he startle the dogless gunner by breaking cover at his heel with a roar, and immediately dart behind a convenient hemlock, to the chagrin of the hunter.

And when I had feasted my eyes upon his beautiful form and lines, I forthwith detached the noose from his neck and dropped him into the game pocket of my coat—taking care to kick the snare to pieces and breaking the horsehair line and noose. A little hard, perhaps, on the pot-hunter, who missed a good dinner, but such things as snares were against the law, and what else was there to do but appropriate the game and destroy the trap that caught it? So much for the dead partridge; now to the living grouse.

It was on the Minnesota prairies, and sharp-tailed grouse were our quest. They were plentiful, and were found in the stubble fields usually, except during the middle of the day. While one could walk within range of them, and perhaps get several shots before the birds had all flown, to allow the dogs to work ahead of us meant the flight of every bird in the field beyond gunshot approach.

In crossing a stretch of high prairie grass, quite a distance ahead we could see a depression where the grass grew sparsely, and in the center of which was a patch not three feet square of such grass as one would see on a lawn.

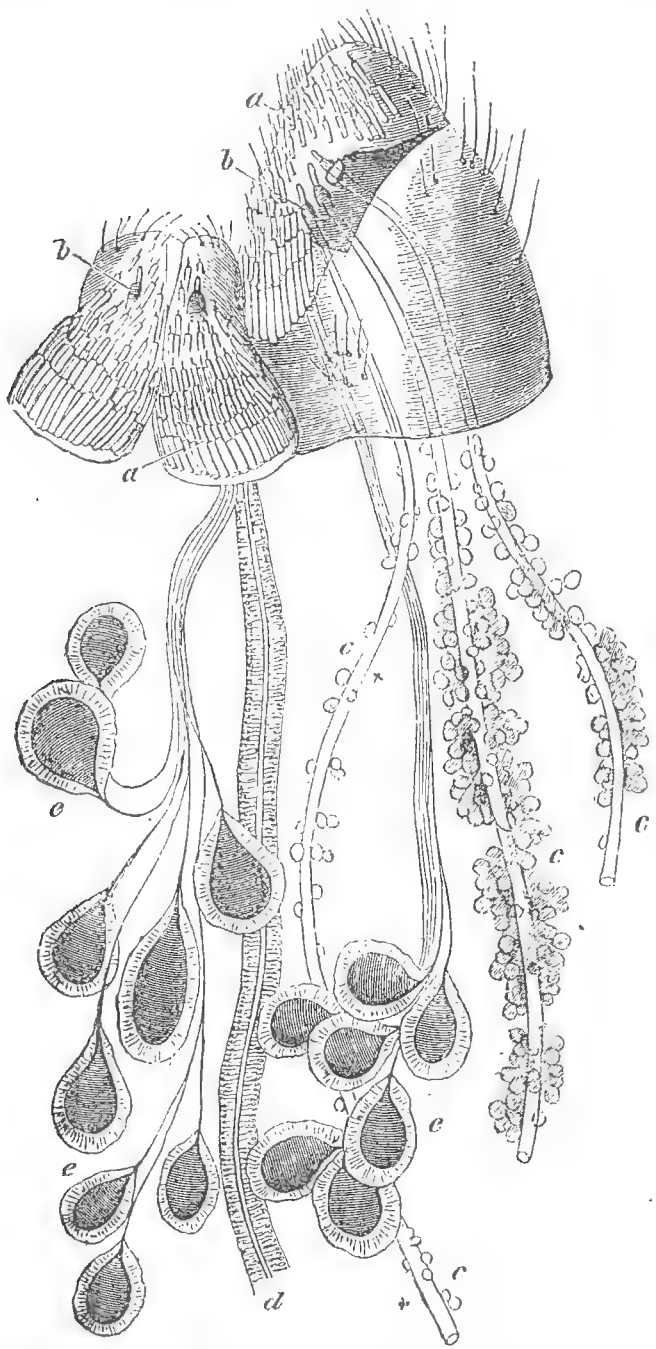
When we were within about eighty yards of this spot, out from the surrounding grass walked a cock grouse directly to this oasis of velvety grass, and, arriving there, stood still. We had been seen by him as he entered the open, and there he stood, like a bird statue, watching us coming closer and closer. The tramping of our boots upon the prairie sod may have warned him of some lurking danger, and perhaps he had gone to this open spot to look around. But there he stood, his legs, body and neck rigid, his eyes following our every movement. We walked nearer and nearer, expecting to see him flush at any moment. Realizing that the time would come when his discretion would master his curiosity and he would take wing, we discussed as to whom the chance of shooting should be given. Hutch had been "wiping the eye" of some of us on some long shots, cleanly killing—after we had gotten through with our second barrel—so we agreed that he should keep a pace in advance and take the shot as the bird flushed. We were now about forty yards away, and for a few moments the grouse had shown a restlessness that clearly betokened flight, when, crouching to the ground, with one bound and a whirling of wings he was instantly up in the air. Hutch fired one barrel, and quickly followed with the second. Up, up, up, the bird darted, cleaving the air and following a line of flight as nearly perpendicular as one could imagine a bird to fly. Higher and higher he mounted, seemingly a hundred and fifty feet in the air, when instantly his course was arrested, his head now pointed downward and toward us, his wings became set as he took his downward flight. He was surely covering the isosceles of a triangle. His flight had been perpendicular, and now he was darting almost like a hawk to the earth at a long incline. It was as perfect a piece of bird rocketing as I ever witnessed, as when finishing his flight that bird dropped dead at our very feet.

One single shot had entered its brain.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Boston Gunners.

BOSTON, Aug. 10.—The law went off on shore and beach birds July 15. At first the weather was too oppressively hot for gunning, but lately it has been more favorable, and some good bags of summer yellowlegs have been made off Scituate and further down on the cape. Several gunners are now at Monomoy and Chatham. Along the North Shore there have been some good flights already, with more looked for. Ipswich Bay is a favorite resort. L. T. Caswell made a bag of 25, mostly yellowlegs, the first day he was out. C. H. Tarbox was down on the marshes the other day and got 38 birds. About the first of the season he counted twenty gunners on the marshes in one day; they got from 2 to 20 birds each. L. J. De Pass, who is at Plum Island Camps with his mother, writes his father, L. W. De Pass, of the Chamber of Commerce, that he took his gun along when he went on an errand the other day. He says: "I saw four yellowlegs circling around. Pretty soon they lit down on the marsh, and I crept up to them. I waited till they were all in a bunch, but before I could shoot, one flew off. I fired and killed the three left; then turned and took the fourth one on the wing. Soon after two more flew over. I shot one with each barrel." His father thinks that such shooting is not bad for a boy of fourteen. The next day he was out and shot 20 sandpipers. He is also very proud of having shot a plover the first of the season there. Every letter gives some account of shooting. His father is training the boy for a wing shot; tells him that any body can shoot a bird



The first spinneret and the second pair of spinnerets of *Epeira*.—aa, common spinning tubes, bb, large spinning tubes. cc, ducts leading to the glands of large tubes (b) of first spinneret. d, duct leading to gland of the large tube (b) of second spinneret. ee, some of the glands and ducts of the common spinning tubes. Magnified 40 diameters.

of crossing from one radius to another where they are furthest apart. All the thread spun up to this stage of the process is smooth when dry, and will not adhere if touched with a smooth object.

"The spider, having thus formed the web, begins to put in the final circles at the outside, walking around on the

sitting, but the true skill is in taking them on the wing. He has allowed the boy to use a little 16 gauge just as he pleased since he was twelve years old, and he has never had the shadow of an accident. He objects to his gunning with other boys, however.

Aug. 12.—Ex-President Grover Cleveland's fishing is always a matter of interest to the ubiquitous reporter of the daily press, and if a big catch cannot be truthfully recorded, why, he just makes one up. A Winsted, Conn., dispatch says that Grover Cleveland, John R. Proctor, Richard Watson Gilder, and some of the Ex-President's Waterbury friends spent Friday at Goose Pond, Otis, Mass. Most of the day was passed with line and rod, but only one perch came to Mr. Cleveland's creel. Some of the papers gave him a big creel, however.

The petition from the citizens and guides of Rangeley, Me., recently noted in the FOREST AND STREAM, has been put in form and forwarded to the Fish and Game Commissioners. It asks that the outlets of Haley and Gull ponds be screened; that all fishing on Haley and Ross ponds be prohibited except with the fly; that all trolling in the Rangeley Lakes be prohibited after July 1; that "gang" hooks be prohibited in the Rangeley Lakes at all times; that all "plug fishing" in Rangeley Lake be prohibited. Owing to the resignation of Commissioner Oak, a hearing cannot be had till his successor is appointed. Notice will be given of the time and place of the hearing. The proposition to stop trolling in all the Rangeley Lakes after July 1 is likely to meet with a good deal of opposition. There is a feeling among the camp owners and hotel people on the lakes below Rangeley Lake that the guides and people around that lake should not attempt to control all there is below them. Last year the Rangeley Lakes Guides' Association and people of Rangeley attempted to screen the outlet of Rangeley Lake, after urging the people interested in the lakes below to contribute toward the restocking of that lake.

Mrs. A. W. Walker, of Malden, Mass., had a novel experience with a salmon at Mooselucmaguntic Lake last week. The fish, when hooked, proved to be a very lively one, leaping out of the water many times. At last he leaped once too far, landing squarely in the boat. Sturgeon fishing is said to be reviving on the Kennebec River. One party of fishermen have taken 32 fish already between Greene Ledges and Gardiner Bridge. One fish weighed 247 pounds. There are thousands of white perch in Maranocook, Anaboscocook and the other Winthrop, Me., lakes and ponds, so the reports say, but they have bitten only poorly for a week past. Fishermen and boatmen frequently run over large schools of perch that will not bite at all. They come back wishing that they had tried some other sorts of bait or rigging. Mr. George Frothingham and Mr. H. C. Goodwin, of Boston, took two bass there last week, weighing 3 pounds each. The Poland Springs guests and Mechanic Falls, Me., people are having some good fishing at Tripp Pond. Mr. H. T. Sands landed a pickerel last week that was 22 inches long; one of the largest ever taken there.

Codfishing for sport, off the Massachusetts shore, is not as good as usual this season. Mr. Matthew Luce, who fishes a good deal off Scituate, says that he has not yet taken his usual number this year. He has one of the best boatmen and is very fond of the sport after spending the forenoon in Boston. Some mackerel are being taken with hook and line at several points along shore. Capt. Sol. Jacobs, a celebrated authority on mackerel, accounts for the fact that all the mackerel are nearer shore than usual this year, by the fact that the water is unusually cold farther out to sea. He remarks that enormous icebergs are seen off the banks, rendering the water remarkably cold there. He believes that the cold water has driven the mackerel in shore. SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Good Game Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 10.—The present summer has been a very dry one in nearly all of the West, but so far from this proving injurious to the chicken and quail crop, it has proved, as is usually the case, to be rather beneficial than otherwise. It is not easy to get a line, that is to say, a legal line, on the chicken crop before opening day, yet all available reports state that there are as many birds this year as there were last. A friend recently back from Minnesota states that the shooters of that State and North Dakota are counting upon lots of birds this fall. Mr. George Thorne, of Montgomery Ward & Co., who, with some friends, will take a trip in a special hunting car the first of September, and who is looking out for good chicken country in the Northwest, says that he has advices that birds are unusually plentiful along the Great Northern Railroad. I would counsel shooters to get as far north as Larimore, N. D. If one can get so far west as Buford, he may count himself sure to get nice shooting at sharp-tailed grouse in the river bottoms twelve to twenty-five miles from that point.

Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, Wis., who extends his annual invitation to join him on a hunt on opening day, says that he hears of a good many chickens around Necedah, Wis.; also a good many quail.

Mr. W. A. Powel, of Taylorville, Ill., says they have a good many chickens this summer even in that far southern region.

Quail are reported everywhere in great numbers, and our quail shooting in this part of the world will probably be as good as it has been for years, in spite of our blundering Illinois law.

Will Charge for Carrying Dogs.

A railroad ruling which will affect large numbers of traveling sportsmen this fall is that issued this week by the executive committee of the Western Passenger Association, which instructs baggage agents to charge the same rates for carrying dogs as are charged for baby carriages or bicycles. Heretofore sportsmen have, on many roads, had their dogs carried free, or at least free of any definite charge, though a little gratuity to the train baggage men was expected. Some sportsmen have protested against this ruling, but it has not been rescinded and is in force.

Going West.

Mr. Frederick N. Peck, of Chicago, who has a ranch near Helena, Mont., started this week for a trip to that country which will last several weeks. He will incidentally spend some time fishing in the Yellowstone Park.

Going North.

Mr. Charles R. Wolf, of Akron, O., asks where he and a friend can get a good, comfortable fishing place in Northern Wisconsin, where they can get bass and muscullunge, a good bed at night, and fair meals during the day, with boats and guides. I would suggest that these gentlemen go to Manitowish Lake, via Manitowish station, Wis. They will find a hotel on that lake, and the fishing there should be good if the run of muscullunge in that water has continued. Mr. G. E. Hutchins, of this city, is lately back from Lost Lake, Wis., and he had very good fishing for muscullunge at that place, and fair accommodations. This might be a good place for the Akron men to try. Lost Lake is something like twenty-five miles from Hayward, Wis. I believe the muscullunge fishing has been better there this past month than at any place I have heard of. Mr. Hutchins, during his two weeks' stay, had a number of fish over 15 pounds, and some over 22.

Going Southwest.

A pleasant little party of three will start next Friday for an extended trip in Arizona. There will be of the party Mr. H. G. Maratta, the artist of the Grand Cañon which was displayed at the Chicago sportsmen's show and the Buffalo Pan-American Exposition; Mr. Robert Stites, manager of Rector's restaurant, and Dr. W. H. Knapp, of Rochester, N. Y. The party will go first to Gallup, Ariz., where they will be met by Mr. J. L. Hubbel, the famous Navajo blanket man. They go then to Ganado, and from that point to the Cañon de Chille, where they will stay for a little while. Then, going back to Ganado, they move thence to Keam's Cañon. From this point it is about twelve miles to the Moqui mesa, where the famous snake dance of the Moquis is to be held. About 100 tourists saw this snake dance last year. It is thought that this ceremonial dance will this year be the best that has been known for four or five years, and, perhaps, the last that will ever be held. The government, as well as the missionaries, is attempting to discourage the Indians from holding these dances. It is devoutly to be hoped that neither the government nor the missionaries will be able to stop the dances, for these ceremonies constitute one of the most unique features of the wild life of the West, and make one of the few remaining living records of the old West which is passing so rapidly away.

Messrs. Maratta, Stites and Knapp will fish and photograph, beside seeing the snake dance. They will have 4,000 miles of railroad travel and 200 miles of a wagon ride. They will stop at Holbrook and Williams coming out, and will run 70 miles by wagon from Williams and have a look at the Grand Cañon. They stop also at Laguna and Acoma, the latter point 18 miles from the railroad. Thus they will be on some of the most historic and most interesting soil which is to be found on the American continent.

Plover Coming In.

Plover have appeared in considerable flocks at the outskirts of Evanston and on the fields adjoining the Skokie marsh, north of the city. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Arkansas Fish and Game.

WINSLOW, Ark., Aug. 5.—The drouth that has been so disastrous to many of the Western States has at last been broken in western Arkansas by good rains. But the streams are lower than they have been since 1874, and many fish have been destroyed, both by the hogs that we use to make bacon and by fishermen. The three streams that make White River have their source here in the Boston Mountains, and are good fishing streams, being clear and cold. The water is full of black bass, perch and several other kinds of fish, and they furnish good sport to the angler. But it will take a rise in the streams and the restocking of most of the pools to get them in shape to furnish good fishing in the future, I fear. I have caught many good strings, both with live bait and with the fly, this summer. But in many places where, in the past, there was good fishing, there is no water nor any fish. The dry weather has been a great aid to the quail. There are more of them in western Arkansas than ever before. In fact, they are so abundant that shooting them will be the easiest kind of work. The fields, the meadows and the orchards resound with the calls of Bob White as never before. Mr. Jack Harrigan, who owns an apple orchard a half-mile from Winslow, estimates that there were hatched and raised in his orchard four hundred quail this season. Squirrels are plentiful in the mountains, and just now are feeding on the hickory nuts, and shooting them is good sport; I bagged seven nice ones one morning last week in a short time. South of here thirty-five miles on the Arkansas River the wood ducks breed around the lakes, so that in September they furnish good shooting. We have some deer and wild turkeys near here, so that, taken all together, western Arkansas furnishes good sport to the lover of rod and gun. I also have excellent sport fox hunting, there being both red and gray foxes and wildcats in great numbers in the deep gorges and bluffs near here. At some future time I will give the readers of FOREST AND STREAM a history of an exciting Arkansas fox hunt. J. E. LONDON.

The Shag and the Water-Hens.

During a recent trip through the lower western section of the country, I believe I discovered the laziest and most stupid form of life to be found anywhere on the globe. It was an aquatic fowl, with a big, clumsy-looking beak, and with a form something like the dodo, now extinct. I have spent much time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They call them shags, I believe, out West. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bill with considerable precision when they gig for game. But they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one—and maybe more than one—member of another kind of water fowl.

Whenever a shag begins to catch fish, a long-legged, long-necked water hen will take a place immediately behind him. When the shag lands a fish the water hen simply reaches over and gets it. Without any show of resentment, and without turning around, the shag will continue its watch for fish, and this is kept up until the water hen has finished a meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sleepy efforts. I have on one occasion seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single fish. It is certainly a singular display of stupidity, and after having watched the performance a number of times, I am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water hen stands behind it to steal the fish out of its mouth. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Canadian Non-Resident Anglers' Permits.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have not forgotten the promise which I made you over a year ago to advise you fully of the facts connected with my arrest for fishing in the inland waters of the Province of Nova Scotia without having previously secured an angling license from the proper officials. You will recall that, while my name was not mentioned, the arrest was reported in your columns over the nom de plume of Special, and that I wrote you, asking a suspension of any discussion of the matter in your columns pending the decision of the Department of Fisheries and Marine of the Dominion of Canada, upon the request which I submitted that—as a matter of grace and in view of their ruling upon my communication to them in 1899, of which a full abstract is hereinafter given—they should allow me to appeal from the decision of the police magistrate before whom I was convicted, notwithstanding the fact that, through my lack of representation by counsel at the hearing, and my ignorance of the provisions of the Dominion law, the time had elapsed within which I should have perfected an appeal. Despite the fact that I have in person and through able counsel repeatedly requested a decision by the Minister upon this point, none has been rendered, although repeatedly promised. I, therefore, feel that I am guilty of no discourtesy in laying the entire matter before you and your readers, believing, as I do, that the question is one which should interest every one who visits the Province for the purpose of fishing.

As a preliminary, however, let me briefly state the law relative to the points at issue: In June, 1894, the Dominion Parliament passed an act which provided that "no person not a British subject shall fish in Canadian waters for bass, pike, perch or trout without an anglers' permit," the fee for said permit being fixed thereby at \$5 for three months and \$10 for six months, and a penalty of \$20 for violation of the provisions of the act being thereby imposed. Upon Aug. 1 in the same year, however, it was "ordered in Council" that "Foreigners temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian guides, boats and boatmen" were not required to take out such a permit. The full text of this order is as follows:

Aug. 1, 1894: Whereas, it has been deemed advisable to amend the fishery regulations approved in Council on Saturday, June 30, 1894, so as to exempt under certain conditions foreigners domiciled in Canada from the regulations requiring permits, the said order is hereby amended by adding thereto the following clause: "10. Foreigners, when temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian boats and boatmen, shall be exempt from the regulations requiring permits."

The inconsistencies involved in this order in Council will at once strike the trained legal mind, and I can do no better than quote here the opinion which I have received from my senior Provincial counsel upon the proper interpretation of the order:

"It is to be noted here that the recital (which by the way is not published in the Dominion statutes, but is to be found only in the Canada Gazette of 1894) is wider than the enacting words. The former speaks of 'foreigners domiciled in Canada,' while the latter speaks of 'foreigners temporarily domiciled.' In my view, while the recital of a statute cannot bind those not in the enacting part (see *Edinboro vs. Linlithgow*, 3 Macq., 704), yet it may be used in construing an ambiguous phrase in such enacting part. The phrase 'temporarily domiciled' is ambiguous enough, it is true, but I do not think the recital can enlarge it so as to make it read 'domiciled' only; for, if we apply the technical meaning to the word 'domiciled' in the recital, we then must cancel the word 'temporarily' in the enacting part, since no residence which is temporary can create domicile, nor can domicile coexist with temporary residence. It is of the essence of domicile that it is permanent. I think, therefore, that the phrase 'temporarily domiciled,' since it has no accurate legal meaning, must be read as having been used in a popular sense, and as meaning temporarily present in the Province. No space of time is required for this temporary thing, and, therefore, it cannot alter the question that a foreigner has been here for a few days only. We are really dealing with a contradiction in terms, and I can make nothing more of it than that foreigners shall not come to this Province and fish by themselves, but must employ Canadian boats and boatmen. There is no warrant for saying that a short residence of say a year can create a temporary domicile, any more than the residence of a month or a day. There is no rule of law to warrant such a distinction, and hence I think you fall within the exception. If, as you say, they have passed a recent order in Council, making the thing clear, this would seem to show that they could not succeed under the old. Finally, as the statute is a penal one, it must receive a strict construction, and I cannot think that any court would construe such a phrase as meaning more than it could strictly be said to mean if it were a 'term of art.' * * * I may add that, in addition to the question dealt with above, there is also a very serious question as to whether the order in Council or the statute on which it is founded is constitutional. It is now claimed that the inland fisheries

are under the jurisdiction of the Provincial and not the Federal Parliament."

Ever since 1892 I have been visiting the Province of Nova Scotia, as well for the hunting as for the fishing. In every instance I have advised the local deputy of my intended shooting trip; of the steamer by which I expected to arrive; and have requested him to have my license in readiness; and upon the occasion of my first trip for the purpose of angling, and at two or three different times subsequent thereto, I volunteered to him to pay for an angling license, if I, not being a British subject, were required to take out one; but in every instance I was told that, inasmuch as I employed Canadian guides and boatmen, I came within the provisions of the order of Council of 1895, and was not obliged to take out a permit.

In 1899, however, in company with two friends, I made a trip to the Liverpool waters in Queens county, instead of to the Tusket, which I had heretofore visited, and the day before we started into the woods I was approached by the local official of the Fish and Game Association for the district of Liverpool with a demand that I should take out an angling permit. I told him of what I had been previously informed by the authorities in Yarmouth county, to wit: that as I employed Canadian guides and boatmen I was not obliged to take out a permit, and suggested that he should write to the proper authorities and ascertain whether we were, as a matter of fact, amenable to the provisions of the act of 1894, and not entitled to the benefit of the proviso as set forth in the order of Council. To this he agreed; but when we came out of the woods no demand was made upon us for the license fees, nor were we able to find the officer who had demanded them.

After my return from Liverpool to Philadelphia, I wrote to the Department at Ottawa, stating the facts of the case, and volunteered on behalf of myself and my companions to pay the license fees if it were adjudged by the Minister that we were amenable to the act. The gentleman to whom the decision of the case was delegated by the Minister replied in terms that, as we had employed Canadian guides and boatmen, we were not amenable to the provisions of the law, but were entitled to the benefit of the order of Council. Notwithstanding this, in the month of May, 1900, I was arrested upon the high street of Yarmouth by a uniformed police officer and taken before a stipendiary magistrate and justice of the peace for the county of Yarmouth, on information lodged by one Hatfield, whose official position is that of Deputy Fishery Overseer for the Dominion, which is entirely distinct from the office of Deputy Fish and Game Commissioner of the Province. He charged that I had violated the laws of the Dominion by fishing in Canadian waters without a permit, I being at the time the alleged offense was committed a citizen of the State of Pennsylvania. At the hearing before the magistrate, which, I should add, was ex parte, Hatfield not having put in an appearance, I admitted that I had been fishing in Canadian waters, but claimed that, in view of the preceding ruling, as made in 1899 by the Department of Fisheries and Marine, I came within the provisions of the Order of Council, and was therefore not amenable to the act requiring the purchase of a permit; but, notwithstanding this, I was adjudged guilty and sentenced to pay a fine and costs, which I did under protest. Inasmuch as my arrest occurred but an hour and a half before the time fixed for the departure of the steamer by which I was compelled to return to the States, I had absolutely no opportunity to secure adequate legal advice, and by the time I had established communication with local counsel the period within which my appeal should have been taken had elapsed, as above stated. I forthwith addressed a personal letter to the Minister of Fisheries and Marine, requesting that, in view of their ruling of 1899, I should by some appropriate action be relieved from the odium of public arrest, or at least that the department would waive the expiry of the time for my appeal and allow me to test the legality of my arrest under the verbiage of the above-recited order of Council, but the only reply which I received was a curt note from an underling in that department indorsing the action of the local Fishery Overseer, without any effort to assign a reason for the reversal of the ruling which they had made in the Liverpool case the preceding year. It seems impossible, in view of the lapse of time, to hope for a fair-minded action by the department upon the question involved, and I can therefore only appeal to the tribunal composed of yourself and your readers for justification.

I hope, however, in the near future to be able to send you a report of a case which will finally settle the amenability of those who occupy the same category as I with reference to the provisions of the fishing license law. Under the advice of counsel, three of our party who visited the province this spring refused to take out angling permits, to the end that a test case might be made which, under the management of local counsel, could be fought through to the appellate courts of the Dominion. The Deputy Fishery Overseer was advised in advance of their intention to refuse to comply with his demand, they were arrested upon information lodged by him, a fine was imposed by the magistrate, from which sentence an appeal was duly taken, which will, if necessary, be prosecuted to the courts of last resort. Then, and not until then, I suppose, can we secure a final interpretation of the act and of the order in Council, and until this result has been obtained, every angler from the United States who visits any one of the Canadian provinces, is liable to be subjected to the same annoyance and inconvenience as I was. Each, therefore, must determine for himself whether he will submit to the payment of the license fees or subject himself to danger of arrest.

I cannot close without stating in justification of my course, past, present and future, in connection with this matter, that I am receiving the heartiest and most courteous co-operation from the officials of the Nova Scotia Game and Inland Fisheries Protection Society. These gentlemen have expressed the greatest indignation at the action of the Dominion officials, and maintain that I am entirely within my rights, and have urged upon me and the others of my party the prosecution of our appeals to the highest tribunals in the Dominion.

J. B. TOWNSEND, JR.,

Ingenuity Got the Fish.

OKLAHOMA CITY, O. T., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. M. A. Pryer, a well-known business man of this place, is responsible for the following account of an unusual method of taking large catfish, and offers to produce plenty of witnesses who will vouch for the accuracy of the story.

Mr. Pryer relates that about two weeks ago he was spending a few days at the town of Coyle, a small trading point on the line of the Eastern Oklahoma R. R., about fifteen miles from Guthrie, on the Cimarron River. The prolonged drouth had caused a very low stage of water in the river, and what little remained lay in pools ranging from a few inches to two or three feet in depth, and from fifty to one hundred yards long. In these pools there were frequent logs and stumps projecting out of the stagnant water. Some fishermen discovered several enormous specimens of river catfish lying perfectly still in the water close to the logs, their mouths just even with the surface. The fish were opening and closing the jaws with a regular movement, sucking in the turbid element and ejecting it through their gills, probably for the purpose of obtaining air. They were apparently much stupefied by the hot and lifeless water, and would allow persons to approach near enough to touch their bodies, but floundered off with a great splashing and commotion on being roughly handled. Many of the fish were from four to five feet long, and the problem was, how were they to be secured, as no one of the party was equipped with tackle half strong enough to land fish of such size and weight. Many suggestions were made, but it remained for a hitherto silent, but observant, member of the party to propose the means which finally proved successful. He had noticed the regularity with which the huge fish opened their wide mouths, sucked in and ejected the muddy water through their gills, and this gave him the idea. A boy present was sent to a near-by farmhouse for the family clothes-line, which, being secured, was unraveled and frayed out for about six inches at one end. This end was then carefully floated close to the gaping mouth of one of the largest fish. At the very next gulp the rope end disappeared; a moment later it was cast out of one of the gill openings of the big fish, and was promptly grasped by a stout man, while a second hauled away at the other end of the rope, and by the united efforts of both the big cat was dragged ashore and landed. Many more were taken in the same manner, and catfish steaks were common in Coyle for days afterward.

As an old fisherman, I was much interested in the incident, which was an excellent illustration of the ever-ready resourcefulness and ingenuity of the average Western, or American citizen anywhere, for that matter, and it bears also the added charm of novelty. No one to whom I have related the story has been able to recall a case where similar methods were employed in taking fish, and so far as I have been able to learn, the means used were entirely new.

J. C. C.

Massachusetts Sunday Fishing.

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Recently much that is misleading and inaccurate has appeared in the press regarding the order relating to the enforcement of the Sunday fishing law issued by the Commissioners on Inland Fisheries and Game.

As a result of this there is apparently a misapprehension on the part of the public of the proper relation of the Fish and Game Commission to the law referred to, and its right or duty to enforce it. For this reason it seems desirable and timely that the public should be correctly informed regarding the matter.

Section 1, Chapter 91, of the Public Statutes, provides that "all laws relating to the culture, preservation, capture, or passage of fish shall be known as the laws relating to inland fisheries," and Section 3, of the same chapter, provides, among other things, that "each of the Commissioners may personally or by deputy, enforce all laws regulating inland fisheries."

These provisions of law have heretofore been deemed sufficient warrant by the Commissioners to conclude that they might justly assume that the law "relating to Sunday fishing (Section 11, Chapter 98, of Public Statutes) was a law relating to the * * * preservation" and "capture * * * of fish," and, therefore, that it was not only their right, but that it was incumbent upon them, to enforce this law. As a consequence, the law has been as vigorously enforced as any fish and game law on the statute books, until it was considered necessary to take other action.

But recent rulings of the law courts, backed by a decision of the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, establish beyond question the fact that the statute prohibiting Sunday fishing "is not a 'law relating to inland fisheries,'" and that the enforcement of this act (P. S., Chap. 98, Sec. 11) is no more the duty of one of our deputies "than the enforcement of another section of the same act found in P. S., Chap. 98, Sec. 10: 'Whoever on the Lord's day discharges any fire arms for sport * * * shall be punished by fine not exceeding ten dollars.'" A later statute (Chapter 116, acts of 1899) gives the Commission full authority to prevent hunting on the Lord's day, and this will be enforced, but this law gives no power to the Board so far as Sunday fishing is concerned.

The Fish and Game Commission has no choice but to act in accordance with law, as interpreted by the courts and the highest official legal authority in the State, nor has it any purpose other than to abide by such decisions. Its authority for the enforcement of law being definitely limited to Fish and Game Laws, and the recent rulings and decisions having established the fact that the law relating to Sunday fishing is "An act for the better observance of the Lord's day," and not a fish law; it was manifestly our duty to instruct our deputies not to enforce a law which we have no right to enforce. To ignore court rulings and the decision of the highest legal authority in the State would be manifestly an error, to call it by no harsher name, consequently, the action taken by the Commission is in strict compliance with law, and the wild tale that it has attempted to "set aside or repeal" the laws of the Commonwealth is too absurd to merit notice.

J. W. COLLINS,

Chairman of Fish and Game Commission.

Tarpon Fishing.—III.

How to Fish.

THIS paper will be divided into the following nine topics, each of which will be treated separately in the order given on the list:

- 1st. Rigging up.
- 2d. Baits.
- 3d. Best places, conditions and times for fishing.
- 4th. Methods of fishing.
- 5th. Handling tarpon.
- 6th. Measuring and weighing fish.
- 7th. Photographing fish.
- 8th. General subjects.
- 9th. Care and repair of tackle.

Rigging Up.

Before starting on an outing, there is much to be done in getting the tackle ready. Part of the work, such as mounting hooks, putting lines on reels and attaching brakes, can be attended to at home; but the fastening on of reels, jointing rods, reeving lines, attaching snells, screwing on gaff, etc., have to be done at the fishing grounds before making the first boat trip.

In mounting hooks, cut the wire into 2-foot lengths, if it be not already so cut, and see that all the pieces are straight; then set up the table vise, bend over at least 2 inches of a wire with the round pincers, slip on the hook, set the loop tightly in the vise at one end of the jaws, then with the fingers or the flat pincers twist the end of the wire around half a dozen times and cut the remaining end off close. Next attach a swivel to the other end of the wire in the same way, then fasten another wire on to this swivel, then another swivel, another wire and another swivel. This will make a snell about 5 feet long, having three links and three swivels. Finally, see that all the links are straight. By following these directions there will result the best possible snell for tarpon fishing. Any much greater length than 5 feet will prevent the sportsman from bringing the fish as close to the boat as is necessary for gaffing or shooting; and any shorter length would involve the risk of the line being cut by the tarpon's sharp scales. Three swivels are required to prevent the untwisting of the line.

In putting a line on a reel, see that it is tied firmly to the axle, and that it is spooled regularly and tightly. This can be done by having one man turn the reel and another let the line run through his hand, guarding the latter with a piece of cloth or soft leather. It will be found convenient to mount the reel temporarily on the butt of the rod before putting on the line. The click or drag should be set as soon as the line is on, in order to prevent it coming off or getting tangled. Never fill a reel quite full, because when the line is wet it will swell and thus require more space.

It is well to double the line back for 10 or 15 feet, so as to provide extra strength toward the end of the struggle, when the fish is near the boat. To attach the end of the line to the body, untwist about 6 inches of it and cut off two of the three strands, wax the third strand, lay the end of the line close alongside, and wind the waxed end around tightly in a backward direction. To fasten the end thereof, lay it backward, wind the small loop around, pull the main loop through, and, finally, after sufficient turns have been made, pull the waxed end through. Next straighten out the long loop, so as to make the two lines pull equally, and bind it at intervals of about 2 feet by winding with waxed linen thread.

To attach a rubber or leather brake to a reel, first cut it to proper dimensions, so that it won't strike the forward bar or touch the sides of the spool before a good deal of the line is taken out; then punch four holes along the rear edge, and attach to the rear bar with strong tarpon line, so that the brake will not turn easily on the bar. The sides of the brake should be trimmed to a slight bevel.

To attach the forward brake to the rod, cut a strip of rubber 1 inch wide and 3 or 4 inches long, and punch two holes at each end, then attach tightly to rod with strong tarpon line. If the rod tip be reversed in the socket, it will be necessary to either turn the forward brake half-way around each time or have a piece of rubber on each side.

If it be desired to use Ed. vom Hofe's patent "Joker," this forward brake will have to be omitted. There would be no need for the joker if a strong outgoing drag could be put on the reel without involving an incoming drag also, and such a drag will surely soon be invented. It is said that Wm. Mills & Son, the New York tackle dealers, have one in process of evolution.

To fasten a reel to a butt, put it in place and drive the ring on as far as it will go, using a hammer and a small piece of hardwood so as not to disfigure the metal; then wind on enough waxed tarpon line to prevent the ring from slipping off, pulling the end of the line back underneath by means of an auxiliary loop. This winding can either cover only the space between the top of the ring and the metal shoulder, or it can be carried from the latter clear down to the reel seat, then below for a couple of inches. The former method is the simpler, and is all right for a good reel seat; but the latter will strengthen a weak one. Some reels have patent attachments that dispense with this tying-on process, but I have never tried such reels, so cannot report on their merits or defects.

Never put together a rod without first greasing well the joints; for, if you do, you will probably experience great trouble in unjointing. If you are so unfortunate as to have a loose joint in your rod, insert a piece of paper, but do not omit the lubrication.

In reeving a line, be careful that there is no turn of it around the rod, otherwise grief will surely ensue.

In attaching snells, my custom is to simply run the loop through the swivel and pull the snell through the loop. Although this method has been criticised adversely by several sportsmen, I have never yet had a line fail at the attachment of the snell. Boatmen sometimes attach by means of a bowline, but this will not apply where the long loop is used.

Before screwing on a gaff hook, grease well the screw end, so as to insure its unscrewing readily, and always put in the little set screw to stop it from turning off. Be careful to prevent sand from getting into the screw socket.

Before starting out in the boat, see that the boatman has the full equipment, of which a list was given in my last paper, and that the rowlocks to be used are tied on. In addition to the said equipment, the sportsman will require in the boat the following:

- 2 tarpon rods, fully equipped and ready for service.
- 1 smaller rod, ditto.
- A supply of mounted hooks of all sizes.
- 1 gaff.
- 1 cushion.
- 1 rubber coat, or poncho, if there be any possibility of it raining.
- 1 pair rubber boots, ditto.
- 1 hunting coat, containing in the pockets the following:
 - Revolver and cartridges.
 - Supply of assorted sinkers.
 - Several floats of various sizes.
 - Some cord or stout string.
 - Cutting pincers.
 - Flat file.
 - Disgorger.
 - Knife.
 - Oiler (filled).
 - Leather case supplied with hooks, etc.
 - Pocket tool box.
 - Spool of fine copper wire.
 - Leather socket for chair, if there be one.
 - Large and small weighing scales.
 - Bottle of vaseline.
 - Guards for thumb and fingers.
 - Gloves.
- Artificial bait, if desired.

This seems like a pretty large outfit, but any part of it is liable to be needed at any time.

To arrange everything properly in the boat, first lay the two spare rods along the sides so that they will not be in the way of the boatmen, and so that they will not be struck by a fish either when the latter is being taken in or afterward; then attach socket to chair and put cushion in place; then load revolver and lay it on the port side of the stern seat within easy reach; then lay the gaff so that the boatman can snatch it quickly; then place the spare mells where they will be safe, convenient and out of the way, and stow the rubber coat and boots in the bow, so that they will lie beneath the anchor, rope and buoy. The hunting coat, with its contents, should be placed at the sportsman's feet. Next put on the gloves and tie the thumb and finger guards on the left hand; then put on a bait and you will be ready for the fray.

Bait.

The best kind of bait for tarpon is nearly always mullet, but at times shiners or menhaden are very effective. If neither of these be available, any small fish, excepting catfish, about 6 inches long, will do fairly well, and even cut bait can be used when nothing better is to be had.

There is a diversity of opinion concerning the relative merits of live and dead bait, most sportsmen preferring the former. My choice, though, is the latter, for the reason that it spins better when trolling, thus making more display, and that it gives no false alarms as to strikes. On the other hand, the dead bait cannot be kept as long as the live, and when fishing under certain unusual conditions, the latter is sometimes a necessity. For instance, if there are many live mullet in the water, a tarpon is not likely to take a dead one. Again, when fishing from a bank in a sluggish current, live bait is preferable.

In respect to best size of bait, I would quote a saying of one of my boatmen, "If a man wants tarpon, let him put on a large bait; but if he wants tarpon, let him put on a small one." My experience confirms this statement, for I find that a mullet 5 or 6 inches long gives the best results, and that using a much longer bait causes the loss of many a fish. The objections to a very small bait are that it is not so readily seen, and that it does not offer so much temptation as a larger one.

If the sportsman be reduced to cut bait, let him trim it into the form of a fish, and use as tough a piece as possible. The skipjack or ladyfish, though rather tender, makes excellent cut bait, as does also the belly of a shark. I have known tarpon to take broken-up crab, which was being used as bait for other fish. It is a good plan, when tarpon are present and not striking well, to cut one open so as to ascertain upon what it has been feeding, and bait accordingly.

The best way to keep bait alive is to have built in the boat amidships a box that has small openings in the bottom. So long as the boat remains in deep water, the bait will live pretty well, but they are prone to die quickly if the boat be left in shallow water. It is strange that a mullet will often live several hours when attached to the hook and trolled around, while at the same time other mullet in the bait box will die. Mullet are generally caught with a circular cast net, and nearly every fisherman along the Gulf coast either owns one or can procure one readily. If, however, the sportsman be going to some entirely new fishing ground, concerning which he is not posted, it would be a wise precaution to take along one of these cast nets.

In putting either a live or a dead bait on the hook, insert the point of the latter below the under lip of the fish not more than 1/2 inch back, and press it upward through both lips, taking care to have the central plane of the hook and the vertical plane of symmetry of the fish coincident. This will prevent any tendency to unduly great rotation of bait and consequent twisting or untwisting of line.

Very few artificial baits have been tried on tarpon, but it is known that at times they will strike at any glittering lure. I once tried for a short time just before sunset a large, phantom minnow having a tarpon hook at the tail, and had a strike from a heavy 6-footer that started straight for the Gulf, jumping about every twenty yards. After taking out fully 100 yards of line, it shook out the hook on the fourth jump. I used up that bait the next day on jackfish, after landing on it four or five fine ones.

A manufacturer has made for me two rubber mullets, each having a single Van Vleck hook at the tail, and I have presented one of them to my friend Dr. Howe; but neither of us has yet given the bait a trial. Unless they can be manufactured so that the hooks can be removed and replaced when bent or broken, this type of bait will not become popular, as the price (about \$1.75 each) is almost prohibitory.

Best Places, Conditions and Times for Fishing.

In any tarpon fishing ground there are certain places that are better than others, but these change from time to time. The best spots are generally the following:

- 1. Close alongside of rock jetties.
- 2. At mouths of tributary rivers or streams.

- 3. At the junction of clear and muddy waters.
- 4. Close to shallow oyster beds, where the water deepens suddenly.
- 5. In narrow tideways that join large bodies of water.
- 6. At promontories in the shore line, around which the currents pass swiftly.
- 7. In midchannel of passes when mullet and shiners are running there.

In general, the best spots to catch tarpon are those where their food fishes are to be found. Mullet travel usually close to the jetties and shores, but are often found scattered over the deep water of the pass. They also frequent the narrow tideways between two large bodies of water, in order to pass from one to the other.

The reason that mouths of rivers and junctions of clear and muddy water are so good is because the tarpon lie in wait in the clear water close to the junction, so as to catch the mullet that are bewildered in passing suddenly from a dark to a clear medium. For a similar reason the tarpon lie in the deep water close to shallow oyster beds, so as to spring up and catch the mullet just after they pass the shallows.

Sometimes there is good fishing to be had out on the Gulf, especially just beyond the ends of the jetties, but it is not always practicable or safe to go there. If there be a portion of a jetty submerged, it will pay to try trolling along it, as the tarpon are often there.

When shiners or menhaden are traveling in mid-channel, the tarpon will generally be found among them; but at such times they do not strike well, owing to the great supply of food. However, a lively mullet or shiner then will often call attention and procure a strike.

Tarpon often travel in certain lines, and one small school after another, even when the intervals between schools are great, will follow in almost exact line. If one is fishing at anchor and sees such a line indicated, it will pay to up anchor and move over to the line of travel; or, if trolling, it will pay to follow such lines.

As a rule, the best tarpon fishing is found within 3 or 4 feet of the surface, but there are times when the fish lie close to the bottom, so if, after a fair trial, one fail to obtain strikes near the surface, it is well to put on a heavy, detachable sinker and try near the bottom, even at the risk of hooking a shark, jewfish, stingray, sawfish or other sea monster.

In respect to best condition of water for tarpon fishing, as a rule the clearer the water the better the fishing, probably because the fish can the better see the bait; but there are times when the water is clear and the tarpon are absent, so no hard and fast rule can be laid down about water conditions.

When a muddy tide works slowly against a body of clear water, one should troll in the latter close to the dividing line; if they don't strike well there, try the muddy water, but still near the said line.

I once had an hour and a half of excellent fishing in water so muddy that it looked like pea soup, and which carried masses of sea weed, sand and dirt, getting eight strikes and landing two fish. Catching tarpon under such conditions is exceptional, but it is well to try them when the luck is bad everywhere else.

The water in tidal works between shallow lakes or bays is generally more or less muddy; but the tarpon will strike there fiercely at certain times, especially about change of tide.

In respect to the best time of day for tarpon fishing, nothing certain is known. On the whole, I have had the best luck in the forenoon, but sometimes the afternoon is better. For some particular place there may be some time of day that is best; but I think the fishing depends more upon the clearness of the water and the state of the tide than upon the time of day. At Shellbanks, about halfway between Rockport and Aransas Pass, in an artificial channel, the tarpon congregate and strike between sunset and dark, and this condition, I am assured, holds good for many continuous days, irrespective of conditions of water and tide.

It is said that tarpon will strike on moonlight nights, but of this I am not certain, as I have never tried night fishing. It would appear to me to be unsatisfactory sport, because one would not be able to see the action of the fish, and the holding or losing thereof would depend almost entirely upon how well the hook be attached, with the chances greatly against the sportsman.

Methods of Fishing.

After the sportsman has arranged his boat, seated himself on his chair, with the cushion beneath him, pulled up between his legs so as to form a fulcrum for the butt of the rod, reached the fishing ground and baited his hook, let him put out slowly from 35 to 40 feet of line, the boatman pulling at the rate of two miles per hour, or a little faster. In order to get out the approximately correct length of line desired, one should learn how to pull from the reel with his left hand as nearly as possible one foot of line at a time, so that by beginning at 7 (6 feet being usually the length of line already beyond the tip), and counting up to 35 or 40, he will get out just about what he wants. This method of putting out the line will soon become almost automatic, and will require but little thought.

If one use a longer line than 35 or 40 feet, it will be difficult to set the hook, on account of the spring of the line, while, if he use a much shorter length, the bait will be so near the boat that the latter may frighten the fish, although at times I have seen a tarpon take the bait with not more than 15 feet of line out.

After the line is out, one should sit with the rod nearly horizontal, and at right angles to the length of the boat, but pointing very slightly aft, the butt in the right hand with the right thumb on the rear brake, and the left hand holding the rod about 15 inches ahead of the reel seat. One should keep his mind constantly upon the business on hand, and should never let it wander, for, if he does, when a strike comes he will be unprepared, and the fish will throw the hook out of its mouth before it is set. Some fishermen think that they can chat, smoke or even read a book when trolling for tarpon, but these are the ones who average one fish landed out of about ten strikes. The last time I was out I fished for a couple of hours one morning with all conditions apparently favorable, but without getting a strike, so concluded that it was an off day, pulled a book out of my hunting coat and began to read. I had not read quite one page when I got a strike from a big fellow, but, by the time I had dropped the book and gotten my hands in readiness for striking, the

fish was in the air, and the hook was out of its mouth. How often I see a companion lose a fish, and when I ask him the reason, receive the reply, "Oh! I was lighting my pipe," or "I was fixing my glove," or "I was shoving on my hat," or "I was thinking of something else." Certainly at times one's hands are needed for something else than holding the rod in due expectancy, but at such times one should anticipate a strike and be prepared for it by either gripping hard the forward brake with the left thumb and letting the butt rest against the right side of the body, or by holding the rear brake extra hard, with the right thumb, and bracing the butt against the right elbow. In either of these positions one can strike fairly well, but not by any means as effectively as he can from the regulation position.

Tarpon strike differently on different days and in different waters. Sometimes they hit the bait fiercely and rush off with the line, but at others they give a most gentle nibble—no stronger, in fact, than the pull from a live mullet. Whatever kind of a bite or strike one may get, there is but one thing to do—viz., surge back heavily on the line by throwing forward the tip of the rod and holding on to one or both of the brakes firmly, but not so hard as to break the line. Surge two or even three times if you can do so before the tarpon jumps, and, when he is in the air, dip the point of the rod toward him without easing up much on the brake, then as soon as he strikes the water, hold him as hard as you can without smashing the tackle. Some fishermen will claim that this is not the orthodox method of striking a fish, and that it should be given time to get the hook well into its mouth before striking. I have tried all kinds of ways of hooking tarpon, and find that the manner just described is by far the most successful. The reason therefor, in my opinion, is this: the chances are many to one that, when a tarpon seizes the bait, the point of the hook will strike a hard portion of the mouth, and will but barely penetrate the thin skin that covers it. A sudden strike will drag the point along the bone, tearing the skin until a joint or soft place is reached, where the hook will enter a little deeper. A second surge on the line will then set the point in probably beyond the barb, the fish all this time keeping his mouth shut, so as not to lose his prey, for he does not have time before the bark is sunk to feel either pain or that something is wrong. On the other hand, if one waits after feeling a nibble, bite or strike, to let the tarpon partly swallow the hook, the fish has time to learn that he has gotten hold of something unusually hard, so he opens his mouth and lets the bait drop out; or else, if the hook has caught slightly, makes a sudden vertical jump, opening his mouth and shaking his head violently, and ejects both hook and bait, unless by accident the former has encountered a joint or soft spot in his anatomy.

Ordinarily, as before stated, it is best to fish with the bait 3 or 4 feet beneath the surface of the water, which is about the depth that a 35-foot length of line will give for a snell of ordinary weight and a trolling speed of about two miles per hour. Should this prove too deep, a small cork float tied to the upper end of the snell, will raise the bait without causing material inconvenience. When the tarpon are near the bottom, attach a lead sinker by a couple of turns of fine copper wire, and troll slowly near the bottom, looking at the bait occasionally, so as to make sure that it is free from weeds. When a tarpon strikes near the bottom, it is apt to come up rapidly and make a high jump, but by that time the hook should be well set. On the first shake of the tarpon's head, the sinker flies off, and the conditions are reduced to those for ordinary fishing.

If, however, the sinker be attached firmly, the fish has something substantial to pull against, and the chances are about ten to one that it shakes the hook out.

I once, before learning about the detachable sinker, lost thirteen tarpon consecutively in one day, when fishing at anchor in a strong tide, and using heavy sinkers, with fully 100 feet of line. There were four others fishing without sinkers close to me, and I had two or three times as many strikes as all of the others combined, showing that the fish were lying deep.

When there is a strong tide and the fish are near the bottom, it is a good plan to put on an extra heavy, detachable sinker, or several light ones, drop the said sinker to the bottom and immediately raise it 2 or 3 feet, then have the boatman row much more slowly than the current, so that the line is some 30 degrees off the vertical, and drift along. When a strike occurs, surge well two or three times, shouting to the boatman to pull hard, for, if he does not, the fish is likely to jump into the boat and raise the deuce all around.

Fishing at anchor is a good thing, in that it eases up on the tired boatman, but, unless the latter be very spry, he is liable to lose the fish by its getting too far off before the anchor is raised. As before explained, by using a buoy and slipping the cable, this objection is avoided. Good sport is often obtained by fishing at anchor.

At times tarpon can be taken by casting, but I have never yet had much luck in this way. It is necessary when fishing from shore.

The latter is much more difficult than fishing from a boat, and the percentage of losses will be higher. I have found a float to be almost a necessity for shore fishing. The last time I tried this method of fishing was a year ago at the channel which empties Mission Bay, near Rockport, Texas. I had six strikes and landed but once. I think that I would have had better luck had I tried the experiment of letting the fish run a little with the bait before striking. The float and the slack line combined to make it difficult to set the hook.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

At a meeting of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, held Aug. 10 at Garfield Park, the following scores were made:

	Long Distance Fly,	Bait Casting,
	Feet.	Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco.....	86	83
W. T. Church.....	96	93 7-10
H. Greenwood.....	96	96 1-10
H. G. Hascall.....	109	96 2-5
H. C. Heston.....	85	83
E. R. Letterman.....	111	94 2-5
F. N. Peet.....	111	97 4-5
C. B. Robinson.....	96	89 4-5
G. W. Salter.....	93	93 3-5
A. C. Smith.....	106	96 3-10
F. S. Smith.....	85	85 1-5

Winning scores: Long distance fly, F. N. Peet, 111 feet; bait-casting, F. N. Peet, 97 4-5 per cent.

Canadian Angling Notes.

"Six Thousand Miles for a Six-Pound Trout" is the heading of a story in a local paper, telling how C. B. Wells, a prominent sugar planter of Hawaii, had reached Quebec on his way to Lake St. John for ouananiche fishing, and to Lake Edward for trout. He is accompanied by his family, the members of which are all keen anglers. "Some people may say we are foolish to travel 6,000 miles to go fishing," said Mr. Wells, "but if I get one 6-pound trout I shall return satisfied."

The rush to the ouananiche fishing waters continues. Sir Thomas Gooch is one of the latest arrivals at Lake St. John.

Recent rains and the advent of somewhat cooler weather are the probable causes of an improvement in the character of the trout fishing in our northern waters. One catch in the lakes near Lake Edward a few days ago contained a number of fish running from 1 to 3 pounds each. Some heavy fish have also been taken recently out of the preserved waters on the Auiatchouan River.

Lovers of angling who are specially interested in the preservation of the ouananiche of Lake St. John and its tributary waters will learn with pleasure of the intelligent interest manifested in the artificial reproduction of the fish by the Messrs. Beemer. Several hundred thousand of the young fry, this season's hatching, both Atlantic salmon and ouananiche, are now to be seen in the fish hatchery at Roberval, where they furnish quite an interesting study and attractive object lesson to summer tourists and sportsmen, teaching the latter the necessity and duty of avoiding waste and of aiding nature in her work of reproducing those forms of life most useful to man, so as to ensure the preservation of desirable species. No fewer than 600 adult ouananiche have already been secured in the salmon river at Lake St. John, and are now inclosed in breeding ponds to furnish spawn for the coming winter's operations in the hatchery.

One of the best known of the veteran anglers of New England, Mr. George E. Hart, of Waterbury, Conn., has lately returned home from his first salmon fishing trip, loaded up to the muzzle with youthful enthusiasm and new and thrilling experiences. He took in a number of the Gaspe salmon streams during his outing, experiencing the usual fate with his first salmon, but winding up with a record that, both for numbers and size, far exceeded his expectations. It was my good fortune to share his excitement during his two-hour fight with one fish, a noble male of 31 pounds, hooked foul, just below the adipose fin. The weight and vigor of the fish and the fact that he was played upon a light, split bamboo rod, prevented all Mr. Hart's efforts to lift his tail out of the water, which would necessarily have materially shortened the fight. Despite the length and the fatiguing character of the combat, Mr. Hart promptly declined every offer of assistance, and never let the rod out of his hand from the time he hooked the fish until it was brought to gaff, exactly two hours later, the Indian wading a distance of nearly 40 feet into the river in the shallows below the pool to secure the big fish, which he did while standing almost up to his thighs in the water.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

QUEBEC, Aug. 10.

How Shall Dr. Ehrhardt Feed His Frogs?

Just a suggestion, Doctor, from one who knows frogs to some extent. *Imprimis*, don't try to bring them up on the bottle. It won't work. Their mouths are kept clamped, shut like unto a clam shell, opening only for strictly business purposes of the lightning-change variety. Spoons, also, are unavailable, unless to catch a frog, or to amuse a pair of lovers on the banks while four frogs sing unto them sweet carols in emulation of turtle doves.

No; treat your friends like reasonable beings mature in manners and in thought. The infant frog will squeak and skip flipflap across the lily pads quicker at your step than his older, more ponderous, neighbor. Regard his feelings, then.

To begin with, set the table. Your frog has manners. Consider them. Is he a pig, that he should be given a trough? Not so. His ways are sudden, yet is he given to long meditation when deep calleth unto deep, especially when the deepest is a lately swallowed, smaller frog. Then do the large eyes of the outside one stare solemnly skyward, and man knoweth not what thoughts are thunk, what wisdom is enshrouded in that as yet untranslated, ponderous "podunk."

But—to our table. Get a plank, bevel the edge on one side, and to the other side nail one or two short bits of board athwartship. Put it in a pond bevel side up. Freight it with offal, or even molasses, at a pinch. Presently thou shalt see a swarm of flies buzzing around that festive board—influx!—and in due time a row of green heads will appear along the edges, and pink streaks will begin to play upward like a fringe of summer lightning along a murky cloud as fly after fly is nailed by that darting lasso of a batrachian tongue. Sabe?

And the tribe of bald heads that dwelleth round about also will rise and call you blessed.

J. P. T.

The Swan Never Sings.

A vulgar error means merely a widespread error, such as even the most refined may easily share, and do sometimes share, maybe yielding a little to their taste, in spite of their better knowledge. The belief that the swan sings herself to death is one of these widespread errors which poets and their next intellectual kin are loath to forego—nay, do their best to keep alive. Tennyson, for instance, speaks of the death song of the swan. So, too, does Phineas Fletcher, who in the days of Charles I. penned an allegorical poem called "The Purple Island," wherein he sings:

"The beech shall yield a cool, safe canopy
While down I sit and chant to the echoing wood,
Ah! singing might I live, and singing die!
So by fair Thames or silver Medway's flood,
The dying swan, when years her temples pierce,
In music-strains breathes out her life and verse;
And, singing her own dirge, dies on her watery hearse."

But truly the difficulty is to name a poet who does not, so to speak, sing this self-same song. You may find it in Byron, Campbell, Wordsworth, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, and Horace; and I know of only one writer who takes the trouble to tell us that this is all moonshine; and that writer's name is Pliny, who in plain prose says that he has seen swan die, but never heard them sing.—Gentleman's Magazine.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XXII.—Field Trial Judging.

The field trial judge is rarely other than thoroughly competent to properly fill the position. The many years of field trials have given to him a thorough schooling in field trial principles and field trial management. Reporters, handlers and owners have also derived common field trial knowledge from greater experience, so that the field trials of the present are conducted on principles and rules in which all who are properly experienced readily concur. The trials have fully demonstrated that field experience alone is an insufficient schooling for a field trial judge. There is now a sharply recognized distinction between following a dog for the purpose of killing birds over him, and following him to determine how his hunting qualities compare with those of some other dog or dogs, or what they are intrinsically in themselves. There is all the difference between the two instances that there is between a horse drawing a plow and a horse in a race; and yet the man who held a plow all his life very well might not be able to judge in a horse race very well. Indeed, there are many good shooters who can reap the best results from the work of a setter or pointer, yet who cannot explain in detail the essentials of good field work, nor wherein one manner of it is better or worse than another.

The field trial judge should have a perfect theoretical knowledge of the different degrees of the qualities which are recognized as being competitive, each as it concerns itself and as it relates to the others. This knowledge should be broadly supplemented with practical experience, so that he will be able to discern the real from the sham work displayed in actual competition, as, for instance, when two dogs are ranging alike in respect to speed and area of ground covered, yet one is running merely from high spirits without using his nose industriously, while the other is working after the best manner. Again, some dogs will hunt well with a dog which will take the initiative and lead them out. They like company and rivalry. Alone such dogs might not take an independent cast of a hundred yards; in company they go as wide as their leader.

As nearly all field trial managements engage three judges, the third man may be a novice, although he should be an expert as to experience. This serves to graduate new material. With two competent experts, the third man, whether he be competent or incompetent, will have no material effect on the results, for if he be competent he agrees with them, and if he be incompetent they outvote him and decide against him.

Contrary to the estimates of the inexperienced, the mere matter of deciding which is the better of two dogs or the best of a lot of dogs is but a small part of the duties of a judge. He should have a good sense of location, so that after working out the grounds once or twice he will have a knowledge of their topographical features and the habits of the birds. For each heat, when he knows the field trial resources of the grounds he can lay out a course which will equitably divide the grounds which contain birds and those which do not, with a due consideration of open and cover so that there will be a free opportunity to display range and work in cover, the heat proceeding consecutively the while without any disorder.

The unskillful judge, in the matter of locality, is merely drifting about from place to place, running squarely against boundary lines which cannot be crossed, or creeks, or dense thickets, or farm yards, or places which are nowhere in particular and no good at all, with the result that the dogs must be repeatedly called in, the whole party doubling back on itself and on its trail, with a general readjustment to make a new start, with a walk of a few hundred yards or a mile before new grounds can be reached.

The judge whose memory is bad as to locality is generally governed by his vision from point to point, so that instead of a consecutive course planned out, the heat is a succession of disorganized readjustments, which either mars or destroys the competition. The dogs are hardly well started on one course before the handlers are directed to send them on another. The handlers become separated in searching for their respective dogs, or, one dog being well in hand when the new course is given, his handler hurries him ahead on it while the other handler tarries far behind in an effort to turn or find his dog. When the heat ends, this kind of judge does not know where the wagons are which contain the dogs to be run in the next heat, nor where he is himself, so that a long search and wait is entailed before the next heat is begun.

Before a heat is begun the judges should carefully estimate where it will end, and direct the competitors to be at that place with their dogs in waiting. All such matters are now by expert judges managed with a precision which a few years ago would be deemed impossible. Every detail is so provided for that it comes in its proper sequence.

A course when once laid out and the heat begun, should be followed with a reasonable degree of consistency. Any material deviation from it for momentary advantage is sure to result in a serious disarrangement of the general plans. There are many incidents which tend to change the course and disorganize the plans of inexperienced judges, not the least of which is the dramatic cry of "Point, Judges!" made by a handler two or three hundred yards away from the announced course. The novice-judge, nine times out of ten, rides in a furious gallop to see the supposed point, and nearly as many times out of ten there is no point.

It is an old and many times successful device on the

part of the straggling handler to draw the judges near him so that he will not have the trouble of walking back to the judges, nor disturb the range of his dog in turning and working him back on the true course. Nor should the judges gallop out after the dogs which disappear for a few moments in ranging; for when the dogs see the judges they will cast out further and further, working to the horses as they would to their handlers, so that the judge who rides ahead of the handlers at all seriously and directly interfering with the competition.

If the dog is trained properly for the competition, he will range to his handler; hence the spectacular galloping to the front is unnecessary aside from the display of brave horsemanship. If the dog will not range to his handler, it is a matter with which the judge has no concern as an assistant in the handling. Galloping about, right and left, here and there, is undignified and unnecessary. The handlers are entirely responsible for the handling of their dogs; the judges are responsible only for judging the dogs as the handlers display their merits.

When a dog is really lost, as a good dog will be at times when on a point in a thicket, etc., it is a matter of courtesy then to assist in finding the lost dog in an ordinary manner. Half-broken or unmanageable dogs, however, should never induce the judges to leave their places behind the handlers.

The best judging distance is about twenty to thirty yards behind the handlers, in the open fields. The judges can spread out from thirty to fifty yards, taking advantage of rises in the ground, to see the work of the dogs at a distance, and this without interfering with the range or the duties of the handlers. Their effort should be to see all the work done, without interfering in any way with the dogs' opportunities.

If a handler cannot keep his dog on a course laid out for him by the judges, his delinquency in this respect is his own loss. It is unreasonable to expect the judges and all the rest of the field trial interests to follow the erratic course laid out by an unmanageable dog, although the new judge is not at all unlikely to attempt it; less so than formerly, however.

A firm, good-tempered management of the handlers and a strict observance of fairness toward them will win their respect. The judges, however, should be supreme in dictating all that concerns the competition. No interference with their prerogatives should be tolerated.

Any flurry on the part of the judges is certain to have a corresponding effect on the handlers and the competition. If the judges stampede at every cry of "Point," etc., there is sure to be what is termed in field trial parlance "hustling" on the part of the handlers. When the handlers note that the judges will not go in other than an orderly manner, they go in an orderly manner themselves.

A dog which will not hold his point or back till his handler can walk up to him has little claim to winning a field trial, even if he has competitive ability worthy of consideration at all. Steadiness is a matter of test quite as much as is any other quality, therefore there is no reason for unsteadiness on the part of the judges.

A matter of the first importance is to know when a heat is ended; that is to say, when the dogs in it have displayed fully such qualities as they have; and to know when all the dogs in a stake have shown the best competition of which they are capable. Generally speaking, all the competition in a stake, if handled by the judges so that the dogs will display their best qualities, tends to a certain definite climax, which brings certain dogs to the fore as the legitimate winners.

If the dogs are overworked from heat to heat and thereby the natural climax of the competition is destroyed, there follows a series of anti-climax circumstances which destroys all possibility of intelligent decisions. Some of the field trials of the past have not been free from such mistaken management on the part of the judges.

When all the dogs in a stake are run to a standstill, they are all then on the same level as to performance and ability. An analogous case would be if the judges in a horse race insisted that all the competitors should trot till they were all so completely exhausted that they could only walk. If this procedure were kept up heat after heat, it is readily apparent that, from a racing standpoint, there would have been a long departure past the true racing climax.

When the true climax in a field trial is passed, the whole competitive situation begins to change. The judges may know which are the best dogs, but if they have run them to a standstill, dogs of inferior quality may apparently be making a better showing at the finish. Lucky finds, made by poor dogs, will still further aggravate the anti-climax, and a competition which was once well in hand and definite as to its results will then become indeterminate on the competition shown, and nothing is left for the judge but to settle it arbitrarily.

It is a most embarrassing situation for the judges when the best dogs have been run to a standstill, while others, less deserving, are fresher from unavoidable circumstance, and from accidental advantage, such as the cool parts of the day, better parts of the grounds and better opportunities on birds, may make the best final showing.

The last impressions are the most realistic and the best remembered, so that the good work of the best dogs in the commencement of a trial is not so impressive as the good work of any kind of a dog at the conclusion, when the best dogs have been incapacitated from excessive competition.

There is always a small percentage of grumblers at field trials regardless of the wisdom of the management or the decisions of the judges, and of these the shallowest is generally the most assertive and the most malicious. Irresponsibility and moral courage not infrequently go hand in hand as do responsibility and moral cowardice. The "kicker" is not obsolete at trials, though his numbers are not so great as they were formerly.

Some men are constitutional kickers. Whether at play or at business, their selfishness always dominates their will and blinds their judgment. Advertising their dogs, a love of notoriety, faulty information, etc., actuate others, but whatever the opinion of the multitude may be, the judge should not be influenced by it in the least. Just decisions as the judge himself makes them should

be the only consideration, regardless of who approves or disapproves. At best, the opinion of the multitude is of little value. There will be sufficient diversity of opinion in it to prove almost anything.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XVIII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

I sprang out instantly on to the dam, grasping the boat firmly with both hands, and straightening her up in time to avert the imminent capsize, for once the water begins to flow over the coaming in ever so shallow a sheet, the mischief is done, and the canoe is swamped in an instant.

"Now, see what your monkeying around has done!" exclaimed the Colonel in derision, as I swung my boat around off the rocks, and into the shoot and slipped her easily over.

"That's all right!" I exclaimed, as I drew Frankie around alongside the dam, and, stepping aboard dropped into my seat. "Let's see you do it any better! I'll get out of your way," as I spoke paddling around into the lee of a big rock to see the Colonel hang up.

"I can do it," he said, as he veered out from behind the rock where he and Lacy were holding up and shot swiftly out across the current, as hard as he could drive his canoe, for the shoot.

The heavy, sidewise set of the current carried him clean past the narrow little gap, and Mary Lou brought up with a crash on the rocks alongside, and slid up on the dam until her bow projected clear out over the water below for over a third of her length, while her stern settled down until her after deck was under water.

"Yes; that's very good!" said I, as I let go without waiting to see the Colonel get out of his scrape and shot off swiftly down the narrow little channel below, while he proceeded to get out on to the dam, and with much pushing, pulling, tugging and lifting, while Lacy still remained quietly in the lee of the reef above, laughing at his discomfort, he managed to get his canoe clear, and around into the shoot, when she dropped quickly and easily over into the deep, rapid water below.

I found the new channel through the falls below the dam by no means as easy as George and I had estimated. It was deep and swift, but quite narrow, and, as we were in the very heart of the falls, the river along here was a perfect wilderness of rocks, mostly of large size and high out of the water, around and among which the channel twisted and turned, and wound in and out, to such a degree that it was by no means easy to run, and great watchfulness and care were required, in spite of which I very nearly came to grief.

Indecision and vacillation are not specially desirable qualities to possess under any circumstances, and when displayed by a canoeist in shooting a swift, rocky rapid, disaster is sure to follow. The canoeist must be prompt, quick, alert and decided—qualities in which I have not usually been found wanting—but I got rattled at one little place and came within a hair's breadth of scoring a very clumsy capsize in consequence.

The channel led over a particularly ugly line of reefs in a little, narrow, deep, swift shoot, close to the cliff, and two or three boat lengths below a huge mass of rock loomed squarely up ahead, dividing the course into two channels, a short turn to right or left being necessary in order to secure either.

The one to the right was broadest, but seemed to wander off into a mazy no thoroughfare of rocks and reefs, while the one next the bank was narrow and crooked. Neither, however, presented any special difficulty, and I am at a loss to understand why, as I swiftly approached, I was unable to make up my mind which to take. In view of the fact that I was but a couple of boat lengths away and bearing swiftly down upon the rock dividing the channel, it need scarcely be said that this indecision resulted in my taking neither.

I first veered to the right, and then, when the nose of Frankie was within a yard of the rock, I threw her sharply around to take the left. The canoe would have swung around all right and I would have made the left channel by grazing the rock with my right gunwale, but the bow of Frankie caught on a sunken rock just above, and in an instant the swift current had caught the stern and the boat was thrown around squarely across the narrow little left hand channel, until the stern brought up against the rocks on the left bank, and there she hung. The force of the current at once careened the canoe until the water, for the second time on this run, rushed over the decks and came up just level with the cockpit coaming.

I well knew what would happen if that stream should dash over the coaming, and quickly shifted my weight to the other side, which at once went down into the water until I was again all but capsized, when I made the uncomfortable discovery that my keel at bow and stern was firmly hung a couple of inches below the waterline, so that the canoe had practically no bearings, and would not lie flat in the water, and was liable to go over on either side at the slightest motion. Just at this critical and interesting juncture I discovered the Colonel bearing down upon me from above, and a collision was imminent that was absolutely certain to involve a capsize for me.

"Look out, there!" I yelled, in excitement. "Veer off to the right! Don't run into me! A touch will swamp me! Veer off! Veer off!"

"I will if I can!" the Colonel shouted in reply, as he swept the water into swirls and eddies with powerful strokes of his big 8ft. paddle. He slipped by to the right and passed on down, just grazing my bow with the bilge of his big, heavy canoe as he passed.

This danger over I addressed myself to the task of getting out of my predicament. The most strenuous pushing and poling with paddle and pike pole failed to produce any further results than to tilt my canoe down into the water, first on one side and then on the other, with the imminent risk of a capsize at each and every tilt. My keel was too firmly wedged at each end.

Very cautiously I attempted to step over into the water on the down-stream side, leaning my body up stream as

I reached my leg over to preserve the delicate balance of my canoe.

The entire length of my leg failed to develop any bottom. I then cautiously put down my 7ft. pike pole and found the bottom about 4ft. below. Securing a firm hold on the rocky bottom with my iron-pointed pole, I carefully rose, and, steadying myself with the pole, placed my foot on the coaming of my back hatch, and grasping the top of the pole firmly with both hands, sprang lightly out on the rocks astern, landing knee-deep in the water on a projection of the rocks.

Once firmly established here, it was an easy matter to lift the stern of Frankie off the rocks which held it, when, after drawing the bow off the rocks also, the canoe at once swung round into the little channel, and lay docile and obedient at my feet alongside the rocks, when I stepped in and seating myself and was whirled swiftly away toward the foot of the falls, whither George and the Colonel had preceded me.

The falls ends with a particularly ugly and intricate piece of water. A huge, broken ledge extends clear across the river, covering a space of 100yds. in length, with a fall of several feet, down over which the water rushes and roars with great force.

At the bottom it is worn into somewhat of a horseshoe shape, and is peculiarly ugly and hazardous on the left side. The massive line of cliffs ends here in a bold stone promontory which juts out into the seething waters at the foot of the falls, which whirl and moan unceasingly around its base, while it towers aloft imposingly, until lost in the dense, encroaching forest which crowns the brow of the cliff, a couple of hundred feet above. The falls would be easily passed on the right, but that a huge fish dam juts out from this bank, and extends over into the reefs on the left in a long, sharp, V-shaped line, with the apex of the V down stream, of course, where a passage might be made at a good stage of water, but at the present stage this shoot is impracticable, and the only passage is to portage the dam or run the reefs and falls.

This latter George had succeeded in doing as Lacy and I approached, while the Colonel had shot down through the reefs and was lying up under the cliffs on the left above the final plunge of the falls, upon the rocks and reefs of which George had landed from below, to warn him of the dangers of the shoot, and was now coaching him as to the best place to go over, as the falls from his position were peculiarly ugly and hard to shoot.

Lacy and I held back, in the little piece of slack water above the dam, to see the Colonel get out his scrape.

"I don't like that place," said Lacy, as we surveyed the piece of water the Colonel had before him, the inner basin of the horseshoe below the encircling line of falls being a perfect chaos of reefs, rocks and foam crested waves. "I am afraid the Colonel is going to get himself into a scrape down in that ugly hole. Suppose we portage the dam."

"That's all right," said I; "I know a trick worth two of that. Let's see the Colonel get out of his scrape and then just you follow me and I'll guarantee that we'll go through without striking a rock."

The Colonel got under way with a few vigorous sweeps of his bid paddle, and took the falls with a rush.

"Look out! Look out!" yelled George and Lacy in the same breath, as his boat landed in the suds below the falls and made straight for a broad, flat mass of rock which lay directly in his course, and whose upward sloping edge was above water on our side, while it sloped down under the surface on the down-stream side, and the water shot out across it in a smooth, flat sheet, falling over in a little cascade in mid-open.

"By Jove, he's gone!" exclaimed Lacy, as Mary Lou ran bodily up on to this rock. "That's no way to run a place like that! The Colonel's too brash, entirely!"

The force with which Mary Lou slid up on to the rock, however, together with her headway and the powerful set of the current, carried her pretty well across, and she slid easily down the sloping side and over into deep water, and after careening dangerously close to the water's edge she passed safely on down.

"I tell you that was a close call!" said Lacy, as he dipped his paddle into the water to follow me.

"It was that!" I replied. "Now follow me closely, and we won't have a bit of trouble."

I dropped my canoe cautiously down around the open, left-hand end of the big fish dam, back-paddling gently all the time, down among the ledges to the upper verge of the falls. I then drew her gently, stern first, back, close up under the rocky wall of the dam, into a clear little channel, but a couple of yards wide, which led close along down the long, left arm of the V formed by the dam, clear past all the reefs, to the point of the dam, at which place we found ourselves completely below the falls, with deep, smooth, swift water ahead of us, broken only by the heavy, foaming tongue of water out of the point of the dam, and the occasional black head of a rock, projecting above the surface.

"I'll tell you what, Colonel," said Lacy, as we drifted companionably in a bunch down the deep, swiftly moving reach below the falls, the farm buildings of the Keyser place close at hand on the right bank, with the lane leading down from the buildings to the river, just below which was our camping place. Three or four farm horses were coming down the lane at a brisk trot, their heavy harness jingling and clanking in rhythm with their rough, jolting trot, while behind them jolted and jingled another harnessed horse with a young man perched on his back. They splashed noisily into the water, into which they thrust their noses deeply, while the boy looked out on our passing fleet with interest, followed by recognition—he knew us—"I'll tell you what, Colonel, you'll get the most amazing spill one of these fine days if you don't quit rushing these shoots so recklessly."

"That's all right," replied the Colonel. "I notice that I get through about as well as the rest of you do, with your monkeying around. I got through the falls better than the Commodore did, for all his backing and filling."

"That's true," I admitted; "for I certainly made a particularly clumsy run of it; but my mishaps were due entirely to carelessness, and not to my 'backing and filling,' as you call it," I continued, as I paddled gently up alongside a big wooden punt moored at our camp ground, into which I stepped, and then shoved my canoe aside to make room for the others to disembark.

It was 5:30, and never were canoeists more glad to reach camp than were we, and we were quite tired out and in condition to thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the good, stiff lemon preparation which I put up for the boys as soon as the camp duffle was well ashore and the canoes carried up the steep, sandy bank and placed in position for the night, and we went about our camp duties in a listless, lazy manner in keeping with our jaded condition, and it was fully dark before we sat down to a good and abundant supper, to which we did ample justice.

After our pipes and cigars we turned in early, and didn't put in much time reading either, and by 9 o'clock no signs of life were visible about the camp save the faint gleam of the lantern, suspended from one of the poles of the dining fly, while no sound broke the stillness of the night but the drowsy hum of the forest around us and the deep, subdued, musical drone of the falls a quarter of a mile above, borne in rising and falling cadences on the gentle night breeze which rustled caressingly through the leaves above us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. Membership.

REMARK

Atlantic Division—Mr. Joseph B. Taylor, 26 Cortlandt street, New York, Brooklyn C. C.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

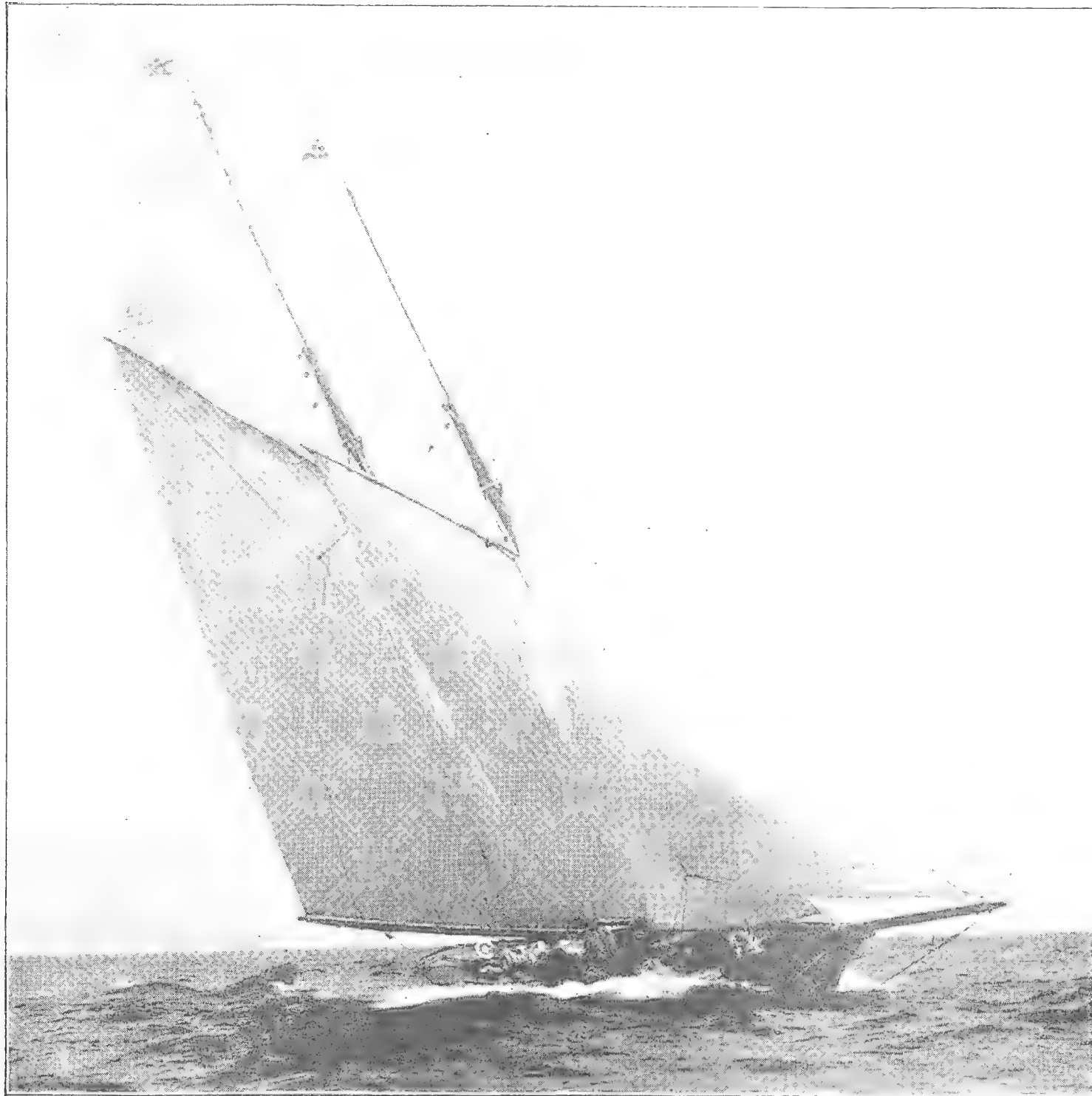
AUGUST.

- 17. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 17. Shelter Island, club.
- 17. Moriches, open.
- 17. Wollaston, Quincy Bay, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Corinthian, fifth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 17. South Boston, club handicap, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 17. New York, New York Bay.
- 17. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 17. Quincy, handicap, Quincy, Mass.
- 17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Mass.
- 17. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 17. Winthrop, special handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 17. Indian Harbor, annual, Greenwich, Long Island Sound.
- 17. Seawanhaka Corinthian, seventh race for Center Island cup, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 17. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 17. Savin Hill, club, Boston Harbor.
- 17. Canarsie, Corinthian regatta, Jamaica Bay.
- 17. Columbia, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
- 24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 24. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 26. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
- 27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
- 29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
- 30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
- 31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
- 31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 31. Westhampton C. C., open.
- 31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
- 31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
- 31. Shelter Island, Club.
- 31. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

- 2. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 2. Handicap, Quincy, Mass.
- 2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
- 2. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
- 2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
- 2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
- 2. 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
- 2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
- 2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Sachem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, New York Bay.
- 2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
- 2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
- 2. Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
- 2. Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
- 5. 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 7. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
- 7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
- 7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
- 12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
- 14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
- 14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
- 14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
- 14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
- 21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
- 21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
- 21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
- 21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
- 21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

At the annual election of the Sea Cliff Y. C., held at the club house at Sea Cliff on Thursday, Aug. 8, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Com., Theo. W. Sheridan, sloop Madcap; Vice-Com., Charles E. Silkworth, sloop Impudent; Treas., C. S. Dunning; Sec'y, C. Sackett Chellborg; Trustees for three years, Samuel Stenson and Dwight W. Pardee. The Treasurer's report showed the finances of the club to be in the best condition since its organization.



BARBARA.

Designed by William Fife, Jr.

Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

Canada Cup Races.

The First Race.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 10.—The racing conditions to-day were superb—the sky bright and clear, the wind fresh and steady, at no time dangerous, and all the time a good sailing breeze. At the start the wind was about ten miles an hour, but it freshened steadily, being perhaps twelve miles at the first turn, fifteen or more at the second turn and twenty miles an hour toward the finish. The course was E.N.E., with the wind at first from a little W. to N., then due N. Then it began to haul to the eastward. This made the first leg of the race one long reach, not involving any actual windward work until just at the turn. The homeward leg was a broader reach.

At the starting gun, Invader, very nicely handled, went across the line 15s. ahead of Cadillac, and at once took the windward berth. It was at this time that Invader made her best showing, and it is to be confessed that the hearts of the Chicago contingent sank throughout the first quarter hour of the race. Invader ran close up into the wind. The skipper of Cadillac did not apparently attempt to point up. He eased Cadillac off a little and allowed her to foot it, which she did handsomely. It was anybody's race for the first 30m. Then Cadillac showed clear ahead, and it was a toss up which would make the turn first. Cadillac had laid a fairly good course for the mark, but was well to leeward of Invader when she came in line with the mark. Cadillac came about into the starboard tack and crossed the bows of Invader by a good two lengths—possibly more. Invader still stood on her original port tack some distance before coming about, Cadillac standing on the starboard tack until well beyond the mark. Cadillac now came around on port tack and turned the buoy well in advance of Invader, which made a smart tack and came around the mark with a sufficiently narrow margin.

The Second Leg—Free Run.

On the second leg both boats broke out spinnakers, and presently balloon jibs also. Cadillac showed the greater spread of head sails, and her canvas drew far better. There was much improvement possible in the spinnaker of Invader, which drew very ill, and which ought to have better set before the next race, for it is in the free work Invader seems to have a chance. Invader was not able to close in on Cadillac, but held its own on this leg very nicely, Cadillac gaining only 18s. on the nine-knot leg of the free run.

This leg, as, indeed, the first one also, was not eventful. Cadillac had not yet shaken off the challenger, and although she carried the hopes of the local yachtsmen, she had done nothing as yet decisive.

The Third Leg—Broad Reach.

From the way in which the wind had shifted around into the eastward, the homeward leg was practically a repetition of the conditions of the first leg, with the exception that it was more of a broad reach. Both boats made it in one reach. Invader at first set out to run well up into the wind, following her original tactics. She seemed later to ease off a bit, and dropped in astern of Cadillac. The boats held on this course all down the home leg, and Cadillac increased her lead, until it was simply a walk-away for the defender.

Cadillac's greater freeboard stood her in good stead, apparently, for in this lumpy sea Invader was all awash. Cadillac seemed to have a way of pushing through and riding over the seas without checking, and she kept on climbing. Invader, on the other hand, leaves the impres-

sion that she checks a bit in a sea and does not hold her way as steadily.

Cadillac gained all sorts of distance on the last leg, and won by more than a mile, gaining 7m. 22s., and winning the race in fast time and by a margin of 8m. 35s.

At the close of the race everybody was willing to declare that the cup would remain where it is. As to this latter conclusion, it is not yet time for it. Invader is a good boat, and if the fin-keel model will do at 35ft., then Invader is not yet to be counted out of the dangerous class. The way in which it eats into the wind leads one to believe that it will give Cadillac all it can do under conditions where there is more windward work. Running free, with head sails properly set, Invader may beat Cadillac the next race. There seems no reason to believe that in stiff wind and on a reach Invader can hold its own with the defender.

The race offered no special features, and, indeed, was uninteresting in its last phases. It is earnestly to be hoped that Invader will make it closer in the next race of the series, which will be brought off next Monday.

Measurements Not Yet Made.

It seems to be one of the peculiar features of these trial and cup races that the boats cannot be measured and their measurements be made known before the sailing of the race. The measurements of the hulls of the boats were completed in dry dock on last Friday, and the sail triangles were taken yesterday. By agreement it was understood that to-day's race will count as one of the races of the series. It is altogether likely that both boats will qualify in the 35ft. class, though both have been built so close to the limit that it will be a near enough thing. Cadillac had $3\frac{1}{2}$ in. taken from the end of its main boom last night. As actual measurements of Invader's boom and gaff do not tally exactly with the figures of the builder, it cannot be said that the owner of either boat is exactly sure of where he is going to come out in the measurements. The judges will announce their conclusions probably not later than Monday, or possibly late this afternoon. It is said that Monday's race will be sailed strictly within the rules, as, indeed, to-day's race should have been.

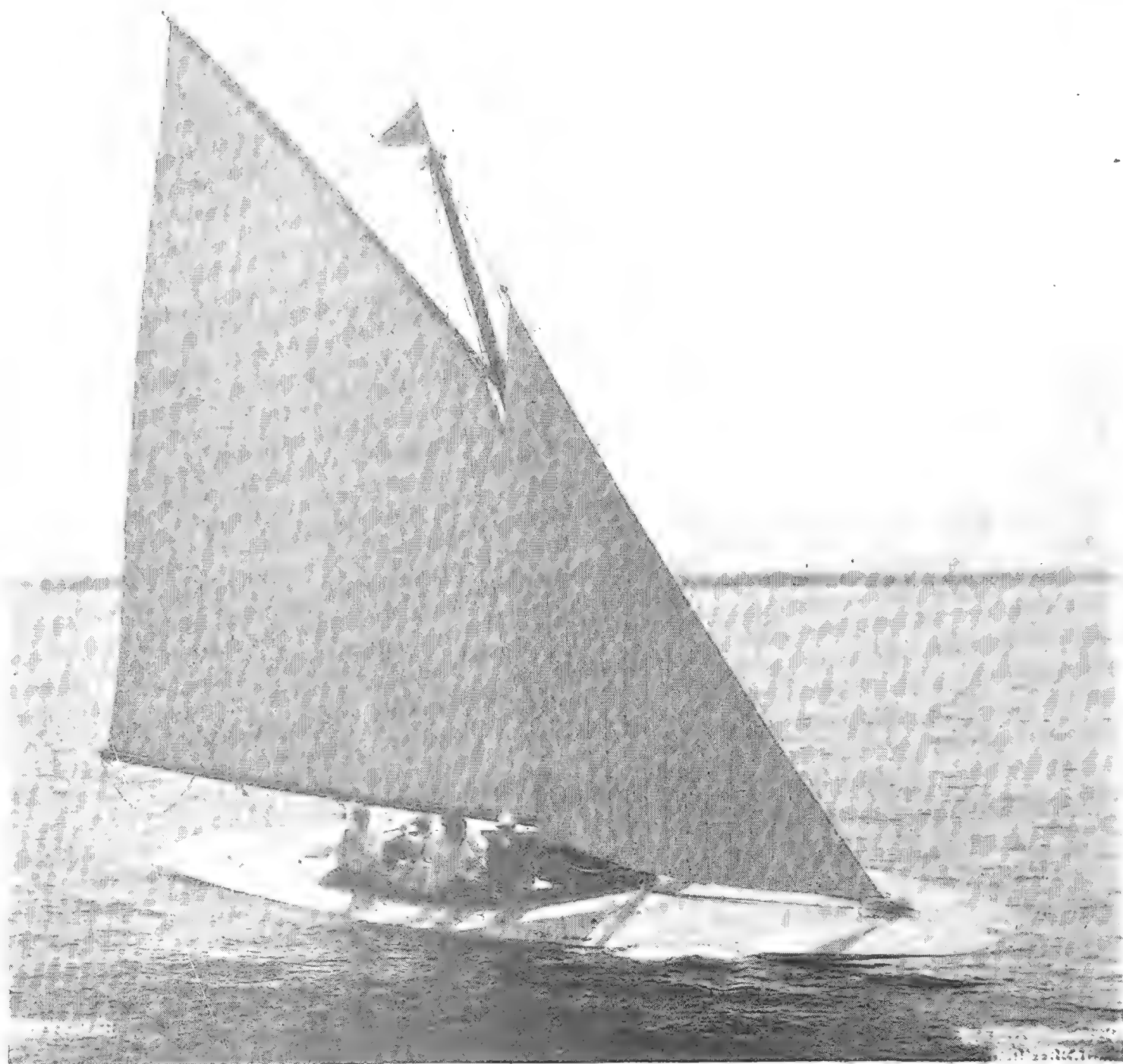
The judges sailed on the steam yacht Thistle to-day, the steamer Indiana serving as guest boat.

The crew of Cadillac were William Hale Thompson, captain; A. Pettie, Frank Scenter, Ralph Hoagland, Harry Higinbotham, Sidney Russel. Invader: Æmilus Jarvis, captain; J. S. McMurray, V. J. Hughes, C. V. Lowndes, F. A. Turner, W. Fisher. Scrutineers: Ernest McRae on board Cadillac, Wm. Cothroll on board Invader. Judges: E. P. Warner, Chicago Y. C.; E. H. Ambrose, Royal Canadian Y. C.; Oliver Cromwell, New York Y. C.

Detailed Story of the Race.

The boats started under two reefs. Smartly handled by her able skipper, Jarvis, Invader was better placed at the gun, and crossed the line about 15s. ahead of Cadillac, taking the windward berth.

A few minutes beyond the line Invader slips along like a fairy. She gains. Invader catches some puffs of wind and heels well over. She is not so stiff as Cadillac.



GREY FRIAR.

Photo by W. Notman & Son, Montreal.



SENNEVILLE.
Photo by W. Notman & Son, Montreal.

11:12—Wind puffy and fresh. Invader well to windward.
11:25—Invader has a big lead and is doing nicely, heeled far over. The chances look bad for Cadillac at this stage of the game. Invader, with rail under, carries a long sailing line, and she seems to like the conditions just now.
11:32—The wind stiffens. Invader far to windward and with a good lead.
At 11:35 Invader has all the wind she wants to carry. Cadillac stands up much stiffer. Cadillac hangs on like a bulldog. Thompson's men seem to be fooling with the balloon jib, and it breaks away and gives trouble. It is at length stowed.
11:40—Cadillac gains. The wind is shifting to the E. and freshening.
11:47—Cadillac betters her position. Cadillac gains. It is a question which has laid the best course for the buoy, the buoy being not yet in sight. Invader would, however, seem to have stood up almost too far into the wind.
11:52—Cadillac far to the leeward and now heading Invader. Thompson lets Cadillac off easily, following the same game by which she won over Illinois. Cadillac can make the buoy on the next tack.
11:52—Cadillac about on starboard tack. The boats rush together, Invader standing on port tack, as she has from the start.
11:53—Cadillac passes the bows of Invader by two boat lengths. Invader still stands on. It is seen that Jarvis will make one of his close tacks around the buoy. Odds are still on Invader, as Cadillac, standing on starboard tack, is now far to windward.
11:54:35—Invader comes about on port tack.
11:54:50—Cadillac spins around into starboard tack and rushes on to the mark.
11:55:40—Cadillac turns the mark.
11:56:35—Invader rounds the buoy.
Cadillac has gained 55s. on the first leg.

The Second Leg.

The course away to the second leg is S., and the boats run nearly free. Cadillac breaks out balloon jib and spinnaker. A little later she drops the balloon jib and comes along under spinnaker. Invader follows with spinnaker. Cadillac shows the greater spread of spinnaker. Invader's spinnaker does not draw so well as it might.
12:15—Invader breaks out balloon jib. Both boats are now under balloon jib and spinnaker.
12:20—The boats about in the same relative positions. Cadillac showing a clean pair of heels to Invader, but the latter coming on very well for her canvas, which is less than Cadillac's. The centerboard stock is rising fast. It was a close thing on the first leg, but as Invader does not close on the run free, Cadillac is thought able to hold her safe.

12:40—About the same. It is a case of boat against boat, or model against model, as thus far the factor of seamanship has not cut much figure under the conditions. They run free down this leg in rather uneventful fashion, Cadillac gaining perhaps a little, but Invader making a very good showing on this point of the weather.
12:50—Cadillac drops spinnaker and balloon jib and sets working jib. She jibes about the buoy. Time, 12:51:30. Invader follows at 12:52:43.
Cadillac now leads Invader 1m. 13s. Cadillac has gained 18s. on the second leg, running free.

The Homeward Leg.

The wind being now well abeam, both boats start sheets and begin to foot it handsomely. Invader again laps her course closer into the wind. Cadillac pursues her tactics of easing off and footing. Invader eases off a trifle and falls astern of Cadillac.
1:20—They hold their courses unchanged. Cadillac is gaining. The wind is now twenty miles an hour, and the weather is quite heavy enough for boats of the 35ft. class. Invader is making very wet work of it. Cadillac seems to meet the seas without slowing up. Invader seems to check a bit as she strikes the seas. Her deck is awash pretty much all the time.
1:30—Cadillac still ahead. She has the race safe. It is a fox chase.
1:40—Cadillac still in the lead and making fine weather of it. Invader is now very little to windward of Cadillac.
1:45—There is nothing to it. Cadillac is winning with surprising ease, making all kinds of gains on this long reach with the fresh wind. Invader is now to leeward of Cadillac and far in the rear.
1:46:30—Cadillac bears off a little and lays course for the line. She crosses at 1:46:35.
Invader holds the same course throughout this leg and crosses the line at 1:55:10.
Cadillac on the third leg gained 7m. 22s. Cadillac wins by 8m. 35s.

	First Mark.	Elapsed.	
Cadillac	11 55 40	0 55 40	
Invader	11 56 35	0 56 35	
Cadillac gains 55s.			
Second Leg.			
	First Turn.	Second Turn.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	11 55 40	12 51 30	0 55 50
Invader	11 56 35	12 52 43	0 56 18
Cadillac gains 18s.			
Homeward Leg.			
	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Cadillac	12 51 30	1 46 35	0 55 05
Invader	12 52 43	1 55 10	1 02 27
Cadillac gains 7m. 22s.			
Cadillac wins by 8m. 35s.			

Details of the Two Boats.

Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Ont., challenger, Invader; managing owner, Com. Geo. Gooderham, R. C. Y. C.; designer, Sibbick, Ryde, Isle of Wight, England; skipper, Emilius Jarvis; crew, Charles Lowndes, Vincent Hughes, James McMurray, Fred Turner (amateurs), Wm. Fisher (professional); builder, Jac. Andrews, Oakville, Ont. Length over all (approximate), 49ft.; length waterline (approximate), 28ft.; beam, 9ft. 5in.; type, fin cutter.
Chicago Y. C., Chicago, Ill., holder of the cup; defender, Cadillac; managing owner, Com. J. C. Shaw, Detroit Boat Club; designer, Hanley, Quincy Point, Mass.; skipper, Wm. Hale Thompson, Chicago; crew, Thomas



LAMBKIN.
Manhasset One-Design Class.
Owned by S. W. Roach. Photo by James Burton, New York.

Chilvers, Detroit; Ralph Hoagland, Chicago; Sidney Russell, Detroit; H. M. Higinbotham, Chicago; John A. Rathbone, Detroit (amateurs); Arthur Pettie, Detroit; Geo. Wild, Detroit (professionals). This is two more than the six required, a greater number being nominated than necessary to provide against sickness, accidents, or other causes. Length over all, 48ft.; length waterline, 28ft. beam, 11ft. 6in.; type, centerboard.

History of the Canada Cup.

The Canada cup took its name from the fact that it was won by the Canadian yacht Canada, which was victorious in August, 1896, in the Toledo races. The old Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, challenged the Canadian Y. C., of Toronto, for a series of races. For these races Toledo offered a handsome silver cup and a cash prize of \$1,600, which latter was divided among the competing boats, winner taking 60 per cent. of the money. Com. E. C. Berrian, of the Lincoln Park Y. C., built Vencedor as a challenger for this cup, and the Canadian syndicate built Canada, to which boat Vencedor had to give time allowance, as it was over its class. The first race was sailed Aug. 24, 1896, and the boats did not finish within the time limit. In the second meeting Canada beat Vencedor by 23m. in light wind. The third race, Aug. 26, was won by Canada in good, stiff weather. Vencedor made a mistake and turned around the wrong boat for stake boat in this race, but lost the race by a margin of 26s. time allowance.

The Royal Canadian Y. C. then offered the Canada cup as a perpetual challenge cup for members of the Union of Yacht Clubs of the Great Lakes. It was 1898 before the Chicago Y. C. issued its challenge for a race to be held in 1899. The committees of the clubs then met in Toronto and decided upon the 35ft. class to build to. The races were set for Aug. 21, 1899, at Toronto. Chicago Y. C. held its trial races early in the summer, and among the boats built for the races were Prairie, Josephine, Briar and Gypsy. The Rochester Y. C., of Rochester, N. Y., sent Genesee, a boat built by Hanley, who is also the designer of the present cup defender, Cadillac. In the races decided July 24, Genesee won three out of the five. Beaver was this year selected by the Royal Canadian Y. C. as cup defender. In the first race at Toronto, Aug. 21, 1899, Beaver broke down and Genesee did not finish. The weather continued rather light, and Genesee won all three of the next races, and thereby brought the cup over to America. Last winter the Royal Canadian Y. C. challenged for the cup and sends over Invader to sail the pick of the Chicago Y. C. fleet.

WOODLAWN PARK, Ill., Aug. 12.—Forest and Stream Pub. Co.: Invader won to-day by 6m. 22s. Wind, two to five miles an hour; course, nine miles windward and return; close reach out, broad reach in. Invader gained on both legs. E. HOUGH.

Buffalo Y. C.

THE Buffalo Y. C. held a regatta on the four days beginning July 30, all yachts on the Great Lakes being eligible to enter, events to be sailed under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union. By arrangement, the usual regattas of the Lake Yacht Racing Association on Lake Ontario were abandoned this year in order to give the boats a chance to accept the Buffalo club's invitation. As a result, the Lake Ontario fleet was well represented, and when joined to that of Lake Erie, made an excellent muster of yachts. There is good shelter off the club house, which is located not far from the entrance to the Erie Canal, behind the Government breakwater. The club house is a large, modern structure, containing excellent facilities for the comfort and entertainment of visiting yachtsmen, and at the same time the city, with its hotels and supply stores, is close at hand. Aside from the racing and general doings of a lake meet, there was the Pan-American to be visited, and according to reports, it was well patronized by all hands, only half the fleet racing on any one day, so that each of the crews had a couple of days off.

The races were sailed over a triangle three miles to a side, laid out in Lake Erie, well clear of all obstructions—a little too clear, if anything, for there were times when some shelter would have been welcome. The course was such as racing men on the lakes are accustomed to, and had the weather been at all favorable, there would have been some close and interesting racing. As it was, the wind blew from the S.W. during the whole four days of the racing, and having a clear sweep all down Lake Erie, raised a nasty, troublesome sea, of that short, choppy variety that always makes things uncomfortable. Even when running fair, it was bad enough, but there was a confused backwash from the breakwater that extended out for a mile, and in the edge of this the yachts had to be started and timed. The wind during the races on the first three days varied from fifteen to thirty miles an hour, according to the weather man at Buffalo. The yachts were frequently reefed, and even close reefed, so that much of the racing was little more than a wild scramble round the course, the crews hanging on, trusting to their gear and wondering if Lake Erie was always so boisterous. There were no spectators. A steamer tried it the first day, but the few passengers had an uncomfortable time, and the venture did not pay.

The bulk of the work of organizing and providing for the regatta fell on Mr. Frank B. Hower, who has long been the hardest worker in the club, and is now the Honorary Commodore. In the present case he personally collected subscriptions for the prize money—which was unusually generous—arranged the programme, carried on an extensive correspondence with club secretaries and individual yachtsmen, and on the arrival of the fleet met each boat with a launch and piloted it to a safe berth. It also looked at one time as though Mr. Hower would have to do all the technical work of starting and timing, but Mr. Phillips, the Association officer of the Lake Ontario races, arrived in time to take up that work. Very great credit is due Commodore Hower for his untiring efforts, and by the time the regatta was over he was much in need of a rest.

Tuesday, July 30—Special Class, 40ft. Class, 30ft. Class.

The special class was started at 11 o'clock, with the others at 10m. intervals, all buoys being kept to port, which gave windward work on the first leg, then a spinnaker run

and a reach home. Merrythought and Vreda were out for their usual tussle, the former getting a small lead, with Aggie a poor third, but making a good race with Surprise up to the end of the first round. The wind was fresh and increasing, not dangerous, but it proved uncomfortable for the man in the weather stake boat of the triangle, so that as the yachts were working up to him for the second round, he cut his boat adrift and began to pull for the shore. This threw the whole race into confusion. Some boats rounded him where they found him, others did not. In this way Surprise gained on Aggie and finished third, Aggie afterward protesting. In the 40ft. class Chinook, a new Fife boat, was a clear winner, with Clytie second, but Vivia and Vedette had been in trouble over turning the drifting mark. In the 30ft. class Phalorope was first, the next two boats being disqualified—Verona for being over the class limits, and Hazard for failure to pass inspection under the scantling restrictions. After the race the Regatta Committee met to consider protests and complaints about the removal of mark boat. A resail would have been the best way out of the difficulty, but as most of the boats had placed themselves clearly on the first round, it was found possible to award all prizes except the third in the special and 40ft. classes. Aggie and Surprise and Vivia and Vedette were instructed to resail for third place in their respective classes, and failing opportunity for a special resail, the results of Thursday's race were to govern. This decision was not accepted with very good grace by the owners of Surprise and Vedette, so they were informed that if any fair arrangement could be made with the owners of Aggie and Vivia, it would be respected by the committee. Nothing was done until Thursday, when Aggie conclusively outsailed Surprise, and was awarded third prize for both races. Vivia also outsailed Vedette, but it was understood that the owners would come to an agreement. The official score for the first day's racing stood as follows:

Special Class—Two Rounds, 18 Miles—Start, 11:00.			
	Finish.		Finish.
Merrythought	1 21 35	Aggie	1 48 20
Vreda	1 25 57	Surprise	1 37 05
40ft. Class—Two Rounds, 18 Miles—Start, 11:10.			
Chinook	1 35 55	Vivia	1 50 30
Clytie	1 39 40	Vedette	1 53 45
30ft. Class—Two Rounds, 18 Miles—Start, 11:20.			
Phalorope	1 59 45	Dorothy	2 08 30
Lucinda	2 04 55	Brenda	Not timed.

Wednesday, July 31—45ft. Class, 35ft. Class, 25ft. Class.

Early in the morning a tug went over the course, replacing the boats at the outer marks with floats and targets. At this time the weather was pleasant, the sea had gone down, and the wind, light to moderate, gave no indication of another blow. By 10 o'clock it began to come in fresh from the old quarter, S.W., and there was some doubt about ordering a start. As the boats were coming out, however, it was decided to go on with the race, reducing the course to one round for all classes. By the time the 45-footers were sent away at 11 o'clock, the wisdom of this was apparent, for the wind was up to twenty-five miles an hour, and everybody was reefing. A tug, with the timekeeper and reporters aboard, had a sloppy time trying to follow the yachts, and finally gave it up, returning to the line to take the finishes, where she was held with great difficulty, burying her nose in the sea and throwing everybody about the deck. It is doubtful if any one saw much of the race—certainly the spectators did not. One heroic reporter lay flat on the engine room transom writing bulletins, which were dispatched by carrier pigeons. The bulletins arrived, and his paper had a loud, if disjointed, report in the evening edition. The yachts did not fare so badly. Zelma parted her throat halyards and withdrew, leaving Canada an easy winner over Sultana. Beaver was quite in her element, making almost as good time as Canada round the course. Canadian sprung her mast and eased canvas just in time to save the spar. The times were:

45ft. Class—One Round, 9 Miles—Start, 11:00.			
	Finish.		Finish.
Canada	12 35 00	Zelma	Withdrew.
Sultana	12 39 45		
35ft. Class—One Round, 9 Miles—Start, 11:10.			
Beaver	12 35 30	Myrtle	12 59 30
Echota	12 59 10	Canadian	Withdrew.
25ft. Class—One Round, 9 Miles—Start, 11:20.			
Vesta	1 12 15	Pet	1 34 00
Pedro	1 24 40	Marie	Not timed.
I'll Away	1 30 00	Caprice	Not timed.
Ko Ko	1 32 00	Beppo	Not timed.

Thursday, Aug. 1—Special Class, 40ft. Class, 30ft. Class.

After two days of bad weather the Regatta Committee decided that Thursday's races should not start until 2 in the afternoon. Local weather prophets agreed that it usually blew hardest between 10 in the morning and 2 in the afternoon, and by starting at the latter hour it was hoped that the yachts would miss the worst of it. The arrangement worked fairly well, the weather being fine all day, with a good deal of wind in the morning, but it lulled after lunch, and a good race was pulled off without any mishaps. Mr. Geo. Chester's sea-going launch was anchored on the line and used by the timekeeper and reporters, who were fairly comfortable and able to do some work. The times were as follows:

Special Class—Two Rounds, 18 Miles—Start, 2:00.			
	Finish.		Finish.
Merrythought	4 22 00	Aggie	4 38 00
Vreda	4 23 32	Surprise	4 46 25
40ft. Class—Two Rounds, 18 Miles—Start, 2:10.			
Clytie	4 50 48	Vivia	5 03 45
Chinook	4 51 30	Vedette	5 06 10
30ft. Class—Two Rounds, 18 Miles—Start, 2:20.			
Phalorope	5 25 38	Sibyl	Not timed.
Cock Robin	5 30 00	Dorothy	Not timed.
Nox	5 31 40	Brenda	Not timed.

Friday, Aug. 2—45ft. Class, 35ft. Class, 25ft. Class.

Following the precedent of the day before, an afternoon start was ordered and all classes instructed to sail one round only. As usual, it was blowing hard from the S.W. all morning, and on calling up the weather man the yachtsmen were informed that gales, squalls and sudden shifts might be expected. At 2 o'clock it was not so bad, so the fleet got under way, expecting to be at the line in half an hour, as there was a fair working breeze. It was dropping rapidly, however, and not until 3:15 was it possible to get the yachts up to the line. Then a start was made in a light air, several of the boats being very late, a matter of no great consequence as it turned out, for the rear guard picked up a breeze and closed in on the leaders. It was

slow work for the first two hours, but for once the fleet kept together, flew kites and made a pretty picture that really looked like a race. Zelma outsailed Canada, and Beaver had quite a lead on Echota, until the latter caught up and passed her in a sensational way on the last leg. The times were as follows:

45ft. Class—One Round, 9 Miles—Start, 3:15.			
	Finish.		Finish.
Zelma	6 29 30	Canada	6 42 00
35ft. Class—One Round, 9 Miles—Start, 3:25.			
Echota	6 47 25	Canadian	7 11 45
Beaver	6 48 00	Eva	7 21 50
Myrtle	7 01 25		
25ft. Class—One Round, 8 Miles—Start, 3:35.			
Marie	7 00 45	Pet	7 24 00
Pedro	7 19 00	I'll Away	7 26 30
Vesta	7 19 45	Ko Ko	7 28 00

PRIZES.

July 30 and Aug. 1.			
	1st Prize.	2d Prize.	3d Prize.
Special Class	\$100	\$60	\$40
40ft. Class	100	60	40
30ft. Class	75	50	25
July 31 and Aug. 2.			
45ft. Class	100	60	40
35ft. Class	100	60	40
25ft. Class	75	50	25

Newport Series.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Aug. 5.

THE 90ft. yawls Navahoe, Ailsa and Vigilant and the 70ft. cutters Rainbow and Virginia sailed a most unsatisfactory race on Monday, Aug. 5. Messrs. A. Cass Canfield and Woodbury Kane, of the Regatta Committee of the Newport Y. R. A., served as the judges. The steam yacht Mirage was used as the committee boat. The course was twelve miles to leeward and return. The warning signal was given at 11 o'clock; 5m. later the preparatory signal was given. The wind at this time was N. by E. At 11:10 o'clock the start was made, and the boats crossed in the following order: Ailsa, Navahoe and Vigilant, all three carrying spinnakers. The 70-footers were sent away at 11:15, with Rainbow in the lead, closely followed by Virginia. When these boats started the wind had shifted, so that it was almost ahead, and they had a sharp luffing match that took them well off their course.

When the boats had covered about half the run out to the mark, the wind petered out entirely. A little air from the N.E. came up, and for over two hours the yachts just a little more than held their own against the strong tide. After a tedious drift a fresh northeasterly breeze sprang up, reaching the leeward boats first, and all came down to the mark well bunched. All five of the boats rounded within three minutes of one another, and the turn was one of the most interesting of the season. Ailsa rounded first, followed by Navahoe and Rainbow; then came Vigilant and Virginia, the latter coming around inside of Vigilant, taking the weather berth. The times at the mark were:

Ailsa	2 21 46	Rainbow	2 23 56
Navahoe	2 22 24	Virginia	2 24 51
Vigilant	2 22 23		

It was a broad reach from the outer mark to the finish line. Vigilant cut down Ailsa's lead, but was not able to work into second place. Rainbow held her lead after a number of luffing matches with Virginia, and finished a winner. There was practically no windward work during the race, as the wind shifted so often that the boats were able to go over the whole course with sheets well started. The summary follows:

90ft. Yawls.				
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Navahoe	11 11 39	4 09 57	4 58 18	4 57 45
Ailsa	11 10 35	4 12 57	5 02 22	5 01 14
Vigilant	11 12 00	4 13 20	5 01 20	5 01 20
70ft. Sloops.				
Rainbow	11 15 00	4 24 14	5 09 14	
Virginia	11 15 00	4 25 09	5 10 09	

In the yawl class, Navahoe beat Ailsa by 3m. and 29s. and Vigilant by 3m. and 35s.

In the sloop class, Rainbow Beat Virginia by 55s.

Hempstead Harbor Y. C.

GLEN COVE—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 3.

THE tenth annual regatta of the Hempstead Harbor Y. C. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 3. There was a fresh breeze blowing, that caused several of the boats to break down. The summary follows:

36ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 12:35.			
	Finish.		
O Shima San, H. Pratt	Withdrew.		
Memory, W. M. Bavier	3 53 03		
Possum, E. S. Ballou	3 51 10		
30ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 12:40.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker	Withdrew.		
Oiseau, G. L. Peril	3 54 26		
Raceabouts—21ft. Class—Start, 12:45.			
Snapper, A. B. Alley	2 33 33		
Merrywing, H. M. Crane	2 30 11		
25ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 12:50.			
Don, G. Aeros	2 43 35		
Eleanor, S. W. Ford	3 11 16		
21ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 12:55.			
Quoc, A. D. Tappan	Withdrew.		
Montauk, J. S. Appleby	2 57 00		
Rod, Iselin and Law	2 51 35		
18ft. Class—Sloops—Start, 1:00.			
Flim-Flam, A. D. Prince	3 00 36		
Neola, C. D. Mallory	2 55 51		
Opossum, H. M. Raborg	3 05 19		
Sorg, W. Hoey	Withdrew.		
Pandorg, H. D. Towle	3 06 00		
Cricket, H. C. Pryer	2 54 20		
Mist, Adrian Iselin	3 05 05		
Mistral, A. C. Bostwick	3 07 50		
Manhasset Raceabout Class—Start, 1:00.			
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 09 26		
Arizona, G. A. Corry	3 08 17		
Bab, W. J. Morgan, Jr.	3 09 00		
Mist, J. W. Alker	3 14 14		
Firefly, G. Standing	3 11 15		
21ft. Class—Catboats—Start, 12:55.			
Arline, A. E. Rendle	3 07 34		
Vera, R. Smart	Withdrew.		
Kazaza, B. Whiting	2 58 00		
15ft. Class—Special—Start, 1:05.			
Bouncer, G. D. Tappan	2 56 40		
Scout, H. C. Hall	2 50 06		
Wee Win, F. Sherwood	3 35 50		
Fiddler, H. Hulthe	2 59 30		

New York Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE work of rerigging Constitution having been completed, she was able to start in the race on Saturday, and again try conclusions with her old rival, Columbia. The latter boat, although beaten by a small margin, came out of the race with the honors in her favor, for had it not been for an accident during the race, which delayed her over 5m. while repairs were being made, she would have pushed the new production very hard for first place. In justice to Constitution, it must be said that her main-sail was in wretched condition.

The three 90ft. yawls, Navahoe, Ailsa and Vigilant, sailed a race for a special prize, the latter boat winning, although Ailsa broke down when the race was clearly hers. Virginia and Rainbow raced for Sir Thomas Lipton's cup. This cup was raced for last year and won by Rainbow, but as she was disqualified, the cup was again put up. The Regatta Committee was on board Col. John Jacob Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal, and at 12:40 o'clock signaled that the course would be fifteen miles to windward and return, and then gave the compass course, which was S.S.W. The wind was quite fresh. It was blowing fifteen knots an hour and freshening.

The preparatory signal for the Cup defender class was given at 12:50, and at 12:55 the warning signal was given. Both boats crossed on the starboard tack, with Columbia in the lead. About 15m. after the start Columbia was brought up into the wind, so that some of the slack could be taken in on the bowsprit shrouds. A new bowsprit had been put on Columbia, and the bowsprit shrouds had not been set up tight enough, so that when heeled down in the strong breeze, the stick buckled so badly that it was feared that if the shrouds were not tightened the stick would probably go. Columbia also had difficulty with her steering gear, which caused some loss of time. By the time Columbia had again filled away on her course, Constitution had pulled well into the lead. After getting started again, Columbia seemed to cut down some of Constitution's lead. Constitution rounded the mark on the starboard hand and broke her spinnaker out about 3m. after. On the run back, Constitution passed Columbia to windward. The following is the table for the windward leg of the course:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution	1 01 00	2 59 13	1 58 13
Columbia	1 00 46	3 02 06	2 01 20

On this leg Constitution had beaten Columbia 3m. and 7s.

Constitution slowly drew away from Columbia on the run home. Spinnakers were set to port and balloon jib topsails were sent up. Constitution seemed to sail more steadily than did Columbia, the latter boat appearing to spill the wind out of her sails when she rolled in the sea. The table for the run home follows:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution	2 59 13	4 17 43	1 18 30
Columbia	3 02 06	4 21 38	1 19 32

On the fifteen-mile run Constitution had beaten Columbia 1m. 2s. She had run home at the rate of a little better than twelve knots an hour. Her actual time over the whole course was 3h. 16m. 43s., and that of Columbia 3h. 20m. 52s., and, boat for boat, Constitution had beaten Columbia 4m. 9s.

Ten minutes after the starting signal for the nineties was given, the 70-footers and the 90ft. yawls were started. Rainbow crossed in the weather berth, and Vigilant crossed first, but to leeward of the rest of the yawls. Shortly after the start, when Ailsa was well in the lead and showing clearly her superiority over both Navahoe and Vigilant in the sea and strong breeze, she was forced to withdraw, the splice on the bobstay having drawn out. Virginia sailed well, and made better weather of it than did Rainbow, as she carried a small club topsail, while Rainbow staggered along under her big one. Virginia rounded ahead of Vigilant and Navahoe at the outer mark. Navahoe dropped well behind Vigilant on the run out. As the boats rounded, spinnakers were set to port. The times on the beat to the windward mark were:

	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Virginia	1 11 53	3 34 00	2 22 07
Rainbow	1 10 33	3 37 34	2 27 01
Vigilant	1 10 23	3 34 15	2 23 47
Navahoe	1 12 29	3 38 12	2 25 43

On the beat Virginia had beaten Rainbow 4m. 54s., and Vigilant had beaten Navahoe 1m. 56s. Virginia had beaten Vigilant 1m. 40s., and Navahoe 3m. 36s.

On the run back Navahoe cut down Vigilant's lead, and Virginia drew away from Rainbow.

Vigilant, on returning into harbor after the race, carried away the jaws of her gaff, and had much trouble in getting off her canvas before coming to anchor. Virginia on the fifteen-mile run beat Rainbow 5m. 9s., and Navahoe beat Vigilant 37s. The summary:

Sloops—Class G.			
Constitution	1 01 00	4 17 43	3 16 43
Columbia	1 00 46	4 21 38	3 20 52
Yawls—Class C.			
Vigilant	1 10 28	4 57 11	3 46 43
Navahoe	1 12 29	5 00 31	3 48 02
Ailsa	1 10 40	Disabled.	
Class H—The Lipton Cup.			
Rainbow	1 10 33	5 06 48	3 56 15
Virginia	1 11 53	5 00 05	3 48 12

In Class G Constitution beat Columbia 4m. 9s. In the yawl class Vigilant beat Navahoe 1m. 19s. For the Lipton cup, Virginia beat Rainbow 8m. 3s.

Monday, Aug. 12.

In a day of light and variable breeze Constitution was again beaten by Columbia. Although the changes in Constitution seemed to have greatly improved her sailing, still she has got to do still better to make her the all-around boat that Columbia is.

Seven or eight knots an hour was the maximum strength of the breeze at any time during the race on Monday, and shortly after turning the second mark the two nineties ran into a calm streak, and at this time the wind hauled to the E., so that the boats could stand for the finish line on one long tack.

The signal was set for a triangular course on the Nourmahal at 11:20, with the compass courses S.E. by S. for the first leg, W. ½ S. for the second, and N.N.E. for the

third. This would give a reach, a run, and a beat, as the wind at that time was N.N.E.

The preparatory gun was given at 11:50 from Nourmahal, and the warning gun followed at 11:55. Constitution got the best of the start, and both boats set reaching jib topsails and balloon forestaysails. When running down this leg the breeze headed them a little, so smaller jib topsails were substituted for the larger ones. Constitution seemed to draw away from Columbia quite fast on this leg. The times on this leg were as follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution	12 00 09	1 03 00	1 02 51
Columbia	12 00 36	1 06 38	1 06 02

Constitution on this leg had gained 3m. 11s.

The wind dropped a good deal after the boats rounded. Constitution set her balloon jib topsail, while on Columbia the spinnaker was used. Constitution set her spinnaker after a while, and Columbia put on her balloon jib topsail. The breeze finally dropped entirely and left the boats becalmed. When the wind came up again it shifted continually, and it kept the men on both boats taking in and resetting spinnakers. Columbia benefited by a shifting breeze and picked Constitution up very fast. Constitution's spinnaker was taken in about 10m. before reaching the second mark; 2m. later she jibed and took in her balloon jib topsail and set a small jib topsail. Columbia changed her balloon for a small jib topsail before she reached the mark. The time on this leg was as follows:

	1st Turn.	2d Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution	1 03 00	2 44 59	1 41 59
Columbia	1 06 38	2 50 39	2 44 01

On this leg, which was the most fluky of the race, Constitution gained 2m. 2s.

After rounding, both boats made a number of short tacks, and it was here that Columbia saved considerable, as her men seemed to work faster when coming about. After being nearly becalmed for a time, a breeze came up that was a little S. of E. About 3:30 the wind went back to the N., and came in fresh. Columbia worked through Constitution's lee in the freshening breeze. Columbia was on Constitution's lee bow when nearing the finish, and Rhoads kept her there until she had overstood the finish line, then when he went about it permitted Columbia to do the same and stand down to the finish line with started sheets. The times over the last leg of the course are shown in the following:

	2d Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution	2 44 59	4 25 16	1 40 17
Columbia	2 50 39	4 26 16	1 35 37

Columbia on this leg beat Constitution 4m. 40s.

The 90ft. yawls and 70ft. cutters were started at 12:10. Navahoe crossed first, with Vigilant second, and then Rainbow, Virginia and Ailsa. Virginia got ahead of Rainbow soon after the start, and Navahoe drew well ahead of Vigilant and Ailsa. On the second leg Rainbow again took the lead over Virginia. The elapsed times for the first two legs of the course, which were reaching and running, were as follows:

	Start.	2d Turn.	Elapsed.
Navahoe	12 11 22	4 04 10	3 52 48
Rainbow	12 12 50	4 20 12	4 07 22
Virginia	12 13 42	4 21 30	4 07 52
Vigilant	12 11 30	4 30 14	4 18 44
Ailsa	12 15 00	4 32 10	4 17 10

So far Navahoe had beaten Ailsa 24m. 22s., and Vigilant 25m. 56s. Rainbow had beaten Virginia 12:10.

The 90ft. cutters had nearly finished their race before the other boats got to the second mark. The race was very fluky and most unsatisfactory. The elapsed times for each boat over the last leg of the course are shown in the following:

	2d Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Navahoe	4 04 10	5 58 05	1 53 55
Ailsa	4 32 10	6 24 04	1 51 54
Vigilant	4 30 14	6 24 21	1 54 07

Ailsa had beaten Navahoe 1m. 59s. and Vigilant 2m. 13s.

Virginia had beaten Rainbow 4m. 43s. The table of the races follows:

Sloops—Class G.			
Constitution	12 00 09	4 25 16	4 25 07
Columbia	12 00 36	4 26 16	4 25 40
Yawls—Class C.			
Vigilant	12 11 30	6 24 21	6 12 51
Navahoe	12 11 22	5 53 05	5 46 43
Ailsa	12 13 00	6 24 04	6 09 04
Class H.			
Rainbow	12 12 50	6 15 06	6 02 16
Virginia	12 13 42	6 11 41	5 57 59

In Class G, Constitution beat Columbia 33s. elapsed time, but Columbia wins on corrected time.

In the yawl class Navahoe beat Ailsa 22m. 21s. and Vigilant 26m. 8s. elapsed time.

In Class H, Virginia beat Rainbow 4m. 17s.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Tuesday, Aug. 6.

WAWA won the sweepstake race that was sailed over a fifteen-mile course in a fresh easterly breeze on Tuesday, Aug. 6. Out of six starters, only three boats finished, the others withdrawing after fouling obstructions. The start was at 3:49 o'clock. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks	5 18 31	1 29 31
Carolina, P. Jones	5 19 08	1 30 03
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer	5 19 49	1 30 49
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel	Withdraw.	
Barbara, W. Rutherford	Withdraw.	
Hera, R. N. Ellis	Withdraw.	

Thursday, Aug. 8.

A cup offered for the 30-footers by Mrs. Herman B. Duryea was won on Aug. 8 by Wawa. There was a strong breeze from the S.W., and the course was to Dyer's Island and return, a distance of sixteen miles. The start was at 3:25. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, Reginald Brooks	5 32 14	2 07 14
Barbara, Winthrop Rutherford	5 32 47	2 07 47
Kollywog, Winthrop Rutherford	5 35 31	2 10 31
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.	5 35 51	2 10 51
Carolina, Pembroke Jones	5 36 29	2 11 29
Hera, R. N. Ellis	5 36 52	2 11 52
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel	5 39 29	2 14 29

Shamrock II. Arrives.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON's steam yacht Erin with Shamrock II. in tow arrived off Sandy Hook Lightship shortly before midnight on Sunday, Aug. 11, after a voyage of nearly sixteen days from Gourock, Scotland. Both vessels came to anchor just outside the bar a few minutes after they were sighted. Monday morning early she was taken in tow and brought up to an anchorage off Stapleton, Staten Island. It was raining hard, and the weather conditions were generally depressing. Shamrock II. was towed about two-thirds the way across by Erin. The voyage was uneventful, and the only accident to Shamrock II. happened on Friday, Aug. 9, when she ran into a S.W. gale. When it was blowing at its height the topsail sheets parted. This heavy wind picked up a head sea that delayed her some time. Shamrock II. is painted green, as was Shamrock I., and although her topsides show bare spots where the paint has been washed off, still she seems to be much less weather beaten than Shamrock I. was when she arrived in New York.

Shamrock was fifteen days and eighteen hours making the trip from Gourock to her anchorage outside Sandy Hook. The log showed a distance of 3,768 miles, reckoned from noon to noon, covered as follows:

10 A. M., Saturday, July 27—Left Gourock.		Distance.	
		Knots.	
Noon—Abreast Great Cumbræ		16	
		Lat.	Long.
		D. M.	D. M.
Noon, July 28	51 40	7 10	Various.
Noon, July 29	48 25	11 56	S. 43 W.
Noon, July 30	45 07	16 45	S. 44 W.
Noon, July 31	41 42	21 14	S. 44 W.
Noon, Aug. 1	38 08	24 59	S. 39 W.
To the Azores		52	
6 P. M., Friday, Aug. 2—Left Ponta Delgada.			
		Lat.	Long.
		D. M.	D. M.
Noon, Aug. 3	37 56	29 38	S. 86 W.
Noon, Aug. 4	37 40	35 22	S. 87 W.
Noon, Aug. 5	37 26	40 48	S. 87 W.
Noon, Aug. 6	37 16	45 04	S. 88 W.
Noon, Aug. 7	37 02	51 40	S. 87 W.
Noon, Aug. 8	37 14	57 06	N. 87 W.
Noon, Aug. 9	35 20	62 09	N. 75 W.
Noon, Aug. 10	33 49	67 05	N. 83 W.
Noon, Aug. 11	39 58	71 27	N. 71 W.
To Sandy Hook Lightship		118	
Total		3,768	

Shamrock II. was taken to Robins' dock on Monday afternoon, where she will be put in racing trim. Under her present short and low rig it is difficult to get much idea of the boat.

Bridgeport Y. C.

BRIDGEPORT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.
Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE Bridgeport Y. C. held its third annual regatta on Saturday, Aug. 10. The boats sailed over a triangular course fifteen miles in length. The breeze was light from the S. at the start, but soon freshened up enough to make the race interesting. The Regatta Committee was composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. Clinton B. Seeley, E. D. Chittenden, Carl Foster and W. M. Richardson. The steam yacht Halcyon served as the judges' boat. The times were:

36ft. Sloops and Yawls—Start, 12:15.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Defiance, Dr. Keller	3 12 26	2 57 26	2 27 56
Memory, W. M. Bayer	3 04 52	2 49 52	2 27 56
Titania, W. H. Childs	3 13 06	2 58 06	2 57 49
Yram, P. Bartram	3 13 45	2 58 45	...

Defiance and Titania had time allowances.

30ft. Sloops—Start, 12:20.			
Alerion, A. H. Alker	3 05 59	2 45 59	...
Kit, T. H. MacDonald	3 12 26	2 52 26	...
Diana, O. H. Jennings	Withdraw.		

25ft. Sloops and Cats—Start, 12:25.			
Folly, G. S. Hill	3 39 34	2 59 44	...
Pampero, R. Bailey	3 44 52	3 19 52	...
Vagabond, C. H. Fancher	3 45 27	3 20 27	...

21ft. Sloops and Cats—Start, 12:35.			
Exella, T. A. Harrison	2 57 10	2 22 10	...
Alice, A. K. L. Watson	3 00 42	2 25 43	...
Mercury, C. H. Childs	3 06 15	2 31 16	...
Little Joe, S. Lynes	3 06 37	2 31 37	...
Dora, G. L. Catlin	3 20 36	2 40 36	...
Tout, C. R. Hendricks	3 20 01	2 45 01	...

Dora was given 9m. and 11s. time allowance, making her corrected time 2:31:26.

21ft. Raceabouts—Start, 12:35.			
Sis, C. T. Bedford	2 28 17	2 58 17	...
Jolly Roger, Syndicate	3 33 19	3 03 19	...

Manhasset Raceabouts—Special—Start, 12:45.			
Lambkin, S. W. Roach	3 21 53	3 36 53	...
Firefly, Guy Standing	3 22 01	2 37 01	...
Arizona, G. A. Cary	3 22 53	2 37 54	...
Bob, W. F. Morgan	3 24 18	2 39 19	...

Half-Raters—Start, 12:40.			
Monsoon, H. Fish	3 28 18	2 48 16	...
Lotus, T. Fish	3 30 26	2 50 26	...

The winners were: Memory, Alerion, Folly, Exella, Sis, Lambkin and Monsoon.

Auxiliary Power Profitable to Owner.

ABOUT two months ago the little fishing smack Roulette was partly burned and sunk off Red Hook in New York Harbor, but was recently rebuilt by her owner. The fire was caused by an explosion of naphtha when a lighted lantern was used to look for a leak in the tanks. Roulette has a gasoline engine, so that she can get a cargo of fish to market when there is no breeze. One of the many advantages of auxiliary power was shown when, on Aug. 7, Roulette was coming up from the Virginia fishing grounds, and off Barnegat her skipper saw the abandoned barge Centipede with many thousand feet of lumber aboard, and heading for the derelict, boarded her and made a hawser fast to her forward bitts. Then she steered a course for port, the breeze helping him a little. The barge was abandoned off Barnegat by the tug Asher J. Hudson on Tuesday night. She was towing astern of another barge, the R. J. Camp, and was bound from Norfolk for this port. The Centipede sprang a leak and soon became waterlogged. Her crew were taken off by the Hudson, which brought the Camp into New York on Aug. 7. The owner of Roulette will get several thousand dollars salvage for bringing Centipede safely into port.

Cruise of the Comet.

I do not recollect having heard his sanity questioned prior to his proposing the cruise of which I am about to write, but afterward—however, I will let the reader pass judgment.

It all came about naturally enough, as it seemed to us at the time. There had been several weeks of the sort of dog-day weather that humanity instinctively tries to escape from. Vacation time caught a half-dozen of us in its alluring toils simultaneously, and one evening we were discussing ways and means, when George Waterbury suggested a codfishing trip.

Of course the proposition was railed at and the proposer gibed most unmercifully.

"I would suggest that we hire out to some farmer for a week in the harvest field as a superior means of recreation," said Charlie Merriman. "Or ship on a whaler," Pop Wells, whose aggregation of years in a measure eked out what he might have lacked in judgment. "What matters the name we give the trip? A trip is a trip under any old name, and it's an outing anyway!" There seemed to be a modicum of reason in this suggestion, and, when George launched into the theme with eloquence and unanswerable arguments, the upshot of the case was a negotiation the very next morning with Capt. Paul, of Cortlandt street, resulting in our chartering the steam yacht Comet for seven days from the following Monday morning.

Following a month of brazen sky and burning sun, when the earth yawned in dusty seams, and vegetation wilted and shriveled, Monday dawned with half a gale from the eastward and a driving Scotch mist. The yacht was tied up at the lumber docks at Derby Narrows, and as we shivered in our mackintoshes in the midst of our traps in the baggage car of the first train on the Consolidated road in the damp, sticky chilliness of the very early day, we consoled ourselves with thoughts of the relief the weather change would bring to landsmen.

The factory whistles were awakening the Housatonic echoes and, incidentally, hosts of weary toilers when our hawsers were slipped from the piling at Derby Dock and the Comet turned her nose, bestrode by a wooden woman sans clothing, Soundward. At a board wharf off Stratford Point we ran alongside and shipped a tub of soft clams for bait, rounded the point and were soon jumping over the white-capped billows, eastward-bound for Block Island.

I will state here that the Comet was an 18-ton (I think I am right as to the figures) steam yacht. She had two decks, a pilot house with bowed glass front, and a cabin in which one could sit comfortably but could only walk in in an attitude of extreme humility. Ranged around the cabin were eight bunks, very snug and comfortable, each with a little dead light at the head. The crew comprised Capt. Paul, Jack, the engineer, and Pete, able seaman. Pete was "able" when eating and sleeping were involved, but, judging from the amount of vituperation hurled at him, his abilities as a sailor seemed to lack something.

By the time we were off the New Haven light the gale had increased to such magnitude that the boat made but slow headway forward, but must have traveled leagues upon leagues in her seasawing over the waves. It was at about this time that Charley was observed to walk unsteadily to the gunwales, where he presently hung over the rail and contributed to the swirling brine from his internal economy. "Won't you have a sandwich, Charley?" asked Toby, our caterer, meanly disclosing some fat ham. If looks could kill Toby would have kicked the bucket in just about the 1-10,000th of a second under the glance Charley turned upon him. "If I ever meet you ashore again I'll—" but the remainder of the threat went overboard with the residuum of Charley's breakfast. "Well, I do think," continued Toby, complacently masticating a sandwich, "that it is little short of sacrilege for a body to be seasick under such glorious conditions as these," comprehending wind, sea and flying spume in a magnificent wave of his hand. He had barely delivered himself of this sentiment when something seemed to set up a disturbance under his waist band. "That confounded ham's too fat for sandwiches," he murmured, with a sickly attempt at a smile. A moment later Toby was acting as counter ballast over the gunwale opposite Charley. The latter took in the situation in a minute, and, staggering across the deck, he gave Toby a hunch, remarking as he did, "I can fix a cure for you in a jiffy; I'll just tie a hunk of this fat ham to a string, you swallow the ham and I'll pull the string." If ever a mortal was avenged for a gibe, Charley was the one. His wicked suggestion was more effectual than a dose of ipecac and stomach pump combined, and for the next twenty minutes Toby was given over to the very "sacrilege" he had so lately deplored.

As night approached the rain came down in blinding torrents. It was apparent that it would be hazardous to continue further, for while the rain beat down the waves considerably, it at the same time hid us from view and enhanced the danger of our being run down by some passing craft. Captain was for hauling out of the track of navigation and anchoring for the night, but Charley and Toby wouldn't have it. Toby swore he'd jump overboard and swim for shore rather than spend the night on the boat. "Why, I've been made a regular milk-shake of all afternoon on this infernal old teeter board," he declared, "and just because my stomach got a bit disturbed I've got to be ridiculed by a puking landlubber," wholly ignoring his self-contributed preface to the "insult." Capt. Paul said he was a trifle leery about making shore at that point, as the geodetic features were strange to him, but when Charley and Toby wailed in chorus that they'd sooner "be split on the biggest rock between New York and New London" than stay on the water, he shifted his course and headed for a quartette of lights dimly seen in occasional lulls of the storm, and which he rightly inferred to be on shore.

Quartering the waves, the boat pitched tremendously, rolling in a sickening manner the while. As we neared our objective we could see dozens of smaller lights glinting about like fireflies, which the Captain said were lanterns. "There must be something up on board," he said, "to cause such a commotion." Fifteen minutes later we fetched up at a menhaden dock, and were at once surrounded by a score of excited men in oilskins, all talking and gesticulating in an incomprehensible jargon. "What's the row?" we asked, when we finally found an opportu-

nity to get a word in edgewise. One old, grizzled specimen, with a voice like the breaking up of winter, responded: "Wal, if you ain't the goldrundenst jits an' th' luckiest durn fools I ever seen; bet ye couldn't do that trick ag'in in a hundered trys?" The others echoed his sentiment, and then we asked what wonderful trick we had unwittingly performed. We were told that we had entered port by a route never before sailed by mortals; that we had come straight over one of the most dangerous reefs on the coast, whose pointed rocks were visible above the water even at high tide. How we ever weathered it was a puzzler to all hands, and it was finally decided that we were carried straight over the rocky spine on the crest of a big wave. We spent that night in the fish barracks, where the odor was so rank we could almost hear it emit itself, but certain of the party declared that it was preferable "to being shaken to death." Personally, I had rather have spent the night as we are told Noah spent three, than take the guyings inflicted upon Charley and Toby.

Tuesday dawned with a cobalt sky, without a cloud, and a gentle, crisp breeze out of the west. It was very early when we steamed out of Niantic harbor; the sun had not risen, but was hanging streamers on the peak of Watch Hill. We were all in excellent spirits, at peace with all mankind; even George and Rafe forbore making allusions to Charley and Toby's unsailorlike conduct of the previous evening. We made a detour to avoid the reef, which bristled menacingly above the rippling waves. Every face wore a grave and thoughtful expression, and I doubt if there was a man of us who failed to offer a silent thanksgiving for our miraculous preservation from destruction on those jagged rocks.

Shortly after noon we rounded the Government breakwater and tied up in front of the Ocean House, Block Island. Deciding it would hardly pay to make a half-day trip to the fishing banks, we put in the afternoon exploring the island. In one sense Block Island is as much a foreign land as Boora-boora, in the heart of Darkest Africa. Its natives are a race by themselves, and all are bound by more or less remote ties of consanguinity. Society revolves in fixed concentrics about two points—"Old Cap'n Dodge" and "Cap'n Dodge," father and son. Old Cap'n descended from "Old Gramp Dodge," who seems to have been about the first inhabitant, and all to the manner born are more or less tinctured with "The Dodge Blood." The people are very proud of their exclusiveness, and no high and mighty order is more jealous of possible encroachment. During the outing season strangers are freely admitted to the sacred precincts of New Shoreham (as the place is officially known), but the circumstances would be untoward indeed, and his credentials iron-clad, if an "outsider" were to pass muster there after Oct. 1. The island is merely a big sand dune, and was once a part of Long Island. But a restless and encroaching ocean ate away the connecting isthmus and, but for the intervention of Uncle Samuel, would have lapped up the island itself and either have drowned the Dodge contingent or sent them as wanderers to the inhospitable wilds of Rhode Island or Connecticut. Hence the Dodes entertain a respect little short of reverence for the mighty breakwater which encompasses their island to the eastward.

We were awakened on Wednesday morning by the roar of the waves on the breakwater, a great wind having arisen during the night, and which now piped merrily out of the east and whistled weird tunes through the cordage of the fishing fleet at anchor in the "Pond." The sky wore a gray aspect, with long streamers of cloud here and there, which Cap'n Dodge said meant more wind. As we gazed at the tumbling whitecaps out on the horizon, the prospect of taking our yacht out to the banks did not present itself favorably. It was then that Cap'n Dodge showed himself to be a philanthropist of the right sort. He had a schooner that was not in use, and if we'd reimburse the crew for their time, we were welcome to the ship. It is not likely that a proposition was ever agreed to in less time than we closed the bargain for the schooner. It was a glorious sail to the banks, with the port gun'ale a foot under water, and we seven (for Capt Paul went along), perched like chicks on the opposite rail, drenched with the spume and searched through by the brine-laden gale. Shortly before noon we anchored on the banks. No land was visible, and all around us great waves shook their fleecy manes and roared and thundered. What time the schooner wasn't kicking up behind or jabbing her nose under water, she was wiggling in a sideway motion that completely upset one's calculations when he essayed to walk. Toby and Charley got lines out, and, in fact, seemed to enjoy the situation, as did Capt. Paul. George started in to make a brave show at fishing, and he and Rafe actually got their lines out, but when a few minutes later, from my anchorage on a coil of rope by the mast, I looked to see what luck they were having, they had ignored their lines and sat looking at each other with expressions of countenance that would have made a permanent reputation for a Puck artist to have depicted. My own feelings were not in a particularly light vein just then, but I believe I would have laughed though I knew I was going to the bottom the next minute. I couldn't resist the desire to remind them of what they said about Charley and Toby on our first night out, and with this laudable motive I tried to walk to them. I changed my mind, however, after letting go my hold of my rope coil. Just then the ship flew up behind and I flew down before, and didn't stop until I fetched up in a gangway. A flight of steps invited descent, and I went down into a little cabin with bunks ranged along its sides. A pot-pourri of odors assailed my nostrils, but I ignored them in a supreme desire to reach a bunk, where I could lie down and hang on. Barely had I gotten myself firmly ensconced upon a fish-impregnated mattress than the motion of the schooner seemed suddenly to stop, and all of its former gymnastic gyrations to be transferred to my internal organs. I know of no language adequate to a description of my sensations for the few minutes that I lay in that bunk. It gained, however, for all sea sufferers every atom of sympathy I am capable of experiencing.

On regaining the deck I found the wind had shifted and was rapidly beating down the sea. Half an hour later all hands were fishing with all the nonchalance of old salts. Feeling a tug at my line, I began to haul in. Before I had half of the twenty fathoms of three-ply twist over the rail my fingers were cut and bleeding, and I was positive I'd hooked an anvil. Pop loaned me a pair of old buckskin

gloves, and at last I swung a 12-pound cod over the rail. Up to this time there had been no more manifestation of game to the fish than would have been displayed by a rubber boot full of sand under similar circumstances. I immediately pronounced against codfishing as a means of sport, and have had no subsequent occasion to alter my decision. Practically the only thing to say in favor of codfishing is that there is a great deal of it, or, in other words, there is no lack of fish, for they bite voraciously, and will keep at it as long as the fisherman does his part. There was such a marked falling off in the wind that the schooner crew declared that unless we cut fishing short and got under way the prospect was good for spending the night on the water. Subsequent developments proved the correctness of the assertion, and during the final stage of the return trip we drifted in on the flood tide. We had upward of a ton of fish—cod, hake, halibut and a big ugly dog shark. We had no use for the fish, and readily accepted Cap'n Dodge's proposition to take them for the hire of the schooner's crew. One noteworthy effect of the trip was the appetites we took ashore with us. Toby took occasion now to open the commissary box for the first time. The disclosures of this act taught us all a lesson regarding the handling of perishable meats at sea. A dozen beautiful chicken broilers, six ribs of finest porterhouse roast, a lot of crabs and miscellaneous forage were spoiled past redemption. Although there still remained plenty of ice and everything was firm and frosty, yet the whole outfit was bad—actually stunk. One of the sailors who chanced to be present explained that it was a lack of ventilation that caused the trouble; that the gases from the various meats, having no means of exit, simply commingled, fermented and wrought ruin. We were bitterly disappointed, for Toby had given us an intimation of the feast he had in store for us. At his suggestion, however, a couple of plump buck cod were cleaned and boiled till the flesh slipped from the bones; to this he added onions, potatoes and carrots, sliced fine, and placed the whole in a tripod over the fire for forty-five minutes. Then, seasoning the mess, he served it hot, with plenty of good bread and butter, and I am frank to say that I have never relished a dinner more in my life.

After a sound night's sleep at the hotel, we awakened on Thursday morning to find the ocean as smooth as the proverbial mill pond, save for the never-ceasing "ground swell," which rolled a sort of spit-curl surf along the coast line. A fairy track of glistening silver stretched from the breakwater over the mobile brine to the sun just emerging from the sea. Smoke from cottage chimneys and a score of yachts united earth and sky in vertical intercalaries. We were unanimous in declaring it too fine a day to desecrate with anything so distinctly plebeian as codfishing, and decided to run over to Rocky Point, on the Narragansett, and get a genuine Rhode Island clam-bake.

"Better kind o' hug the shore," said Old Cap'n Dodge, shielding his eyes with his hand and scanning the eastern horizon, just as we were putting off. "Ye kin take me fer a groun' mole ef ther' ain't th' biggest kind o' nasty shindy a-brewin' in thet ther' mack'l sky," and he hitched his "barn doors" and emitted a brutum fulmen of tobacco saliva.

In deference to the Captain's years and experience, no open protest was made to his prognostication at that time, but once out of earshot we railed at what pleased us to term his croaking without stint or reservation. "Beats all how old sea dogs always scent storms and gales even in the finest weather," sagely observed Toby, and the implied sentiment was acquiesced in by all save Pop, who declared the Old Captain might not be far wrong. "Cause my corns howl to beat the deck, same's they always do when a storm's coming." But we frowned Pop and his prophecy to scorn, and steamed merrily around Beaver Tail and up to the Narragansett, reaching the point in time to see the big bake opened.

Those Rocky Point clam-bakes are too well and favorably known to require the support of my weak pen, but this one fact incident thereto may be properly noted: When occupied in their demolition, one loses all sense of the flight of time. Hence it was that when we emerged from the banqueting tent we found the weather had undergone a marked change. Patches of vapor, as if torn from some storm cloud, were flying out of the east, and the wind came in wild, fierce blasts.

"Reckon Old Cap. come pretty near knowing what he was talking about this morning," said Capt. Paul, as we hurried down to the Comet, which was bowing her nose as if to welcome our return. Orders were given to the engineer to get all the speed possible out of the little six-horse-power engine. "For," said Capt. Paul, "we can't get to Block Island any too quick for safety." I could swear that the corners of Toby's mouth dropped an inch at this remark, but experience had taught me it was wise to make no comment. It was a jolly sail down the bay. The Comet, like a colt turned homeward, did wonderful stunts in speed; the water curled high by her bows, and a creamy wake maintained itself a mile astern. Barely had we passed Fort Adams, however, and sighted Point Judith, than the foaming tops of the tremendous seas breaking on the bar, told us that the Comet could not quit the harbor that day, so we put into Newport and went down to the headland and watched the storm, which increased to hurricanic magnitude before night. None of the Sound boats ventured out, and old salts told us it was the worst storm in many years. The upshot of the matter was that we had to stay tied up in harbor till the following Sunday morning, when we made a start at 2 o'clock, got stuck in the mud trying to make a short cut, and lay five hours for the tide to lift us off. The expression of sentiment was not altogether ecclesiastical, despite the day, and cannot be repeated edifyingly. But we hustled when freed from the mud, reaching home soon after midnight. We had four hours of actual fishing in a week's outing.

SAMUEL MANSFIELD STONE.

Messrs. Thomas S. Marvel & Co., who are constructing the handsome, large house-boat ordered by the late Pierre Lorillard, have been directed to stop work on the boat by the executors of the estate. The boat is for sale, and as a buyer might have different ideas as to the interior arrangement, it was decided not to go on with the work.

Mr. Edwin Gould, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased from Mr. Richard Stevens the steam yacht Aileen, which is now under charter to Mr. W. B. Leeds.

Horseshoe Harbor Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE annual regatta of the Horseshoe Harbor Y. C. was sailed in a fresh N.W. breeze on Saturday, Aug. 10. Possum ran on Table Rock and withdrew, but was not damaged. The Regatta Committee was composed of Messrs. Thomas J. McCahill, Jr., W. S. Allen and Harry Bentz. The summary follows:

Sloops—36ft. Class.		Corrected.
Oiseau, C. L. Pirie.....	2 17 24	
Opossum, E. S. Ballou.....	Withdrew.	
Sloops—25ft. Class.		
Don, G. Reeves.....	1 38 30	
Raceabouts.		
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	1 33 15	
Persimmon, F. C. Dodge.....	1 35 21	
Sloops—21ft. Class.		
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	1 43 30	
Sloops—18ft. Class.		
Cricket, Harold Pryer.....	1 44 16	
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.....	1 49 17	
Catboats—30ft. Class.		
Nymph, W. A. Marble.....	1 36 44	
Catboats—25ft. Class.		
Arrow, A. C. Miller.....	1 49 57	
Catboats—21ft. Class.		
Vera, Louis Dowdney.....	2 02 09	
Punch, F. W. Von Schroeder.....	2 11 31	
18ft. Class.		
Kazaza, B. G. Whiting.....	2 06 34	
15ft. Class.		
Scout, H. C. Hall.....	2 05 12	
Askme, G. G. Tyson.....	2 15 30	

The winners were Oiseau, Don, Merrywing, Montauk, Cricket, Nymph, Arrow, Vera, Kazaza and Scout.

Yacht Club Notes.

On Friday, Aug. 9, in a race from Shelter Island to New London and return, Mr. Mortimer B. Fuller's sloop yacht Helen defeated Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw's Mab II. by 5m. on the run to New London. On the return run Mab defeated Helen by 6m.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has received a challenge for a series of races next year for the Seawanhaka cup from the White Bear Y. C., of St. Paul, Minn. The Black Rock Y. C., of Bridgeport, Conn., has also sent a challenge.

The annual regatta of the Shelter Island Y. C. was sailed in a strong S.W. breeze on Saturday, Aug. 10. The special race for Commodore and Vice-Commodore's cups also was sailed. Class N boats sailed over the club's inside, twelve-mile course. In addition to the regular prizes offered by the club for yachts of Classes K, L and M, the race also counted in Classes L and M in one leg for cups offered in Class M by Vice-Com. Otto E. Lohrke and Com. Charles Lane Poor respectively. The winners were Dorwina, H. L. Ward; Leda, Harry Maxwell, and Mab II, C. V. Brokaw. Rear-Com. Smith's cup was won by Leda. In the series races, Class I, Effort scored two points, Mira one. In Class M, Marion scored three points, Martha two and Helen one point.

The annual meeting of the Sag Harbor Y. C. was held at Sag Harbor on Saturday, Aug. 3. It was voted to have an open race on Saturday, Aug. 31, and a club race on Saturday, Sept. 7. The race will be for sharpies, catboats and sloops.

On motion the following resolution was passed: "Resolved, That the system of measurement of the Long Island Yacht Racing Association be adopted by this club, to apply to all boats over 25ft., over-all measurement. The present system used by this club to apply to all boats under 25ft. over-all measurement."

The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., James Herman Aldrich; Vice-Com., Addison M. Youngs; Sec'y, John H. Hunt; Treas., J. A. Udall; Regatta Committee, James H. Aldrich, George Kiernan, H. M. La Mont; Official Measurer, Addison M. Youngs; Dock Commissioner, J. A. Udall.

Newly elected officers of the Greenville Y. C. are: Com., Alfred Wenzel; Vice-Com., George Ruffe; Rear-Com., Charles Johnson; Fin. Sec'y, William Brown; Rec. Sec'y, C. J. Leach; Treas., C. P. Boos.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

James M. Smith, of Port Washington, L. I., is building from his own design, a 60ft. launch for Mrs. W. McMills, of New York. The boat will be named Augusta, and will be finished about Sept. 1. Augusta is 60ft. long and is 10ft. beam, with a depth of 4½ft. Her frame is of white oak and hackmatack. There are 52 2x3 frames, 1ft. apart in the clear. The planking is of cedar, 1in. thick, copper fastened. The engine bed is of yellow pine, 6x12. The bed covers ten pairs of frames, and is strongly riveted through all. The boat will be fitted with a 40 horse-power Standard engine. A shaft extending 6½ft. beyond the stern post will carry a 3ft. propeller. The cabin will be 37ft. long, mahogany finish, with all the modern improvements. There will be a cockpit 7½ft. long.

Mr. Russell A. Alger, Jr., has purchased from Markland Molson, Commodore of the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., his yacht Red Coat, which defended the Seawanhaka cup last year.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold the auxiliary ketch Cero for Dr. E. M. Culver to Messrs. A. B. Clafflin and A. K. Matthews, of New York. Cero was built by A. C. Brown & Sons, Tottenville, in 1899, from designs by R. M. Munroe. She is 62ft. over all, 5½ft. on the waterline, 18ft. beam and 3ft. 6in. draft. She is equipped with a 16 horse-power gasoline engine. Dr. Culver used Cero for tarpon fishing off the coast of Florida. She left Cocanut Grove on July 12 and made the outside trip as far as Delaware Bay, and then came through the canal, making

the trip to Tottenville in twelve days. The new owners of the yacht will use her for shooting trips on Shinnecock Bay, and later on Chesapeake Bay, and probably Florida.

Mr. Winthrop Rutherford has purchased from Mr. H. Yale Dolan the 30-footer Dorothy, and has changed her name to Barbara.

It is with pleasure that we acknowledge the receipt of a new yachting directory which has been published by Mr. Frank A. Ingraham, of Bristol, R. I. The book is of great value, not only to all yachtsmen, but to the business community as well, or, at least, that portion of it that has to do with the yachting world. The work has been most carefully compiled, is handsomely gotten up and should meet with a prompt and generous sale.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its postponed shoot on July 28. Mr. C. J. Barnes, of the Colorado bund delegation was our guest. He led with the rifle. (He made the most phenomenal run in the bund shoot, making 14 red flags, 3 inch centers, in 17 shots 8 of them being consecutive. This he did with Young's combination of FFF Semi-Smokeless powder.) W. G. Hoffman led with the pistol, and P. A. Becker with revolver. Scores, Columbia target rifle, 200yds.—C. J. Barnes 48, F. O. Young 51, G. M. Barley 57, W. G. Hoffman 61, Ed Hovey 61, Dr. Twist 110. Repeating rifles, Creedmoor count—Grant 40, Hunterman 38, Stultz 37, Carlin 33, Krase 33. Pistol, 50yds.—W. G. Hoffman 42, C. M. Daiss 43, F. O. Young 44, O. Feudner 47, Dr. Hunsaker 71, Mrs. Waltham 85. Revolver—P. A. Becker 48, Dr. Hunsaker 78, Dr. Twist 111. 22 rifle, 50yds.—F. S. Washburn 21, Hoffman 22, Mrs. Waltham 24, Allen 38. The above were the best scores of the day—unfavorable weather. Regular shoot, Aug. 4, Ed Hovey led with the rifle, a .38 Winchester, finishing with a 1, the last shot of the day. Dr. Twist felt proud when it was announced that he was high with pistol and .22 rifle, but Daiss took away some of his glory in beating his score with the revolver. Best scores: Rifle, 200yds.—Ed Hovey, 48, 65, 74, 65; W. G. Hoffman, 49; A. B. Dorrell, 51, 53, 55, 68, 64; G. M. Barley, 65, 70, 69, 66; F. O. Young, 69, 73, 65; Dr. J. F. Twist, 72, 80, 91; E. A. Allen, 109; Hunterman, 137. Pistol, 50yds.—Dr. J. F. Twist, 18, 49, 57, 60, 61, 63; F. O. Young, 48, 55; W. G. Hoffman, 51, 67, 67, 68; Dr. H. W. Hunsaker, 59, 62, 75. Revolver—C. M. Daiss, 46, 58, 63, 64; A. J. Brannagan, 47, 49, 50, 65, 68; F. O. Young, 51, 52, 65; P. Becker, 57, 69; Dr. Hunsaker, 89. 22 rifle, 50yds.—Dr. J. F. Twist, 23, 23, 24, 24, 27, 28, 29; A. Scott, 78, 79, 81. F. O. Young, Sec'y.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 8-9.—Lafayette, Ind.—Fifteenth annual tournament of the Lafayette Gun Club. Amateur. John Blistain, Sec'y.
Aug. 13-15.—Vicksburg, Miss.—Vicksburg Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association's tournament; \$300, and \$200 in prizes added.
Aug. 14.—Ossining, N. Y.—Merchandise clay bird tournament of the Ossining Gun Club; clam bake; brass band. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Aug. 14.—Trenton, N. J.—Contest for championship of Mercer county, between Messrs. C. A. Comp, holder, and W. B. Widman, challenger.
Aug. 15.—Sherburne, N. Y.—Eherburne Gun Club's tournament. J. F. Paddelford, Sec'y.
Aug. 14-16.—Colchester Beach, Md.—Sixth annual midsummer tournament, under the management of Messrs. J. R. Malone and J. M. Hawkins, of Baltimore; two days at targets; one day at live birds; added money and merchandise prizes.
Aug. 15-17.—Ottawa, Can.—First annual tournament of the Dominion Trapshooting and Game Protective Association, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club. A. W. Throop, Sec'y-Treas.
Aug. 18.—Oshkosh, Wis.—Fourth annual tournament of the Winnebago Gun Club.
Aug. 19-21.—Asheville, N. C.—Three-day tournament under the auspices of Maj. E. P. McKissick and Col. J. T. Anthony; distance handicaps; \$100 per day added. John Parker, Mgr.
Aug. 21-22.—Bass Lake, Ind.—Tournament of the Peru Gun Club.
Aug. 23.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tournament of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club. T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.
Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji Amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.
Sept. 2.—Ilion, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Remington Gun Club. W. H. Grimshaw, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. Also Bristol sheep bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.
Sept. 2.—Albany, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.
Sept. 2-3.—Union City, Ind.—Tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.
Sept. 2-3.—Portland, Me.—Maine State tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, secretary.
Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.
Sept. 3-6.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park; \$500 added. C. W. Budd, Arnold's Park, Iowa.
Sept. 19-20.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.
Sept. 20-21.—Titusville, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Titusville Gun Club. H. Pfeiffer, Sec'y.
Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.
Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street at Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.
Sept. 10-11.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club; \$750 added.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

Aug. 7-9.—Providence, R. I.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club. R. C. Root, Sec'y.
Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. H. Pfeiffer, secretary of the Titusville (Pa.) Gun Club, writes us as follows: "The Titusville Gun Club takes pleasure in announcing Sept. 20 and 21, 1901, as the dates decided upon for holding its first annual tournament. The club was organized one year ago, from entirely raw material, and after about nine months' active practice we have a half-score of shooters who average regularly from 80 to 90 per cent. and better. We are young, but we believe in expansion. We are anxious to try conclusions with some of the "regulars." Therefore, we extend a cordial invitation to all lovers of trapshooting to join us on the above dates for a general good time. We have elegant grounds and a fine club house right beside the electric road, and will endeavor to make our guests glad that they came. Programmes are now out and ready for distribution. Address all inquiries to Henry Pfeiffer, secretary." The programme provides ten events each day, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 blue-rocks; entrance \$1, \$1.50, \$2, and \$2.50. Rose system, ratio 8, 5, 3 and 2. Targets 2 cents. Grounds open Sept. 19 for practice; targets 1 cent. All paid representatives may shoot f. t. o. Guns and ammunition forwarded to P. O. Bae, Diamond street, will be delivered on the grounds. For further information, address the secretary.

The programme of the fifth annual merchandise and sweepstake tournament of the Pleasant Hill Gun Club, at Pleasant Hill, Mo., Aug. 23, is for colored shooters, and is sensibly and attractively arranged. White shooters are invited. Two sets of traps will be used, Sergeant system. The division of moneys will be by the Rose system. Targets 1 cent. Shooting commences at 9:30. There are seven merchandise events, open only to colored shooters. There are ten events, open to all, at 10 and 15 targets, 75 cents and \$1 entrance, \$1 and \$1.50 added money in each event. The live-bird championship, with a special match between Messrs. E. R. Nuttall, of Ohio, and T. H. Cohron, of Pleasant Hill, is one of the main features. Those who desire to enter this event should forward \$6.25 to the secretary, T. H. Cohron, so that he will know the number of entries, and therefore the number of birds to order. Mr. Cohron writes us that "present indications point to bringing together more colored shooters at our coming shoot than ever was known of before, as well as some of the white representative ones, who have promised to be present also and participate with us."

The Winnebago Gun Club, of Oshkosh, Wis., announces that it will hold its fourth annual tournament at Heisenger's Park, on Aug. 18. There are thirteen events on the programme, one of which is at 25 targets, for the Wisconsin championship. There is a total of 200 targets in the events, with a total entrance of \$20. Expert amateurs not residents of the State, and all professionals, will be handicapped 1 bird in 10, 2 birds in 15, 3 birds in 20, and 4 birds in 25 bird events. First high gun in all events will receive \$8; second, \$5; third, \$3. Shooting begins at 9 A. M. sharp. Refreshments on grounds.

Mr. Franklin Stearns, president of the V. T. S. A., Richmond, Va., writes us that the indications are that there will be an attendance exceeding 150 at the Association's second annual tournament, Sept. 2, 3 and 4. There will be \$100 added money to the target events. The handicap live bird event of the third day has been changed to class shooting, instead of high guns. The celebrated expert, Mr. John Parker, will manage the tournament. Over 100 Virginians have signified their intention to participate.

Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, Ill., was a visitor in the gun district of New York on Monday of this week. A smooth shave gave him much the appearance of a prosperous bishop, so much so that many of his friends for a moment after meeting him were uncertain of his identity. He mentioned that shooting matters were active about Chicago. Mr. Von Lengerke, while modest in respect to his trap shooting abilities, is an expert of rare skill.

The programme of the first annual tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association, to be held on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club, Ottawa, Canada, Aug. 15, 16 and 17, offers liberal prizes. The Mail Trophy, valued at \$300, is offered as a prize in the team match on the third day. A handicap will be imposed in all events, save the team match. Agents and experts, free targets only. The secretary is Mr. A. W. Throop.

The programme of the New York State shoot will be ready for distribution in the near future. There will be \$750 in added money, and no percentages taken from the purses for any purpose. There also will be a list of merchandise prizes, each of sterling worth. The president of the New Utrecht Gun Club, Mr. Walter P. Sykes, has been actively engaged for some days in making all the preliminary arrangements, and has them nearly completed.

Aug. 21 and 22, at Auburn, Me., the Interstate Association gives its last target tournament of the season. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, with Messrs. Shaver, has been taking a vacation in the east between the Providence and Auburn tournaments, a much needed rest after the strenuous activities and responsibilities incident to his managerial office. The Auburn tournament has ten events each day, at 15 and 20 targets, alternately, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance.

Capt. A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J., offers \$25 reward for the return of his Parker gun, which was stolen from him on July 20 on the train, between Oakland and Paterson, N. J. The gun's number is 90,635. It shows signs of wear, is about 8lbs. in weight, has a 30in. barrel, a Silvers recoil pad, and was formerly owned by Mr. John Hull.

Aug. 24, the contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of the State of New Jersey at targets, will take place at Freehold, N. J., between Messrs. Vanderveer and Gardiner. A match same day and place will be shot between team of the Freehold Gun Club and the South Side Gun Club, of Newark.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who is eminent as an authority on all matters pertaining to trapshooting, indorses our views on the subject of "dusted" targets, as will be noted on reference to a communication from him, published elsewhere in our trap columns this week.

In a twelve-man team shoot between the Maple City Gun Club and the Fremont Gun Club, Aug. 8, the former won by a score of 260 to 239, at Fremont, O. Each man shot at 25 targets.

In the contest for the Western Canada championship, at Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 1, Mr. P. Johnson, a B class man, tied with D. Bain, an A class man, and won.

In a match at 25 live birds, between Messrs. Cunningham and Gentlemen, at Watson's Park, on Aug. 6, the former won by a score of 23 to 15.

Mr. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., offers a challenge of special interest to the trapshooters of his State.

BERNARD WATERS.

Which?

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 12.—J. J. H. and S. G. were shooting in a 25-target race, one man up, five unknown traps. J. J. H. had 20 straight and S. G. had 19, five men to shoot. S. G. bet \$1 to \$10 with J. J. H. that he would beat him. J. J. H. missed his last target. S. G. got his last 5 straight, making a tie. S. G. claims it was a draw. Money was paid to J. J. H., as he claimed that S. G. did not beat him, but tied.

Where will a letter reach Sim Glover? FALSTAFF. [In the old days, when the trapshooting world accepted its rulings from the horse-racing world, it was held that a tie divided, regardless of the special agreement. Thus it was held that, if A declared he would beat B, the latter, who was passive, was assumed to take the active converse of the proposition—that is, that he would beat A. The modern rulings have been modified, at times. The proposition is as follows: S. G. bets that he will beat J. J. H. Did he beat J. J. H.? He did not. He therefore lost. A letter addressed to S. Glover, care Von Lengerke & Dermold, 318 Broadway, New York, will reach him.]

Broken and Dusted Targets.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Aug. 10.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The article "Broken and Dusted Targets" in your issue of Aug. 2 strikes me forcibly as being correct in every particular. A "dusted target" has certainly been hit by one or more pellets of shot; therefore, if we wish to preserve the equity of the competition it should be scored "broken" just the same as we do a target that has a small "chip" knocked from it by perhaps one pellet of shot. It would seem to me that the time is ripe for a radical change in the trapshooting rules in force at the present time.

ELMER E. SHANER.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 11.—According to my experience, the scoring of dusted targets is all wrong, and I want to tell you why. In the first place, if it is a dusted target you want, a modified cylinder choke, No. 11 shot, with a pattern of 4 feet at 30 yards you would have over 90 per cent dusted and not broken.

Gun right, loaded right and pointed right, over 99 per cent will go up in smoke.

What I claim, and a great majority of 90 per cent shots will agree with me, is that a target should be stopped, broken apart, at least a piece larger than any wad. Give the referee no chance to favor friend or foe. Make his duties so simple that a child can referee.

If it is right to score a dusted target, then it is right to score a pigeon that has been shot at and feathered.

Who deserves the credit on a duck pass?—the man that gets the feathers, or the man that gets the duck? Same thing—allow a dusted target to score, you are putting a premium on bad work.

E. D. FULFORD.

[The points raised by Mr. Fulford in the foregoing interesting communication deserve profound consideration, for he is a gentleman of vast experience in trap shooting matters, and has given them profound thought. Nevertheless, we differ radically from Mr. Fulford on the matter in question, and would submit, for his consideration, and for the consideration of other shooters, the following comments on his contention:

First, we do not think that a modified cylinder choke, with No. 11 shot, at 30 yards, 4-foot pattern, would make over 90 per cent dusted targets, and we seriously doubt whether it would dust 50 per cent. A few weeks since, we saw some fairly good shots on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club experimenting with cartridges loaded with No. 10 shot, using their regular choke bore guns, and they could neither break nor dust one in five. If Mr. Fulford cared to give his contention in this respect a practical test, and report upon it, there would then be more accurate data.

That a gun right, loaded right and pointed right will perform well, no one will dispute, but the capabilities of the gun is not the standard by which to measure the skill of a mass of individuals. If the standard is made so high as to be beyond the skill of the average shooter, or beyond the possibilities of his time and means, interest and support will fall away accordingly.

His contention that a target should be stopped, and that a piece larger than a wad should be broken therefrom, and that the great majority of 90 per cent shots will agree with him on this point, is fallacious. First of all a single pellet of shot may knock off a large piece from the edge of a target, where several shot, hitting in precisely the same place, may knock off an equal quantity, or more, yet grind it to dust; thus the dusted target may really be the better hit. Indeed, sometimes an entire target is "snuffed out," nothing being left visible to the eye except a thin film of finely ground dust; thus there is no "perceptible piece," and, under a strict enforcement of the rules, such would be a lost target. In a horse race, the horse which wins need not have his whole body ahead of his nearest competitor. He can win by a nose, and sometimes by an eyelid. In a rowing contest, the size of the piece of the board which comes in ahead does not determine whether the race is won or not. If one boat comes in ahead of the other, be the margin ever so small, it determines the winner. In rifle shooting, the merest graze of the bullseye is considered a good hit of it. And so with other competitions; skill and excellence, not quantity of an object, are considered. Moreover, the target, as an indicator of skill, is not a fixed quantity. It has different degrees of toughness, according to the temperature, and presents different surfaces, according to wind and flights; thus a shot which might be an excellent break under certain degrees of target surface and temperature might be a dusted target under certain other varying conditions, and, indeed, might be a miss.

A referee who was required to determine whether a piece was or was not larger than a gun wad would have the beginning of his sorrows. All his troubles theretofore, would appear the merest trifles, if not pleasant happenings. Instead of making "his duties so simple that a child can referee," it would tax his powers to a degree greater than they are taxed at present. Would it not simplify matters to allow him to rule that the target is hit when it is hit, rather than to compare pieces of targets 40 yards away in the air with ideal gun wads in his mind?

Mr. Fulford says above, "If it is right to score a dusted target, then it is right to score a pigeon that has been shot at and feathered." This is rather an unfortunate reference in support of his argument, inasmuch as the question of whether the pigeon is hit at all or not does not determine the merit of the shooter's performance. The question is, can it be gathered within bounds? No doubt but what Mr. Fulford, as well as all other experienced shooters, have seen pigeons gathered and scored as dead which were not hit at all. They flipped up in the air, were shot at while in the air, were missed, yet were gathered, and thereby was fulfilled all that was imposed by the rules.

Sometimes a quarter of a target is blown away in dust. Now, what is the reason that it is not as good a break as if the one-quarter were knocked off in one chunk?

Mr. Fulford referred to the majority of 90 per cent shooters. This is a matter which interests all shooters.]

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, Aug. 10.—The monthly shoot of the Garden City Gun Club had seven contestants in the club event. Palmer and O'Brien tied on 15. The scores follow:

Alabaster, 0.....	111122222222112	-14
Palmer, 1.....	22111211111122	-15
Rust, 3.....	11222100210001100	-11
Barto, 1.....	*22211211211*211	-14
Roll, 0.....	202101120212111	-12
Young, 1.....	210202112110101	-12
O'Brien, 1.....	2122210111122111	-15

Ten birds, entrance \$5:				
Palmer0202222222—	8	O'Brien012*111212—	8
Barto1211021222—	9	Young0111010112—	7
Roll1112111122—	10	Quade2000212022—	6

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—Herewith find the scores of the Chicago Gun Club's shoot of to-day in the weekly 25-target handicap.

Steck wins high gun. A. W. Morton wins handicap trophy same event.

Messrs. Edwards, Elias, Colburn, Bitner, and Cop are not members. They belong to the Grand Crossing Club.

In the monthly trophy, handicap in rise, Bowles won at 18yds.

The Chicago vs. Grand Crossing team shoot will be held next Saturday, on the Chicago grounds. There will be no shooting on the grounds on that day. The Grand Crossing members will shoot their trophy shoot on the Chicago grounds on that day.

Monthly trophy, handicap:	
King, 16.....	11111011011110-12
Mrs Carson, 16.....	11110110110111-12
Mrs Howard, 16.....	00011011111010-9
Dr Arnold, 16.....	01010111100101-10
Bitner, 16.....	01010111100101-9
Elias, 16.....	00010110010100-6
Colburn, 16.....	01010111111110-11
R B Mack, 18.....	11100001010101-7
Bowles, 18.....	11111111111011-14
Dr Morton, 18.....	01101111110111-12
A W Morton, 18.....	11110110111110-12
Steck, 20.....	10011110111111-11
Dr Carson, 21.....	010010010100010-5
Edwards, 18.....	11101101111111-13
Boroff, 18.....	11000100010111-8
Boroff, 21.....	1100101011w

Bowles wins monthly trophy.

Weekly Handicap, 25 targets:		Broke:	Hdcp.	Total
King	101101010111111010101000—15		8	23
R B Mack.....	111110011111101101111110—20		3	23

Bowles.....	11111111111011110111-23	5 25
Dr Carson.....	10101010101111111111-19	0 19
Mrs Carson.....	11101111111111110011-21	5 25
Steck.....	11111011001011111111-21	0 21
Mrs Howard.....	100010001001011010101-12	8 20
Dr Morton.....	011110111101010110101-18	4 22
A W Morton.....	01011110110111111111-20	5 25
Dr Arnold.....	0010111010101001001110-14	7 21
Bitner.....	11110111111011011011-21	0 21

Bowles and A. W. Morton, handicap trophy, tie Steck, high gun.

Second tie:

Bowles.....011111011-8 2 10

A W Morton.....11111111-10 2 10

Third tie:

Bowles.....1010010010 A W Morton.....1110111111

BLUE JEANS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 10.—The appended scores were made to-day on the occasion of the first trophy shoot of the third series. In the series just closed Class A was captured by Hellman on 92 per cent., Class B by Dorman on 86.4 per cent, Class C by our one-armed amateur on 57.6 per cent. J. S. Boa won Class A trophy to-day on 24, Dr. Meek Class B on 22, W. T. Johnson Class C on 24.

The day was pleasant, as far as temperature was concerned, but a rather stiff wind blew across the traps, making the shooting somewhat difficult.

In spite of the counter attractions of the yacht races and horse races, twenty-two members took part in the trophy shoot, and several others came later.

First trophy shoot, 25 targets:

H N Delano.....	1111000111101010110111-18
A D Dorman.....	1010110101111111001110-18
P McGowan.....	1110110101111111001111-20
T A Hagerty.....	0001111101011000000111-12
G Adams.....	010001000100101000010001-8
J D Pollard.....	1111001101001111011111-19
W P Johnson.....	1111111111111111111111-24
L Thomas.....	0111010101111101011111-19
Dr J A Huff.....	0110101001010101001010-13
Dr Meek.....	11111111111111110011011-22
Leete.....	1000100000010010011001-8
W A Jones.....	1111111111111111111111-22
J Monigan.....	00110100100010000000011-8
G W Drinkwater.....	0100111111110100001010-14
Hodgson.....	1010011011111111001001-17
J C Kissick.....	1010101010101010101101-16
J S Boa.....	1111111111111111111111-24
Dr Shaw.....	1101011111111111001111-20
Mrs Dr. Shaw.....	0111010101110101010101-18
T Eaton.....	1101111111111111111111-23
W Eaton.....	1101101010101101110001-17
A Hellman.....	0111111111111111111111-23
T L Smedes.....	1101011111010111010111-19

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets:	10 15 5p 15 10 10 10
Delano.....	4 15 9 11
Dorman.....	9 13 7 14
P McGowan.....	7 7 9 14
Hagerty.....	3 11 6 7
Adams.....	4 10 7
Pollard.....	7 13 8 10
Johnson.....	9 13 8 4 10 .. 7
Thomas.....	8 9 5 10 6 8 ..
Dr Huff.....	6 12 10
Dr Meek.....	9 13 .. 13 .. 7
Leete.....	1
Jones.....	8 10 8 9 10 9 6
Monigan.....	7 9 5 9 7 6 4
Drinkwater.....	10 2 8 7 3 9
Hodgson.....	6 13 8
Kissick.....	6 4 6 6 0 9 5
Boa.....	10 15 8 14 10 10 9
Dr Shaw.....	10 13 10 15
Mrs Shaw.....	8 13
T Eaton.....	10 8 13 6 9 10
W Eaton.....	4 12
Hellman.....	11 5 15 9 10 ..
Smedes.....	9 6 .. 8 9 ..

Dr. J. W. MECK, Sec'y.

Winnipeg Tournament.

WINNIPEG, Man.—The fifth annual trapshooting tournament, held in conjunction with the great fair of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition Association on Aug. 1 and 2, was a great success. On the first day, one of the main events was the Western Canada championship, which was won by Mr. P. Johnson. Another feature of the day's competition was the fine shooting of Mrs. Johnson, of Minneapolis, who broke 92 out of 112. The scores made Aug. 1 are as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9	Shot
Targets:	15 15 50 15 20 10 15 10 15	at. Broke.
Dodd.....	8 12 40 12 7 11 2 ..	150 105
Peterson.....	9 11 .. 12 14 4 12 8 14	115 84
I Iverson.....	13 *8 .. 10 11 9 10 10	115 80
Warren.....	12 10 .. 11 14 .. 11 5 ..	90 62
Lemon.....	12 13 39 13 15 .. 11 2 12	155 117
Dr Allen.....	15 11 .. 13 19 10 13 7 13	115 101
Carruth.....	12 12 .. 14 17 4 13 5 13	115 90
Wood.....	14 12 .. 13 13 8 12 8 14	115 95
Hale.....	12 10 .. 12 11 5 15 8 13	115 86
A Iverson.....	14 9 .. 14 16 7 8 5 13	115 86
Frazier.....	13 11 .. 12 15 6	75 57
Manning.....	11 10 40	80 61
McClung.....	8 8	30 16
Andrews.....	15 11 37 10 19 10 14 8 15	165 141
Cox.....	13 13 .. 12 16 7 11 9 12	115 93
Cavalier.....	14 14 .. 14 16 7 8 9 13	115 105
Bain.....	13 14 44 14 15 7 13 ..	140 120
Britton.....	14 13 38 14 11 .. 8 ..	130 98
Spence.....	7 8 41 .. 13	115 79
Hirschy.....	14 12 .. 15 18 9 12 10 15	115 105
Seymour.....	15 13 .. 14 19 9 14 8 13	115 105
Rowe.....	11 12 .. 10 17 5 14 10 13	115 96
Evander.....	14 10 .. 15 16 9 12 8 13	115 97
Robbins.....	15 13 .. 13 16 9 11 9 14	115 100
Moore.....	13 14 .. 12 13 8 6 9 13	115 88
Simpson.....	14 13 41 13 16 8 11 8 13	165 137
Du Bray.....	13 12 .. 12 16 8 11 8 14	115 94
Muir.....	13 15 .. 17 6	60 51
Sorenson.....	12 12 .. 10 13 9 13 8 15	115 97
Sprague.....	13 14 .. 15 15 8 13 9 13	115 100
Smith.....	13 11 .. 12 11 7 9 9 13	115 75
Mrs Johnson.....	12 11 .. 14 13 7 12 7 11	115 92
Hanby.....	12 8 .. 14 12 6 9 8 13	115 72
Houlding.....	11 11 34 13 17 9 10 3 ..	150 110
McKeller.....	11 10 .. 13 9 7 8 8 12	115 77
Fairburn.....	14 9 .. 10 4	60 37
R Lane.....	15 10 .. 14 9 .. 10 ..	80 58
Dowling.....	11 .. 39	65 50
P Johnson.....	12 .. 44	65 56
McTavish.....	13 .. 39	65 52
Scott.....	12 .. 39	65 51
Daly.....	11 .. 31 11	80 53
Patterson.....	13 .. 38	65 51
Atkinson.....	14 .. 39	75 57
Wellband.....	10 13 42 11 15	115 91
Stewart.....	10 .. 7	30 17
Cochrane.....	9 .. 5	45 19
Carruthers.....	11 11 42 14 13 .. 13 10 13	155 129
Merrill.....	7 .. 11	30 18
Miller.....	9 .. 34 12 ..	80 55
D R Warren.....	7 12 .. 10	80 29
Harper.....	9 .. 12	30 21
Brydges.....	3	15 3
Dick.....	6	15 6
Lightcap.....	12 .. 43 15 .. 7 12 8 12	140 120
Campbell.....	13 11 .. 12 19	65 55
Dr Smith.....	11 8 .. 12 10 .. 8 .. 9	95 58
Dr Fleming.....	10 10 .. 9 .. 9 11 8 12	85 58
C Andrews.....	10 .. 11 .. 9 11 7 11	75 49
Hamilton.....	6 .. 6	35 12
Mrs McInnis.....	.. 3 6 .. 6 7 ..	60 22
Bell.....	.. 38 11 .. 11 9 ..	90 69
F T Cadham.....	.. 42 .. 14	65 56
Jones.....	.. 36	50 36
McInnis.....	.. 12 12 .. 10 .. 11	65 45
Putnam.....	.. 11 13 .. 14 .. 11	65 49
Parker.....	.. 10	15 10

Smith.....	35	50 35
McKay.....	35 12 15 8 11 ..	110 81
Baldwin.....	38 6 12 .. 13	90 69
Stapleton.....	11	15 11
Armitage.....	10 14 .. 7 4 ..	60 35
Boling.....	19 .. 11 7 11 ..	60 48
Elliott.....	14 .. 8	35 22
Spurgeon.....	.. 6 9	35 15
I Simpson.....	.. 12	15 12

The weather was exceedingly pleasant. The high average resulted in a tie between Mr. Hirschy, of Minneapolis, and Mr. Seymour, of Grand Forks.

The international championship cup was won by C. E. Robbins, of Fargo, with a score of 46 out of a possible 50. G. Evander, of Wheaton, Minn., made the same excellent score, only missing 4 birds. In the shooting off of the tie the greatest interest was evinced, and excitement was high. Both men put up a battle royal, but Robbins won out.

The Ogilvie doubles were won by Baldwin, of Winnipeg, with a score of 21 out of a possible 24. Baldwin is a veteran shot and one of the best in the West.

The international flags were again won by an American team, and for another year the two beautiful silk emblems will repose within the domains of Uncle Sam. The ensigns were won by a majority of 18 birds.

The scores in the nine regular events are as follows:

Events:	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets:	15 15 50 24 15 15 20 15 20
Baldwin.....	12 11 43 21 10 13 18 10 ..
Campbell.....	13 0 7 11 13 9 ..
Parker.....	10 -8 28 .. 12
Boling.....	10 13 36 .. 10
I Iverson.....	11 9 32 16 10 7
Dr Allen.....	13 10 45 10 8 10 19 14 15
Carruth.....	12 14 42 18 14 14 17 14 14
Peterson.....	7 9 41 13 11 9 14 12 11
Hale.....	12 14 41 18 11 13 15 12 11
Anderson.....	13 8 37 15 10 .. 16 8 9
Britton.....	12 8 36 .. 15 10 9 12 8
Carruth.....	12 14 42 18 14 14 17 14 14
Bain.....	11 11 36 .. 13 12 46 14 13
Carruthers.....	11 13 39 16 13 12 .. 10 ..
Cox.....	18 12 .. 10 14 11 17 8 ..
Sprague.....	15 11 44 18 12 11 18 13 13
Smith.....	11 11 34 19 11 13 15 9 10
Mrs Johnson.....	9 10 .. 19 12 11 16 9 ..
Hanby.....	14 6 27 17 9 4 8 5 ..
McKeller.....	11 10 33 16 7 10 14 10 ..
Hirschy.....	11 15 .. 20 11 14 19 12 15
Seymour.....	12 13 43 18 14 12 20 12 14
Rowe.....	13 13 44

Catchpole Gun Club's Tournament.

Ar Wolcott, N. Y., Aug. 2, there occurred one of those neat and satisfactory tournaments that leave more than a pleasant memory. There were a lot of good fellows there that made good company, with just long enough waits between events to rest from the gun and visit.

Earth, air and sky combined to make a perfect weather day, and it is a noticeable fact that Mr. Wadsworth, almost without exception, is favored with sunny skies, when he projects and manages a shoot.

Among those present who make life agreeable were the affable Mr. Knapp, of Wolcott, and the amiable Charlie Tuttle and the persistent Mr. Knox, both of Auburn. Mr. Knox is persistent in the know how to shoot, being a beginner this year, and there are Mr. George Wride, of Sodus, and tall Mr. Denny, of Watertown—and capital shooting companions they are. And right in line comes the unknown Sen-Sen, with that prince of good fellows, Dr. Weller, and Messrs. McCord, Byer and John Norton, of Rochester. John is looking younger and better every day and shooting in good form, as of old. We must not forget to mention George Borst, who makes it a point to be present wherever there is a pleasant reunion.

Mr. Dally, who is well known to the readers of this paper as an old-time trapshooter, was cheered as he came on the grounds, and to make the meeting perfect Uncle Ben Catchpole reported on time, and received the congratulations of all present. There are a lot of other good fellows present to make up the entirety of seven squads.

Of the talent on duty were Mr. Courtney, of Remington Arms Company, and Mr. Colville, of Dupont Powder Company.

Wolcott is a pretty village of some 1,500 to 2,000 inhabitants, and is situated near three large cities; namely, Rochester, Auburn and Syracuse. And while the three large cities, for reasons best known to themselves, are unable to give a tournament, little Wolcott

put a set of five expert traps in a first-class trench and trap house, allowing plenty of room for the storing of targets, so as to avoid any delay when once shooting has commenced. An electric pull is used, and, unlike similar outfits in the possession of clubs I ken of, this pull works to perfection, some care being bestowed upon it and upon the traps when not in use. All in all, I don't know of any club that is better fixed for doing business on the shortest notice than this one, the premier club of Rhode Island.

The set of five expert traps is of course directly in front of the club house, a wide and solid platform allowing of handicap events with limits of 14 to 20yds. The Sergeant system of traps was away down to the right, down hill and on a slope from left to right of about 30 degrees. Sharp left-quarterers, with the wind behind them, were apt to dig into the rock-strewn turf, while right-quarterers seemed to be climbing skyward, as they went skating off downhill and over the stone wall that bounds the field in which the club house has its habitation. Almost directly in front of this set of traps was a pair of bars, over which targets frequently went when missed by the man behind the gun. Discussing the distance of this pair of bars from the traps with John Hallowell, the latter said he guessed they were about 50yds. from No. 3 trap. We went out to measure the distance, John doing the stepping off with his healthy stride. He made it "exactly 50yds.; wasn't mine a pretty good guess?" But he had to make a few 39in. yards toward the end to prove the correctness of that guess. And some targets were 10yds. beyond the pair of bars, showing that Bob Root's claim of 55yd. targets was under, rather than over, the mark. (Owing to the slope of the field the background was not as good on this set of traps as on the five traps in front of the club house, where it is "about all sky.") All the 15-target events were decided on the Sergeant system set of traps; the 20s on the five expert traps.

The trapping of the targets, as well as the scoring, was just about as near perfection as it could be. Barks from broken targets were extremely few in number, while "ball-ups" on the scoreboards didn't occur once when No. 1 squad was disposing of the entire three days' programme of thirty events. Twice to my knowledge

brother, C. H. Tucker, along, just to show that there are other Tuckers who can shoot at and break targets.

Eugene C. Griffiths, of Pascoag, R. I. (I like to give him his full title, since he has allocated to himself the two Grand American Handicaps of 1901) was of course in evidence, although he found the Sergeant system rather a Jonah on the first day. H. E. Getchell, of Woonsocket, R. I., who went along with the American team as a roofer, and who shot as a substitute in the match at Glasgow, was a competitor each day, wearing a bright green tie in memory of a pleasant trip he took through the Emerald Isle a little more than six weeks ago. All the way from Baltimore, Md., came Hood Waters, Dr. Lupus and E. B. Coe, chaperoned from New York to Providence by C. W. Floyd Dudley, who, with his side partner, L. H. Schortemeier, rather smashed things in the way of targets on the last day. Schorty's position in the list of general averages for the three days was the result of sterling good shooting on both of the last two days.

Messrs. Miller and Spofford came over from Haverhill, Mass., while Messrs. Whiting and Coffin, from Whitinsville, Mass., were also among those who came at the start and stayed to the finish. Sawin, of Worcester, a young New England shooter of great promise, had bad half hours, but otherwise added to the good reputation he made for himself at Interstate Park early in July, during the G. A. H. tournament at targets. Herbert Federhen, of Boston, one of the best shots in his section, was also on hand, but scarcely shot up to form. Simon Glover, late of Rochester, N. Y., but now of New York, lost 7 targets out of 20 in the second event on the first day, and never seemed able to pick up the ground so lost, although previous to commencing the programme on each of the last two days, predictions were freely made that "Sim will just about break 'em all to-day." Langley, of Exeter, N. H., in a loose, white duck-shooting jacket and a broad, brown sombrero, attracted lots of attention, particularly from the lady spectators.

The home club was well represented by H. W. Bain, president of the club at its inception, and by Messrs. Budlong, Cook and Dr. Hammond, the latter shooting under the nom de fusil of Cran-



CATCHPOLE GUN CLUB'S TOURNAMENT, WOLCOTT, N. Y., AUG. 2.

looms up every once in a while with a rosebud of an affair. Undoubtedly Mr. Wadsworth knows how to project and carry through a tournament.

Appended are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	10			at.	
Dally	9	14	20	13	20	11	18	9	125	114
Marvin	7	11	16	9	12	12	16	6	125	89
M A Merriman	7	12	16	9	17	15	17	9	125	102
F Steves	10	13	14	12	10	13	15	6	125	93
Palmer	8	10	18	10	13	12	15	7	125	93
Burnett	5	13	..	11	..	15	55	39
Killick	3	9	..	11	..	12	55	35
Burke	5	12	..	15	18	15	..	10	85	75
Colville	9	15	19	14	16	14	19	10	125	116
Uncle Ben	9	11	..	9	40	29
Courtney	8	14	19	12	20	12	16	8	125	109
Mosher	9	14	19	12	15	12	..	7	105	88
G Steve	8	14	18	10	13	12	15	6	125	96
Merriman, Jr.	4	3	..	8	6	50	21
Hopkins	11	15	8	12	8	80	54
McCarthy	11	15	11
Knapp	10	13	16	10	13	14	20	7	125	103
Tuttle	7	14	20	12	18	15	13	8	125	112
Knox	8	14	15	10	17	14	13	6	125	97
Whyte	10	14	20	12	19	12	19	10	125	116
Bridgen	8	15	15	14	19	11	20	8	125	110
J Hunter, Jr.	9	12	18	14	15	14	18	8	125	108
Chapman	10	12	15	13	15	15	17	8	125	105
Wadsworth	8	12	18	13	14	13	17	9	125	104
Wride	10	12	18	13	16	14	12	7	125	102
Denny	10	11	20	14	19	15	17	9	125	115
Sen-Sen	10	15	19	14	18	15	19	8	125	118
Weller	7	8	18	10	19	15	19	9	125	105
McCord	10	14	18	13	14	18	7	..	125	109
Beyer	9	13	20	13	17	14	18	10	125	114
Norton	9	13	18	13	20	14	19	10	125	116
Fowler	7	12	25	19
Borst	10	11	13	10	16	12	14	..	115	86
Conner	7	11	17	13	17	11	95	76
J C Hunter	9	9	..	13	..	12	..	8	65	51
Ditton	10	14	17	12	19	13	17	..	115	102

DICK SWIVELLER.

Re Providence Tournament.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Not having the scores of the Interstate Association's shoot at Providence, R. I., in my hands so as to be able to refresh my memory, no figures or statistics can be given. This is perhaps just as well, for in this hot weather it is mighty poor fun wrestling with columns of results in 15 and 20 target events.

The tournament was held on the grounds of the Providence Gun Club, Aug. 7, 8 and 9, under the direct management (of course) of Elmer E. Shaner, the Interstate Association's manager. Bob Root (it seems impossible to even think of him as Mr. R. C. Root, of the Pope Mfg. Co.) and his fellow club members, bearing in mind the struggle it was to finish the programme a couple of years ago, installed an extra set of traps and made all preparations necessary to handle a big crowd of shooters. The extra set was made up of three expert traps, arranged according to the Sergeant system (not "Sargent," as it is often written), the traps being three of Elmer Shaner's pets, which he has had for several years, and from which he has thrown, as I remember his figures, some 600,000 targets.

When the Providence Gun Club first started in its present shape, in the year 1899, a few members of the club put their hands in their pockets and drew forth bills of various dimensions, together with a check or two, and built in about a week the club house, which is to-day as good as it was one day after it was completed. They also

other squads were stopped to rectify errors on the board, but in each instance it was the fault of the men at the score, who had shot out of turn. There may have been other instances, but I noticed none. On the first two days over 9,000 targets were trapped each day, and enough were trapped on the third day, when the attendance fell off a bit, to bring up the total to about 25,000 targets all told—a capital showing anywhere.

In the cashier's office was the cashier, Bob Root; the assistant cashier, Bob Root, and the compiler of scores, Bob Root. In other words, Mr. Root was the whole thing in the cashier's office, taking entries, sending out the names of the squads for each of the two sets of traps, figuring up the moneys and compiling the scores. When it is understood that there were fifty entries on an average on each of the first two days, it will be hard for some people to conjecture how Mr. Root found time for any kind of side show; but he did, and enjoyed himself, apparently, as much as any one. The purses were divided Rose system, four moneys, 8, 5, 3 and 2, and just as soon as any one event was ended contestants could draw down their money if they wished to do so, or could ascertain how much 19 out of 20 was worth. The whole secret lay in Mr. Root's carefully prepared office literature, the vast amount of preliminary work he had done, and in the rapid movements of the contents of his think tank. Two years ago I dubbed him "the New England Wonder," and to-day I can see no addition or correction to be made in that title.

The Interstate Association's new and large tent was pitched halfway between the two sets of traps, one end of the tent being reserved for luncheon tables, presided over by an able caterer, whose piece de resistance was chowder, New England style. His terms were "50 cents, and eat all you want." Sim Glover was not aware of this, and for his first day's lunch had coffee, chowder and a cracker. He got even the next day, it is said. As we stopped an hour for lunch each day, everybody—trapper boys and all—had ample time to refresh the inner man.

Wednesday, the first day, was a wild one, so far as weather was concerned. The wind blew a gale from the west, and rain came down at frequent intervals, stopping all shooting, sometimes for nearly an hour; yet we finished the programme, with an average of over fifty entries in each event, by a little after 5:30. As for the rain, at times it came down in sheets, blotting out every bit of landscape; but toward 4 o'clock the clouds broke away in the west, and we finished that day's programme in comparative calm, and with a bright sunshine at our backs. It was a day of very sporty shooting, the conditions being good and hard, owing to the gale behind the targets. The second day the wind was not so strong and came from the northeast early in the day, getting around to the southeast as the sun went around. Instead of low targets, they went high when the wind got under them. On the last day there was really no breeze to speak of, and good scores should have been and were made by several of those present.

Manufacturers' representatives were quite numerous, for Providence is a pleasant place for a few days' stay, while the attendance at the club's tournaments is always large. Tom Keller, of the Peters Cartridge Company, was there on the first day, his place being taken later by C. M. Peters, a young representative of the same firm. John J. Hallowell, of the U. M. C. Company, left New York by Monday night's boat, the Plymouth, in my charge, so that both he and I got on the ground good and early. J. S. Fanning was there before us, as he had been rusticated down East for a day or two. W. L. Colville and B. Leroy Woodard, both present in the interests of the Dupont Powder Company, were on hand all three days. So were Col. A. Grover Courtney, of Remington Arms Company; O. R. Dickey, of the Parker Gun Company; B. H. Norton, of the Hazard Powder Company; J. Howard Marlin, of the Marlin Fire Arms Company, and S. M. Van Allen, who on this occasion took the trip from Jamaica, N. Y., to Providence, R. I., in the joint interests of the Walsrode and U. M. C. companies. J. H. Cameron, of the W. R. A. Company, was present on the third day. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun Company, came over from his home, Narragansett Pier, each day, and brought his

ston. Other members of the club were also present, and took part in the shoot, but with a thermometer rapidly getting up into the 90s, it is not an easy matter to recall all their names.

While the attendance at this shoot was not quite all that had been anticipated—where, for instance, was the Waterville squad?—the Providence Interstate tournament of 1901 was a decided success, and cannot fail to attract even more attention to the sport of trapshooting, even in a State like Little Rhody, where trapshooters are only excelled in point of numbers by the rocks which strew the face of the State in every direction.

On the afternoon of the second day, the programme being shot out early, an event at 25 targets, expert rules, one man up, was started with seventeen entries. Hallowell, Leroy, Glover, Banks and (I think) Griffiths scored 24 each, Leroy losing his 22d or 23d target, Hallowell losing his 25th. On the third day there was a similar event, only it was at 50 targets. Leroy shot exceedingly well in this event, losing his 3d target, and finishing out with 49 as his total.

EDWARD BANKS.

Sharon Springs Gun Club.

SHARON SPRINGS, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Herewith find scores of the Sharon Springs Gun Club's shoot, held on Saturday, Aug. 3. Rainy weather interfered with the attendance. Valentine did some great shooting, breaking 100 out of 105. All events at 15 targets:

Events:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	Shot	Broke.	Av.
Valentine	13	13	10	14	12	14	14	14	14	15	15	14	13	13	210	188	.895
Wallburg—	11	14	12	13	13	11	9	15	13	11	10	13	180	145	.806
Greene	13	14	15	14	13	12	12	11	11	14	11	12	15	13	210	180	.857
Hotaling	12	13	14	14	12	12	15	10	13	10	13	11	11	195	160	.820
Wagner	14	13	13	14	14	13	15	14	14	14	12	14	13	14	210	191	.909
A J Smith—	11	12	14	11	14	11	14	13	14	14	11	14	12	13	12	..	240	201	.837
A Smith	13	15	13	12	14	14	13	15	12	15	12	11	13	14	210	185	.881
Arnold—	13	12	12	14	13	14	12	12	13	13	150	128	.853
333—	7	10	13	13	12	13	11	7	12	7	14	14	8	..	13	..	210	154	.733
Dr Wessells—	12	13	15	12	12	8	11	12	9	10	9	13	13	10	9	..	225	169	.751
O Eigen—	13	14	14	9	12	13	90	75	.833
Lyke—	12	9	12	14	13	9	90	69	.767
W T Smith—	9	11	8	13	12	10	90	63	.700
Lipe—	9	9	9	45	27	.600
T Mutchling—	9	8	8	10	60	35	.583
X Y Z—	1	3	5	4	5	75	18	.220
La Rue—	9	9	12	45	30	.667
Klinkhart—	5	6	9	4	60	24	.400
P Mutchling—	9	6	7	7	60	29	.483
Lehman—	13	15	13	15	13	.867

Interstate Tournament at Providence.

THE Interstate Association's tournament, given for the Providence Gun Club, was marked by the enthusiasm and good-fellowship which has been such a conspicuous and pleasant feature of prior shoots of this club. The attendance was good, and more than could be reasonably expected if we consider the hot, uncomfortable weather, the absence of many on vacations and outings, and the general discomfort of bodily exertion in such a humid temperature. There were ten target events each day on the programme, alternating 15 and 20, with \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. The Rose system governed the division of the moneys in the ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2.

August 7, First Day.

There was a total of sixty-four entries for the day. The wind blew a gale till midday, with heavy showers at intervals, making conditions anything other than favorable for comfort and good scores. About two hours were taken for lunch and a wait for clearer weather. Shooting was resumed about 2 o'clock. Some good scores were made, nevertheless. Leroy was high for the day with 163 out of 175 targets. Other good performances were in evidence, as the scores will show.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner managed the tournament in his usual finished manner. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	
Fanning	13	18	14	18	13	16	14	20	15	18	175	159
Banks	13	16	15	19	15	17	14	20	13	20	175	162
Van Allen	11	13	14	19	15	16	12	19	14	17	175	150
Le Roy	12	19	15	17	15	19	14	18	15	19	175	163
Hallowell	10	15	12	19	10	15	11	16	14	17	175	139
Griffith	11	19	10	19	10	16	10	20	12	16	175	143
Inman	9	17	11	17	11	14	13	18	14	16	175	140
Whiting	7	11	9	13	12	14	11	19	14	18	175	143
Cranston	12	16	17	11	12	17	12	18	12	16	175	124
Coffin	9	13	11	17	7	13	15	18	14	16	175	133
Bain	9	11	10	15	11	14	14	16	12	14	175	126
Smith	9	11	9	9	6	14	8	9	11	14	175	100
Getchell	8	14	9	17	11	17	13	18	12	15	175	134
Doremus	11	10	13	18	7	15	9	16	8	20	175	127
Francotte	8	16	12	18	8	17	13	17	12	20	175	141
Marlin	10	17	10	17	9	16	6	12	13	17	175	127
Norton	9	18	12	17	11	15	9	14	10	12	175	127
Cutler	11	14	11	20	9	20	13	16	13	18	175	145
Budlong	9	12	8	13	10	11	9	13	11	..	155	96
Spofford	3	15	11	13	12	14	10	13	13	16	175	120
F W Arnold	8	14	35	22
Johnson	9	14	11	10	10	13	11	12	10	14	175	114
Herbert	11	14	13	19	12	16	12	18	14	19	175	148
Kellar	13	15	12	15	12	16	12	16	140	111
Schortemeier	10	17	14	13	13	15	15	19	14	20	175	155
Glover	14	13	14	20	11	18	11	18	11	19	175	149
Sawin	12	13	13	17	13	15	13	16	15	18	175	150
Cook	11	12	7	14	5	14	13	12	11	11	175	110
Barstow	9	15	11	13	9	15	9	16	10	12	175	119
Seagrave	14	14	10	12	10	16	11	18	13	16	175	134
Sprague	7	10	11	14	9	10	11	18	10	..	155	100
Wise	9	13	35	22
Lupus	10	15	14	16	13	20	14	17	15	15	175	149
Dudley	12	17	14	13	13	18	13	19	12	18	175	149
Burke	8	17	15	16	11	18	14	18	12	16	175	145
Hood	13	18	13	19	15	18	15	18	13	20	175	162
Langley	7	15	13	9	11	15	10	15	7	12	175	114
Courtney	11	18	14	10	11	16	13	17	13	17	175	140
Rose	9	10	10	12	8	14	105	63
Colville	8	15	8	16	10	15	8	15	10	..	155	105
Gibson	8	15	9	16	13	14	14	17	15	..	155	121
Carlisle	10	11	10	11	10	13	11	15	8	13	175	112
Dickey	14	19	13	19	13	17	13	20	13	19	175	160
Howe	13	15	12	14	10	16	13	15	13	15	175	136
S A Tucker	11	19	35	30
H C Barstow	13	16	12	15	12	18	14	18	14	16	175	148
Darling	12	15	9	18	9	16	12	16	9	15	175	131
Campbell	..	15	14	20	13	16	10	11	140	114
Eggers	..	9	13	7	13	10	13	9	120	74
Grievess	..	6	9	12	13	13	13	12	11	..	140	89
A W Lewis	..	9	11	10	18	11	15	9	120	83
Mills	..	13	18	12	17	10	14	15	17	..	140	116
Leonard	..	14	16	7	15	70	52
McArdle	..	10	12	5	15	11	85	53
Machler	..	8	35	16
Moore	..	13	20	13
C H Tucker	..	9	14	..	18	12	13	90	66
Davis	12	14	..	16	55	42
Crabtree	13	17	9	16	10	13	105	78
Thone	9	14	13	14	70	50
Peters	8	9	14	70	40
Phetteplace	3	7	17	55	27
Slade	15	7	10	55	32
Whaley	10	20	10

August 8, Second Day.

Better weather favored the tournament on the second day. There were sunshine and clear air, and better conditions generally in respect to the weather.

Mr. Simon Glover was high man for the day, scoring 164 out of 175. Fanning and Schortemeier were close up with 163 each.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	Broke.
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	at.	
Fanning	14	19	14	19	14	19	15	19	11	19	175	163
Banks	15	18	15	18	13	17	15	20	13	18	175	162
Van Allen	13	19	13	19	11	17	14	19	13	16	175	154
Le Roy	9	17	15	18	13	17	11	17	13	20	175	150
Hallowell	11	18	14	20	13	19	12	16	14	18	175	155
Lupus	12	18	14	19	13	15	10	15	15	18	175	149
Dudley	14	19	14	18	14	19	12	20	13	19	175	162
Burke	10	19	14	19	15	17	11	19	12	17	175	156
Hood	13	16	11	17	13	17	14	18	15	19	175	153
Langley	6	10	9	19	11	15	11	12	10	14	175	117
Griffith	12	19	14	19	13	19	14	17	14	18	175	158
Inman	13	20	15	18	13	19	15	18	13	18	175	162
Schortemeier	14	19	14	18	15	19	14	20	15	15	175	163
Cranston	13	19	11	17	14	19	13	17	14	16	175	153
Coffin	13	20	12	20	12	19	11	17	14	17	175	155
Bain	12	16	9	19	..	15	12	15	10	..	110	108
Smith	11	14	8	16	10	13	9	15	12	13	175	121
Winchester	10	19	9	15	12	85	65
Getchell	13	18	12	17	13	18	13	17	11	19	175	151
Glover	15	17	15	20	13	19	15	18	13	19	175	164
Doremus	14	17	12	20	12	17	13	19	11	17	175	152
Francotte	14	16	14	19	12	19	13	19	11	17	175	154
Marlin	12	14	12	15	11	14	8	18	12	17	175	133
Norton	8	19	9	17	11	14	11	9	10	11	175	118
Cutler	14	18	12	17	15	17	15	18	11	17	175	154
W Barstow	13	17	12	18	12	19	12	16	11	15	175	145
H C Barstow	14	19	12	20	12	18	12	17	12	17	175	153
Herbert	14	16	15	15	14	18	14	15	14	20	175	155
Sawin	13	17	13	18	15	18	10	18	15	16	175	153
Gonzales	12	15	10	19	13	15	12	9	155	124
Courtney	12	14	12	19	12	19	10	17	12	16	175	143
Colville	11	16	11	11	14	16	13	12	17	17	175	134
Shepard	12	19	14	18	10	17	14	15	10	17	175	146
Spofford	11	17	11	12	13	16	9	17	12	17	175	135
Carlisle	9	12	12	14	11	14	9	7	11	15	175	114
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Gibson	13	19	15	18	12	19	13	17	12	..	155	138
Grievess	11	12	9	13	10	14	13	9	13	13	175	117
Darling	10	18	11	13	13	14	11	18	7	16	175	131
Crabtree	12	19	11	16	14	17	8	120	97
S A Tucker	12	19	14	19	13	17	14	16	14	16	175	154
Prosser	13	16	8	17	15	90	69
Leonard	10	11	14	12	85	59
C H Tucker	14	17	12	16	70	59
Reiner	..	17	11	18	12	19	90	77
Eggers	..	11	15	9	10	10	15	8	120	86
Sprague	..	11	9	13	10	8	9	105	60
Dr Inman	..	10	17	11	13	11	85	62
Fredette	..	4	9	7	8	70	28
Cook	..	9	13	9	13	11	12	8	13	..	140	88
Peters	..	11	15	8	12	11	12	11	9	..	140	89
Bliven	10	15	10
Chesebro	4	15	4
Rust	17	12	15	11	16	9	90	71
F Arnold	15	12	17	9	14	9	90	67
Phetteplace	17	11	13	8	14	9	90	63
Whiting	17	12	17	10	16	9	90	72
A Arnold	9	15	11	15	7	4	70	40
A A Tucker	16	11	18	55	45	55	45
Sheldon	17	13	19	55	49	55	49
Eldred	8	7	35	15	35	15
Thoenes	12	17	35	29	35	29
Small	6	10	35	16	35	16
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Randall	15	20	15	20	15

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1901.

VOI. LVII.—No. 8.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A. N. CHENEY.

ALBERT NELSON CHENEY died at his home in Glens Falls, N. Y., Saturday morning, Aug. 17. His death was sudden, having been caused by heart disease, and the intelligence of it comes to his friends with all the greater shock because he had been apparently in the most robust health, and there was no premonitory illness to prepare them for the event.

Born a farmer's boy in Glens Falls, about fifty-five years ago, Mr. Cheney acquired at a very early age that passion for angling which abode with him through life, and had a determining influence upon his career. He was not only a fisherman but a student of fish life and of other phases of natural history. He was among the first persons in this country to give attention to the possibilities of fishculture, and his aid was sought by the United States Fish Commission, when suitable sites were to be selected for Government fish hatchery stations. In 1895, when the New York Fish Commission was re-organized and the office of State Fish Culturist was created, Mr. Cheney was selected to fill the place, and at once demonstrated by the efficient discharge of its duties the wisdom of the appointment. In all that related to the practical work of fish propagation and stocking of waters he was in a large sense the Commission. The members of the board recognized his ability and confided in it, throwing upon him the responsibility of the several enterprises decided upon and undertaken, and, wisely giving him untrammelled control of his work. The vast information respecting all phases of fish life, the practical knowledge of methods of fishculture and the interest, enthusiasm, executive ability, sterling integrity and conscience which he brought to the work, all combined to make his administration of the office successful and valuable in an extraordinary degree. A. N. Cheney's record of six years as State Fish Culturist is one of splendid services rendered to New York.

Always an accomplished fisherman, with a special fondness for the trout stream and the salmon river, Mr. Cheney was among the earliest contributors to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and for a number of years, up to the time of his death, was regularly associated with it as a contributor of those "Angling Notes" which have been an invaluable feature of the paper. He was an extremely vigorous and able writer, and drew the material for his notes from an inexhaustible store of information, so that in reading them one felt that here was a master of his subject. The "Notes" covered an extensive field, having to do now with the methods of fishculture, and again with some delicate question of angling ethics, with a new observation in the life history of fishes, and again with the mechanical construction of a fishway. He often told us that he wrote his "Angling Notes" because he enjoyed the writing, and found in it grateful diversion from regular work. His prolific contributions to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, those which were contained in the New York Fish Commission Reports, and other papers, made him widely known as an authority on fish and fishing; his reputation was international, and his name was almost as familiar to the anglers of Great Britain as to those of America. He had an extensive, and at times fairly overwhelming, correspondence with anglers the world over; probably no other single individual in this country, certainly no other one of his generation, has been of practical help to so many people seeking information on angling and fishery subjects. Among the fishing societies and protective associations with which he was identified were the American Fisheries Society and the World's Fisheries Congress; he was President of the Mohican Rod and Gun Club of Glens Falls, Secretary of

the Eastern New York Fish and Game Protective Association, associate member of the New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, honorary member of the Fly-Fishers' Club of London, the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River, the Vermont Fish and Game League, and the Northern New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

Mr. Cheney had a winning personality. His friendships were many, his friends devoted and true. They were bound to him not only by the charm of his presence, but by a recognition of those sterling qualities of the man which commanded admiration and respect.

THE BUFFALO REMNANT.

It is a good many years since the first article was written, entitled "The Last of the Buffalo," and there are still wild buffalo, though to-day they are pitifully few in number. No matter how they may decrease, there will still be found murderous spirits, who, for a few dollars of gain, would kill the last buffalo, just as if we had angels here on earth they would pluck the feathers from their wings to sell.

For many years there have been known to be a very few buffalo in Lost Park in Colorado. Protected by law, their feeding grounds have been respected by most decent people, yet it has been known that sometimes buffalo have been killed, and smuggled out of the State, occasionally by the ordinary routes of travel, and more often through the mountains into Wyoming.

News has just been received that the Lost Park herd has been practically exterminated. It is said that the authorities know of the killing of five animals that have been surreptitiously taken out of the State and are now in Chicago, while last week four more carcasses were found by the game wardens and seized.

Game Commissioner Harris is quoted as saying that he believes, from what he can learn, that there are only two buffalo left alive of the Lost Park herd. The event marks the destruction of one of the two little bands of wild buffalo in the United States, outside of the Yellowstone Park. The location of the other band is well known to many people, but it is fairly well protected by the country which it inhabits. To-day its numbers probably do not exceed fifteen or twenty, if they are so many.

It might be thought that a State which has within its borders a little band of wild buffalo would do its utmost to cherish and protect them, and this, no doubt, Colorado has done. It is melancholy to learn of the failure of the effort. Four men are reported to have been arrested in connection with the affair, and it may be hoped that, if found guilty, they will be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

SMALL-CALIBER RIFLE IN WAR.

SOME years ago, when small-caliber rifles came into vogue for use in game shooting, there was quite an active discussion among hunters as to their effects on game, and especially as to the differing results which followed the use of the soft-nosed and full-mantled bullets. Various experiments were made by hunters to determine these matters, but without very satisfactory results. Other experiments, careful and scientific, have been made by Prof. Bruns, of Tübingen, Germany. There were some reports of surgeons in the Spanish-American war, but little that was satisfactory.

In a volume recently published, giving certain medical and surgical experiences in the South African war, Messrs. Bowlby and Wallace have given a series of observations on the use in war of modern firearms, which the big-game hunters will greatly value. These writers had many opportunities for comparing wounds made by the Mauser and old Martini rifles, which were used by the Boers, with the later Lee-Netford rifles used by the British. Their observations teach that the full-mantled small-caliber ball causes less shock than the old large bullet, and that the danger of blood poisoning is much less. On the other hand, at short range, the effect of this bullet is very disastrous; the injury is not confined to the immediate track of the ball, but extends far away from it. Moreover, when bones are struck, the ball produces great shattering, and even pulverizes the bone.

On the other hand, at long range, the effect of the bullet is slight; it pierces flesh and bone, but does not injure tissues at a distance from its path. So true is this that a certain proportion of patients shot through the brain at long range completely recover, while in the case of men shot through the brain at close range, the whole brain is disintegrated. Bones penetrated by balls at long range were not extensively fractured; they were merely pierced.

Messrs. Bowlby and Wallace saw nothing to lead them to believe that the full-mantled bullet ever alters its shape within the body. When such change of shape appeared, it seemed always to be the result of contact with some hard substance outside of the body.

Another important conclusion is that the soft bullets do not upset or mushroom when striking the soft tissues, but only when they meet with hard bone. This, we believe, has not been the experience of sportsmen, but, on the other hand, it is suggested that the hair and hide of a big-game animal is compact enough to cause the mushrooming of a soft-nosed bullet, while the human flesh is not.

While these observations are perhaps not of much practical use to the big-game hunter, they are very interesting, and well worth knowing.

SNAP SHOTS.

The sailing for America of the Irish rifle team, which is to compete at Sea Girt, N. J., with the team representing the New Jersey State Rifle Association, recalls the old international rifle matches of twenty years ago. The greatest popular interest was taken in those contests, and biographies of the members of the team, their doings and the targets they made, claimed a good share of the public attention. Since that time the interest in rifle shooting has steadily diminished, and of late years the place of this sport has been taken by a variety of others, which require less time and preparation. Nevertheless there is no finer, more manly, sport than that of rifle shooting, and it may be hoped that the coming of this Irish team and the competition which is to take place at Sea Girt may mark the beginning of a new interest in it. Except for the work of a few individuals, rifle shooting is now confined to members of the National Guard and to a few societies of German-Americans. It should have a wider vogue.

"I saw not a buffalo nor a grizzly on the way across the continent," writes one who has just made one of many trips from the Atlantic to the Pacific, "nor even any antelope where they used to be so abundant. Prairie dogs and sage hens were the only 'game' in evidence." Manifestly at this stage we would not expect to see buffalo or grizzly from the ear window; but the utter disappearance of the antelope from vast stretches of country where it was not so long ago a familiar feature of the landscape, sets one to thinking of the wild life which helped to make the West and give it novelty and attraction as seen through Eastern eyes. We are told about the passing of the Western big game, and we read of it, but not until one goes over the ground for himself and compares the new conditions with the old can he fully appreciate the change.

The pot-shooting Italian is again in evidence. As Mr. Samuel Verplanck and his wife were driving on the Wappinger Falls road near Poughkeepsie, N. Y., the other day, they were wounded by charges of bird shot from an unseen source. The affair was at first supposed to be a murderous attack from ambush, but investigation showed that the shooting was done by some members of a colony of Italians living in the neighborhood, who have been accustomed to potting squirrels and robins, and on this occasion had no intention of filling Mr. Vanplanck with stray shot. This appears to be a case where the enforcement of the game law might save the lives of some of the valuable citizens of Dutchess county. If the pot-hunting squatter must have a human victim, let it not be the chance traveler taking a drive on the highway with his wife, and all unsuspecting of gunners and danger, but rather let it be the district game protector valiantly endeavoring to do his duty by tackling the obstreperous pot-hunting, robin-popping son of Italy.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Appalachian Forest Preserve.

BY CHARLES HALLOCK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have been doing the Appalachian Forest Preserve since June. It is a big thing, embracing half a million square miles of mountains, crags and forest areas. Tops of some mountains are clean shaven, smooth as a lawn, with flocks and herds grazing, and on the higher elevations, like Roan Mountain (7,000 feet up and more), the rhododendron and kalmia replace the stunted cedars of most mountain systems and suffuse the beautiful, rounded shoulders with a pink flush, like a senorita's mantilla. Down in deepest gorges, where the whiteness of the torrents shows against the blackness of the rocks, the laurels, azalias and honeysuckles are massed on either side, and banked up like floral tributes in an Easter chancel, mingling with the galix, the phlox and the scarlet pinks, and often they bury the streams clean out of sight, so that we can hear only a murmur of suppressed delight. Fact! What I assert is a blooming reality in the month of June, and not a midsummer's night's dream woven out of fancy. Moreover, some of the laurel and rhododendron stems are a foot in diameter, and your Highlands correspondent, Henry Stewart, who runs a mountain saw mill, tells me that he has sawed them into boards. Later on the forest trees are all a mass of blossoms, the chestnuts, chinquapin, tulip, sourwood and several others waving their fronds like giant plumes and filling the air with fragrance.

Now I submit, in common with all enthusiastic advocates of a national park, whose name is legion: Are not these rocks and waterways and eminences and cliffs, with all their garniture of flowers and foliage, not to speak of the feral fauna, *au couvert* fit material for a national park commensurate with the size, pretensions and ambitions of our country? Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, who is as practical as he is enthusiastic, prefers to have this proposed magnificent segregation known as a forest preserve, and he is right, by all odds. He says: "The idea of a national park is conservation, not use; that of a forest preserve, conservation by use." Very true! One is simply to please the senses; the other revenue under systematic forestry and axe work.

Official maps define the area which is thought to be immediately available for this reserve. It takes up the great backbone of the Appalachian divide, with its dimpled flanks on either side; but there are contiguous tracts available, and even more desirable from an economic standpoint, and several of these already enjoy a continental notoriety as summer resorts and private domains, the Biltmore estate standing out conspicuous and dominant among all others. Narrow-gauge railways, trolleys and turnpikes penetrate some of the most sequestered, weaving their upward way with sinuous aspirations toward the culminating summits, where all the kingdoms of the earth, the vegetable, mineral, arboreal and faunal, appear at one grand *coup d'oeil*. Going to Sapphire, the carriage drive makes 423 turns in seventeen miles, and up the twelve-mile ascent of Roan Mountain in about the same proportion. In the five mountain ranges designated as the Smokies, Balsams, Blacks, Craggies and the Blue Ridge, there are forty-three peaks in all which are 6,000 feet high and upward, and there are eighty-two others which exceed 5,000 feet, and closely approximate 6,000, while those which exceed 4,000 and approximate 5,000 are innumerable.

From Observation Point on Overlook Park on the outer rim of Asheville, 660 feet above the town level, one can look across the intermediate valley and see the delectable mountains twenty miles away extending in an illimitable range to the right hand, and the left half-way round the circumference of the horizon; and well may the kindled imagination draw fantastic pictures of an allegorical heaven beyond, so soft are the tints and so delightfully splendid are the hues of pearl and blue and gray. It is hard to find its counterpart. Mr. R. S. Howland, of Providence, R. I., who has made this transcendent view more readily available by a trolley line from "the Square" in Asheville, has done the park, as well as the public, a notable service, and one which a very liberal patronage shows is greatly appreciated. This view is no baseless fabric of a dream, no transitory vision, but an established fact. It has not to be created. It already exists. It only has to be enacted. The fiat has only to go forth from the national Capitol. Let Congress speak as the sense of the people dictates. Then all its forested areas, its catch basins, reservoirs, water falls and timber belts will be reserved and preserved secure from vandalism, and when the axe is laid at the root of the tree, it will be for the service of men and the good of the timber which is yet to stand. During July and the first two weeks of August there were twenty-five days when rain fell on the mountains, and some of these showers were torrents, which washed the bottoms out of the country roads in a jiffy. Had there been no forest blanket to retain the downpour, the damage that would have resulted would have been immense, while the quantities of soil and detritus washed down from the denuded rocks would have gone to fill the harbors and river channels of the lowlands, which all the dredging in the world and continuous appropriations from Congress can never keep from filling with the land wash so long as the uplands are disregarded. Let the headwaters be protected and the national reserve will be not only a beauty and a joy forever, but will save the country from droughts and freshets, and bestow upon a grateful land a plenitude of fruition. Then all "the hills will sing together for joy and clap their hands."

Exempt from torrid heat and in perfect bodily comfort, I passed the summer months within its winsome precincts. I have enjoyed its cooling shades, its beds of roses, and its rare exemption from mosquitoes, gnats and noxious insects. I have drunk its limpid waters, caught its speckled trout in mountain lakes and dashing stream, and heard its owls hoot at nightfall. Snakes there are, and wildcats galore, but they are seldom seen unless hunted. Foxes, bears and coons are very numerous, but

those who have no coops or cornfields need not apprehend them. Turkeys and ruffed grouse are fairly abundant on the mountain sides, and deer in the coves and valleys; quail are all over the fields and household premises. Squirrels are seldom seen.

Dr. C. P. Ambler, Secretary of the Appalachian National Park Association, a native of Ohio, and one of the Buckeye contingent set apart like the Levites to serve the people, seems to be the mainspring, pulse and motor—in fact, the whole circulatory system, in these parts, of this important enterprise. He has already prepared and distributed over 200,000 circulars in propaganda work, and secured favorable mention in hundreds of newspapers, and hopes to secure favorable legislation at the next session of Congress. A man so earnest and indefatigable ought to see success, and the project ought to crystallize, and Congress ought to have sense enough to see that it does succeed. Both the Doctor and his wife are accomplished hunters of big game, and their beautiful home on the edge of Asheville is filled with superb mountain trophies of caribou, elk, moose, bear, alligators, wolverines, badgers, foxes, wildcats, wolves, and panthers from Wyoming, Florida, New Brunswick and remote wilderness regions in the Shoshone and Blackfoot countries. Both are superior riders, and it is but a few months since they made a tour of 450 miles on horseback together through the precincts of the Appalachian Park in the course of a six weeks' outing.

Another staunch friend and promoter of the Appalachian Park scheme, of even greater renown, is Capt. William Miles Hazzard, of Georgetown, S. C., who has a summer residence called Beaumont on the apex of one of the near-by knobs of Asheville. His house is filled with trophies of the chase, chiefly of deer killed in South Carolina, perhaps fifty specimens in all, of which a large proportion comprises horns which exhibit strange deformities, and one most interesting pair of locked horns, the combatants being found alive, but greatly emaciated. Capt. Hazzard had the honor of taking President Cleveland during his administration on no less than five ducking trips, under the auspices of the Annandale Club of South Carolina, of which he is a member, and I doubt not the incidents which he relates of the President's outings would have been nuts for the reporters could they have been obtained at the time of their occurrence.

The Swimming Sisters of the Sea.

BECAUSE the wind—the South Sea trade—for every month of the year but two followed a close schedule of time and compass point, all boat voyaging was one of two things, either a dreary drag under a white-ash breeze or else a much more enjoyable dash to leeward with a fair wind and an even keel. Owing to the geography of the chain of islands of the Samoan archipelago, which are strung out nearly in a straight line from east to west, there was never any need to go north or south in any general and long-continued course. Eastward when the trade wind blew, and that, for ten months on end, was from 8 in the morning until set of sun, was almost too taxing a task to impose on the magnificent crew of the consular boat, and only to be justified by some sudden outbreak of revolution calling for immediate official intervention. To go eastward under less pressing conditions was an affair of the soft and silent night, when the foam on the barrier reefs shone like a friendly ghost of danger to be shunned, when the wind had gone to sleep, when the wonderful violet of the sky seemed to brood protectively on the summits of the mountains dimly seen through the obscurity. Then the crew could make good progress to windward in the calm, and taxed so slightly their brawny backs and stalwart arms that scarcely a mile of the open sea on which our voyage sped but did not echo the music of four strong voices in some ancient song which in bygone ages had done like service for whole fleets of ocean-going canoes, and the time was set and marked by the clear click of the loom of paddles on the gunwale of the daring craft.

It was fixed in the law of nature that half of every voyage must be under the laboring oar, but with equal regularity half was the swift slipping from crest to fellow crest of the open sea, sheet and tiller entailing scarcely any responsibility on one sailor, the others lounging on the thwarts, half asleep in the bright sun, singing now and then love songs or interminable chants of dim legends of the past, recounting now and then experiences suggested by the vanishing sight of brown villages nestling under green boughs upon the glittering beach.

Too much cannot be said of the boat in any recollection of Samoan life. The land is so sharp set, the mountains are so jagged and precipitous, the roads are such constricted trails through dripping jungle, that it is of necessity that the boat is the only conveyance. It must replace the horse and the cart, and it gives the otherwise pedestrian greater speed upon his journeyings and certainly far more comfort. Navy-built, at the Mare Island yard, there was surely no better boat than this from end to end of the South Sea. It was four-oared, 22 feet on the waterline, so light that the oarsmen could easily carry it on their shoulders, strong enough to take without injury many a sharp shock on coral reefs, and so fast that it was simply impossible to get a match race on any terms. Best of all, she was as dry as a bone whether under oars or sail, a quality of no little moment when it is recalled that all the voyages were conducted right out on the open ocean. It seems foolhardy in retrospective glance, this trusting one's self for long voyages at sea in a toy boat easily matched for size in the ornamental waters of city parks. Were one to launch such a boat at Sandy Hook and propose an outside trip to Boston, or the Capes of the Delaware, he would naturally be considered a fit candidate for a Bedlam; yet in the islands it seemed the most natural thing in life to set out on ocean voyages of such and even greater length, and to regard such a boat as amply sufficient.

It surely is pardonable to dwell in a little fond thought on the boat, for in it I dashed through all the Samoan waters and learned to know every cape and headland, the mountain gorges where sharp squalls might be expected to steal out upon the voyager and try to catch him napping, the landmarks of reef and fishing ground. All of the Samoan sea and more than half the shore I knew by means of this boat, therefore it must serve as the view-

point of most of the stories which I have brought back from the distant islands which, since that time, have been made a part of our national domain, at least so far as concerns all that is worth having there.

The story of the swimming sisters came to me in the boat, and on a daylight trip, which, of course, means that we were under sail and running free before an eight-knot trade. We were coasting down the south coast of Upolu either on the way home or else directed to some visit of great ceremony, for in addition to the official tulafale or "talking man" of the consulate, I had a tulafale of my own, so old as to be purblind, but as cheery as a cricket, very wise in all things Samoan, and best of all qualifications, he was almost the only Samoan who could get it into his head that, above all things, I wanted to hear the stories of the past. If only I let him have his own way in the telling, I was sure to get the whole of most stories from Ailolo, but it never ran straight, and it was always necessary to reconstruct it into seriatim order afterward.

Tanoa was at the tiller, and I think he was asleep. At any rate that mattered not the least in such steady voyaging. But something woke him from his nodding pose, the scream of some bos'n bird overhead, the scutter of a fleeting shower of flyingfish, the leap and splash of some pursuing bonito. He looked shoreward, a habit of the island navigators, drawn from the ancient days when the open sea was free from danger, the shore must be scanned for sight of hostile canoes ready to set out in pursuit to rob and kill. Just then there was thrown up into sight upon a wave crest a piece of roughly shaped timber adrift, and the rude crotch lashed to one end which we saw as we passed it close inboard showed that the flotsam was the simple mast of some sailing canoe that had gone adrift or had been discarded.

"Tilafainga, Tama'itai," said Tanoa, as he pointed out to me the floating wood. So far as Tanoa was concerned, that was a good and sufficient explanation, and I knew by long experience that if there were a story behind the simple statement, from Tanoa or the other boys in the crew I could never hope to get it. But with Ailolo it was a different matter. He could not see the floating timber, but his quick ears caught the word and his chipper brain started to unroll a lot of stuff which it was hard to make sense of at first.

"Tilafainga! Do you know what that means, Tama'itai? the mast was difficult, aue! it was hard, one end sank and her head went under water, and the other end sank with her and her head went under water, and that was how she came by her name. Panga, but that was a swim! And her sister, she swam, too, and found her name in Tutuila, Taema the Glistening Beach. Aue, aue! Where are we now, Tanoa, for you are young and can see the shore, but Ailolo is grown old and blind, and all that he sees is but the things that were these many years ago; where, then, are we?"

"Fanga Safata," replied the boatman; "we have left Siumu far behind; here is the sand point where is Vaie'e-i-tai, and behind the point is Vaie'e-i-uta, and there yonder is Saanapu, and between is Safata Bay."

"Oi, oi, oi!" cackled Ailolo. "The spot of sea is right. It was off Safata that the girl found her name, Tilafainga, and in the same spot you find another difficult mast adrift, but the name was taken up ages ago and we are too late. Isa, what a swim that was! It began in Savaii and the swimming sisters swam far in all Samoa, to Fiji they swam, to Tonga they swam, and back they came to Samoa. And the king is of their family, and so, too is Mata'afa, Pongisa! There never was a swim like that from the beginning and coming down to these nights and forever and forever. But they were scared when the chief threw down the backload of oven wood which he had fetched in because his wife was sick, and they broke apart and jumped into the sea and swam. Aue, it is a hard thing to have a sick wife, and leads a man into many difficulties. Now let me tell you who was the father of the swimming twin sisters and who the mother." Then Ailolo began, as all the really old Samoan stories do begin, with the great gods in the ninth heaven, and thence by an unbroken chain of marriage down to date, a part of the narrative which may be readily omitted. But from the sample foregoing it will be seen that it is never easy to make out the sense of a Samoan story, and many repetitions must be needed before all the elements can be reduced to consecutive narration. In what follows we shall find the legend of the swimming sisters set forth in as straightforward a manner as possible, but lacking the interjections and devious thoughts with which the account, as given by Ailolo, was enriched.

It was in Savaii, on its southern and most iron-bound coast, that the twin sisters were born and grew up to be quite sizable girls. Their parents are said to be of divine descent, probably they were as respectable as any of the elemental savages who the Samoans then were; but all this family history need not concern us. At birth, and, in fact, until the twins fell into the series of events which have made them historic, they seem to have had no names at all, a thing that will surprise no one who knows the importance of the name in Samoa and the looseness of the tie by which it is attached to any given individual. But if in their early career they were anonymous, these young women are sufficiently distinguished to all time by the fact that a deformity united them most intimately; in fact, at the risk of an anachronism, they are best to be described as Siamesed. This fact is so clearly brought out in all the legends as to lead one to the belief that there must be at least this historic basis, that in Samoan antiquity there must have been a pair of twins united more or less extensively by connecting ligaments. Not only is the fact of the junction clearly dwelt upon, but the manner of the attachment is no less distinctly stated. This was by a ligament connecting in each member of the couple a point on the spine high up between the shoulder blades. The sisters were thus brought back to back, when one walked forward the other had to step backward, when one bent over to pick up anything on the ground the other was lifted in the air and borne on her sister's back. In every account of the twins explicit mention is made of these inconveniences and without the omission or alteration of a single material particular.

In the narrative it is expressly stated, and it will be seen in the foregoing quotation from Ailolo, that the mother of these monstrous twins was ill and unable to be

Those Who Go Alone.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It was with deep interest that I read the editorial "Going It Alone" in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. Like a ray of mellow sunshine falling athwart the wings of memory, it recalls other days extending back into FOREST AND STREAM history nearly a quarter of a century. While FOREST AND STREAM has steadily advanced with the times, yet one charming feature of the good old days is missing. And this can in no way be attributed to any fault of our journal, but, in my opinion, it is a fault of the times. I refer to the chronicling of outings of the lone camper, and to cruises of the single-hander.

Nesmuk is dead, and apparently there are no cruises like that of the "Sairy Gamp" to be recorded in these days, and no one to tell them in Nesmuk's charming way. Kunhardt, too, has passed away, and since the ill-fated blizzard of '88, we have waited in vain for his equal as a writer on single-hand yachting, or yachting in general. In my opinion, the account of the "Cruise of the Coot" is the star description of small-yacht cruising ever published in FOREST AND STREAM, and far ahead of anything I have ever read in any other journal.

In FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 16, 1880, page 396, in writing of those who cruise in parties, Seneca said: "The great pleasure to be derived from voyaging wholly alone, depending upon no one but yourself and your craft for all the comforts of life, communing with no one but nature, and taking all sorts of weather as it comes with zest and enjoyment, whether good or bad, is a pleasure unknown to those gentlemen." I believe these words of Seneca to be wise.

Then there was Kelpie, in such articles as "Outdoors." It seems a matter for regret that no such accounts are to be had in these days.

Then among those who may be termed the lone sportsmen-landsmen, the charming pen of O. O. S. is gone forever. It is a matter of congratulation that Ransacker is still with us, though his articles are few and far between. There are other worthy ones, but they are getting scarce. Somehow it appeals to my notion that those who do go it alone, and live for a time alone, right in the very heart of nature, are the ones whose very souls become impregnated with the essence and wisdom of nature. They learn her secrets in a way that is more vivid and lasting. And, naturally, they are the ones who can impart their knowledge to others in the most charming and interesting manner.

Can it be that the scarcity of such men, and such pens, is attributable to these "commercial" times? The whirl and dance for the almighty dollar is getting faster and faster. People hardly stop to eat and sleep, and when there is a chance for an outing it must needs be cut short. It seems harder to "break away" for two weeks now than for two months fifteen years ago. When one's time is so limited, he naturally wishes to get all out of it possible. Therefore, the guide being the medium through which he can reach the best places in the quickest time, to take a guide and go it alone seems to me the best way under existing conditions.

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

The Barbecue.

It may perhaps be considered quite a bold assertion to state that the "barbecue" in its true sense is a North Carolina "institution," and that the "Brunswick stew," its concomitant, is confined to even narrower limits.

The summer and the early autumn, before the cotton ripens or the chill, which is premonitory of winter comes, is the time and season of the barbecue. Near some spring a shallow pit is dug, say 18 inches in depth and 3 feet in width, and of length proportioned to the number of animals to be barbecued. Generally the latter are medium-sized pigs, locally known as "shots," but not infrequently little pigs, though lambs are also so cooked, and chickens are especially delicate.

Hickory branches, well seasoned, are gathered and a fire made in the pit, and also one outside. Both are allowed to burn until only the coals remain, these being covered with the white and almost impalpable powder which forms the ashes of this particular timber. From the fire, near the pit, the dying embers in the latter are renewed, as often as necessary. The fire in the trench or pit must be glowing, yet not fervent, and absolutely smokeless.

The animals to be barbecued are carefully dressed and split wide open, then spread-eagled by means of hickory sticks, reaching from foot to foot, so they will lie flat. The basting, or the "sop," to use a technical phrase, is made in a pot, and its component parts are of special importance, as upon their just proportion much depends. Vinegar is, of course, the base, and among the other ingredients are butter, red ball pepper, black pepper and salt.

The animals, properly trussed, are placed over the pit, the projecting ends of the sticks not only supporting them but also affording a most convenient means of turning them over.

The genius of the occasion is the "barbecueer," who, be he white or black, professional or amateur, addresses himself to his task and to the obligations of his great function with as much gravity and earnestness as if he were Admiral Dewey at Manila.

The meat cooks very slowly. Its turns are frequent; its basting incessant. Five hours are required to make it perfect. It is then cooked much as primitive man must have prepared it. The people who are to eat it are, for the time being, primitive men. They walk about, minus coats and collars, and take many an anxious look at the barbecuing. Their interest, their anxiety, are quite comparable to that of Charles Lamb's Chinaman about his roast pig. Savory odors fill the air. No palate, however jaded, can remain indifferent to them.

The preparation of the Brunswick stew has gone on with equal deliberation and care. In this most divine of stews, which would make the highest-priced French chef to the last degree envious, are many ingredients; the tender meat of the young squirrel; chicken, boned and chopped fine; butter beans, tender green corn, tomatoes,

finely chopped cabbage, red and black pepper, Irish potatoes, butter, salt and a dash of brandy. The proportions, like those of the sop of the barbecue, are secrets, either evoked in the brain and palate of the maker or else handed down as a tradition.

Not a few of the people who are so lucky as to be "at the barbecue," take more or less frequent preliminary "nips" during their period of waiting, the beverages ranging all the way from lemonade to beer, and thence to the seductive mint julep.

Few people know how to make a julep properly. Into a glass put some spring water, and in this stir a teaspoonful of sugar; add a nugget of ice, put in a sprig of mint, and after stirring it lightly so as to crush the mint serve that at the bottom to get its essential flavor, but leave the top of the sprig or sprigs unruffled; pour in rye whisky; stir slowly so as to mix, and let the completed beverage stand a moment, then drink it, through a straw—only because that makes it last longer.

But to return to the barbecue. The sun is westerning a little; appetites are sharpened to the highest degree; "Line up, gentlemen, the Brunswick is ready," sings out the barbecueer. The Brunswick is served in bowls; the appetite but grows with what it feeds on. Despite the enormous consumption of the stew there is no lack of room and appreciation of the barbecue, when its turn comes. It is served in wooden plates, and the liberal use of pepper in it makes beer or lemonade precisely the proper beverage.

The quantities eaten, both of Brunswick and barbecue, are often so great as to be well nigh fabulous. There is always a rattling fire of conversation; country and town wit shine at their brightest at a barbecue. Wide is the range of talk—from politics to the cotton crop—and all differences are made as nothing by the benign influence of the barbecue. At this great summer function in central North Carolina all men have become equal, whether rich or poor, and townsman and countryman vie in their exploits as trenchermen.

The barbecueer and his assistants pass and repass with long wooden trays, or trenchers, on which are filled the fragrant barbecue, urging the eaters to renewed efforts, or, if more of the stew is desired, it is ladled out of the steaming pots.

The reputation, nay, fame, of a good barbecue goes near and far, nor does it end even with his death. His name is mentioned with tenderness at many a feast after his mission on earth is ended. He ranks very far above the common cooks, and not Soyer in France bore higher repute than do these professors of the noble and joyous art of "scorching a pig" in North Carolina.

The barbecue is in its glory in only about half the counties in the State; the Brunswick stew in less than a third. The fame of this particular sort of cooking is carried near and far by lucky mortals from other States, who attend these feasts, but they can only tell of their delights; they do not spread the cult of the barbecue. Its votaries are many; its priests but few.

To the epicure, who partakes of barbecue, the head of the pig is the *bonne bouche*; the ribs rank next. The hotter the day the cooler are these big Southern woods, and delightful, indeed, is the association, the comradeship of the people who gather at these woodland feasts, which freshen alike the body and the mind.

FRED A. OLDS.

Natural History.

The Mosquito Question.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following on the general lines indicated by the Government and other officials, and by private individuals, I determined some weeks since to test the efficacy of oil vs. mosquitoes. My farm consists of some 200 acres of land, but of this less than half is available for experimentation.

The central plant consists of farm buildings, green-houses, stables, chicken, duck, goose and turkey houses. There is water both running and standing. Two water barrels stand near the cold frames. Near by is a small concrete duck basin, and besides these are the watering troughs for the stock, never completely empty during the summer, and a pond of considerable size in the home pasture lot. This pond has no outlet. The pond is presumably the best adapted for the hatching of the eggs and development of the larvæ of the mosquito. All of these bodies of water were carefully kerosened on July 25 last. At the time the mosquitoes were very thick. It was noted that the air over and about the pond was full of "darning needles" and "dragon flies" at the time, and the borders of the pond swarmed with mosquitoes. A few days later there were no "darning needles" or "dragon flies," and a remarkable dearth of mosquitoes. For more than ten days there existed almost complete immunity from the pests.

Last evening, Aug. 12, the superintendent observed great activity among a flock of young ducks. They seemed to be busy catching insects about a grating, which covered the opening to a large cemented cistern, long since disused. They were very eager in their work. Through curiosity, the superintendent walked over to ascertain the cause of the commotion. He reports that as he came near the opening, he saw millions of mosquitoes issuing from the grating. He describes it as follows: "It looked like a horse's tail, so thick were they—enough mosquitoes to make a plague over the whole State."

In our oiling efforts we had entirely overlooked the old cistern, which was originally built to catch the liquid manure at a time when the cow stables stood near by. Oil was at once resorted to, and I feel that this breeding house has finally and permanently lost its tenants. All other pest holes treated have already furnished admirable ocular results. As directed, through Government suggestions, we used about ½ ounce of kerosene oil to 100 square feet of water surface. I will report again later.

MORTON GRINNELL.

BEAVER BROOK FARM, MILFORD, Conn., Aug. 18,

about her usual duties. Her husband, therefore, took upon himself the cares of the household, and on this particular occasion is represented as bearing home on his back a sufficiency of firewood to heat the hot cobbles in the usual pit oven for the baking of food. The picture is true to life. Samoans are good to their women in proportion to their lights. It is a disgrace, because a blunder, to attempt to discover any of the dainty and refined sentiments which make life sweet and wholesome; it is not in them, and they are unfitted to understand what one would be after, although ready enough to lie about it for a consideration. But in a certain rough and ready way it is true that Samoan women occupy a very good position and have very little of the rough and heavy work to do, it being understood that this applies to work which they themselves would consider rough and heavy, and not at all to what might seem such to our way of thinking.

At the critical moment the twins are represented as engaged in such amusement out of doors as their deformity might leave open to them, the mother sick upon the mats at home, the father just on the point of throwing off from his shoulders the load of firewood which he has just brought home. There is no great likelihood that customs now are different from the early customs of the people; if so, the father would celebrate so unusual a thing as real work by setting up a lusty shout immediately upon the crash of his wood upon the ground. Be that detail as it may, it is expressly stated that the crash of the bundle of fagots terrified them. They jumped apart in their fright, the ligament snapped, and they suddenly found themselves ready to begin individual existence. The father, no less startled than themselves when he beheld them running free, ran after them in pursuit. But the mother from her mats saw the chase of the fleet ones, and called to her man to cease the pursuit, that the power of the gods was in the twin sisters and that they would go far, yet return safely home at last.

The children continued to run until they came to the sea, into which they leaped together and struck out boldly from the shore. The legend is silent as to the first part of their independent career at sea among the bonito and the flying fish. But when they are swimming off the mouth of Safata Bay, being at the least fifty miles from the starting point, and representing a long-distance swim for persons less gifted than these two young women, it is stated that they encountered a floating mast, just as happened to myself at the same spot of sea, thus leading to a knowledge of the old story. Feeling the need of some rest, a rather surprising thing on the part of twins who had swam only half a hundred miles, they rested their arms on the mast at one end, whereupon it sank with them. It should be said that these Samoan canoe masts are nothing but saplings, and never exceed 2 inches at the butt, and the buoyance of such a stick would be very slight. The other end of the mast now coming above the surface, the twins tried to support themselves by it, yet with no better success. After thus establishing the fact that so slight a stick could not sustain them, one of the girls finds in that circumstance the name which for all these years she has been waiting for. Because it is so true to island life and thought, and because it elucidates the absolute inconsequentiality of motive power in many cases of island determinations, I quote here a block of the dialogue in the native narrative:

"Sister," said one of the swimming maidens.

"What would you say, sister?" replied the other swimmer.

"This mast is hard' (to hold on to, being understood).

"Aue! hard indeed."

"Sister, I have found my name."

"What is your name, sister?"

"Tilafaiinga, the mast that is hard to hold, that is my name."

Having named one of the sisters and finding no particular need for a rest after all, since their swim so far had only been some fifty miles, they struck out eastward still, and the narrative next takes them up at sunrise when they are landing in Tutuila, rather more than a hundred miles from Safata. Here the remaining twin finds her name in the same way and announces it in similar set form. This name is Taema, or Glistening Beach, and she assumes it because the shining of the wet beach in the flat, eastern rays of the rising sun catches her eye and her fancy.

Here on Tutuila, United States, the swimmers settle down for a long enough time to marry chiefs of that island. But after their experience of the freedom which whales and eels enjoy, it would be too much to expect such young women to rest content with domestic life that tied them to the house. So one fine day, and in the legend no reason for breaking away from home is assigned or excuse offered, they slipped into the Pacific Ocean and struck out for new lands. Their first destination was Tonga, the merest dash of 500 miles without interruption. On arrival in Tonga they lost no time in marrying the king of that place, the legend distinctly charging bigamy in this instance. From Tonga they again deserted their royal spouse, eloped with themselves and betook themselves once more to sea. This time they selected Fiji as their destination, having designs on the King of Fiji. This swim measures on our maps about 700 miles. Not a word is said about this greater distance taxing their strength; on the contrary they are reported as arriving all well and in no long time one of them marries Fiji's monarch, and the other chooses a companion of rank. These enterprising adventuresses seem to live up to the old rule of the sea as to one in every port.

From Fiji they swim eventually the 400 miles which part them from their native Savaii. Here they seem to settle down to a quiet life ashore, and to lay aside all ambition to shine as water queens. The names which they have assumed in their swimming are retained, and kings and rebel chiefs and the Samoan nobility at large point with pride to their distinguished ancestors, Tilafaiinga and Taema, champion distance swimmers of the world.

LLEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

An Outing in Acadia.—VIII.

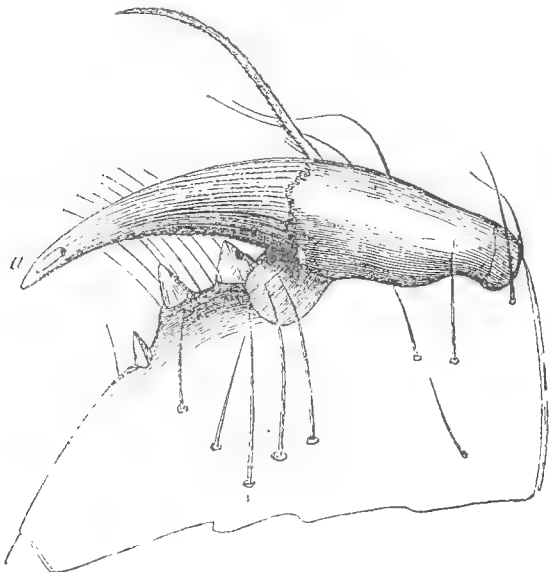
BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

The biting apparatus of the spider is a most remarkable piece of mechanism, and as seen under the microscope is an exceedingly interesting object.

"No one," says Professor Rymer Jones, "who looks at the armature of a spider's jaws can mistake the intention with which this terrible apparatus was planned. Murder is engraved legibly on every piece that enters into its composition."

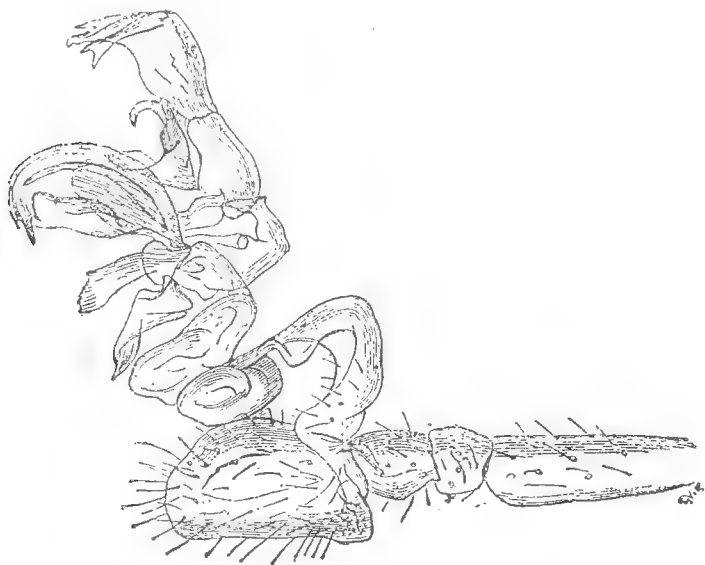
Gosse, the eminent microscopist, in describing the jaws, says:

"There are in front of the head two stout, brown organs, which are the representatives of the antennæ in insects, though very much modified in form and function. They are here the effective weapons of attack. Each consists of two joints—the basal one, which forms the most conspicuous portion of the organ, and the terminal one, which is the fang. The former is a thick, hollow case, somewhat cylindrical, but flattened sidewise, formed of stiff chitine, covered with minute transverse ridges on its whole surface, like the marks left on the sand by



Fang of spider showing orifice (a) through which venom is ejected.

the rippling wavelets, and studded with stout, coarse, black hair. Its extremity is cut off obliquely, and forms a furrow, the edges of which are beset with polished conical points resembling teeth. To the upper end of this furrowed case is fixed, by a hinge joint, the fang, which is a curved, claw-like organ, formed of hard chitine, and consisting of two parts, a swollen oval base, which is highly polished, and a more slender tip, the surface of which has a silky luster from being covered with fine and close-set longitudinal grooves. This whole organ falls into the furrow of the basal joint, when not in use, exactly as the



Palpus of *Lingphia*.

blade of a clasp knife shuts into the haft; but when the animal is excited, either to defend itself or to attack its prey, the fang becomes stiffly erected.

"On examining the extreme tip of the fang, we see that it is not brought to a fine point, but that it has the appearance of having been cut off slantwise just at the tip, and that it is tubular. Now this is a provision for the speedy infliction of death upon the victim, for both the fang and the thick basal joint are permeated by a slender membranous tube, which is the poison duct, and which terminates at the open extremity of the former, while at the other end it communicates with a lengthened oval sac, where the venom is secreted.

"When the spider attacks a fly it plunges into its victim



Palpi of spiders corresponding to antennæ of insects. Palpus of *Walckenaera*. As seen in microscope.

the two fangs, the action of which is downward, and not from right to left, like that of the jaws of insects. At the same instant a drop of poison is secreted in each gland, which, oozing through the duct, escapes from the per-

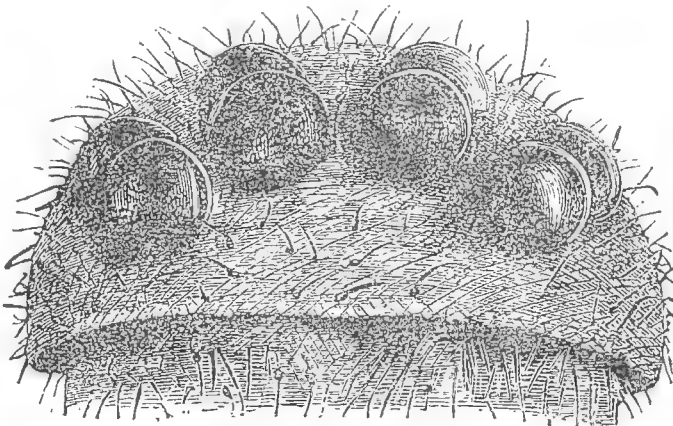
forated end of the fang into the wound, and rapidly produces death. The fangs are then clasped down, carrying the prey, which they powerfully press against the toothed edges of the stout basal piece, by which means the nutritive fluids of the prey are pressed out, and taken into the mouth, when the dried and empty skin is rejected."

I have stated that the spider in attacking her prey buries her fangs in her victim and waits with these instruments imbedded until the insect is dead. That this is not always her method of killing is well shown by Mr. E. Holse, an English naturalist, who states that she sometimes envelops her victim in silk immediately after the first incision, and while the insect is still struggling; sometimes she envelops it first and bites it afterward, and, finally, sometimes envelops and leaves the prey suspended without attempting to inoculate the poison at all. If the web contains no other capture, she drags the insect to the center, there to feed upon it at her leisure.

As has been well stated by Dr. L. G. Mills, the rapidity and fatality of the action of the poison has been frequently been a subject of remark. The following simple observation sets it in a clear light: A stout fly became entangled in the web of a spider; quick as lightning out darted the spider and seized the fly, and equally quick was the interference to the rescue. It was relieved and set at liberty. The fly then walked quickly up a window pane, stopped a while, brushed its wings with its hind feet, rubbed its feet and dressed itself. This was the action of a minute. It then walked about again, apparently all right. Presently it stood without motion, and after a few seconds, when touched, it was found to be scarcely able to raise its feet, and after a few seconds more it was quite dead.

In enveloping her prey, the spider, with marvelous dexterity, turns her victim round and round, simultaneously drawing out a row of threads by means of the fourth pair of legs; with the latter she rapidly sweeps them, as it were, over and over the body of the revolving insect; in this way the whole body is very soon surrounded by a sort of cocoon. There are some species of spiders which dispense with the use of any snare by web or otherwise, but, like the predacious animals, rely upon their spring alone in overpowering their prey. Of these, our common black and white spider is a familiar example. When she spies a fly at a distance, she approaches it as a cat does a bird, softly, step by step, and seems to measure her distance from it by the eye; at length, when she judges that she is within reach, she darts on her victim with such rapidity and so true an aim that she very seldom misses it.

Those persons who have seen a spider thoroughly enraged have no doubt noticed the wonderful brilliancy of the eyes: they seem to glow with the intensity of carbon points in an arc light, or of the facet of a fine diamond. The eyes are generally eight in number, and they are arranged on the forehead in various positions, according to the variety of spider and its habits. Professor Owen says the variety in the arrangement of the *ocelli* of spiders always bears a constant relation to the general conformation and habits of the species. Dujés has observed that those spiders which hide in tubes or lurk in



Eye of Spider.

obscure retreats, either underground, in the holes or fissures of walls, or rocks, from which they only emerge to seize a passing prey, have their eyes aggregated in a close group in the middle of the forehead, as in the bird-spider, the clotho, etc. Those spiders which inhabit short tubes terminated by a large web exposed to the open air have the eyes separated, and more spread upon the front of the cephalo-thorax. Those spiders which rest in the center of a free web, and along which they frequently traverse, have the eyes supported on slight prominences, which permit a greater divergence of their axes. This structure is well marked in the genus *Thomis*, the species of which lie in ambush in flowers. Lastly, the spiders called *Errantes*, or wanderers, have their eyes still more scattered, the lateral ones being placed at the margins of the cephalo-thorax.

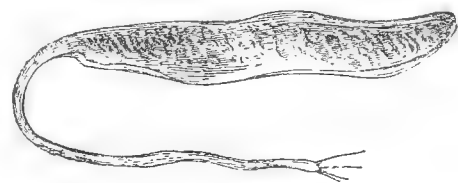
The spider has no friends, and it has many active enemies. Among these, perhaps the most unrelenting and implacable are the so-called mud wasp and certain varieties of ichneumon flies, of which there are a dozen or more species, which are placed in a number of different genera.

As we, perchance, are watching a spider as it moves, about on its silken platform awaiting the approach of a fly or other insect prey, we notice that it suddenly assumes a nervous, agitated demeanor, and in a few moments endeavors to hide from some approaching enemy. Our attention is now attracted by a wasp-like insect which, in its buzzing flight, draws near, and after circling around the spider, attacks it with a great deal of energy and spirit. A battle royal now ensues, which almost invariably terminates with the wasp as victor.

A correspondent of the late Dr. T. W. Harris thus describes one of these encounters:

"A very large spider was attacked by one of the small, blue mud wasps or dirt daubers, not half his size, and on the ground. The spider seemed much alarmed, and managed to fend off his antagonist, and escaped at a rapid pace, doubling and winding. The wasp seemed to have lost him for several seconds, but presently it circled round like a well-trained fox hound, and on striking the trail ran it closely through all the doublings and windings of the spider, overtaking and attacking him again. This was repeated two or three times, the wasp clearly trailing the spider as a hound would a fox. At length he succeeded in stopping the spider, when a capital fight

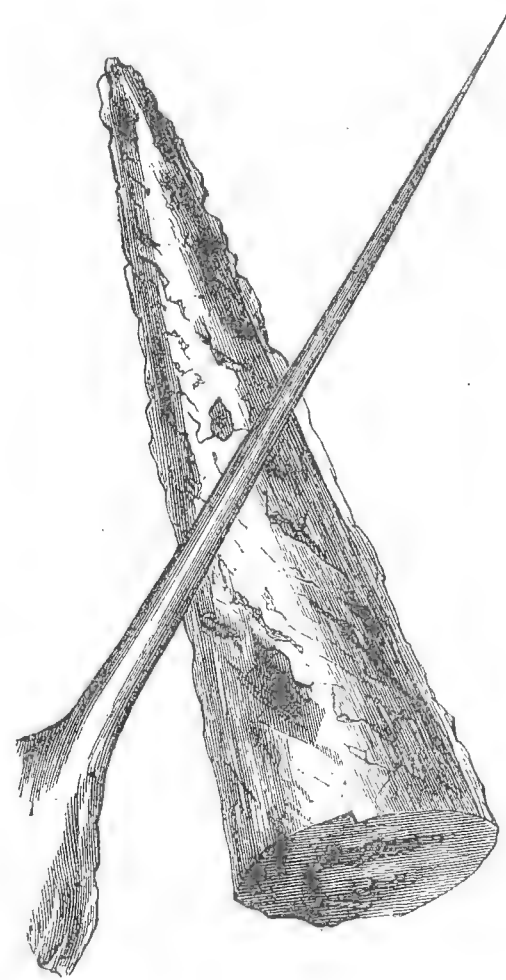
ensued, lasting at least a minute. The spider had no chance with his enemy, who soon stung him to death [sic], losing a leg only during the fight. After resting a few moments the wasp circled around again, evidently



Poison gland of wasp. Greatly magnified.

selecting a smooth path, along which he dragged with much difficulty his bulky prey. The moment he met with an impediment, dropping the spider, he circled round again, and invariably chose a smooth path."

The distance traversed by the wasps in thus dragging their prey to the tombs in which they are to be placed is sometimes very great. Don Felix Azara, as quoted by



Wasp's sting and point of a cambric needle.

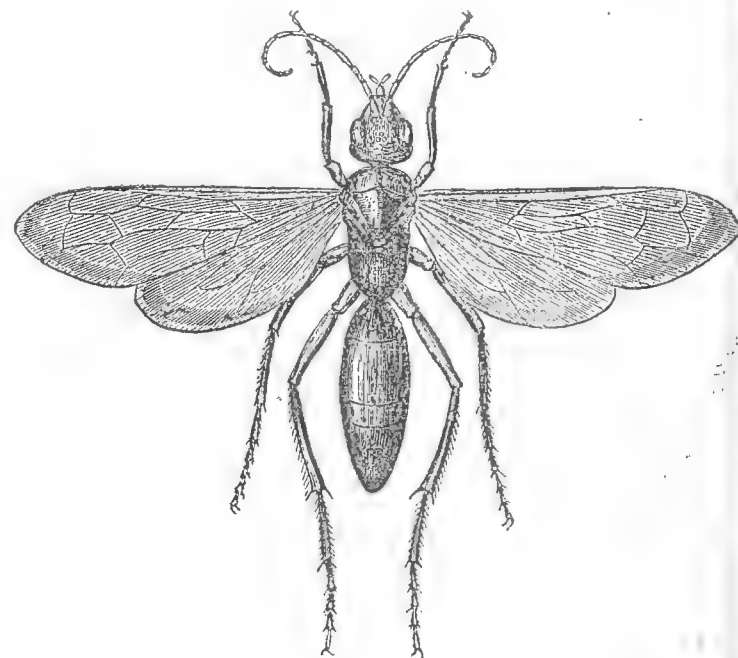
Darwin, states that he saw one of these wasp-like insects dragging a dead spider through tall grass in a straight line to its nest, which was 163 paces distant.

The spider thus defeated and apparently killed, is not in reality dead, but it is rendered powerless to move, is, in short, paralyzed by the sting of the insect, and in this condition it is carried to a suitable place, where, enveloped in a clay or mud covering, the unfortunate spider, with a number of the eggs of the insect thrust into its body, is left to its terrible fate. In due course of time the larvæ hatch and feed upon the helpless victim.

Probably many of my readers have noticed the little lumps or patches of dried mud in nooks and corners of verandas, and at the bottom of shingles and clapboards on barns and houses, and perhaps have broken them open and found the paralyzed spiders being eaten alive by the newly hatched larvæ.

That the wasps should know the exact degree and manner in which the spiders must be stung is remarkable. Darwin, in commenting on this fact, says:

"Certain wasp-like insects, which construct in the corners of the veranda clay cells for their larvæ, are very numerous in the neighborhood of Rio. These cells they



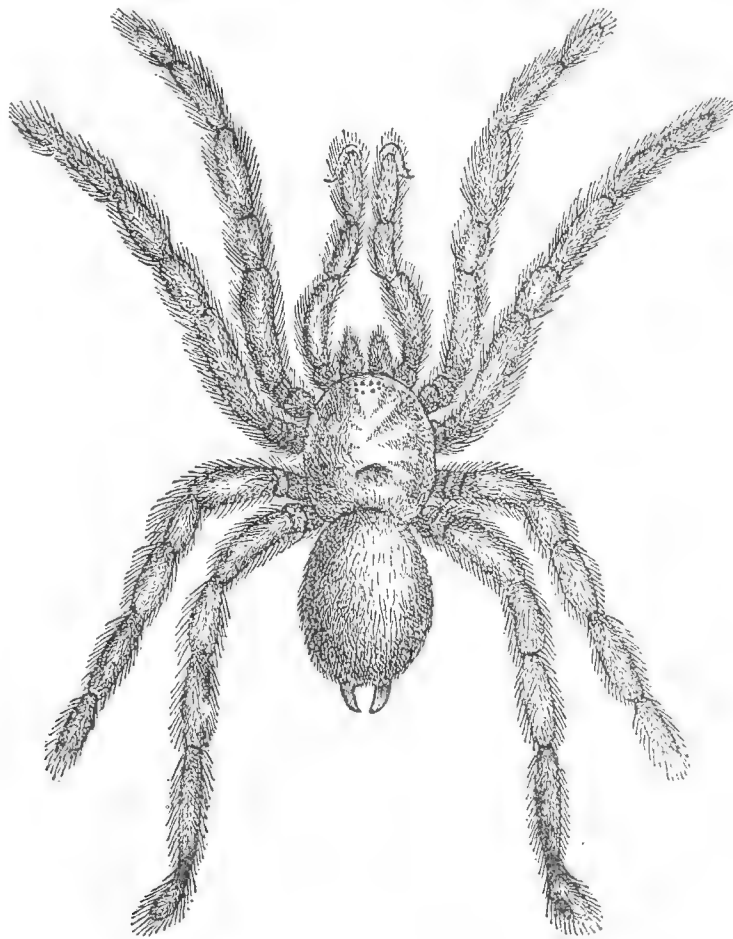
The Tarantula Killer.

stuff full of half-dead spiders and caterpillars, which they seem wonderfully to know how to sting to that degree as to leave them paralyzed, but alive, until their eggs are hatched, and the larvæ feed on the horrid mass of powerless, half-killed victims."

It has been stated that nearly every type of spider has its special enemy among the mud daubers. Probably the largest of these is the tarantula killer (*Pompilus formosus*), as it is called everywhere in Texas. This insect, which is over two inches in length, is armed with a formidable sting, with which it attacks its terrible foe, one thrust being sufficient to paralyze the great spider, the introduction of its venom being "as sudden as the snap of an electric spark."

Dr. G. Lincecum, in the American Naturalist (Vol. I.), states that on being stung all animation is absolutely suspended. In this condition it is then dragged by the wasp to some suitable place, where she excavates a hole five inches deep in the earth, places the great spider in it, deposits an egg under one of its legs, near the body, and then covers the hole very securely. A young tarantula killer will be produced from this egg, if no accident befall it, about the first of June of the ensuing year.

Dr. Lincecum has found under shelving rocks and other sheltered places daubers' nests that were doubtless several years old. "In some of the cells, where the egg had proved abortive, the spiders were there, still limber, with



Texas Tarantula.

no signs of decomposition about them. They did not seem to be dead, but looked as if they could almost move their legs, and were, perhaps, not unconscious of their deplorable condition."

The sting of the wasp is one of the keenest pointed weapons that can be conceived of, the point of the finest cambric needle, when compared with it, seeming coarse and serrated. This is well shown in the appended illustration, which is a reproduction of a drawing by Dr. N. Lieberkühn, of Berlin.

The poison gland is attached to the sting by a hollow cord of about the length of the gland itself, and the course of the cord can be traced down down the body of the sting. It is similar in shape and size to that of the ordinary spider.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Raven and Other Ravenous Birds.

WE must go to philosophy for truth, and as that wonderful young man and rare poet, Keats, wrote, "Philosophy will clip an angel's wing." This may be possibly a foresighted thought of the present condition of things, for now we are studying all kinds of matters on their actual merits, and superstition—using this word in its broadest sense—goes now for nothing. And in regard to some things, most of what we think we know of them is mere superstition. This applies to the bird of ill omen in all ages—the raven—the unclean bird of the old Jewish dispensation and the cruel, vile thing which we now know it is. "Take thy beak from out my heart," is the true expression of the ferocity and cruelty of the abominable bird which another poet, Poe, applied to it in his never-to-be-forgotten poem, "The Raven."

In fact, the raven is not only ferocious, but it is essentially cruel, seeming to torment its weak and helpless victims in the most malignant manner, reminding us of the similar habits of our own race in unregenerate conditions, when malignity was distilled to find the most excruciating torments for the helpless victim of the savage man.

This bird is a member of the crow family, the head of which, although it may not be as black as it is painted, is still cruel and malignant, as might well be the character of the head of all this ravenous family. Doubtless the worst animal living has its use in nature, if only for the purpose of lessening the other, otherwise too rapidly and inconveniently increasing, animals which might be a nuisance if too abundant. It has the excessively cruel habit of first disabling its victim, always some inoffensive, helpless animal—a rabbit, or a hare, or a sheep, or some smaller birds or their helpless brood, so that it may be tortured slowly to death without any hope of escape.

My attention was first turned to this bird by its attacks upon my sheep, pasturing in a field adjoining a large tract of untouched forest in the mountains of North Carolina. The sheep were found in every case to have the eyes torn out, and the body mangled from the anus into the interior. The hind part of the sheep was torn open and the bowels eaten, the carcass being left on the ground untouched otherwise. There were only four of the ravens in the gang, and when two of them were shot the others left. It is a curious fact that a number of buzzards are always seen along with a gang of ravens, their business apparently being to clean up the residue of the carcasses after the ravens have taken their few mouthfuls, never touching the carrion after.

There is always some redeeming fact in regard to most, if not all, other birds of predatory habits. That is, they seem to have been made for the express purpose of preying on other birds or animals, so that what we call

the balance of nature may be preserved, and every race be able to exist so far as to maintain themselves.

Another cruel bird, a relative of the raven and equally cruel, is the bluejay. Its special business during the summer is to feed upon the eggs and unfledged young of other birds, notably the robins. In the grove in which my house is situated there are hundreds of robins breeding year after year, and rearing their two or even three broods within sight of the windows, so that the nest may be seen quite frequently. Some of these nests have been raided by bluejays, which suck or eat the contents of the eggs, or devour the helpless nestlings. Some furious combats have occurred the present summer between the jays and a dozen or more of the robins, united by common interest in driving off the intruders, which, in fact, is frequently accomplished when one of the robins happens to be at home and an alarm is given, and the screams of the mother bird fighting vigorously in defense of her young ones bring immediate help, which is quite often successful. But when a nest is unguarded, the eggs are sucked and the shells thrown down. This bird, too, preys on the nests of the quail. I have seen them feeding on the eggs and also on the young birds, as well as on those of the pheasant or partridge or grouse or by whatever name it may be called, as well as those of smaller birds.

While the bluejay, a noisy fellow, which has all the peculiar habits of its relatives, the crow family, excites pity for the poor, helpless robin whose nest he has raided upon and eaten the eggs, or the young fledglings, is to be discredited for its cruel habits; yet nature has a use for him, unquestionably, and this is to keep the balance of it even, for the general benefit of mankind. In fact everything on the face of the earth seems to have been created, and to be supported for man's use or pleasure. But as a shepherd I must draw the line at the raven, and count him among the creatures to be exterminated. The bird is quite numerous in this locality, and many of the prominent cliffs and rocky ledges are occupied by them as nesting places every year, so that these localities are named after the bird, as Ravenscliff, Ravensnest and other similarly connected words.

We may, I think, trust to nature to some extent for preserving a satisfactory balance in these ways, for it has happened that when mankind has interfered with nature's disposition of things, we have brought trouble on ourselves. And so we may try to steel our hearts against the cruelties we may see enacted, and consider it all as inevitable and as the methods of nature to preserve a balance, so that even animals which might be desirable in some ways may not become a pest by their overwhelming numbers. But let me make an exception in regard to the ravens, for I have an affection for the sheep, and especially for the little lambs, both being inoffensive, helpless, and, as old Fitzgerald quaintly said a good many years ago, "The most profitable animal a man can have." And yet nature, even in this case, permits it to go to the dogs and the birds of prey, unless the shepherds watch and protect it.

I have omitted to say that ravens attack deer in the same way as they do sheep, and I have found the carcasses, eyeless and partly disemboweled, lying in the woods, still warm, and only the ravens in sight on the surrounding trees or cliffs.

H. STEWART.

HIGHLAND, N. C.

Counting Chickens Before They Are Hatched.

MILFORD, Conn., Aug 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some weeks since one Lorrin Ford was working at some mason work not far from Nigger Pond, a fresh-water lake of small area. His twelve-year-old boy was with him, and while wandering about, flushed a hen quail, and then searching found the nest, which held twenty eggs. He reported his discovery to his father, who said: "We will watch it and see when the young ones come out." The boy visited the nest several times, but finally came to his father and said that the old bird was on the nest and would not fly off as usual, and he thought the chicks were hatching.

The father for the first time went to look at the nest, and, sure enough, he could see the old bird squatting close over the eggs. Curiosity impelled him to come nearer, when he thought that the quail must be asleep, as her head was on one side, drooping over her body. Still closer inspection showed that the hen quail was dead on her eggs, and stiff and cold. Two of the eggs were already picked by the chicks, but all were dead in the shell. A careful examination of the bird disclosed nothing excepting a few feathers gone from the "back of the head." Can you elucidate this tragedy, if it was one?

MORTON GRINNELL.

The Birds of Springfield.

In years past we have had more than one catalogue of the birds found at Springfield, Mass., and at places not far from there, and now comes to us an attractive little volume of more than fifty pages, entitled "The Birds of Springfield and Vicinity," by Robert O. Morris. In it Mr. Morris gives about 255 species of existing birds found within twenty-five miles of that town, together with a dozen other species, some likely to occur but not certainly observed, others introduced, and others, still, extirpated. The list is preceded by three pages of introduction, describing the situation of Springfield and the attractions which it offers to birds, and the species in the list are briefly annotated.

A brief bibliography, a table of errata and a good index conclude the volume, which is well printed on good paper and handsomely bound. We notice more typographical errors than should have been allowed to occur. These are seen not only in the scientific names of the birds, but in other places, as where Brewster is printed for Brewer, etc.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Professor's Grizzlies.

I WAS nursing a broken leg when my son brought me FOREST AND STREAM of June 27, and had been reading Texas Tom's story of the killing of Old Splayfoot, the big grizzly, which I think is hardly as good a story as the one in your issue of Jan. 19, 1901, under the heading, "In Frontier Days—III," giving the particulars of the killing of Old Splayfoot, several years before, when my old friend, Professor —, just arrived from Oregon, came to see me.

The Professor is a good musician, and had left here many years ago, following his profession of teaching vocal and instrumental music in Florida and Missouri, finally landing in Oregon a number of years ago, where he remained teaching and selling musical instruments, until now, when he returns to revisit the scenes of many years in this State and Ohio, and renew the acquaintance of those who remain of his old friends on this side of the great divide. Like many of his native State of Massachusetts, he takes a lively interest in inventions, and now owns a valuable patent right on an article which he proposes to sell throughout the State of West Virginia, although he is either 74, as he avers, or 83 years old; but with never a day's sickness in his life. He sold me a fine old violin in 1858, which he said his guardian had bought for him in Boston twenty-two years before, when he was 18 years old. I have the record of it made at the time, and this would make him 83. He is a remarkable man physically; his vitality seems about as strong as thirty years ago, but his memory seems a trifle impaired in regard to some things, as shown by the error about his age. When he left Missouri, about a dozen years ago, he first landed at a small town in California, on a Saturday, his finances in a dilapidated condition. Sunday, hearing a church bell ringing, he had a curiosity to see how they conducted religious services in that far-off and primitive section of our country. He was surprised to find a nice, new church, filled with a bright and intelligent congregation. The preacher congratulated the members on the possession of such a good church edifice, which he said, through their generosity, was entirely paid for and likewise a good organ; but, unfortunately, they had no one who could play upon it, and he made the request that if there was any person present who could play he would oblige them much by coming forward. The Professor, after some apparent hesitation, went forward, and, as he tells me, "I don't think I ever played better in my life; the audience seemed carried away as by storm, and the preacher said, 'I did not know that there was such music in that instrument.'" He was invited to make some remarks on music, and the result was that the next day he had eight pupils on the piano, six on the organ, and several on the violin, which, after a time, enabled him to continue on to the northeast part of Oregon, where he bought a home and remained until recently.

"Well, Professor," said I, "you must have been in a pretty wild region. Did you ever come across any large game there—grizzly bears or anything of that kind?"

"Why, yes, there was plenty of large game there; but I never saw but one live grizzly bear. I traveled about a good deal, teaching and selling instruments. One time I came to a house and arranged to stay over night. As it was only the middle of the afternoon, I took a walk of a few miles around to view the scenery, and, as was my habit there, took my repeater with me; and well it was that I did so, because, as I was passing along the side of a clump of bushes, an immense grizzly bear rose upon his hind legs not over ten feet away. I was too close to him to run, and I knew that I had to kill that bear or he would kill me, so I shot him and kept shooting. He did not move after the first shot, until he tumbled over dead. I had killed him the first shot. He was as large as a good-sized steer."

"Well, what did you do with him?"

"We skinned him and took what meat we wanted, it was more than could be used there, and, besides, took a large strip and hung it up on the side of the log house. Meat will keep that way in that climate a long time. That night, hearing a noise outside, I looked out of the chamber window, and in the clear moonlight saw a large cougar sniffing the bear meat hung on the house. Without waking Badgley, who was sleeping in the same room, I shot and killed the cougar (or mountain lion). The report brought Badgley out of bed scared nearly to death. He went down and skinned the cougar. Afterward we shipped the skins to a tannery and had them tanned. I gave the cougar skin to Badgley. The bear skin green weighed 169 pounds. The skins dressed with the fur on brought \$40 for the bear and \$15 for the cougar." This was told by the Professor in the forenoon. Rather late in the afternoon an old Irish friend, a neighbor, called in to see how the leg was getting "jinted up and all right," and was introduced to the Professor with the remark that, as the Professor had been along time in the State of Oregon, he could tell him something of the big game out there.

"Well, I would loike to hear it; did ye ever see enny big bears out there, and ain't they dangerous?"

"Yes, I have seen some large game. I shot the largest bear that was ever seen out in that part of the country where I lived; at least, all these old settlers said so. At one time an enormous grizzly was reported to be near the foot of the mountain, only a few miles away, where he had done considerable damage to stock, for, so far, no one had been able to kill him, and many did not like to attack him on account of his great size. One day he was seen not far off. Indian boys had seen him in the distance about two miles away and were afraid to shoot at him because their guns were poor ones. It was concluded to try and stop his depredations on the cattle, so a few of us went along, including the Indian boys, to show where they had seen him. The party had not gone over two miles when they found him eating a cow that he had killed. I knew that a grizzly did not care anything for

a man when he is eating, so I went up within six feet of him and shot him just back of the ear, and broke his neck the first shot. They brought a wagon and we rolled him on skids up into the wagon and hauled him to a hay scale and he weighed 1,700 pounds, the biggest bear ever killed there before or since. But before we got the bear away a woman came screaming that something was killing their cattle across the creek. So, unhitching one of the horses, I forded the creek, with others, and found a large cougar on the back of a cow eating it alive. I went close to it and shot it through the head. We sold the skins there for over \$40."

Now I am puzzled about these stories. In the first place the Professor never saw but one live grizzly, which he killed, as has been written. The Professor's memory must be somewhat at fault; he either saw but one bear, and tells the story in two different ways, or he killed two grizzlies and had at the moment forgotten that he had only seen one live grizzly. And then it is strange that in each instance he also killed a cougar. And, in a similar way, the story of the killing of Old Splayfoot may have been told. There must have been two Old Splayfoots, or bad memory must have been the cause of two different tales, or Old Splayfoot's ghost appeared and Texas Tom undertook to slay the ghost.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va.

OBSERVER.

"Bill Chadwick's."

ONE day last week, being at Point Pleasant, N. J., I hopped on the choochoo cars and ran down to Chadwick's to talk snipe with the Applegate and Chadwick boys, and, incidentally, to get one of those shore dinners at the old hotel. Well, I got there, and that's about all I did get. Lemme tell you. What do you think? You may not believe me, but cross my heart and hope I may die if the old tavern wasn't shut up "as tight as a dead pig's eye!" Fact, so help me. First time such a thing has been known to happen in forty years. And not only that; the house has been repaired (now hold on to something), enlarged, painted and decorated inside and out, till you wouldn't recognize it. That's so; it's like the old jack-knife with new handle and new blades. All the blades are shut, too; and what is more, they are not going to be opened this year. No, sir; not till next spring. Old Bill Chadwick's is no more. It has passed into new hands. All the guides are gone, and the cheerful liars who used to keep the chairs from blowin' off the porch have vanished, also. Even the mosquitoes have, or had, deserted the place, though it is thought to be not unlikely that some of them will return. You see it was this way: About three or four years ago a nice, quiet family, by the name of Stemmler, took a cottage at Chadwick, near the beach, and have been occupying it in summer ever since. Mr. Stemmler's business card (which, by the way, is engraved) bears the name of T. W. Stemmler & Co., Importers and Exporters, with offices and warehouse in New York, and branches in Chicago, Paris and London.

He is a quiet man, Mr. Stemmler is, and during the last three years has been quietly absorbing the land at and on all sides of Chadwick's from the ocean to Barnegat Bay, all of which he now controls, including the famous ducking points and snipe grounds.

Those of the brotherhood who have had designs on ducks and snipe are hereby tearfully informed that there are no hotel accommodations at Chadwick's just now, nor will there be any until next spring. And even then they will have to buy their booze elsewhere, for the manager of Mr. Stemmler's inn will have no license to sell rum, and the nearest bar will be at Point Pleasant, seven miles away, with infrequent railroad communication.

J. L. K.

P. S.—There is another bar near Barnegat Inlet, but hauling schooners over it is quite expensive.

PETRI AMBOY, N. J., Aug. 16.

The Day's Last Shot.

THE sun was only an hour above the mountain as Al and I seated ourselves in an old wood road leading around its eastern base, to watch for squirrels. Behind us loomed the precipitous, oak-clad mountainside; in front, the ground pitched sharply away to a little hollow, where there was a spring of water; on either side our position commanded a considerable stretch of the vista made by the leaf-strewn road through the towering maples and the oaks, from which the great, plump acorns could be constantly heard spattering down among the fallen leaves.

It was an ideal spot for squirrels, and an ideal night to watch for them—clear, still, and not too cool to sit in comfort. But there was one thing to bother—the leaves, which covered the earth in a thick carpet on every hand, were so dry as to rustle loudly at the slightest pressure of the foot. To steal up on a squirrel, wary as they were at this late season, would be impossible. To wait quietly and trust to luck for them to come in range was our only chance. Another unfavorable circumstance, which I had often noticed in hunting in this wood, arose from the hummocky nature of the ground; a squirrel or partridge might move about one for a long time without being seen, save for occasional tantalizing glimpses.

We sat a few feet apart, both facing the hollow. Between us lay three woodcocks and two partridges, trophies thus far of the day's sport. It was the thought of the fine effect a dash of gray would have on the bunch that tempted us thus to prolong our hunt. Ten minutes passed monotonously. No sound broke the stillness save the falling acorns. Pit, pat, they would come down through the branches, then whack! upon the fallen leaves. Gradually I became aware that they were dropping in a rather peculiar manner in a tree some distance to our right. I smiled over at Al, who whispered back, "Squirrel!" Sure enough, we soon heard him slipping down the tree. Then a crash, as he sprang out into the leaves. My blood quickened to the finger tips at the sound. He was quiet for a moment after this, listening, after the practice of the old heads, to see if his racket had drawn the attention of any one. Then he came on toward us—as we knew by the sound, for we could not see him—stopping for a minute in the hollow, doubtless at the spring; then on again, crashing up almost to the very

brow of the rise. Al and I both had our guns at shoulder. Which would be the first to see him when he came over the rise? My heart was thumping so I thought he must hear it. Perhaps he did, for after a minute—that seemed an hour—to our chagrin, he gradually dropped back into the hollow. Meantime another squirrel began barking further down in the wood, while a third came running up behind a big boulder on my right. I turned my attention to the last, thinking he would poke over or around the rock. He did come out on the upper side presently, but quite hidden in a little hollow, in which he even crossed and recrossed the road and back behind the rock, keeping as carefully hidden all the time as though well aware that I was watching for him. It was provoking; and what with sitting so long in one position, and the constant alternation of hope and disappointment of getting a shot, the nervous strain was terrible. It was nothing but squirrels, to be sure, but my experience is that the size of the game has but little to do with the exciting part, so long as one is anxious to get it. I could still hear him poking around behind the rock, and meantime two more began playing in the leaves behind me. I was trying to work around facing these, when, bang! went Al's gun, and off all three scampered. Al had run down into the hollow, and on going down I found he had risked a long shot at his squirrel and had rolled him over, but save for a little blood on the leaves no trace of him could be found.

It was no use to stop here any longer, and swallowing our disappointment, we took our game and moved further down into the wood and sat down in another road. There was but little time left us, for night was coming on. Every minute saw the shadows steal further and further from the thickets, and higher and higher up the tree trunks. Soon they had driven the declining sun's rays out from the topmost branches to the very summit of the mountain, where they lingered for a moment in a golden halo, then sank behind it, leaving it grim and sombre in the gloom of approaching night.

"We must be going in a minute," said Al. "I've a good mind, though, to take a shot at that red first," referring to a slight rustling sound we had heard at intervals some distance in our front. "He's coming into the road now—thunderation!"—slap went his gun to his shoulder—bang!—mingled with the report was a familiar fluttering sound. "A biddy!" cried Al, exultantly; and sure enough it was, and a most welcome addition to our bunch—a big, fat, old cock partridge, thickly feathered and with a fine ruff and tail, that had thus fallen to "the day's last shot."

CORNISH, Me.

TEMPLAR.

Game in Eastern Massachusetts.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Aug. 10.—As the reports come in from different sections of Massachusetts, giving the outlook for the fall hunting, I report the conditions as I found them in July in this section. My family and myself spent the month of July at Cochichewick Lake, in North Andover, and in some of my rambles I found quail in abundance. At our cottage by the side of the lake the familiar call of Bob White was the first heard in the morning and the last at night. It was not an uncommon sight to see three and four perched on the rail fence back of the cottage at almost any time. My little seven-year-old daughter caught during a storm two little chick quail, which were benumbed by cold and wet, and after carefully warming them in flannel by a fire, she gave them their liberty, seemingly no worse for their close acquaintance. Bass fishing in the lake for large-mouth was fairly good. I caught some of 3 pounds, 4 pounds 2 ounces, 5 pounds 6 ounces, and one of 6 pounds 2 ounces. But on account of the lake being high I did practically nothing on small-mouth bass.

This lake also abounds in excellent white perch, and the catches this summer in some instances were large, such as 30, 47 and 65 at a day's fishing, not my record, but by reports of other boats.

S. C. H.

Wood Ducks Breeding in Greater New York.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, Aug. 16.—I saw a brood of young wood ducks yesterday in a little pond not more than 75 feet square, and not far from a score of dwelling houses. I thought that pretty good for Greater New York. If they are not disturbed they will nest there next year, as the place is in one sense obscure to the casual observer.

A.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in **FOREST AND STREAM**.

New England Waters.

BOSTON, Aug. 17.—Summer fishing is holding out most remarkably, or else the resorts are being more thoroughly fished than ever before. Certainly the accounts of catches are remarkably good for August. Mr. Harry B. Moore says that he has "found virgin trout waters," and he is much pleased with a recent trip. With his twin nephews, Harold and Waldo Richards, and another Harvard student, he has just returned from a trip to the Holeb, Me., region. The boys were obliged to wait for Harvard examinations for college, and the fishing trip was necessarily late. But they passed with credit, and their uncle took them into the Maine woods for the first time. One can scarcely imagine the amount of enjoyment they got out of it. At the inlet of Little Turner Pond they had their best fishing. This pond is about half a mile in diameter, and is fed by a stream that runs through the woods from Big Turner Pond. Just at the mouth of the stream are lily pads, and just beyond these the two canoes were anchored for fishing. The favorite cast of flies was a Parmachene Bell, a brown hackle and a silver doctor. Mr. Moore says that he never saw such fun and such fishing. The boys "nearly went wild." Doubles came at first from almost every cast, and frequently triples. The size of the trout run from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a half. As soon as a good string had been taken—

all that could be made use of—Mr. Moore called upon the boys to throw back the trout alive, with the exception of a few of the largest. This they practiced every day, and the number of trout caught was great, while comparatively few were killed. Andrew Gillman, of the Boston Herald office, is just back from a fishing trip to the White Mountain region. His best catch was at Cold River, where he took sixty-five trout in two hours' fishing. The trout were rather small, as is the case on all the streams in that region. The summer visitors fish the streams too hard each year. One salmon was taken at Lake Auburn, Me., the other day, the only one for a week or two. It weighed 4 pounds. At the Birches, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, the fishing is holding out very well, indeed. In spite of other attractions, fishing is still at the head there, and is practiced every day; generally with the fly at this season, but not always. A Boston gentleman, a member of the Oquossoc Angling Association, who has just returned from a trip to the Rangeleys, is not pleased with the proposition to stop all trolling on the Rangeleys after July 1. He says: "I don't know what I had rather do than fish, but I will be blessed if I can cast a fly at all, and when you come right down to facts there are very few really expert fly-fishermen who visit the Rangeleys. When I fish I troll, as do the most of my acquaintances. I use a good rod, and when fortunate enough to hook a fish, I play him, as do those who catch them on the fly. I fail to see why trolling with rod and reel is less sportsmanlike than casting a fly. I do object to being rowed over the lake with half a dozen hand lines out. No true sportsman will do that. It is worse than 'plug' fishing, and should not be permitted by law. One line to the fisherman is enough. Some men seem to want every fish there is in the lake. Such men should be restricted in their fishing, and then there would be some fish for all."

SPECIAL.

New Hatcheries for Maine.

BOSTON, Aug. 19.—The Moosehead fish hatchery seems to be assured, and Moosehead fishermen are much pleased. The location proposed is on the Kennebec River, about a quarter of a mile below the dam. The vast spawning beds of the lake above will furnish an unlimited supply of eggs, it is said. The distance is so short that they may be transported to the hatchery in almost perfect condition, leaving chances for very small losses. The location has been looked over by a committee of engineers and experts, representing the Commissioners of Inland Fisheries and Game, and it is thought that the decision, which will be shortly reached, will be favorable. It will be remembered that the Legislature last winter appropriated \$5,000 for a fish hatchery at Moosehead. Late reports say that fishing is rather poor at that resort, but that a change to cooler weather will bring the trout to the surface, when fly-fishing will be good.

No action has been taken yet in regard to a fish hatchery at the Rangeleys, much as it is needed. The Upper Dam is generally agreed upon for such a hatchery, and the next Legislature will be asked to aid the same. Good reports continue to come from the fishing at Haines Landing and other points on the Mooselucmaguntic, but the fishing at the Upper Dam has not been very good. A 7-pound salmon was brought in at Haines Landing last week by a Mr. Coburn. An unusual height of water has continued at all the Rangeleys. It is the season of "Old Home Week" with most of the Maine towns, but it is curious to note that almost every man and boy goes armed with fishing rods. The trout pools that one used to fish are almost sacred in the remembrance of the old home. It is mentioned that stream fishing has been remarkably good in many sections of Maine. The recent showers and heavy rains have kept the streams up to a good fishing pitch. Mr. Brown and Mr. Daniels, of Worcester, have been on a fishing trip to Round Mountain Lake, and they had great fishing at Little and Big Alder. Their record was 150 to 175 trout a day, weighing from one-half to three-quarters of a pound. Let us hope that all the fish not wanted for the table were returned to the water alive.

SPECIAL.

A Peoria Lake Fish Story.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 17.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: This story I clip from the Indianapolis Sun to-day, it having been related to a reporter by George W. Pitts, an old-time hunter and fisherman:

"I heard a fish story once that you and nobody else, nowadays, would say was possible, but I can bring scores of people who will verify it. I didn't believe it myself until I had talked with those who knew the facts. The night of the day Grant was elected over Greeley, a party of us—thirteen in number—went to Pekin, Ill., in a special car, and then down to Spring Lake, below there, on a fishing trip. Our quarters were a house-boat, fitted up as a regular hotel—and it was mighty snug, I tell you. We were all sitting around, resting from our journey, and having something to ward off any possible colds we might have caught on the way down, and telling fish stories. Some of our party had told a few, when one of the Illinois fellows spoke up and said he could discount us—and he did.

"It seems, according to his story, that there was a kind of a take-it-easy fellow who lived down near Peoria Lake, about forty miles below. He tinkered around and didn't amount to much, and did not have anything but a team and a few traps. He was loafing around one day, resting, when he happened by Peoria Lake, and noticed it was just alive with fish. He conceived the idea of putting all he had into one big seine and cleaning up the lake and a good pot of money at one draw. So he sold his team and traps, and had everybody around there working on his seine. It was 1,700 yards long when it was done. Then he made his draw. He had not hauled in long before the fish began to go around the ends so thick that they actually piled over each other. He stopped and began to scoop the fish out and sell them to the people around there for two cents a pound. He drove a rushing trade, hauling in a little on the seine from time to time, until the lake froze over. During the winter he built some barges, and, in the spring, when the ice broke up, he floated his fish down to St. Louis and sold them there at

two cents a pound, and turned them into money fast at the price. When he got his stock of fish cleaned up, how much do you think he made out of it? asked the fellow who was telling the story. Some of our party guessed \$1,000 or so.

"'Ho! ho!' laughed the old fellow, 'that shows how good you are guessing on fish—why, he made just \$7,000. And he put the money into a steamboat and went sailing up and down the river here, and the first thing he knew his money was all gone.'

"I could hardly believe that story, and I made it a point to investigate it down at Peoria, not long afterward. I went everywhere—into the saloons and stores, and talked to women and children, and every last one of them told exactly the same story. Now, there is proof enough for you. No, sir; people now have no idea of how plenty fish were in the early days." F. L. PURDY.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following are the scores of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club on Aug. 10. The next meet will occur on Aug. 24, which will be the last meet of the season, with the exception of the re-entry day, Sept. 7. Members who have not filled out their scores should be present on Aug. 24, and work off all re-entries possible, so that there will not be left too full a programme to bring off on Sept. 7.

	Long Distance Fly. Feet.	Bait Casting. Per Cent.
I. D. Belasco	86	83
W. T. Church	93	7-10
H. Greenwood	96	96 1-10
H. Greenwood, re-entry	101	
H. G. Hascall	109	96 2-5
N. C. Heston	85	83
E. R. Letterman	94	2-5
F. N. Peet	111	97 4-5
C. B. Robinson	97	1-5
G. W. Salter	93	3-5
A. C. Smith	106	96 3-10
P. S. Smith		85 1-5

Winning scores: Long-distance fly, F. N. Peet, 111 feet; bait-casting, F. N. Peet, 97 4-5.

Great Bass Fishing at Star Lake.

Mr. John D. McLeod tells me that his friend Mr. Hibbard, general manager of the Chicago Telephone Company, has been having some good fishing at Star Lake, Wis. Mr. Hibbard writes that in all his experience he never knew anything to equal the bass fishing there. On one day he and a friend from Chicago caught ninety black bass, sixty of them being caught by Mr. Hibbard.

Star Lake is about fifteen or twenty miles from Minocqua, on the C., M. & St. P. Railroad. It lies a little to the east of Plum Lake. I remember personally spending a few days in the neighborhood of Star Lake some years ago, when out in camp with some trappers. At that time the little settlement of Star Lake was just starting in, and all these people fished industriously summer and winter, early and late. It is surprising that there are any fish at all left in that lake, for there was every reason to believe that it would be exhausted. These Wisconsin lakes which lie along to the south of the northern line of the State were perhaps originally as wonderful fish waters as ever existed on the face of the earth. It is gratifying to have good proof as this that they are far from depleted. There are many lakes where one can get good bass fishing. As to the muscallunge fishing, that is becoming scarcer all the time.

Fishing in Arkansas.

In a letter from Little Rock, Ark., our old friend, Joe Irwin, tells about the different forms of sport, notably bass fishing, in the neighborhood of that very good sporting city.

"I have had a very busy year," he says, "and have not had my usual amount of sport. I stumbled on to some fine bass fly-fishing just this side of the ferry where you and I crossed that morning to old man Pemberton's on the east side of the Arkansas River proper. I can drive there in one and one-half hours in the afternoon and take from eight to fifteen bass in the evening, and be back home by 9:30. I have often shot ducks on this water, but have not investigated it for bass until this season, and it was right under my nose.

"I intended making my third year trip to Colorado, but find too many fishermen going there now, and may try the tarpon again the last of August, unless I run over to Chicago and get you to send me to good bass grounds. I want a change of air, and where I can fish or shoot to amuse myself. I can't be content to loaf and play cards and that kind of thing. Quail crop will be good, I think, this season. Hope to have more time for them coming season. I find I haven't the energy to get up at 3 A. M. and drive twelve or fifteen miles for a little sport as I did year after year. Getting old and losing my grip for the hard side of the game. We did not have much duck shooting last year until late in the season. They were there all winter, but went out long distances to feed, and were late getting back. We finally got an overflow in the Pin Oak flats, and then we had fun for a few days only. I heard the boys after wood ducks last night while I was fishing, but I have not tried them as yet. Flight is short and the drive long and sandy and other excuses."

Going West.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, sales agent of the American E. C. and Schultz Gunpowder Co., was in Chicago this week on his first trip to the West in the interest of his firm. Mr. Von Lengerke goes from here to St. Paul and Minneapolis, then, dropping to the south, takes in Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis and other Western towns. As he will be in this part of the world until the opening of the Western shooting season, it is to be hoped that he will take advantage of the invitations which will, no doubt, be offered him by Western sportsmen. Mr. Von Lengerke has never before been in the West, and will perhaps be surprised to see that there is quite a patch of country west of the east shore of New Jersey. As he is of a keen sporting family, he will enjoy a whirl at our big prairie chickens. He reports business very good, indeed.

Ducks and Chickens.

The C., M. & St. P. Ry. has recent reports from its stations in Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota, which show fine prospects for duck and chicken shooting. On the James River division in South Dakota the chickens have increased in numbers, since the game laws have been rigidly enforced for several years. As the sloughs are filled with water, they are alive with mallards, redheads, canvasbacks, etc. The open season, it should be remembered, begins Sept. 1.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Tarpon Fishing.—IV.

(Concluded from page 129.)

Handling Tarpon.

As soon as the hook is set, the main thing for the sportsman to do is to hold on to the brake with either his whole force or as hard as the capacity of the line will permit, never giving an inch of line unless forced to, either because of want of strength or because he fears that the tackle is being endangered. Of course, as before stated, when the fish jumps, one should dip the rod to it so as not to have any strain on the line when the fish is in the air, for this is just what the creature wants—something to pull against when shaking his head. But just as the fish falls back into the water, the line should be tautened. The probability is that it will make three or four jumps in a few seconds, during which time the boatman should do nothing except to brace himself for a hard pull, and as soon as the first flurry is over, let him start rowing and get the fish in tow. If it be possible to prevent it, the fish should never be allowed to tow the boat, because it is then master of the situation, and can thus either increase the duration of the fight several fold or else take out so much of the line as to get some slack and escape. Unless a tarpon be unusually well hooked, an instant's slack line will be all that it needs to save itself.

At times a big fish will take out line in spite of all the sportsman's efforts; in such cases the boatman should back water while the reel is manipulated, so as to shorten the line as rapidly as practicable.

The nearer one keeps the fish to the boat, the sooner will the fight be over. Of course there is some danger of the animal jumping into the boat, but this can be avoided by careful watching and easing up of the strain. I often keep my fish so close to the boat as to be drenched from head to foot before it is landed.

While the tarpon is in the first flurry, the rod should be held crosswise, or nearly so, as in trolling, with the tip raised considerably; but the instant it settles down the butt should be slipped beneath the front edge of the cushion or in the leather socket, if the sportsman be using one, after which the rod should be kept as nearly vertical as practicable.

To bring a big fish near the boat, "pump it up" by raising the rod slowly and steadily to the vertical, then dropping it suddenly to near the horizontal, at the same time reeling in rapidly. By keeping this up a short time, the fish will be brought as close as desired. However, this is an easier thing to talk about than to accomplish, for the fish is liable at any instant to make a run and take out in a few seconds line that it has required as many minutes to reel in. When this occurs, the only thing to do is to stop the run as soon as possible and repeat the pumping process.

To tire out a fish, tow it with all the energy of the oarsman's arms, and keep on towing until it turns belly up, when it is about time to think of either beaching or landing in the boat. I often tow a fish with the line reeled up so that the end of the snell is at the tip of the rod. There is danger in such close work as this, and I don't advise the novice to try it, but to content himself with about a dozen or fifteen feet of line and snell between tip and fish.

In order to beach a fish, head for the nearest shelving shore and run the boat on it till she grounds; then, if the fish has not made a run (as it is sure to do, if it be a big one and not too tired), let the boat jump into the water, grasp the snell with a piece of gunny sack or something of the kind to protect his hands from injury by the sharp ends of the wire, and drag the fish high and dry. Then let the sportsman make his measurements quickly, and have the boatman turn the fish back into the water carefully, so as not to injure its scales, thus giving it an opportunity at some future time to afford some other sportsman an exciting quarter of an hour, unless, perchance, the fishermen wants to have it mounted, in which case, cruelty notwithstanding, it should be left to die slowly, because clubbing would injure it for mounting. A skillful boatman, though, can stab it with his sheath knife in the spinal column, keeping the flat of the blade in the medial plane of the fish, and thus not injure it, barring perhaps getting the scales bloody.

If the fish be a big one or an unusually hard fighter, it will be necessary for the boatman, when he jumps into the water, to take with him the gaff, set it into the fish, and drag the latter ashore by the gaff instead of by the snell. When the boatman has hold of the line and the fish makes a run, he should let go, and allow the fisherman to fight it out with the rod until the fish is again drawn into shallow water.

Before landing a tarpon in the boat (unless the fish be a very small one), it is well to shoot it, otherwise there would be no foretelling the amount of damage that might be done to both boat and outfit, or even to the occupants. A live, 6-foot tarpon in a boat would certainly raise Hades there for five or ten minutes. To shoot a fish, draw it up as close as possible, press the line hard with the left thumb (guarded) against the forward brake, reach over quickly with the right hand, grasp the revolver, and, without waiting to cock it, shoot instantly at the fish's head or spinal column near the back of the neck. If the shot be not fatal, the fish will make a run in spite of all the pressure that the thumb can exert. And just here comes in one of the principal advantages of the outgoing drag, in that it prevents the reel from overrunning and the line from fouling thereon while the fisherman is putting the revolver back in its place on the rear seat. An ordinary click is not strong enough to do this, consequently in most cases the sportsman has to be pretty spry in dropping the revolver and resuming control of the reel.

After the fish is dead, or nearly so, no time should be

lost in gaffing it and getting it into the boat. To get in a big one, especially when the water is rough, is a job requiring care, skill and sometimes nerve. The head of the fish should be drawn over the side of the boat amidships, the latter being canted over as far as is safe, and the fish pulled slowly in, the boat being allowed to right gradually by the fisherman's manipulation of his own weight. If this be done carelessly, the boat is liable to ship much water or even capsize, and the boatman is liable to be thrown overboard, possibly into the maw of a hungry shark. As soon as the fish is in the boat, if not already quite dead, the boatman should pound it on the back of the neck with his club till it is out of the question for it to do any damage, after which he should proceed to clean up the mess a little, put another bait on the hook, and go for another fish.

There is a difference in the manner in which small, medium-sized and large fish should be handled. In case of a small one, let it jump itself tired, the closer to the boat the better, then lift it in with the snell. With a medium-sized fish, get it up close to the boat as soon as possible, tow it a little till it turns belly up, and either shoot it and gaff it in, or beach it, whichever is the best way when everything is considered. But with a large fish, as soon as the first flurry is over, settle down for a long, hard tow, and keep at it until the fish is exhausted.

In landing a fish from the shore, the sportsman, as soon as practicable after striking the fish, should put the butt in the belt socket and fight it out that way, or else he should sit down on the ground and shove the butt between his legs and into the earth.

This is hard work, and is by no means as pleasant or satisfactory as fishing from a boat.

There is quite a little art in gaffing a fish, and each new boatman should be taught it at once. In beaching, a fish should be gaffed, if possible, by inserting deliberately the point of the gaff behind the gills and running it up into the mouth, but sometimes the fish is too lively to permit this, so then the gaff should be set in wherever practicable (the nearer the neck the better), by putting the hook beneath the fish with the point up, and surging back hard on the handle. It is not good practice to gaff a fish with the point of the gaff down.

In gaffing from the boat, a dead fish may be hooked in the gills, but a live one should be struck from beneath, as just described. The blow should be given quickly and vigorously, and any tendency on the part of the boatman to do the work gingerly, or as if he were afraid of getting hurt, should be "nipped in the bud."

Measuring and Weighing Fish.

A tarpon should be measured when lying on its sides with its mouth closed, the length being taken from the tip of the lower jaw to a transverse line joining the extreme points of the tail, and the circumference at its maximum. The product of the length in inches by the square of the maximum girth in inches, divided by 800, will give very closely the weight in pounds. Nevertheless, it is well occasionally to weigh a fish or two so as to satisfy oneself that the formula still applies, although this gives a good deal of trouble and occupies valuable time that might be devoted to fishing.

One really needs a small block and tackle to weigh a big tarpon conveniently, besides either some high beam or an improvised gallows or tripod.

Photographing.

The photographing of leaping tarpon should be a pursuit of the deepest interest to any amateur photographer, for it is enticing even to those who, like myself, know absolutely nothing about photography. The gun-camera, designed by me and manufactured by Dr. H. W. Howe, ought to be duplicated by every tarpon fisherman who is also anything of a photographer. The apparatus has been described briefly in a previous issue of FOREST AND STREAM, nevertheless I shall again explain it here for the convenience of those readers who did not see the first description.

Manufacture out of 1½-inch plank a little wooden gun about 3 feet 6 inches long, put a sight on the end of it, and attach a trigger at the customary place. Then suspend and attach rigidly to the gun, just in front of the trigger, a good film camera, and by a simple system of levers make the trigger operate the shutter. Of course the axis of the gun and that of the camera must not only lie in the same vertical plane, but must also be parallel.

To use the gun, set the shutter catch, place the gun to the shoulder with the left hand beneath the camera and right forefinger on the trigger; then watch for the fish to jump, point the gun at it, and pull the trigger.

Next move up a new film, set the shutter catch and make ready for another shot. The apparatus works like a charm, and it is probable that ere long something of the kind can be bought at the photographic supply stores. With it birds can be caught on the wing and animals on the run. It can be used also for stationary pictures to great advantage, because it obviates the necessity for employing the tell-tale.

Snap shots at leaping tarpon can be taken by a photographer located in the bow of one's boat or in the boat of a companion. The sportsman could not well take a picture of his own fish, and the boatman could not be well spared from his regular duties for this purpose. In the case of the pictures of my catch, illustrated previously in FOREST AND STREAM and in Modern Mexico, my companion took them from another boat, and as he was always fishing when I got my strikes, he missed the first two or three jumps of the tarpon, which are nearly always the best ones they make.

If a photographer were in the bow of one's boat, one could shout to him upon the first indication of a strike, and give him time to rise to his feet, get his balance and aim the gun before the fish would be out of the water. A series of pictures taken thus would be of the greatest interest to the fishing fraternity.

General Remarks.

The time required to land a tarpon will depend upon a number of conditions, among which the following are the principal ones:

1. Size of fish.
2. How it is hooked.
3. Conditions of wind and tide.
4. Experience of the fisherman.

I used to figure for ordinary conditions at the rate of one minute for each five pounds of weight; but I have been doing better than that of late, for I have landed in the boat a 6-foot 4-inch tarpon weighing about 120 pounds in fifteen minutes, and I once beached a 5½-footer weighing probably 80 pounds in seven minutes.

If a fish is not hooked in the mouth, it will take more than twice as much time and labor to land it as it would if properly attached. A 5-footer hooked in the back just behind the long fin once nearly wore me out completely, and a 5½-footer hooked in the eye put up a running fight of three-quarters of an hour without making a single leap. I finally had to get out on the beach and pull it in by brute force.

On another occasion my wife, who was in the boat with me, hooked a 5-footer in the cheek. It took our combined efforts for nearly half an hour to bring the fish to gaff.

In respect to the percentage of tarpon landed in relation to the total number of strikes, I would state that this depends mainly upon the experience, skill and attention of the fisherman; but also somewhat upon how hungry the fish are, and whether one is fishing from a boat or from the shore.

At Aransas Pass the average for all the sportsmen is about one out of ten, but from the start, owing to the thorough instructions given me by my friend, Mr. Wm. Dunbar Jenkins, who was for several years chief engineer on the work of improving Aransas Pass, I did much better than that, averaging for the first three outings two tarpon from nine strikes. I now can just reach the limit of fifty per cent., although I once landed twelve out of twenty, losing one to a shark and two more to experimenting on one of Dr. Howe's reels with his patent brake.

The secret of my success is the quickness with which I strike whenever there is even the least suspicion of a bite. Some have told me that by striking so quickly I snatch the bait out of the fish's mouth. Perhaps I do occasionally, but is it not better to do so once in a while than to be losing fish constantly on the first jump?

Just here a word as to the difference between a bite and a strike. When a fish takes hold of the bait and then lets go after showing itself either by leaping or coming to the surface, we call this a "strike"; but if it does not so show itself, we term it a "bite."

One can generally tell when a tarpon has bitten by examining the bait, for the tarpon, having no teeth, crush the mullet and leave a little indentation on each side, while none of the other large, salt-water fishes that I know of are minus teeth.

Many sportsmen maintain that a tarpon always tackles the bait head first, but I do not believe this, as the markings on bait that has been nipped without the hook being touched prove, to my mind at least, that an escaping mullet is seized from behind.

One can nearly always be sure whether it is a tarpon or not that has been hung, because in nineteen cases out of twenty a tarpon will leap immediately after feeling the hook in its mouth. The exceptions to the rule are when the fish is unusually heavy and when it is hooked foul, especially in the eye. Even those hooked foul generally jump once or twice, and a tarpon has to approach pretty close to 200 pounds in weight before it is too clumsy to leap.

There is a decided difference between the weight and the fighting qualities of male and female tarpon of the same length. The male is lighter and more slender, and may leap higher, but the female is more chunky, and puts up by far the harder fight. The latter can nearly always be recognized by the broad back, which, to my eye, appears of a somewhat darker green than that of the male.

Fish are lost in the following ways, and the frequency of their occurrence is about as in the order given:

1. By failure of the hook to penetrate a soft place.
2. By the cutting of a hole in the mouth, from which the hook drops when the line is slackened.
3. By breaking or corkscrewing the hook.
4. By breaking the line owing to—
 - a. Its deterioration.
 - b. Fouling of line on reel by overrunning of the latter.
 - c. Tangling of something by the reel handle.
 - d. Too severe application of the brake or reel handle in order to stop the fish.
5. By breaking of snell.
6. By breaking of rod, generally in the tip, but sometimes in the butt.
7. By carelessness of boatman in gaffing.
8. By attack of a shark.

According to this, the fish has many chances for escape, but they can be guarded against by the sportsman more or less successfully as follows:

1. By setting the hook in quickly, as already herein explained.
2. By taking great care, especially toward the end of the fight, to avoid giving any slack line.
3. By purchasing only the best hooks that are obtainable, and by discarding at once any hook that shows the least sign of bending.
 - a. By drying one's line whenever possible; by turning it end for end on the reel, and, finally, by discarding it before it is entirely worn out.
 - b. By using a strong outgoing drag, and by never letting go of the rear brake without first either grasping the reel handle, or using the forward brake, or pressing against the spool with the guarded fingertips.
 - c. By keeping one's gloves buttoned and leaving no loose ends of anything hanging out that could possibly reach the reel, such, for instance, as the strings of the finger guards.
 - d. By using judgment and not being overconfident in the strength of one's tackle.
5. By using extra strong snell wires, of a material that is not soon injured by the sea water, and that will not kink easily.
6. By buying the best of rods, and by never letting the rod touch any part of the boat when a fish is hung, also by special watchfulness when towing a big fish close to the boat, so that when it makes a sudden rush for liberty the brake pressure shall be relieved instantly.
7. By instructing the boatman as to how to gaff a fish properly, as herein described.
8. By keeping the fish close to the boat when a shark is near, and by making a great noise in order to frighten the brute away. To be candid, though, I must confess

that I don't believe there is much chance of success in case that the shark is hungry and the tarpon a big one, for it gets so frightened by seeing its natural enemy near at hand that one cannot prevent it from running.

As to why tarpon will strike at some times and not at others, I have for several years been trying unsuccessfully to learn. I have seen them in immense numbers when they would not look at a bait, but at other times I have obtained a strike by circling a school. Possibly other fishermen have learned the reason, or reasons, and will give them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

In respect to what should be considered fair, average sport at tarpon fishing, this will depend upon the locality. It is said that if a man goes to Florida in the winter, stays there two weeks and catches one tarpon, he should go home satisfied. My average of late years at Aransas Pass has been one tarpon per day, and at Tampico over one and a half. On some days the score runs high, while at other



A. N. CHENEY.

times at Aransas there will not be a tarpon landed by any one for several consecutive days. At Aransas I have caught as many as five tarpon in a forenoon, and at Tampico in the same time six tarpon and ten jackfish. My friend, Father O'Dwyer, of Kansas City, has lately landed in four days at Aransas twenty-four tarpon, six jackfish and two large jewfish—an enormous score. But in tarpon fishing, as in life in general, "all is not beer and skittles," so, when the fish fail to strike, the true sportsman must console himself with the expectation of "better luck to-morrow" and bide his time patiently.

And now for a few words of warning to the novice, that may perhaps be the means of saving him some annoyance or discomfort. Beware of letting slip the handle of the reel, or you may have your knuckles skinned, and don't let your thumb get pinched in the reel. Wear a white silk handkerchief around your neck to prevent chafing and sunburn. Keep turned down over your wrists the long sleeves of your undershirt, and thus prevent them from being burned.

When any one of a group of tarpon fishermen hooks a fish, it is the duty of every one else to keep out of his way, even if to do so involves weighing anchor and taking in line. It is the height of discourtesy to foul the line of another fisherman and thus cause him to lose his fish.

When two are fishing from one boat, and one of them gets a strike, the other should reel in his line instantly, not only for fear of fouling, but also to avoid striking another fish. It is hard luck to strike two fish at the same time; for the chances are greatly in favor of a tangle and the loss of both fish. On three occasions have my companion and I struck doubles, and in every case both fish escaped. Doubling is very likely to occur when two persons fish from the same boat, because tarpon often travel in small schools and quite close to each other. It is far better that each sportsman have a boat to himself.

Care of Tackle.

Whenever one stops fishing for an hour or more, he should dry his line thoroughly. At tarpon resorts there are places set aside for this purpose and provided with wooden arms from twenty to forty feet apart, around which the line is wound, or at least as much of it as has gotten wet. These places are generally under shelter from rain. When the driers are not available, one can dry his line fairly well by coiling it on the floor in the corner of a room, where it will not be disturbed.

The patent line drier made of brass and jointed so as to pack into a cylindrical space six inches long by one inch in diameter, (costing \$1.75) is an excellent thing to have, as it can be used either in a room or out of doors.

The greatest of care should be taken to prevent one's line, when either wet or dry, from touching steel or iron, as rust will ruin it in a very short time. A dry line stowed in a painted galvanized iron tackle box will take

no hurt, however, but it should be placed in a compartment having nothing else in it but lines.

To test a line, make a loop at the end, hitch it onto the scales, attach the latter to a hook, or have some one hold it, take hold of the line with the hand properly guarded, and pull until either a satisfactory resistance is attained or until the line breaks. The cutting off of weakened parts and the reversing of ends have been mentioned previously. Lines should be examined carefully every day for frayed spots, and when any are found, they should be either cut out or removed to near the axle of the reel, or else the use of the line should be abandoned.

Care should be taken not to let the line either untwist or kink. The cause of such trouble is either an eccentric bait or insufficient or ineffective swivels. To take the kinks out of a line, remove the snell and tow the twisted part behind the boat for a short time.

Above all things, don't let any sand get into the spooled line for, if there be any there when a fish is being handled, the pressure on the brake will cut the line rapidly.

It is practically to splice two short lengths of line to make one long one; but it is a delicate piece of work, and should not be undertaken by any one who is not expert therein. Occasionally a boatman is found who can make a good splice—generally one who has been a sailor.

All steel or iron portions of one's tackle should be greased often so as to prevent rusting, including gaff, revolver, snell-wires and hooks, and every day or two the axles of the reels should be oiled through the little covered cups on the outside, as should also the click, if there be one.

Hooks should be sharpened the moment that they are found to be dull, using therefor a flat file, a somewhat blunt point being better than a very slender one. The gaff hook also should be kept sharp.

Never use a crooked snell, but straighten it just as soon as it is found to be bent. If a bad kink be discovered, better abandon the snell than attempt to straighten it, for the wire would be very apt to break at the point of straightening.

Never let a rod get very much bent, if it can be avoided. Opinions are divided as to the best way to straighten a bent rod. Some sportsmen reverse the tip in the socket at least once a day; but others never reverse it, preferring to spring back the rod by pressing the tip against the floor and oscillating it gently. Rods are built with double guides for reversal, but some experienced fishermen claim that a rod often reversed will wear out much more quickly than one which is sprung back as just described. From the point of view of an engineer this opinion is correct.

If a rod be sprung or cracked it can often be repaired by winding waxed tarpon line very tightly over, above and below the cracked portion, and fastening the ends thereof so that they cannot slip.

When a reel gets out of order the best thing to do is to send it back to the maker for repairs, unless one has considerable mechanical ability, or there is no other reel to use.

In respect to the tackle-box, one should remember the old adage, "a place for everything and everything in its proper place." When getting it ready for a journey it should be so packed that none of the contents will move about, all valuable portions, such as reels and articles easily injured, being wrapped with cloth. The last remarks apply also to the rod trunk.

In conclusion I desire to remind my readers that for tarpon fishing the best tackle is necessary, and that, unless it be kept in first-class condition, it is pretty sure to give trouble and dissatisfaction.

J. A. L. WADDELL.

Edwin R. Wallace.

EDWIN R. WALLACE, well known as the author of a work on the Adirondacks, died at his home in Syracuse, N. Y., last week. Of the man and the book, Mr. Stanley G. Smith writes in the *Syracuse Post-Standard*:

In the departure this week from this life of Edwin R. Wallace, Syracuse and Onondaga county have not only lost one of their oldest residents, but one of their most interesting characters and gentlest of men. He was always a modest and unobtrusive citizen, or else his success as author and merchant would have made him more conspicuous in this community. He was foremost in establishing a public library before our Central Library was established. His chief literary work, and one which will outlive him many years, was his "Adirondacks."

"Wallace's 'Adirondacks'" is without doubt the best book of reference and history of any similar work of travel and descriptive scenery ever published in this country. It was first issued about thirty years ago in comparatively a humble way, but was gradually expanded and embellished in its various editions to a handsome volume with hundreds of half-tone and other illustrations, and was wonderfully complete in its details and statistics. It has been said that the work was mostly to be found in colleges and public libraries. This is not so, as many of the lovers of and visitors to our State's great natural sanitarium, the North Woods and Adirondack Mountains, have copies of the work, and Mr. Wallace was known throughout the beautiful wilderness better than any other man. Had he cared to prosecute its publication and sale with the same zeal he expended in his business, he could have made a competency from this source alone, and obtained for himself a greater reputation. It was simply a labor of love with him. The strange feature of this authorship was the fact that Mr. W. was not a sportsman, being neither a hunter nor an angler. He simply delighted to visit this wonderfully invigorating region of woods and mountains and to tramp and rest therein.

Such true devotees of the woods as our well-known citizen, former Judge A. J. Northrup, himself an author of books of wood life, and Ernst Held, the grand old follower of Walton, can well certify to the ability and dear friendship of our lamented one. The writer had the great pleasure for the past few seasons to have enjoyed trips to the Adirondacks with this most genial of companions and encyclopaedia of information. His work has done more to attract interest to the Adirondacks

than any other source, and consequently has given entertainment and life to many thousands of visitors, sportsmen and invalids.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 9, held at Stow Lake, Aug. 10. Wind, light west; weather, warm and foggy:

	Event No. 1, Distance, Feet.		Event No. 2, Accuracy, Per cent.		Event No. 3, Acc. % Del. % Net %			Event No. 4, Lure Casting %	
Battu	87	91	91.2	77.6	84.4	88	1-15		
Brooks	108	93	87.8	79.2	83.5	..			
Brotherton ..	119	92.4	93	83.4	88.2	93	1-15		
Everett	119	95.4	90.4	85	87.2	..			
Grant	109	89.8	87.8	77.6	82.7	78	2-15		
Golcher	130.6	90.4	90.4	77.6	83.11	88	4-15		
Mansfield	88.8	92.8	84.2	88.5	90	2-15		
Mullen	100	92.8	81.4	78.4	79.10	..			
Smyth	91.4	92.8	82.6	87.7	..			
Young	90	90	93	80	86.5	64	1-15		

Judges, Mansfield and Golcher; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday, contest No. 9, held at Stow Lake, Aug. 11. Wind, south, southwest; weather, warm:

Battu	89	92.8	88	75	81.6	49	1-15
Brooks	102	92.4	87.8	71.8	79.8	..	
Blade	86	83.4	76.4	70	73.2	..	
Brotherton ..	120	89.8	88	77.6	82.9	91	12-15
Daverkosen ..	105	94.4	84.8	77.6	81.1	..	
Everett	118.6	95	95	76.8	86.10	..	
Foulks	111.6	93.8	84.8	77.6	81.1	..	
Grant	105	89.4	86.8	76.8	81.8	..	
Golcher	129	87.8	90	79.2	84.7	78	13-15
Huyck	98	92.4	88.4	73.4	80.10	..	
B. Kenniff ..	113	88.4	88.4	72.6	80.5	94	2-15
Kierulff	81	88.8	80.4	65.10	73.1	..	
Mansfield	94.8	93.4	83.4	88.4	91	10-15
Muller	107	91	78	76.8	77.4	..	
C. R. Kenniff..	107	88.4	90	75	82.6	..	
Smyth	81	88.8	80	84.4	..	
Young	97	92.4	93	70	81.6	..	

Judges, Muller and Young; referee, Mansfield.

The Potomac Fishing.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Aug. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will endeavor to write you a few items on our summer fishing, which has had more than the usual number of fishermen. The South Branch remained muddy the most of the summer, but as soon as it cleared crowds of campers appeared on the river; but I do not think they have caught very many fish, although I have seen three or four 4-pound bass taken close to town by local anglers. I think that the carp and the fish pots, tie rafts, so many fishing and the two tanneries soon to be in operation on the South Branch have sounded the death knell of bass fishing on the historic South Branch of the Potomac. Your correspondent was an applicant for the position of deputy game and fish warden for this county, but as he understands some toughs from Keyser, who were over here violating the law last fall by running deer with hounds, and whom he tried to get punished for the same, have petitioned the State warden not to appoint him, he supposes he will not be appointed. We will have lots of quail shooting here this fall. Squirrels are scarce; pheasants are plentiful; deer and wild turkeys are only fair; rabbits are thick. JIM BURR BRADY.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., Aug. 17.—This lake is noted for the number of large trout annually taken from its waters. This year is no exception, as quite a supply of good-sized trout has been taken by the expert anglers who are summering here. One of the most persevering and enthusiastic fishermen is Willard H. Poole, of Fall River. While trolling from a canoe alone he netted a 3½-pound salmon, a 4-pound trout and a 10-pound trout, the last giving him quite a fight for two hours before passing into the net. Dr. C. C. Rothfuchs, of Boston, secured an 8-pound trout. W. B. Hawes, of Fall River, paying a visit of a day and a half to friends here, took the half-day to go afishing, and ran up against a 13½-pound trout that gave him a self-satisfied feeling after dinner the next day. O. E. Berry and J. N. Moshier are high line on trout this year, they taking a 17-pound trout, which heads the list of large trout for 1901.

The prospect for deer hunting is good, quite a number having been seen near the farmhouses and on the shores of the lake. Partridges have done well this summer, and promise good sport to the man with the gun. S. H.

Louisiana Bayous.

A bright August found the writer on the charming banks of the Courtableau on a trip to the neighboring lakes and swamp islands to look out for the so much talked of plovers, odd and strange dressed water birds with long loose wings which for that reason are called also flap wings, inhabiting the favored regions, which I shall now describe. It is far away from my course I noticed Bayou Fusilier. Not a small stream more than four miles in length, and would not merit our attention in a system of geography, if it did not form a limit between the grand and magnificent domains of Louisiana, Opelousas and Attakapas. Bayou Fusilier is further illustrative in showing how near the country at this point approaches the real curve of a sphere. The water, as if balanced, seems scarcely able to determine its course. This Bayou Fusilier must not be confounded with another bearing the same name. Both bayous are indebted for their name to the self-same person. The Eastern Fusilier is in reality a stream of much greater importance than the one mentioned in the beginning of this article.

There is a mysterious influence at work in the regions of the Courtableau and Fusilier, which seems to gather the swamp fogs up and hold them suspended above and around the little lakes and petty bayous, shutting them in completely, so that all about the atmosphere is dark. When I approached, meditating about this phenomenon. I found myself suddenly in its densest vapors. A little later in the season large flocks of "golden plovers" alighted on the banks of the Courtableau and made it lively for the grasshoppers, their rich food, which now in great terror rose before me in clouds at every step, and scattered away in uncertain flight before the wind.

A brisk walk found me on the borders of a fresh-water lake. The bottom was covered with a growth of aquatic vegetation, which seems as though it might harbor sufficient insect and reptile life to feed thousands of plovers, while in the shallow water lilies grow in profusion, their dark green leaves crowding each other upon the surface, leaving only scant room for the snow-white petals to shoot up and unfold themselves for the voracious plovers, hunting in the deep and wide nectaries for insects and snails.

It has been observed, when speaking of the Courtableau, that it flows diagonally over an inclined plane. When the spring floods have filled the swamps with water, and when the Courtableau becomes replenished beyond the capacity of retention, it is, though on a smaller scale, similar to the Atchafalaya, its redundancy being carried off by an indefinite number of outlets from the right bank, that mostly lose themselves in the waste of the woods. Some narrow outlets which, having their efflux from the Courtableau, about two miles below the Derbane, pursues a southern course about twelve miles in its windings, and approaching the prairie Grand Chevreuil within a short distance, turns each toward the Atchafalaya, and finally loses itself in the intermixture of lakes that enchain that river on the west side. When the Fusilier assumes its eastern course from prairie Grand Chevreuil, it meanders and becomes still more serpentine. Not a single spot on the bank of this bayou can be rendered secure from the annual overflow of the swamps by the Atchafalaya, and it is a lasting monument of a revolution in the range of waters through this region. It would be not only improbable, but impossible, that water could, in the present state in the country, form a determinate course in this place. At the elevation of the spring floods the swamps are entirely filled with water, and all the small bayous are lost in the universal inundation.—The Times-Democrat.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Training the Hunting Dog.

By B. Waters, Author of "Fetch and Carry: A Treatise on Retrieving."

XXII.—Field Trial Judging (Continued).

Some men will have a better understanding of a dog's work in one season than some other men will have in a lifetime. The matter of brains and natural aptitude governs in this case as it does in all other branches of man's intelligent effort; therefore it is essential that a field trial judge have that somewhat uncommon quality called common sense.

The average man who has not been schooled to concentration by habit, finds great difficulty in concentrating his thoughts on one subject for a prolonged period of time; indeed, without a prior schooling many men cannot do so, and some cannot do so longer than a few moments at a time. Men who are mentally indolent or incapable of concentration of mind are not of the material for good judges.

The field trial judge must keep his eye and mind on the dog's work incessantly. Unless he sees the work done, he knows nothing about it. If he sees two dogs, one on point, the other on back, after they are established, he does not know but what the pointing dog may have stolen the point from the dog which is apparently backing. As for errors, if the judge's eye is off the dogs, they may be made and the negligent judge will never of his own knowledge know that they ever happened.

The good judge must constantly make mental comparisons of the industry, range, bird sense, judgment, independence of action, accuracy, quickness, honest work to the gun, etc., free from crafty coaching by his handler and jealous rivalry of his competitor; therefore to master all the details of the competition he must have a good memory. All this, added to planning the course for each heat and directing the rendezvous for the wagons at the end of each heat, is quite sufficient to keep his mind occupied within and his attention engaged without. Thus it will be noted that a field trial is a much more ponderous affair to handle than is one or two dogs in actual field work.

In laying out a course for a heat, reference to giving the dogs a good consecutive run and reference to good courses for the other dogs should be considered.

Field trial clubs, as a rule, rent their grounds and within such territory they have all the needed rights and factors for giving the dogs the required competitive tests. The grounds vary greatly in character. In parts the birds are in generous abundance; in others there may be none at all. Some parts may be all cover, or mixed open and cover, or open entirely. Creeks, wire fences, swamps, steep hills, etc., are also circumstances which may require consideration. It is readily perceived that if the grounds are worked irregularly back and forth without any fixed plans, or that if the choice parts are worked out first, then the dogs which run in the subsequent heats would work on ground already more or less worked out or they would have to work on the poorest remaining ground. The judge, therefore, must approximately apportion his ground so that each brace will have a trial on unworked ground, dividing the choice and poor parts as equitably as may be, so that each brace will have chances as near alike as intelligent planning can devise. If one dog finds and points a dozen berries in a certain course, and another dog, working equally as well in another course, finds no birds because there are none in it to find, the former would likely receive the approval of the green judge, who has yet to learn the value of opportunity or its absence. The trained judge has all such considerations in mind.

The next greatest affliction in comparison with the judge who is frantically intent on being everywhere at the same time, right or wrong, is the judge who has no

ideas in respect to going anywhere. He is weak and indecisive, the competition lags and weakens in consequence, because he does not know where to go nor what to do.

Every few moments there is likely to be some matter submitted to him for a ruling, and, however good he may be in an actual day's shooting, if he is not competent as a judge he will be unable to conceal it. Indecision makes incompetency manifest, and the more incompetent he is the more ruling he will have to make, for error begets trouble and disorganization. Brave impartiality and energy when judging imaginary field trials in a circle of friends by the fireside, and the same when confronted by men who are sternly in earnest in a real trial, have quite different aspects.

The ready judgment of the irresponsible spectator who sees but little but whose conclusions are great, is many times at the judge's service if he will but listen to them. It is a mistake to discuss the competition with any on-looker, as it is a mistake, directly or indirectly, in any way, to endeavor to explain apologetically any decision. If a contestant asks in good faith as to how his dog was beaten, it is quite proper to give him the needed information; however, the information being given, no argument concerning it should be permitted.

In taking dogs into the second and subsequent series, the judge should be careful to estimate their performance on its class rather than on a mere matter of detail alone. A dog which shows good class ability will repeat his good performance heat after heat, whereas the dog which made some accidental good work, or good work from advantageous circumstance, may be entirely incapable of repeating it. A man who cannot discriminate as to class will never make an accurate and sound judge of field trial competition. Where class work is considered, the competition works to a natural and definite conclusion; when it is ignored, there may be the absurd spectacle of a low class dog competing for first at the final of a stake, with dogs of much higher ability left out of the competition. Nor should any dogs of inferior quality be taken into a series out of mere compliment to their owners. When a dog has shown himself inferior to other dogs, his part in the competition is determined and should be ended. To take an inferior dog into a series to which he is not entitled on his merits, perpetrates a wrong on the other competitors, however much of a compliment it may be to the owner.

XXIII.—Kennel Management.

The dog's sleeping quarters should be dry, clean, well ventilated and comfortable. He should have ample room in which to exercise, in default of which he should be given a good run night and morning each day. Exercise is indispensable to his physical and mental well-being.

Dogs should never be kept on chain. Old dogs fret and worry, and in time become more or less soured in temper. Young dogs, from standing in a set, strained position at the length of the chain, frequently grow up out of shape; their elbows turn out, their faces are wrinkled and bear an anxious expression, and they become addicted to habitual worry and irritation.

Cleanliness, good food, pure water, exercise and wholesome sleeping places are as necessary to the good health of the dog as they are to the good health of his master. Exercise, in fact, is more essential to the dog, for when he becomes fat his powers quickly degenerate. He then becomes indolent, deficient in stamina and predisposed to disease. With some dogs it is a matter of great difficulty to work off the fat, as they either will not or cannot work enough to reduce it other than by very slow degrees.

The food of the dog is worthy of much greater consideration than is commonly given to it. The table scraps of some families make quite good food, while those of other families cease to be food at all for any animal. There is quite a remove between scraps of good beef, bread, vegetables, etc., on the one hand, and potato skins on the other; that is to say, table scraps, to be of food value, must have food constituents. Sheep's heads, tripe, mutton, beef, roasted rare or boiled with cabbage; turnips and onions, etc., make an excellent food. Corn-meal or any other purely vegetable food is unfit for the dog. He will live a shorter time, grow old younger and cease to be a working dog at an earlier age than he will on any other diet. The dog is carnivorous, and therefore he needs a meat diet. The ill effect of the latter, when such there is, is not from the meat diet of itself, but from over-feeding. In a state of nature the dog gets his meals at uncertain times, perhaps days apart. Once a day is quite often enough to feed him, yet the average dog owner is prone to judge of the dog's needs by his own, and therefore he feeds the dog three times a day with a few morsels, perhaps, between times.

The dog's digestive organs are not adapted to the assimilation of a vegetable diet. On this point, the following, taken from a paper read before the New England Kennel Club, Boston, July, 1884, by Dr. J. Frank Billings, will be read with interest: "No matter in what way we look at it, the dog's ancestors were carnivorous, and the nature of their descendants has not changed in this regard, though, as in everything else, man has succeeded in changing it to a degree. Still, a carnivora he was, is and ever will be. He is not a masticator. He has not a grinding tooth in his head. He has nothing but biting and tearing teeth in the front, and crushers in the posterior part of his jaws. He takes no pleasure in eating as the chewers—i. e., the masticating animals—do. His is a feeling of emptiness, and when able he gulps his food, fills his stomach and, when he can do so, retires to a secluded spot to rest. It may be interpolated also that, in proportion to the size of the body, the canine family have the largest stomachs of any known species of animals.

"Critical persons need not think we have any reference to the receptive stomach of the ruminants; we mean the digestive stomach.

"The dog's natural food is meat, and, to avoid giving them a strong odor, we should cook it. Meal and starchy food is an abomination, and totally unfit for dogs, even the most delicate, though all the bigoted ignorance of all the dog men from time to eternity assert the contrary. The dog can live on the stuff, I admit, but it finds no organs for its preparation or digestion until it has passed through the stomach into the intestines. He has no grinders to prepare it in the mouth, and if he had he gulps

it without chewing; his salivary glands are rudimentary, hence he has no means whatever of turning starchy food into sugar and dextrine, which fit them for nourishment, as ruminants have. Starchy food is not acted upon by the gastric juices to any great degree, and so they pass unchanged through the stomach into the beginning of the intestine, where the pancreas or salivary glands of the abdomen have to do all the work.

"Feeding on meat does not ruin the scent of sporting dogs as ignorance so frequently asserts. If it did, the whole wild canine race—wolves, jackals, etc.—would long ago have died of starvation. Feeding meat does not make dogs ugly, but confinement and neglect do. Finally, common sense and the study of the subject in all its details, are better guides than the accumulated ignorance of the world on any subject."

The experience of all the eminent trainers and most advanced sportsmen fully bears out the foregoing. A dog will do more and better work on a meat diet than on any other, and he will also have better health and a longer life if so fed.

Many owners are prejudiced in favor of vegetable food on the matter of economy. There is no doubt of its relative cheapness, but that is quite another matter from its fitness.

Whether the dog is working or idling, one meal a day, at evening, is quite enough. The sympathy of the owner who judges his dog's needs by his own is wasted when he imagines that the dog will suffer from hunger if he has not three meals a day. Actual knowledge is much better than unthinking sympathy.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
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Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XVIII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

KEMPLE'S FALLS, with its prodigal variety of reefs, falls, pools, holes and shallows, is an unusually favored place for bass, and they are quite plentiful here, and rise readily to the fly.

For several years past we have made Capt. Keyser's place, at the foot of the falls, a camping place for a day or so's fishing, with varying success, but always enjoying fine sport, and we remained here all day on Saturday, fishing several hours in the forenoon, lying around our comfortable camp, with book and pipe, during the middle of the day, and going back up into the falls between 3 and 4 o'clock, and fishing until dusk. We had brought a small bucket of "mad-toms" down with us from Bear Lithia, and with these and helgramites (which are plentiful here), and our fly tackle, we were well provided with bait, and our day's sport was most gratifying. We had fish for supper, an abundant supply for breakfast, and sent a fine string up to Capt. Keyser's house.

The fish were fierce and gamy. I had one take a mad-tom from right under my feet, in a clear, little channel through the reefs not over 6 in. deep, while I was wading across it, with the "tom" trailing in the water at the end of the shortened line, held loosely in my fingers, and, while fly-fishing in the afternoon, I saw one shoot 20 ft. or more through the water, to get my fly, as it dropped lightly out on the surface. He got it, too.

"Well, sir! talk about fishing," said Lacy, as he put a little more sugar in the lemon preparation I handed him just before supper, and stirred it briskly around. "Talk about fishing! I'm no fisherman, and seldom care much about it, but that's the finest fishing place up there that ever I struck. Talk about bass! I never did see so many bass in a place. And so careless, too! They ran around everywhere. Right under a fellow's feet!" here he paused to take a couple of sips of his decoction. "Why, I caught one bass," he continued, "that ran after my angry thomas as I was reeling my line in, and took it right between my feet" (another sip). "I didn't use my rod at all, but yanked the line with my fingers, and hooked him and drew him in" (two or three more sips), "and I actually caught one with my hands. A 2-pounder, too! Fact!" he added, as he finished his preparation and set the empty glass down with a ring on the mess table and looked around at us inquiringly, as though challenging contradiction.

"Oh, get out! What are you presenting us with?" exclaimed George, in disgust.

"Well, it's so," he persisted, earnestly. "He ran out in shallow water after some minnows, and shot clean up on to a little gravel bar where the water was only a couple of inches deep, and while he was floundering and splashing around, trying to throw himself back into deeper water, I dropped my rod and went for him with both hands, and grabbed him and held onto him before he could get away."

He sat down and helped himself liberally to fried bass, fried potatoes and cheese omelette.

"Gimme cup of coffee, Commodore, please," he commanded, with the air of one who, having quite distinguished himself, was entitled to some little consideration therefor.

"Colonel," said I, quietly changing the subject, as I served Lacy with his coffee, "did you hear about the sportsman's badge John Kinney was talking about some two or three weeks ago—before we left town?"

"No, I didn't," said the Colonel, as he reached for his third bass. "What was it?"

"Nice fish, aren't they, Colonel?" remarked Lacy, looking meaningly at me.

"Yes, very," remarked the Colonel, innocently, as he split his fish down the back and liberally salted and buttered it.

"Why, you see," I continued, "the Judge said it was proposed to get up a badge for the sportsmen of Staunton. It was originally designed for the gunners, but there are so many fishermen in town who are also gunners that it was finally decided to include the fishermen also. The design is to be something like this: A lyre—a musical instrument, you know, not an individual—a lyre for the centerpiece, crowned with a wreath, with a fishing rod leaning on one side and a gun leaning on the other—"

"They might put a fellow catching fish with his hands behind it," observed George.

"With a bar suspended below," I continued, "with the inscription, 'I am one of them.'"

"It's a capital idea," said the Colonel.

"And an excellent design," added George.

"Yes," I replied, "and, considering Lacy's phenomenal catch to-day, I think, although he modestly lays no claim

his tobacco bag, from which he proceeded to replenish his pipe. "They used to boat all the pig iron from the furnace at Milnes down to Riverton and Harper's Ferry before the railroad was built."

"So I've been told," replied the Colonel.

"A cargo such as pig iron or coal is peculiarly heavy and hard to handle," continued the Captain, "and in case of accident the boat and cargo of course sunk."

"Couldn't they be recovered?" asked Lacy.

"Well, that depended on the water," was the reply. "In low water, when a boat was wrecked in a rapid or fall, it was usually not difficult to save the cargo, as the water was not generally deep; and it could be carried, piece-meal ashore; and the boat itself was usually gotten off the rocks and repaired, if not too badly damaged; but if the accident happened in flush water, or was caused by the boat running on a rock or reef in deep water, both boat and cargo were frequently lost—particularly if the cargo was iron or coal—as the water was then too deep, or swift, or both, to handle the boat or get the cargo ashore. Hadn't you all better come up to the house for the night?" he continued, as he rose and knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and started to walk back up the lane. "Those little boats look close and frail to be out over night in!"

We thanked him for his kind invitation, and with the assurance that our tents and canoes were perfectly comfortable and secure, and with kindly good nights all round, he turned away, and was lost to sight amongst the dense shadows of the trees.

The moon was just rising above the lofty tree-tops which crowned the high bluff opposite and above us, and through her topmost boughs her bright rays penetrated, casting over the foreground of river and sloping bank



"THE MASSIVE LINE OF CLIFFS END HERE IN A BOLD PROMONTORY."

to being a sportsman, he certainly is well on the road to becoming a full-fledged one, and is, therefore, fairly entitled to one of these badges."

George and the Colonel acquiesced, heartily, but Lacy made no reply, but got up and walked over to his boat for his bag of tobacco, from which he proceeded to fill his pipe, the which being accomplished, he lighted it, and, resuming his seat on his camp stool, puffed away in silent meditation, until roused by George to come and take part in evening dish wash.

"And so that's Kemple's Falls, is it," said the Colonel, loading his evening pipe for the third time, "that I've heard you fellows talk so much about? Well, I don't think much of the place, as to its great difficulty, I mean. It's no harder to run than plenty of places we've come through above. The Port Republic Falls, for instance. It's a fine fishing ground, though."

"Well, that's as you think," said George, as, dish towel in hand, he polished away at the dripping plates, as Lacy handed them to him. "We have always considered it the worst place on the entire upper river."

"And the oftener we run it the more I am confirmed in this opinion," I added.

"It used to be so considered by the old-time flat-boatmen," said Capt. Keyser, who had dropped down from his house to have a little chat with us. "The place was much dreaded by them, and I've seen twenty boats at a time laid up above the falls, waiting for a chance to get through; they used to always double up, as they came through, the crews of two or three boats going through on each boat."

"How many men composed the crew of a boat?" asked the Colonel, as he struck a match and puffed his pipe into a light.

"Two men to a boat," was the reply.

"It is always a wonder to me," said George, laying aside the last plate as he spoke, and turning a pan over the little pile of plates, knives, forks and spoons—"It is always a wonder to me how two men could run one of those boats, especially when loaded. Why, they are as big as a ferry boat!"

"Yes, almost as big," the Captain replied. "They are 10 ft. wide and 70 ft. long."

"It is wonderful to me how two men could manage them in the strong, rough water of the falls and rapids," said Lacy.

"It does seem so," admitted Capt. Keyser, "but they managed them somehow, for that was the usual complement to a boat. Accidents, however, were of frequent occurrence, and many a boat has been sunk, and many a cargo lost, up there in the falls above. Thanks, yes; I will take another pipeful," as the Colonel proffered him

a beautiful alternation of wavering lights and shades. We finished our pipes, the while we enjoyed the lovely prospect, and then turned in for the night. Lighting my candle-lamp I lay and read for an hour, with the flaps of my tent thrown up on both sides, to admit the pleasant, balmy night air. Reading myself drowsy I blew out my light, pulled down my tent flaps, and dropped off to sleep.

I was restless, however, and didn't sleep well; my last bass, at supper, probably weighing heavily upon me. Finally, after twisting and tossing around for several hours, I rose up, broad awake. I raised the flap of my tent and looked out. I was startled to find broad daylight. All seemed strangely quiet and still, however, with no signs of life in the other tents. I rubbed my eyes and looked again.

A second and more wakeful look demonstrated the fact that my daylight was literally all moonshine! I looked at my watch—it was 2 o'clock. The glorious beauty of the night tempted me out.

The moon rode high overhead in a cloudless sky, with that mysterious, impressive brilliance only noted in the wee sma' hours of the night. She was a little past the full, and one side was a trifle flattened, slightly diminishing the perfect sphere of her outline, but in nowise diminishing her glorious effulgence, which seemed to diffuse itself everywhere, and to penetrate to the depths of the forest immediately around us.

The broad surface of the wimpling river in front was, shining and bright, like a sheet of liquid silver, looking dark and mysteriously suggestive of unfathomable depths underneath the polished, shining surface. Here and there a projecting rock or reef stood at the up stream end of a long, v-shaped furrow, the lines of which danced and sparkled in the moon's rays, throwing them back and forth in wavering lines of living diamonds, while the foam-crested surges at the foot of the falls, a quarter of a mile away, gleamed snowy and white in the delicate, greenish-yellow light. The musical drone of the falls came to my ears remarkably clear and distinct, while above it could be plainly distinguished the deep-toned, dominating roar of the race-path, a mile further up.

The heavily wooded bank on the opposite side of the river loomed up in a solid wall of blackness, while the massive stone promontory, at the foot of the falls, stood out in the bright glare, with every seam and scar in its wrinkled face as visible as in mid-day; and the broad, sloping, barren waste of sand and rocks, on the opposite bank from the cliffs, gleamed as white as a snowdrift, with here and there a black spot, where some bush, or spindling, stunted sycamore, struggling for existence, among the rocks, cast its shadow on the barren shingle,

The exquisite beauty of the night was deeply impressive. Already clad in my pajamas, I slipped on my canvas slippers and yachting cap, drew my camp-stool out from under my air pillow, procured and lit a cigar, and sat down a little way from the canoes to enjoy the scene.

The mysterious, solemn hush of late night was on all around, and I seemed entirely alone, and in undisputed possession of the whole world. The stately quiet was broken only by the silvery rustling of the leaves on the trees, just stirred by the soft, balmy night wind, laden with the scent of the hay fields and the forest, the drowsy hum of insects and the chirping things of the night, and the subdued, pervasive drone of the falls above. The melodious "hoo-hoo-hoo-ee" of an owl came at intervals on the air, alternated by the drowsy barking of an old dog up at the farm house above, and the liquid call of a whip-poor-will—that mysterious bird of the night and of the mountains—across in the woods opposite, was echoed by that of his mate, half a mile up the river.

The tented canoes loomed up in ghostly indistinctness under the shadows of the trees, without a sign of life about them—their occupants buried deep in sleep. The fly stood full in the glare of the moonlight, and its blue and white stripes stood out in vivid distinctness, while its deep shadow lay on the ground in an irregular, diamond-shaped black patch, one edge of which cut sharply across the mess table, standing beneath the fly, the line cutting irregularly across the little heap of tinware piled on the table, whose exposed edges and surfaces shone like polished silver in the beams of light, while the lantern, hanging at one end of the fly, gleamed faintly yellow, and with a sickly radiance in the superior effulgence which drowned it.

Long I sat there, drinking in the exquisite beauty of the scene, until, finally—my cigar smoked out—I replaced my camp-stool under my pillow, slipped off my cap and canvas slippers and returned to my blankets, where I soon dropped off to sleep, to know nothing more until the broad light of day and the impatient calls of the others of the party—who were already out—demanding to know, with much obfuscation, and other remarks denunciatory and derogatory in character, whether we might expect any breakfast that day, roused me from my late sleep.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

- 24. Shinnecock Bay, association regatta, Shinnecock Bay.
- 24. Corinthian, sixth club championship, Marblehead, Mass. Bay.
- 24. South Boston, ladies' day, City Point, Boston Harbor.
- 24. Winthrop, class handicap, Winthrop, Mass.
- 24. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 24. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 24. Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass.
- 27. Wellfleet, Wellfleet, Mass.
- 29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
- 30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
- 31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
- 31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
- 31. Westhampton C. C., open.
- 31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
- 31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
- 31. Shelter Island, Club.
- 31. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
- 31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
- 31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
- 31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

American Y. C.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

Tuesday, Aug. 13.

THE Y. R. A. race of the American Y. C. was sailed off Newburyport Tuesday, Aug. 13, in a light easterly breeze. There were only two Y. R. A. yachts to start, the 25-footer Early Dawn and the 21-footer Circe II. They sailed walkovers. The racing was in the special class and in the dory class. In the special class Thordis finished first, but lost to Toss on corrected time. Ragtime won easily in the dories. The summary:

Class D.		
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	Elapsed. 2 25 23	Corrected.
Class L.		
Circe II., F. L. Pigeon.....	1 26 17
First Special Class—Schooners.		
White Cloud, Shaw & Shelmire.....	2 46 37..
Second Special Class.		
Toss, F. E. Hilton.....	2 08 24	1 29 23
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	1 57 40	1 30 33
Alberta, H. T. Moody.....	2 05 34	1 39 28
Walrus, F. E. Granger.....	2 10 12	1 43 10
Clara, James Lee.....	2 35 18	1 44 40
Susie, T. Huse.....	2 12 00	1 44 58
Witch, D. Smith.....	2 14 14	1 44 50
Marvel, Lincoln & Reed.....	2 11 56	1 45 22
Æolus, R. Jacoby.....	2 12 16	1 46 10
Spurt, A. E. Emmons.....	2 22 50	1 51 36
Trooper, Nason Bros.....	2 22 46	1 56 31
Emanon	Withdraw.	
Third Special Class—Dories.		
Ragtime, E. F. Noyes.....	1 33 45
Trilby, F. W. Marsden.....	1 36 44
Isa, G. H. Storey.....	1 41 18
Indiana, A. B. Brown.....	1 42 25
Idyllia, C. F. Stone.....	Disabled.	

Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has made the following sales through his agency: The sloop yacht Ramallah, for R. H. I. Goddard, of Providence, R. I., to H. F. Maynard, of Utica, N. Y.; the knockabout Vanessa for I. B. Merriman, of Providence, R. I., to Dr. F. E. De Wolfe, of New York city; the schooner yacht Elfin for W. W. Whipple, of Providence, R. I., to P. R. Bonner, of New York city; the sloop yacht Amie for W. H. Morgan, of Providence, R. I., to Wilbur C. Fisk, of New York city.

Canada Cup Races.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 12.—As reported by wire to the FOREST AND STREAM to-night, the Canadian challenger Invader turned the tables on Cadillac and won the race of to-day almost as decisively as did Cadillac that of last Saturday. This places the boats on even footing at the second race with three yet to sail. The margin of the victor was in each case much the same. Cadillac won its race last Saturday by 8m. 45s. Invader won to-day by 6m. 22s.

It begins to be apparent that these races are races of types and of conditions, rather than of two boats evenly pitted. Invader won to-day under a wind which never



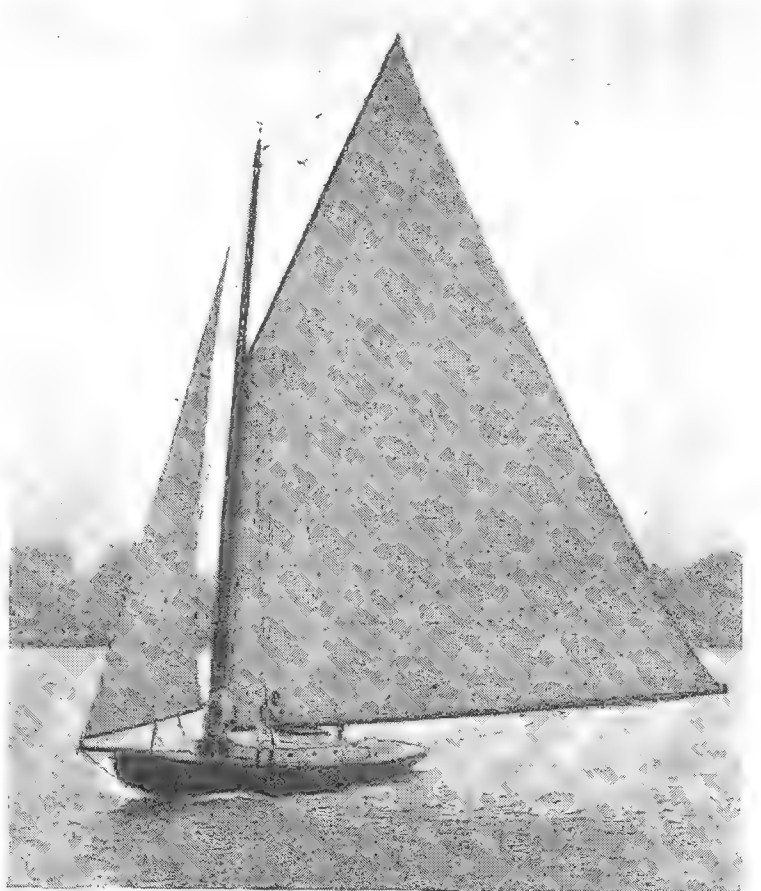
INVADER.

exceeded 6 or 8 miles an hour. Under these conditions her showing is such that nearly all expert observers agree she has the best show under any winds likely to obtain during the present week. Light breezes have prevailed, and are predicted.

The Start.

The course was laid E. S.E., sailed 9 miles to windward and return—Cadillac's hoodoo. She has lost every one of these windward and return races.

The wind was E. by S., and near the starting line was very faint, not more than two miles an hour. The boats lay idly just back of the line, scarcely perceptibly drift-



CADILLAC.

ing in the light breeze and waiting for the gun. Both, however, were obliged to go about just before the gun. Jarvis, the canny Canadian skipper, as usual, gets a shade the best of the jockeying, and takes the windward berth. Cadillac, however, gets under way first. She has to square off a bit to clear the bows of the judges' boat, Thistle. At this time the water is glassy and unrippled, excepting that at a distance beyond the starting line there are little cats' paws of wind working, into which both boats are doing their best to stand.

At 11:10 both boats are close hauled and on the starboard tack. Invader blankets Cadillac and draws ahead.

At 11:18 Invader is 4 lengths ahead of Cadillac. At 11:20 Cadillac is standing on the port tack, followed by Invader at 11:22. It is easily observable that Invader can outpoint the centerboard as it likes. It stands close up into the wind, handled beautifully by Jarvis.

One mile off the four-mile crib, Invader shows up a quarter of a mile to the windward of Cadillac, and it has at this station established a lead of at least rom. should the boats be forced to a test at this stage.

At 12:00 the wind freshens to perhaps 3 miles an hour, and both boats are in little wrinkles of air. Invader still eats into the wind. It foots a trifle better now, and seems more skillfully sailed than Cadillac. They are now 2 miles on their way to the turn.

At 12:15 both boats are outside the four-mile crib, and they are getting fresher winds.

At 12:20 Invader is $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to windward, and on this basis has the race won. The wind freshens now to 6 miles an hour.

At 12:35 Cadillac stows her men on the lee rail, to give her a better list. Invader is not so stiff as Cadillac. Invader leads by $\frac{1}{4}$ mile.

At 12:45 the wind becomes still fresher, and it is now coming nearly from the E. Cadillac, under these conditions, begins to make her first gains. Both boats are now running nicely.

Instead of this proving a beat to windward it is now seen to be really a close reach, for the wind has again shifted. At this Cadillac should naturally do well. The course, as laid out, is E. by SE., and the wind now nearly due E.

At 12:58 the Canadian shows well down the first leg of the 9-mile course, and is getting ready for the gibe about the buoy. She has a man on the horn getting ready with his head sails.

At 12:58:35 Invader gibes about the buoy. In 5s. her balloon jib is out. Again it seems to set rather badly at the foot.

At 1:03:02 Cadillac gybes about the buoy. In 2s. her balloon jib goes out nicely, even better handled than Invader's.

This changed direction of the wind gives the boats a broader reach home, and both start sheets and begin to foot it. Invader has just what she wants, not too much wind, but plenty for her purposes.

At 1:13:30 Cadillac takes in her big balloon jib and sets a smaller balloon. She foots faster now and picks up a little distance on Invader, but not enough to amount to much.

At 1:40 Invader is running away from Cadillac.

At 1:45:30 Invader is opposite the four-mile crib.

At 1:46 Cadillac takes down her smaller jib and again breaks out the big one. Cadillac is evidently guessing, and these maneuvers hardly show championship sailing.

The wind is now N.E. and about 5 miles an hour. Invader's balloon jib is drawing well and she is footing nicely.

At 2:07 Invader squares for the line.

At 2:08 Invader crosses the line.

At 2:14:22 Cadillac crosses the line.

Start, 11:00.	Windward Buoy.	Finish.
Invader	12 58 35	2 00 00
Cadillac	1 03 02	2 14 22

Invader wins by 6m. 22s.

Direction of course E. by SE.

Courses of wind E. by SE.; E.; thence N.E. Never over 6 miles an hour.

In this light air Invader footed it like a witch, making no fuss at all. She was trimmed within an inch of her life and handled to the Queen's taste. Cadillac seemed to have her crew pretty far aft and sailed in a heavy and loggy fashion, which latter, however, was really due to the fact that she did not have wind enough for her sort of going.

Invader gained on the first leg a reach, 4m. 27s. On the run home, also practically a balloon reach, she gained 1m. 55s.

Invader, with her long, fine lines, her low freeboard and big sail spread, is as good a light-weather boat as we have ever seen in this port.

The Measurements.

There were some so-called official measurements handed out to the press under which both boats were stated to come in under the 35ft. class. The judges then stated that Cadillac was a trifle under the limit, Invader a little over. The truth is, as known by those who saw the measurements before they were posted for public notice, that both boats are just over the 35ft. limit. They sailed practically by agreement and not strictly under the rules or strictly inside their class. The difference, however, was a very trifling one, and both skippers seemed entirely contented to accept the conditions offered.

Invader Wins Third Race on a Foul.

Aug. 13.—To the regret of all, the pleasure of to-day's race, and, indeed, the success of the entire series, was marred by one of those unfortunate circumstances which occasionally come up to rob sport of its keenest zest and a victory of its sweetest flavor—a foul. Barely over the starting line, Cadillac fouled Invader, and the Canadian yacht a few minutes later was awarded the victory, the judges megaphoning Cadillac to withdraw from the course. Thompson, skipper of Cadillac, complied in part with the request to withdraw, coming about and dropping down to leeward about a mile from Invader, which continued its way about the course. After sailing in this way, paralleling the winning boat for three or four miles, Cadillac was chased off the course by the revenue cutter Morrill. Skipper Thompson at the close of the race filed a protest and did some talking which, perhaps, a more sober reflection would have induced him to cut out under similar circumstances. He accused Skipper Jarvis of fouling him intentionally, and one or two of Cadillac's crew also made statements, which add nothing to the sportsmanlike quality of Cadillac or to the general sweetness of the occasion.

Of course the decision of the judges was final, and the best thing to do was to take one's medicine and be quiet. No testimony was heard in the matter, and the judges made up their decision and announced it within a few moments after the incident itself, and at a time when the contestants were not more than a mile or so beyond the starting line.

Naturally, this matter is to be very much regretted, for popular interest in these races has never been equaled in any similar contest at this point, and every one wished to see the races sailed out on the merits of the two boats. The incident of to-day added to the weight of criticism which has been brought to bear upon Skipper William Hale Thompson, who agreed to sail Cadillac for Com. Shaw during these races. Mr. Thompson has piloted

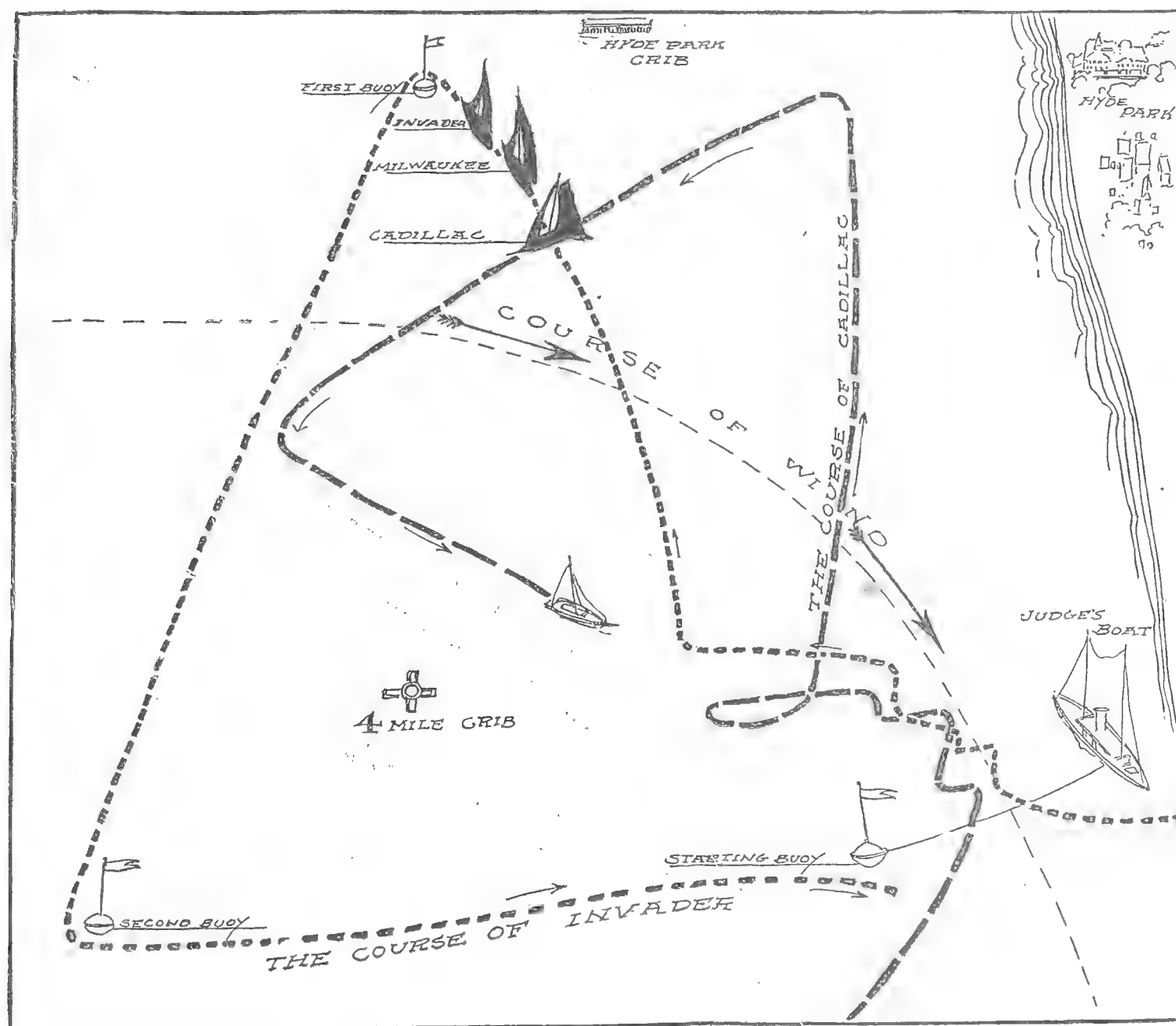


DIAGRAM SHOWING COURSE OF BOATS BEFORE AND AFTER FOUL, TUESDAY'S RACE, AUG. 13.

different craft, notably Avis II., to victory in the meets of the Inland Yachting Association, and is a skillful skipper with small craft. This was admittedly his first experience in sailing a 35-footer on the bigger waters of Lake Michigan, and in accepting the ticklish task of piloting Cadillac about the course in these races, he assumed rather delicate responsibilities, and also the certain implication of inefficiency in case he did not win. It is all in line with the general maxim, "*Vae victis*," or "Woe to the vanquished."

As to the relative abilities of the two skippers, Jarvis and Thompson, Mr. Thompson himself would be the first to admit the superiority of the cool-headed Canadian who has come over here to handle Invader. Jarvis' superior as a skipper for this sort of craft probably does not exist anywhere in the region of the Great Lakes. Upon the other hand, Thompson lacks in years of experience, although he is deficient in no particular of pluck and adaptability. In last Saturday's race, in which Cadillac won, Jarvis himself, had he been handling Cadillac, would perhaps have added three or four minutes to her lead over what she obtained as sailed by her own crew. On the way out to the first turn on Saturday Cadillac hoisted a balloon jib, which, on that reach, did not prove a desirable maneuver. When well out on the course Thompson undertook to stow the balloon, and his men had trouble in the operation. The sail broke away from them and streamed down to leeward, causing a great deal of trouble and necessitating the men so far forward that Cadillac was down by the head for a little time, and, no doubt, lost an appreciable amount of distance. Again, in the same race, in the jibe at the second turn, the handling of Cadillac might have been very much better. The main boom, since the boat had been running practically free, was far outboard, and yet, as she came around into position for the close reach home, the sheet block swept the full length of the traveler without any noticeable attempt being made to check it. A less able boat might have lost her stick under the same circumstances. This last leg of the race of last Saturday was the fastest footing Cadillac has done, and this was simply owing to the fact that the boat had the kind of winds she likes. In reporting Saturday's race I spoke of the run home as being a broad reach, and it was indeed broad at the start-in from the second turn. The shifting of the wind caused both boats to haul up a little closer, and Invader, so close hauled, could not make good weather of it in so stiff a wind, pounding and burying her bows continually.

Technical Description of the Foul.

In the race to-day, therefore, the fact remains that in a contest of skipper against skipper, the Canadian out-jockeyed the Yankee. The race bade fair to be an ideal one for both boats—that is to say, one upon which they would be upon an even footing. It was known that Invader would prove dangerous in light airs, say up to six or eight miles an hour, and it was generally believed that Cadillac would win in anything between fifteen and twenty miles an hour. Now, at the start the wind, which was E.S.E., was blowing at ten or twelve miles an hour. The course was the triangular one, and as the wind was this fresh, and as Cadillac had been accustomed to winning the triangular races, she was a hot favorite for the day, in spite of the defeat she had sustained on yesterday.

The boats played back and forth behind the line, both of them handled beautifully, and Invader noticeably quicker in stays. Just before the gun some of the experts called out that Invader had the best of it, and that Thompson would be liable to get into trouble. The positions were these: Thompson had Cadillac just outside the line and to windward of the buoy. Jarvis had Invader far over on the opposite end of the line near the judges' boat, and was lying back in among the tugs and other

craft which had crowded in. It was obvious that Thompson intended to go around on the port tack, turn sharply into starboard, hug the buoy closely and get off on the coveted starboard reach. This was a maneuver which, had it succeeded, would have shown skill and foresight, but it was executed in a manner which showed just the least lack of judgment. Thompson did not give himself room to get out of a possible corner into which the shifty Canadian was in a position to force him. Jarvis himself knew that, in a windward position, on the starboard tack, lying close to the starting line and with just time before the gun to allow him to get well under way, he could sweep the entire line and have the start practically at his mercy. It was as clever a bit of jockeying for the start as one would be apt to find.

Just before the gun both skippers showed that they had their boats timed, each for his respective maneuver, as close as could well happen. A few seconds back of the gun Jarvis started out, getting under full way, and coming along the longer side of a narrow-based triangle, laying his course close for the buoy and naturally in such a way that she would run very close into Cadillac, or else force the latter boat to abandon its original maneuver and pass under its stern, going off on the port tack instead of the starboard tack.

Thompson, with equally good judgment as to the time it would take him to come about, but apparently having left out of the question the factor of the right of way, swung around into the port tack and started the turn at the buoy just in time to see that he was going to run bows into Invader, if he gave the buoy a very wide berth on his port side. Hence, Thompson swung his starboard tack just a little more quickly than he perhaps would have liked. Had his boat been Invader instead of Cadillac, he might have made it around and got away clear. As it was, Invader came on and cut off a part of his wind just at the time he needed it. Cadillac hung in stays for just a fatal instant, and Invader, with the right

of way, came boiling along as though driven by steam. The horn of Invader came over Cadillac's weather quarter, and one of Cadillac's crew pushed the bow of Invader about. Invader then swung into the port tack, abandoning its original line upon which it had the right to stand, and Cadillac got under way and stood on the starboard tack, as originally intended, having cut Jarvis out of the position which he had earned, and having also committed as palpable and unmistakable a foul as could well be imagined. It was simply a case of being out-jockeyed, and the judges were not slow to realize the fact that the race was over and that it belonged by rights to the skillful Canadian skipper.

Whether either boat had hoisted a protest flag could not be determined from the press boat. None was seen, however, upon the Canadian boat, and every one commented upon the pluck and sportsmanlike attitude of Jarvis, believing that he intended to ignore the foul which had occurred so close to the start, and to sail the race out on its merits. The probabilities are that, under the circumstances, he would have won even had the race continued, for when the course was half completed the wind began to drop, and the finish was in light airs, which just suited Invader. On this triangular course Cadillac has, upon the other hand, always done very well, and she might at least have made a close thing of it had the race continued. Neither, however, required to hoist a protest flag, for the judges announced their decision about 15m. after the start.

Almost the first windward work of any sharp nature which has been seen between the two boats during the series thus far occurred soon after the start, when the boats split tacks for a time, each showing its best qualities. At this work Jarvis was willing to exchange courtesies, for he knew that every time the two went about, Invader made some slight gain over Cadillac.

At 11:08 the two rushed together for one more trial at position, and it was a moment exciting enough, for Cadillac seemed able to cross Invader's bows. This time, however, Thompson was a little more tender with his craft, and finding that it was going to be impossible to cross Invader's course without danger of another foul, he fluffed up and continued on the port tack, Jarvis being then on his weather quarter. Thus situated, the boats gave a splendid exhibition for a time, each of its own best sailing qualities. Invader steadily ate her way up into the wind, whereas Cadillac, eased off a trifle, began to foot it, and to sail 5ft. to Invader's 4. They were standing thus when, at 11:14:30, the judges called to Cadillac that the boat had been disqualified and must leave the course. Cadillac then came up into the wind, swung about, crossed well in Invader's stern, and then, reluctant to give up the race, continued to parallel the course far to leeward. Hailed by the press boat a couple of miles further down the course, Thompson declined to make any statement, except to call out "The judges disqualified Cadillac."

Invader's Performance.

As to the performance of Invader during the balance of the race, of course there was nothing to it except that she must finish in the time limit, and any observation of her sailing was merely in the manner of criticism of her general qualities. As a matter of fact, it looked at one time on the home leg of the triangle as though the boat would not finish inside the time allowance, as the wind had dropped to two or three miles an hour, and at times there appeared oily streaks across the water, showing a complete calm. She, however, likes this kind of thing and finished nicely enough.

The splendid windward qualities of Invader were shown clearly enough in this race. Seeing the sidewalk boat Milwaukee coming along, Invader came up into the wind for a moment and gave Milwaukee the apparent challenge to follow it about. Milwaukee had been much vaunted as a light-weather boat, and, indeed, showed very nice qualities, but she had on her heavy working canvas and was hardly in trim for this particular day. As it was, Invader beat Milwaukee on the long reach to the first buoy, yet more on the similar reach to the second, and fairly distanced her on the run home in light winds, beating Milwaukee by 5½m. over the course which they ran together.

The race, had it been sailed on between Invader and Cadillac, would have resolved itself soon after the start to a long reach to the first turn. After leaving Cadillac, Invader made it at one reach, rounding the buoy and leaving it to port, according to the signal of the judges, at

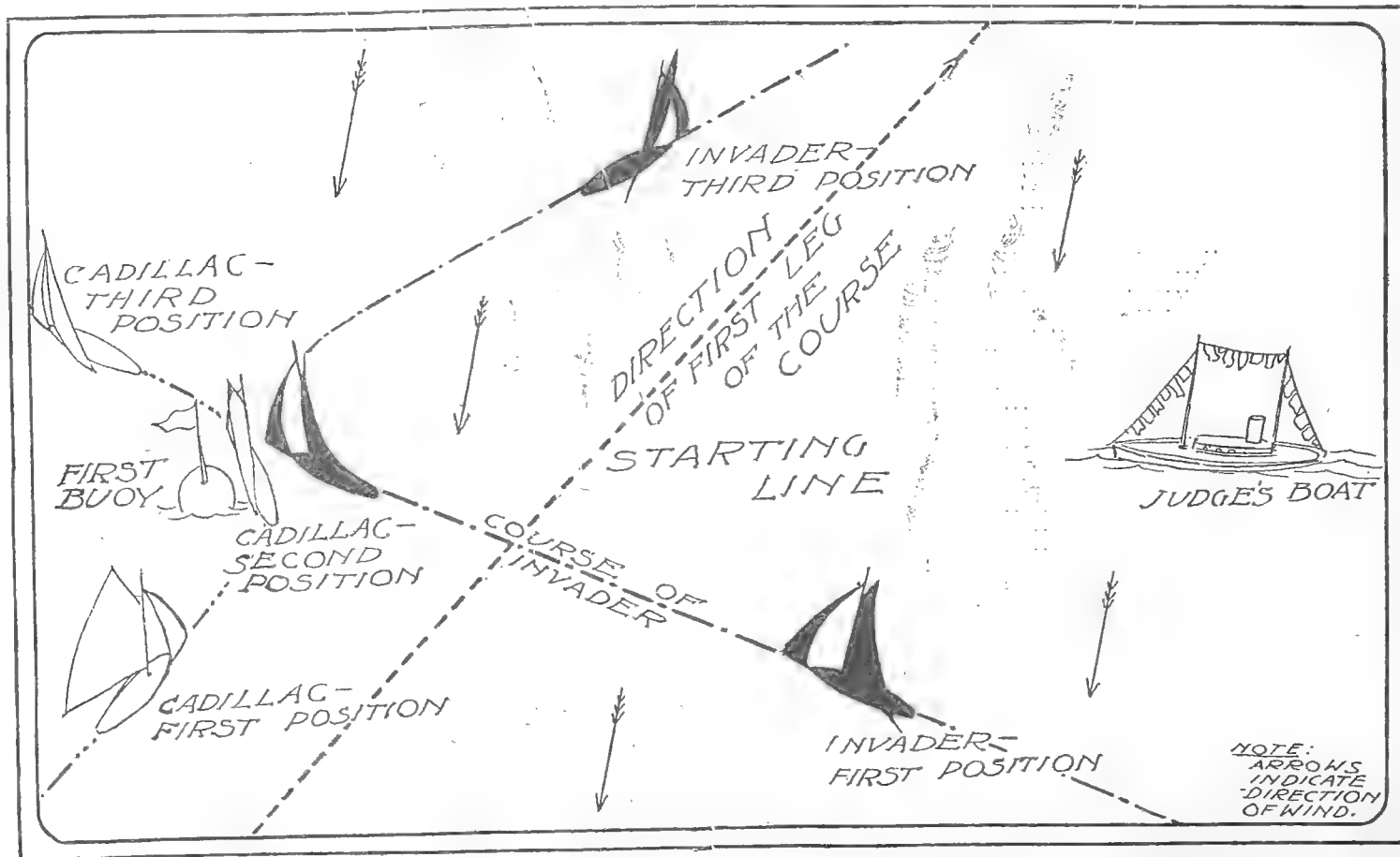


DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW FOUL OCCURRED BETWEEN CADILLAC AND INVADER IN TUESDAY'S RACE, AUG. 13.

12:29:25. She then stood away on the starboard tack, reaching for the second buoy and not being obliged to tack once during this leg of the struggle. The sailing here was very close hauled. Invader jibed about the second buoy at 1:36:30, breaking out spinnaker in very workmanlike manner. She showed a gain of 1m. 15s. over Milwaukee on the second leg, which is something of a commentary on the ability of this Canadian boat, since Milwaukee is admittedly good. The run home under balloon canvas was uninteresting. Invader crossed the line at 2:49:01.

Official time:
Start, 11:00. Second Buoy. Third Buoy. Finish.
Invader 12 29 15 1 36 05 2 49 01
Cadillac Disqualified.

Score by races:
Invader 2 Cadillac 1

Grounds of Cadillac's Protest.

Skipper Thompson, when seen after the race, claimed that Invader could have stood off, but did not do so, and hence forced the foul in a position where Cadillac had not room to make way without fouling the buoy. He based his own protest upon Section 4, Chapter XXVIII. of the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes:

"A yacht which, in consequence of neglect or violation of any of these rules, shall foul another yacht or compel another yacht to foul a mark or obstruction or run aground, may be disqualified and shall pay all damages; and a yacht which shall wrongfully cause another to luff or bear away in order to avoid fouling, or shall without cause compel another yacht to give room or tack as otherwise provided in these rules, or shall fail to tack or bear away as required, or shall in any way infringe or fail to comply with any of these rules, may be disqualified."

Position of the Foul.

The place where Thompson found himself was near to the stake and just as Cadillac hung in stays. The actual contact of the two boats took place some yards beyond the line, when Cadillac had not yet gathered way on the starboard tack sufficient to allow it to clear Invader, which was coming at greater speed and which, of course, was obliged to luff up on Cadillac's account. The proper maneuver for Thompson, under the circumstances, should have been executed back of the starting line and to leeward of the buoy, when, as he saw Invader coming on under good way, he should not have undertaken to complete his intention of crossing on the starboard tack, but should have stood on the port tack, and paid off enough to cross under Invader's stern. This would have been just a trifle humiliating under the circumstances, but yet it would have been much better than throwing away the race.

Invader Wins the Cup.

Aug. 14.—It is all over. Invader made it three straight to-day and takes home the Canada cup with her. With the boat, skipper and cup go the best wishes of all the sportsmen of Chicago and of America. The Canadians have sent over a good boat; not the best boat in the world, and, perhaps, not the best boat on the Lakes, but certainly the best skipper on the Lakes and a crew of the best fellows in the world. Jarvis and his men have demonstrated beyond a peradventure their superiority as sailormen to the best that Chicago could put up against them.

As to the two boats, the opinion at this later day remains much as it was at first. Invader is a racing machine, pure and simple. She was sent here to win the cup and she fulfilled her mission. Invader is, however, a machine and not a boat. Cadillac, sturdy, stiff and beamy, is fast enough for all intents and purposes, is a weatherly craft and not in the least a bad cruiser as she is to-day. It is not conceded by the Yankees, and probably not claimed by the Canadians to-day, that Invader can outsail Cadillac in all kinds of weather. There was much talk at first that the fin keel was a stiff boat and wanted lots of wind. This is tommyrot. Invader in a wind of eighteen to twenty miles an hour is a strictly dead one. She goes all awash on any kind of a reach in such weather, and makes the worst sort of job of it. Upon the contrary, in light weather up to six or eight miles an hour, she is a perfect fairy of a boat, and it takes a good one to be in it with her.

As between the boats to-day, Cadillac showed an unexpected light-weather quality, which leaves one the only regret pertaining to the series, outside of the unfortunate foul yesterday; that is to say, a regret which goes with the wish that Cadillac had been perfectly sailed. In that case it might have made a pretty even showing with the Canadian yacht, for indeed Cadillac was better sailed at the start, splendidly sailed all down the long reach out to the turn, and only began to fall out of it when the unfortunate mistake was made by Thompson of overstanding the mark. There was also a little delay at the turn, as the boat jibed about and broke out head sails for the run home. The finish shows that Invader gained only 19s. on Cadillac in this balloon reach home, and a good part of that 20s. must have been lost by bad handling of Cadillac's spinnaker and balloon jib shortly after the jibe for home.

The fatal error of the course, however, was made by Cadillac when it stood too far on beyond the buoy on its long reach out. It is a good fault to do this ordinarily, for commonly speaking a skipper will not take distance enough. Jarvis, who, at the beginning of the tack for the buoy, was lying cleverly up in the windward berth, could have made the buoy before he did, but he knew perfectly well what his boat was capable of doing. Skipper Thompson, on the other hand, although we may call him a clever sailorman, was not yet fully acquainted with this particular boat, and did not have so nicely timed her exact capabilities of windward work. Therefore, since he overstood further than he needed, every foot that he had gained on Invader on this long reach out was that much distance lost to him when Invader proved that she was far enough along to make the turn at one tack. Therefore, as the boats swung into starboard tack for the reach of about a mile or so for the mark, Invader, being then in the lee berth, pointed up into the wind, and had little trouble to cross Cadillac's bows, leaving that boat far astern for the first time in

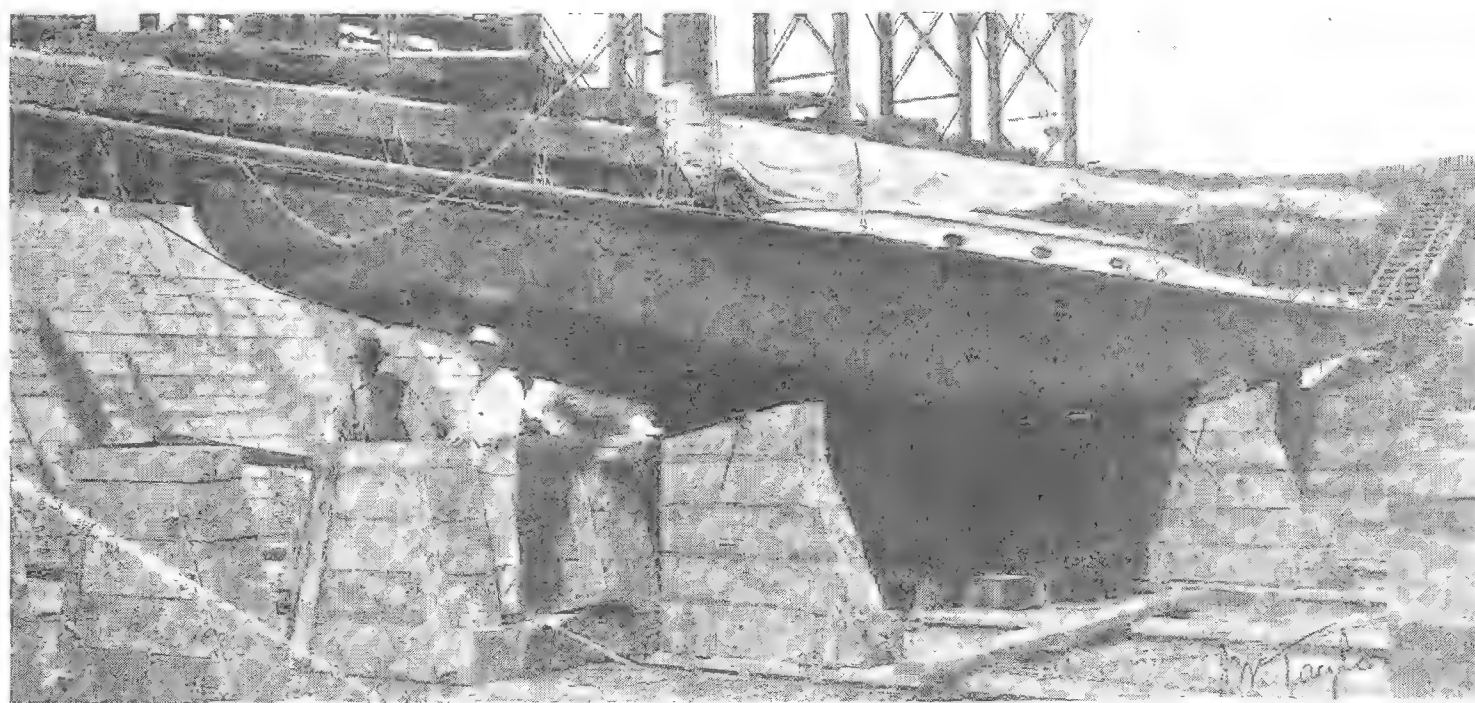
nearly two hours. It was here that the battle was lost for Cadillac, and it is probable that, had Thompson known his boat as well as Jarvis did Invader, and had he utilized the last resources of wind and of position, he could have cut down the 2m. or perhaps have beaten Invader out by half that much. That is to say, that Thompson sailed a perfect race with Cadillac and had Invader sailed the same race it did to-day, Cadillac might perhaps have won. This, however, is only a way of letting one's self down easier. Invader won it, won it fairly, decisively, handsomely, and by superior seamanship of a craft at least as good as Cadillac under the conditions which prevailed.

Details of the Races.

It was Cadillac's hoodoo again to-day, the course of nine knots to windward and return. The direction of the wind was S.E. by E., buoys passed to starboard, and the course was logged out by the judges' boat Thistle on that direction. This made the first leg a beat dead to windward, provided that the wind held as it did. The wind worked around gradually into the E., then into the N.E., being N.E. on the homeward leg, so that that run was made as a balloon reach, the direction being not free enough to allow the use of spinnaker to good advantage.

The wind was perhaps a couple of miles an hour in the basin as the hour approached for the preparatory gun. As it was desirable that this race should be sailed under practical yachting conditions, the judges on consultation delayed the start half an hour, and meantime carried both yachts nearly a mile further out into the lake, making the starting line just two miles E. of Michigan avenue. There is a spar buoy anchored at that point, and this buoy was made one marker for the line, the judges' boat anchoring opposite as stake boat.

There was no gun fired at 10:50, and none at 11, so



CADILLAC IN DRY DOCK.

these preparations left the spectators somewhat mystified, but at 11:20 the preparatory gun was fired, and the judges megaphoned instructions as to the course, etc., to the two yachts.

Now came a very pretty piece of jockeying, in which Skipper Thompson did as handsome work as ever did any master with any sort of craft. He fairly outjockeyed that skillful jockey Jarvis, and defeated him at his own game as handsomely as Jarvis had defeated Thompson on the previous day, though with this exception, that Jarvis did not get himself into a foul.

Two minutes back of the start both boats went on the port tack. At this time two of the sister yachts which have met in the trial races here, Illinois and Milwaukee, came up dangerously close to the starting line. Indeed these two boats, with several others, Nymph, Minota and two or three others, at different times, and more especially on the run home, crowded into the course in a way which would not have been tolerated in any other international cup contest. Probably the skippers of these boats intended no discourtesy, and, indeed, they at no time actually hindered the sailing of the contestants, yet this sort of thing is not properly to be tolerated in a cup race, and it ought not to be tolerated by any club under whose auspices such a contest is held.

As Illinois and Milwaukee cleared back out of the road, it was but a minute back of the gun, and at that time Cadillac showed that it had won the fight in the jockeying. It had gotten over on the line beside the judges' boat in almost the identical position gained by Invader on the day before, having the windward berth and the starboard tack. It was too late for Jarvis to try to fight for this berth now, and as the boats both came around on the starboard tack, they caught the gun and went across the line almost to a hair's breadth, and both practically lapped. Cadillac had Invader directly blanketed, and much applause greeted Thompson at this clever piece of seamanship at the start. Invader was quick to realize the situation, and it did exactly what Thompson should have done yesterday—came into the port tack and crossed under the stern of Cadillac. The latter boat now went on out in a good, long reach, continuing on the starboard tack for nearly 14m. At 11:47:55 Cadillac came about on the port tack. At 11:48:30 Invader came about on Cadillac's weather bow. It was then seen that Invader had established a clean lead on Cadillac, which was about a boat length in the rear of the Canadian. The boats were very close together at this stage, and for a time sailed on as if cabled together, Invader having the weather berth. Then all at once it was observable that Cadillac was coming up through Invader's lee. At 11:52 Cadillac sailed directly into Invader's blanket. It did not stop her, and 30s. later the blunt nose of Cadillac was poking out ahead of the sharp bow of the Canadian. At 11:53 Cadillac sailed free of Invader's lap, and led distinctly. The hopes of the American element arose very high at this point, for the wind was not

very stiff, and it was obvious that Cadillac was being better handled than heretofore, and sailing likewise better trimmed.

At 11:55 the distinctive qualities of both boats began again to come into evidence. Invader stood up into the wind almost as she liked. Cadillac, also on the port tack, eased sheets a bit and began to foot it handsomely. From this time it was a beautiful sailing race for nearly two hours, and all the time from 11:48 onward Cadillac continued to gain on Invader. As the boats passed the four-mile crib, Cadillac was a little to the lee of Invader, pointing nicely, slightly in the lead and gaining. A little shift of the wind, which now began to be irregular and puffy, enabled the boats to haul up close and stand far out on one long reach, which lasted for more than an hour and three-quarters. Now one boat would get a little slant, and then the other.

At 12:16, after the hottest fighting yet seen in the series and the most exciting half hour of the series, the boats still maintained about the same positions, both sailing on the port tack, and Invader now standing two points closer up into the wind.

At 12:17 Cadillac got a better slant of wind, and for something like 3 to 5m. actually stood up closer into the wind than even Invader. At this unexpected demonstration of weather qualities, the American boat received generous applause. The boats were now about two-thirds of the way out on the weather leg and had drawn to leeward of the course about a mile, or rather about a mile to the south of the course.

At 12:30 Cadillac still led, but had dropped down 300yds. to leeward of Invader.

During the next 5m. the situation was about the same. The wind was steady and was now at about 5 miles an hour. Cadillac was now about 250yds. ahead of Invader, and perhaps an equal distance on her lee. The judges'

boat was now visible in the hazy air which overhung the lake far up to windward and apparently 2 or 3 miles away.

At 12:45 the breeze became still fresher. Two big lake boats came into the course, and one could see, also, the pestiferous attentions of the other boats, Milwaukee, Illinois, etc., which now began to appear near the sailing course. The big lake freighters slowed up and left the course very handsomely.

At 12:50 the hot fight between the rival yachts was still continuing in practically the same phase. Cadillac had been sailed nicely thus far. Thompson now had his men out along the lee rail to give Cadillac her best sailing list.

At 1:00 Cadillac was again pointing better than Invader, apparently not so much as 100yds. to the lee of Invader and at least 200yds. ahead, perhaps more. This was the best position Cadillac obtained throughout the whole race. Every one now began to ask when Thompson would come about and stand for the buoy. Jarvis would probably have preferred to get a little bit farther up to windward, but so long as he had his rival well under his lee, he was wise enough to let well enough alone, and so he stood on with Cadillac, doubtless feeling quite sure that he had Thompson safe, and, perhaps, hoping just a little bit that Thompson would do exactly what he did do.

At 1:03 Jarvis hoisted his mainsail and spars a couple of feet higher, and it seemed to better the footing of Invader. A quarter of an hour later than this the wind began to freshen just a little bit. Cadillac was still surprising every one by the excellent way in which she kept up into the wind. It still drew on ahead of Invader and apparently edged up on Invader all the time.

At 1:30 the boats had been 1h. and 42m. on this one long, close reach. The wind had shifted into the E. The course of the boats was S.E. by E., a quarter E. The course of the shore at Chicago harbor is in a great semicircle, which stretches out at South Chicago well into the lake and S.E. of the main city front. Thence the shore of the lake, beyond Whiting, Ind., the sand hill country of the Calumet Heights Club, etc., curves on around toward the foot of the lake and the Indiana shore.

At 1:30, therefore, even in the haze which obtained, the sandy beach of the coast below Whiting could be seen looming up, and there was a deadly in-shore calm hanging over the water which made everybody fear that the boats were going into trouble. Naturally the closer that Cadillac ran into this oily streak the worse would be her chances when it came into the starboard tack and laid for the buoy. Thompson, indeed, did come about at length into the starboard tack. This was at 1:33. He had stood on very much farther than was necessary to enable him to reach the mark. Needless to say, the canny Jarvis was not long in coming about also, and one may imagine that the Canadians chuckled in exultation as they saw the situation in which the Yankee skipper had allowed them to take a place. Invader laid a straight course for the buoy, knowing exactly how close it could

point and just when it would reach the buoy. Cadillac now had the long side of the triangle to sail instead of the short side, which reached to the turn. Naturally, under these circumstances, Invader footed directly up into the wind and passed Cadillac without a great deal of trouble, the boats again changing positions and Invader once more taking the windward berth and resuming her old job of sailing into the wind.

The boat Milwaukee, earlier mentioned as accompanying the racers on or near the course, now showed near the course and directly ahead of the racers; not, however, causing any trouble.

At 1:55 Invader was leading unmistakably, the first time for nearly 2h. As the wind was baffling and light, and as Invader was known to be dangerous running free before a light wind, the hopes of the Chicago contingent now received a sudden dampening. They could not understand why it was that Cadillac, which had been for so long in the lead, could now so suddenly, almost in the twinkling of an eye, drop back into Invader's wash. The reason is simple enough. Thompson had simply gone farther beyond the mark than he needed to go and had allowed his opponent to reach that mark by sailing over less water than himself.

At 1:50:30 Invader filled on the port tack, having the buoy safe. At 1:57:30 Invader was to windward of the buoy.

At 1:57:35 Invader giped about the buoy. Cadillac had filled for the port tack at 1:59:10. At 1:59:30 Cadillac came windward of the buoy and turned at 1:59:35, exactly 2m. back of the Canadian boat. It was now seen that everything was over and that Invader had the cup safe; for if she could gain 2m. in a mile and a half, what might it not do at her own game with 9 miles to sail?

The Run Home.

In just 10s. after the turn Invader had out both balloon and spinnaker. The foot of Invader's balloon at first did not set as well as it should. This sail never sets well when the boat is running nearly free, but when reaching fairly broad it seems to draw much better. Both skippers tried to use spinnaker and balloon jib for the home run, and did not drop spinnakers for some minutes, when both found that the wind had hauled round into the N. a little better, at that time being N.E. It was directly after the turn that Cadillac got into trouble with her spinnaker, which hung in stops and would not break out full for quite a while. She was doing fairly well at 2:00:40, at which time Invader was far down the home stretch and bowling along in good shape.

At 2:03:30 Invader had enough of the spinnaker game, being able to shift it to neither side in such fashion that it would draw, so Jarvis stowed this sail. He was now leading Cadillac by more than 200yds., the latter boat going along still under spinnaker and balloon jib.

It was 2:06:40 when Cadillac took down its spinnaker.

At 2:10 both boat were going along on a balloon reach, close hauled, wind well abeam and from the N.E., perhaps 5 or 6 miles strong. They were now footing it faster than at any time yet during to-day's race. Ten minutes later the wind freshened, probably reaching 7 miles an hour.

At 2:30 Invader was in advance, apparently by a mile, having made wonderful gains on Cadillac on this part of the course, although the big balloon jib of Cadillac was now drawing handsomely. At this stage the yachts before named, Milwaukee, Nymph, Illinois and others, resumed their friendly attentions to the racers. They came in front of the course and must have left the spectators along shore very much confused to know which boat was the challenger and which the cup defender.

The situation was now such that the wind was fresher out in the lake and dropping a bit inshore, and although the finish line was now more than a mile offshore the boat closest to it would be getting the faintest winds, whereas the one farther back in the lake would have the fresher airs. This was perhaps the reason that Cadillac gained so distinctly in the last two miles of the race.

At 3:05, although Invader was seen to have the cup safe, Cadillac had picked up over a quarter of a mile. The leading boat was then not more than 100yds. away from the line, and, indeed, was squaring for the finish. The Chicago talent was praying for five more miles of sailing, for three, two, or even one mile, in which case, at this same gain, Cadillac would perhaps have closed with the Canadian; since—on this whole 9 miles of the balloon reach—Invader had gained only 19s., including the bungle Cadillac made with its head sails at the turn, and including, also, the fact that Invader at one time was fully a mile ahead of Cadillac on this leg.

It was too late, however, for speculations or possibilities. Amid the customary din of whistles and the hearty cheers of men who like to see a good sportsman and a good boat win, the successful Canadian cup challenger Invader crossed the line a winner at 3:07:30. Cadillac finished at 3:09:49.

As the happy Canadians eased off and swept around to enter the gap at the harbor, the writer was able to hail Skipper Jarvis as he passed close under the bows of the tug. Asked if he had anything to say, Com. Jarvis grinned amiably and shook his head in the negative. He declared later, as the boats drew apart, that he was entirely happy and quite satisfied in every way.

So is every one else satisfied. And if the Canadians want to hold their cup next year, the best thing they can do is to get Jarvis to handle the stick.

Challenges for Next Year.

The moment the gun fire had announced the winner, Com. George H. Gooderham, of the Royal Canadian Y. C., found himself the object of manifold attentions. On board the Pathfinder, at the wharf of the Chicago Y. C., in person, by mail and by telegraph, came challenges for another race next year. The clubs challenging in this way were Rochester, Detroit and Milwaukee yacht clubs out of town, and both Chicago and Columbia yacht clubs of Chicago. It is thought that the Chicago Y. C. won in the race for the challengers, although it is not yet known which will be the first filled by the Royal Canadian Y. C. The terms of the Columbia Y. C. challenge, as stated by Mr. Edward Balcom, chairman of the regatta committee of that club, are for new boats to be

built on both sides next season. There is talk of uniting on a 45ft. class for next year, and should this be agreed upon by both the Royal Canadian Y. C. and the club successful in having its challenge accepted, we may expect races even more interesting than those just closed.

These Measurements Not Correct.

Mr. Cothroll, official measurer for the Chicago Y. C., when asked whether the measurements which had been given out were correct, seemed disposed to evade the question, and stated that they were "practically correct as printed in the daily press." These measurements were given as below, but they are known to be not in accordance with the measurements made by the judges in dry dock. They are given, therefore, not for what they are worth, but for what they are not worth. They were announced the second day after the first race of the series had been sailed:

	Cadillac.	Invader.
Load waterline.....	28.00	28.20
Beam	11.40	9.06
Girth	11.34	13.51
50 per cent. of square root of sail area.....	19.17	19.23
Total	70.00	70.00
Divided by 2, gives racing length.....	35.00	35.00

Cadillac's sail area is 1,471 square feet, and Invader's is 1,481 square feet.

Record of Cadillac.

The record of the trial races off Chicago which resulted in the selection of Cadillac as a cup defender is as follows, and it shows that there was no mistake made in electing Cadillac as the cup defender. It is believed even to-day to be the best all-around boat which appeared in this port this season.

July 20—Milwaukee first by 1m. 27s. over 21-knot triangular course, in light, puffy wind; Cadillac second.

July 22—Cadillac first by 12m. 18s., over 18-knot course, sailed to windward and return, in 20-knot breeze, choppy sea; Detroit second; Milwaukee lost her rudder ½ mile from start and did not finish.

July 23—Milwaukee won, beating Cadillac 5m. 42s., over triangular course, in fair wind; Detroit second; Cadillac third.

July 25—Cadillac first by 6m. 10s., over 18-knot course, to windward and return; Milwaukee second; light wind.

July 26—Illinois first, beating Milwaukee, the third boat, by 4m. 33s., over triangular course of 21 knots in wind which was strong at the start, but light and fluky at the finish: Cadillac was fourth, 1m. 24s. behind the Milwaukee.

July 27—Cadillac first by 10s., Illinois second and Milwaukee third by 11m. 45s. Cadillac fouled Illinois just before the finish and Illinois was given the race. Twenty-five mile breeze at start, dying out after buoy was reached.

July 29—Cadillac won by 1m. 5s., Illinois being the only other boat in the race at the finish. Sailed over triangular course. Milwaukee broke her mast 30s. before starting gun was fired. Twenty-knot breeze.

Aug. 1—Cadillac first by 8m. 43s., over 18-knot course, to windward and return, Milwaukee being the only other boat starting. Good wind.

Aug. 2—Cadillac winner by 11m. 13s., over 21-knot course, triangular, in two-reef wind. Milwaukee was the only other starter.

Sufficient Record of Invader.

Won the Canada cup, Chicago, U. S. A., Aug. 14, 1901. And good luck to her.

Return of the Cup Winner.

Aug. 16—Invader was sailed to South Chicago yesterday and stowed in her cradle on the flat car which will take her home. The victorious skipper and crew left for home yesterday, and one may imagine they will receive a royal welcome when they reach Toronto. Cadillac will go to Detroit on the deck of a steamer via the Straits. The races are now over, and there is the usual reaction after the season of excitement.

One feature of this reaction is such as to invite unfavorable criticism. There are some grumblers in Chicago, one regrets to say, who begin to talk again about the unfortunate foul between Cadillac and Invader in Tuesday's race. They say that "Capt. Jarvis ought not to have taken advantage of his position and forced Cadillac into a foul, when it was known before the races that Invader was not in the 35ft. class." Now, can any one imagine more unspeakable foolishness than this? Before the races both boats agreed to sail under the measurements as given, and that settled it. The fact that Jarvis knew his boat was outside of the 35ft. class would not have militated against his sportsmanlike qualities even had he forced Invader down upon Cadillac in the mix-up, which was by no means obviously the case. He simply held his course and was entitled to it. All such criticism leaves a very bad impression regarding the Chicago end of this series. One would think it had been a juvenile game of marbles instead of a yacht race among men, and it is to be hoped that the Canadians will not take this talk as indicative of the sentiment of the real sportsmen of Chicago, or of the yacht clubs of that city.

Comet Wins at Pewaukee.

The Milwaukee boat Comet won in light winds at Pewaukee over the four-mile course, Aug. 11, taking the eighth Waukesha beach handicap race. Argo was first to cross the starting line, Comet and Dora 10s. afterward. The first leg was a beat dead to windward in light winds, Argo leading at the turn, Dora second. Argo had a good lead for a good portion of the course when Dora and Comet overhauled it, Comet and Argo finally drawing away from the aluminum boat. Comet outfought Argo and finished 45s. in the lead. The times:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Comet, F. Pabst, Jr.....	6 33 12	1 33 12
Argo, R. Giljoahn.....	6 33 57	1 33 57
Dora, W. N. Meyer.....	6 34 09	1 34 09

At a meeting of the yacht club held to-night it was decided to enter Aspirant in the Lake Winnebago races, Aug. 20 to 24, and in the Green Lake races Sept. 2 to 7.

Partial Measurements of Invader.

Aug. 17.—As stated earlier, the actual measurements of Invader and Cadillac were never made public. The following measurements were actually made by the judges, assisted by William Cothroll, on Friday noon, Aug. 9, when Invader was in dry dock. The judges found two of the actual measurements to be, beam 9.26ft., girth 18.19ft.

The rest of the measurements, as made by the judges, are not known, and these actual measurements were not made public intentionally. The measurements of the builder of Invader, James Andrews, were, beam 9.16, girth 17.87ft.

It was part of the articles of agreement between the two boats that the measurements of the yachts should be made at least two days before the sailing of the first race. The computations were not completed until the second day after the first race had been sailed. The above meager but authentic information will, perhaps, show some of the reasons for the nature of the information given out. Invader was a little over the 35ft. class, and this was admitted. It is stated, not with equally authentic confirmation, that Cadillac was also slightly over the limit.

Invader at Home.

To-day's dispatches say that the Royal Canadian Y. C. gave Invader and crew a grand welcoming parade on their return with the cup yesterday. Com. Jarvis is quoted as saying, in a speech:

"The Chicago yachtsmen were awfully fair. At the time of the foul there wasn't a murmur, except from the man who did it. It was only a bluff. He knew his mistake and wanted to let himself down easy. He should have gone round our stern or in our lee and taken his blanketing. It's the first rule we learn. He had plenty of room to get out of the road. Invader is all right, and Thompson knows his business. The foul was just a bluff."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Views of the Victory.

TORONTO, Aug. 17.—Canadians owe very little to Designer Sibbick, of the Isle of Wight, for the regaining of the Canada cup, and very much to Skipper Æmilien Jarvis, who handled the challenger. Had Cadillac been sailed by Mr. Jarvis she would, of course, have won the first race of the series; she might have lost the second, but this is very doubtful; she would certainly not have lost the third race on a foul, and she would have won the fourth on a narrow margin. Boat for boat, the Hanley craft is the better of the two. Invader defeated her, partly because the majority of the races were sailed under conditions favorable to her, but principally because she had the better skipper.

And never was a good skipper backed up by a better crew than Messrs. F. A. Turner, V. J. Hughes, Charles Lowndes, James McMurray and Wm. Fisher, the professional. The Canadians were marvels of speed in everything from canvas-stowing up and down, but their *piece de resistance* was spinnaker handling. The balloon canvas would be billowing out and dragging the sloop on to victory by the time the mainsail had taken up the slack of the started sheet.

With five challenges on their hands, the Royal Canadian Y. C. is in a quandary. There is a feeling that Chicago, having lost the cup, should have the first opportunity to regain it. There is also the feeling that, as the recent contest was as much with Detroit as with Chicago, the former city's yachtsmen should have a show. Then, again, Toronto yachtsmen have not forgotten Com. Charles Van Voorhis, of Rochester, and his tars, who carried off the cup in 1899, and would welcome another battle with so good a sailor. So that it is hard to say which challenge will be selected.

There has been much harsh criticism of Alderman William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, skipper of Cadillac, and some of it was deserved, possibly, but it is to be remembered that he had an undrilled crew, and that his sailing experience on Lake Michigan has been limited. The skipper of the defender is more at home on the smooth waters of the inland lakes, where the sidewalk craft abound.

All said and done, it was a battle of skippers rather than of boats, and the invasion of Chicago proved successful. The reversal of the ordinary was seen, the centerboard boat being abler in big seas and stiff breezes, and the semi-fin-keel excelling in light winds and smooth waters.

The winning of the trophy and the necessity of defending it almost immediately will give a great boom to yachting on Lake Ontario. Kingston will probably furnish at least one cup defender; Hamilton may furnish two or three, and there will at least be two furnished by Toronto. It is to be hoped that the 35ft. class will again be chosen, because, if you go in for a racing machine you get one with at least some room in the 35-footer, and if she is unsuccessful, she is at least less of a white elephant than a 40-footer; while, if you get a "boat," you have one that is as convenient for an afternoon's pleasure as a sailing skiff, and has at the same time considerable accommodation.

An attempt will be made to bring Canadian designing talent to the fore. There is no reason why such a man as Capt. James Andrews, whose creations in larger classes outlast those of both Fife and Watson, should not have a chance at designing as well as building an all-Canadian 35-footer. That designs from the "old land" will be sought and built from goes without saying. There will be a large fleet of prospective defenders, with Invader to test them, and possibly Beaver, for the negotiations for the sale of the fast, heavy-weather Payne sloop to Buffalo have not yet been completed.

There is a chance of Invader going down to Charlotte after the famous Fisher cup, the oldest fresh-water trophy, which Genesee successfully defended last September.

CHARLES H. SNIDER.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Friday, Aug. 16.

CONSTITUTION and Columbia raced under the auspices of the Larchmont Y. C. for a cup given by Vice-Com. Wilson Marshall on Friday, Aug. 16. It was the first of a series of three races. Constitution won by over half an hour, but as a matter of fact, she was greatly favored by shifting winds, while to Columbia they proved a detriment. John F. Lovejoy, Howard W. Coates and Frank Hardy made up the Regatta Committee, and although these gentlemen were ready to send the boats off at the scheduled time, 11:30, they found it impossible to do so on account of there being no wind. At 1:15 it had breezed up a little, and the committee signaled the course. The preparatory signal was given at 1:30. At 1:35 the boats were started, with Constitution first across the line and Columbia following a few seconds later. The yachts were sent over the club's course No. 1, the first leg being E. 3/4 N., six miles; the second leg S.W. 3/4 W., six miles, and the third leg N.N.W., three miles. The wind was S.S.W.

On the reach to the first mark both boats luffed far out of their course. This was done partially to avoid a string of barges coming down in tow, and partially to prevent Columbia from getting up on Constitution's weather quarter. Spinnakers were finally set. The boats luffed by the mark as follows:

Constitution	2 15 48
Columbia	2 17 16

Constitution went off on the starboard tack after rounding, while Columbia held a port tack. Both kept splitting tacks. Columbia made twenty-one tacks to reach the weather mark, while Constitution only made twenty. Columbia would at times draw up on the new boat and then seem to lose all she gained. Constitution and Columbia wore around the mark at:

Constitution	3 25 54
Columbia	3 28 04

It was a reach from this mark home, working jib topsails were set and the three miles were soon covered. The boats jibed around as follows:

Constitution	3 41 08
Columbia	3 43 20

The times over each leg of the course on this first round are shown in the following table:

First Leg—Reach, 6 Miles.			
	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution1 35 11	2 15 48	0 40 37
Columbia1 35 26	2 17 16	0 41 50

Constitution gained 1m. 13s.

Second Leg—Beat, 6 Miles.			
	1st Turn.	2d Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution2 15 48	3 25 54	1 10 06
Columbia2 17 16	3 28 04	1 10 48

Constitution in this leg gained 42s.

Third Leg—Reach, 3 Miles.			
	2d Turn.	Home Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution3 25 54	3 41 08	0 15 14
Columbia3 28 04	3 43 20	0 15 16

Constitution gained 2s.

On the first leg of the second round the squall that had been making for some time blew over. On the reach down this leg balloon forestaysails were carried, and a small balloon jib topsail was used on Constitution, while those on Columbia were contented with a working jib topsail. The boats luffed by the mark at:

Constitution	4 13 06
Columbia	4 18 02

Columbia got in a soft spot just before rounding, while Constitution got the edge of a fresh breeze, and drew away from the older boat. The breeze hauled enough to permit Constitution to lay her course for the Prospect Point mark. The times at this mark were:

Constitution	4 52 55
Columbia	5 03 42

To the finish line off Larchmont it was a close reach, and although everything in sight was becalmed, Constitution moved along toward the finish line, holding a little breeze. Columbia had to make a tack to reach the finish. The boats crossed as follows:

Constitution	5 16 20
Columbia	5 49 18

The elapsed times over each leg of the course on the second round are as follows:

First Leg—Reach, 6 Miles.			
	Start.	1st Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution3 41 08	4 13 06	0 31 58
Columbia3 43 22	4 18 02	0 34 42

Constitution gained 2m. 4s.

Second Leg—Reach, 6 Miles.			
	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution4 13 06	4 52 55	0 39 49
Columbia4 18 02	5 03 42	0 45 40

Constitution gained 5m. 51s.

Third Leg—Reach, 3 Miles.			
	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution4 52 55	5 16 20	0 23 25
Columbia5 03 42	5 49 18	0 45 36

Constitution beat Columbia 22m. 11s.

After the race Columbia went over to Glen Cove for the night, while Constitution lay off Larchmont Harbor. The table of the race follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constitution1 35 11	5 16 20	3 41 09	3 41 09
Columbia1 35 26	5 49 18	4 13 52	4 12 32

Constitution beat Columbia 31m. 23s.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

In a fine, steady sailing breeze, Constitution and Columbia sailed over the same course as on Friday, and the new boat won by the small margin of 58s. corrected time. With the weather conditions fair to both boats, Columbia can give Constitution a hard race in any weather, although if Constitution had Columbia's crew in charge she would be minutes faster.

The race was not started until 1 o'clock, as there was practically no wind in the morning. The wind came

in about noon and soon freshened to a nice sailing breeze. Then preparations were made for the start. The wind was S.S.W., and the course selected was six miles E. 3/4 N., to a mark boat in the middle of the Sound, then six miles S.W. 3/4 W. to a mark boat off Prospect Point in Hempstead Harbor, then N.N.W. three miles to the finishing line. This was sailed twice over. With the wind as it was then, the first leg was a reach, the second a beat and the third a reach.

The boats were started at 1:05, and Constitution was first across, with Columbia 2s. behind on her weather quarter. When about half way to the first mark Constitution had gained a little, but the older boat was sticking to her in a most surprising manner. When nearing the first mark jib topsails were taken in and the boats luffed by the mark as follows:

Constitution	1 37 01
Columbia	1 37 45

Baby jib topsails were now in order, and the wind had hauled a little to the southward, so that the boats held up the Long Island beach, almost laying their course for the next mark. Crossing the mouth of Hempstead Harbor, both boats got a little stronger breeze, but the new boat caught it first and pulled ahead, and let Columbia have the back draft. The times at this mark were:

Constitution	2 20 19
Columbia	2 21 28

Sheets were now eased, and reaching jib topsails were set. On the reach across the Sound Constitution had



THE CANADA CUP.

gained 1s., and at the end of the first half of the race she was ahead by 1m. 8s.

The elapsed times on each leg of the course on this round follow:

First Leg—Reach, 6 Miles.			
	Start.	1st Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution1 05 09	1 37 01	0 31 52
Columbia1 05 11	1 37 46	0 32 35

Constitution gained 43s.

Second Leg—Beat, 6 Miles.			
	1st Turn.	2d Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution1 37 01	2 20 19	0 43 18
Columbia1 37 46	2 21 28	0 43 42

Constitution gained 24s.

Third Leg—Reach, 3 Miles.			
	2d Turn.	Home Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution2 20 19	2 36 28	0 16 09
Columbia2 21 28	2 37 38	0 16 10

Constitution gained 1s.

Constitution made a poor turn at the home mark and lost several seconds thereby. Both boats held well to windward of their course, and finally eased sheets and ran down to the mark. The boats luffed by as follows:

Constitution	3 05 35
Columbia	3 07 25

Both boats stood on the port tack after rounding. Baby jib topsails were broken out and the boats stood along the Long Island shore, as they did on the first. Baby jib topsails were doused just before reaching the Prospect Point mark. The times at this mark follow:

Constitution	3 50 00
Columbia	3 52 10

Columbia set her balloon jib topsail. It drew splendidly, and did good work. Constitution broke out her working jib topsail and set her spinnaker, which was allowed to run well forward to make it draw. Columbia set her spinnaker after she cleared a tow of barges. The times at the finish:

Constitution	4 08 23
Columbia	4 10 43

The elapsed times on each leg of the second round are shown in the following:

First Leg—Reach, 6 Miles.			
	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Constitution2 36 28	3 05 35	0 29 07
Columbia2 37 38	3 07 25	0 29 47

Constitution gained 40s.

Second Leg—Beat, 6 Miles.			
	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Constitution3 05 35	3 50 00	0 44 25
Columbia3 07 25	3 52 10	0 45 45

Constitution gained 20s.

Third Leg—Run, 3 Miles.			
	2d Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Constitution3 50 00	4 08 23	0 18 23
Columbia3 52 10	4 10 43	0 18 43

Constitution gained 20s.

Following is the table:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Constitution1 05 09	4 08 23	3 03 14	3 03 14
Columbia1 05 11	4 10 43	3 05 32	3 04 12

Constitution beat Columbia 58s.

Monday, Aug. 19.

The race that was to have been sailed on Monday was given up owing to the thick fog and easterly gale. The managing owners of the two boats did not wish to take any chances of collision, so the boats went over to Glen Cove and lay under the lee of the breakwater.

Western Yachts.

Double Chicago Regatta.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—Chicago Y. C. and Columbia Y. C. both held regattas to-day. The various classes of the latter club included two or three dozen boats. In the Chicago Y. C. regatta the leading interest centered in the contest between Vanenna, Vencedor and Siren, which all sailed as 45-footers. Charlotte R. challenged Neva to a race for a side wager, Neva winning the latter by 7m. 1s. In the 35ft. class of the Chicago Y. C., the late trial boats of the Canada cup defenders, Milwaukee, Minota, Illinois and Yankee, all started. In the knockabout class of the same club, Cock Robin and Colleen sailed, Colleen winning by 6m. 14s.

In the special class of the Columbia Y. C. 30-footers, Columbia, Nymph, Witsith, Spray, Katie H., Zephyrus and Gloria were among the more prominent.

The wind was N.N.E. The boats of the Chicago Y. C. took the southern triangle to Hyde Park crib, thence to four-mile crib and return. The Columbia boats sailed around the four-mile crib, thence to the Harrison crib and return. The wind was twenty miles an hour, and the signal service warned the boats not to go out, which warning they disregarded.

The feature of the day was the red-hot battle between Vanenna and Vencedor. The course of these boats was a broad reach on the first leg, a beat dead to windward on the second leg, and a broad reach home. Vanenna rounded the four-mile crib just 1m. in advance of Vencedor, and from there home these two boats showed the most clever luffing match that was ever seen in a Chicago race. Vencedor got the weather berth, and every time Vanenna tried to square for the gap in the breakwater, would run down and blanket her. Then Vanenna would nose Vencedor back again. The two got a half-mile out of their course up to windward. At length they fought their way close up to the Government pier. Vanenna squared for the gap, dropping her big reaching jib. This cost her just a little headway, and Vencedor established a lap. Vanenna gave way and the two rushed through the gap, half deck under, the closest finish ever seen on a twenty-mile course, and the hardest battle these two ancient rivals have ever fought out together. Vencedor was sailed by Hank Goble, a Western man, who takes very kindly to that craft.

During the fight of these two big fellows, a big flock of the Columbia craft came winging down toward the gap in the following order: Columbia, Gironda, Ripple, an unnamed boat belonging to Dr. Knight, Katie H., Eleanor E., and a whole fleet back of them in different classes. Gironda and Ripple are two little sidewalk boats which never ought to have gone out in such a sea, but which nevertheless did go.

It was a great sidewalk day, and that sidewalk of all sidewalks, Milwaukee, actually beat out the fleet. Milwaukee started 10m. back of the big fellows, and, carrying jib and mainsail rig, beat by 8m. in the twenty-mile course such boats as Vanenna and Vencedor, which carried mainsail, jib and staysail and gaff topsail. Milwaukee seems to have rounded to just a shade too late as a cup defender, but none the less in very interesting fashion. It wore a new set of sails to-day.

The fin-keel Illinois made a slow race of it and was beaten badly by both Milwaukee and Minota. The sailing times of the above-mentioned boats between gun fire and finish were as below:

Special Challenge Race.			
	Start.	Finish.	
Neva1 50 00	4 22 46	
Charlotte R.1 50 00	4 29 47	
45-footers.			
Vencedor2 00 00	4 07 45	
Vanenna2 00 00	4 08 47	
Siren2 00 00	4 08 50	
35-footers.			
Milwaukee2 10 00	4 09 35	
Illinois2 10 00	4 21 01	
Yankee2 10 00	4 42 10	
Knockabouts.			
Colleen2 20 00	4 10 36	
Cock Robin2 20 00	4 16 50	

This was one of the most general and most interesting regattas ever held among the local boats of Chicago. It was heavy weather throughout—Cadillac weather, the observers called it. Had weather like this prevailed during the cup races this week, the cup would not be in Toronto at the present writing.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

South Boston Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

The handicap club race of the South Boston Y. C. was sailed off the club house at City Point Saturday, Aug. 17, in a moderate S.W. breeze. There were three classes. In the first Emma C., a 30-footer, sailed against Fantasy, a 17-footer, and won by 2m. on corrected time. In Class V, Vim had an easy win. The summary:

Class A.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Emma C., P. A. Coupal1 27 17	1 14 17	
Fantasy, Wm. Allerton1 51 18	1 16 18	
Class B.			
Black Hawk, Shevlin & Connor1 24 11	1 20 11	
Dina, C. A. Brackett1 24 00	1 22 00	
Varuna, C. W. Nodwell1 31 51	1 25 51	
Nancy Hanks, G. W. Lane1 29 50	1 25 50	
Ray, B. W. Craig1 33 56	1 26 58	
Narada, R. H. Anderberg1 36 25	1 27 25	
Clarada, W. H. Gowey1 40 13	1 36 13	
Class C.			
Vim, W. W. Kee1 30 35	1 26 35	
Sylvia, Charles Clausen1 34 34	1 34 34	

REMAI

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 9.

THE first of the series of Y. R. A. open races, given by the Annisquam Y. C., was sailed in Ipswich Bay, Friday, Aug. 9, in a strong, whole-sail breeze from the S.W. Besides the Y. R. A. classes, there were classes open to yachts in the vicinity of Cape Ann, and handicap classes. In the 25-footers Calypso was first at the line on the start, and she led over the course, finishing with a good margin. In the 21-footers Mildred II. showed up like Calypso in the larger class. She was never headed after the starting gun was fired. In the 18ft. class there were the cracks from the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. and Susan of the Annisquam Y. C. Susan won by 2s. in the closest and most interesting race of the day. In Class T Nymph withdrew and Plunger finished it out alone. Thordis had local boats to compete with in Class L, and she won by less than a minute, the Herreshoff-designed 25-footer Onda being second. The wins were all easy in the handicap classes, and in the class for sailing dories. There was a race for launches which was very interesting, the finishes being quite close. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 59 29	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 03 35	
Tarpon, E. S. Grew.....	2 10 48	
Early Dawn, T. E. Doherty.....	2 14 37	
Class S.		
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	2 06 57	
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins.....	2 15 20	
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster.....	2 18 12	
Privateer, John McConnell, Jr.....	2 18 18	
Eaglet, Starling Burgess.....	2 18 57	
Class I.		
Susan, Quincy Bent.....	1 42 48	
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	1 42 50	
Comforter, Whittemore.....	1 43 28	
Miladi, F. Adams.....	1 44 12	
Aspinquid, Corey.....	1 46 15	
Class T.		
Plunger, Will.....	2 14 05	
Nymph, O. Perkins.....	Withdraw.	
Class L.		
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	2 09 45	
Onda, J. Greenough.....	2 10 40	
Aeolus, B. Jacobs.....	2 25 15	
Dart, M. S. Friend.....	Withdraw.	
20ft. Handicap Class.		
Circe II., F. Pigeon.....	1 33 30	
Miscreant.....	1 37 55	
Vitesse II., Jas Cuyler.....	1 38 08	
Polly, L. George.....	1 38 40	
Grayling, Longland & Tripp.....	1 38 43	
Tedesco, W. H. Pear.....	1 40 27	
Bernice, E. Webster.....	1 43 47	
18ft. Handicap Class.		
Only One, R. W. Phelps.....	1 51 10	
Teuton, Foster.....	1 52 22	
Dorothea, Finlay.....	2 02 14	
Trifle, F. Howes.....	Withdraw.	
Dories.		
Ragging.....	1 50 25	
Tabasco, W. Rowe.....	2 06 53	
Kathie, Frazier.....	2 06 53	
Gypsy, Smith.....	2 14 25	
Launches.		
Perkins.....	0 59 34	
Chas. Street.....	1 00 02	
Clemans.....	1 00 09	
Alfred Anderson.....	1 00 20	
Jas. Pierce.....	1 10 30	

Saturday, Aug. 10.

There was plenty of wind for the second race of the Annisquam Y. C. Y. R. A. open series. It was from the S.W. in quantities, and all of the yachts came to the starting line with reefs. It was the story of the previous day, with the 25-footer Calypso and the 21-footer Mildred II., only the victories in each case were more decisive. Thordis won again in Class L, but in the 18ft. knockabout class Bacchante had things all her own way. In a breeze of this kind Bacchante can make them all hustle. A number of the yachts in the small classes found the breeze a little too strong and withdrew before the finish. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 03 15	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 06 14	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 17 32	
Class S.		
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.....	2 16 55	
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins.....	2 20 26	
Eaglet, Starling Burgess.....	2 22 17	
Coquette, B. P. Amsden.....	2 27 23	
Opitsah III., Sumner H. Foster.....	Withdraw.	
Class L.		
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	2 11 02	
Onda, John Greenough.....	2 17 43	
Marvel.....	Withdraw.	
Alice and Maud, A. McCurdy.....	Withdraw.	
Class I.		
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	1 37 03	
Comforter, John Whittemore.....	1 40 22	
Susan, Quincy Bent.....	1 41 05	
Aspinquid, Corey.....	Withdraw.	
Class M.		
Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Vitesse II., Jas Cuyler.....	1 31 20	1 29 20
Circe II., Fred L. Pigeon.....	1 31 28	1 31 28
Bernice, E. E. Webster.....	1 35 50	1 31 50
Polly, L. George.....	Dismasted.	
Class N.		
Only One, R. W. Phelps.....	1 44 45	1 44 45
Dorothea, A. W. Finlay.....	Withdraw.	
Teuton, H. C. Foster.....	Withdraw.	
Dories.		
Naomi, A. Wheeler.....	0 52 40
Tabasco, W. Rowe.....	1 20 58
Kathie, L. Frazier.....	Withdraw.	
Launches.		
E. J. Livingston.....	1 05 20	0 59 20
Oscar B. Perkins.....	0 59 48	0 59 48
Clearview.....	Withdraw.	
Richard Tarr.....	Withdraw.	

New York Y. C.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Wednesday, Aug. 14.

THE final race for Constitution and Columbia, given by the New York Y. C. off Newport, had to be called off for lack of wind. The race could not be postponed, as both the big boats had agreed to race at Larchmont on Friday.

The Regatta Committee was on board the steam yacht Electra. At 11:30 a windward and leeward race was signaled, with the compass course S.S.E. The prepara-

tory signal was given at 11:35, and the warning signal followed at 11:40. At 11:45 the boats were sent away, and at this time the wind was light, having a strength of not over five knots. Constitution got quite the best of the start. About half an hour after the start Constitution was an eighth of a mile on Columbia's weather bow. Shortly after this the little wind that the boats had at the start dropped, and they lay becalmed with hardly star- age way on. After three hours and forty minutes of this monotonous work, the two nineties withdrew.

In the yawl class Vigilant got away first, followed by Navahoe. Then came Rainbow and Virginia in the order named. Navahoe had caught up with Vigilant when they gave up the race, and Rainbow was well in the lead of Virginia when they quit.

East Gloucester Y. C.

GLOUCESTER, MASS.

Thursday, Aug. 8.

THE Y. R. A. race of the East Gloucester Y. C. was sailed in Gloucester Harbor Thursday, Aug. 8, in pretty much all kinds of breezes. It was about S.W. at the start, but kept backing until it was easterly at the finish. It was light at times and again there was a squall, which sprawled the big fellows all out and made the little ones reef. Calypso took the start in the 25-footers and led over the course. This was the case with Mildred II. in the 21-footers. In the 18-footers Snapshot withdrew and Plunger finished alone. Dorothea won handily in the 15-footers. There were three handicap classes. In the first Circe II. had things all her own way. This was true of Bernice in the second class, and in the third class Comforter was the only boat to finish. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Calypso, Chesterton.....	1 57 20	
Chewink, Macomber.....	2 00 40	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 03 20	
Nereid, Lunt.....	2 03 36	
Early Dawn, Doherty.....	2 10 09	
Class S.		
Mildred II., Moses.....	2 52 45	
Opitsah III., Foster.....	2 55 54	
Eaglet, Burgess.....	2 56 16	
Tabasco III., Wiggins.....	2 56 17	
Privateer, McConnell.....	2 58 45	
Rambler, Pomeroy.....	Did not finish.	
Coquette, Amsden.....	did not finish.	
Class T.		
Plunger, Will.....	2 50 46	
Snapshot, Perry.....	Did not finish.	
Class X.		
Dorothea, Finlay.....	1 59 49	
Toss, Stearns.....	2 01 52	
Kantelpit, Perkins.....	2 03 59	
Only One, Phelps.....	2 15 41	
First Handicap Class.		
Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Circe II., Pigeon.....	2 39 11	2 39 11
Alice and Maud, McCurdy.....	2 43 40	2 40 29
Onda, Greenough.....	2 42 37	2 42 37
Alethea, Colby & Smith.....	2 44 30	2 44 30
Miscreant.....	2 50 08	2 50 08
Angel, Cox.....	3 01 16	2 56 30
Polly.....	3 01 23	2 56 35
Widgeon, Horton.....	3 03 59	2 57 37
Lilian, Bates.....	3 02 01	2 58 50
Viola, Haggood & Frasier.....	3 03 28	3 03 42
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	Withdraw.	
Mavis, Smothers & Brooks.....	Withdraw.	
Nancy Hanks.....	Withdraw.	
Mazooka, Heard.....	Withdraw.	
Second Handicap Class.		
Bernice, Webster.....	1 39 31	1 39 31
Kamador.....	1 57 12	1 48 22
Ida B., Merchant.....	1 56 29	1 51 01
Class I.		
Comforter, Whittemore.....	2 43 26
Aspinquid, Conley.....	Withdraw.	
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	Withdraw.	
Miladi, Adams.....	Withdraw.	

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE Van Rensselaer cup was sailed for by the yachts of the Beverly Y. C. on Saturday, Aug. 10, all classes racing in one. There was half a gale blowing from the S.W., and the larger boats had the best of it. They came for the starting line in a bunch, and the champion May Queen soon went to the fore. She led all the way around the course, but was closely pressed by Thorana. Thorana got into a mix up with Pompano, in which Pompano's mast was carried away, but it is thought that May Queen would have won even if this did not happen. There was also a race for 15-footers for a cup offered by Mrs. Stone. The first three boats were very close in this class, Flickamaro winning by over 2m., and Next and Uarda crossing within one second of each other. The summary:

25ft. Class.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 50 22	1 36 59	
Thorana, T. B. Wales.....	1 52 11	1 38 48	
Kalama, Dana Rice.....	1 52 58	1 39 35	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	1 59 03	1 40 08	
Veda, L. L. Bacon.....	1 55 19	1 43 22	
Eina, J. Parkinson.....	1 57 35	1 44 12	
White Heron, W. Forbes.....	1 58 15	1 44 52	
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	2 08 39	1 49 44	
Nokomis, A. Winsor.....	2 04 08	1 50 45	
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 20 38	1 56 32	
Eunice, W. O. Taylor.....	2 20 44	1 56 38	
Maori, H. B. Hastings.....	2 26 18	2 02 12	
Allison, S. B. McLeod.....	2 32 07	2 08 01	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2 33 06	2 09 00	
Cincade, R. B. Prescott.....	Withdraw.		
Pompano, W. E. Eustis.....	Dismasted.		
Totem, W. M. Jameson.....	Withdraw.		
Shrimp, Maurice Richardson.....	Withdraw.		
Edith, Clark King.....	Withdraw.		
15-footers—One Design.			
Flickamaro, W. B. Emmons.....	1 39 20		
Next, Paul Jones.....	1 41 51		
Uarda, Jack Parkinson.....	1 41 52		
Teazer, R. W. Emmons.....	1 45 11		
Spider, Howard Stone.....	1 47 57		
Go Bye, H. Stockton.....	Withdraw.		

Saturday, Aug. 17.

The club race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house at Wing's Neck Saturday, Aug. 17, in a strong S.W. breeze. Almost every boat carried a single reef. In the 25-footers May Queen won from Kalama III. by only 10s. In the 21-footers Radiant beat out the champion Quakeress by 7m. and 30s. In the fourth class, cats, Eunice suffered her first defeat of the year in regular

class racing. Howard beat her by 3½m. In the 15-footers there was a large number of entries, and the racing was good. Uarda again won, but by less than a minute. The summary:

25-footers.		Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	1 56 50	
Kalama III., David Rice.....	1 57 00	
Thorana, T. B. Wales.....	1 57 09	
White Heron, Waldo Forbes.....	2 09 55	
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	2 03 45	
21-footers.		
Radiant, C. M. Baker.....	2 04 06	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	2 11 36	
Amanita, L. Bacon.....	2 13 40	
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	2 15 35	
Gadfly, Mrs. J. W. Geary.....	2 16 16	
Edith, S. G. King.....	2 18 48	
Fourth Class Cats.		
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	1 51 20	
Eunice, W. O. Taylor.....	1 54 50	
Maori, A. B. Hastings.....	1 55 11	
Totem, W. F. Jameson.....	1 58 15	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	1 58 48	
Allison, Stewart McLeod.....	1 59 14	
15-footers—One Design.		
Uarda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	1 33 50	
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.....	1 34 33	
Flickamaro, W. B. Emmons.....	1 36 43	
Peacock, A. Winsor, Jr.....	1 37 15	
Teazer, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	1 37 23	
Next, Paul Jones.....	1 38 36	
Go-Bye, Howard Stockton.....	1 39 19	
Eaglet, R. L. Bacon.....	1 41 15	
Spider, H. B. Stone.....	1 41 38	
Fly, C. A. Coolidge.....	1 44 57	

Wollaston Y. C.

WOLLASTON, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE annual open Y. R. A. race of the Wollaston Y. C. was sailed off the club house in Quincy Bay, Saturday, Aug. 17. Only Early Dawn showed up in the 25-footers, and she sailed a walkover for percentage. In the open 21-footers Hostess started last, but went into first place before the first mark was reached, and held her lead to the finish. In the restricted 21-footers, Mildred II. added another to her list of victories. She stands a good show of winning the championship in her class. In the 18-footers Lobster had a walkover. In the 15-footers Vitesse won from Toss by 1m. and 21s. There was also a handicap class and a sailing tender class for boats owned in the club. The summary:

Class D.		Elapsed.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 41 37	
Class C.		
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 45 19	
Romance, Loring Sears.....	1 47 58	
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	1 49 14	
Theodora, F. Burgess.....	1 55 13	
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins.....	2 05 00	
Marvel, Reed & Lincoln.....	2 05 37	
Class S.		
Mildred II., S. B. Moses.....	1 46 21	
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess.....	1 48 22	
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster.....	1 48 46	
Class T.		
Lobster, C. J. Hendrie.....	2 26 30	
Class X.		
Vitesse, W. J. Coombs.....	2 05 29	
Toss, J. B. Stearns.....	2 26 50	
Tender Class.		
Splash, H. Waterhouse.....	1 28 21	
K. C., B. Keyes.....	1 29 31	
Dido, W. J. Patterson.....	1 40 12	
L. J. F. Burgess.....	1 48 01	
Kid, Lowell Baker.....	1 54 57	
Handicap Class.		
Neptune, A. E. Linnell.....	2 21 20	1 59 45
Ruth, A. T. Barstow.....	2 40 42	2 13 17
West Wind, W. M. Chase.....	2 44 58	2 13 17
Premiere, Hayden Bros.....	2 38 23	2 21 18
Sea Gull, A. Shay.....	2 56 40	2 25 27

Misery Island Y. C.

SALEM HARBOR, MASS.

Wednesday, Aug. 7.

THE Misery Island Y. C., which has recently been admitted to the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, gave an open race under Association rules on Wednesday, Aug. 7. There was a rattling S.W. breeze blowing and the racing was very interesting. In the 25-footers Chewink went over the line at the sound of the gun and led all over the course. She had to fight for her victory, however, as Flirt and Calypso pressed her hard. Calypso made the fastest time over the course, but as she was late at the starting line, this did her no good. As they passed the east end of Misery Island the spinnakers of Flirt and Chewink jibed and Flirt's spinnaker pole was broken as it came across her headstay.

In the 21ft. class Mildred II., designed and built by Shiverick, led the class from the first mark to the finish. She was the last boat over the starting line. There was a very hot scrap between Tabasco III. and Opitsah III. for second place. They luffed up into the fleet when near the line, and Tabasco III. pulled over the line 11s. ahead. In the raceabout class Pompelia got the start and led easily over the course. In the special handicap class Oivana won, but lost to Thordis on corrected time. The summary:

		Elapsed.
Class D—25-footers.		
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 34 50	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.	1 35 14	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.	1 36 05	
Nereia, A. H. Lunt.	1 38 42	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.	1 42 33	
Cyrilla, W. D. Turner.	1 45 35	
Class S—21-footers.		
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins.	1 43 05	
Mildred II., S. P. Moses.	1 45 07	
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster.	1 45 19	
Privateer, John McConnell, Jr.	1 46 38	
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess.	1 50 35	
Class K—Raceabouts.		
Pompelia, R. C. Robbins.	1 44 55	
Runaway Girl, H. Tween.	1 46 02	
Idol, F. K. Lothrop.	1 47 02	
Theresa, L. Davis.	2 04 40	
Class I—Knockabouts.		
Aspinquid, W. A. Comey.	0 45 23	
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.	0 48 27	
Special Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Thordis, W. U. Foster.	1 56 39	1 54 21
Oivana, Reginald Boardman.	1 55 22	1 55 22
Onda, John Greenough.	1 57 26	1 57 26

Manchester Y. C.

WEST MANCHESTER, MASS.

Monday, Aug. 5.

THE open race of the Manchester Y. C. for the Crowhurst cup was sailed in Salem Bay, Monday, Aug. 5. All classes sailed as one, time allowance being figured by the Herreshoff table. The 25-footers Flirt and Chewink had things all their own way until the windward mark was reached. Chewink turned this mark first, followed by Flirt. On the reach back to Martin's Rock, the 21-footer Hostess found her weather and came to the front. She easily ran away from the 25-footers and obtained a good lead. Chewink pulled her down on the lay to the finish line, but Hostess managed to squeeze over the line 12s. to the good. Chewink was second, Flirt third and Circe II. fourth, but Circe II. won on corrected time. Circe II. was originally a 21-footer, and raced for the Quincy cup, but her ends have been pulled up and she now races in the 18ft. class. The summary:

	Finish.	Corrected.
Circe II., E. L. Pigeon.....	1 33 42	1 32 18
Hostess, H. M. Faxon.....	1 30 08	1 33 15
Chewink, F. S. Macomber.....	1 30 20	1 39 08
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 31 10	1 39 58
Vitesse, W. J. Combs.....	1 46 30	1 40 50
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster.....	1 37 45	1 41 05
Privateer, J. McConnell.....	1 40 10	1 44 00
Khalifa, R. Tucker.....	1 34 45	1 44 33
Pompelia, R. C. Robbins.....	1 41 08	1 45 38
Onda, J. Greenough.....	1 36 13	1 46 01
Bernice, C. E. Lunt.....	1 36 13	1 46 01
Raccoon, A. D. Loring.....	Not timed.	
Rikki Tikki, Loring Bros.....	Not timed.	

Thursday, Aug. 15.

The Y. R. A. open race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed off West Manchester Thursday, Aug. 15, in a stiff S.W. breeze. This race was scheduled for Aug. 6, and was started on that day, but, as only one class finished, the race was postponed. There were three Y. R. A. classes and two club classes. In the 25-footers Calypso went over the starting line first and led all the way over the course. The race in the Y. R. A. 21ft. class, between Opitsah III., Tabasco III. and Eaglet was very close. They were close together all over the course, but Opitsah III. managed to hold a little lead. She won by less than a minute. Three raceabouts made a pretty race, but Idol, one of the new boats, won by over a minute. In the 18ft. knockabouts Aspinquid got the best of the start and led over the course, winning by 1s. over a minute. In the handicap class Thordis finished first and Onda second, but both lost to Spry on corrected time. The summary:

Class D—25ft. Sloops.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 18 34		1 18 34	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	1 20 09		1 20 09	
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	1 20 46		1 20 46	
Tarpon, E. S. Grew.....	1 22 21		1 22 21	
Oivana, Reginald Boardman.....	1 24 55		1 24 55	
Class K—21ft. Open.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idol, T. G. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 19 12		1 19 12	
Tunipoo, J. L. Brewer.....	1 20 39		1 20 39	
Pompilia, R. G. Robbins.....	1 21 57		1 21 57	
Class S—21ft. Cabin.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Opitsah III., G. W. Foster.....	1 21 28		1 21 28	
Tabasco III., M. M. Wiggins.....	1 22 16		1 22 16	
Eaglet, W. Strong Burgess.....	1 22 17		1 22 17	
Class I—18-footers.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Aspinquid, W. A. Corey.....	1 27 23		1 27 23	
Bacchante, Humphrey & Lauriat.....	1 28 24		1 28 24	
Comforter, J. M. Whittemore.....	1 29 27		1 29 27	
Handicap Class.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Spry, M. E. Stone.....	1 20 51	1 14 51	1 20 51	1 14 51
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	1 18 27	1 18 27	1 18 27	1 18 27
Onda, J. B. Greenough.....	1 18 34	1 18 34	1 18 34	1 18 34

Tuesday, Aug. 13.

Only five boats started in the third championship race of the Manchester Y. C. In the 25-footers Chewink and Tarpon went over the starting line together, and Chewink opened up a slight lead to the first mark. On the beat Tarpon drew up on Chewink and turned the mark with her. Chewink managed to hold her lead on the last leg, and finished 57s. to the good. In the raceabout class there were two starters. Pompilia withdrew and Idol finished alone. The summary:

25-footers.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 14 22		2 14 22	
Tarpon, E. S. Grew.....	2 15 19		2 15 19	
Oivana, Reginald Boardman.....	2 21 40		2 21 40	
Raceabouts.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Idol, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 45 53		2 45 53	
Pompilia, Reginald Robbins.....	Withdrew.			

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH, LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. sailed on Saturday, Aug. 17, its annual regatta. Some forty-one boats started, and the race was a great success in every way. There was a good sailing breeze from the S.W. that held quite steady all the afternoon. The Regatta Committee, F. B. Jones, Charles Simms, Charles Tower and Charles F. Kirby, used the tug Stamford for the judges' boat. The preparatory signal was given at 12:30.

For the 36 and 40ft. class of sloops and yawls the course was from the starting line half a mile S. of the gas buoy off the E. end of Little Captain's Island, to and around a stake boat anchored off the Coms Rocks, near Shippan Point, thence to another stake boat in the middle of the Sound, thence to the starting line, a total distance of nine miles, sailed twice over.

The raceabouts sailed a twelve-mile course, the 21ft. class of sloops and catboats nine miles, and the rest six miles. The table follows:

Sloops—43ft. Class—Start, 12:55.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorwin, W. L. Wood.....	3 48 02		3 48 02	2 53 03
Sloops and Yawls—36ft. Class—Start, 1:00.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Cymbia, F. C. Henderson.....	4 20 00		4 20 00	3 20 00
Peggy, F. S. Hastings.....	4 18 18		4 18 18	3 18 18
Empress, M. Hecksher.....	4 31 49		4 31 49	3 31 49
Memory, W. N. Bavier.....	4 15 51		4 15 51	3 15 51
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	4 25 21		4 25 21	3 20 21
Empronzi, Alfred Peats.....	4 17 24		4 17 24	3 12 24
Oiseau, G. L. Pirie.....	4 13 29		4 13 29	3 08 29
Catboats—30ft. Class—Start, 1:05.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Dot, C. T. Pierce.....	4 20 40		4 20 40	3 15 40
Windora, John Green.....	Withdrew.			

Raceabout Class—Start, 1:10.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	3 34 57		3 34 57	2 24 57
Sis, F. T. Bedford.....	3 37 48		3 37 48	2 27 48
Merrywing, H. M. Crane.....	3 36 22		3 36 22	2 26 22
Spindrift, Samuel Conley.....	3 41 17		3 41 17	2 31 17
Persimmon, W. E. Dodge.....	3 39 27		3 39 27	2 29 27
Cabin and Open Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 1:15.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Robin Hood, George Garland.....	3 50 48		3 50 48	2 55 48
Don, Gabriel Reeves.....	3 44 16		3 44 16	2 29 16
Mummer, Barclay Wood.....	4 03 44		4 03 44	2 49 44
Cabin and Open Catboats—Start, 1:20.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Win or Lose, C. A. Hatch.....	4 17 33		4 17 33	3 02 33
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	3 18 26		3 18 26	1 58 26
Exeila.....	3 21 24		3 21 24	2 01 24
Catboats—21ft. Class—Start, 1:20.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Punch, T. W. Van Schroeder.....	3 53 04		3 53 04	2 33 04
Ox, W. N. Bavier, Jr.....	3 45 20		3 45 20	2 25 20
Arlene, A. E. Rendle.....	3 49 44		3 49 44	2 29 44
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Chipmunk, T. S. Young, Jr.....	2 55 21		2 55 21	1 30 21
Sandpiper, R. R. Belmont.....	2 46 15		2 46 15	1 21 15
Nora, Lewis Iselin.....	2 13 19		2 13 19	1 28 19
Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	2 52 52		2 52 52	1 27 52
Cricket, H. C. Fryer.....	2 49 52		2 49 52	1 24 52
Kingfisher, August Belmont, Jr.....	2 52 12		2 52 12	1 27 12
Opossum, A. M. Raborg.....	2 45 01		2 45 01	1 20 01
Indian Harbor Sailboats—Start, 1:25.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Bug, George F. Dominick.....	3 07 19		3 07 19	1 42 19
Stingy, C. E. Zittel.....	3 24 13		3 24 13	1 59 13
Noggin, C. S. Somerville.....	3 10 53		3 10 53	1 45 53
Catboats—18ft. Class—Start, 1:25.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Lobster, A. M. Brush.....	4 00 16		4 00 16	2 35 16
Bantam, F. H. Page.....	3 04 34		3 04 34	1 39 34
Ask Me.....	Withdrew.			
Kazaza, T. J. McCahill.....	2 49 35		2 49 35	1 24 35
Lark Class—Start, 1:25.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Gloria, C. W. Allen.....	3 18 10		3 18 10	1 53 10
Skidoo, M. St. G. Davis.....	3 29 44		3 29 44	2 04 44
Echo, P. R. Allen.....	3 09 09		3 09 09	1 44 09
Go To, T. G. Weatherby.....	Withdrew.			

The winners were Dorwina, Memory, Oiseau, Dot, Badger, Don, Montauk, Ox, Opossum, Bug, Kazaza and Echo.

Penataquit Corinthian Y. C.

BAY SHORE, L. I.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE fifth annual regatta of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. was sailed on the Great South Bay on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 17. The course for the larger yachts was twelve miles, but the smaller ones in Classes V and W sailed only eight miles. The wind was from the S.E., and was steady. Summary:

Class M—Sloops—36ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:05.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Alcatorda, yawl, Eugene Lentillon.....	2 08 46		2 08 46	3 03 46
Quo Vadis, J. A. Hutchison.....	2 20 48		2 20 48	3 17 48
Class N—Sloops—30ft. Racing Length—Start, 11:10.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Amy Foster, J. Campbell Smith.....	2 04 57		2 04 57	3 06 57
Pinkie, Allan Pinkerton.....	2 07 01		2 07 01	3 07 01
Gavety, Richard Hyde.....	2 09 23		2 09 23	3 09 23
Grotong, H. H. Hollister.....	2 13 21		2 13 21	3 12 21
Wanda, J. R. Suydam.....	2 23 23		2 23 23	3 23 23
Class O—Sloops—Start, 11:15.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Wynnabust, J. De Hart Brower.....	2 08 04		2 08 04	3 07 04
Constance, Reg. H. Post.....	2 18 39		2 18 39	3 03 39
Microhe, F. T. Mitchell.....	2 28 39		2 28 39	3 13 39
Class S—Catboats—Start, 11:20.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Jupiter, Richard Brower.....	2 17 45		2 17 45	3 03 45
Uncle Van, George Cable.....	2 27 33		2 27 33	3 13 33
Class T—Catboats—Start, 11:25.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Dorothy, E. F. & F. C. Southard.....	2 07 51		2 07 51	3 18 51
Ellen, F. K. Walsh.....	2 23 10		2 23 10	3 38 10
Class V—Catboats—Start, 11:30.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Mollie, Joseph W. Lawrence.....	1 46 45		1 46 45	2 04 45
Toddie, F. T. Peters.....	1 33 30		1 33 30	2 03 30
Little Doctor, Dr. W. Carmen.....	1 43 03		1 43 03	2 13 03
Class W—Catboats—Start, 11:30.			Finish.	Elapsed.
Kinkie, C. Coddington.....	2 21 25		2 21 25	2 09 25
Defiance, W. Ketcham.....	2 28 20		2 28 20	2 18 20

The winners were as follows: Class M, Alcatorda; Class N, Amy Foster; Class O, Wynnabust; Class S, Jupiter; Class T, Dorothy; Class V, Toddie; Class W, Kinkie.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE fifth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead, Saturday, Aug. 17, in a fluky breeze from the westward. It blew quite hard at the start, but flattened out almost to a dead calm at the finish. In Class A, Oivana gave everybody a surprise by finishing 36s. ahead of Chewink. In the raceabouts Idol won by a comfortable margin from Pompilia and Scapegoat. Thistle and Suzanne had a hot scrap in the knockabout class, Thistle winning by a little over half a minute. The summary:

Class A.			Corrected.
Oivana, R. Boardman.....	2 01 05		2 01 05
Chewink, F. G. Macomber.....	2 01 41		2 01 41
Louise, E. McWilliams.....	Withdrew.		
Raceabouts.			Corrected.
Idol, T. K. Lothrop.....	2 08 25		2 08 25
Pompilia, R. Robbins.....	2 09 50		2 09 50
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster.....	2 14 03		2 14 03
Knockabouts.			Corrected.
Thistle, A. P. McKinnon.....	1 38 17		1 38 17
Suzanne, F. Brewster.....	1 38 54		1 38 54
16-footers.			Corrected.
Raccoon, A. D. Irving.....	1 08 35		1 08 35
Chick Duckling, C. F. Lyman.....	1 09 50		1 09 50
Kalmar, H. E. Rogers.....	1 12 32		1 12 32

Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

HULL, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THERE were only two classes in the club race of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. Saturday, Aug. 10. For the first time the 18ft. knockabouts were given handicaps, but they did not affect the positions of the yachts on corrected time. There was a stiff S.W. breeze blowing, which was much to Malilian's liking, and she managed to beat out Bonito by 50s. In the regular handicap class there were two entries, Holly and Darthea. Darthea was disabled and Holly went over the course alone. The summary:

Class I.—Knockabouts.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Malilian, Pamar.....	4 44 38		4 44 38	2 09 38
Bonito, G. H. Wightman.....	4 46 28		4 46 28	2 10 28
Oriana, A. Douglass.....	4 49 43		4 49 43	2 14 43
Ayaya, Fred Keyes.....	4 54 30		4 54 30	2 19 30
Handicap.			Elapsed.	Corrected.
Holly, W. M. Ware.....	4 41 30		4 41 30	2 01 30

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE third race of the Plymouth Y. C. was sailed in Plymouth Harbor Saturday, Aug. 17, in varying strength of breeze. It was very light at the start, but freshened toward the finish to such an extent as to make reefs necessary. In the handicap class Dolphin won from Sea-view by less than a minute in a hotly contested race. In the 18ft. knockabouts Trouble won handily. Oom Paul carried away her mast in one of the puffs. Fanny D. and Geisha had a hot race in the 21-footers, Fanny D. winning by 12s. The summary:

Handicap Class.			Elapsed.
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 13 17		1 13 17
Seaview, T. S. Diman.....	1 13 50		1 13 50
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	1 15 03		1 15 03
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	1 15 10		1 15 10
Grace, M. S. Weston, Jr.....	1 16 13		1 16 13
Caprice, S. G. Etherington.....	1 17 27		1 17 27
Special Knockabouts.			Elapsed.
Trouble, Hunt.....	1 32 44		1 32 44
Miladi, R. Adams.....	1 34 06		1 34 06
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	1 35 15		1 35 15
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.....	1 35 38		1 35 38
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman.....	Disabled.		
21-footers.			Elapsed.
Fanny D., A. E. Walker.....	1 36 14		1 36 14
Geisha, A. W. T. Whitman.....	1 36 26		1 36 26
Scamper, Reed Bros.....	1 37 14		1 37 14

Winthrop Y. C.

WINTHROP, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THERE were three classes in the handicap club race of the Winthrop Y. C., which was sailed off Winthrop Saturday, Aug. 10. A strong S.W. breeze was blowing, and all of the yachts made fast time. Cygnet won by a long margin in the 25-footers, and in the 18-footers Zetes also had an easy win. Flash and Caper made a good race in the 15ft. class, Flash winning by 15s. on corrected time. The summary:

2

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A.

SEA GATE—NEW YORK BAY.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

THE eleventh of the series of races arranged by the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 10, under the auspices of the Atlantic Y. C.

There was a good breeze from the S., and the boats made good time over the courses. The summaries:

Sloops—36ft. Class—Start, 3:20.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vivian, S. E. Vernon.....	6 27 45	3 07 45
Akista, George Hill.....	6 52 30	3 32 30
Sloops—30ft. Class—Start, 3:20.		
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	5 43 20	2 23 40
Sloops—25ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	4 47 25	1 22 25
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	4 58 38	1 33 38
Sloops—21ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Wraith, Calvin Tomkins.....	4 54 20	1 29 20
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	4 58 44	1 33 44
Sloops—18ft. Class—Start, 3:25.		
Pebble, A. W. Speir.....	5 05 55	1 40 55
Budget, Henry Anthony.....	Disabled.	
Constance, F. D. Prentice.....	Withdrew.	
Marine and Field Class—Start, 3:30.		
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson.....	5 07 35	1 37 35
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	5 08 15	1 38 15
Vixen, Baylor & Mahoney.....	5 08 55	1 38 55
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	5 10 08	1 40 08
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	5 12 15	1 42 15
Flying Fox, Cone & Buckman.....	5 12 55	1 42 55

The winners were: Class M, Vivian; Class P, Cockatoo; Class Q, Wraith; Class R, Pebble; Marine and Field Special, Jig-a-Jig.

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE ninth race of the Cohasset Y. C. was sailed off the club house in a very light S.W. breeze Saturday, Aug. 17. Two classes of knockabouts started. In the regular class Nereid won by 10m. from Eleanor; the other seven boats which entered withdrew. In the special class Tunipoo won by 15m. The summary:

Knockabout Class.	Elapsed.
Nereid, W. R. Sears.....	2 31 45
Eleanor, Frank Moors.....	2 41 45
Remora, Glover Crocker.....	Withdrew.
Monsoon, J. Knowles.....	Withdrew.
Barracuda, A. C. Burrage.....	Withdrew.
Harelda, Alanson Bigelow.....	Withdrew.
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	Withdrew.
Special Class.	
Tunipoo, W. R. Bremer.....	2 20 00
Fancy, C. W. Barron.....	2 35 00
Fly, C. W. Barron.....	2 43 55

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The schooner yacht *Fleur de Lys*, owned by Dr. L. A. Stimson, N. Y. Y. C., arrived on Aug. 17 from Gibraltar via Madeira, after a passage of twenty-seven days. She left this port on March 8, with her owner and a party of friends on board for a cruise in the Mediterranean. She crossed the ocean in twenty-four days, experiencing very heavy weather, but lost nothing except a sea anchor. Among the ports visited since she left here were Palermo, Malta, Corfu, Cattaro, Venice, Naples and Leghorn. On the way home she made a southerly cruise as far south as latitude 24.

Mr. Frank N. Tandy, who has been associated with Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, the well-known naval architect, for several years, has now severed his connection with him, and has opened an office at 31 State street, Boston, Mass., where he will establish a general marine agency. It is Mr. Tandy's intention to give special attention to the organization and promotion of sailing and steamship companies. He will also buy and sell first-class marine instruments. A rather unique and interesting feature of Mr. Tandy's new venture is to be the exploitation of good schooner property. There have been cases where such vessels have earned and paid over 20 per cent. dividends, and Mr. Tandy is a firm believer in the possibilities of this class of property.

New Publications.

Flowers and Ferns in Their Haunts.

WITH the arrival of the birds, the putting forth by shrub and tree of the first leaflets of tender green, and the coming of the warm spring days, which tempt us abroad, appears the usual rush of spring nature books, which of late years we have become so accustomed to see. One of the most beautiful of these, published by the Macmillans, is from the pen and camera of an author whose name has become familiar—Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, author of "Citizen Bird" and other similar volumes. The last arrival is a very charming book, and we are inclined to think, may, perhaps, become more useful than any of its predecessors from her pen.

In it Mrs. Wright takes her reader abroad with her across the fields and along the edges of the woods in search of flowers and ferns. She does not profess to have discovered any new things to point out, but she has eyes, and knows how to use them, and in this respect she differs widely from most of those whom we meet in our daily lives. Moreover, she has in her mind a special thing which she wishes the reader to see—the flower in the landscape, and that flower in its natural place, and surrounded by all its companions of the field, the hedgerow or the forest. In the flowers which she shows to her readers she sees something more than mere botanical specimens, and she endues them with a certain life and personality which the nature-lover who is much abroad and much in contact with uncollected specimens will very readily comprehend. How much more real do flowers and plants seem to him who sits down to rest among them than those same flowers and plants when gathered, thrown in a botanical box, and again taken out for study and preservation. There is much of fact in the remark that "the wild flower and fern is only to be truly known where it creeps, clings or sways, untroubled, in its home."

The volume before us contains a dozen chapters which roughly follow the course of the year. They treat of the coming spring, of the plants along the waterways, of those which have escaped the gardens, of wood flowers, of humble orchids, of poisonous plants, of ferns, of certain flowers that love the sun, of the family of compositae, of flowers that grow along the road, of vines, and lastly of the flowers and fruits of late autumn. Finally the book closes with an index and glossary which give, besides the vernacular plant names used in the text, their Latin equivalents, so that there shall be no doubt as to just what they mean. The story of the book is simply told, a plain description of what is seen abroad, with occasionally a few words about the author's companions. But practically it is all description, yet description of a very charming

sort. It is a story of walks and rides in southern New England fields and woods not easily to be matched.

The volume is illustrated from photographs by the author and J. Horace McFarland. There are nearly sixty full-page and half-tone plates, and no fewer than 125 line drawings, almost altogether of ferns or flowers or plants scattered through the text.

These illustrations are the crowning glory of the volume, and will be a joy and a delight to every botanist and to every nature-lover. One may look over the plates, one after another, trying to decide which among them is best or worst, without being able to make up his mind. Each plate has some special charm of its own, which makes one long to speak of it, and yet the next plate is so beautiful as to drive the last one out of the memory. Not only are the photographs well taken, and the plates beautiful in themselves, but each is taken by an artist, and the views so chosen that, besides the flower and its beauty—and often detail—there are other features of the picture which charm and delight. The volume shows better than almost any that we have seen what can be done in nature work by a true artist with the camera. Price, \$2.50.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Association.

THE twenty-ninth annual meeting of the National Rifle Association of America, the second annual meeting of the United States Revolver Association and the tenth annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association will be held at Sea Girt, N. J., under the auspices of the last-named association, from Aug. 30 to Sept. 7.

At the same time there will be held two international contests, the first in twenty-three years. One of the contests is for the Palma trophy, representing the world's championship. This trophy has not been contested for since 1880, when the American team won it by defeating a team from Great Britain. This year Canada is sending a team to try and take it across the border.

The other match is a special challenge match between teams of eight men from the Ulster Rifle Association, of Belfast, Ireland, and the New Jersey State Rifle Association; 15 shots for each man at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards, with any rifle.

The Irish team sailed for America on the 21st inst. In the party are, besides the team, the Marquis of Dufferin and six or eight prominent Irish sportsmen, besides several ladies.

Composing the Irish team are men who have been shooting on the Irish "Eight" at Bisley for years. Such men as Barnett, Braithwaite, Henry, Caldwell, Millner, Thynne, Morgan, and Chadwick, whose names are well known in the rifle-shooting world as expert long-range shots, are the material which the young, inexperienced shooters of the New Jersey Association have against them. Not only are the Jersey men new at this game, but they are also seriously handicapped by not having the proper kind of small-caliber rifles for such shooting. Mr. Foulke, the well-known shot of Philadelphia, is coaching the New Jersey team, and he predicts that Yankee ingenuity and pluck will pull them through victors. Of the men who have been doing the best work on the New Jersey team may be mentioned Capt. Whittemore, Dr. Hudson, Capt. Martin, Baker, Malcolm, Tuttle and Foulke. New Jersey will take good care of the visitors. Col. Thompson, aide-de-camp to the Governor, has placed his steam yacht at the disposal of the entertainment committee, and the Irish team will be met down the Bay and taken to Atlantic Highlands, where they will be taken aboard the train for Sea Girt.

All of the interest in the coming tournament is not by any means centered in the international matches. Never before in the history of rifle shooting in this country has there been so much interest manifested in the annual interstate matches by the guardsmen of the different States.

As against six States being represented by State teams, which is the largest number ever before assembled together in competition, there will this year be about eight State teams on the grounds to compete for the Hilton and Marathon trophies.

The United States Marine Corps will be represented by a strong team, which has been training at the navy range at Annapolis for over a month. The Department of the East, U. S. Army, will also in all probability send a team from Governor's Island.

Maine has already selected her team, competitors for that purpose having been held at Brunswick, Me., on Aug. 3.

The Pennsylvania State team will be selected from the men making the highest scores at the State shoot at Mt. Gretna, Pa., Aug. 27, 28 and 29. Pennsylvania will also send the winning regimental team and a squadron team to represent her guard at Sea Girt.

New York has selected by competition twenty-five men, who are now practicing at Creedmoor, with the United States magazine rifle. Later on the twelve men to compose the State team will be selected by a second competition.

New York will also be represented by regimental teams from the Twelfth, Ninth, Seventh-first, Seventh, Seventy-fourth, Twenty-third and Thirtieth regiments, and a team from Squadron A and the Naval Reserve.

For some reason not fully understood Massachusetts has decided not to send a team. For a great many years Massachusetts could boast of as fine a body of expert riflemen in her militia as there was in the country, but of late years very little has been heard from her in this respect.

Battery B, Light Artillery, of Boston, will send a revolver team to defend their title to the military team championship, won last year. There will also be several regimental teams from the State.

The Rhode Island team is in training at the Rumford range, and is putting up some very fine scores.

Both the District of Columbia and New Jersey will enter State teams, and the usual number of regimental, troop and company teams. The New Jersey Naval Reserve and batteries and signal corps will this year, for the first time, be represented in the matches. The revolver team will also be entered from the Fourth Regiment. Both the District and Jersey teams are shooting with the United States magazine rifle, and are doing such good work that both ought to be near the top of the list when the match is decided. Maryland will be represented by a team from the Fifth Regiment of Baltimore and a troop team in the carbine and revolver matches.

Vermont, New Hampshire, Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and Delaware will be represented by either a State or regimental team or both, but little is known of the work being done at the local ranges.

Sea Girt will certainly be an interesting place to visit during these national contests. Every arm of the service will be represented, and the encampment will be as near a national camp for our armed forces as we are ever likely to have. The State of New Jersey deserves a great deal of credit for fostering a sport of such national importance as rifle shooting—excellence in which was at one time the backbone of our national strength.

Military riflemen are not going to monopolize all the interest at the meeting. The Schuetzen shooters are also well looked after. The National Rifle Association of America has in its programme a team match for civilian clubs, and all of the larger clubs will send their best men to try and win the pennant and interclub championship of the United States. Such well-known clubs as the Massachusetts Rifle Association, Philadelphia Rifle Association, New Jersey State Rifle Association, Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association, District of Columbia Rifle Association, Zettler Rifle Club, of New York; Pittsburgh Rifle Club, Crescent City Rifle Club, of Scranton, Pa.; Iroquois Rifle Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Hoboken Independent Schuetzen Corps, Elite Rifle Club, of Brooklyn; San Antonio (Texas) Shooting Society, Syracuse (N. Y.) Rifle Club, and the Italian Shooting Association, of New York, will be represented.

The success of the Schuetzen shooting end of the tournament is assured by having such men as William Hayes, Gus Zimmermann, Tom Keller, Emil Berckmann, Dr. Hudson, Nathan Sperring, Dr. Stillman, John T. Humphries and Harry Pope looking after its interest.

Revolver-shooting enthusiasts will have their interests well looked after by Dr. Sayre, of New York; Lieut. Paine and E. E. Patridge, of Boston; E. L. Harpham, of Chicago, and J. B. Crabtree, of Springfield, Mass. Everything possible has been done to provide interesting matches. An innovation is a disappearing-man target, at which the contestants have only twelve seconds in which to fire their six shots. The railroads of the country, recognizing that there will be thousands of visitors attending the tournament, have made special rates to Sea Girt, beginning Aug. 24. The special-rate tickets may be purchased in any of the following States: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Texas and parts of Illinois, Michigan and Ontario, Canada.

Lieut. Albert S. Jones, secretary of the National Rifle Association of America, has received from D. Morillon, president of the Union des Societes de Tir de France, the following communication:

"I have the pleasure of informing you, and beg that you will notify your president and the committee, that the Union of French Societies, while not able to send a team to your great meeting of 1901, has nevertheless been desirous of testifying its friendship for the National Rifle Association of America, and that it has decided to offer for this meeting a bronze medallion of Gloria Victis, framed in oak, and two silver plaquettes in cases."

The above prizes have been received by Governor Voorhees, of New Jersey, from the French Ambassador at Washington, and are now on exhibition at the club house of the New Jersey State Rifle Association.

The magnificent range at Sea Girt is being put in complete order for the meeting; more revolver targets have been built to accommodate the increased number of patrons. There are now eight targets at 1,000yds. In all there will be eighty-one targets, at all ranges, in use during the matches.

LIEUT. ALBERT S. JONES,
Secretary N. R. A. of A.

SEA GIRT, N. J., Aug. 9.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Bruns was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 220. Hofer was high on the honor with 66. Weather, clear; thermometer, 90; wind, from 9 to 3:

Bruns	24 22 23 21 21 20 23 25 21—220
Strickmeier	21 14 20 20 25 22 20 24 24—210
Nestler	21 22 21 19 24 20 14 24 22—208
Hofer	23 23 22 24 22 21 21 19 24 20—219
Lux	21 22 22 22 21 24 25 21 20 16—214
Hoffmann	18 23 25 23 16 17 21 22 17 20—202
Topf	18 22 25 18 25 25 15 20 23 22—213
Strickmeier	16 20 22 21 24 24 22 18 23 15—205
Nestler	22 22 23 21 23 20 17 14 21 21—204
Hofer	19 23 24 20 20 17 18 14 19 22—196
Lux	25 16 20 22 20 25 13 14 18 18—191
Hoffmann	18 20 22 16 18 23 22 17 18 17—191
Topf	20 17 19 19 22 20 23 19 17 15—191
Strickmeier	21 21 18 22 8 12 19 22 22—187
Hoffmann	18 21 23 21 19 13 10 12 15 23—175
Topf	13 14 22 20 13 19 7 19 20 9—156
Strickmeier	11 15 9 18 12 15 15 18 17 22—152
Topf	17 16 18 19 17 10 24 21 22 25—189
Strickmeier	19 22 19 21 17 14 15 12 20—177
Topf	17 14 16 25 23 9 21 21 11 18—175

Honor Target:
Hofer 19 23 24—66 || Nestler | 22 25 18—65 |

Aug. 18.—The following scores were made in regular competition to-day by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 219. Weather, partly cloudy; thermometer, 86 degrees; wind 2 to 4 o'clock:

Gindele	25 16 21 21 19 25 23 23 23—219
Payne	20 20 21 22 18 20 20 18 20—203
Bruns	19 21 20 21 22 16 20 20 20—201
Strickmeier	24 20 18 21 21 23 24 22 21—218
Nestler	22 22 20 18 21 23 24 23 21—217
Roberts	20 22 20 22 23 21 24 18 21 23—214
Topf	18 20 24 23 25 20 20 20 24—216
Strickmeier	17 14 23 21 23 18 22 20 24—204
Nestler	19 22 21 22 15 18 25 19 20—204
Roberts	23 21 22 24 23 23 22 21 21—214
Topf	16 21 22 22 23 17 25 20 23—213
Nestler	23 22 24 18 18 24 20 23 20—209
Roberts	25 20 24 19 20 16 25 25 17—214
Trounstine	21 23 25 20 20 14 24 16 25—210
Roberts	22 23 16 19 19 21 22 24 19—203
Trounstine	25 25 21 20 22 17 21 21 21—210
Jonscher	20 21 14 24 21 17 25 17 23—203
Hofer	21 17 22 19 19 19 17 19 18—182
Lux	23 18 20 24 15 20 19 14 21—199
Topf	21 14 19 12 19 18 24 18 23—188
Jonscher	20 13 19 24 20 17 21 16 22—181
Hofer	18 18 25 21 20 21 15 20 16—195
Lux	23 19 22 20 14 23 19 17 18—193
Hofer	19 19 19 20 15 20 16 20 18—186
Lux	22 15 17 19 20 23 16 19 18—184
Topf	14 22 23 9 18 20 21 14 20—179
Uckotter	18 14 14 19 21 22 18 14 19—179
Hofer	24 22 23 18 13 21 13 24 19—193
Topf	20 22 20 14 16 17 21 16 22—190
Uckotter	18 14 20 21 19 25 21 10 16—185
Lux	18 12 15 19 14 19 22 20 19—181
Uckotter	21 13 24 18 22 7 10 21 16—175
Uckotter	22 14 17 11 18 10 18 11 13—146
Uckotter	15 20 16 24 18 17 9 21 17—172
Uckotter	12 13 23 19 17 14 15 14 22—164
Uckotter	21 11 15 18 18 10 16 20 13—162

Honor target: Gindele 52, Payne 43, Bruns 57, Strickmeier 57, Nestler 61, Roberts 61, Trounstine 33, Jonscher 58, Hofer 38, Lux 56, Topf 5, Uckotter 5.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 11.—Two of the Colorado delegation of shooters are still with us, viz.—C. J. Barnes and D. W. King—and Yeager is in Watsonville. King has concluded to open a shooting gallery in San José, and the others may stay here permanently. Barnes, wanted a 50-shot match on the Columbia target, so we gave him a chance to do us up to-day, and he did it. Here are his 50 shots in detail, 200yds., offhand:

C. J. Barnes.....	3 7 5 1 3 6 1 4 2 10—42
	1 6 5 3 14 7 8 4 4 16—68
	6 4 2 3 3 4 8 9 5 7—51
	2 7 9 5 4 8 5 2 7 4—53
	4 6 3 8 2 12 4 11 5 9—64—278
F. O. Young.....	82 58 59 60 72—331
D. W. King.....	63 70 62 68 72—335

Young paid for the refreshments without a murmur. Then the trio, and Hoffman, tried to down Barnes' 42 score. The best King could do was 51; Hoffman made 63, and Barnes' bullets were gone before he knew it. Young made 55 and 48, and finally the following score, which contains more 1's than have ever been recorded in a single score, viz.:

F. O. Young.....1 2 1 7 9 8 1 1 4 1—35

The 7 and 4 were good holds, high shot at 12 o'clock, and probably due to the sun's rays on the back of the target, giving it a luminous appearance. Each shot was spotted by Henderson and Hoffman before the marker could pick them, the holes looking like points of fire on the black. Hoffman has ordered a Pope rifle and will be heard from later. The Native Sons are forming a new club and will shoot on our range at Harbor View. This club will be military in character. Col. Kellogg tells us he is forming still another club of shooters, which will be American from the ground up. The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club will join the National Rifle Association at its next regular meeting. Some of them felt like attending the national American shoot to see what it would be like to hear their own familiar language spoken, especially when invited into a national meeting of the same. Say, brethren, it does seem proper, now, doesn't it?

FRED O. YOUNG.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Aug. 20-21.—Piqua, O.—Piqua Rod and Gun Club's tournament.
Aug. 21.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Target shoot of second series of Keystone Shooting League.
Aug. 21-22.—Bass Lake, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Peru Gun Club. J. L. Head, Mgr.

Aug. 22-23.—Fairmont, Minn.—Target tournament of the Fairmont Gun Club.

Aug. 23.—Pleasant Hill, Mo.—Fifth annual sweepstake and merchandise tournament of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club, T. H. Cohron, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-28.—Northville, Mich.—Tournament of the Michigan Trapshooters' League, L. L. Brooks, Sec'y.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2.—Cleveland O.—Merchandise shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Sept. 2.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day live-bird and target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 2.—Ilion, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Remington Gun Club. W. H. Grimshaw, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. Also Bristol sheep bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Albany, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Sept. 2-3.—Union City, Ind.—Tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

Sept. 2-3.—Portland, Me.—Maine State tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, secretary.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 3-6.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park; \$800 added. C. W. Budd, Arnold's Park, Iowa.

Sept. 4.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Target shoot of second series of Keystone Shooting League.

Sept. 4-6.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Chattanooga Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11.—Montpelier, Vt.—Montpelier Gun Club's tournament; contest for the Robin Hood international trophy. G. B. Walton, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-12.—Sidney, O.—Sidney Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-12.—Warren, Ind.—Warren Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-13.—Canton, O.—Canton Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 16-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—St. Joseph Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 19-20.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Sept. 20-21.—Titusville, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Titusville Gun Club. H. Pfeiffer, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreihls, Sec'y.

Oct. 1-4.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual international tournament; three days targets, one live birds; \$300 in money and trophies; distance handicaps.

Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

INTERSTATE AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utresh Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-13.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club; \$750 added; valuable list of merchandise prizes. Walter F. Sykes, President, 85 Water street, New York.

INTERSTATE ASSOCIATION CONTESTS.

Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

Aug. 21-22.—Auburn, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club. L. A. Barker, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the New York State tournament, which is to be held at Interstate park, Queens, L. I., Sept. 10 to 13, inclusive, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club, is exceptionally sterling in the conditions of the competition which it offers to the trap shooters, both in respect to the open and State events. The competition arranged for the two classes of shooters—that is, that of the open and State events—is alike in each, with the exception that in the latter, \$20 is added to each event. The sweepstakes for the first and second days, State and open events respectively, are four events at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; and one at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. The third day provides six events at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance; and the merchandise event, which contains a valuable list of prizes of sterling worth and special fitness for the use of sportsmen who shoot or fish. A Lefever gun, Smith gun, Parker gun, Winchester Repeating rifle, Marlin rifle, revolvers, rods, reels, gun cases, shell cases, etc., form a part of the list. There are a number of objects of art, which will be offered for special events, which will be arranged as time allows. On each of the first three days there will be a handicap by distance, 14 to 25 yards, at 100 targets, \$7 entrance, targets included, \$100 added to each. No percentages are taken from the purses, although there is \$750 added money. The handicap events make \$300 of added money appropriated for the open competition, to which there is a further appropriation of \$75 for the high averages in the entire open sweepstake programme, divided as follows: First, \$25; second, \$20; third, \$15; fourth, \$10; fifth, \$5. The State events also have high average prizes, as follows: First, \$25; second, \$15; third, \$10; fourth, \$5. High guns govern the division of the moneys in the handicaps and the Rose system in the sweepstakes. Targets 2 cents. On the fourth day there are four live bird events, 7, 10 and 15 birds, \$5, \$7.50 and \$10 entrance, respectively, class shooting. The State Convention will be held on the evening of Sept. 10, at 8 o'clock, at Interstate park. The programme contains the Long Island R. R. time table. Send guns and ammunition to Interstate park, prepaid. Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, famous as manager and expert, will manage the tournament. For programme and further particulars, address Mr. W. F. Sykes, president of the New Utrecht Gun Club, 85 Water street, New York. The programme is attractive and generous. Big so-called added money on the one hand means nothing in the way of added money, if it is taken out of the purses, or made by charging a higher price for the targets. The merchandise list also is the result of purchase or club contributions, and, therefore, is free of moral sandbagging.

Programmes are out for the seventh annual Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club, Meriden, Conn., Sept. 2. The competition is open to all. Ten events are on the programme, at 15 and 20 targets, alternately, \$1.30 and \$2.40 entrance. Grounds open at 8:30 A. M. Programme shooting starts at 9:30 A. M. Purses will be divided by the Rose system, four moneys, 5, 4, 3, 2. Price of targets, 2 cents, included in all entrances. Shooters may enter for price of targets only in all events. Take electric cars to Hanover Park. Cars leave depot every fifteen minutes. Loaded shells for sale at club house. Guns and shells shipped to C. S. Howard, prepaid, will be delivered at club grounds free of cost. A Bristol sheep bake. Dinner will be served on the grounds, consisting of baked lamb, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, fried sweet corn, etc. Tickets, 50 cents. Apply to the secretary, C. S. Howard. Interstate rules govern.

The Montpelier (Vt.) Gun Club announces its tournament for Sept. 11, commencing the programme at 9:30 o'clock. There are eleven events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, and extra events will be shot if time permits. Targets, 1 cent, included in entrance. Any one may shoot for targets only. Rose system. Lunch and am-

munition can be obtained on the grounds. The secretary, Mr. G. B. Walton, writes us as follows: "The Union Gun Club has accepted the challenge made by the Robin Hood Gun Club, for the Robin Hood International Trophy, and the contest for the same will be held on the grounds of the Montpelier Gun Club on Sept. 11. All friends are cordially invited to attend the tournament. Both the Robin Hoods and Unions would be pleased to have other teams enter the contest for the trophy."

Mr. C. G. Blackford, captain of the Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club, informs us that his club will give an all-day live bird and target shoot on Labor day (Sept. 2), rain or shine. The holiday shoots of this club are popular and always well attended. Ossining is thirty miles from New York City, on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. The shooting will be sweepstakes. Refreshments on the grounds.

The brochure issued by the Indians, the tribe of chiefs which holds a sun and target dance at Lake Okoboji, Ia., Aug. 27-30, and which, in pleasing verse, treats poetically of the members and the forthcoming tournament, is from the pen of Mr. F. C. Riehl, of Alton, Ill., who is known as Chief Piasa, and holds the office of Chief Scribe. It may be obtained on application to him.

Mr. John Parker's annual international tournament will be held at Detroit, Mich., Oct. 1 to 4, three days of which will be devoted to target competition and one day at live birds, and \$300 will be added in money and trophies. It will make a three weeks' circuit with Cincinnati, O., and St. Thomas, Ont. There will be distance handicaps.

The programme of the all-day shoot of the Portsmouth, N. H., Gun Club, to be held on Saturday of this week, has twelve events, at 10 and 15 targets alternately. Events 5 and 6, a total of 25 targets, constitute the team match. Targets 1½ cents. Lunch served free. Loaded shells for sale. All shooters are invited. The president is W. E. Storer; the secretary is W. I. Philbrick.

Mr. W. P. Markel, of the Markel Shot and Lead Works, St. Louis, Mo., was a visitor in New York for several days in the past week, and made many friends for himself and his company. The latter has become a member of the Interstate Association, America's most national trapshooting Association.

The Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., will offer some prizes for competition at the club shoots, which will be competed for in distance handicaps, and among the members who are mentioned for the back marks are Messrs. Dudley, Schorty, Duke, Bock, Hausman and others.

Mr. R. A. Welch is shooting at the great international tournament at Namur. On July 21, at 29 meters, one-half meter back of the famous Mackintosh, with whom he divided, Mr. Welch killed 21 straight. He and Mackintosh divided 3,000 francs. There were fifty-one contestants in this event, the Prix de Crevpe.

Mr. John B. Mosby, chairman of the tournament committee, has issued a circular letter calling attention to the first annual handicap tournament of the Cincinnati Gun Club, to be held on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, and inviting shooters to participate. Mr. Mosby's address is 115 E. Second street, Cincinnati, O.

Mr. H. A. McCaughery, of Greenville, O., announces that the Greenville Shot Gun Club, of which he is the secretary, will give its regular annual tournament on Oct. 15 and 16.

Mr. G. G. Williamson, of Muncie, Ind., informs us that the dates of the Erie Gun Club's tournament have been changed to Oct. 9 and 10.

BERNARD WATERS.

Dusted or Broken Targets.

SINCE the matter of scoring or not scoring to the credit of the contestant a dusted target was discussed in FOREST AND STREAM much interest has been manifested in both by individuals and the press. As was to be anticipated in a subject presented from an unusual viewpoint, it evoked quite opposite opinions. There was the firm conviction of the man whose beliefs were established by the long habit of thinking over the same thing in the same manner, under the same conditions, year in and year out; the man whose veneration for the thoughts and rulings of his predecessors or contemporaries prevented him from having an independent thought for himself, and last but not least, the man who was sure that there is such a radical difference between a dusted target and a broken target that only the latter is worthy of being scored as a merit, while to dust a target is the same as to miss it.

Mr. Will K. Park, trap editor of Sporting Life, while generally very sound in his views, particularly on all matters of which he writes, in reviewing our comments on the subject, seems to have been hasty and superficial in his examination of the matter, for surely he cannot fail to perceive on more careful consideration the fallacy of his contention. Referring to our comments, he says:

"The writer then goes on to ask, 'Why shall not a dusted target be scored to the shooter?' The reason that the target should not be scored to the shooter is because the prevailing rules say that it shall not be. These rules were made years ago by the leaders in the sport of clay-pigeon shooting at that time. Afterward the Interstate Association appointed a committee to revise the old rules and make a set conforming to all occasions of the present day. This learned body of practical trap shots decided that a shooter, to have a target scored as 'dead,' should break a perceptible piece from it. The Interstate Association made these rules for use in their tournaments, and other clubs can adopt them or let them alone, or issue a set of rules of their own."

In reply to the foregoing, it may be cited that a number of scientists some centuries ago agreed that the earth was flat; that the sun moves; that witches were a common product, etc. The only way in which the world progressed in matters of fancy which contravened matters of fact was by changing the matters of fancy, for the reason that a fact is eternal. Now, while it is true that rules were made years ago by the leaders in the sport, it also is true that they have been added to, amended, and changed, and the fact, which Mr. Park urges, that "the Interstate Association appointed a committee to revise the old rules and make a set conforming to all occasions of the present day," is rather against the compliment which he evidently intended to pay the men who were leaders in the sport years ago. Continuing, he says: "This learned body of practical trap shots decided that a shooter," etc. He overlooks the point that the older leaders in the sport had decided this matter, and that the committee of the Interstate Association did not decide it, but adopted what it considered decided. It is hardly to be expected that the Interstate Association or its committee considered that its rulings were beyond criticism, or that they were to stand unaltered through all the ages.

In FOREST AND STREAM of last week a member of that committee indorsed our views on this point.

"Any one can make gun club rules, and many clubs have ground rules to govern themselves quite different from those in general use. In Schuylkill county the rules in live-bird shooting are different from those of any other section. If a club holding a tournament decides to give shooters dusted targets, they can do so by stating it on their programmes. Then the cry will be heard: 'Say, referee, I knocked dust from that bird!' just as you hear it now: 'I got a piece off that target.'"

Granting all the foregoing, we fail to perceive what bearing it has on a matter of fact. A target is hit or it is not. The rules which some club may have on live-bird shooting are not relevant or material to the fact. As a matter of every-day shooting experience the majority of onlookers at a tournament will agree on a target being dusted, whereas there are the most opposing statements in respect to a perceptible piece, an inaccurate statement in itself, for the rules mean a visible piece. A piece may be "perceptible" to the sense of touch or smell or taste as well as to the eye. He further remarks:

"In order to govern any sport there must be fixed rules, and the one covering dusted targets is a good one. If dusted targets were allowed to be scored in the shooters' favor many men would take advantage of it by using a load which would dust the targets even

if it did not break them. By using 1¼oz. of No. 9s or 10s, a quick shot should dust or break every target thrown for him, while a slow shot would be in exactly the same boat he is in at the present time."

It is well known that No. 9s or 10s are inferior for target breaking, particularly on windy days or in summer when the weather is warm and the targets consequently tougher. We do not believe that any target shooter in America can use 9s and 10s and perform up to his average, even if he counts both the dusted and broken targets broken with them. They will neither dust nor break them to the degree asserted in the foregoing. Even if a quick shot of the skill assumed in the foregoing statement were to break every target thrown for him (wholly an assumption, by the way), in what manner would it be different from the accepted method of scoring? The expert practically breaks all, anyway, and very rarely dusts one at that.

"To count dusted targets would be like scoring live birds dead when the feathers were knocked out of them; but in live-bird shooting a boundary line settles the question, and a bird is scored lost even if killed stone dead a foot over this line. By the same rule a bird is scored dead if gathered within this line, even though it has but a single toe shot off, and is otherwise strong and healthy."

The foregoing paragraph contains more fallacy than all the rest combined. Taking the average of shoots, probably five out of ten birds are gathered without being killed. There is no question of knocking the feathers off or even a feather. A visible or a perceptible piece is in this relation not considered. If one shot tips the wing of a bird, it is so crippled that it cannot fly, and the contestant is allowed two or three minutes to chase it about and gather it.

Indeed, there is no question at all under most rules concerning whether it was hit at all. The sole consideration is that it be shot at when it is on the wing, and is gathered within bounds. It is rather an unfortunate argument with which to bolster up a contention for a thoroughly broken target.

A dusted target is not necessarily one which is hit on the edge by an outer pellet of shot. Any one can go over the grounds after a tournament and pick up numerous targets, well hit, with from two to ten shot, and yet which are unbroken.

The area of a target presented to the shooter is a variable quantity. It may be the edge or a large part of its surface; thus it may be a matter of chance under such circumstances whether the target is dusted, broken or missed.

The consistency of the target varies with the temperature. What is a dusted target in summer might be a broken target in winter under precisely similar conditions of being hit.

But, say some of the anti-dusters, the dusted target is not well hit, and should not be allowed to score as being equal to the one which has a perceptible piece knocked off it.

Granting that contention for the sake of argument, then the perceptible piece should not score as being equal to the target which is smashed to atoms. If the piece is better than the dust, then the smash must be better than the piece.

The ruling works a special hardship on the great army of trapshooters who shoot in slow time.

In conclusion, let any one take 100 cartridges loaded with No. 10 shot, in a cylinder bore gun or any other gun, shoot at 100 targets and report on their advantages.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 18.—You seem to doubt that targets cannot be dusted purposely. I will wager \$25 that I can furnish a man who can score 90 or better in 100, if you count dust, and not break over 90 per cent.; inclosed find \$5 forfeit. It is not really fair, for it is a sure thing.

In last week's issue you call me to account for saying "If it is right to score a dusted target, it is right to score a feathered pigeon," and call it an unfortunate reference in support of my argument. I mean exactly what I say. If it is right to score a dusted target, it is right to score a feathered pigeon.

At best target shooting is only a makeshift for field and pigeon shooting, as I will prove by the following:

When the game season was closed and the shooters had shot up all the old bottles and tin cans they could get a Mr. Buzzy resurrected what was known as the gyro pigeon, that was wound up and flew a zig-zag course, and when hit hard would fall as a wounded bird would. Then came in at near the order named: Tin pigeon, glass ball, Payne's feather-filled ball, Ligowsky pigeon, Knoxville black bird, Peoria black bird, blue rock, Keystone pigeon, king bat, dickey bird, bat, red bird, and coast pigeon, and what the above inventors claimed for their product, Mr. Cadi, was that they as nearly as possible represented pigeon and field shooting; and whoever heard of bagging a prairie chicken, quail, partridge, snipe, or duck, by getting a feather? Same thing as scoring dust from a target.

A man who can break 20 straight should be protected from any inexperienced referee, by gunning wads for pieces, dust or imaginary dust, and let men show him honor of first place by making a target that flies the distance, or beyond a certain boundary; say 35 yards from trap, lost, regardless of small pieces of wads, dust, or imaginary dust.

When Paul North was endeavoring to supplant the king bird at the New York State tournaments, the chief argument used by him in favor of the blue rock was that it was necessary to get the blue rock inside the killing circle of the gun to break it, while the king bird could be broken by a single pellet.

The ultimate result was that the king bird had to go and the blue rock has the field to itself, showing which bird was best appreciated.

E. D. FULFORD.

Mr. Fulford ignores the fact that a dusted target may be, and often is, well hit. A dozen shot may pierce a target, in different places within its circumference, and still show only dust as the result. Supposing a chunk as large as a half dollar knocked off the target's edge, and that in one case it is a solid piece, and in the other case it is ground to dust, wherein is the merit of the one hit better than that of the other?

Supposing, now, that Mr. Fulford's unknown can score over 90 per cent. by counting dusted targets, he thereby has no advantage, for the reason that 90 per cent. is well within Mr. Fulford's own capabilities, when counting smashes as pieces. In a sweepstake, his friend would need the extra concession, if such it be, to equal Mr. Fulford's abilities. Again, if Mr. Fulford's unknown were to perform the feat, would it not prove thereby that it could be done quite as well without a bet, as with one. Why doesn't he do it?

That the first attempts at trap shooting were in close imitation of field shooting is conceded; but there came a time when it ceased to imitate, and became a specialty by itself. When the first railroad was devised and installed, the cars were built in imitation of coaches. The evolution of the coach to the modern Pullman has been so great that they are now quite distinct, though the general principle of using wheels remains the same. Still, no one would claim that railroading is a close imitation of coaching. Yet, there is in its relation just about the same relationship as between field shooting and trap shooting. The latter was evolved from the former, and is now a distinct specialty in itself.

With due respect for Mr. Fulford's opinion, there is no analogy whatever between feathering a bird and dusting a target, for the reason that one pellet which pierces the very middle of the target might produce dust only, while if the middle of the bird were pierced in like manner, it would be killed.

We maintain that there is no similarity between pigeon shooting and target shooting on the one hand, and field shooting on the other, excepting that a gun is used in each, and we would be pleased to discuss the issue on that basis with Mr. Fulford, if he will state his affirmative data.]

Sherburne Gun Club.

SHERBURNE, N. Y., Aug. 15.—The shoot of the Sherburne Gun Club was not well attended, as it rained all the afternoon. Events 7, 8, 9 and 10 were shot from the 21yd. mark:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	10
Brown	10	13	8	14	9	9	13	9	10	10
Wheeler	9	14	10	13	9	7	13	8	9	8
Paddelford	10	12	10	14	9	9	12	8	8	9
Palmiter	7	11	9	15	8	8	13	9	9	8
Kendall	9	13	8	11	8	8	14	8	8	8
Lewis	8	15	8	11	7	10	12	7	9	9
Bonney	9	10	9	10	8	9	13	9	10	8
P. Adams	8	8	6	10	7	5	11	..	8	10
J. Adams	8	9	2	11	7	6	6	7
Dally	8	15	9	9	14	9	8	8
Stevens	8	9	5	9	10	9	7	6
Peet	9	12	9	14	10	8	9
Stanton	8	10	5	6
Crittendon	3	8	6	7	3	10	10	6	3	..
Plumb	7	7	9
Smith	8

J. F. PADDELFORD.

The old-established fishing tackle and sportsmen's goods house of Chas. Plath & Son, which for many years was at 130 Canal street, has removed to No. 62 Fulton street.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. }
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 9.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

THE HOME FEELING.

THE strong attachment felt by birds and mammals for special localities is recognized by all observant people who have occasion to spend much of their time out of doors. Not only is this attachment to locality well known to naturalists, but sportsmen know of it quite as well.

The hunter knows that in a particular piece of swamp or woodland, some certain great buck or doe makes its home, and that in this tract it can almost always be started. The man who shoots birds is familiar with the fact that during the shooting season a certain bevy of quail will always be found in or near the same spot at a particular time of day; or that some old cock partridge dwells on a certain hillside or in a special run, and may be started there day after day, though his wisdom is such that it is almost impossible to get a shot at him. In the same way in the old days of summer woodcock shooting, each gunner knew of special places, where, if there was a woodcock in the neighborhood, it was sure to be found.

In a similar way we know that birds are attached to special localities and that year after year certain pairs—presumably the same or their descendants—return and breed in the same piece of woods, perhaps in the same tree, possibly even in the same nest. We have in mind a place where each spring a pair of owls is as sure to be found breeding in a hole in a certain oak tree as the tree is to put forth its leaves. Authentic cases are recorded where pairs of the great logcock, or pileated woodpecker, for many years have returned to the same forest and reared their broods either in a tree close at hand or in a new hole dug in the same tree, or even in the same hole. Hawks frequently occupy the same nest year after year, and the robins and phoebes and house wrens which help to gladden our country homes in summer, build their nests as nearly as possible on the sites of their last year's homes.

If these things take place among the wild creatures that are most familiar to us, we may take it for granted that they take place also among those of which we know less. And this is true. As has been very truly said, the elk, the deer, the buffalo, and the antelope, are extremely local in their habits. Many striking examples of this have been cited. We recall a case where five mule deer, dwellers about a rocky eminence which was too big and rough for a butte and yet too small for a mountain, were once watched for four or five days by a party of hunters who had all the meat they wanted, and in all these five days the animals did not wander one mile away from the trail which led between their ordinary resting place and the stream where, each day about noon, they went to slake their thirst.

In an article in the FOREST AND STREAM, which related the experiences a good many years ago of Major G. W. Stouch, U. S. A., retired, with buffalo, a case was cited where a herd of nearly 1,000 buffalo remained for about six months within a few hundred yards of the Government post. Once, as it appeared, they made up their minds to go away, and started on their migration, but the movement being detected before they had gone very far, the commanding officer literally sent after them and brought them back.

It would seem as if the love of home, of a permanent abiding place, were implanted in the minds of most living creatures. Possibly this may be only another form of inertia, but we fancy it is much more than this, and that, in birds and mammals at least, a real attachment is felt for special localities. Domestic animals show this not less strongly than wild ones. The dog or the cat transported to a great distance often returns weary and

foot sore to the home from which it has been taken. Cattle driven from the ranges where they have been bred to others with which they are unfamiliar often work their way back to their old range and have to be gathered and once more returned to the new. Many a man on a journey over the plains has been left afoot by the escape of his horses or mules, which have started back home, and have often been recovered after long and arduous pursuit.

Akin to this love of home, yet widely different from it, is the mysterious migratory tendency which, after years of absence in the sea, brings the salmon back into the river where it was spawned; which takes the young bird South not very long after it leaves the nest, and in spring again returns it almost to the same spot where it was bred. How can we know why it is that year after year certain seabirds choose special spots for nesting and neglect others all about it which would seem equally advantageous? Why do the shearwaters breed on only one of the many islands of the Scilly archipelago, or the terns choose one gravel bar sticking up out of the sea to the neglect of all the rest?

And often these creatures will cling to their old home, no matter what changes may take place in it, apparently until the last one of the old stock has been killed. How wide is the field of nature study which lies open before each one of us!

THE COST OF SPORT.

REGRET is expressed betimes by people whose fondness for wholesome sport is in inverse ratio to their means of gratifying it that, as the different forms of it become more specialized in general and more refined in particular, the expense of it increases to a degree so high that their participation is almost prohibited.

In a majority of cases, however, their standard of the sport is based on the fashion of it and the luxuries of it rather than on the substantial factors of it. There is no doubt that the most expensive forms of sport, within certain wise limitations, may be made the most pleasurable, but it does not by any means follow that less expensive forms are therefore devoid of all pleasure.

People who, some years ago, were content to fish or shoot or boat or yacht in their old every-day clothes for a proper costume, and who also were content to use the family "fish pole," or Queen Bess fowling piece, or boat of Noah's Ark model, have become educated up to higher standards of sport, and their tastes and needs are of a higher degree accordingly. Nevertheless, as between the primitive methods and the most expensively refined methods, there are many intermediate stages in which sport can be enjoyed at a reasonable expenditure. The same common-sense principles of finance apply to it that apply to the serious business occupations of life and of living.

People adjust the quality and style of their clothes and homes and foods to correspond to the purchasing power of their incomes, and they recognize that these are the necessities of life and the luxuries of life, and observing the limitations imposed, they manage to live quite comfortably.

Sport has its counterparts of serious life in its necessities and its luxuries. In the serious affairs of life, people recognize that there is a law of supply and demand which determines values, and that there is a limit both in respect to quality and quantity beyond which they cannot venture. The luxuries may be made the most expensive features. As a style of living, no sensible man with a small income would consider for himself that the millionaire's standard of living with all its luxuries was the true one for everybody to follow. The same common sense applies to standards in sport, for in a similar manner it has its necessities and its luxuries. It has its implements of rare material, of mechanical excellence, of artistic design and finish. It has others of equal utility, although perhaps of less elegance, to supply the needs of him whose purse permits him to engage in sport at all.

There is nothing inherently changeful in the sport itself which has made the transition from the inexpensive recreation of years ago to that of the present time. The essentials remain the same. Taste has been cultivated to a higher artistic plane. Skill has improved and demanded finer mechanism. Wealth has become greater and more gen-

eral, furnishing the wherewithal to gratify the craving for the best. The interests of sport have kept pace with the general advancement.

Sport was less expensive some years ago, because at that time one could not make it expensive if one endeavored to do so. There were not the thousand and one implements for the sportsman's need then on the market. It was in a manner analogous to an attempt to busy a highly finished suit of clothes when the spinning wheel and homespun clothes ruled supreme.

The expensiveness of sport, like the expensiveness of living, is much as one makes it. It may be cheap or dear, sensible or foolish, original or imitative, wholesome or unwholesome—it is a matter in which the personal equation dominates. But at no time in the history of sport could its devotees obtain so many essential articles of sport at so cheap a rate as they can at the present time. The true standard is to enjoy life within one's means, a precept which was sound in the years gone by, as it is to-day and will be in the years to come.

SNAP SHOTS.

The owner of a private game preserve, who has imported exotic species to stock his park, is not unreasonable if he asks for the taking and disposition of such game greater privileges than those given for hunting the wild game of the State. As a specific illustration of this, there is a Pennsylvania mountain preserve into which the owner some years ago introduced elk from the West. The elk in Pennsylvania has been extinct for more than a half-century, and there is then no demand whatever for a law forbidding the killing of elk at certain periods and the exportation from the State at any time. There is such a law, however, and the only practical effect of it is to prevent the preserve owner, who happens to live in New York, from bringing his game home with him after he has killed it. The elk which were introduced six years ago, have bred and multiplied, until their number now is such that they have outgrown the food supply, and the only alternative of the owner is to annex more territory or kill some of the herd. Under these circumstances liberty to export the game would be nothing beyond reason.

The communication which we print from Mr. D. C. Beaman, of Denver, relative to the form of a game law, is deserving of careful consideration. Mr. Beaman has given the subject much study, having brought to it a combination of high legal attainments and warm interest in game protection. To him Colorado owes its present admirable law. In the crudeness, complexity and bungling contradictions which characterize them, many of the game laws of the day are excellent examples of all that they should not be; nor may any improvement be looked for until in each individual case the statute shall be made a subject of deliberate preparation before the haste and confusion of the closing hours of the legislature. Of all the laws we have, those relating to game and fish should be the simplest, most readily understood and most easily complied with. It is a reflection on legislative game committees when a carelessly worded statute leaves room for doubt as to its meaning.

The so-called Hunt and Rideout case which has just been decided in the Maine courts grew out of the ambiguity of a special law made by the Fish Commissioners for Greene's Lake. Instead of specifying a particular lake where fishing might begin, the Commissioners set the time when the ice left, and the opportunity was thus given for a difference of opinion as to when the ice actually was out. The law as commonly interpreted was understood to mean that fishing was permissible when it could be done from a boat, for the water is some twelve miles long, with narrows for only a few miles down, so that it is impossible for one at the upper end to tell whether the ice is entirely gone. Messrs. Hunt and Rideout were among several fishermen who had acted upon the quoted interpretation of the law, but they appear to have been the only ones prosecuted, a circumstance which gave color of personal persecution to the case. The affair has ended in their vindication, but it is one which ought never to have occurred. A game or fish law should be simple, plain, direct, one that all may understand, and under which all should be treated alike.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Three C's.

"If I could put my woods in song,
And tell what's there enjoyed,
All men would to my gardens throng,
And leave the cities void."—Emerson.

A WELL-KNOWN writer has said "that physical health is a necessary condition of all permanent success."

The man who seeks ozone, health and pleasure can secure all that he desires, for very little money, if he will visit the Midland Lake country of the Dominion, lying northeast of Lakes Huron and Erie, and between these lakes and the Ottawa River.

Many parts of this region are seldom visited by pleasure seekers, and the sportsman can find game and fish in abundance. The country is a network of lakes and streams, all navigable by canoe, and here may be seen strange people, and Indians, with bear, deer, beaver and otters for the gunner, while the fly-fisher can take bass, pike and trout, in quantities to satisfy the most exacting. The summer is the close season for many species of furred and feathered game, and the wardens are numerous and vigilant in the enforcement of the laws. This paper will not treat of great hunting feats, nor will any "fish stories" be narrated for the credulous, its purpose being to call attention to the sports of camping, canoeing and the camera practice.

The writing of these words has borne my fancy backward to the gracious past, during the years of which my life out of doors has filled so large a portion. As I trace the, to me, magic words, visions of camping scenes in the far northern forests, beneath giant pines, tempest-twisted cedars, and somber spruces, pass before the eye, where the high-blazing camp-fire cheered a group of four congenial spirits, cruising for health and recreation. Pictures of pleasant bays, where the deer splash and paw the matted lily-pads; sandy beaches with the mists of early morn mounting skyward, where four merry swimmers plunged and gambolled in the refreshing water, like seals in their native element; shimmering lakes, foaming cliffs, rock-ribbed coasts, alternate with sunny hills covered with bracken and shady groves, where trout brooks lave the mossy rocks.

Again in memory the game is stalked on placid waters beneath the bending branches of forest trees, with Indian noiselessness of paddle; or we picture remembered storms in the forest, when

"The rain beat down in sheets, the thunder's roar,
Came very fierce, as vengeful shots from ships of war;"

or happy weeks passed sketching in a mountain sugar camp 'neath golden maples. We live over again the time spent in the lumber camp, where the jolly shanty boy makes merry. We hear the sturdy prompter as he calls upon all to "clear away for a stag dance," and the African cook tunes his fiddle while singing:

"When de sun puts on his evening gown,
Wid de shiny purple seams,
An' lays him down in twilight town
Fo' to rest in the house ob dreams:
Den I gets de fiddle an' I gets de bow,
An' I sits where de shadows creep.
An' I plays um fas' an' I plays um slow,
An' I plays me mos' to sleep."

Again we are beating up against a stiff breeze, the racing waves crashing with loud reports on the bows; or we toil at the carry, damp with perspiration and the mist from the roaring cataract; all these pass before the dreamer with the vividness of a panorama, as, seated by the evening grate, we gaze upon the camera trophies. Now "nature takes us back once more within the horizon of her magic, and the heart of manhood is born again, and one is put at once into fairyland."

Says the great educator, Horace Mann, "All through the life of the high-minded, but feeble-bodied man, his path is lined with memory's grave stones, which mark the spots where noble enterprises perished for lack of physical vigor to embody them in deeds."

Few American men carry athletic habits into manhood, but a mature man should take far more exercise than boys, if he would keep out the hands of the physician.

The Athenian phrase of contempt for a man who knew nothing was, "That he could neither read nor swim."

While the sports of yachting, horsemanship, iceboating, etc., can be cultivated by only a favored few, because of the heavy expenses attendant, the sports of which I speak can be enjoyed by nearly all.

The "Merry Four" made one trip to a lagoon "where serpents glide and turtles bask," to procure frogs' legs for a camp fry. The bay stretched into the forest for some miles. The party came upon a small, partially cleared space, where stood a residence of logs and bark. The occupants were busy outside, in a costume consisting of a calico apron only, which was distributed unequally among the three, the children being naked. Our noiseless approach gave them no opportunity to hide, and the mother seized a shotgun and stood off the party. Permission to "take" her residence was finally given, "afternoon dress" was donned and the half-tone shows her "home, sweet home." We met boys in the tamarack swamps who had never been four miles from the shanty in their lives. When one thinks of the future condition of such children, it is a matter of much concern. The men work during the summer and fall getting out logs, piling and peeling them for a mere pittance. Their poverty and the toil and privations they endure may be guessed from the photographic record showing their home life. Few occupations call for greater physical strength and endurance of adverse conditions than the work of the lumberman, and there is opportunity for needed mission work among them.

Canoeing upon the great inland lakes is a sport little like the boy play that passes by that name among those who frequent our fish ponds and rivers during the summer. In the wilderness boys or youths would soon come to grief. This is to be expected from the limited opportunity they enjoy for practice.

The Indians accustomed to the craft from childhood are so skilled in its management that almost universally

they challenge one's admiration. They will proceed further in a day and much more swiftly than a white man can travel with a horse, and at the same time as safely as he.

It is a maxim that "ten pounds of cedar will carry one hundred pounds of man." A canoe weighing 100 pounds and twenty feet in length will float safely four average men with all needed luggage. It should be decked in for a space at bow and stern, and should have a good, high coaming of brass or copper, with air chambers at sides—these, with thick cork floats at bottom of each dunnage bag, will float the equipment in event of a capsizing until the swimmers can bale out and embark again. The bow and stern paddlers may use the "pudding stick," but the other two should have double-blade paddles. Thus equipped, it is easy to cover fifty miles daily unless several portages must be made.

A good canoe should be made from timber well soaked in boiled oil before it is finally nailed in place. Copper nails should be used, and it would be wise to supervise the construction in person. It may cost as much as a good horse, but it eats nothing on the journey or afterward, and it requires no more care to keep it in working condition than a horse.

I was a pedestrian for some years, and a horseman for twenty years or more, and I rode thousands of miles in all parts of the country, hence from practical experience I can affirm that the expense far exceeds that incurred in canoeing, while both methods compel one to travel within civilized limits, and the opportunity for the study of natural objects is very limited.

It is, happily, now no longer necessary to "rough it" in the old-time phrase. We may thank the alcohol lamp and the chafing-dish with its possibilities for our emancipation from the filthy oil stove and the dyspeptic frying-pan. Food, both palatable and nutritious can now be prepared, and that quickly. No bricks can be made without straw, and the "Ralston system" and other useful books enable a thoughtful person to provide the proper food to produce "physical bricks." I have collected over two hundred tested recipes for camp cookery, especially selected with reference to the health and the proper nutrition of the body when subjected to great physical exertion.

With food wisely chosen and carefully cooked, the daily exertion of the muscles of the upper part of the body brings back the hunger of boyhood, and "good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both."

It is essential to advance mentally as well as physically, if one would reap the full benefit of the outing. A note book should be carried in the pocket, and a daily record made of all the animals and their habits; the birds that one observes, with their peculiarities; the trees, shrubs, flowers and vines found in the region traversed, to which scientific names should be added. The record-habit once formed, with photographic blue prints of each object, which are quickly and cheaply made, to embellish the pages of the book, will cause the trip to be remembered with rare delight.

Let each have his part of the work assigned, and let the hygiene of the camp be rigidly attended to. The Sundays should be set apart as a "quiet hollow, scooped out of the windy hill of the week." It is a good time to digest an excellent book like Van Dyke's Little Rivers, a book that inspires enthusiasm in any soul not dead.

The daily plunge should not be neglected. I enjoy the tonic bracing effect of the cold water in the early morning, and I "tone up" after the exertions of the day by a good swim in all ways the last thing at night. The daily activity makes the body proof to the cold, and "a cold" as well.

The only persons disqualified for the sports are those subject to rheumatism, grumbling teeth, and those ignorant of the art of swimming. It matters not how dyspeptic, consumptive, or nervous a man may be, the "balm of the woods" will heal him.

I met at Chicoutimi, up the Saguenay River, a lawyer from New York city one day in September, who, by the advice of his physician, entered the wilderness in the early spring. He was a sufferer from weak lungs and nervous prostration, to such a degree that medicines were powerless to aid him. Weak and emaciated, supported by a companion, he entered the forest almost ready to abandon hope. No one would dream that the ruddy-cheeked, stalwart figure now seen could ever have been that of a trembling invalid. When I met them, they had just come through a terrible contest with a bear, at close quarters. Their suits of buckskin were clawed and torn to strings, but they were victors, with some wounds, but none serious.

That there is danger, it will be admitted; so there is danger almost everywhere, except in one's rocking chair or the summer hammock; yet what man would wish to spend his vacation in either? Danger lends the sports exhilaration. "Are you afraid?" says Emerson, to swim that river? Then swim it. Do you shrink from the dizzy height of yonder giant pine? then climb it and "throw down the top," as they do in the forests of Maine. If any man objects to the sports because of the danger it may be concluded that his case is hopeless.

"The wise and active conquer difficulties
By daring to attempt them. Sloth and folly
Shiver and shrink at sight of toil and hazard,
And make the impossibility they fear."

Lastly it must not be inferred that vigor can be stored up in a few short weeks, and doled out during the remaining months of the year. One must keep in condition at all times. Supple the muscles and tendons daily during the winter by dumb-bell exercises, daily runs, boxing gloves, wrestling—any way you choose—only keep up your activity. I, during the winter months, keep my muscles in training for the double blade by the use of a length of iron pipe, weighing 12 pounds. I set my limit to paddle with this 1,000 times daily, through a radius of two feet; this is equivalent to moving some tons one foot high. I use the ring exercises, and the suppling movements for arms, spine and legs daily, and when the summer opens I am fit for fifty miles a day of paddling without stiffness or soreness of muscles.

Begin, if ailing, from any cause, with five or ten miles, and a good rest; then try twelve, and after a week push on to twenty miles. Always stop short of exhaustion, and you will be rewarded with such health as can be secured in no other way so easily and so pleasantly. ERKO.

Sunshiny Spots.

IN the recesses of memory there is one little favored space that I have styled to myself "Sunshiny Spots"—a little place where I store away fond recollections and happy meditations of the days spent afield and aloft.

It is a sort of after-dinner, drawing room, fireplace affair, wherein are arranged all the pretty, delightful scenes, amusing and interesting incidents, notes gleaned; then forgotten till some recurring similarity again calls them to mind; a thorough inventory of these hidden treasures may hardly be taken, scenes, incidents, anecdotes, lessons, teachings, pathos, humor, sentiment, poetry, and what not being carefully shelved, side by side.

Some of the pictures are dimmed by time; perhaps dust-covered in a long period of unbroken obscurity; but at some time, in some manner, a thing we would have deemed long forgotten steps forth, shakes himself, stretches himself, pulls out the kinks and aches contracted in such an age of inaction, and before we have time to realize, this hobgoblin form pirouettes before our astonished gaze, leading us a merry chase o'er meadow, dale, and wood, luring us to sequestered rice lakes, where the gentle zephyrs of springtime and the cool winds of autumn rustle musically 'mongst the dead and dying rushes which furnish us a favoring blind where we catch the wild fowl in its evening and morning flight; in this position, surrounded by bobbing decoys, we enjoy a good, old-fashioned day's shoot, as of yore, hearing by turns the whistle caused by the rapid vibration of countless ducks' wings—the quack, quack of the mallard—the booming of the prairie hen from across the meadows, and the solemn notes of the whip-poor-will.

Following another path, this little will-o'-wisp guide takes us up the dry bed of some time-run creek, where grapevines trail along its sides; as our steps fall on the dry, rustling leaves, whirr, whirr! breaks upon our startled senses, and we perceive a gray object darting away through the tangle of brush and vines, the scene surrounded by a beautiful framework of many-colored autumn leaves, defying description; we follow up, and ere nightfall have our hunting pockets well filled with the gaysome pheasant clasp.

Now he will seat us in a boat, and in an incredibly short space of time supply us with a rod, and we are below some moss-covered, age-decayed mill-dam, where the sun, shining on the emerald covering of the old planks and stones, reflects upon the water a sheen, rich and cool. Our lure is cast in the quiet pool, the line deftly guided under some o'ershadowed spot, a shadowy form darts forth, and, after battle royal, the gamy bass is landed—that noble fish of our clear running streams which fights for life, inch by inch, till, the final struggle ended, he is forced to yield, an unwilling and quivering captive.

Then we are led away to the mountain streams; already is the proper fly chosen for us, cast in the most favorable place, the skillful twist given, when a sparkling flash reveals a pair of expanded jaws, vanishing beneath the surface as suddenly as they appeared, carrying with them fly and leader; but after gamy battle our good fairy secures for us the speckled beauty, praised in poetry and prose.

With rapid strides he takes us to the Western prairies, where the late summer winds bend the grasses in gentle and undulating motion, swaying the landscape like a golden, billowy sea. Here we are furnished with a handsome brace of dogs, and have all manner of easy and difficult shots at the prairie hen as it flushes and sails away over the waving grass, furnishing us with statuesque pictures as inspiring and fascinating points are scored by canine intelligence.

Indeed, a prince of entertainers is this little memory gnome of ours. On a bright November morning, when the frost is sparkling on the grasses and the foliage is burning in the dying year, he carefully leads us to some old, weed-grown, tangled brier thicket, in an old-fashioned rail-fence corner. Here the dog soon scents a bevy of quail, and we have fine shooting for the next short hour, in this hard corner and heavy cover, flushing from his retreat this happy companion of boyhood days; as he darts forward with a rush and whirr of wings, and seemingly lightning speed, we forget how in many a long, solitary ramble we have been cheered and entertained by his cheery "Bob White, Bob White," and our guns play sad havoc with these merry, innocent bands.

Again jumping West, we are chasing the antelope over the plains, and, as they go galloping, soon disappearing behind some friendly swell, we wipe our eyes, and thank this little sprite for his wondrous goodness.

But what is that dense, moving, black mass away to the west? Buffalo? Why, so it is; and here we had thought they were nearly extinct; for, as we dash into the herd and fire from the saddle, a huge form stumbles, sways, plunges forward, and it is buffalo, sure enough. As we contemplate the vastness of this herd, we wonder could so sad a fate befall them as is presented to us in a few brief years? But where are they now?

The buffalo left far in the rear, we find ourselves at the foothills; thence we wander into mountain and rocky defile, deep chasm, overhanging cliff, or thicket-bound patches, where the pine and mountain ash form companionship in the shadows of towering peaks. Here we kill the elk; fight the silver tip and black bear, then scale still higher and show our prowess in the chase by bringing into camp the Rocky Mountain sheep and goats, which defy all laws of nature in perilous leaps down the slanting slopes, where foothold seems impossible and distance insurmountable.

Ever restive, we fly on the wings of the wind, to the Northwest, where we battle with the salmon and shoot the Denny pheasant, whose brilliant feathers and extending plumes call forth admiration and delight from the lover of the beautiful in nature.

What a trip! A whole life of brightness called from its hiding place! We all have this little pocket of sunshine in our memories. Shall we allow clouds to hover above and shadow its brightness? Shall we allow these memories to be looked upon as a "matter of course" in our short lives, and accept them as the consequence of our existence? Were it not better to drive the clouds away, keep the sun shining, and look upon them as a teaching from Him, the Maker of Heaven and Earth—

as a life-long legacy from Him, the Father of Nature to us, the children of Nature and men, and as such duly appreciate, happily realize, in the days when our steps grow short and our limbs feeble, that these sunshiny spots are dear to dwell upon? E. K. STEDMAN.

Pisgah Forest, N. C.

BEGINNING at a point eight miles southwest of Asheville, we have in North Carolina a private forest reserve which to-day stands a rival to any forest reserve in the country. When Mr. George Vanderbilt first commenced buying property near Asheville it was not known that he expected to do anything but locate a small country seat, but from time to time he has added to his possessions during the past ten years, until to-day he has in one continuous tract over 160,000 acres of land. Beginning at the mansion, which is located about four miles from Asheville, it is now possible for one to ride in a straight line forty miles in a southwest direction without at any time leaving the Vanderbilt possessions.

The great bulk of this large tract is covered with virgin forests, and only a small portion or corner (proportionately) has been improved or is under cultivation. For several miles on all sides of the mansion the country is laid out as a beautiful park, and has been planted with almost every known growing shrub. This part of the estate is traversed by some of the finest macadam drives to be found in any place in the world, these drives aggregating something over sixty-five miles, the same, during the dry season, being daily sprinkled and rolled to as near perfection as possible. At no point on these roads is the grade in excess of 4 per cent.; they are all under-drained, and on both sides of all these macadam roads have been planted various kinds of shrubbery, as above mentioned. Whole mountain sides which were abandoned before Mr. Vanderbilt took possession of the property are now planted with young white pine and other trees, or with flowers, shrubs and grasses—in fact, there is to-day no place in the country where the botanist or horticulturist could better pursue his favorite study than here. The streams are covered with stone bridges, and at almost every turn of these beautifully kept roads one comes upon some surprise in the way of natural scenery or artificial treasure of forest life.

Three miles from the mansion is one of the finest dairies to be found in the world, which at present contains over 250 head of Jersey cattle; in the opposite direction is the sheep ranch, further on the stock ranch, the apiary, the chicken farm, while on the Swannanoa River, between the estate and Asheville, is situated one of the largest nurseries to be found anywhere in the South. In this nursery are growing hundreds of thousands of shrubs and young trees, all set with the intention of being transplanted into various portions of the estate.

At the main entrance of the estate is the town of Biltmore, which town Mr. Vanderbilt has built as a model village, and, indeed, all those who see it pronounce it as near a model village as is possible to conceive.

Leaving the neighborhood of the mansion and pursuing a southwesterly direction for about seven miles brings one to the beginning of what is the true Pisgah Forest. Here the macadam roads end, and to see the grandest trails of the mountains from this point one must travel on horseback. Eighteen miles in the distance looms up Mt. Pisgah, 5,769 feet. The foothills of these larger mountains were to a slight extent formerly cultivated by small land owners, but since the owners have been bought out their small truck patches have either been planted out in young forest trees, or have been left to grow up as they would. Many of the houses have been torn down, but deeper in the woods are still to be seen the remains of cabins fast going to decay, and one may here travel miles upon miles without seeing a sign of habitation or a human being.

Upon a small portion of the forest itself cattle are allowed to roam. No dogs are allowed. In the more accessible part of the mountains lumbering is being carried on in the most scientific and up-to-date manner.

Dr. Schenck, who fills the position of chief forester, is also conducting a school of forestry, which school is already becoming famous and well known throughout the country as one of the most practical and complete anywhere to be found for the study of forestry in all its details. Here students are taken directly into the woods; they are taught how to build roads, and even the most inaccessible portions of the mountains are pierced. At all times a large force of road builders are actively engaged. The students are taught to lay out trails and are educated in the practical technique of cutting timber out of places difficult of access, as well as the many details of forest growth, measurement, stumpage, watershed, young growth, burnt lands, soils and the hundred and one other things which go to make up a practical knowledge of forestry.

Starting from a point on Bent Creek, about eight miles from Asheville, one can take a trail which enters Pisgah Forest, and after winding through innumerable gorges and valleys, brings one out at the top of the Pisgah range in Yellow Gap, a point some ten miles away. As he ascends this trail, as was our pleasure last week, he goes through the various forms of forest growth which one meets at the different altitudes in this section. The best timber is all on the northern slopes, and is made up principally of poplar, walnut, cherry, oak and chestnut. As one comes out into Yellow Gap the larger trees have long since been left behind, even the rhododendron, laurel and azalias have become stunted in their growth, and up here they bloom much later than in the lower valley, and do not attain near the size which they have lower down.

Descending the opposite, or south, side of Pisgah ridge from Yellow Gap, this trail winds in and out among gorges, valleys, around precipices, over ridges, fords streams and finally brings one out at a point on Bradley Creek, about fifteen miles from the point where he entered the woods. On Bradley Creek is the first signs of human habitation he has seen during the fifteen miles, and never once has he been out from under the overhanging trees.

Bradley Creek is a rushing, roaring mountain torrent, about 15 feet across, and has long been famous as one of the best trout streams anywhere in the Southern Appalachians.

The trail follows the bank of Bradley Creek to its source

in the Pink Beds. These Pink Beds are nothing more or less than a great flat or plateau situated at an elevation of about 3,500 feet, sparsely wooded and thickly grown up in laurel and rhododendron. In fact, it is almost impossible for one to move when he once leaves the trail on account of the excessive growth of laurel bushes. Years ago this was one of the best deer-hunting sections in the whole South, and since Mr. Vanderbilt has established the Pisgah Forest Reserve he has made these Pink Beds a part of the game preserve; the deer and other wild life are rapidly returning.

There has been no shooting in this section now during the past ten years, except what has been done by the owner and his immediate friends. For convenience they have had, about every quarter of a mile, runways or open places cut out, about 20 feet wide, and in many places several miles long. These open places are perfectly straight, and extend across the valley, and are useful not only in hunting, but also act as breaks for possible forest fires, which are ever occurring. These Pink Beds, which are about seven miles in diameter, will, in a few years, be well stocked with game, while the streams at present are fairly alive with trout.

From any of the peaks rising abruptly from one to two thousand feet, and surrounding this amphitheater, one can look as far as the eye will carry, and in any direction see nothing but an unbroken forest. Such lumbering as is being done removes only those trees which are ripe and ready to be cut; they are removed in such manner as will in the least possible way interfere with the young and growing timber.

Dogs of any kind are not allowed in the forests, and hunting and fishing are absolutely forbidden, unless by special permit from the office at Biltmore.

The owner of this vast estate does but little fishing himself, and does not greatly enjoy hunting, although he proposes to make this one of the best hunting and fishing preserves to be found any place in the country. Indeed, we of the South, who are to-day attempting to interest the Government toward the establishment of the Appalachian National Forest Reserve, cannot expect to do better than has the owner of this vast estate. Here is a tract of primeval forest which, under its present management and care, may, for all time, hand down to posterity a tract of primeval woodland, well stocked with all kinds of game and animal life. Here will be seen roads which will compare with any; here are streams, and here cliffs, valleys, gorges and plateaus, high mountains, barren peaks, springs, woodland cover and every woodland creature.

The natives who have sold out their property to the present owner are even loath to leave, and some, after receiving the price they asked, are to-day employed on the estate, simply because they cannot bear to leave the section. The property is all patrolled, and forest rangers make every effort to protect the animal life as well as the forest itself.

We have from time to time had to report the fearful inroads that lumbermen are now making upon the forests of this mountain section, the wide destruction which they have wrought, and the destruction which is also contemplated in the near future. We have shown that the wholesale destruction of the timber of the forests is resulting in a change of climate; many of the streams heading in the Southern Appalachians are now practically dry during the summer, and become raging torrents during the wet season. Water powers are being ruined and the thousand and one other things incident to the destruction of forests have here for the past few years been rife. It is refreshing, however, to be able to see that there is one private citizen who has done more than all the best of the citizens of this and adjacent States in the way of forest protection. Would that there were more of them! Would that more of our money kings could see their way to the establishment of such preserves!

C. P. AMBLER.

Boyhood Reminiscences.

My earliest rifle practice is recalled by the perusal of a letter written by me to my father in March, 1850, when at the age of eleven, while on a visit to my maternal grandmother at Bellona, N. Y., in which occurs this passage: "The other day Uncle Charles and I went to Mr. Barnes', and to the woods where Warren was boiling sap with his book in his hand and Uncle Webster was hunting. We all shot at a mark, first Webster, then Warren and Uncle Charles, then Charley Barnes and myself, and by the time we got through the tree was well covered with bullet holes." Shortly thereafter I owned my first rifle, and when not at school lay in wait for woodchucks, whose hides I would tan and sell for whiplash and belt-fastening material, and with the proceeds obtain powder, lead and percussion pills for fresh forays. Occasionally I would bring in a few black and gray squirrels, and my mother would prepare a stew that was enjoyed by all. Whenever a chicken was wanted I was delegated to obtain it, and would sometimes make a number of shots ere I succeeded in killing, by shooting at the head, at which I always aimed. One day when watching for squirrels on a ridge adjacent to an alder swamp, I heard the drumming of a partridge (ruffed grouse), and my ambition was at once excited to see and, if possible, obtain it. I carefully stalked in the direction, waited until the soul-stirring drum beat was repeated, and was finally rewarded by the never-to-be-forgotten sight of the bird in the act upon a fallen log, not over 20 feet away from the tree behind which I was concealed. I watched him for a time, until my nervous agitation had passed, and then cautiously and carefully aimed and pulled the trigger, and lo and behold! the bird fluttered off the log in its death struggles, and with joy unspeakable I picked up and admired my first partridge, with its neck severed just below the head, and proudly bore it home, together with the squirrels I had secured, and thought the potpie that followed the best of my life.

There was good woodcock cover near my home, and I well remember the occasion when I first saw bird-dogs at work, and birds shot on the wing. Some cousins of my father visited him and brought with them a couple of setters, and my surprise was great to see the work of the dogs, and the expert skill of my cousins, as bird after bird came to bag, and then that feast of broiled woodcock

—the first I had tasted—can never be forgotten. My first experience with hook and line was the catching of bullheads in a pond on Flint Creek when about eight or nine years old, and many the good mess taken home found their way to the frying pan and were eaten with a relish. One night a bite was followed by a heavy pull, and it required all my strength to hold and finally land my first eel, that was about 3 feet long—and the first I had seen—and which I thought was a water snake, until an older companion otherwise informed me, and killed and removed it from the hook.

A little later I skittered for pickerel with a pork-rind bait on Saturday afternoons with more or less success and any amount of enjoyment. Afterward, in 1853, I visited an uncle at Coudersport, Pa., and caught in the mountain streams of that vicinity and in Pine Creek and the Sinnamahoning waters many a fine string of brook trout. It was also there that I witnessed the greatest flight of passenger pigeons, and was in the slaughter armed with a pole, knocking them down as they rounded a point, together with almost all the rest of the townspeople.

Pierre Stebbins and myself, armed with shotguns, visited a pigeon nesting a few miles away, and after obtaining all the young birds, just able to fly that we could carry, built a fire by a brook and broiled some squabs for our late dinner, and then started for town, but actually after a two-hour tramp in the woods, found ourselves back at the lunch place, having been completely turned around and lost. We then followed the brook, which we knew entered the stream that flowed through town, and finally arrived there all right, but very tired. E. S. WHITAKER.

CARTHAGE, O.

A Pack of Hounds.

EVERY time Harry Reynolds visited the Horseshoe ranch he broke the Tenth Commandment. Among the different members of the canine family that called this ranch their home was a full-blooded greyhound bearing the well-merited name of Queen. She was a beautiful animal, tawny yellow in color, with slender, shapely limbs, deep chested and possessing all the lines that mark a dog as a thoroughbred. As for her speed and endurance—well, there was nothing on four legs in that part of the world that could outstrip her in the race. Taking all these things into consideration, it was no wonder that Harry Reynolds coveted her and longed to call her his own.

How Windy Bill Robinson, manager of the Horseshoe ranch, had become the owner of such a valuable hound was an unsolvable mystery to Reynolds. Windy Bill's answers to all inquiries on the subject were somewhat vague and unsatisfactory.

"A feller got her from another feller, a friend of mine got her from this other feller who was a friend of his'n, and I borrowed her from my friend and ain't had time to return her, not knowin' where my friend went to," was the only explanation he would vouchsafe to give.

Although he did not seem to set great store by the greyhound, still he refused to part with her on any terms half-way within reason. Every time Reynolds saw the dog he coveted her all the more, and of late this covetousness had grown into a fixed determination to gain possession of her by fair means or foul, and settle with Windy Bill afterward, even though the operation bid fair to result in an appeal to arms. He was not without special reasons for this seemingly unworthy resolution. Ever since he had removed Old Duke, the Scotch stag-hound, from Beards Miller's unchristianlike guardianship, the hound had picked up wonderfully, and although, in all probability, he would never entirely recover from the effects of that terrible run through the scorching heat, when he had all but yielded up his life, there was much good stuff left in him. He had lost his former wonderful powers of speed and endurance, but nothing of his matchless courage, and Reynolds' heart went out to him in his present fallen estate.

With the arrival of Old Duke at the Horizontal Bar ranch and his subsequent recovery, Harry saw a chance of raising such a pack of hounds as he had always longed to own, provided he could gain possession of Queen. The mother would furnish the speed, while from Old Duke they would get a fighting strain that would make them a match for any wolf on the plains. He was careful to say nothing that would in anywise arouse the curiosity of the manager of the Horseshoe ranch, so that one day when Queen disappeared mysteriously from her accustomed haunts, Windy Bill never thought to inquire particularly at the Horizontal Bar ranch for the missing hound.

Windy Bill was not greatly disturbed over his loss, and when Reynolds made him a present of a fine bull terrier, as a mere friendly act of sympathy, he felt more than pleased with the substitute, and in a short time Queen became a fast-fading memory.

About a year afterward all of Harry Reynolds' spare time was taken up with the education and disciplining of six awkward, irrepressible puppies, being well seconded in his efforts by Queen, the mother of the family, and, as they grew older, by Old Duke, the daddy of the pack. There was another dog, Sharp by name, on the Horizontal Bar ranch, a big, bony animal, half of greyhound, half bull, and he was of much valuable assistance while the training and education of the young dogs was under way. He it was who taught young Tige his own famous throat hold, from which no creature could escape when once the strong jaws were set in their deadly grip. He also showed the pack many interesting things about a dog's life on the plains, but Tige, because of his pugnacious disposition, no doubt, became his special charge.

The dogs waxed stronger day by day, and passed through their early puppyhood without misadventure. The next year found them tall and well-proportioned and almost fully grown, as fine a pack of wolfhounds—with a little more experience—as a hunter would care to ride behind. They still had much to learn—in fact, their education had only begun, but in Old Duke and Queen, not to forget Sharp, these young gladiators had instructors worthy of the name.

Thus did Harry Reynolds become the possessor of his afterward famous pack of hounds, and he seldom went abroad without some, or, more probably, all of them,

trailing at his pony's heels, nor were they ever far from the sound of his voice, and he blessed the day that he had rescued Old Duke, when that good dog had all but perished after his chase of the antelope. Harry always avoided the Horseshoe ranch when the dogs were with him, and, as the hounds had not as yet begun to attract attention by their exploits, Windy Bill Robinson remained in blissful ignorance of the part Queen had played in bringing them into the world.

One day Harry was on his way home from a visit to a distant part of his ranch, when he had an opportunity to initiate the young dogs into the joys and delights of a wolf hunt. The full pack was with him, following respectfully in the rear. As he ascended a rise of ground he saw a wolf not far ahead limping along on three legs, evidently in trouble. The animal discovered him at the same instant, and immediately broke into an awkward run, unlike the usual swift lope of a coyote when pursued. In answer to Harry's sharp whistle, Queen and Old Duke sprang forward, followed by their puppies. Bounding high in the air, their keen eyes soon detected the fleeing form in the distance, and away they went. This was new sport for the young dogs, and they joined in the chase as though it were some new game planned for their special entertainment. Old Duke soon fell behind the rest, but he had no thought of dropping out of the race. Harry had spoken one word to his pony, and that was sufficient. J. C. understood the game perfectly and needed no urging.

They gained rapidly on the wolf, and as Harry drew near he ascertained the cause of the creature's awkward gait. Fastened to his hind foot was a steel trap, and from the trap trailed a chain with a good-sized stake at the other end. Queen overtook the wolf first. She would never fight at close quarters unless compelled to, but a certain duty devolved upon her in every chase which she never failed to skillfully perform. As she dashed past the wolf, with a lightning-like movement, she turned, seized him by the hind leg and threw him end over end. Having accomplished this feat, she paused, ready to repeat the act if necessary, but she would not attack her desperate foe. The young hounds circled around the wolf, barking vociferously in their wild excitement, and waiting for some one to show them what to do next. Just then Old Duke arrived on the scene, and without a second's hesitation rushed in and sprang upon the wolf. There was a brief tussle, and then Old Duke found his favorite hold and pinned the struggling wolf to the ground. This was enough for the rest of the pack. Tige attempted to follow, out Sharp's instructions regarding the throat hold, and received a cut 2 inches long on his brislet as a reward for his temerity. He retreated with a howl of pain, but he was the son of Old Duke, and his fighting blood was up, so he joined in the fray again. Harry merely acted as a spectator, urging on the dogs and encouraging them with the sound of his voice.

When the unequal struggle was at last over, he threw the dead wolf across J. C.'s back, called in the dogs and rode homeward. He skinned the wolf and boiled the carcass in a cauldron and fed the meat to the dogs with their regular ration of cornmeal. After that there was nothing in the State of Texas, short of a rifle ball, that could stop Harry Reynolds' pack of hounds when once they had sighted a wolf.

As they gained in experience they adopted certain tactics of their own invention. Like a well-drilled company of soldiers, each dog knew his place and just what was expected of him when the game had been sighted and the chase had begun. They ran in the form of a flying wedge, with Queen at the head and Tige close behind her, while the rest of the pack followed in close order, with Old Duke or Sharp—the latter sometimes ran with the pack—bringing up the rear. Queen was always the first to attack, and she never failed to catch the wolf by the leg and throw him. That alone was her part to play, for before the wolf could recover Tige would have him by the throat, and then the other dogs would rush in, each one having his own particular hold, and the days of that coyote were ended. It all seemed to be a prearranged plan with them, and their master never ceased to wonder at their almost human intelligence.

With such a pack of swift-footed hounds to set the pace, with "a fleet steed to follow" wherever they might lead, and you would hunt far and long to find a better one than J. C., with the fresh, bracing air in your nostrils, and the glorious freedom of the broad Western plains all around you, what more could a man desire for his happiness? If any man were well fitted to appreciate and enjoy this life in all its fullness, such a man was Harry Reynolds, owner of the Horizontal Bar ranch, a brave hunter, a fearless rider and an all-round good fellow.

Windy Bill Robinson rode away from his ranch one morning on a visit to certain portions of the range where he had set out a number of wolf traps. The wolves had become very troublesome that year, and Windy Bill had devoted much time in trying to rid his ranch of their presence, but so far his endeavors had met with but poor success. He exhausted his vocabulary—and his was by no means a limited one in some respects, as his name would indicate—in anathematizing the wary creatures that laughed at his every attempt to ensnare them, but he still persisted in his efforts in the hope of hitting upon some scheme that would outwit his wily foes.

He inspected his traps on this particular day with increased feelings of wrathful disgust. Some of them had been sprung, two or three had been ignominiously uncovered and exposed to view, while the rest had been carefully avoided. Windy Bill cursed the wolves with all the vigor of a cowboy's eloquence, reset the traps in different places and started back home. He had just left the hollow where the last trap was placed and reached the level plain when he pulled up short with an ejaculation of surprise.

Coming at full tilt straight toward him and less than 100 rods away, was a large coyote, and following fast on the trail of the fleeing creature, about the same distance behind, was a pack of hounds running in the form of a flying wedge. A single horseman brought up the rear of this strange procession. The wolf caught sight of his new enemy and swerved off to the right. Windy Bill sat spellbound at the thrilling sight, and held his breath as the finest pack of hounds it had ever been his

lot to look upon swept by him like so many gray and yellow streaks of light. He gazed after them in wonder and admiration too great for words, until he was brought to himself by the sound of a familiar voice calling his name, and the next moment a horseman dashed past at breakneck speed, waving his hat in the air and shouting:

"Hi! Yi! Yi! Come on, Bill. Great sport!" Windy Bill needed no urging, but with an answering yell put spurs to his horse and followed the wild rider, whom he recognized as his friend, Harry Reynolds. The pace was furious, but Windy Bill never took his eyes from the pack. How splendidly they ran! And with what mighty bounds did they cover the ground! But the wolf was fast, too, and this was a race for life and by no means an easy one while it lasted.

Gradually, however, the hounds closed in on their prey. Suddenly the leader of the pack shot ahead with incredible speed, and the next moment Windy Bill saw the wolf turn a somersault in the air, and as it landed, all in a heap, the second dog had it by the throat. The other hounds were not far behind, and the two combatants were concealed from view as they rushed up and joined in the fight. Windy Bill pulled up his panting horse at the scene of the encounter in time to see Harry Reynolds lift the dead body of the wolf and throw it across his pony's back.

"Hello! Windy," Harry called out. "Great sport, wasn't it? That wolf gave us a run for our money. What do you think of the dogs? Fine lot, eh?"

"Fine? Fine don't begin to describe it," the other enthusiastically declared. "I never seen anything like 'em before. Where the devil did you get hold of 'em?"

"Raised 'em. The Scotch stag there is the daddy of the pack, and the big greyhound next to him is the mother. It's all one happy family, you see. This is their first season. Just wait till they have had a little more experience and I'll show you wonders."

The dogs were all lying down, in the form of a half-circle, tired after their long, hard run, but they were ready to move at a moment's notice and watched their master for the word of command. Windy Bill cast his eyes enviously over the lithe, shapely forms, and then his gaze became concentrated on the tawny greyhound that Reynolds had pointed out as the mother of the pack.

"Say, Hal, there's somethin' all fired familiar 'bout that greyhound there," he asserted. "Seems to me I've seen her or her double somewhere before."

"Think so? Well, you've never seen a better one, that's certain," Harry answered, in an off-hand manner.

"Seems to me," Windy Bill continued, slowly scratching his head, "seems to me she's a heap like my Queen what I lost a couple of years ago. Remember her?"

"Yes, and she does resemble her, now that you mention it," Harry agreed. "Funny, but her name is Queen, too. I must have been thinking of your dog when I named her."

"Did you raise her?"

"Yes, I 'raised' her all right."

"Where'd you get her?"

"I told you. I raised her."

"Oh, I see. You mean lifted her."

"I didn't say lifted. Where could I have lifted her from? You're the only man around here ever owned a dog like her. If she is your dog she ought to know you. Suppose you try her."

Windy Bill snapped his fingers and called the hound by name, but Queen kept her eyes on Reynolds' face, not even deigning to glance at her former master. She had never liked him, and undoubtedly her instinct warned her that here was a time to feign ignorance. She knew, better than any one else, how cruelly unjust Windy Bill could be when anything displeased him, for he had visited his wrath upon her unoffending head many a time and oft, and Queen had the pride of good birth mingled with a stern sense of justice that never forgave a wrong—traits which her children all inherited. Windy Bill at last gave up his efforts to attract the hound's attention.

"My dog had a small, white spot underneath her jaw," he informed Reynolds. "Damn! can believe that she ain't my Queen, unless I see she ain't got that mark."

"Go ahead," Harry acquiesced, unconcernedly.

Windy Bill swung from his saddle and approached the silent hound. Queen slowly lowered her head, resting it on her forepaws, and gazed steadily at him as he approached.

"Come, old girl. Nice dog. Good dog," Windy Bill began, and stooped to stroke her head. Queen's upper lip curled suspiciously, disclosing a row of gleaming white fangs, and a low growl was her only answer. The growl was repeated in the deep voice of the huge stag-hound lying beside her, and Windy Bill slowly backed away.

"Gosh almighty! They're ugly brutes," he exclaimed, as he remounted his horse. "Think you'd be afraid of 'em."

"Afraid? I sleep with them. They're my bodyguard nearly every night of the year. By the way, how's that bull terrier I gave you getting on?"

"Fine as silk. I wouldn't trade him for that ugly tempered beast there, even if he can't catch a wolf."

"So that, after all, if you had discovered that it was your Queen you wouldn't be any the loser, seeing I gave you the bull terrier."

"Well, I don't know. Look what a pack you got. I'd trade the terrier for one of the pups there."

"They wouldn't leave me, and you couldn't keep one of them on your ranch. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll give you a pup out of the next litter, and you can raise him yourself."

Windy Bill expressed his thanks, and they wheeled their ponies about and headed for home. But the manager of the Horseshoe ranch was suspicious, and cast many scrutinizing glances at the tall greyhound as they rode along. When they came to the parting of their ways, he halted, and at last asked in hesitating tones:

"No offense, Hal, but, honest Injun, ain't that my dog Queen?"

"Suppose I should say it was, would you feel any better?" Reynolds replied, with a slight smile playing about his mouth. "What would you do, I wonder?"

"Nothin' much, only it might take another one of them pups to make me clean forget about it."

Harry's smile broadened.

"Oh! well," said he, "if you want another one of the

pups, I reckon I can spare him, not as a narcotic for your active memory, you understand, but simply to oblige a friend."

"Oh! I understand," Windy Bill hastened to assure him. "I'll be glad to get the pups."

They said good-by and went their separate ways, and Queen gave vent to her feelings in a joyful bark.

"Hal's a foxy boy," Windy Bill soliloquized, as he rode along, "but I reckon I sorter called his bluff that time. He'd be a bad man to get in a row with, though. I'll bet my shirt that dog is my Queen." He looked back just in time to see Reynolds disappear over the next rise, followed by his dogs. "There's one thing sure," he concluded, with a flowery oath, "Hal Reynolds has certainly got the finest pack of hounds in the State of Texas."

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Bring Flowers.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Aug. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Looking over an old manuscript scrapbook this morning, I found some verses, written many years ago, which I think might please some of your readers, and I sent you a copy.

My father told me when I showed them to him that I had "plagiarized" from Mrs. Hemans, but I had not seen her poems for many years, and had forgotten them, though some strain of them may have lingered, unknown to my memory, and my garden has recalled my own to-day.

Flowers, Bright Flowers.

FLOWERS, bright flowers! the smiles of the earth,
In the footsteps of angels they sure had their birth,
The charm and delight of the long, summer hours,
Through all life's changing scenes, bring us flowers, fresh flowers!

Bring the "trailing arbutus," first herald of spring,
The roses of June and the violets bring,
Till the gentian's blue eye beams mid autumn's cold showers
As each blooms in its season, bring flowers, fresh flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, the babe to bedeck,
As it twines its soft arms round its mother's fair neck,
While its deep, searching eyes gaze so fondly in ours,
Strew the pathway of childhood, with flowers, fresh flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, in wreaths for the bride,
As she stands at the altar in maidenly pride,
While her hopes and her fears dwell on life's coming hours,
Forecast her bright future with garlands of flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, to strew on the tomb,
In their beauty and fragrance, and brightness of bloom.
Though the spirit has soared so unwithering bowers,
Strew the grave of the mortal with flowers, fresh flowers.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, the altar to crown,
Where the Spirit of Love on his children looks down,
To the Maker of worlds and the Ruler of powers,
No incense so fit as his own fragrant flowers!

I see with regret in the Tribune the death of our friend, A. N. Cheney, and it is a great loss to fishcultural interests, as well as the fall of another old landmark in FOREST AND STREAM. I only knew him by his writings and by correspondence, but his mother was a native of this town, and the descendant of one of the old families, celebrated in Revolutionary times and in the conflict with New York over the New Hampshire grants, which Rowland E. Robinson has chronicled in his "History of Vermont." The news makes me sad and—old.

VON W.

Natural History.

Odd Nesting Places.

An Odd Place for a Wren's Nest.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In May last a pair of Baltimore orioles built a nest of the usual shape and size in one of the elm trees in front of the house. The nest was suspended from a small, drooping branchlet, and was rather more symmetrical and closely woven than usual. In due time the young were hatched, reared and disappeared. Now, in August a pair of house wrens, who have already reared at least one brood of young from a nest in one of the veranda pillars, have adopted the oriole's nest, and after patching it up a bit with twigs and so on (as the bottom of the nest seemed a little insecure), the busy little birds have almost raised a second, or third, brood. To-day, on Aug. 22, the young ones are clamoring for food and well feathered. The nest hangs and swings in the lightest breeze.

A coincidence occurred yesterday, when the original builder of the nest, the male oriole, still in spring dress, appeared, and whistled from the elm trees as he did in the early May days. That he is the same bird is beyond question, for his notes are unusual and unmistakable, and in the early summer became almost tiresome.

MORTON GRINNELL.

MILFORD, Conn.

Robins' Nest on Cars.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 16.—The cosmopolitan nature of the robin has often been commented upon, but the following seems to bear the distinction of a record breaker. It is from the Philadelphia Record: "Passenger coach No. 4219, of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad, has a regular rider every day in a robin that is so deeply engrossed in maternal affairs that she doesn't in the least mind the rattle and roar of the train. Underneath the car, on a wide beam that supports a portion of the air brake, she has built her nest, and all her energies are bent upon hatching some blue eggs. The car remains at West Chester every night, comes to Philadelphia in the morning, makes a trip to Norristown, returns to Broad Street Station, and makes its last run of the day to West Chester. The bird must have accomplished the work of

building her nest during the brief stops made by the train at the towns to which it runs, but why it should have selected such a place in the beginning is the most surprising part. The nest was discovered several days ago by a railroad man at West Chester. He saw the robin fly from beneath the car and made an investigation, the result of which rather astonished him. The members of the train crews that run the car are awaiting developments with almost paternal anxiety."

Supplementary to the above, I may add that Mr. W. H. Dutton, general foreman painter of the Lehigh Valley R. R., advises me that he once found a perfectly made bird's nest constructed between one of the main truss rods and the bottom of a passenger coach, at the point of the rod's attachment to the sill of the coach. The car was a regular service coach, daily used on a central new branch of the Lehigh system, in a section of country necessitating short curves, and a consequent heavy oscillation and wrenching of the equipment, and how the nest could have been built and made to stay in place without loss of symmetry or injury to the minutest detail of architecture has long been an undemonstrable problem to those who witnessed the unique location of the structure.

M. CHILL.

Summer at the Zoological Park.

AUGUST in the Zoological Park in this year of 1901 is not as August of other years have been. The grass and the foliage are as fresh and green as if it were June. The wild birds are busy and some of them are singing. There is nothing to be seen of the dead and dried-up appearance of the late summer. It is true that it is hot, and that the caged birds and mammals suffer under the torrid sun and in an atmosphere surcharged with humidity. The great buffalo bull, Cleveland, whose wrinkled hide is naked back of the shoulders, pants in the heat as he fights the tiny flies that sting him, and others of his kind, wiser than he, are standing shoulder deep in one of the great pools in the corral.

The elk, too, have gone in swimming, and may be seen with nothing but heads and shoulders above the water in the tank in their range. Although it is so hot, the coats of these animals are thickening up, the horns of the great bull have been newly stripped of their velvet, and the calves have lost their spots. Soon the summer coat will all drop off and the animals will appear smooth and fresh looking in autumnal garb.

Many changes have taken place in the park during the summer. Baird's court has been graded and surrounded by a retaining wall, and on it the very handsome monkey house has been erected, and before the cold weather will be ready for occupancy. Of its inhabitants, the most interesting will be the recently obtained oranges, which now attract so much attention. One of these has been educated to a point where he sits in a chair and eats his food from a table like any white man.

Another important addition to the park is the Rocking Stone restaurant, which is now completed and in operation, to the great satisfaction, apparently, of the visiting public. Its location is an admirable one, for it is in one of the coolest spots in the park, and it seems to be well patronized.

The inhabitants of the beaver pond, which are recent additions to the collections, do not often show themselves to the public, but their works speak for them. These are to be seen in the shape of a house built at the foot of a group of little, soft maples, in the dam which they have erected—and which has flooded a good part of the inclosure—as well as in the devastation that they have wrought among the small trees, cut down for food and construction purposes.

No doubt after a time the beavers, like many other of the wild creatures in the park, will become accustomed to the sight of human beings, and will carry on their operations more or less in the day time. It is interesting to see how the otters, wild ducks, geese and many other mammals and birds have adapted themselves to their situations here. They pay no more regard to the presence of visitors than if those visitors were so many stumps. The ducks continue to dabble in the water, the geese to pluck the grass, the otters to play with each other in the pool and all the different creatures to carry on their various pursuits, even though people are standing within 3 or 4 feet of them.

Among the extraordinary additions to the collections within recent months are a number of huge Galapagos tortoises, animals in which the carapax, or upper shell, is 3 or 4 feet long, and which are big and strong enough to carry on their backs without difficulty two or three men. Their great size, stout, columnlike legs, long, slender necks and small heads, make them extraordinary objects. It is interesting to see them feeding on a heap of fresh green grass, which they eat in a businesslike way, much as a cow might eat it. Through the summer a considerable number of the tortoises have been removed from the reptile house and turned out in pens on the grass.

Two Cuban crocodiles about 5 feet long, put into the reptile house in the large tank at the end of the turtle crawl, created some excitement recently by their wars. They fought for a long time, and it was impossible to make peace between them. At last one defeated the other, and chased him constantly about the tank, and finally the beaten one, making a tremendous effort, sprang out of the tank and landed on the floor of the reptile house.

The tremendous flying cage, in which is the great collection of birds, chiefly aquatic, such as flamingoes, ibises, ducks, geese, swans, pelicans, cormorants and herons of various sorts, continues to be one of the most attractive things in the park. It is an interesting sight to behold these birds, practically at liberty, walking about or flying from tree to tree, or, as in the case of the pelicans, taking long flights over the water, and all of them apparently as healthy and as independent as so many wild birds in all their natural surroundings.

At the bear dens, always a center of attraction for visitors to the park, there are two curious little, whitish bears, said to be from Corea, which are recent additions. An interesting exotic form died this spring—killed by some one who last year fed it with peaches, which it devoured, stones and all. The death of this rare and costly creature preaches a sermon on the thoughtlessness

of the public, which ought to make some impression. The polar bears, Kadiak, grizzly and black bears are in admirable condition, though all are suffering somewhat from the heat. The polar bears have entirely recovered from their last winter's skin trouble, and are now in superb coat and condition.

From the far East has come a specimen of the small wild cow of Celebes (*Anoa*). It is the least of all the bovine animals, has straight, backward, sloping horns, and looks somewhat like the African eland, though no bigger than a short-legged deer. There is also a tiny Chinese water deer, not very much bigger than a jackrabbit, and a number of other East Indian forms, allied to the sambar and axis deers.

A number of animals have been born in the garden this year. One female buffalo calf, two elk, several deer of different sorts, a number of wild ducks—redheads, mallards, etc.—wild geese and pheasants.

The authorities of the garden have had some good luck and some bad. Their moose have not done well, and two or three have died. The mule deer seem to suffer greatly from the damp heat, and are thin and somewhat ragged. With the approach of cold weather they are likely to improve. On the other hand, the antelope, which have been a source of constant anxiety to the director and his staff since the park was opened, seem at last to be doing well. They are fat, smooth and in good order. It would seem as if their food problem had at last been solved.

Word has recently been received from Mr. J. Alden



QUAIL'S NEST.
Photo by J. H. Madden

Loring, the head keeper in charge of the mammals of the park, giving some notion of what he has done during his trip to Alaska. It seems that he succeeded in capturing no less than three of the young of Dall's sheep, but that it was impossible to keep them alive on the food that he could offer them. Notwithstanding this misfortune, it is hoped that he will bring back from Alaska a considerable number of interesting specimens.

It is hardly to be doubted that when autumn comes and all the summer vacationists return to New York, a renewed interest will be felt in the park of the New York Zoological Society. The collections now on exhibition there are well worth the seeing, and members of the Society should make it a point to take their friends thither and show them what the Zoological Society is doing, and to induce them to become members. A great city like New York should furnish ten times the present membership of the Zoological Society, and would do so, if it were generally known what the Society is doing, and what it intends to do.

Review of North American Snakes.

It is nearly ten years since Prof. Cope's paper on the "Characters and Variations of North American Snakes" was published, and only a few months ago appeared, in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1898, his work on "The Reptiles of North America." Now, from the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, we receive "A Review of the Genera and Species of American Snakes North of Mexico" by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, the Secretary of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia.

Though extremely interesting, the paper is very largely technical. It is in the main an inquiry into the nature of the variations so commonly found among snakes—and on which so great a number of species and subspecies have been based—and an endeavor to determine how far such variations are promiscuous and without meaning, and to what extent they have relation to progressive modification. Thus, it would seem that the paper is, in a certain way, an object-lesson protest against the tendency of the present day toward the multiplication of species and subspecies.

"I think," said A. Bronson Alcott in one of his conversations, "when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox. If he eats mutton he begins to look sheepish; and, if he feeds on pork, may he not grow swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge, who was one of the listeners. "But, when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."—Springfield Republican.

We Are All Human.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Some one once remarked that there was a great deal of human nature in people, and we all of us see constantly occurrences which impress this truth upon us.

We are all of us disposed to lay down rules of conduct for our fellow men, but would like occasional exceptions to be made in our own favor. Or we may wish to except from the application of the general rules which we lay down certain persons or creatures, which we particularly like or dislike. In advocating the passage of certain laws or the repeal of others, we are very likely to be governed by our personal interests or our personal preferences rather than by broad consideration of what is for the general good. A man may be willing to acknowledge that spring shooting does harm to the duck supply, but if he believes that his only opportunity to shoot ducks comes in the spring, he is not likely to be an ardent advocate of having the open season for ducks close Jan. 1. The free traders declare that the protectionists want protection merely for the benefit of their own pockets—to enrich themselves at the expense of their fellow citizens; while the protectionists aver that their political opponents are careless of the country's good and wish to see the American laborer crushed by the competition of the "pauper" hordes of Europe.

The letter from Mr. H. Stewart, printed in the FOREST AND STREAM which has just come to me, is an example of the human nature which sticks out of us all so strongly. Mr. Stewart, if I have read his writings correctly, is a true sportsman, and a nature lover, if not a naturalist. Yet he calls the ravens cruel, as nearly as I can understand, chiefly because they kill his sheep and lambs. That the ravens attack the eyes and certain other parts of the animals is advanced as proof of the birds' cruelty, but, of course, Mr. Stewart knows very much better than I can tell him why the birds make these parts especial points of attack. It is because they are soft, and yield most easily to the stout bill.

It has become a fashion in these latter days—and it is a fashion now running riot—to credit animals with human intelligence and reasoning power; to make them, in fact, men, women and children, but clad in feathers or fur and able to run or fly swiftly. This, of course, is highly inartistic, and is a return to the beliefs and stories of our naked ancestors of 2,000 years ago; but it is the present fashion, and must run its course, just as in the recent past the various fads of archery, lacrosse, the bicycle and other sports have arisen, flourished for a time, and then fallen into desuetude.

There is no particular reason for believing that birds or animals have human feelings, nor is there any reason to think that the raven looks at the killing of a sheep with any more regard to the feelings of the sheep than the human butcher has for the steer whose throat he cuts, or the chicken whose head he chops off. Birds and mammals gather food as the farmer gathers corn, and whether that food is a seed, an earth worm, a ruffed grouse or a sheep, makes no difference. It is food, and it is looked upon as food, and not as anything else. From my point of view, therefore, it is simply absurd to speak of a hawk, a raven or a fox as cruel. Each of these animals is struggling to exist, just as, in another way, every human being struggles. I conceive that there can be nothing immoral in the killing of a sheep by a raven, or a ruffed grouse by the hawk, and if we regard it as immoral, it is chiefly because it interferes with our selfish pleasures.

Our human nature establishes in us many selfish prejudices and frequently sways us from our usual lines of conduct. Mr. Stewart is a nature lover, and so a bird protector. Yet he draws the line at ravens, partly because they interfere with his sheep and partly because they interfere with other birds. Am I taking too much for granted in inferring that Mr. Stewart would protect all birds except the ravens and their kin?

I have a friend who is a farmer. Sometimes when I see him and ask how the farm is going on, he makes remarks about the crows, which pull up the newly planted corn and destroy the crop. I have endeavored to convert him and have sent him much good literature on the subject of the crow. I have been unable, however, to convince him that the crow does a great deal of good as well as harm. He thinks only of his spring fields, robbed of their tender shoots of growing corn. Yet this man is one of the most enthusiastic of bird protectors, and on his piazza and in the buildings immediately about the house he owns, there were last spring five or six robins' nests, two peewees' nests and one of a little house wren, besides nests of orioles and scarlet tanagers in the trees immediately about the house.

I have a relative who has what I call a hen ranch, but he more elegantly terms it a poultry farm. His language about hawks at certain seasons of the year I do not venture to write to you. I am quite sure that you would say that it was not "fit to print." I have sent him Dr. A. K. Fisher's valuable little volume on the "Hawks and Owls of the United States," but it is my impression that he regards Dr. Fisher as one of the foremost of American writers in the department of light fiction. He shoots hawks whenever he can. Yet this man is an ardent bird lover and bird protector, and is a game warden—or whatever the term may be—serving without pay in the State in which he lives.

Way up the Hudson lives one of the most genial, sweetest natured and delightful of men. His descriptions of nature, and, above all, of bird life, are among the most charming things that have ever been written in America. If in all this broad land there is one who loves the birds, enjoys their society and takes pleasure in telling to others how much delight he takes in all their wonderful ways, it is John Burroughs. And yet, unless my memory has altogether gone astray, it is not many years since John Burroughs declared in substance that while he likes orioles very much, he likes his own grapes better, and that he protects his grapes from the orioles with a shotgun.

And if John Burroughs falls from grace in the matter of bird protection, what excuses may not be made for us poor folks, who, occupying a plane somewhat lower than his, sometimes or often totter and fall?

J. EDWARDS.

CONNECTICUT.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

As I was walking in the woods one day a little snake slipped out of a tuft of ferns and darted across my path. I stooped quickly and caught him in my hand. It was an adder, about twelve inches long, mottled red and white on the back, and checkered white and black on the belly, and so pretty that I tied him in my handkerchief and carried him home.

A small aquarium that had sprung a leak made an appropriate house for him. A nest of cotton, in one corner, under a bit of bark, was his bed, and the inserted top of a round, silver box his drinking cup. I put in a little earth, with mosses and small ferns, to make things homelike, and placed the whole on top of the piano. He was afraid at first, but soon would let me touch and play with him, and rather liked to curl up in my hand, for warmth, perhaps.

I was taking music lessons at the time, and several hours each day were spent at the piano. I rattled and banged with conscientious fervor, but the snake did not seem to mind, and slept curled up under his coverlet of bark.

One day my teacher gave me a gavotte of Bach's to study. It was hard, but I was determined, and soon the notes flew from under my fingers with some rapidity. I then began to notice that it had a strange effect upon the adder. Almost at the first note his head, with the beady eyes and darting tongue, would peer from under the bark, his body slowly following. Around and around his glass house he would glide, slowly at first, and by degrees faster; then rise nearly his full length, supporting himself on his tail, and fall over like a log. This he would do all the time the gavotte lasted. If I played something else, or closed the piano, he slipped back under cover and coiled up. I had a great regard for the old kapellmeister, but an irreverent friend has since told me that some of his music suggests a basket full of eels or snakes all wriggling in different directions. Possibly the same analogy occurred to the adder. Having heard that snakes are charmed by music, and that Indian fakirs make them dance to sweet sounds, I flattered myself that my interpretation of Bach exercised a charm over one pair of ears at least, and seldom finished a séance at the piano without piping up the gavotte for the little adder.

One day I was showing off his "pas seul" to a friend and played the piece through several times. The next morning I found my adder curled up inside his silver drinking cup, his head under water, dead. M. M.

Buffalo Bred in Captivity.

In the Boston Transcript of Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1900, appeared a very interesting article by Mr. Mark Sullivan, entitled "The Buffalo Still Lives." The article bears marks of careful study, and the writer has evidently made great effort to be sure of the facts. There is, however, one point in it which the writer says was suggested to him, but which he appears to adopt as his own, and this may be stated—for fear of doing him an injustice—in his own words:

"The third influence which menaces the buffalo in captivity was brought to my attention just at the time when I had begun to believe they were safe so far as interbreeding is concerned. It was pointed out to me by a member of the New York Zoological Society—a scientist and man of wealth, who has given freely of his time and money to save the bison. He despaired of the result. His reasons he expressed about this way:

"There is a law, just beginning to be observed by scientists, which operates to this general effect. When animals are surrounded by favorable environments and a large majority of the births are females, and the race propagates freely; when the environments are unfavorable, the ratio is reversed.

"It was the operation of this law that caused the enormous increase of English rabbits when introduced into Australia. That Vienna physician had a glimmering insight into it when he announced that the sex of human births could be influenced. For that matter, no scientist has more than a glimmering of it yet, although the man who first mentioned it to me said its operation was so well understood by the members and employees of the New York Zoological Society that no one ever looks for the birth of a female buffalo at Bronx Park; when a birth is announced they take it for granted it is a male, and are never disappointed.

"The idea was so novel to me and its bearing on the fate of the buffalo so vital, that I set about testing it at once. I made inquiries about the births at several collections where the animals are in more or less captivity, the ranges being from one to one hundred acres in extent."

The result of these inquiries gave a total of 58 births, of which 35 were males; in other words, of the births, 604 were males, 396 were females, or the births are nearly as 3 to 5 in favor of the males. This shows the absurdity of the statement already quoted, and attributed to the scientist who declared that at the New York Zoological Park when the birth of a buffalo is announced they take it for granted it is a male, and are never disappointed. As a matter of fact, we believe that only two calves have ever been born in the Zoological Society's Park. Both were males, to be sure, but the absurdity of generalizing from two births is sufficiently obvious. The matter deserves more attention, since in Nature of Nov. 22, Mr. Lydekker quoted Mr. Sullivan's statement with regard to the tendency to the relative increase of males among the buffalo offspring, apparently with approval.

It is sufficiently well recognized that the abnormal conditions which surround captive animals influence them in a great variety of ways, and it may very well be that this is one of the ways in which they are influenced. Yet the data on which we can figure are so entirely inadequate that any attempt to draw any conclusions from them are as yet absurd.

In the effort to gain further information on this point we have made inquiry among a number of people caring for buffalo, and present the results below.

It is commonly assumed that in nature the birds are equally divided between male and female, but as a matter of fact, absolutely nothing appears to be known on this point, except, possibly, in the case of the fur seal,

which, as suggested to me by my friend, Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, is of no value here, since the species has not been kept in captivity, and, furthermore, belongs to an aberrant group.

So far as we can learn from the small number of cases at hand—only eighty-five births in all—the proportion of males to females is as 60 to 40.

Dr. Frank Baker, superintendent of the National Zoological Park, Washington, D. C., states (Dec. 27, 1900) that of seven calves born in the park, five were males and two females.

Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, gives me, under date of Dec. 27, 1900, a total of thirty-eight births in his garden from 1874 to 1900. Of these twenty-four were males and fourteen females.

Dr. F. A. Crandall Jr., curator of the Zoo at Buffalo, N. Y., states (Dec. 31, 1900) that the only calf born there was a female.

Geo. W. Burke, superintendent of the Pittsburg (Pa.) Highland Park (Jan. 2, 1901), has had one calf, a male.

Frank M. Chapel, superintendent of Hon. W. C. Whitney's preserve, states (Jan. 4, 1901) that from 1898 to 1900, inclusive, there were eleven births, of which seven were males and four females.

Finally Mr. Austin Corbin, whose record has been kept carefully only for the year 1900, reports for that year twenty-five births, of which thirteen were female and twelve males. It will be recognized, of course, that these buffalo have practically a free range, and are not in confinement.

To summarize them we give the following table:

	M.	F.
Blue Mountain Forest Association.....	12	13
National Zoological Park.....	5	2
Philadelphia Zoological Gardens.....	24	14
Hon. W. C. Whitney's preserve.....	7	4
Highland Park, Pittsburg.....	1	0
Buffalo, N. Y., Zoo.....	0	1
New York Zoological Park.....	2	0
	51	34

General Darling's Elk Horns.

The measurements of the elk horns, owned by Gen. Charles W. Darling, Utica, N. Y., are as follows:

The antlers measure 9 feet and 3 inches from tip of beam to tip of beam across the skull, and they have a spread of 53 3/4 inches. They have a beam length of 55 and 56 1/2 inches, and the longest prongs are 16 and 17 inches in length. There are 10 of them. Had these elk horns been differently mounted, with the elk's head between them, they would have had a spread of 24 inches more than they now have. They were picked up at the base of the Rocky Mountains, by a friend of Gen. Darling, many years ago.

Probably there is but one larger pair in existence, that in possession of Emperor William, of Germany. That pair was presented to him by Hans Leiden, the German consul at the Netherlands, and the Director of the Zoological Garden at Cologne. Those horns measure 12 feet from tip of beam to tip of beam across the skull, and have a spread of 62 inches. They have a beam length of 67 and 67 1/2 inches, respectively, and the longest prongs are from 22 to 23 1/2 inches in length, and there are 12 of them.

[The paragraph purporting to give the measurements of these antlers fails to convey to us any idea of their size or character. It is stated that they are on the skull, and below it is intimated that the head is not "between them." They are said to be very large, yet to have only ten points—i. e., to be what used to be called a five-pointer. Are they shed antlers or what? Many years ago in New York there was for a time the largest elk head we ever saw. It was said to be a gift from an enthusiastic German here to the old Emperor William, the grandfather of Germany's present ruler. We do not know that it was ever measured—no one ever measured horns in those days—but the horns were very large and startlingly massive. We believe it was shipped to Germany, as intended.]

The African Game Supply.

A report on the administration of Rhodesia, recently issued by the British South Africa Company, contains matter of great interest to naturalists and sportsmen as well. This is the section devoted to Notes on the Fauna and Flora of Northeastern Rhodesia, by Mr. C. P. Chesnaye. The time covered is from 1898 to 1900, thus bringing it down almost to date.

Mr. Chesnaye's report takes a very hopeful view of the prospects of the survival in considerable numbers of certain larger mammals and reptiles in the district to the west of Loangwa, in the swamps of Bangeolo and Mweru. Owing to the fact that for the greater part of the year it lives in swamps that are quite inaccessible to the hunter, the elephant is still met with in large herds. These are likely to be preserved in the future by the proposed formation of a game preserve to the east of Lake Mweru, since the elephants will probably retire from the hunted districts to those where they are not hunted. The hippopotamus is said to abound in the district, while rhinoceroses are abundant.

In 1893 the rinderpest swept the country, killing off large numbers of buffalo and antelope of one sort and another; but the country is gradually recovering, and many districts are rich in game, especially in antelope of many varieties, of hartbeest and zebras. This would seem to offer still further encouragement to the English authorities to establish on a large scale the game reserves of which so much has been said within the last few years.

A Quail's Nest.

PLAINWELL, Mich., Aug. 15.—I tried to get a good picture for you, but did not succeed to my satisfaction. No. 1 is a picture of the nest, No. 2 the same with the quail on, No. 3 the same with the quail on—it does not show her at all, but she is there. There were fifteen eggs in the nest, and they were hatched Aug. 10; that is pretty late, I guess. J. H. M.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

A Game Law Form.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The frequent mistakes made in the passage and amendment of game laws, as illustrated by the last law of Illinois in omitting to provide for the protection of quail and woodcock, and the double negative used by the Audubon Society in its draft of laws for the protection of birds, as well as the usual negative form so long used in prescribing seasons when game shall not be taken, calls for a radical change in game law phraseology, including a simpler method in stating the seasons.

The usual form adopted is as follows:

"Every person, who between the first day of February and the first day of October of any year takes or kills, etc., shall be guilty, etc."

This is objectionable because it is uncertain whether the first days of February and October are in the open or close season. Strictly construed, the first day of February is part of the open season on account of the use of the word "between." The period "between" Feb. 1 and Oct. 1 begins Feb. 2, and ends Sept. 30, although the intent of the law was no doubt to have Feb. 1 a part of the close season.

The use of the words "of any year" is also wrong. It should read "of the same year." In the law from which this is taken (California) other sections do read "of the same year," thus using different words to express the same ideas, as evidence of careless drafting.

At the end of every section is also attached a penalty. This is unnecessary and simply adds useless words.

Most game laws are constructed on this plan, being simply copies of those first enacted, no particular thought having been given to improving the phraseology.

In drafting the present game law of Colorado I adopted a method which renders such errors almost impossible. The following is the division of that law pertaining to seasons and limitations:

"Division B. General Regulations—Open Seasons—Number—Quantity.

Section 1. No person shall at any time of the year, or in any manner, pursue, take, wound or kill any bison, buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, mountain sheep or beaver, or any of the following wild birds, viz.: Turkey, prairie chicken, sage chicken, grouse, quail, pheasant, partridge, ptarmigan, duck, goose, brant, swan, crane, water fowl, pigeon, dove, snipe or curlew, or any trout, white fish, grayling, sunfish, bass, catfish, wall-eyed pike or other food fish, or sell, offer or expose for sale, or have the same in possession, except as permitted by this act; Provided, The prohibition in this section as to beaver shall not extend to such beaver as interfere with the operation or maintenance of any canal, ditch or lawful dam.

Sec. 2. No person shall shoot from a public highway at game, or fish or hunt game in any enclosure not public land, without the consent of the owner or person in charge of the same, or fish or hunt in any park, lake or preserve licensed under this act, without the consent of the proprietor or person in charge of the same, and no question of ownership, proprietorship or charge shall defeat a prosecution unless it appears that the accused in good faith has theretofore claimed, and at the time of the commission of the act complained of, claimed to be such owner, proprietor or to have such charge, or to have had the consent of the owner, proprietor or person in charge, and shall establish such claim.

Sec. 3. No person shall have in possession or transport the carcass of any game quadruped or any considerable portion of such carcass unless the same has thereon the natural evidence of its sex sufficient to enable such sex to be readily determined by ordinary inspection.

Sec. 4. Every person lawfully taking any fish alive and desiring and entitled lawfully to retain the same, shall immediately kill it, unless it is intended to be kept alive, in which case it shall be immediately placed in a suitable receptacle containing sufficient water and given proper care and attention.

Sec. 5. No game or fish shall be used for baiting any trap, device or deadfall, nor shall any edible portion of game or fish be abandoned or permitted to go to waste, nor shall the nest or eggs of any game bird be disturbed, destroyed or held in possession.

Sec. 6. No dynamite or other explosive or poisonous or stupefying substance whatever shall be used in the taking or killing of any fish, nor placed in any waters containing fish, except when done by public authority for public improvement, nor shall any ties or timber be driven or floated down any stream containing fish.

Sec. 7. It shall be lawful to pursue, take or kill, during the open season therefor, in the manner, of the kind, for the purpose and to the number and extent in this section provided, the following game and fish, and the open seasons therefor in each year shall begin and end as follows, namely:

1. The open season for deer having horns and antelopes having horns shall begin August 15 and end November 5 next ensuing.

2. The open season for elk having horns shall begin October 25 and end November 5 next ensuing.

3. The open season for wild turkeys, prairie chickens, sage chickens and grouse shall begin August 15 and end October 31 next ensuing.

4. The open season for wild ducks, geese, snipes, curlews, brants, swans, cranes and water fowls shall begin September 1 and end April 15 next ensuing, except in regions exceeding 7,000 feet above sea level, where the open season shall begin September 15.

5. The open season for wild pigeons and doves shall begin July 15 and end September 30 next ensuing.

6. The open season for trout not less than eight inches in length, and other fish, shall begin June 1 and end October 31 next ensuing.

7. The right given by this section to take or kill game and fish is limited to food purposes, and to fifty ducks and twenty-five other birds and twenty pounds of trout and fifty pounds of other fish for each person in any one calendar day, and no person shall take, kill or have in possession in any one season more than one elk, and one deer and one antelope; or, instead of one deer and one antelope, he may have either two deer or two antelope. Nor shall any person have in possession at any one time more than one hundred ducks and fifty other birds, nor more than seventy pounds of fish.

8. No game or fish shall be held in possession by any person for more than five days after the close of the season for killing the same, except as in this act otherwise provided.

9. No game shall be pursued, taken, wounded or killed in the night, nor with a steel or hard-pointed bullet, nor with any weapon other than an ordinary shoulder gun or pistol, nor shall any fish be taken or killed except in the ordinary manner with a line and rod held in the hand, and the hook or hooks baited with natural or artificial bait; and fishing with snag hooks or trot lines, or lines having more than five hooks thereon, shall not be deemed the ordinary manner of fishing; nor shall any person fish within two hundred feet of any fishway, nor dispose of to another, except by actual donation, any edible part of game or fish taken or killed under the provisions of this section;

Provided, That dogs, blinds, sinks and decoys may be used for hunting birds, and that the provisions of this section in relation to game quadrupeds and fish shall not apply to those in parks and lakes of class A licensed under this act for the keeping and propagation of the same."

It will be seen that Sec. 1 is a general and sweeping prohibition against taking, selling or having in possession, "except as permitted by the act." This section never needs changing. Its prohibitions cover everything, so that

if any mistake should be made in changing the open seasons, by leaving out "quail or woodcock," as done in Illinois, or leaving out any other animal, the effect would be to make the entire year a close season on such animal, and the game fully protected. In short, the open seasons exist only by virtue of clauses permissive in character, and the omission of any of them simply leaves the entire year in the close season.

Other advantages in this form of stating the seasons are in giving the open season instead of the close one, and in using the words "begin" and "end" instead of "between," thus permitting both the dates mentioned clearly in the open season.

When it is desired to change the open season on anything, it is done by merely changing the first or last date, or both.

In regions where the seasons for water fowls and waders should be different, new subdivisions should be made covering the case. The same, if the seasons on any animals grouped in this law in one open season should be made different.

The penal provisions are at the end of the act, and are as follows:

"Division G. Penalties—Prosecutions—Fines.

Section 1. Every attempt to violate any provision of this act shall be punishable to the same extent as an actual violation thereof, and any such attempt or violation by an agent, clerk, officer or employee, while acting for a corporation, shall render such corporation liable also, and an accessory may in all cases be prosecuted and punished as a principal.

Sec. 2. The failure by any person or officer to perform any act, duty or obligation enjoined upon him by this act shall be deemed a violation thereof.

Sec. 3. Every person using dynamite or other explosive, or any poisonous or stupefying substance, or pursuing, taking, wounding, killing or having in possession any bison or buffalo, in violation of this act, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$500, nor more than \$1,000, or by imprisonment in the penitentiary not less than six months nor more than two years, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Sec. 4. Every person or officer violating any of the provisions of this act, otherwise than as contemplated in section 3 of this division, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and be punished by a fine of not less than \$10, nor more than \$500, or by imprisonment in the county jail not less than ten days nor more than six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment."

This covers the whole field of violations and saves useless repetition of penalties.

The attention of game protectors is called to this simple method of insuring certainty in game legislation, which usually receives little consideration.

If I had drafted this law with the duck limit as it now is, I would feel bound to apologize to game protectors. The limit as I drafted the law was twenty-five ducks, but the Legislature, at the behest of some influential duck hunters, enlarged it, against my earnest protest.

D. C. BEAMAN.

A Close Call for Dick.

Editor-Forest and Stream:

While throwing together some animal and vegetable matter one morning from which to make a repast in my bachelor quarters, I suddenly became aware of a fine, spike bull elk taking his breakfast out in my meadow.

Now it so happened that I was needing some steak from the hindquarters of a spike bull just at that time very badly. As it was not an everyday occurrence to have so much good steak call on me I lost no time in "unlimbering" my Winchester, and left my cooking breakfast to its fate.

I crawled down the bank into the willows and started up the creek, when I saw he was coming over to and crossing the creek; then I made lively tracks back up the bank and around the house, and for half an hour I raced and crawled, trying to come near unto him. At last he was coming toward me, I being out in the open with nothing but scattered sage brush to protect me from sight, and he browsing along the edge of the timber.

I laid low, and when he got within good range, so I felt sure of getting him, I raised slowly on one knee to take aim. I was pressing the trigger when the wind, moving some bushes, let a ray of sunshine fall on his neck, and my gun dropped. I jumped up on my feet and yelled out, "Come here, Dick, you rascal!" and he came trotting down and stuck his nose in my face, and seemed glad to see me. He was a tame elk, belonging to a neighbor, living a mile and a half away, and had never before gotten out of his pasture.

A red flannel cloth had been placed about his neck, but had become dirty, and was so nearly the color of the hair as to be hardly distinguishable, but a little streak of sunshine made it visible, and saved his steak. He went from my place to another neighbor's, where a tenderfoot was staying, who fired four shots at him at 40 yards' distance, without touching a hair, and then ran out of ammunition.

Dick got home safe and lived to occupy the Zoo at Denver, Colo., and I regulated the inward cravings for elk steak by supplying venison steak.

At another time I was working on a big stock ranch where a tame buck deer was kept. He would leave the ranch about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and wander off to the mountains and return about 9 the next morning, and lie about under the cattle sheds during the day.

One morning I got up at the first streak of dawn, and went out to look for the deer before breakfast. When two miles from the ranch I spied a buck and doe standing together in the edge of the timber, across an open space. I quickly brought my rifle up, but when taking aim for the buck's shoulder, I saw the white cloth about his neck, and lowered my rifle. I did not care to kill the doe, and thought to study them a little. Starting toward them I had not gone a half dozen steps when the doe went off through the woods at full speed, although I was a hundred yards away; the buck never moved out of his tracks until I came up and patted him on the back. After staying with me a moment he started out through the woods on the trail of the doe—the ground was bare and dry—on a long, swift trot, with his nose close to the ground, and uttering a low, bleating noise. I followed as fast as I could go, but in a little while he was out of my sight, and, by following some distance by the trail, I found that he was right in the footsteps of the doe all the time.

I had often wondered how deer and other wild animals could, with so apparent little difficulty, find each

other so readily after being scattered in an almost boundless wilderness, but with the swiftness and certainty with which they can follow the trail of their own kind, they could come together at will.

As it does not become necessary for them to follow the trail of any other creature, we do not know just to what extent they can do so, but an old woodsman and hunter of seventy years ago once told me of being in the woods hunting, on bare ground, when he saw a buck coming on his trail, walking slowly with its nose to the ground, evidently following his trail by scent; no doubt through curiosity, as it was a locality and at a time when men were scarce and deer were numerous, which condition is sadly changed—I say sadly, not because men are not desirable, but because deer are more desirable—since they are the source of less trouble and more fun.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Case Under New Illinois Game Law.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—On Wednesday last there came up at Morgan Park, a suburb of Chicago, the first case of which I have any knowledge under the new Illinois game law which does not afford protection to quail and woodcock. Roy Barrows was the offender in this case, and last Sunday he shot a quail near the edge of the city in the vicinity of 107th street and Kedzie avenue. He was arrested, and prosecuted by Assistant State Attorney Carew, and was fined, the amount of the fine and costs reaching \$34. Attorney Carew insisted that there is no repeal clause in the law of 1901, hence the old law still remains in effect. Justice W. T. Goe, of Morgan Park, was of the same opinion, and the fine was imposed as above stated. It is somewhat gratifying to see that a case of this kind, which would be so injurious to the interests of our game birds, did it go in favor of the alleged offender, has resulted contrary to the general belief of those who intend to go on the supposition that there is no law protecting quail in Illinois. The example will perhaps have a certain deterrent effect and we shall not hear of so many cases of Sunday shooters who go out along the edges of the town and kill every moving thing which they can see.

As to the abundance of quail, there was never anything like it in this State. The crop is one almost startling in its profusion. This is true over practically all of this State, from the upper third south as far as the Ohio River. The truth of it seems to be that Bob White is so good a hustler that he can take pretty good care of himself without much outside aid. Even the most deadly minded pot-hunter cannot kill so many quail along the hedgerows before the time of snow. If he goes out with his dog in the summer time, he finds only a lot of little birds, which even a pot-hunter would not care to shoot. Yet quickly these birds develop wisdom, and by the opening of the season they are keen witted, swift of foot and swift of wing. It is hard enough to kill half your quail even when you have the law on your side, as well as the assistance of the best kind of bird dog, an easy conscience and an open shotgun. Surely it looks as though Bob White had come to stay in this part of the world.

Some Other Workings of the Game Law.

It would seem that our laws are being enforced clear up to the handle, at least in some quarters. Deputy Scottford has notified the Board of Lincoln Park Commissioners that they must set free eight quail and two red-birds which they have in confinement in the park cages. Warden Scottford says that he cannot favor the park and not favor the taxidermists and bird dealers, who sometimes have live birds in their possession, contrary to the law. The commissioners referred the matter to their attorney, and the end is not yet.

The law is likewise laying its heavy hand upon the multitude of perch fishers who line the lake front of Chicago, as they have done from time immemorial. Some of these fishermen use nets and others hand lines or rods of all sorts and descriptions. Almost the only thing they take is perch, and they rarely ever catch a perch which is up to the legal limit in size. Mr. Scottford made a little raid on the fishermen last Wednesday near Twelfth street. He gathered in nine unfortunates, and five others jumped into the lake and swam away to escape him. Nearly all these fishermen know that they are liable to prosecution, yet this fact does not seem to deter them, as there are scores of them out every day. The names of the prisoners taken in this raid were Joseph Smith, Fred Caw, John Zyak, Lawrence Wisniewski, Joseph Zyck, Edward Zielwiesk, John Vara, Joseph Howie and Joseph Forte. Their names seem to indicate the foreign birth of most of these men. It is too bad that they will hereafter be unable to endorse America as the land of the free.

Yet another case of the game laws making easy money is that of Prof. Carl H. Eigenmann, of the Biological Station of the Indiana State University, located at Winona. Prof. Eigenmann is also a vice-president of the Indiana Scientific Society. On Wednesday the worthy professor was arrested by Deputy Fish Commissioner Harris, and was fined \$5 for having a fish net at the station. This net had been used for a long time by the professor and his students in taking fish for scientific purposes. Warden Harris did not look at it in this way. He probably found it hard to catch the Indiana seiners and easy to catch the professor, and so he let it go at that. It might perhaps be thought impertinent for one to suggest to our worthy wardens that there is plenty of big game on foot for them every day in the week in the market-fishing and game-selling quarters both of Chicago and the country towns. For instance, last week there came down from Wisconsin a baggage car which contained several deer in the red coat, killed in the summer and shipped with not even the concealment of boxing. The deer lay in plain sight on the car floor. There's a case worth following.

Big Chicken Year in the Northwest.

Sam Fullerton—may his tribe increase—is not only one of the best game commissioners in the world, but one of the most obliging men in the world to newspaper men, this latter being what the newspaper men themselves consider a highly desirable quality in a game warden or

in anybody else. Mr. Fullerton is good enough to answer a letter of inquiry as to the chicken crop of his State, and one can do no better than to offer his letter in full:

"I don't think that any one can go astray in Minnesota this year in getting chickens if we can only save them until the first of September. I tell you that is very hard work, chickens being good and strong and the harvest being at least two weeks earlier than it has been in Minnesota before; that leaves but little protection to the birds, and gives the farmers more time to get out—that is, the farmers who will violate the law and invite the city sooners out to their places.

"The best reports we have are from Kittson, Marshall and Red Lake counties. Red Lake is, perhaps, the best in the State at the present time for chickens. I am safe to say that it is all right with the chickens this year up back of Thief River Fall and the ceded Indian reservation. The birds wintered well, and the spring was favorable to their hatching.

"Then there are your old stamping grounds in Otter Tail, Grant, Wilkin and Norman counties. To specify particularly, the places to go would be Hallock, Argyle, Stephen, Warren, Fergus Falls, Campbell, Aida, Morris, Thief River Falls, Red Lake Falls and Winnipeg Junction. They are the best places, with, of course, a great many others that it is not necessary to mention.

"I am going myself on the first with our old friend, Jimmie Jones, who is our warden at Fergus Falls. We are going to have along with us four of the best meat dogs in the State—you understand what they are. Judge Orr and Judge Countryman will be my shooting companions for that day, with Jimmie for guide. He reports that the chickens have not been as plentiful in ten years up there as they are now, but, as I said before, it is the hardest work to keep them from shooting that I ever saw. We have an army of wardens in the field, and are making convictions. I sometimes wonder why men will take the chances when we are taking away their dogs and guns. During the last week we have taken eleven guns; our office looks like an arsenal. Five of these are rifles, and were taken from deer shooters. Last week at Moorehead we got three guns and two dogs; at Benson we took one gun and one dog; at Duluth we got two guns; at Brainerd, three guns and two dogs. But, as I said before, men will take the chances, and, outside of losing their dogs and guns, it has cost for each chicken shot an average of \$22.50 each, and some of them are bound over to the Grand Jury, as in the case of Dr. McGee, of Benson. We gave him a chance to plead guilty for three birds—we caught him with nine—but he was bound to fight, and demanded a jury trial. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, and we fined him \$30, and \$35 costs; then I gave them a little talk in the court room, and told them that, as he was bound to fight, we would accommodate him, so I swore out a complaint for the other six birds, and bound him over to the Grand Jury.

"Two hotel keepers at Ten Strike, which is on the new line of the Brainerd & Northern Road, from Bemidji, were bound over to the Grand Jury on Saturday by our wardens—Stevens, of Detroit, and Saunders, of Brainerd.

"I hope this information will do you some good. Do you think there is any show of your getting up to Minnesota this year to hunt? If you can't get up for chickens, I can absolutely guarantee you the best quail shooting in the world. Last winter was the best winter that we ever had for quail to winter over, and we are seeing it in the increased beves of quail. In a trip of twenty miles a week ago we ran across six large beves in the road through a country that has never been considered a great quail country before. So, if you come to Minnesota, as I would like very much to see you do, I will drop all of our business and give you the hunt of your life.

"I know the law passed last winter was very drastic in regard to the sale and shipment of game. We adopted the FOREST AND STREAM's Platform entirely. But the Commission has made a new rule, which I think is a common-sense one, and that is, although the law says that no shipment shall take place, we will allow private individuals who go out into the field to ship from themselves to themselves at their homes. We think this is a common-sense view. Of course, the minute any one ships for sale the game will be confiscated and prosecution will follow."

The best answer to all the talk which we hear as to the futility of protective measures and efforts to preserve the game is the record of the Minnesota Commission under the charge of Mr. Fullerton. If anybody should drive up and ask you if protection can protect, you are safe in answering that it can, in Minnesota.

North Dakota Birds.

Mr. Ever Wagness, the new game warden of North Dakota, is a resident of Devil's Lake, which certainly is a good place for the home of an active and enterprising game warden, since it is a point very much visited by shooters needing a \$25 license. Mr. Wagness, in reply to an inquiry, states that game was never so plentiful as it is this year all over North Dakota. As to a locality for wildfowl-shooting, one could not do better than to remember Devil's Lake. For chickens, almost any of the points from Larimore west ought to prove good, subject, of course, to the will and pleasure of the sooner, who exists in North Dakota quite as much as anywhere else.

Catfish and Chickens.

I presume there does not exist in all the range of the journalistic world a worthier, better or happier family than the FOREST AND STREAM family. Ordinarily I do not make a practice of printing private correspondence without permission, but since the following letter is from Mr. W. A. Powell, of Christian county, Ill., and hence may be called strictly within the family, I venture to give his last advice from his corner of the world in toto, without stopping to ask his consent, since the matter is too good to keep. The pleasure and divers incidents of a catfishing trip you shall perhaps not see better set forth, even though you search far. The tenor of the letter reminds one somewhat of that famous letter of the cowpuncher, who wrote to inform his boss that he "had to kill the Englishman," but nothing much had happened since the boss left:

"Several of my friends here tell me that the chicken crop is good, and I hope to kill a few of them, and there is a splendid prospect for quail.

"We went to the river fishing last week, and had a lively time. You can talk about game fish and all that, but

the good old catfish is king of them all. He will hang up on a trout line with a No. 4.0 hook in his system, and wait patiently till you come and get him, and then live a week in a crowded live box, and come out for the trip home as lively and sassy as ever, easy to dress and just as good eating as anybody's fish. Horner fished for bass by the hour, but they did not bite, though there is generally fair bass fishing there, and we caught plenty of small bass in the minnow seine. One of the boys stole a man's wife over there, and the man seemed a little put out about it. He came over with a .22 Quackenbush rifle that missed fire oftener than it went off, and made war medicine around our camp considerable. I gave him another box of cartridges, and then took the axe and ran him off. We caught somewhere from 100 to 150 catfish, plenty of turtles and a few squirrels, and all around, the trip left nothing to be desired.

"The weeds are not bad this season, and it won't take much frost to make the shooting good. I don't look for much sport shooting chickens in this country any more, for they stay in the corn all the time after the last of August, and the only way to get them is to walk the corn rows. A dog is no use, only to retrieve.

"How is the fox terrier?"

Illinois Chicken Country.

Over one hundred chicken shooters of Chicago have been out after prairie chickens already, a couple of weeks before the law is out, and it is to be presumed that most of the country shooters have been equally thoughtful and far-seeing, so that opening day will probably see the chicken crop pretty badly broken into.

As to the localities for chicken country in the State of Illinois, from which some pleasure may be had and which are worth remembering, the likelihood is that one would get a little shooting, say half a dozen to a dozen birds a day, at any of the following points, even so late as the beginning of the legal season. Chicken hunting now, as in the past, is much a matter of dogs. That man is very lucky, indeed, who has a good chicken dog these times.

De Kalb county is perhaps the best chicken county in Illinois this season. Any of the little towns of that county will do. Get a rig and drive out five or six miles from town. There have been abundant birds in this location all summer, and the report is that the law has been better enforced than is usually the case in that county.

Another awfully good range to remember is that lying between Koutts and Knox, Ind. A gentleman who drove this week between those two towns put up nine coveys of birds in one day. There is good breeding range in that vicinity, and the birds are by no means exterminated there. This is one of the best points to bear in mind. Remember, it is in Indiana, one of the license States.

Another good and convenient point for Chicago shooters to remember is Lee county, some seventy or eighty miles west of this city. Out of Amboy, Lee Centre or Ashton, one can, in a drive of less than a dozen miles, get into good chicken country. This has been one of the best protected parts of Illinois—in fact, too well protected to suit the average local shooter. Many of the farms are posted.

Out of Bloomington, Ill., there can be had some good chicken shooting by going a few miles into the country. This is in the center of what was originally a fine chicken ground, and the birds still hang about in some numbers.

Mineral is a point worth remembering, both for the snipe shooter in season and the chicken shooter. Get back from the town a little bit, among the fields, and, unless the sooner has entirely cleaned out the crop, you will get some good shooting there the first week of September.

Anna, Ill., is another place which it is well to know. Mason City, lower down in the State, is in the center of a big corn and wheat country, where the birds still may be found in some numbers.

Sheffield, Ill., is a point which is called a very good one by some of the best shooters of the city, and it will be visited the first day of the season by several Chicago gentlemen. Trainers have located a good many covies of birds in the neighborhood of Sheffield, and so late as this week they were not shot down.

Near Elkhart, Ill., and the big Sullivan farm, there may still be found some prairie chickens in a region which was once a splendid one for all sorts of upland game. This was the old Bogardus shooting ground. To-day it is much taken up with corn, but there is this to be said, that this season the heavy droughts have dwarfed the corn so that it is not so thick as usual. Hence one can get some shooting by following the birds in the cornfields.

Localities in Wisconsin.

There is quite a chicken-shooting industry possible in the old State of Wisconsin, and he who knows the wrinkles can get sport in any one of a number of localities in that State. One of the best to remember is Fond du Lac, Wis., at the foot of Lake Winnebago. Near this point are large marshes which serve as breeding grounds. The shooter can drive out from Fond du Lac, and if he has a good local companion, can find chicken shooting which is quite well worth remembering.

Of course there are still considerable numbers of birds hanging around the edges of the big Horicon Marsh. There are quantities of small grain planted by the farmers of that district, and sometimes rattling good bags of chickens are made by members of the Horicon Club, who go up on opening day for a combined duck and chicken shoot.

Sometimes around a much frequented place like Oconomowoc, Wis., one can get very good chicken shooting, and a number of birds are killed not far from that chain of lakes every season. This is comparatively low down in the State.

Further up in the State of Wisconsin, toward the edge of the pine timber country, there are a great many more prairie chickens than is ordinarily supposed. Necedah is a favorite point, and the morning of opening day will probably see anywhere from fifty to seventy-five guns going out from that town. In that neighborhood the shooting is about half sharptailed grouse and half pinnated, or, perhaps, one-third sharptailed grouse. It is an odd thing to see prairie chickens put up on a little open field, flying straight into the pine timber like so many ruffed grouse. This is the country where Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, goes for his annual chicken trip, and

where he has invited the writer to join him on opening day.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

The Caughnawana Preserve.

MINEOLA, N. Y., Aug. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may interest some of your readers to learn that we are just in receipt of a long letter from our head game warden, who lives on the height of land between the Ottawa and Kippewa waters. He tells us that our preserve has escaped the visitation of the tremendous forest fires that have ravaged the Kippewa district, and that he has never seen in his life such quantities of moose in any one territory as have gathered in ours, as the effect of these fires. We would like to renew through the medium of your paper the notice to the hunting world which you so kindly inserted last year, that our territory, comprising five hundred and odd square miles, covers the entire Maganissippi Valley, starting a few miles north of the Ottawa at Deux Rivieres, and runs north to what is locally known as the Great Lake, and to the edge of Lake Kippewa itself.

Our territory embraces what is locally known as the Hull Lumber Company, Greer, Moore, Hawxbury and Eddy limits, and we must insist that visiting sportsmen respect our boundaries. We feel the greater necessity for giving this notice early publicity, because of the ravages of the forest fires which have destroyed much of the best hunting territory about Lake Kippewa.

It may interest some readers also to know that a number of trout lakes along the northern watershed of the Ottawa are good for speckled trout fishing, almost equal to that of the Nipigon. As a sample of what these lake waters can produce, I may cite a catch made just across the height of land from the Maganissippi waters about the middle of June; twenty-two fish were taken in two afternoons' fishing with the fly; none were returned to the water; all were kept that were caught. There were four small trout among the twenty-two. The twenty two weighed, when dressed, ready for the table, 63 pounds. These fish have an abundance of food, and are of the most brilliant colors. We are informed that the trout fishing of that territory has been most excellent this season, and as it is becoming more and more accessible, there is no reason why lovers of fly-fishing should not enjoy it more fully than they have in the past.

HALSTEAD SCUDDER, Sec'y-Treas.

Currituck.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Aug. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I was glad to see in your paper that a part of New York State had stopped spring shooting and that the result was a small crop of young ducks. There is no doubt that if spring shooting were prohibited from Currituck to Canada ducks, especially black ducks, mallards, teal, widgeon and sprigtails, would breed in abundance all along the coast; in fact, I think I can prove it. About twenty-five years ago, when ducks were not much hunted late in spring, there were a few pairs of black ducks that remained and raised their young ones here every summer, but the spring shooting was extended until the last duck left our waters, and for fifteen years I am certain not a single pair remained with us. During the past three years the old Currituck Club has protected its marshes during the spring and summer, and, to-day, there are some large flocks of black ducks full grown, and others just beginning to fly. On Aug. 1 my nephew saw a flock of twenty-three, and I am sorry to say could not resist the temptation to shoot at them. He bagged three—all young birds—but they were fully feathered and were very fat and in fine condition.

Our wild celery beds this season are so thick all over Currituck Sound that it is almost impossible to navigate a sail boat unless the wind is blowing very hard. This should give us good shooting in the fall and winter.

Our summer bay bird shooting is quite up to the average, and some fine bags are being made daily. I shot sixty-one last week, one day, and expect to be up at dawn to-morrow morning, as it promises to be cool, and the shooting pleasant.

MORE ANON.

Some Notes from Vermont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A brief description of the Coon Pond forked tail speckled trout will be found at the top of page 193 in Hallock's Gazetteer. Shortly after that article was written the pond was stocked with the ordinary *S. fontinalis*, which has, as the natives say, run out the fork tails.

I was highly pleased with Mr. Cheney's answer, and it confirmed my own belief, that these fish were the red trout.

Yesterday a flock of plover passed camp, flying high southward. They gave us a greeting as they passed. They were closely followed by a big storm, that rivals the so-called equinoctial storm of a month later.

Here in the upper end of the big Back Bay some good catches of black bass have been and are now being made. Frogs and dobsons are the best killing bait.

Ducks and woodcock have bred here in their usual numbers. Ruffed grouse are scarce. A large covey of quail are reported near North Sheldon, Vt., the result of a planting made there some years ago. If they, unaided, can live through such a severe winter as the past one, they may be regarded as a permanent addition to our list of game birds.

Deer are seen somewhere in this vicinity nearly every day. Recently our local United States collector saw a deer swimming in the lake near his camp. Thinking, or rather hoping, that it might be a Celestial, with \$100 in his pocket, he, with a posse, started with canoes in pursuit. They surrounded the deer, which, as they had him closely cornered, promptly dove and came up outside the circle of boats, and while his would-be captors were motionless with surprise at such an undeerlike performance, he swam ashore, shook the water from his sides, flipped up his white tail in derision and loped away to the bush.

STANSTEAD.

CAMP EAGLE POINT, Swanton, Vt.

Chickens in the Northwest.

CALGARY, N. W. T., Aug. 13.—From all accounts chickens are more abundant than usual, and there are thousands of ducks, so there will be great shooting here later on.

A. W. DU BRAY.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in **FOREST AND STREAM**.

The Boy With the Hoe.

From the Springfield Republican.

In this hot and sunny world of ours

No creature's more forlorn

Than is my young son Johnnie,

When he goes to hoe the corn.

Yet with a will he works away,

For he sees the cornfield's needs—

He smashes all the big clay lumps

And mutilates the weeds.

When he stops at last to take a rest,

At the end of the weedy rows,

The cooling winds come coaxing him

To the woods, where the river flows;

The trees with their branches beckon him

To leave his work for play;

"Just drop your hoe and come to us!"

Are the words they seem to say.

The fun that's found in the shady haunts

The little field hand knows;

He loves to wade the shallow brook

That through the woodland flows.

The "minnie" and the "shiner"

Are dear old friends of his;

He knows the tree where the gray owl sits,

Where the nest of the heron is.

When he slowly turns to work again,

A sight more sad there's not

Than his small figure toiling

In the sun rays fierce and hot.

With my hoe I go to help him,

When, lo! to the woods he's away;

I find his hoe deserted there

'Mid the corn and lumps of clay!

I know I ought to thrash him,

Once or twice, or maybe more;

But as the boy is doing now

His pa's oft done before!

And somehow it is pleasant

To have a feeling sure

That this world of toil and trouble

Still has pleasures sweet and pure.

CHARLES K. FARLEY.

In the Maine Woods.

ALL have heard of the Maine woods. Few realize the extent of the vast forest, which, except for a few small clearings along the eastern part, is still a wilderness. Its area is 15,000 square miles, or 10,000,000 acres. The great State of Massachusetts could be placed in its center and lost. It is covered with a forest of spruce, fir and various kinds of hardwood, is drained by six large rivers and a thousand lakes so connected that one may travel for weeks by canoe, with few carries.

Having arranged to spend my summer vacation in this territory, I found myself at Bangor on Aug. 1, and took the early morning train for Greenville, on Moosehead Lake. This ride is through the forest the greater part of the distance, and gives one some idea of the immensity of the wilderness which he is entering. Small steamers run from Greenville to Kineo Hotel, twenty miles up the lake. Here I met my guide, who had obtained in advance provisions for our trip down the East Branch of the Penobscot River, about 200 miles through the heart of the forest to Grindstone, a station on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, in the eastern part of the woods. After dinner arrangement was made with the captain of the steamer to take us to Northeast Carry, near the head of the lake, the balance to be made in that graceful craft, the Maine woods canoe, the same, in an improved form, which served the Indians. Theirs were made of bark, these of cedar wood and canvas. The model is the same. One writer has truthfully said: "Boats are artificial; canoes are natural. In a boat one is always an oar's length and gunwale's height away from nature. In a canoe you can steal up to her bower and peep into her very bosom."

At the carry a team is kept to tote canoes over the trail of two miles to the West Branch of the Penobscot River. Early the next morning the guide and I loaded our canoe and said good-by to civilization and started for a trip of two weeks, or, perhaps, in case of accident, six weeks to Grindstone, miles away on the other side of the wilderness. Nothing to hear from the busy world, alone with nature in all her grandness. That day we saw many deer, but no moose, although their tracks were numerous along the shores. At night we camped about twenty miles down the river, and slept as only he who has slept on a bed of boughs in a hunting blanket has slept. The guide rose early the next morning, looked out of the tent, and turning quickly said to me in a whisper, "Moose!" Stepping quickly out, I saw standing in the river four or five rods away a handsome cow moose. I watched her for some time, took photographs of her and then walked to the edge of the bank, which was some higher than the river, and still she did not see me. I drew my revolver and fired it off, and if Herreshoff could build a boat to equal the speed with which she ran for the woods, Lipton would never hold the Cup. Hearing a noise in the river, I turned around in time to see a large bull run out of the water a few rods away. We had been so interested in the cow we did not see him at all, nor, of course, did he see us until he heard the shot.

The guide cooked breakfast, and, as we sat down to eat, a monstrous bull came out into the river a few rods

above. As we ate flapjacks and drank coffee, he ate lily-pads and drank river water. The field glass which I carried brought him apparently at our feet. He probably weighed 1,200 pounds, and stood 8 or 9 feet at the shoulders, with a spread of antlers of perhaps 5 feet. How much would I have given for my Winchester and open season, that I might obtain that head! He was in the river for half an hour, and then walked quietly away, wholly unaware of our presence. Rarely, indeed, does one have the pleasure of dining with a moose.

That day we moved down to Chesuncook Lake, which we crossed at the head. From this lake the view of Mt. Katahdin—about thirty miles away, is fine. We passed on up Umbazookakus Stream as the guide repeated a poem, the author of which I did not learn, and only a little of which I can now recall, and that running something like this:

"Sportsman for the wild woods bound
Across the boggy ground toward Umbazookakus Carry.
Pray, good guide, do not tarry,
Paddle swiftly along to Umbazookakus Carry."

The second night was spent on Umbazookakus Lake. All along we saw numerous deer and two moose. The next morning we passed over the carry into Mud Pond, which we crossed, and then went down Mud Stream and passed over to Chamberlain Lake. This is a grand lake, about twenty miles long and two miles wide. Our course took us across an arm of the lake. The wind was high, and glad we were to arrive safely across with our provisions. We camped near the foot of the lake. It was a beautiful night; the camp site was perfect. As I lay on

Traveler Mountains. The scenery is beyond description. All I can say is, go and see it. To one to whom the click of the reel and the crack of the rifle are as music it is a paradise. A fit place to echo the sentiments:

"Give me a rifle true, and a rod well tried,
A birch bark canoe in the hands of a trusty guide."

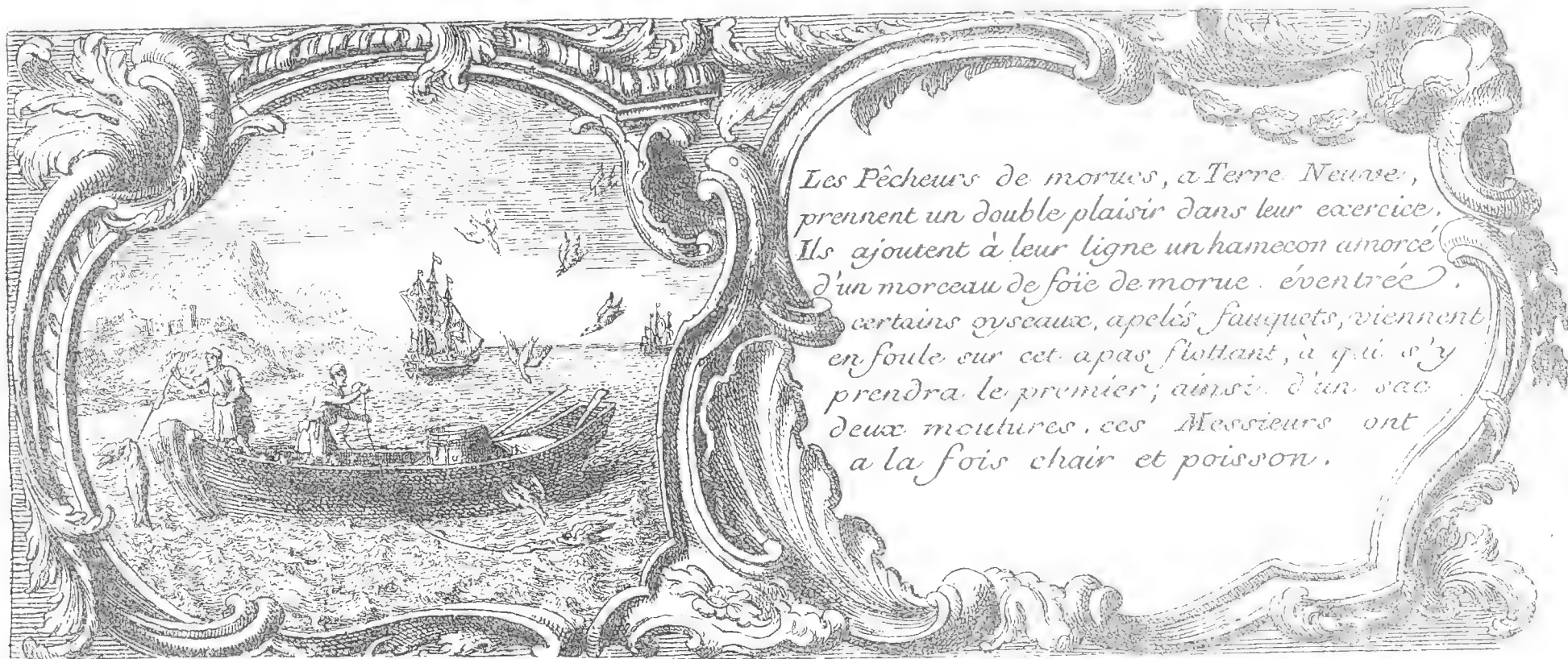
I did not care to fish. It was more pleasure to sit in the bow of the canoe, smoke a pipe and admire the beauty of nature. The next and last lake on our course was grand old Matangamook, with lofty Matangamook Mountain at its foot. This is a large lake filled with beautiful, rocky islands, with numerous trout streams emptying into its southern side. This is the prettiest lake we saw. The only unpleasant incident of our journey happened here. We pitched the tent near the water, and the next morning crossed the lake to fish. A wind and rain storm came up, blew in one end of the tent and thoroughly soaked the blankets. We slept that night on wet ground in wet blankets. Game was not as plentiful here as in the Telos Lake region, although we saw large quantities, including one large bull moose, and in his run through the forest to get away from us, he struck with his great antlers a large, dead tree, which came down with a crash, and the way he ran over and crushed down trees of quite ample proportions demonstrated the great strength of this king of the forest.

The remainder of our trip was down the main East Branch. A part of the distance the stream flows quietly between low banks covered with dense forest. At times the view of Katahdin, about twenty miles away, is fine. In other places the current is swift, over rocks, and none

Fishing for Birds.

FISHING for birds can hardly be called angling; some, indeed, might question the propriety of even calling it sport; but as the chronic angler may condescend to catch perch if nothing else offers, so he who goes down to the sea in ships and does business in the great waters of the Southern Hemisphere will while away an hour or so in catching birds. Taking them as a matter of business, to be used as bait, has long been practiced by the fishermen on "the Banks," and Capt. Collins some years ago gave an account of this in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and in the Quarto Fisheries Report. That it is an old custom is shown by a very old map of America in the editor's office which has as one of the marginal vignettes an illustration depicting the catching of sea birds for fish bait. This, however, being done for hire, is work, whereas the same thing done for nothing becomes, if not sport, at least play.

Let us suppose that we have been sailing southward from New York, and, after many uneventful days of breeze and calm, have met our first real gale in the stormy region off the Rio de la Plata, better known to sailors as the River Plate. During the night the tramp of heavy sea boots, the thud of coils of rope cast from belaying pins, the clatter of the chain topsail sheets, and the heavy lee rolls of the ship have announced that a gale is on. We go on deck, to find it a raw, gray morning, with the driving scud seeming to just clear the mast heads, and the wind tearing through the rigging, making the taut ropes to vibrate like so many giant harp



The codfishers in New Foundland take a double pleasure in their work. They attach to their line a hook baited with a bit of split cod liver. Certain birds called fauquets come in crowds to this floating lure, each eager to be the first to take it. So it is that from a single sack these gentlemen draw two sorts of grist, flesh and fish.

FROM AN OLD MAP.

my blanket near the campfire listening to the calling of the loons, with the beautiful, star-studded heavens above, miles from any other person, surrounded by such beauties of nature, I thought, could I only spend the remainder of my life in such a spot! No care or worry here.

The next morning we passed into Telosmis Lake, and then into Telos, and in a short run of two or three hours I saw thirty-five deer and one moose. I took a photograph of the moose and many of the deer, including one group of seven standing close together. Arriving at the foot of Telos Lake, we found it necessary to cut away some trees which had lodged across the outlet a long time prior, before we could pass. Leaving the canoe, I waded down the stream to catch some trout for dinner, the guide going below to look at the conditions of the stream, which is almost a mountain torrent ten miles long, divided into two parts by Webster Lake, which is three miles in length. It flows in places between walls of granite several hundred feet in height, over boulders and rocks. It did not look as though a log could run through it without being ground into pulp, much less a canoe. We concluded it would be necessary to carry our entire outfit one mile into Webster Lake, and, then, after crossing that, nine miles on down to Matangamookis Lake. We threw away some of the provisions and camp articles, so as to lighten our load as much as possible, but still had ten heavy back loads in addition to the canoe. This required twenty-two miles of walking, with eleven miles of lugging, for each mile of distance covered, and we figured it would require nine days to reach Matangamookis Lake. We soon became tired of carrying, and concluded to take the chance of smashing the canoe and losing the provisions, knowing we could not starve, surrounded by fish and game. After crossing Webster Lake we loaded the outfit in the canoe, to one end of which was attached a strong rope, about 100 feet in length. One of us would wade into the stream with the canoe, and after finding a secure footing behind some rocks, would let the canoe down stream with the rope to the other, who would wade out and take it in the same way, and then repeat the operation. We reached the lake in three days without accident, except occasional duckings in the stream. This was exciting, and we enjoyed it, but still were glad to arrive safely at the lower end of the stream. To have lost our canoe would have meant completing our trip on a raft; to have lost our provisions would have meant living on fish or unlawfully killed game for many days; to have sprained or broken a leg would have been more serious. One morning we were awakened by the snort of a deer. He evidently started for his morning drink and almost ran into our camp before he saw it. A novel alarm, indeed, but one sure to awaken

Arriving at Matangamookis Lake safe and sound, we passed on through this beautiful lake, with its rocky shores extending back to hills towering on the right in the lofty

but a skilled guide can take a canoe safely through. There are several large waterfalls, around which we carried, in some places ten rods, in others nearly a mile. One night as we were about to retire to our bed of boughs, a bear came near, and from the noise he made one might have thought he was going to devour us for daring to invade his quiet domain, but, like the cowardly beast he is, he was careful to keep out of sight in the bushes. The thirteenth day found us at Grindstone, a village with a railroad station and three houses. This is still a long distance in the woods, and a favored resort for sportsmen in the hunting season. For here canoe and tent were shipped back to Greenville, and with a feeling of sadness I said farewell to my guide and took the train for Bangor. For eight days we had seen no one. My sole companion was my guide, Edgar E. Harlow, of Greenville. A better guide or more congenial companion would be hard to find. Nearly all the Maine guides are such. They are strong, healthy, intelligent, manly fellows, ready for any amount of hard work. Nothing would induce them to change their calling. They love the forests, and I do not wonder that they do. I hope to make this same trip some year in the hunting season, and can now imagine I see the massive antlers of an old bull moose waiting for me on the banks of Telosmis Lake.

WILLARD S. REED.

CORNING, N. Y.

Susquehanna Bass.

SAYRE, Pa., Aug. 17.—The bass fishing at Rummerfield, on the Susquehanna, for the past week has been exceptionally good. George Crawford and a friend passed the greater part of the present week at this point on the river, and he declares that of catching black and rock bass of splendid girth and energy there is no end. Crawford usually nurses an admirable tenor voice, but through his angling experience of the past few days he has acquired a rich bass voice of church-organ volume. Hence *FOREST AND STREAM* readers are advised that Rummerfield is a few miles north of Wyalusing, and the bass are running plenty between the two points named.

M. CHILL.

Sullivan County Pickerel.

STEVENSVILLE, Sullivan County, N. Y.—A particularly fine catch of pickerel was taken from Swan Lake on Aug. 12 during four hours of the early morning. There were thirty fish, among them three unusually fine specimens, weighing respectively 4, 3½ and 3 pounds. The lucky fishermen, Messrs. Tallman, Driscoll and Schwartz, of New York, guests at the Takoma, are congratulating themselves on having caught the best mess of pickerel displayed here during the present season. Photographs of the party were taken and will be used to verify one of the stories told when summer sports will have become a thing of the past.

strings. The ship heels over to the gale until standing on the wet, slippery deck is quite out of the question, and as the big seas roll under the vessel, leaving her in their hollows, she seems to be lying at the foot of some huge hill of water. The steward anxiously surveys the distance between galley and cabin, watching for a chance to get the breakfast aft between rolls, possibly by an unlucky miscalculation starting just late enough to get half way there as some heavier lurch than usual buries the rail, and the sea comes backing in like water pouring over a mill dam. Landsmen might imagine that the sailors would be hard at work, but the fact is their work was done last night, the sails having been furled, the endless fathoms of wet and tangled ropes coiled up, and until the storm abates there is little to do save to braid sennet and make mats in the shelter of the deck houses.

There is, however, great activity among the sea birds which have come up from the south on the wings of the wind, and they hover about the ship with watchful eyes, keeping a sharp lookout for scraps from the galley. The little Mother Carey's chickens flutter hither and thither like so many black butterflies; the great albatross sails slowly up against the wind with partially closed wings, or shoots off before it like a bolt from a catapult, while the cape pigeons tack back and forth close under the stern, ever present and unsuspecting, and always very hungry. Consequently the cape pigeon is readily taken with a light line and a small hook, baited with a morsel of fat salt pork. To be sure, he isn't of much value after he is caught, and, although sometimes made into a potpie, the dish is not to be recommended to a friend without hesitation. Still the cape pigeon is a pretty bird, with his snow-white breast, black head and spotted back and wings, and as we wish some skins, we get the lines about his capture.

The wind carries the line streaming to leeward, the bit of fat pork at the end skipping about like some strange fly, and the chances are that the bait has barely reached the water before it is seized by some hungry pigeon. Or, perhaps at the wrong moment, the cook creates a diversion by emptying a pan of dishwater or a bucket of potato parings, and around it gather all the birds in the vicinity, to quarrel and chatter for the next ten minutes, while the ship slowly forges ahead and leaves them in the wake. Possibly some perverse bird may alight beside the bait, not caring for it himself, but devoting all his energies to the task of driving away all other birds that may venture near. Or, a bird may take the bait, and upon feeling himself hooked, fly directly toward the ship or soar upward, like an animated kite, the result being in either case that he escapes. Still, sooner or later, a bird is certain to be hooked, and as he is pulled struggling toward the vessel his companions either sit and gaze in amazement at what they consider his queer antics or fly after him to obtain a share of the dainty morsel he seems to have secured. "Landing" a cape

pigeon requires some little care, not so much from the very vigorous manner in which these little birds scratch and bite as from the unpleasant habit they possess, in common with many sea birds, of ejecting upon their captor the oily, ill-smelling contents of their stomachs. In fact, the cape pigeon, like the Mother Carey's chicken, must not be examined too closely, for these birds have a strong, musty smell, that endures in full vigor for years; but seen from a little distance, skimming over the water, rising and falling with the waves, they are very pretty to look upon. Other sea birds there are, circling far and near in search of food; the gull-like fulmar, whose dainty plumage seems almost snow-white against the storm clouds, and, in striking contrast, his sooty relative, the big, black, awkward-looking giant fulmar, called cape hen by sailors. This last is the wisest of all sea birds, and is rarely to be lured into taking a hook. He will pick up loose bits of pork fast enough, but your most tempting bait has no charms for him, and as he sails contemptuously by, he turns his big, yellow beak toward you and solemnly winks one eye. The molly-mawk, own cousin to the albatross, is on hand, too, and last and biggest of all, the albatross himself, the king of sea fowl.

While this great bird could be easily taken in days gone by, it seems to have gained wisdom by experience, and nowadays, unless pressed by hunger, shows a wholesome distrust for any present with a string tied to it. Even when hungry, it is no easy matter to coax an old albatross into taking a hook, and it is usually the young fellows, birds a year or two old, which fall victims to their appetites. The younger birds are easily recognized by their dark brown plumage; the old birds are white, with black wings, and those of intermediate ages are more or less gray on the back.

To catch an albatross requires in the first place a goodly stock of patience, and in the second, 200 feet of line. This much is needed in order that the bait may be well away from the ship, and the last 50 feet should be as light as possible, not only that it may not be noticed by the albatross, but that its weight will not pull the bait under. And, even with the lightest line, a float must be attached near the hook or the bait will sink so deep as to be literally beneath notice.

Being of goodly size and portly presence, the albatross seems fully aware of his own importance, and at times his movements are painfully deliberate. Thus, while he may plump himself down beside the bait quickly enough, this is merely to claim possession, and does not imply that he is in any hurry to take it. While he sits there a friend arrives, or possibly two, and the first comers have to explain that the piece of fat pork is his and that he intends to eat it at his leisure. Now even in a gale a ship forges ahead at the rate of a mile or two an hour, and by the time the bait question has been settled, and the albatross is ready to take it, you have come to the end of 250 feet of line, and just as the bird bends forward the pork is jerked from under his nose and disappears beneath the water. This may happen several times in succession, and each time the bird takes several minutes to reflect upon the uncertainty of things, so that the need of a supply of patience is evident. But perhaps after casting a reproachful look at a passing cape pigeon the albatross spreads his wings, makes a half circle, comes upon your bait again, and this time takes it in earnest. Now comes the tug of war. Your fingers are cold, stiff and greasy; the bird strong and heavy; the line wet and slippery, and if you slacken it for half a minute the albatross is off. Still if he pursues his usual tactics and does not resort to the strategy of flying toward you all will doubtless go well. The usual tactics are to sit up, back water vigorously with both feet, and flat his wings, or for a change hold them out, to act as drags. When you remember that each foot is nearly as big as one's hand, and that the wings are 10 feet across, it is easy to see that pulling in a 10-pound bird is something of a task. Once on board, however, he is secure; for, while the albatross can breast the fiercest gale, and very likely keep on the wing for days at a stretch, he is quite unable to rise from the deck, and waddles ungracefully about, snapping at any one who may come near.

This great bird's powers of flight are indeed remarkable. Sailors sometimes fasten a tag, duly inscribed with the ship's name, the date, latitude and longitude, to the neck or leg of a captured albatross, and then turn him loose. In the museum of Brown University is a specimen thus tagged which was again taken after an interval of twelve days, during which time he had flown over 3,000 miles. How much over we cannot even guess, but as an albatross circles over the water as a well-trained dog quarters the ground in pursuit of game, it must have been considerable.

It really seems a pity to kill so fine a bird, and if you are mercifully inclined you will turn the captive loose after an hour or so in durance vile, and not deliver him up to the sailors, who will make pipe stems of his wing bones and tobacco pouches of the feet and scrape the skull to preserve the powerful beak as a "curio." But while we have been fishing for birds the morning has sped. "Eight bells" sounds, and we wind up our lines to prepare for dinner.

F. A. LUCAS.

A Voracious Pike.

WHEN trolling for pike in Loch Coulter I hooked on a blue phantom, a pike, of 7½ pounds. On my gillie taking the fish into the boat, he exclaimed, "This rascal has been hooked before," and sure enough I saw a piece of gimp 18 inches long sticking out of his mouth. We killed the fish, and then, taking hold of the gimp, I hauled on it without effect. Taking a knife, the gillie opened up the fish and cut from its inside a trolling tackle, carrying no less than ten hooks, to which was attached as a sinker the hind leg of a toy lead stag about 3 inches in length. I may say that the tackle bore a very home-made look about it, but the bait was entirely gone, showing it must have been in the fish's stomach for a considerable time. Can any other angler say with truth that he has killed a pike with a haunch of venison in its stomach?—London Field.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Some Boston Fishermen.

BOSTON, Aug. 24.—Messrs. W. J. Follett and George W. Brown, with Mrs. Follett and Mrs. Brown, have just returned from a very enjoyable summer fishing trip. These Boston gentlemen, with several of their friends, are owners of a camp in the neighborhood of Sourde hunk Stream, some thirty miles up the Penobscot waters above Norcross, Me. They make a trip every spring to their camp, and have great fishing in waters that are undisturbed by the rabble. For some time Mr. Follett has had a summer trip in mind, and to take his wife with him, she being a great lover of the woods and fishing. It was not difficult to induce Mr. and Mrs. Brown to accompany them, since there is a bond of friendship between them such as only camping and living in close communion with nature can develop. But the question was, Could the ladies stand a canoe and carry trip of about thirty miles up Twin Lakes and through the carries? The thing has been done, however, and the ladies went from Norcross through to camp in one day; a trip that men have usually been two days about. They had five guides, so that everything was transported in the easiest manner possible. They reached camp at 7 o'clock in the evening, soon after which a tremendous rain set in. The fishing during their stay was all that could be asked toward nightfall, but nothing in the middle of the day, and not up to expectations in the morning. They fished a number of streams in the woods that are fished but very little, if at all; and their success was great. The ladies greatly enjoyed the trip, and are ready to go again at the first opportunity. Only the artificial fly is permitted at that camp, except when Mr. Follett attempts to use his finger for bait. The hook had to be broken over a rock, by the guide, and the point turned out in a forward direction, since it was in so far over the barb. The guide used his partly closed jack-knife for tweezers. Mr. Follett always carries a nice pair in his kit, for just such purposes, but they were at camp, four or five miles away.

Alvin R. Flanders, Jr., of Newton, writes his father here, from Stanstead, Quebec, that he is having a great time fishing. With a couple of young friends, Gardner Stevens and Wilder Pierce, he has been to a trout stream in the woods, some eight or ten miles, and made a day of it. They fished up the stream, and secured fifty beautiful trout. Judging by young Flanders' description, the brook trout of that part of the country amount to something. The brooks are not fished to death. The string was pronounced a fine one for boys scarcely in their teens.

SPECIAL.

A Salmon in a Thunderstorm.

From the London Field.

HOOKING a salmon in a thunderstorm is so unusual an occurrence that an experience which I had during one of the late storms may be of interest. Consequent on a thunderstorm there had been a small flood the previous day, just sufficient to make it barely possible for fresh fish to come up from the sea; but, owing to the dryness of the ground, so rapidly had the water run off during the night that the next morning I found the river low, although still a good color. It was sultry and oppressive; there was no wind, and the sky was completely overcast with dark, lowering clouds, which rolled about in such ominous fashion that one could only speculate as to when and where the first explosion would take place. The light on, or rather in, the water was such as I had never seen before. It seemed to come from below instead of above, and, although the water was more than usually stained for its size, the bottom was glaringly distinct even at depths where in the lowest and clearest water it would be invisible. Most aptly my gillie described the water as being "full of fire." I wandered on from stream to stream, making a cast or two here and there, but only in a half-hearted manner, and one could not but think of the Tweed fisherman's saying that there are times in salmon fishing when even if one were to "bait the heik wi' the Laird of Cockpen and his hat and feathers they'd no look at him." Presently we came to a pool tail which narrows toward a long, rocky rapid. It has to be fished from a bank some twelve feet above the water, and over dense bushes, which form an excellent screen. Here we smoked and watched the fast-gathering storm for some little time, till suddenly it broke with a tremendous crash overhead. An unpleasantly vivid flash, and then down came the rain in such torrents that the surface of the river, now looking as black as ink, fairly hissed.

Immediately I began to fish, the while half deafened one moment, half blinded the next, we were as effectually drenched as by a shower bath. The fly was a Childers, and we were consulting as to whether it would be worth while to give the place a second run over with something with a silver body, when just above a rock, in midstream, on the very turn of the water above the rapids, there was a strong "rug" under water, and up went the point. A lively fish, but in one sense much too lively, for he performed all those antics which so surely indicate that a fish is lightly hooked. Frequent jumps, interspersed with turning over, kicks on the surface, and short, sharp jags under water, but never a satisfactory run to give one the chance of applying a punishing pressure, and every moment we expected to see the last of him. Fight fair he would not, and that he was lightly hooked we soon had evidence, for, as he lay on his side for a moment the whole of the fly was visible holding by a mere shred outside the lower jaw. A few minutes of this spluttering contest, and then something had to be done, so he was worked toward the usual gaffing spot. The gillie had dropped down through the bushes, and stood ready under bank, but owing to the bushes and bank he was quite invisible to me. The situation, however, was not novel to either of us, as we had dealt with many fish before at the same spot and in the same manner, so I had no difficulty in placing the fish within his reach without seeing him. At that moment there was an awful clap of thunder, followed by flashes which made one wish to be anywhere except under trees, and then I experienced a painful shock, caused by a sudden slackening of the line. I reeled up, and had been

bemoaning my bad luck for some minutes before the gillie appeared, and then was my grief turned to joy, for he carried the salmon, a fresh-run 12-pounder. He had struck the fish actually at the moment that the fly tore out.

I have had to put up with a good deal of chaff from sundry riverside neighbors about what they are good enough to speak of as "that thunder and lightning salmon," and I have even been asked rude questions as to whether it was the thunder or lightning that killed him, and so on. To these scoffers I reply that if they had been fishing instead of sheltering in the midst of the downpour mine might not have been the only salmon caught in that thunderstorm.

A. G. D. C.

A. N. Cheney.

QUEBEC, CAN.—Editor, *Forest and Stream*: None but those who have enjoyed the friendship, the companionship and the intimate personal correspondence of such a man as Albert Nelson Cheney can realize the shock caused a day or two ago, when I opened one of the familiar envelopes from the office of the New York State Fish Culturist, bearing the well-known Glens Falls post mark, and found within a clipping from one of the local papers telling of his sudden death. Of Mr. Cheney I wrote in 1896 in all sincerity, immediately after the title page of one of my books: "Because he is an accomplished angler and an authority of repute upon all that pertains to fish and fishing;

"Because of the instruction I have derived from his writings and of the pleasure afforded me by his private correspondence and his entertaining companionship in the Canadian environment of the ouananiche;

"Because of the counsel, aid and encouragement which he has so generously extended to me in the preparation of the present work—

"Above all, because he is my friend and the friend of the ouananiche, I dedicate this book to A. Nelson Cheney, Esq."

Need I say that both the literature and the art of angling and the science of fishculture are enormously the poorer for the death of my lamented friend, whose "Angling Notes" in *FOREST AND STREAM* made him as many friends as the paper has readers? May I also express the hope that means may be found to preserve in book form a collection of the best things from his pen that have adorned the pages of this paper and amused and instructed its army of readers?

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

STATE DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES AND GAME, Boston, Mass., Aug. 24.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The announcement of Mr. Cheney's death was to me like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, for I had not the remotest suspicion of anything of the kind, and only a short time previous had read of his acting as one of the jurors at the Buffalo Exposition.

I quite agree with you that it will be difficult to fill Mr. Cheney's place, and in view of the good work he has done in the years since he has been the Fish Culturist of your State, it is a gratification now to me to recall the fact that I may have had some influence in securing his appointment. I have a personal regret when men like Cheney drop out of the work in which they have not only distinguished themselves, but have added much to the public welfare. It is possible that others may come up to fill the broken ranks, and to fill them acceptably, though we cannot be without a sense of anxiety lest this should not be so in many cases, and particularly where the standard set almost defies approach. That he will be missed I know, not alone in New York, but all over the world where there is an interest in fish and fishculture.

J. W. COLLINS, Chairman.

The Maine Woods at St. Louis.

BOSTON, Aug. 26.—Late Bangor, Me., reports say that the case of the two men who fished Green Lake, not far from that city, last spring before the ice was all out, has been not pressed by order of Commissioner Carleton. It will be remembered that the two sportsmen hauled a boat over the ice to where there was a little open water and went to fishing. Some of the residents about the pond were indignant, since the law reads, "When the ice is out," etc. They claimed that the meaning of the law is that the ice must be all out of the waters fished—that is, clear of ice. The fishermen were arrested and brought before a trial justice, who found cause and bound them over to the higher court. Now it seems that Mr. Carleton has decided to construe the law otherwise. At least, he has not seen fit to proceed with the case. Doubtless the next Legislature will be asked to make the law plain on that point.

A commission was appointed last winter in Maine, under an act of the Legislature, providing for the same, to arrange for a Maine exhibit at the World's Fair, to be held in St. Louis in 1903. On this commission are a railroad general manager, a manufacturer, etc. The manufacturer I have seen, and he says that he is most thoroughly in favor of letting the manufacturing interests in Maine take a back seat at that exhibit, and devoting about the whole attention of the commission, together with all the funds at their command and all they can raise, to showing the world what Maine has in the shape of fishing and shooting facilities—in fact, to show up Maine as a pleasure resort. He is aware that Maine has over 20,000 square miles of forest, getting to be well stocked with game, and within this vast forest over 2,000 lakes and ponds, connected with great waterways, all well stocked with game fish. In the upper Penobscot region, for instance, and including the Allagash upper region, there are nearly 1,000 of these lakes and ponds, some of them almost unknown to sportsmen, and virgin trout waters. He would make this vast interest of the State known to the sportsmen of the world through an exhibit that could not fail of being a great attraction. He is sure that the other members of the commission, especially the railroad manager, are with him, and that it will be better to make the sporting facilities of Maine the leading feature. The rest of the country, he believes, does not know what Maine has to offer to the lover of rod and reel, rifle and shotgun,

canoeing and camping. Not more than one-half of it has yet begun to be developed, and still it is already of far greater value to the State than manufacturing—bringing in more money. Even the great timber industry is small compared with what sportsmen and vacationists bring into the State, and this should be doubled—yes, quadrupled. He is right. The love of fishing and hunting, of forest life, making rapid growth, veritable strides, in fact, and Maine, having the natural opportunity, should draw her share of the benefits. With this growth of sporting interest comes increased patronage of such delightful papers on the subject as the FOREST AND STREAM, and that paper will hold up the hands of the Maine World's Fair Commission in the work they propose to undertake.

Reports say that fishing is quiet at Mooselugan Lake, Me., though occasionally a big one is landed. Fishermen are making trips to "ponds in the wilderness," and few come back disappointed. In September, fly-fishing will be good again, and a number of guests and camp and cottage owners will remain for this fishing. Reports from the Rangeleys mention some catches, most of which are "plugged," however. At Haines' Landing, Lake Mooselugan, last week, Miss Bessie Boswell, the fourteen-year-old daughter of J. H. Boswell, of Greenwich, Conn., landed a beautiful salmon of 6½ pounds. Wilder Anthony, of Brookline, Mass., also took a salmon of 4¾ pounds, at the same lake last week. Vanceboro, Me., reports mention good bass fishing on the ponds thereabouts. White perch fishing is also holding out well.

L. O. Crane, of Boston, has returned from the Megantic Preserve, where he has been spending five or six weeks with Mrs. Crane. Both are fishermen all through. Mr. Crane has fished Big Island Pond, chiefly this year, though he fished L. Pond last year. He kept a record this season up to 1,000 trout caught, and then stopped counting. Other sportsmen must not hold up their hands in horror till he has had a chance to explain. Nearly all of these trout were returned, unharmed, to the water. The largest was 3½ pounds. He did save sixteen beauties to bring home to Mr. Wesley C. Hemenway, his friend and business partner. Mr. Hemenway says: "They were just elegant; as firm as when they came out of the water. I know how much I appreciate them, chained to my desk all summer as I have been." SPECTATOR.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Leaping Trout.

It goes without saying, at least in Chicago, that the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, is the red-hottest kind of a red-hot trout fisherman. Mayor Harrison has been spending some time at the Huron Mountain Club, on the south shore of Lake Michigan, and has had very fine success. Last week he broke the club record, and probably also broke his friend Hemp Washburne's heart, by capturing a 5½-pound brook trout in Salmon Trout River, which runs through the club preserve. It is not stated whether or not the Mayor got this trout fair on the fly or landed him with one of Mr. Washburne's combination casts, which latter includes a live minnow, a worm and a few other attractions. It is to be hoped that the Mayor adhered to his creed and killed the fish on the fly. This big fish comes as poetic justice, for, as may be remembered, when Mr. Washburne caught his 5-pound trout last year in the same stream, he captured a fish which had been located by the Mayor and angled for by him patiently nearly all summer. The fiendish glee with which Mr. Washburne recounts even yet to Mayor Harrison the story of that fight with the big trout will, it may be supposed, be somewhat tempered when the Mayor comes back with a fish ½ pound better. There will be doings at the Wishininne Club when the Mayor and Mr. Washburne meet here in Chicago presently.

The Leaping Tuna.

Mr. J. Greville Wilmot, of this city, asks how high the tuna jumps, and is in search of some one who has had a taste of this famous Catalina fishing of California. Will some one tell him whether the tuna jumps, how high he can jump when he is feeling good?

The Leaping Tarpon.

Mr. J. W. C. Haskell, of this city, shows in the window of his store to-day a mounted tarpon which weighed 17 pounds, and which required five hours' play before it was killed. This fish was taken at Aransas Pass, near Rockport, Tex., in those Texas tarpon waters which are so rapidly gaining prominence.

The Leaping Black Bass

Mr. W. P. Mussey and Mr. Elmer Wilkinson, of this city, figure on starting in a few days for some of the small-mouthed black bass on the Mississippi River, which have been mentioned from time to time in these columns. I have advised these gentlemen to go to La Crosse and secure their guides there, going up or down stream, as the guides may advise. Though no late reports are at hand from that locality, this magnificent sport now ought to be in pretty fair condition.

Remedies for Sleeplessness.

No. 1. Lie flat on your back. Keep both eyes wide open and gaze steadily about you at some imaginary spot on the ceiling. Concentrate your gaze and your mind on that one little spot up above you.

No. 2. Assume the same position, but instead of focusing your gaze intently on the spot above you, roll both eyeballs around in the sockets as widely as you can make them go. Keep it up.

No. 3. Lie in the same position. Inhale deeply and expel the breath slowly. Imagine that you see your breath in the form of white steam. Keep it up.

One of these three remedies will nearly always induce sleep. If all fail, then try:

No. 4. Go fishing.

The philosophy of this thing, as applied to the average city dweller, is this: The waste particles of the system, those particles ground off in the friction of high-gear life, lie like iron filings along the delicate telegraph wires of the nervous system. They irritate. When you focus your attention on something else, you temporarily forget

these particles and you go to sleep. Now, when you go fishing, you are in the open air, where there is much more oxygen. This oxygen burns up these iron filings from your wires and leaves you with a clean set of wires. Your attention is just as much occupied by watching the rise of a trout under a bank or a bass in some deep pool as it is in rolling your eyes and looking up in the dark. Remedy No. 4 has this additional advantage, that it removes the cause of sleeplessness, whereas all these other remedies only make you forget it for a while.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Southern New Hampshire.

NASHUA, N. H.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am glad to say that fine catches of trout, perch and pickerel are being made in the near-by waters around and in this city. The waters are somewhat swollen, but are swiftly going down to their natural position. A few weeks ago I tried for trout, and it was my unlucky day, for I only got three little ones. In my recent little trips into the rural sections I have seen much of nature. Deer are prospering. Not many days ago three were seen up at Mine Falls, and every day come reports that some have been seen. Of squirrels and snipe I have seen many. On June 8 I went trouting again, and was favored with luck. Another fellow named Jack and I secured forty good trout. I caught the big one. He was about 11 inches long, and a beauty. To the Nashua sportsmen I suppose Chase Brook and the Bullet are well-known spots. Some astonishing catches have been taken from these two places. The other day a well-known "boy" took one that weighed a pound and a half from the Chase. A party of four went over to Robinson's Pond for pout, the other night. It rained, and they, having no water-proof covering, had to put inshore for the night, but in the morning all was fair, and they got a mess of perch and pickerel. Many men can vouch for the Pennuchuck lakes as good for pickerel, and, indeed, they ought to be, having been closed for a number of years. A dozen albino salmon have been shipped from the United States fish hatchery in this city to the Exposition at Buffalo. The fish are natural curiosities, being perfectly white. They are few in number, and Superintendent Hubbard desires that they should be returned to this city in order to perpetuate the breed. Many prominent Nashua sportsmen have returned from their trips to Maine lakes and streams, and report having fine luck. Let us hear from some other Nashua men as to their success with rod and gun.

EDWIN C. HOBSON.

Big Muscullonge.

GLEN ISLAND, Ont., Aug. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Mr. Wallace Murray, of New York, who is sojourning here, has just captured a muscullonge weighing 37½ pounds. The fish put up a noble fight.

C. A.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

And now we have a batch of finds of human flotsam and jetsam, in which the sportsman appears as a rescuer from time of stress.

69

A mysterious wild woman was found by hunters in the woods near Gordon's Ferry, twelve miles north of Dubuque, Iowa, and the press dispatches ran: She is described as about 20 years of age, with lithe, sinewy form, a receding forehead, and eyes of unnatural luster. Her hair was black and about three feet long. She was almost nude, and wore neither shoes nor stockings. No one in the neighborhood can give any information regarding the strange creature, but it is stated by one of the old residents that four years ago the daughter of a farmer in a small Illinois town, who had been engaged to be married to a well-to-do farmer, had mysteriously disappeared, because of the refusal of her parents to give their consent, and has not since been seen. It is supposed that she subsists on roots and herbs and lives in some cave among the rocks. An effort will soon be made to capture her.

70

Whatcom, Wash., hunters on a cruise to Jarvis Inlet found on Nelson Island an old man, blind and faint, prostrate at the entrance to a wrecked hut. He was a one huntsman who three days before, at nightfall, had come upon the cabin and sought shelter there. He went inside and struck a match, and a spark from it fell into a half keg of powder on the floor, which exploded, wrecked the shanty, and almost killed him.

71

A somewhat remarkable find was made by a party of men hunting for game in the Welsh mountains. The dogs, having gone to ground in a hole in a rock, unearthed a man who turned out to be the master of a schooner who had been missing six weeks. He was in a very emaciated condition, and could give no account of how he had lived during the time he had been in the cave, which was only 6ft. by 4ft. in dimensions. One thing is, however, certain, that had he not been found by the dogs, or by some other means, he must soon have been starved to death.

72

Several members of the Mount Adams Gun Club, hunting in the vicinity of New Trenton, Ind., ran across a dilapidated old log cabin that looked as if it had been there for a century. It stands in the middle of 105 acres of as pretty farming land as there is in that part of the country. The men, thinking the place uninhabited, went to the door and pushed it open, when, to their surprise, they found it occupied by two aged women, gray-haired, weazen-faced and decrepit. The floor, which was the bare earth, was the parade ground of a lot of fowls.

In one corner the roof was off, and under this vacant

place was a pool of water in which a number of ducks were waddling and expressing their delight with loud quackings. In another corner was an old-fashioned canopy bed. The posts were seven feet high and supported the roof. The women became enraged at the intrusion of the hunters, and, in husky voices, ordered them to leave.

Inquiry among the neighbors revealed the fact that the couple are sisters named Hayes. Mary Ann is the oldest, aged sixty, and Bridget is fifty-eight. The oldest inhabitants remember them as sisters only. No man was ever seen about the place. How they exist is a mystery. They do not farm. They have a cow, and it is supposed they live on milk and fowl. Bridget is the more eccentric. She goes to bed in October, and never gets up until April, the other sister administering to her every want as though she were an invalid. They will accept no charity, and become fearfully enraged when a male person crosses their property. The land is worth \$50,000, but they resent all proposals for a sale. It is said there is an agreement between the sisters that when one dies the other is to follow immediately by suicide.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

Sept. 25.—Toronto, Can.—Dog show of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. W. P. Fraser, Sec'y. and Supt.

Ambulance and Picket Dogs.

From the London Field.

Owing to the enormous expenditure of ammunition with modern magazine rifles in action, there is plenty of scope for the trained war dog who can fulfil the duty of carrying articles from the carts to the firing line, being more ignorant of danger, far more active, and not so easily shot down as a man, in consequence of his smaller size and greater speed. Most dogs easily become accustomed to gun firing, and the distance between the firing line and reserve ammunition by means of war dogs should, as it were, be materially reduced by the animal's great speed. Also during an engagement the war dog can be employed in connecting the different columns, as in the messenger service, and in bringing word of any sudden development in the fight, especially on ground inaccessible to cavalry. The dog does not require the instalment and preparation of a field telegraph.

One of the principal duties of the war dog, for which he is fitted by nature, is the seeking of the wounded and missing among the hedges, ditches and rocks, etc., after an engagement. Experiments on the Continent during the last thirty years have been most successful. The enormous improvements in the modern weapons of warfare have made equally large demands on the ambulance and medical departments. The distances on a modern field of battle, owing to large-range firearms, have in a corresponding manner increased enormously; and if the ground is very difficult the stretcher-bearers are consequently hindered and their work is rendered severe. It is even possible that the wounded, weak through loss of blood, are unable to call for help, and, owing to the ground, are passed by unseen by the stretcher-bearers, or are only discovered when help is too late. Of what use, then, are the latest discoveries of medical science if the wounded are not found? The German general, V. Herget, an eminent military authority, expressed himself as follows lately, while attending a trial of ambulance dogs: "However great the progress of medical science, the latest discoveries are of not the slightest use to the wounded until the wounded are discovered, and the finding of the wounded in night attacks is extremely difficult, and often almost impossible, for the ambulance detachments, and, in many cases, without auxiliary assistance, quite impossible. This auxiliary assistance will eventually be supplied by the trained ambulance war dog. If we examine the figures given during the Franco-German war of 1870-71, the number of men missing and never accounted for was appalling."

In July, 1899, dogs were used for this purpose with the army corps under the supervision of Gen. von Blumenthal. The following is the performance of one of the dogs: Resi, a collie bitch, regardless of the musketry fire, pressed on and delivered her messages, disturbed neither by the marching troops nor cavalry detachments. She also guarded baggage while her keeper went away to a good distance. The officers of the Tenth Army Corps were very pleased with her work in finding the missing, and gave her universal approbation. After the stretcher-bearers had thoroughly examined the scene of the engagement, three men were reported as missing, and not to be found. Resi, the collie bitch, was ordered to search for them in the very wide field of battle. On receiving the word from her keeper, "Seek wounded," the bitch rushed off and scoured the thick covert at the back of the targets, hunting keenly for the missing in the ditches covered with bushes. In a short time she gave signs of having discovered some one. In five minutes more she had found the three missing soldiers, which the stretcher-bearers or ambulance corps had been totally unable to do after prolonged searching. They might have been left in real warfare. Gen. von Blumenthal was delighted with the dog's performance, and the chief of the staff in his report said: "I am convinced that dogs thus trained can save the lives of many poor wounded and missing lying in hilly ground."

Sergt. Brickner, of 74th Infantry Regiment, at Coburg, wrote: "Bello, a collie dog, distinguished himself at the maneuvers. With absolute certainty he took messages to the pickets and guards—nothing put him off, neither game, strangers, nor other dogs—he also took messages across the water. In seeking the wounded he is unrivalled. We also used him on the ranges. Bello took messages from the firing point to the markers, 600 yards off, without the company having to stop firing. He also took messages across difficult country, doing one and a half kilometers in four minutes." Another collie, Tonunka, with the Hussar Regiment King William I., went through the autumn maneuvers, 1899. Her keeper said: "She followed the squadron during the whole maneuvers, and

showed herself possessed of great staying power, which was the more difficult, she being for weeks exposed to continuous rain. She was used to find the missing of the 69th Infantry Regiment with great success, and was also utilized as messenger to the squadron with good results."

The following is a description of a trial of ambulance dogs with the army corps at Coblenz: At dusk on July 27, 1899, the keepers brought out four collies; 200 soldiers were put out to represented wounded, and 500 stretcher-bearers set out carrying torches and lanterns into the darkness. It was an interesting bit of difficult work. Numbers of officers followed on horseback and on foot to watch the proceedings. The work commenced in the Coblenz wood, and a more difficult task could not have been conceived than was that of the dogs, but, notwithstanding the horses and sightseers, the dogs on the left wing saved all their wounded—two other dogs were employed on the right wing and found the wounded in pitch darkness without lanterns. Two hundred more soldiers, representing wounded, had been placed in various parts of the glaciis Coblenz, and, after the stretcher-bearers had come in, reported eighteen men not found. The four dogs and keepers were then brought up, and in twenty minutes the eighteen men were discovered and brought in; otherwise they might have been left to their fate. The staff of the Eighth Army Corps, Coblenz, expressed the greatest satisfaction with this trial. By order of the German War Office the rifle regiments and jäger battalions, which are numerous, are provided with collies, and some of the French regiments have nearly thirty dogs with them.

There are various other uses to which war dogs can be put. In investing a fortress an enormous number of sentries have to be thrown round it, who would be liable to sudden sorties of the enemy in squally weather, fogs, etc. The hearing powers and scent of the dog would render the blockade much more certain, and diminish the number of sentries. On the other hand, the employment of dogs in an invested place would be useful, as they, by their nice sense of hearing and scent, would be able to give such warning as would guard against assaults, and render valuable assistance to the tired sentries in severe weather. They can also be used as messengers at short distances. Regimental dogs, when not on outpost duty, would be employed to guard wagons, gun carriages, and ammunition; also with convoys for scouting in front, and in connecting the sentries at night.

In savage warfare they are extremely useful, and they have been used by both French and Russians. The general system of savage warfare lies in ambushes. In Mexico, in the guerrilla war, a colonel of volunteers trained some dogs which gave the guerrilla insurgents a warm time. If they tried ambushes the insurgents were scented out by the dogs, and their plans failed. If they retreated into the depths of a wood they were tracked out by the dogs, and when they had camped for the night were suddenly attacked by them. War dogs ought thus to be able to prevent them creeping up in the grass and surprising, and could give timely warning, and the march of troops in thick country should be covered by dogs as in the Mexican war, and they could also follow up the scent of the retreating foe.

I may say that I have devoted many years to the study of dogs, and have seen the German war dogs work in their own country. It has struck me as remarkable that we, the most doggy nation in the world, who have had trials of sporting dogs, sheepdog trials, bloodhound trials, etc., have never taken this subject up, although, what is more extraordinary, we supply the material—our collies and other dogs—to foreign countries. It is hardly to be supposed it is a chimerical idea, as Germany, where experimenting has been going on since the war of 1870-71, is largely increasing the number of dogs employed. Capt. Haldane, who escaped from Pretoria, says the greatest danger they had of recapture was from the Boers' dogs, not the Boers themselves; and Capt. Steele, of the United States cavalry, in writing to a New York military journal, says: "The only way my troop was protected against the Filipinos last year was by a dog, who always scented out their ambushes."

J. HANTONVILLE RICHARDSON (Major).

The Morgantown Hounds.

THE New York Sun, in a recent issue, contained the following:

"MORGANTOWN, Pa.—The last of the thirty-six hounds of the Morgantown Hunt Club was shot this week by the enraged residents, and all of the vagrant dogs of the once famous kennel have been buried in the special cemetery donated by a former member of the club. Several of the members of the club are up in arms against those who shot the dogs. They threaten never to darken the doors again of those who had any hand in the slaughter. Said one of the veteran fox hunters:

"The dogs harmed no one. When they were young they delighted thousands in chasing foxes over the Welsh mountains. Not a kennel in Pennsylvania could beat this pack when Bart Gable rode at the head of them. There was no use killing the hounds at all. True, they boarded around, but the neighbors gladly fed the old heroes of the hills. They didn't scatter fleas any more than the other dogs do. I had no fleas in my house, and I don't know of any one who had—from these hounds at least. They never kept me awake. I can go to sleep with the baying of the dogs. If people can't stand the bark of a dog they ought to move off the earth. It was brutal to see those three men with guns shooting down those hounds in the fields, on the public roads, in back lanes, or anywhere they'd find them.

"Wherever they saw a hound, asleep or awake, they'd just fire away and kill 'em. Why, sir, many a time those dogs saw guns in friendly hands and they never winced. Every one of them was shot over in rabbit seasons, so that when they saw these gunners it was nothing new for those dogs. The hounds thought they were in for a gunning trip. They never suspected. And just as they looked forward to an old-time romp through the woods they received hot lead in their brains and their gunning and sporting days were over.

"If any of 'em had been killed accidentally I wouldn't

care, but to see innocent hounds shot to death by those who were thought to be friends of the poor brutes—why, that makes me sick. I'm sure there will be many an old sport in this region who will often visit that little cemetery where the hounds are buried and think over the old times at fox chasing over the Welsh mountains."

Points and Flushes.

We have received the following communication: "The Pointer Club of America comes out with a programme of its second annual field trials, to be held at Manor, L. I., Nov. 12, 13 and 14, and it is certainly a fine piece of work, for which the secretary, Mr. R. E. Westlake, deserves great credit. It announces a Derby, Members', All Age and a Championship Stake. All stakes are open to members only, except the Championship, which is open to the world, all forfeits being payable with the nomination, the balance the evening before starting. The matter interests many pointer men, and it is well worth their trouble to send their addresses to the secretary at Scranton, Pa."

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XIX.

BY F. R. WEBB.

SUNDAY is always a comfortable day in a canoe camp. As a rule, we do not cruise on that day, preferring to lie by and rest, although in the abstract, I presume there is but little to choose between lying quietly in camp and drifting quietly down the river; but an idle day in camp now and then is a luxury as well as a convenience. Indeed, such a day can hardly be called idle, there are so many little things to potter around with and look after.

We shaved, wrote letters and washed out a few little things, such as handkerchiefs, towels, etc. I took everything out of the mess chest and washed and sponged it out carefully, and set it in the sun for an hour. The kitchenware was given a thorough overhauling, cleaning and polishing with sand and a-hes. Our blankets and mattresses were hung in the hot sun and given a good airing and freshening; the tents were taken down and the wide-open canoes also placed in the sun, and thoroughly aired and dried out, and all sorts of similar little odds and ends were attended to.

The Colonel was obliged to return home on Monday, and we had hoped to reach Massanutton, ten miles below, by Saturday evening, as that point is but four miles from Luray, which is the most convenient point in this vicinity for him to reach the railroad, but as we had not succeeded in reaching there on Saturday evening, a short Sabbath cruise was decided upon, in order to have him there when Monday morning dawned; accordingly the scattered articles were collected and the canoes packed, and by 11 o'clock they were launched, and we were ready to resume the cruise; but we were not destined to reach Massanutton that day, nor, indeed, for several days, for the day's cruise was but a short one, and full of the proverbial Sunday luck in the way of disasters, finally culminating in the capsize Lacy had so long and so cheerfully predicted for the Colonel.

It was a beautiful, bright morning and the river looked inviting, as it rippled in the soft, balmy, summer breeze, which rustled the leaves overhead with a musical tinkle, and toyed with the soft, delicate folds of our bright, little, silken pennants, and the sunlight danced and sparkled from the little wavelets, which lapped up under the sides and ends of our canoes with a melodious gurgle. The gentle lowing of cattle from the barnyard above gave a pastoral effect to the scene; a little "sweetheart bird" called his striking little "tweetart, tweetart, tweetart, tweet!" from the trees on the further bank, and all nature seemed bright and joyous. I drew my canoe lightly up alongside of Capt. Keyser's roomy, wooden punt, stepped aboard, dropped lightly into my seat, pushed off into the still, deep water and waited for the others.

"Hello! here's the mischief to pay! I've sprung a leak!" I exclaimed, in dismay, as I chanced to look down into the bottom of my canoe, while adjusting my hatches, and observed the water flowing in a narrow, black stream along down the floor, which was dried and baked to a grayish-white by the previous exposure to the morning's sun.

"That's bad!" exclaimed George, as he paused, with one foot in his canoe. "Does it seem to be much of a leak? I expect we'd better go ashore again and fix it."

"The water doesn't seem to be coming in very fast," I replied, as I watched it closely for a few minutes. "I

don't think it amounts to much. Come ahead! I'll keep afloat until lunch time, I reckon, by stopping to bail out occasionally; it's too much bother to go ashore again and unpack, now that we're just launched and ready to start. I guess I must have gotten the worst of it up in Kemple's Falls the other day."

"Yes, I expect that's where you got it," replied the Colonel, as his canoe swept alongside of mine, propelled by the long, gentle sweeps of his big 8ft. paddle.

"It's not far to our lunch place, anyhow, and we'll make it in an hour or thereabouts," I added.

"Where do we lunch?" asked Lacy, ever alert and ready whenever anybody said anything about eating.

"At the spring at the foot of the Columbian Falls," I replied, "about three miles and a half from here."

"How are the Columbian Falls? Are they any worse than Kemple's?" asked the Colonel, as we swept the water into little swirls with our paddles and got under way.

"Well, they're longer, and, in some respects, more troublesome," I replied, as we rounded the bend to the left, and entered upon the mile-long backset from the Newport dam. "There's a long section in the middle that's very tedious, on account of the interminable reefs, but—"

"Oh! well," said the Colonel, carelessly, "they won't bother me any then. I don't think much of Kemple's Falls, for all the fuss you fellows are in the habit of making over their difficulty."

"Well, that may be," George replied, "but I recommend you to handle your canoe with circumspection—"

"Yes, you want to govern yourself with considerable circumspection," Lacy put in.

"Especially at the lower end of the falls," George continued, "for I assure you the Columbian Falls are no joke."

"That's all right," replied the Colonel, confidently, "don't give yourselves any uneasiness on my account."

We found the Newport dam entirely rebuilt, and the low, easy shoot formerly at the right bank was now closed. The dam is a massive log structure, some 6 or 7ft. high, with a top broad and flat enough to drive a wagon over, so gentle is the inner or up-stream slope. At the present stage but little water was running over the dam, and we beached the canoes along its crest as along a flat bank, and stepped out into the clear, shallow water, which looked like a sheet of amber varnish spread over the clean, gravel beneath.

Over in the middle, where our canoes lay, the water below the dam was deep, and a portage was quickly and easily made by simply sliding the canoes over the dam and dropping them, bow first, into the depths below, the operation being watched with interest by a little group of Sunday idlers, dressed in their rural Sunday best and congregated around the closed and silent mill.

There is, as usual, a short, steep rapid immediately below the dam. A couple of massive log cribs, built to brace and strengthen the dam, extend, buttress-like, down stream from its base, some 10 or 15ft. or more, and around the left-hand one of these the rapid boils and whirls, on its way down the crooked, narrow channel, to still water below. George scrambled down the log face of this buttress into his canoe, and essayed the rapid. As he swung around the corner of the buttress, endeavoring to keep as close in as possible, the swirling current caught him in its powerful grasp and swung him out of his course toward the reefs at the right of the channel. With an herculean sweep of his paddle, he brought the Shenandoah back into line again, but in the effort he snapped the paddle short off in his grasp.

"Confounded be all they that worship carved images!" he exclaimed, devoutly, as he threw away the shorter piece, and, with the single blade, he succeeded in working through the rest of the rapids, and swung in to the bank at the spring, a couple of hundred yards below the mill, to await the rest of us.

Profiting by his mishap, the Colonel and Lacy made no attempt to run the rapid, but pushed across the deep pool below the dam in their canoes, until their keels grated on the gravel beyond, when they stepped out into the shallow water, and led and shoved their canoes down a little, brook-like channel which led down through the rocks and over the gravel bar into deep water below, and in a few minutes the Clyde and Mary Lou were lying cheek by jowl with the Shenandoah at the spring.

Standing on the log buttress, I carefully studied the rapid for a few minutes, then, deciding to follow the course chosen so disastrously by George, I climbed down the face of the buttress and into my canoe, lying quietly at its base. Carefully working my way along its sides and around the corner by holding on to the logs with my hands, instead of using my paddle, and taking good care not to let the swift water get hold of the stern of my boat and throw it out away from the logs, as had happened to George, I succeeded in working my canoe around the projecting end, and around the further corner into the swift little channel, down which, after letting go of the buttress and grasping my trusty paddle, I swiftly shot, dancing and tossing over the surges, into deep water below, without touching a rock.

I paddled in below the other three canoes, and speedily joined their commanding officers at the spring, where we enjoyed that most refreshing of luxuries to the sun-baked, thirsty canoeist, a good, cool drink of water, right out of the spring.

"Well, what's to be done?" said Lacy, turning to George.

"You surely can't continue the cruise with that broken paddle?" added the Colonel, as he lifted the bow of his canoe up on a projecting ledge.

"I can, but I don't intend to," replied George. "There's only one thing to be done," he continued, as he picked up my paddle, "and that's to find a carpenter's shop or bench and make a new paddle. I'll take yours along, Commodore, for a pattern," he added, as he started up the bank toward the mill.

"George is a handy fellow, when it comes to making paddles," said the Colonel.

"Yes," I answered, "he ought to be, for he has had enough experience. He never makes a cruise without smashing at least one paddle, and sometimes two."

"Hold on a minute, George, and I'll go with you," said Lacy, as he bustled around, spreading out on the rocks and bushes to dry the few minor articles in his

canoe that had gotten wet. His clothes bag and blanket bag had been securely tied, and no water had penetrated either.

The Colonel and I watched them as they walked along the road on top of the bank until they reached the mill. We saw them stop and interview the little before-mentioned group of Sunday idlers, one or two of whom could be seen pointing up the road, after which they resumed their walk and disappeared from our view around a turn in the road.

"I expect this will be a good time for me to repair damages myself," said I, as I began to unpack my canoe.

"It will take George a couple of hours, at least, to whittle out a new paddle, and I might as well utilize the time in putting a patch over that leak, and so save delay at lunch time."

"It's half-past eleven now," said the Colonel, as he consulted his Waterbury, after which he stepped into the shallow water and took hold of the stern of my nearly empty canoe, while I took the bow, and, together, we carried it up on to the bank, where I busied myself in getting out the innumerable small articles stowed here, there and everywhere, in bow and stern pockets.

"It will, you say, take George a couple of hours to make his new paddle, which will make it half-past one. Why not lunch right here by this spring before we start? This is a good place," said the Colonel.

"It's too public," said I. "Here come a lot of those loungers now," as I observed the little group of men and boys about the mill get under way in our direction. "These people are always good-natured and obliging, but I hate to eat with a curious crowd standing around watching every mouthful as it goes down my throat."

"That's a fact," the Colonel admitted. "I hadn't thought of that."

"We can reach our original lunch place in three-quarters of an hour, which will make it this side of 2:30, and, as we had a late breakfast, that will be time enough," I replied. "Take hold of that end and let's turn her over."

"Yes, that will do well enough," said the Colonel, as he took the other end of my canoe, and, lifting her up, we quickly had her lying in the hot sun, bottom upward, and began an inspection.

"The keel and bilge keels are right much skuffed," said the Colonel, as we surveyed the long, bristling strips of splinters which were doing duty in that capacity.

"I should say so," said I. "These boats stand a tremendous amount of rough usage. Here's a leak!" as I picked out a small spot, in which the grain of the casvas was worn through the paint, and the longitudinal threads stood up in little ridges, the cross threads having given way entirely.

"What's that white-looking spot up there on the bottom?" asked the Colonel, pointing with his pipe stem to a light, square spot 3 or 4 in. long by half as broad, that had just attracted my own attention.

"That," said I, examining it, "is another leak. I cut a small gash there a couple of years ago and plastered a patch over it, and the patch seems to have rubbed off."

"Here's still another small leak!" exclaimed the Colonel, as he detected another small spot about like the first one. "Why, your boat seems to be a regular sieve, Commodore!"

"It does look that way," I admitted, "but the leaks are all trifling, for there was not half an inch of water in her when I landed here. The canvas is getting a little tender, I think."

"How old is it?"

"This is the fifth season for this canoe."

"How long ought the canvas on a canoe to last, I wonder?"

"I don't know," I replied, "but judging from the tender condition of this canvas, I should say about five or six years. I think I could make another cruise in this canoe next year, before putting new canvas on it. The canvas on Lacy's canoe, last year, was very tender, and we had to patch it frequently, and it was then in its fifth season; but it was quite light, and I should think the very heavy canvas used on my boat ought to last a year longer."

"I should think so," he replied.

"I think we'll let this boat lie here in the sun and dry for an hour before putting on the patches," I remarked, as I picked up my camp stool and selected my book from the miscellaneous pile of duffle lying about, and looked about for a shady spot in which to ensconce myself.

"Will we have time, do you think?" he asked.

"Oh! yes," I replied. "George will be two hours, at least, on his paddle, and we can put the patches on in fifteen minutes, and they will not stick well unless the canvas is thoroughly dry."

By this time we were surrounded by a curious little crowd of men and boys, who surveyed the floating canoes with great interest, and poked and prodded the sides and bottom of my up-turned canoe with many expressions of wonder at its construction, and the discovery that it was covered with canvas increased their wonderment.

They picked it up and were amazed at its lightness. They surveyed the pile of duffle lying close at hand, and were astonished that so much plunder could be got in so small a boat. They gave the usual ominous shake of the head about the unfitness of such light, delicate craft for such rough work, with the usual remark that they "Didn't want to take no chances in them dad-blamed little boats," with the usual assertion that the big, wooden punts were good enough for them. They hazarded the usual venture that we were running a race, or working out a bet, or surveying the river—the latter theory, with a possible appropriation by Congress to render it navigable for steamboats, being the most popular, and then they faded away.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

AUGUST.

29. Plymouth, Plymouth, Mass.
30. Kingstown, Kingstown, Mass.
31. Duxbury, Duxbury, Mass.
31. Beverly, Corinthian, Monument Beach.
31. Westhampton C. C., open.
31. East Gloucester, club, Gloucester, Mass.
31. Marine and Field, Gravesend Bay.
31. Shelter Island, Club.
31. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
31. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
31. Hartford, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
31. Huntington, special, Huntington, Long Island Sound.
31. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
31. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

2. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
2. Handicap, quincy, Mass.
2. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, Conn.
2. Annisquam, open, Ipswich Bay, Mass.
2. Beverly, open, Monument Beach.
2. Duxbury, ladies' day, Duxbury, Mass.
2. 3. Corinthian, cruise, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Lynn, Nahant, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Gravesend Y. R. A., all classes, Gravesend Bay.
2. Norwalk, special, South Norwalk, Long Island Sound.
2. Sackem's Head, annual, Saybrook, Long Island Sound.
2. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
2. Atlantic, special, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
2. Pavonia, special, Bayonne, New York Bay.
2. Canarsie, ladies' day, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
2. Seawanhaka Corinthian, Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound.
2. Burgess, Marblehead, Massachusetts Bay.
2. Chicago, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
2. Shinnecock Bay, open, Shinnecock Bay.
5. 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
7. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
21-23-25.—International Races (America's Cup), Off Sandy Hook.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

Shamrock II.

ENGLISHMEN are so accustomed to seeing handsome yachts that perhaps as far as a boat's beauty is concerned they are somewhat indifferent, and on that account the press reports that were received on this side from England were not of an extravagant sort regarding Shamrock II., before her arrival here, so that now that we who have seen the boat, both before and after going into the dry dock, are very agreeably disappointed in her, and there is a general feeling that the coming races between Constitution and Shamrock II. will be the closest and most interesting in the history of America Cup racing.

When Shamrock was in dry dock and the water was pumped slowly out and she rested on the keel blocks, little by little more of her underbody was exposed to view; a resemblance to Columbia was suggested, probably because this was rather expected—the influence of the design of the old defender would crop out somewhere in the new Watson boat—but on closer examination the similarity was not so marked.

One of the most noticeable things in the challenger is her low side, her least freeboard being considerably less than Constitution's, but she has less sheer than either Columbia or Constitution; there is more "tuck up" aft. She draws quite a little more water than Constitution, her draft being about 2ft., perhaps a little more. The extreme beam is at the deck, and is given at 25ft. 6in. Although the point of greatest beam is well forward, the accounts regarding this point have been exaggerated. The full bow sections are deceiving on this point. The forward overhang is rather short, and this is accentuated by cutting the end off short at the stern head and inserting a flat piece, this being done to give greater strength and also to make a better holding for the gammon iron. The after overhang is long and graceful and very fine. The area of the lateral plane seems to be greater than in Constitution, and the forward side of the fin is much straighter than that of the American boat. The lead keel is bulbed to a larger extent; its greatest thickness is very near the forward end, and from there tapers aft, where it is the same thickness as the sternpost.

The midship section is particularly well turned, there being a continuous sweep from the deck down to where it turns into the fin. The bilge is low and easy, and the floor has quite a little dead rise. The side shows considerable flare.

Shamrock measures slightly under 90ft. on the load waterline. There are fifty-four frames from the point of immersion fore and aft, and these are spaced 20in. apart, which works out to the original length of 90ft. The after overhang seems to be several feet longer than Constitution's, and the line of overhang runs under the boat and meets the sternpost at about the same point as it does on Constitution. The sternpost is raked at an angle of about 45 degrees, which is practically the same as Constitution's. The rudder is about 3ft. wide at the widest point, and is made of wood and coppered. From the heel of the rudder post forward the lead keel is straight on the bottom for a distance of about 27ft. The total length of the lead keel is about 34ft.; from the bottom of the fin there is a

slight curve to meet the forward side of the fin, which runs upward at an angle of about 30 degrees, until it meets the line of the forward overhang, which runs out to the curve in the stem head almost straight. The stem-head at the deck is just the width of the bowsprit, and although this is the only ugly feature in the boat, the additional strength gained and the weight saved fully compensate for its homely appearance.

The work of construction on Shamrock II. is beautiful, the bottom and topside having a uniform smoothness seldom seen. The plating is lapstreaked, and there are two rows of rivets around each plate. The plating is of immodium, an alloy of copper and tin, which, when polished, gives a wonderfully bright and smooth surface, and combines about all the advantages of Tobin bronze.

The deck line of Shamrock II. shows a fair continuous sweep from the stemhead to the narrow taffrail. The deck is of steel, covered with a composition to give foothold to those on board when the vessel is heeled. There is a rail, which takes the curve of the side of the boat about 15in. inboard, and this is about 3in. high, tapering away forward and aft. All the deck fittings seem to be light, the hatches and ironwork are neat and strong. A heavy brass casting serves as the rudder cap, and into this is socketed the long racing tiller. The length over all is about 137ft.

The mast is stepped between the twenty-fifth and twenty-seventh frames. This brings the mast between 20 and 21ft. aft of the forward end of the waterline. The mast is about 159ft. long. From the upper side of the deck to the mast heel is 8ft., and from the deck to the topside of the boom is 3ft. 6in. The reports came from England that Shamrock II.'s rigging was ugly and clumsy, but, on the contrary, it shows a wonderful improvement in this point over other English boats seen in these waters, and the rig compares very favorably with America's latest productions. The spreaders are of teak and steel, and are about 30ft. extreme width. There are four shrouds on a side, which are made up as follows: Two masthead shrouds on each side lead about half way out on the spreader and set up on the first and fourth chain plate turn buckles; the shrouds leading from the hounds set up on the third and fifth chain plate turn buckles. The topmast backstay leads over the end of the spreader to the second chain plate. There is a forward stay that leads over a strut on the forward side of the mast down to the deck. The bowsprit is 33ft. outboard, which makes the base of the forward triangle about 75ft. There are two bowsprit shrouds on each side, and a heavy bobstay, which, by the way, is a good fault. The mast is of steel, 28in. in diameter, and the boom is also of steel, 112ft. long. The gaff is about 70ft. long. The dimensions given are only approximate, accurate measurements not being procurable.

It is very difficult to make close comparisons between two boats which are very much of the same type, particularly as Constitution's underbody has not been seen since she was launched some months ago. Considering all things, one is satisfied that Shamrock II. is going to give Constitution some hard racing. Shamrock I. is undoubtedly a greatly improved boat this year. She was always good in light breezes, but her spars were too light for heavy weather, and agreeing to this for sake of argument that Shamrock II. was able to beat her in any weather several minutes, we have certainly got a formidable competitor in Shamrock II. On the other hand, we will agree that Columbia is a much improved boat, with the most perfect crew that ever handled any vessel, and that she is sailing faster than she did in 1899. Since Constitution was dismantled and rerigged, she is able to beat Columbia in most any weather by a small margin; it therefore figures down to the fact that Shamrock II. is a greater improvement over Shamrock I. than Constitution is over Columbia, and figuring that Shamrock I. made a very fair showing against Columbia, it is an undeniable fact that the races will be closer than ever before.

Manchester Y. C.

WEST MANCHESTER, MASS.

Thursday, Aug. 23.

THE regular championship race of the Manchester Y. C. was sailed in Salem Bay Thursday, Aug. 23, in a strong breeze from the S.E. The breeze held very steady throughout, and the racing was made correspondingly interesting. There were three classes, and two entries in each. Chewink got the best of Tarpon in the 25-footers and led her all around the course. The best race was between the raceabouts, Pompilia and Idol. Pompilia got the start and led throughout, but Idol pressed her very close, finishing only 41s. behind. In the knockabout class Raccoon had things pretty much her own way. The summary:

	25-Footers.	Elapsed
Chewink, F. G. Macomber.....	1 25 19	
Tarpon, E. S. Grew.....	1 28 00	
	Raceabouts.	
Pompilia, Reginald Robbins.....	1 32 41	
Idol, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	1 32 59	
	Knockabouts.	
Raccoon, A. D. Irving.....	0 49 00	
Rikki Tikki, Loring Bros.....	1 03 00	

Eastern Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE first of a series of special races was sailed by the Eastern Y. C. Saturday, Aug. 24, in rather a fluky breeze. There were three classes all told, but it was necessary to send the raceabouts over the course in the morning. In this class Sintram had a very easy time of it. In the schooner class Barbara won very handily on both actual and corrected time, and in the class for sloops Halaia had a walk over. The summary:

	Raceabouts.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	1 22 32	1 22 32	
Idol, T. K. Lothrop.....	1 27 17	1 27 17	
Pompilia, R. Robbins.....	1 28 43	1 28 43	
Miscreant.....	1 29 48	1 29 48	
	Schooners.		
Barbara, C. F. Lyman.....	1 13 08	1 13 08	
Baboon, A. P. Loring.....	1 30 21	1 27 57	
Colleen Bawn, G. W. Lowrie.....	1 29 25	0 00 00	
	Sloops.		
Halaia, Loud Bros.....	1 18 43	1 18 43	

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Chapter XI.—Rudders.

THERE are two principal forms of rudder construction now in general use, the first and oldest method being to cut the stem and main piece of the rudder blade out of one solid piece of oak bolting a second piece of the same wood on the after side of the main piece to make up the full area of the blade. This is the simplest way to make a rudder; but such a rudder is very thick and clumsy, and if not made rather heavy, is likely to be weak in the neck, where it enters the rudder trunk. It also necessitates a large rudder trunk, and a thick sternpost. It is a very good form of rudder for larger cruising yachts.

The second and modern method is to make the stem of the rudder of a thick, steel tube (or of a solid round steel rod); the lower end, where it is attached to the blade, being split into a fork and riveted on each side of the blade, the latter being either of wood or metal. The upper end of this form of stem is plugged with a piece of solid steel, and has a thread on it, with a large, flat nut, to form a collar on the deck bearing; and above this is a tapered square to take the tiller, with a thread and nut above it, to hold the tiller in place. It is neater and stronger than the first method, and only requires a very small trunk. As I mentioned in the chapter on rudder trunks, a plain piece of tube screwed into the keel or counter frame, with a flange on deck, is all the trunk required when the rudder is not liftable or attached to the sternpost.

The rudder of the No. 1 design would be equally suitable for a non-liftable rudder. It is composed of a steel tube stem 1 in. in diameter, split at the lower end into a fork, with two arms 1 ft. 2 in. long, which are riveted on each side of a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. steel blade of the shape shown.

A shaped piece of teak or other suitable wood is fixed on the deck at the top of the rudder trunk, and it has a gun metal ring let into its upper surface to form a bearing for the top of the rudder stem; the flat nut rests on this ring and takes the weight of the rudder when it is not attached to the sternpost.

The method of constructing the rudders of both the designs is clearly shown on the drawings. The only particulars in which the sternpost rudder in No. 2 design differs from the one described above is that it has a stouter tube for the stem and a hardwood blade, the thickness of which is equal to that of the sternpost on the fore edge and tapers to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. or less on the after edge. It is also fitted with a heel bearing, consisting of a gun metal pintle, screwed into a heel plate on the keel of the boat and working in a gun metal socket fixed to the bottom of the rudder blade. There is also an intermediate strap of metal through a hole in the blade and let in flush in each side of the sternpost.

The fore edge of the rudder blade must be rounded to fit a corresponding groove in the back of the sternpost, and the hole for the intermediate strap bearing must form a circle with the rounded fore edge, for the strap to pass freely as the rudder turns.

The accompanying detail drawings will show the method of fitting the rudder head, fork and intermediate strap and keel bearings of the No. 2 design. The details of head, stem and fork for No. 1 design will be the same as in No. 2, but slightly smaller, and a plain steel blade will take the place of the wood. When the tube is split to form the fork, which should be done with a saw, it should not be flattened close to the upper end, but gradually taper from the round tube into flat ends, the hollow fork being filled in with a piece of hardwood before the blade is riveted in place.

There are many other methods of fitting rudders, but the one illustrated is the simplest and strongest. In either boat a solid steel rod may be substituted for the tube as a stem, but it must be reduced in diameter to about three-quarters of that of the tube, or it will be too heavy. It is cheaper to make than the tube stem, but much heavier for a given strength.

Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Thursday, Aug. 22.

WHILE Shamrock II. was having her first trial in American waters down the lower bay, Constitution and Columbia were racing off Oyster Bay under the auspices of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for a cup offered by ex-Com. Percy Chubb. The Race Committee was composed of Messrs. Walter Kerr and Charles A. Sherman. It was very foggy in the morning, but Columbia sailed up from her anchorage at Glen Cove and Constitution had laid at mooring in Oyster Bay the night previous. A light E.N.E. breeze was blowing when the committee went out to the starting line at 10 o'clock, and the tide was running W. The course signaled was as follows: Three and a half miles N.N.W. to and around a boat, thence E. by N. $\frac{1}{4}$ N. $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles to and around a mark boat, thence S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. $5\frac{3}{4}$ miles to and across the starting line. This was to be sailed twice over, making 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles altogether. It was to be a one-gun start with 5m. interval between the preparatory and starting signals. The preparatory signal was made at 1:30. The two boats crossed on the starboard tack, with Columbia in the weather berth. Columbia began to draw away from Constitution just after the start. A tow of six barges upset the two boats, and Columbia passed them to the westward, while Constitution went to the eastward of them. After clearing the barges both laid their course again. Just before reaching the first mark, jib topsails were taken in. The boats rounded as follows:

Columbia1 57 30 Constitution1 58 18

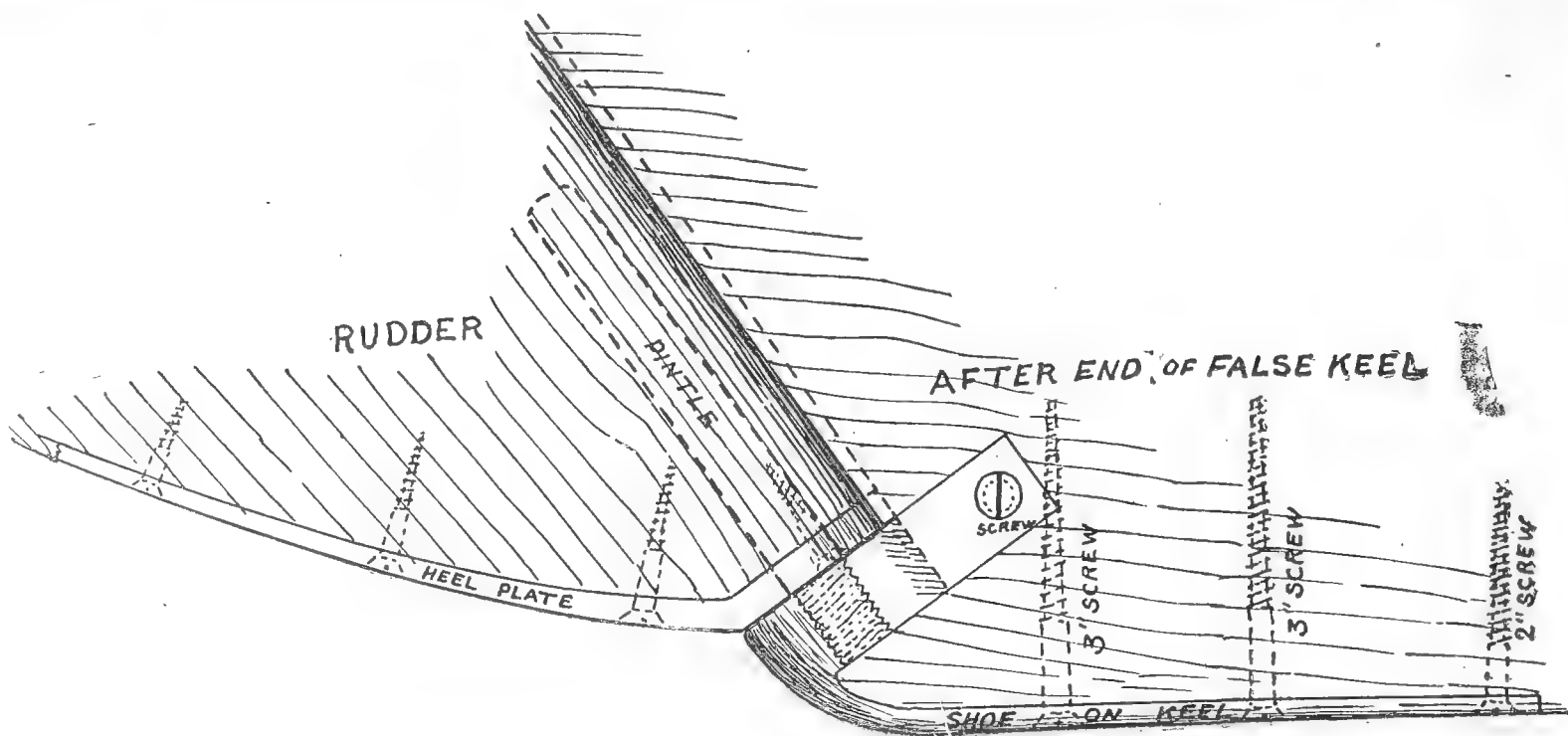
Columbia continued on the starboard tack, while Constitution went off on the port tack. Columbia soon set her baby jib topsail, Constitution following suit. Columbia made a mistake on the mark on this leg, and ran well out of her course. She soon found out her mistake and hauled up again for the real mark. This mistake caused her to lose some of her lead, but she soon regained this. Columbia took in her jib topsail just before reaching the second mark, and set her balloon jib in stops. The times at the second mark:

Columbia2 43 45 Constitution2 47 08

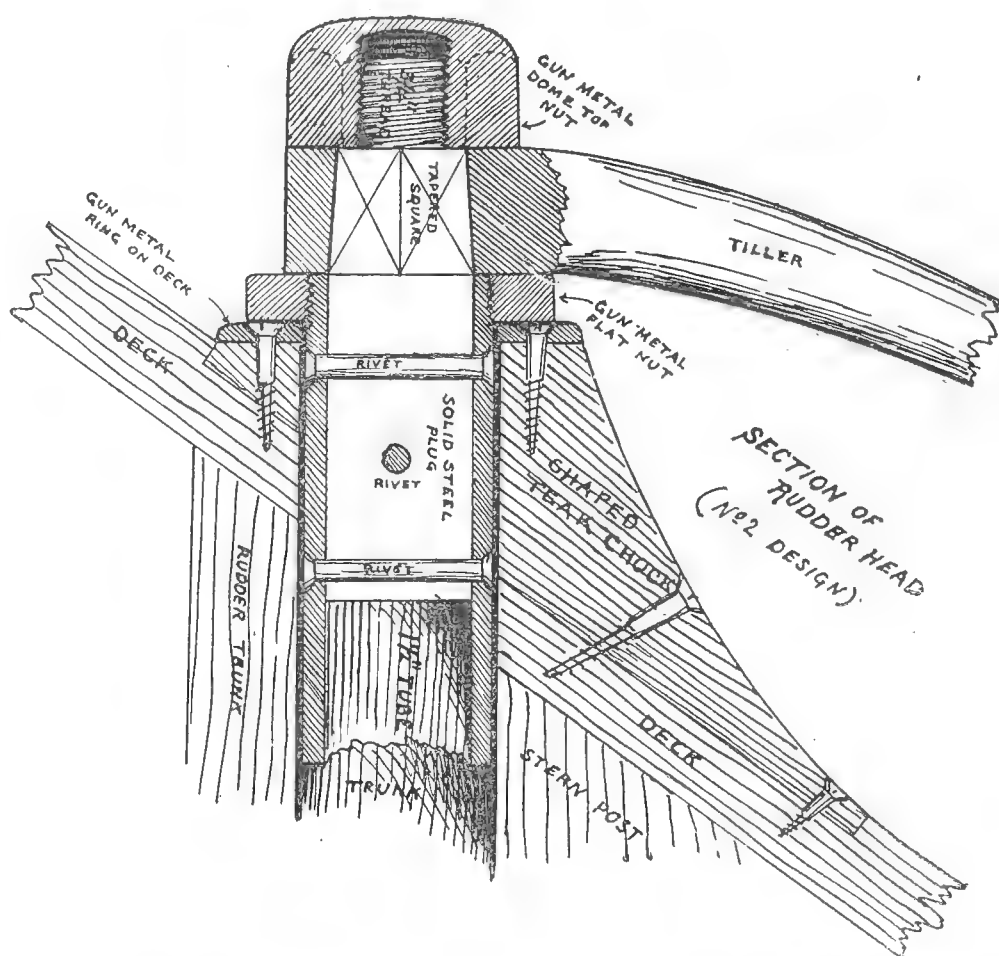
Constitution had to make a short hitch to round, while Columbia, with balloon jib drawing, was standing for the home mark. Constitution broke out her spinnaker just after rounding, and Columbia had hers out soon after. Columbia went after better breeze and took in her spinnaker, but instead of finding more wind she got in a flat spot, while Constitution, with spinnaker drawing, was rapidly closing up on her. Before overtaking Columbia Constitution lost the breeze, and she took in her spinnaker and both boats jibed their booms over to starboard. Columbia got the new breeze first, and after taking in her jib topsail, which she had set some time before, rounded the mark on the starboard tack. The times at this mark were:

Columbia3 35 40 Constitution3 40 50

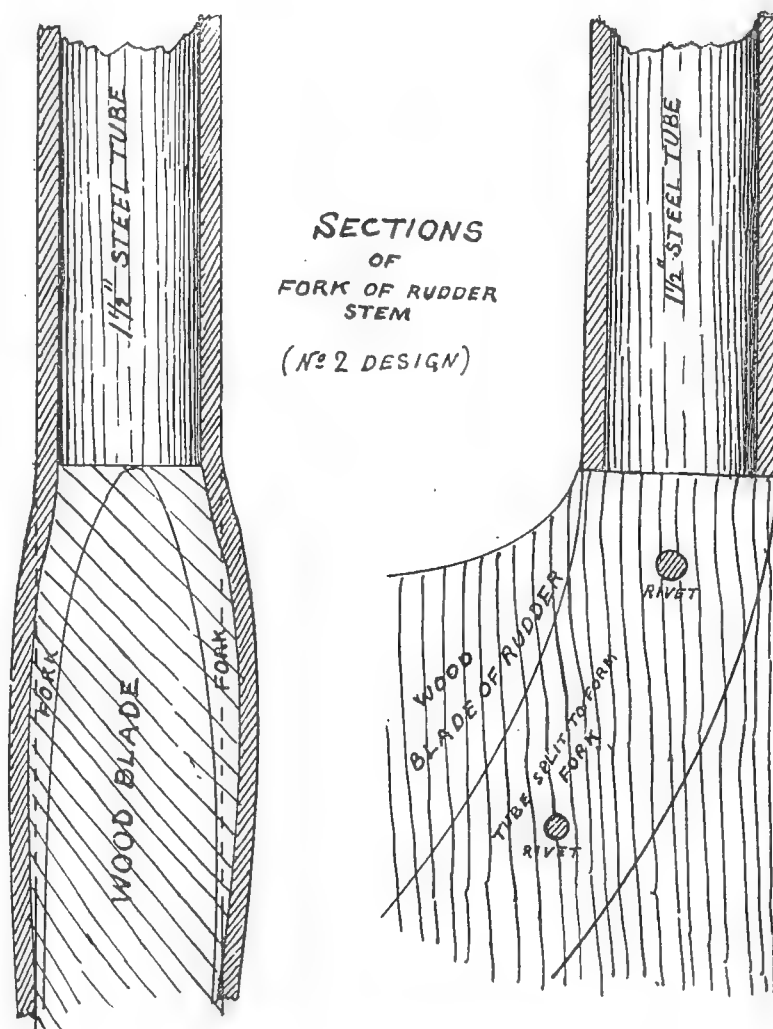
Constitution set her spinnaker and balloon jib, as Columbia had done. Columbia was leading at the end of the first round by 5m. 10s. The elapsed times over each leg of the first round of the course are shown in the following:



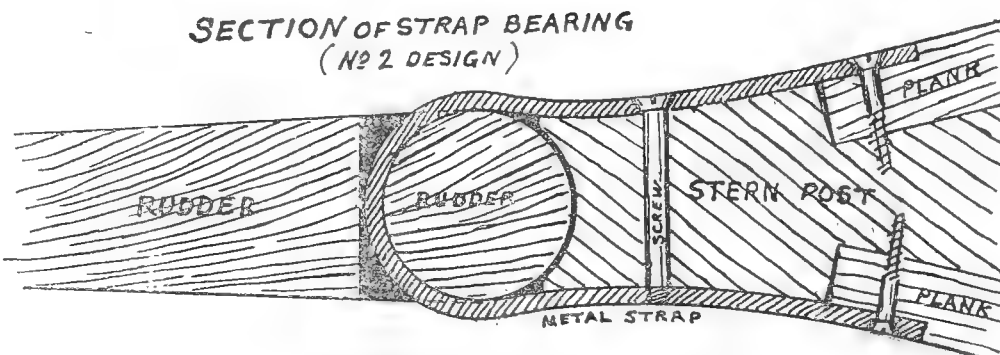
HEEL BEARING (No 2 DESIGN)



SECTION OF RUDDER HEAD (No 2 DESIGN)

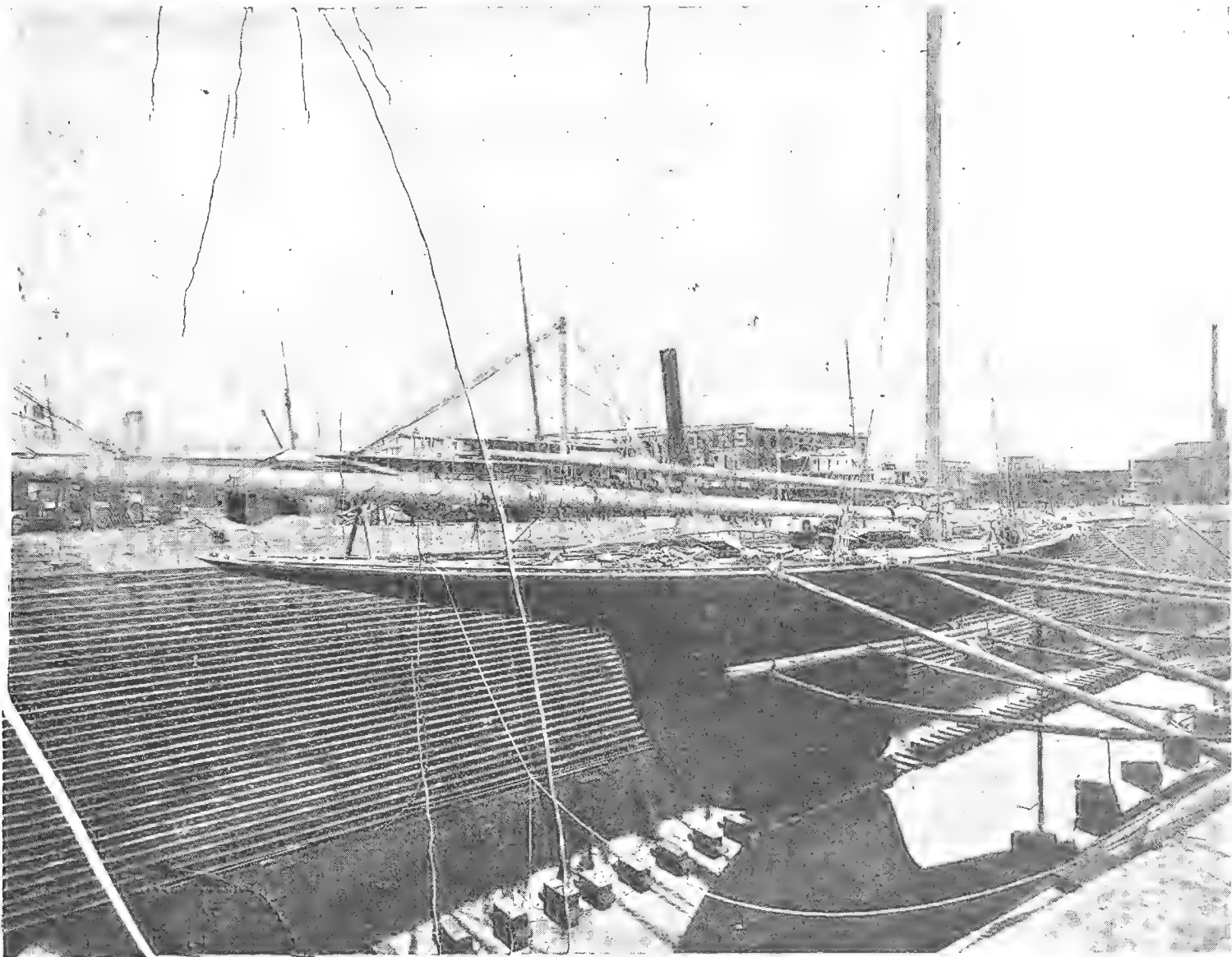


SECTIONS OF FORK OF RUDDER STEM (No 2 DESIGN)



THIS STRAP IS HALF WAY BETWEEN THE HEEL BEARING, & THE TRUNK.

ONE-HALF SIZE.



SHAMROCK II. IN DRYDOCK.

First Leg—Reach, 3½ Miles—Start, 1:35:00.			
	Turn.	Elapsed.	
Columbia	1 57 30	00 22 30	
Constitution	1 58 18	00 23 18	

Columbia beat Constitution on this leg 48s.

Second Leg—Beat, 5¼ Miles.			
	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	1 57 30	2 43 45	00 46 15
Constitution	1 58 18	2 47 08	00 48 50

Columbia beat Constitution 2m. 35s.

lumbia hauled more on the wind to avoid this, and finally reached down to the mark, still in the lead. Before rounding the mark Constitution took in light sails and jibed. The times at this mark were:

Columbia	4 15 50	Constitution	4 16 55
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Small jib topsails were now in order, as it was a reach to the next mark, and both boats were holding well to the S. of the mark. The wind had shifted back again to S.S.W., and blew stronger. Constitution had picked up a little on this leg, as can be seen by the times at this mark:

Columbia	4 52 40	Constitution	4 53 18
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From this mark to the finish line it was a close hitch, and Columbia, sailing in splendid fashion, again drew away from Constitution and finished a winner. The elapsed times over each leg of the second round of the course are shown in the following:

First Leg—Run, 3½ Miles.			
	Start.	1st Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	3 35 40	4 15 50	00 40 10
Constitution	3 40 50	4 16 55	00 36 05

Constitution beat Columbia 4m. 5s.

Second Leg—Reach, 5¼ Miles.			
	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	4 15 50	4 52 40	00 36 50
Constitution	4 16 55	4 53 18	00 36 23

Constitution beat Columbia 27s.

Third Leg—Close Reach, 5¾ Miles.			
	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	4 52 40	5 23 32	00 30 52
Constitution	4 53 18	5 25 11	00 31 53

Columbia beat Constitution 1m. 1s.

Constitution's new mainsail set poorly at the start, but

improved as the race progressed. Her club topsail set badly, and the spars on this sail seemed to be entirely too light. Columbia went back to Glen Cove after the race, while Constitution ran into Oyster Bay and anchored. The summary of the race follows:

	Start, 1:35:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	5 23 32	3 48 32	3 47 14	
Constitution	5 25 11	3 50 11	3 50 11	

Columbia beat Constitution 1m. 39s. elapsed time, and 2m. 57s. corrected time.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

The race between Constitution and Columbia sailed on Saturday was spoiled by a nasty squall. The rain was heavy and the wind shifted several times. It was after 12 o'clock when the committee signaled the course, which was from the starting line at Centre Island buoy, N.W. ½ W., 4¾ miles to and around a mark boat, thence E. by N. ¼ N., 6 miles to and around a mark boat, thence S.S.W., 4½ miles to and across the starting line—distance 15¼ nautical miles. The course was sailed twice over, making 30½ miles in all.

The first leg of this course was a reach. The preparatory signal was made at 12:30, and the starting signal was given at 12:35, and Columbia crossed at the windward end of the line, 3s. after the start. Constitution crossed some seconds after, directly in Columbia's wake. It was a reach to the first mark, and the boats had the wind over their port quarters. Columbia drew away from Constitution in reaching over to the first mark, which was off Captain's Island. About 12:30 it began to rain, and this tended to make matters generally unpleasant. Columbia jibed over just before she reached the mark. The times at this turn were:

Columbia	1 02 51	Constitution	1 03 25
----------	---------	--------------	---------

Constitution jibed just as she was rounding, and took in her jib topsail and set a smaller one. Both boats were now on the starboard tack, with sheets well in. Columbia seemed to move much faster than Constitution on this leg. Constitution overstood the second mark, while Columbia just made it nicely. The times at the second mark:

Columbia	1 33 21	Constitution	1 33 58
----------	---------	--------------	---------

The wind had been blowing E.S.E., but at this time shifted to the south'ard, which made the leg to the home mark a close reach. Columbia took in her jib topsail just before reaching the home mark and set her balloon jib topsail, which was broken out shortly before rounding. The times at the home mark:

Columbia	1 58 21	Constitution	1 59 08
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The elapsed times over each leg of the course on the first round are shown in the following tables:

First Leg—Reach, 4¾ Miles.			
	Start, 12:35:00.	1st Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia		1 02 51	0 27 51
Constitution		1 03 25	0 28 25

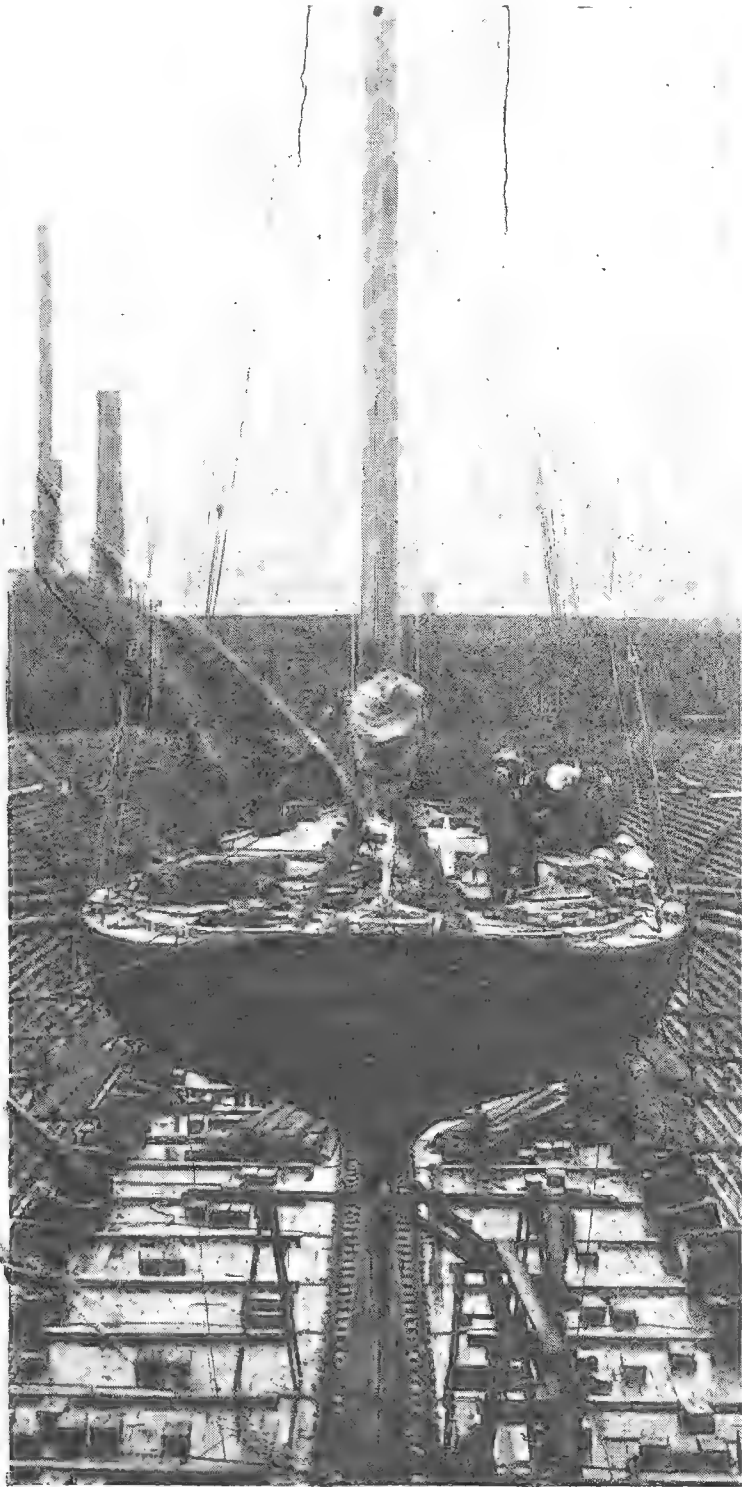
Columbia beat Constitution 34s.

Second Leg—Reach, 6 Miles.			
	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	1 02 51	1 33 21	0 30 30
Constitution	1 03 25	1 33 58	0 30 33

Columbia beat Constitution 3s.

Third Leg—Reach, 4½ Miles.			
	2d Mrk.	3d Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia	1 33 21	1 58 21	0 25 00
Constitution	1 33 58	1 59 08	0 25 10

Constitution had her spinnaker drawing a little before she reached the mark, and Columbia soon had hers out, but in the meantime Constitution had closed up the gap between them and had Columbia blanketed. After Constitution got very near the older boat, her balloon was taken in and the baby jib topsail was substituted. At this time the squall that had been making up all the morning was working down on the boats with great rapidity. Spinnakers were dowsed on both boats, and Columbia set her forestaysail. Constitution soon jibed over to port, and Columbia followed a little later. Just after jibing, Constitution passed Columbia, and was in

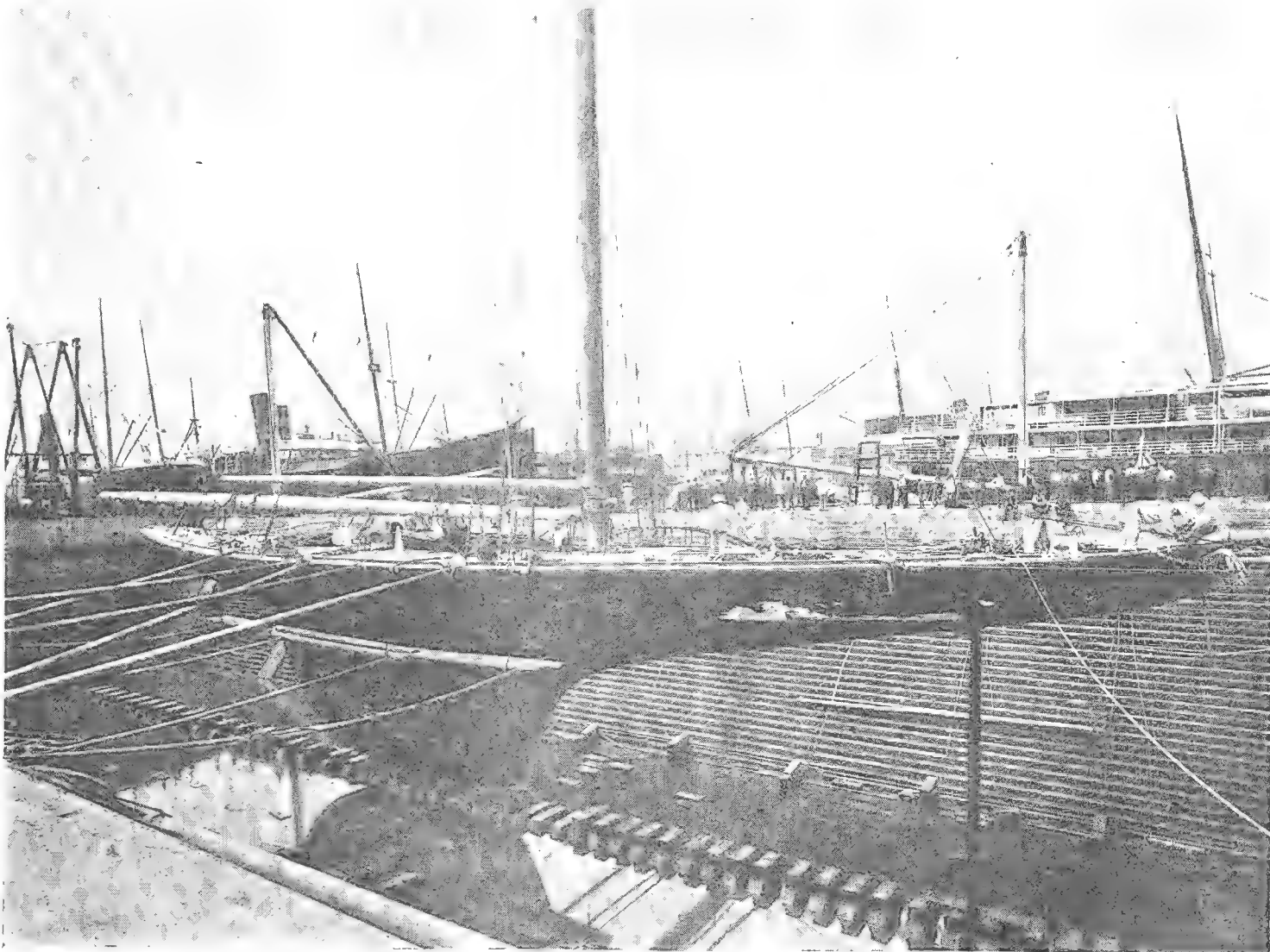


SHAMROCK II. IN DRY DOCK.

Third Leg—Run, 5¼ Miles, Fluky.			
	2d Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia	2 43 45	3 35 40	00 51 55
Constitution	2 47 08	3 40 50	00 53 42

Columbia beat Constitution 1m. 47s.

The change in the breeze made the next leg a run, and Constitution is quite at home on this point of sailing. Columbia took in her spinnaker once, then reset it a few minutes later. Constitution was still coming up on the older boat, and at last Columbia's boom was jibed over to port. Constitution shut off Columbia's wind and Co-



SHAMROCK II. IN DRYDOCK.



TYPHOON. Designed and built by Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

the weather berth. A luffing match now followed, Columbia striving to get the weather berth, but unsuccessfully. Both boats jibed over when the squall struck. It blew hard for a moment, and Constitution took the lead at once, a most surprising thing, for she is not considered as good as the old champion under such conditions.

It was now raining so heavily that neither boat could be seen. Those in charge of Constitution thinking it dangerous to continue under the circumstances, and believing the race would be abandoned, withdrew. The wind hauled to the E. and the air cleared, and Columbia was seen beating for the mark. Her time there was:

Columbia 2 53 20

The breeze continued fresh, and Columbia made the next two legs in short time, and finished a winner at 4:08:25.

This is the last time Columbia and Constitution will meet until Saturday, Aug. 31, which is the day set for the first trial race. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	12 35 00	4 08 25	3 33 25	3 32 07
Constitution	12 35 00	Withdrew.		

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Aug. 12.

THE first of the series of races scheduled by the New York Y. C. for the thirties owned in the club was held on Monday, Aug. 12, in a light southerly breeze. The boats were started at 3:20 from a line off Brenton's Reef Lightship to the committee boat. The outer mark was set five miles due S. of the lightship, making it a beat and a run back, distance ten miles. Carolina took the lead going out, and rounded first, but on the run home Barbara passed Carolina and won. It was a spinnaker run back from the outer mark. The light wind remained steady throughout. The following table shows the results:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	3 20	6 25 40	3 05 40
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		6 27 10	3 07 10
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....		6 27 32	3 07 38
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....		6 32 35	3 12 35
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....		6 33 35	3 13 35
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer.....		6 35 41	3 15 41

Thursday, Aug. 15.

The second race for the 30-footers, under the auspices of the New York Y. C., was sailed on Thursday, Aug. 15, in a fresh S.W. wind. At the time of the start the fog was thick and the breeze was very light, but shortly after the start the weather cleared and the breeze gained strength. The start was at Coddington Cove, and the course was five and a half miles to leeward to a mark off Hog Island and a beat back. On the run out Esperanza held the lead, but she was passed by the other boats. After hauling on the wind, the fog came again and Raccoon withdrew from the race and headed for Bristol Harbor, but soon put about again for home. On the wind Carolina took the lead and won easily. Barbara ran ashore, withdrawing from the race. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	3 57 00	6 28 18	2 31 18
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		6 32 57	2 35 57
Wawa, R. Brooks.....		6 33 14	2 36 14
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....		6 34 02	2 37 02
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....		Withdrew.	
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....		Withdrew.	

the helm, led the fleet over the finish line, but, owing to a misunderstanding as to the course, the Regatta Committee decided to call the race off.

Monday, Aug. 19.

In a fresh E. wind the Newport thirties raced on Monday, Aug. 19, for sweepstakes, and Carolina won. The boats sailed twice over a triangular course. Hera got the best of the start, but Carolina worked into the lead at the first mark, and was never headed during the race. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	3 50 00	5 28 36	1 38 36
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		5 29 16	1 39 16
Wawa, R. Brooks.....		5 30 31	1 40 31
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....		5 33 19	1 43 19
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....		5 43 07	1 44 07

Thursday, Aug. 22.

Hera won the race for a sweepstake that was sailed on Thursday, Aug. 22, in a strong S.F. breeze. It was a beat out to Seal Rock and a run back. Carolina led to the outer mark, but on the run back was overtaken and passed by Hera, which boat won by a small margin. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	3 31 00	5 27 12	1 56 12
Carolina, P. Jones.....		5 27 37	1 56 37
Wawa, R. Brooks.....		5 27 49	1 56 49
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer.....		5 29 19	1 58 19
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....		5 29 31	1 58 31
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....		5 31 14	2 00 14

Friday, Aug. 23.

The 30-footers raced from Jamestown to and around Seal Rock and return on Friday, Aug. 23, in a nice S.W. breeze. The course was ten miles in length, and Carolina won. The summary:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	3 33 00	5 30 26	1 57 26
Wawa, R. Brooks.....		5 32 22	1 59 22
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....		5 33 17	2 00 17
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....		5 33 49	2 00 49
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		5 33 51	2 00 51
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....		Withdrew.	

Saturday, Aug. 24.

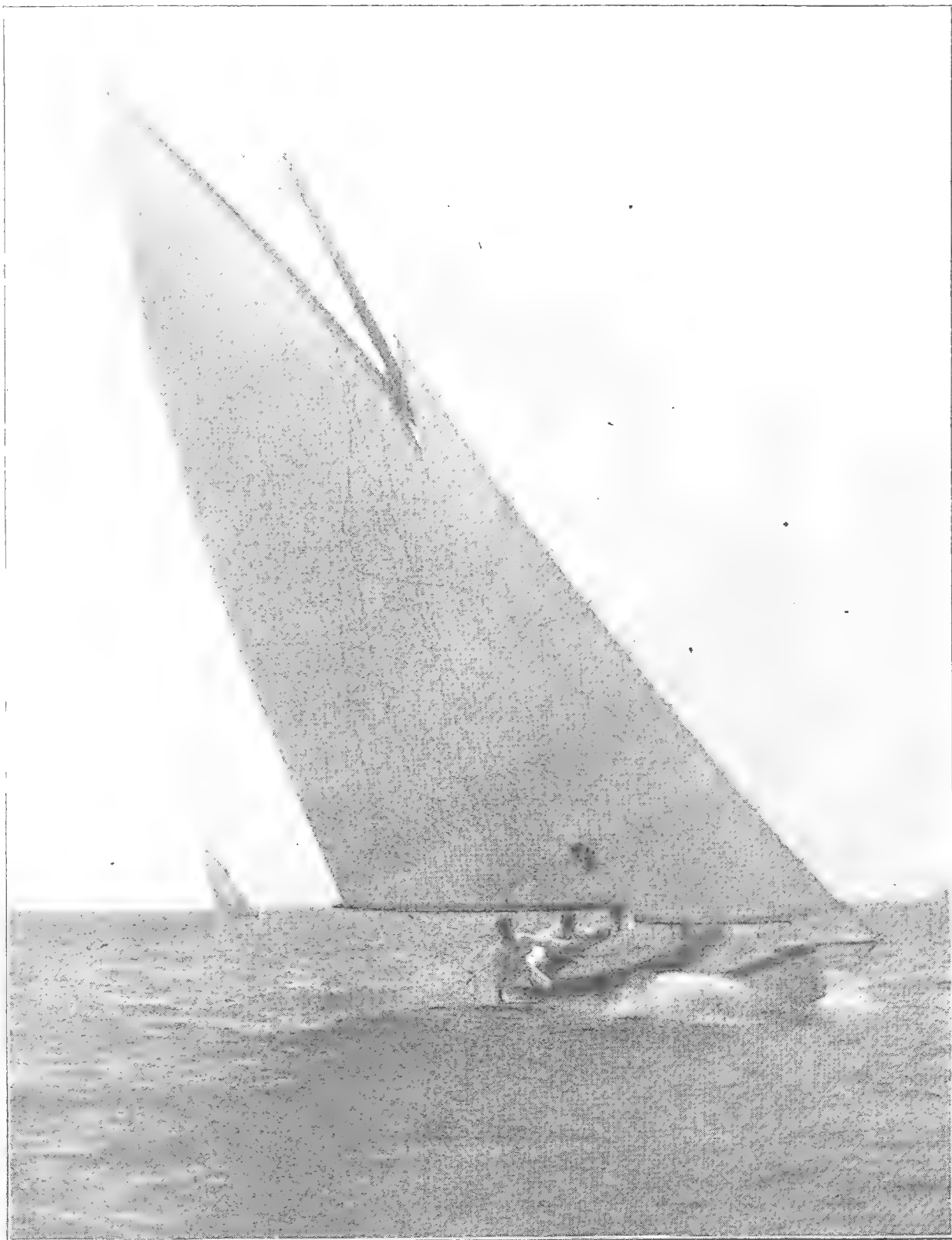
In a southerly breeze four of the 30-footers raced out to Dyer's Island and back on Saturday, Aug. 24. It was a beat out, and Esperanza led to the outer mark, but on the run back Carolina took the lead, and was never headed. The times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	10 10 00	12 55 12	2 45 12
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....		12 55 53	2 46 53
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....		12 56 09	2 46 09
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		12 56 16	2 46 16

Monday, Aug. 25.

Carolina won the race for 30-footers that was sailed on Monday, Aug. 25. The wind was light from the S., and the boats sailed twice over a triangular course. Wawa led up to the end of the first round, when Carolina worked into first place. The times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, Pembroke Jones.....	4 11 00	6 41 37	2 30 37
Wawa, Reginald Brooks.....		6 43 20	2 32 10
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....		6 45 49	2 34 49
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....		6 45 56	2 34 56
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....		Withdrew.	
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....		Withdrew.	



SINTRAM.—Designed and built by Herreshoff Mfg. Co. Photo by Jackson, Marblehead.

Western Yachts.

Macatawa Bay Races.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 24.—A number of Chicago boats met in the regatta at Macatawa Bay, across the lake, yesterday, and they got plenty of sailing weather, the breeze being fresh almost to the point of a gale.

Vanenna and Josephine disagreed over their relative measurements, and withdrew from the races. In Class B the winner was Mawaja, with Hattie B. and Pinta close placed for second.

The race between Vanenna, Josephine and Sallie, to be sailed on the big lake, was called off when Vanenna and Josephine had their misunderstanding over the time allowance, and the race was made a free for all. Columbia had an easy thing, beating Nymph and Martha cleverly.

In Class 2B Mawaja, Hattie B. and Pinta mixed it up lively, Hattie B. taking the second place on time allowance. Snipe won in Class 4B. The times:

Classes 1 and 2A—Open Race.					
	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Columbia	10 45	07 00	00 16 17	2 22 00	2 05 53
Nymph	10 45	1 44 30	00 16 45	2 59 30	2 42 45
Class 2B.					
Mawaja	10 40	1 24 00	00 05 00	2 44 00	2 39 00
Hattie B.	10 40	1 57 30	00 05 03	3 17 30	3 12 27
Pinta	10 40	1 52 30	Scratch	3 13 30	3 12 30
Class 4B.					
Snipe	10 35	1 31 55	00 00 00	2 56 05	0 00 00
Triangle	10 25	1 52 00	00 00 00	3 17 00	0 00 00

In the afternoon races, in a high wind, the good heavy-weather boat Lambda Sigma won. The times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.
Lambda Sigma	3 40	4 35 00	00 05 36	0 55 00	0 49 24
Eaglet	3 40	3 35 10	00 02 29	0 55 10	0 52 41
Raven	3 40	3 37 04	00 03 09	0 57 04	0 53 45
Canterbury	3 40	3 37 15	Scratch.	0 57 15	0 57 15

At Oshkosh.

At Oshkosh, Wis., the third and deciding heat for the Green Lake cup will be sailed to-day. Minnesitka, of White Bear, has won one race, and Anita, of Neenah, has also won a race. The silver prize of the Oshkosh Club will also be awarded to-day.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE sixth championship race of the Corinthian Y. C. was sailed off Marblehead Saturday, Aug. 24, in a moderate southerly breeze. In the 25-footers Chewink had it all her own way. The class went over the starting line in a bunch, but Chewink pulled out ahead and held a good lead to the finish, winning on both elapsed and corrected time. In the 21-footers there were but two entries, Eaglet and Opitsah III. They had it hot and heavy all over the course, Eaglet winning out by only 17s. The raceabouts were all bunched until the first mark was turned, when Sintram went to the front and stayed there until the finish. Suzanne had an easy win in the knockabout class, as did Raccoon in the special 16-footers. The summary:

Class A.					
	Elapsed.	Allows.	Corrected.		
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.	1 58 15	0	1 58 15		
Oivena, R. Boardman	2 03 40	4	1 58 56		
Gossip, P. Brooks	2 10 40	2½	2 07 43		
Brigand, H. A. Morse	2 17 05	6	2 09 08		
Third Class.					
Eaglet, S. Burgess	2 16 08	0	2 16 08		
Opitsah III., S. H. Foster	2 16 25	0	2 16 25		
Raceabouts.					
Sintram, W. P. Fowle	2 06 49	0	2 06 49		
Runaway Girl, H. Tweed	2 09 45	0	2 09 45		
Idol, T. K. Lothrop	2 10 41	0	2 10 41		
Pompilia, R. C. Robbins	2 10 42	0	2 10 42		
Scapegoat, C. H. W. Foster	2 14 43	0	2 14 43		
Knockabouts.					
Suzanne, F. Brewster	1 17 04	0	1 17 04		
Thistle, A. P. McKinnon	1 25 29	3½	1 22 38		
Retriever, H. P. Benson	1 24 50	2	1 23 18		
16-Footers.					
Raccoon, A. D. Irving	0 57 02	0	0 57 02		
Kalitan, H. E. Rogers	1 01 35	0	1 01 35		
Cyclone, R. B. Wiggins	Withdraw.				

Mosquito Fleet Y. C.

SOUTH BOSTON, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE last handicap race of the season of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was sailed off the club house, Marine Park, on Saturday, Aug. 24, in a light southerly breeze. In the first class Carrie M. finished first, but lost to Ustane on corrected time. In the second class Hoyden finished first by a long margin, but was only 3s. ahead of Myosotis on corrected time. The summary:

First Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Ustane, C. J. Moriarty	1 26 15	1 34 15	
Carrie M., N. C. Robinson	1 23 48	1 35 48	
Alda, Com. C. P. Mooney	1 34 26	1 39 26	
Helen, Wm. Tracy	1 39 02	1 44 02	
Second Class.			
Hoyden, N. Aldrich	1 34 15	1 49 15	
Myosotis, A. Lafort	1 44 18	1 49 18	
Robert, D. Byford	1 51 36	1 51 36	
Robert, D. E. Noonan	1 56 15	1 56 15	

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE Beverly Y. C. sailed a special cup race off the club house at Monument Beach Saturday, Aug. 24, in a light S.W. breeze. In the 25-footers May Queen had a very easy win. In the raceabouts Quakeress was given a surprise by being beaten by Gadfly and Radiant. In the fourth class Eunice was beaten for the second time in class racing. This time it was by Totem, by over 2m. In the 15-footers there was a hot scrap, Flickamarro winning by only 11s. The summary:

25-Footers.		Elapsed.
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore		2 30 12
Thorana, T. B. Wales		2 37 20
Kalama III., David Rice		2 38 07

21 Footers.		
Gadfly, Mrs. J. W. Geary		2 43 13
Radiant, C. M. Baker		2 43 58
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison		2 46 03
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney		2 52 54
Amanita, L. Bacon		2 54 43
Fourth Class Cats.		
Totem, W. F. Jameson		2 13 11
Eunice, W. O. Taylor		2 15 21
Hod, H. B. Holmes		2 19 55
Howard, H. O. Miller		2 21 12
Maori, A. B. Hastings		2 22 39
Allison, Stewart McLeod		2 27 51
15-Footers—One Design.		
Flickamarro, W. B. Emmons		1 58 00
Vim, F. W. Sargent, Jr.		1 58 11
Teaser, R. W. Emmons 2d		1 59 36
Fly, C. A. Coolidge		2 00 40
Spider, H. B. Stone		2 00 46
Peacock, A. Winsor, Jr.		2 00 52
Next, Paul Jones		2 03 02
Go Bye, Howard Stockton		2 08 51

Annisquam Y. C.

ANNISQUAM, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THERE were but two classes in the regular club race of the Annisquam Y. C., which was sailed in Ipswich Bay Saturday, Aug. 24. There was a strong breeze from the S.W., all but Tedesco getting down to reefs. In the handicap class Tabasco III. came in first by a good margin, but lost to Tedesco on time allowance. In the dory class Tabasco I. won handily. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Tedesco, W. H. Pear	2 10 05	1 31 53
Tabasco III., H. H. Wiggins	2 01 10	1 31 15
Comforter, J. W. Whittemore	2 13 10	1 34 46
Bernice, E. E. Webster	2 22 01	1 36 07
Sheik, H. L. Friend	2 26 10	1 40 26
Nymph, O. H. Perkins	Withdraw.	
Trifler, B. Howe	Withdraw.	
Dory Class.		
Tabasco I., W. H. Rowe	1 30 00	
Oceanus, W. Olsen	1 34 30	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

THE club race of the Cohasset Y. C., sailed off the club house, Saturday, Aug. 24, was attended by fluky breezes, which did much to spoil the racing. In both classes the yachts finished very close together, in the regular knockabout class this being particularly noticeable. The summary:

Knockabout Class.		Elapsed.
Remora, Glover Crocker		1 29 00
Monsoon, John Knowles		1 29 10
Harelda, Abner N. Bicklow, Jr.		1 29 25
Delta, R. B. Williams		1 30 25
Eleanor, F. Moors		1 30 53
Nereid, W. R. Sears		1 33 33
Special Class for Knockabouts.		
Tunipoo, W. R. Bremer		1 24 25
Fancy, C. W. Barron		1 26 03
Fly, C. W. Barron		1 27 06

Marine and Field Club.

GRAVESEND BAY—NEW YORK HARBOR.

Saturday, Aug. 24.

JIG-A-JIG. Kelpie and Quinque sailed a pretty race in Gravesend Bay on Saturday, Aug. 24, under the auspices of the Marine and Field Club. The boats sailed three times over a triangular course, one mile to the leg. The first leg was reached from the club house, starting the round off Bay Ridge to a mark off Sea Gate, thence to a marked buoy in Gravesend Bay, and back to the club house. The summaries:

	Start, 3:05:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Jig-a-jig, W. W. Hutchison		5 23 32	2 18 32
Quinque, L. R. Smith		5 31 12	2 26 12
Kelpie, W. K. Brown		5 40 00	2 35 00

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Aug. 27-30.—Okoboji, Ia.—Lake Okoboji amateur tournament, at Arnold's Park; \$400 added. For programmes, address E. C. Hinshaw.

Sept. 2.—Cleveland O.—Merchandise shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Sept. 2.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day live-bird and target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 2.—Ilion, N. Y.—Amateur shoot of the Remington Gun Club. W. H. Grimshaw, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Meriden, Conn.—Labor Day tournament of the Parker Gun Club. Also Bristol sheep bake. C. S. Howard, Sec'y.

Sept. 2.—Albany, N. Y.—Bluerock tournament of the Forester Gun Club. H. H. Valentine, Mgr.

Sept. 2-3.—Union City, Ind.—Tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club.

Sept. 2-3.—Portland, Me.—Maine State tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club. S. B. Adams, secretary.

Sept. 2-3.—Richmond, Va.—Second annual tournament of the Virginia Trapshooters' Association. Mr. John Parker, Mgr. Mr. J. C. Tignor, Sec'y.

Sept. 3-4.—Bellefontaine, O.—Silver Lake Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 3-6.—Lake Okoboji, Ia.—Indian tournament, to be held at Arnold's Park; \$800 added. C. W. Budd, Arnold's Park, Iowa.

Sept. 4.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Target shoot of second series of Keystone Shooting League.

Sept. 4-6.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Chattanooga Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 6.—Interstate Park, L. I.—All-day live bird shoot. L. H. Schortemeier, manager.

Sept. 11.—Montpelier, Vt.—Montpelier Gun Club's tournament; contest for the Robin Hood international trophy. G. B. Walton, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-12.—Sidney, O.—Sidney Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-12.—Warren, Ind.—Warren Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-13.—Canton, O.—Canton Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 16-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—St. Joseph Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 19-20.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Sept. 20-21.—Titusville, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Titusville Gun Club. H. Pfeiffer, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreihis, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Cresson, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Cresson Gun Club. C. Wenderoth, manager.

Oct. 1-4.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual international tournament; three days targets, one live birds; \$300 in money and trophies; distance handicaps.

Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.

Haverhill, Mass.—Series of prize shoots every Saturday, June 1 to Aug. 31, given by the Haverhill Gun Club. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 2.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Holiday live-bird shoot of the New Utrrecht Gun Club.

Sept. 10-13.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrrecht Gun Club; \$750 added; valuable list of merchandise prizes. Walter F. Sykes, President, 85 Water street, New York.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Mr. L. H. Schortemeier, manager, announces an all-day live bird shoot at Interstate Park, L. I., on Sept. 6, under the auspices of the New York County Gun Club. On the arrival of the 11 o'clock train miss and outs will be shot till the main programme commences. There are three events at seven birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys, Rose system, 6, 3 and 1 points, and one event at 15 birds, \$10, four moneys, 12, 6, 3 and 1. Rose system. Those who wish may shoot for birds only. All events handicaps. Birds deducted at 25 cents.

The New Utrrecht Gun Club has collected a list of desirable and valuable prizes for the forthcoming shoot of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, which is held under its auspices at Interstate Park, Sept. 10 to 13 inclusive. This list will be added to materially before the tournament takes place. Five shot guns are already on the list. Programmes may be obtained on application to Mr. Walter F. Sykes, 85 Water street, New York.

Mr. Richard Merrill, of Milwaukee, arrived in New York last Saturday from a sojourn of many weeks in England, where he tarried after the great Anglo-American trap-shooting contest from solicitude for the welfare of his friend, Mr. Chan Powers, who was an invalid eight weeks in London from an attack of typhoid fever, but who is due to arrive this week on the Deutschland. Mr. Merrill is accumulating width, the roast beef and fog of England bestowing ruddy health and added pounds of weight.

The Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., informs us that they have entered into an arrangement with the Phil B. Bekeart Co., of 114 Second street, San Francisco, Cal., to carry a full and complete of Ideal goods. After Sept. 1, 1901, this company will be the only recognized and authorized agent of the Ideal Manufacturing Co. on the Pacific Coast, and will receive and fill all orders for that company.

The friends of Capt. A. W. Wadsworth, of Boston, will rejoice to learn that he is convalescing nicely at Alexandria, N. H., after his recent dangerous illness. He expects to recover entirely in the course of five or six weeks. In a brief letter to us he expresses kind regards to his many friends in New York, and they number all who know him.

The New Utrrecht Gun Club announces a holiday shoot for Sept. 2, at Interstate Park, the main event of which will be a handicap at 15 live birds, \$5 entrance, for an elegant moosehead. Traps ready at 10 o'clock. Moosehead event commences at 2 o'clock, fifteen contestants to enter. The club shoots, at targets and live pigeons, will be held every Saturday thereafter.

The Fitchburg Rifle and Gun Club won the Damon & Gould Cup in three straight wins, the final of which took place at Leominster, Aug. 21, the Leominster team being defeated by a score of 302 to 310. The conditions were 10 men on a side, 50 blue rocks per man. The club winning it is to put it up next year as an individual trophy, the man winning it to hold it forever.

The programme of the Cresson Gun Club's all-day shoot, on the club grounds, Sept. 26, provides target events in the forenoon and live bird events in the afternoon. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The events will be arranged to suit the wishes of the participants. For particulars, address C. Wentworth, Cresson, Pa.

The Mail trophy match, a five-man team event, which took place on Aug. 17, at the Ottawa tournament, was won by the St. Hubert Gun Club team, the members and the scores of which were: Higginson 45, Trudeau 43, Throop 44, Boville 42, Johnson 44. Total 716.

Mr. R. A. Welch and wife, and Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, are due in New York on Saturday, of this week. They have been actively engaged in shooting at the great Continental trap-shooting events.

BERNARD WATERB.

Fitchburg vs. Leominster.

FITCHBURG, Mass., Aug. 22.—Fitchburg wins the cup.

The third of the series for the Damon & Gould Co. cup, by the ten-men teams from Fitchburg and Leominster was shot yesterday afternoon.

This was a general "dog day"—cloudy, hot and sultry, but a pretty good shooting day after all, except it was very cloudy and dark when the last string was shot, making it very hard to see a low bird. The conditions of this shoot were ten men on a side, 50 blue rocks to a man, three wins to take the cup, the club winning it to put it up next season as an individual trophy, the man winning it to hold it forever. As Fitchburg had won the two previous shoots, they were anxious to make it "three straight." When the day of the match arrived, we found that four of our best men were out of town, and their places had to be filled by men, three of whom were new at match shooting, but every man took his gun, shells and "nerve" and went down to Leominster and won the shoot just as though that were the only thing to do, thus making it "three straight" for Fitchburg.

The scores:

Fitchburg.		Leominster.	
Taylor	38	Rice	40
Roby	33	Powers	40
Donovan	32	Landers	35
Beane	35	Farrar	30
Hawkins	31	Legat	20
Churchill	32	Burbank	33
Dix	42	Stickney	38
Wilder	5	Wood	31
Esty	32	Andrews	40
Converse	42	Whitney	33
362		340	

Titusville Gun Club.

TITUSVILLE, Pa., Aug. 20.—At the regular weekly shoot of the Titusville Gun Club, held Friday, Aug. 17, the following scores were made, the 25-bird event being a contest for the club medal, which was won by A. Bue, shooting from the 18yd.-mark, with a score of 22 out of a possible 25:

Events:

Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
W W Kellogg	15	15	15	25	15	5p	5p
Jas. Brown	13	10	11	18	7		
Sol Mayer	7	3	5	10	3	3	2
M S Carnahan	13	10	11				
L Schlehubel, Jr.	7	5	6		6		
Jos Coleman	8	8	11	12			
Dr Jameson	7	9	8	13		7	
Jno Swartz	5	6	7				
Dr Peebles	14			16	15		
T L Andrews	9	12		7	7		
A Bue	14	13	20	14	9		
H Pfeiffer			22			25	22
C Dane	12					15	12
E W Jordan				12		15	12

H. PFEIFFER, Sec'y.

Dusted and Broken Targets.

CLEVELAND, O.—Your article on "dusted targets" and the letters from Messrs. Shaner and Fulford have attracted a great deal of attention and will, in all probability, bring out a great deal of discussion on the subject.

In the first place, it is well to consider why there should be a rule that a target to be scored "dead" must have a perceptible piece broken from it and that a "dusted" shall not be scored as "dead."

The makers of this rule undoubtedly discussed the matter very thoroughly before coming to the conclusion that it was a good rule.

It evidently has been considered a good rule for many years, as, to the best of my knowledge, your article is the first serious attempt to have it changed.

In my opinion the rule was adopted to save as far as possible any change of discussion or dispute, and if you will stop for a moment you will remember how often you have heard the remark on a shooting ground that the target was dusted and how often the statement was disputed by others looking at the target from another point of view.

I believe that the referee would have his hands full and that there would be far more disputes than there are at present if a rule were adopted calling a "dusted" target a "dead" target.

Of course, there are discussions now as to pieces, but I do not think there are nearly as many as there would be if the rule were changed as you suggest.

It was to save discussion that the rule as to holding the gun was changed from below the elbow to below the arm pit and then to any position the shooter might choose to adopt, and the changing of the present rules should be made along the line of saving discussion and relieving the referee of additional responsibility instead of adding to it.

There is no question in my mind but that a rule making a "dusted" target a "dead" target would lead to endless trouble, and the opportunity for unfair work would be greatly increased, as most anyone at any time would be able to see just a little dust and the fact could hardly be disputed.

I may be wrong, but I believe that men experienced in the sport will take the same position as above and think any change will be a detriment rather than a benefit.

PAUL NORTH.

Mr. Paul North is a gentleman of vast experience and acute powers of reasoning, and is particularly well versed in all the particulars of trapshooting. Yet, in respect to his communication on "dusted targets," we think that his conclusions cannot logically be drawn from the premises which he lays down, as we will suggest, briefly, as follows:

That the makers of the rules undoubtedly discussed the question very thoroughly before coming to the conclusion that it was a good rule, as adopted, we freely concede; but undoubtedly they discussed every other matter, within their scope, quite as thoroughly. Nevertheless, have not changes been made betimes, as the exigencies of the competition and the knowledge which comes from greater experience dictated the need of them?

Whether a target is hit or not hit is a matter relating to a question of fact quite independent of any question concerning what the bystanders may approve or disapprove, and, therefore, it is a question which admits of consideration on its merits. If the question of disputes is to be considered, the same objection could be urged against allowing a perceptible piece as a broken target, for the disputes concerning the latter are innumerable. However, if there were not matters over which there would be differences, a referee would not be necessary.

A dusted target is quite as easily distinguished as a chipped target, and many times much more easily distinguished, and, therefore, perceptible dust is quite as apparent to the referee as is a perceptible piece. In either instance, it is the referee's decision which counts. Outside disputes are irrelevant.

The manner of holding the gun is a mere matter of agreement or convention, and, therefore, quite different from the matter of fact as to whether a target is hit or not. Thus a group of shooters might agree to hold their guns in any manner they chose, and such agreement would be good; but if they agreed that 2 and 2 are equal to 3, they would be trifling with a matter of fact.

If a shooter desires to be unfair, we fail to perceive how restrictions on a matter of fact would put a check on him. From our viewpoint it would seem the better way to recognize fully the matter of fact that a dusted target is a hit target, and, therefore, should be scored, and that an unfair person is another matter of fact and should be barred.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 25.—I am willing to abide by the decision of the shooters of the country if I am right or wrong in regard to dusted target question.

I said two weeks ago a referee's duties should be so simple a child could referee. There is no decision necessary on dusted targets, pieces or wads, if you stick a few stakes, say 40yds. from the trap, in a semi-circle. If a target slips out out trap and doesn't go to stakes, it is a no bird; if it goes beyond the stake it is lost, regardless of dust pieces, wads, or imaginary dust.

There is never any trouble with the existing rules with a good referee, but the great trouble, Mr. Cadi, is, as every good shot knows, that many referees give wads for pieces, and are conscientiously honest about it, and it is not right and fair to a good score to let any one get in and tie in first honors by mistaking a wad for a piece. If you will take the trouble to sound 500 of the best shots in this country, you will find, almost to a man, that they will agree with me.

I still believe that trap shooting has a great resemblance to field shooting, and is a very close relative.

I have seen experts kill pigeons so dead they never kicked, all day long, and make their targets disappear from view when shot at.

This is done by no chance work, Mr. Cadi; it took years and thousands of dollars to develop the art. And what man would care to shoot under a rule when he blew out of sight a straight beautiful work, and then be compelled to divide honors with a duster? Yours truly,

E. D. FULFORD.

[We agree perfectly with Mr. Fulford, that the experts hit their targets very squarely. Mr. Fulford also claims that a piece is better than a dusted target, though dust is made up of pieces, and sometimes of pieces which, if detached singly, would score. However, we desire to ask the following question: If a piece as large as a dime knocked off a target is a better hit than a dusted target, is not a piece as large as a quarter better than the piece as large as a dime? And is not a piece as large as a dollar still better, and so on? If the hits are to be graded by the size of the pieces, why not have them graded like shot, from dust up to buckshot, and from buckshot to cannon balls?]

Miss. and La. League Tournament.

VICKSBURG, Miss.—The fourth amateur tournament of the Mississippi and Louisiana Trap Shooters' League, under auspices of the Vicksburg Gun Club and Fish and Game Protective Association, was held at Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 13 to 15, inclusive, and was a grand success; in fact, it was pronounced by those present as being the largest and best shoot they had ever attended, there being as high as 104 paid entries in the first event, regular programme, second day. First day, Aug. 13, sweepstakes were shot. The regular programme commenced Aug. 14, and, owing to the large attendance, was not finished until Aug. 16, at noon; then, \$10 entrances, 50 birds to the man, were shot until late in the evening. Money was divided by the Rose system. We threw in all 35,000 to 40,000 blue rocks, and used a magnum trap and one set of Expert Sargeant's system, running both sets of traps all four days.

The weather was against us, as it rained from the first day until the last, but was very cool. Fred Gilbert says we have a summer resort, but a wet town. All seemed well pleased and say they will come again.

The professional class were well represented, and did much to make the shoot a success. The following shots were in attendance: Fred Gilbert, Frank Faurte, Herbert Taylor, C. M. Lincoln, J. T. Skelley, G. H. Hillman, Maurice Kaufman.

The cashier department was under the able management of Mr. Geo. Quarterman, of Natchez, who was ably assisted by Mr. Thos. O'Herrin, of our city, and Mr. Geo. H. Hillman, of the Winchester Arms Co., and \$3,000 was distributed in two days' regular events.

The finest amateurs in the United States were in attendance, and those shooting right along in professional form were Livingston, of Alabama; Garth, of Mississippi; Broyles, of Mississippi; Blake, of Mississippi; Cameron, of Mississippi; Erwin, of Mississippi; Frank, of Tennessee; Skannal, of Louisiana; Blunt, of Alabama.

The prize offered for the longest consecutive run was won by Foote, of Mississippi.

The Greenville, Miss., team won the handsome silver loving cup, donated by the Peters Cartridge Co., and the individual trophy, offered by Baker and McDowell, of Natchez, Miss., was won by a Greenville man, Mr. Walter Blake, who is a fine amateur, with a score of 48 out of 50. Gilbert, leading in the professional class, captured the handsome umbrella, offered by the Vicksburg Gun Club. Members of our club who shot through the entire programme were Hayes, Miller, Dinkins, Adams, Henry, Pinkston, Bradfield, Collier and O'Brien, and, taking into consideration that the entire management of the tournament was in their hands, their scores, as tabulated, show that they shot very well.

We shot through four days of wind and rain, and the scores would have been much better had we been favored with good weather.

Clever Geo. Hillman was remembered by the club, and presented with a handsome umbrella, typical of wet Vicksburg. Skelley and Lincoln, the latter of U. M. C. Co., rendered us a great deal of assistance. Our citizens gave a handsome purse to the professionals shooting through the entire programme, which was divided equally among them. Jolly Maurice Kaufman, of the Peters Cartridge Co., was forced to leave us Thursday, so did not shoot out the entire programme.

We will give you a grander shoot next May, and hope to see a larger attendance. The weather may be dry then, but Vicksburg will still be a wet town.

Herbert Taylor, with the Du Pont Powder Co., was with us to the end, and made scores of friends. We all missed Du Bray and Irby Bennett.

Scores in regular events, Aug. 14 and 15. Aug. 13 and 16 were devoted to sweepstakes, which do not appear in the following:

Name.	Targets.	Broke.	Name.	Targets.	Broke.
Gilbert	380	361	Rierson	220	165
Faurte	380	358	Baggott	220	188
Livingston	380	358	Turpin	205	179
Blake	380	348	Weich	185	157
Broyles	380	347	H. L. Baker	185	146
Garth	380	347	Macmurdo	180	139
Skelley	380	342	Dr. Bernard	180	128
W. Erwin	380	339	Martin	165	123
M. Cameron	380	335	V. Erwin	160	123
Dickinson	380	333	McCormick	155	99
Skannal	380	332	Blunt	145	115
Adams	380	328	Shanahan	140	106
Daniels	380	325	Griffin	135	101
Foote	380	322	Hale	130	111
Miller	380	318	Lindsey	130	89
Hayes	380	311	Lane	130	102
C. H. Walton	380	310	Taylor	125	93
Dinkins	380	309	Dr. Darrington	115	89
Flourney, Sr.	380	308	Watson	115	85
Pinkston	380	293	Clarke	115	98
Bradfield	380	292	R. L. Pruitt	110	83
Sinai	380	286	Isaacs	105	71
A. P. Cameron	380	272	Seovell	95	76
Henry	380	263	Robertson	85	57
Lincoln	380	266	King	80	50
Collier	380	219	S. Hossley	80	50
O'Brien	380	242	Boyd	80	53
Duncan	380	325	T. J. Hossley	65	37
Frank	380	323	C. F. Wheelless	60	43
Coke	380	317	McDowell	60	42
Benedict	380	314	Clements	55	45
Saucier	380	309	Crouch	35	16
Kaufman	380	305	W. B. Pruitt	35	19
Thompson	380	304	Craig	35	20
Sharkey	380	303	Kiernan	35	14
Joyner	380	301	Harris	30	25
Negus	380	297	Kent	25	18
Brady	380	261	Vanderburgh	25	16
Powell	380	300	Stripling	10	10
C. W. Walton	380	283	Jones	10	8
Sessions	380	282	Lipscumb	10	6
Whitney	380	279	Brown	10	7
Boisseau	380	274	Goodlow	10	5
Casey	380	270	Hamberlin	10	6
Shaffer	380	268	T. Clinton	10	10
J. E. Wells	380	245	Rollins	10	6
G. Clinton	380	183	Wente	10	7
Johnson	380	175	Groome	10	9
G. Baker	380	190	Pepper	10	5
Wilson	380	192	G. Wheelless	10	4
Fletcher	380	182	Vollinger	10	5
Flourney, Jr.	380	187	Dorsey	10	8

BRAD.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Mt. Sterling Shoot.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 22.—Mt. Sterling Gun Club, of Illinois, will hold their target tournament early in October, the date not being determined at this writing. A nice programme, with \$25 high average money, will be arranged. The shoot will last one day and programmes will soon be out. This is open to everybody, no one barred.

E. H.

Chicago Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 23.—Herewith are the scores of the team race shot on the 17th on the Chicago Gun Club's grounds with the Grand Crossing Club's big crowd of shooters. The ladies also were interested, and came out to witness the race. The shooting did not begin until after 2 o'clock, and the old "Maugie" did get there.

The people of the Chicago Gun Club that seemed to get busy were Dr. C. W. Carson, secretary; Dr. Morton, president, and J. L. Jones. They did lots of work in the short afternoon. The shoot was a grand success, and everybody had a good time.

The team race was hotly contested, 15 men on a side; 25 targets each. Seven hundred and fifty clays were thrown for this race, and each team had their best men out. The Grand Crossing started first by shooting their handicap allowance medals Nos. 1 and 2. Both clubs shot their medals together in the No. 3 team race.

25 targets, medal, Grand Crossing Handicap in birds:					
Rupel, 2.....	24	25	Barnard, 4.....	20	24
O'Connell, 5.....	20	25	Dr. Friend, 4.....	17	21
Smith, 4.....	18	22	Veitmeyer, 3.....	20	23
Chandler, 5.....	17	22	Wood, 10.....	9	19
Wade, 5.....	17	22	Bradley, 4.....	19	23
Gerry, 4.....	20	24	Colborn, 5.....	22	25
Coakley, 8.....	16	21	Boa, 9.....	24	24
Wolf, 4.....	22	25	Elias, 2.....	24	25
Money, 6.....	18	24	Edwards, 4.....	20	24
Slayter, 9.....	12	21	White, 5.....	22	25
F. Adams, 3.....	20	23	Barker, 5.....	15	20
Boltman, 3.....	21	21	Seymour, 9.....	12	21
Shogrew, 6.....	22	25			

Shogrew won after shooting out the bunch on 3 tie. A. E. Rupel won high gun trophy after disposing of Elias.

No. 2. Both clubs shot together for their handicap trophies at 15 targets, the rise being 16 to 21 yds. Wolf of the Grand Crossing Club won on straight score at 16yds. W. D. Stannard, of the Chicago, won their medal on 15 straight at 16yds.

Trophy, 15 targets, Handicap in rise:			
R. O'Connell, 16.....	101011111111001-11		
Smith, 16.....	01110111111101-11		
Chandler, 16.....	11111111111101-12		
Ward, 16.....	10101011111111-17		
Geary, 16.....	11010111111101-10		
A. W. Adams, 16.....	1101101111110010-11		
Dr. Berkey, 16.....	000010000100000-13		
Richards, 16.....	01110110111111-11		
Coakley, 16.....	10111010010111-10		
Wolf, 16.....	11111111111111-15		
Money, 16.....	11011001101111-11		
Slatyer, 16.....	10101000011110-7		
Dunbar, 16.....	00111110111110-10		
Mr. Carson, 16.....	100011011001100-7		
Bradley, 16.....	11110111111101-13		
Horn, 16.....	11111110101101-12		
Boa, 16.....	11111111111111-15		
Stannard, 16.....	11011111111111-14		
Edwards, 16.....	10101010111111-11		
Mr. Howard, 16.....	0010011101001111-8		
Britton, 16.....	00011001011111-9		
White, 16.....	11111110011101-12		
Barker, 16.....	10111011111111-13		
Shotter, 16.....	10101111010111-11		
W. D. Stannard, 16.....	11111111111111-15		
Rupel, 18.....	10111101101111-12		
Adams, F. 18.....	11111100101111-12		
Boltman, 18.....	11100010111101-10		
Dr. Morton, 18.....	11111011111110-13		

A. W. Morton, 18.....	1110010111110011-10
R. B. Mack, 18.....	11000100011101-1
Dr. Miller, 18.....	11111011111111-1
Bowles, 18.....	10011110111101-1
Veitmeyer, 18.....	11101011111110-13
Elias, 18.....	11101011111011-1
Antoine, 18.....	11111111111011-13
Dr. Carson, 21.....	11100111001011-10
Ed. Steck, 20.....	10101111111101-12

Tie on Grand Crossing on. Rupel wins.

Rupel0111111110-8
Elias0011111110-7
Team race, 25 targets; Chicago Gun Club—Walters 13, Stannard 23, Morton 23, Bowles 19, Adams 20, Dr. Morton 21, Stannard 24, Borroff 19, Mrs. Carson 18, Mart 19, Mack 21, Antoine 21, Steck 20, Dr. Carson 25, Dr. Miller 15. Total 301.

Grand Crossing Gun Club—Rupel 20, Boa 24, Veitmeyer 19, Adams 23, Elias 24, Wolf 19, Boltman 21, Shogrew 18, White 19, Colborn 18, Edwards 22, O'Connor 21, Geary 16, Barnard 19, Bradley 21. Total 304.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—In the scores of the Chicago Gun Club, as given below, you will find E. M. Steck won high gun in the weekly trophy contest to-day, shooting scratch, O'Brien getting handicapped trophy. Some events without a tie.

In the monthly contest, 15 targets, with handicap in rise, Dr. Carson won after shooting out O'Brien, the Doctor at 21 yds, and O'Brien at 16 yds. Messrs. Mathews, Sr. and Jr., from Arkansas, were guests of the club's president, Dr. Morton.

Weekly shoot; handicap allowance.

Bowles, 4.....	010111110011111010011101-21
O'Brien, 5.....	0111111101001111111111-25
Steck, 0.....	1111111111111111111111-24
Mrs. Howard, 8.....	11000001111001111011010-23
Dr. Carson, 0.....	1111101111111111111111-23
R. B. Mack, 3.....	1100111110111111111111-24
Mrs. Carson, 3.....	111111011100111111101011-25
Dr. Miller, 3.....	101101001011011110101011-19
Mathews, *.....	110111010010100101000100-12
Dr. Morton, 5.....	1111010111100111000111011-22
Morton, A. M. 3.....	11110111111000111111111-24
No. 4. Monthly, 15 targets, handicap rise.	
O'Brien, 16.....	1111111111111110-14
Mrs. Carson, 16.....	1010101010111111-30
Cunningham, 16.....	011001101010101-9
Boltman, 16.....	111111110101001-12
Bowles, 18.....	1110101011111111-12
R. B. Mack, 18.....	1111110110111111-12
Dr. Miller, 18.....	010110101010101-9
Dr. Morton, 18.....	1110101111111111-13
A. W. Morton, 18.....	110101101010101-9
Steck, 20.....	11111111110101-13
Dr. Carson, 21.....	1111011111111111-14
Mrs. Howard, 16.....	1101010011001010101-8
Ties 10 targets. Dr. Carson wins at 21yds. rise.	
O'Brien, 16.....	100011111111-7
Dr. Carson, 21.....	101111111111-9
This on handicap from last week.	
Mack1101111101-8	
A. W. Morton1001110011-6	
Mack won.	BLUE JEANS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Aug. 24.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the third shoot of the third series. Dr. Shaw was high gun and won Class A trophy on a straight score of 25. Dr. Week and Dr. Hoff tied on 22 for B trophy, while L. Thomas and W. T. Johnson tied for C on 20.

The day was a perfect one for trap shooting, being pleasantly cool and no wind to interfere with the flight of the targets. Twenty-five shooters participated in the trophy shoot, and several others in the side events.

17th Trophy shoot; 25 targets:

Thomas, L.....	101110111111100111011111-20
McGowan, P.....	111111011011001011010

Dean Richmond Trophy.

As there seems to be a general lack of definite information concerning this great trophy of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, we have taken some pains to obtain the conditions governing it. In the convention records of the meeting held at Batavia, N. Y., in 1873, we find the first official record of it as follows:

At this convention the first Dean Richmond Cup was presented, through the Dean Richmond Club, of Batavia, by Henry Richmond, Esq., son of Dean Richmond, so well known in the history of our State. It was of sterling silver, about twenty inches in height. The bowl was oblong, supported by an ornamental standard resting upon a square base. On either side of the pedestal were chiseled two Nimrods, one in the act of aiming his breech-loader, and the other in the act of charging his muzzle-loader. The lower half of the bowl is chased with designs of leaves. Perched upon the rim are pigeons, and immediately above the rim, in front, is a medallion portrait of the venerable Dean Richmond, whose name it bears. On the reverse are engraved, within a wreath, the words "Dean Richmond Cup, 1873." Its value is about \$800, and it was presented upon the following terms: "To be competed for by teams of three from each club entering therefor, and the club making the best total to retain the cup until the next convention. The club winning it to give proper security for its production the following year. The club winning it three times to become its absolute owner. The entrance fee of each club to be \$30. The proceeds of the year 1873 to belong to the Dean Richmond Club, and after that to be deposited as a cup fund, to purchase another trophy when the first shall have been finally won by any club. The Dean Richmond Club to surrender all right to the cup on the signing of an agreement to the above effect by the president of the State Association on behalf of that body." The cup was accepted upon these terms, and the agreement was signed by the president by authority of the Association. The cup was the subject of contest during the year 1873, and succeeding years, to and including 1877, and was finally, in that year, won by the Forester Club, of Buffalo. By that time the Cup Fund amounted to \$1,150, with which the present Dean Richmond Trophy was purchased.

In the records of the convention held at Buffalo, 1878, under the auspices of the Forester Club, the cup is again officially referred to, as follows:

The Dean Richmond Cup having been previously won by the Forester Club, of Buffalo, the treasurer reported that he had received from contests for that emblem, \$1,150, and that this amount had been expended in the purchase of a new cup or trophy. The conditions of the competition for the second trophy varied from those of the first. The secretary, Mr. John B. Sage, reported that he had been through the State and conversed with the leading members of clubs, all of whom favored the proposed change of terms, which he recommended should be as follows: "The Dean Richmond Trophy to be open to clubs belonging to the State Association; to be held by the winning club, each year, in trust, to be accounted for to the State Association the following year; to be shot for by club teams of three members each, residents of the county in which the club is located; twenty single birds to each contestant at twenty-one yards rise, in accordance with the rule of the New York State Association; entrance \$30, and the sum of the entrance money to go to the winning club making the highest score in the contest." Mr. W. J. Babcock, of Rochester, moved that the conditions be amended by increasing the number in each team from three to fifteen, but this proposed amendment was rejected, and the recommendations of Mr. Sage were adopted. The present Dean Richmond Trophy was, therefore, the subject of contest at this convention of 1878 for the first time. It is a sterling silver punch bowl of elegant proportions and magnificent capacity, being in diameter about twenty inches, and in height from base to apex about thirty inches.

The outside metal is frosted, and the lining is of Roman gold. The base tapers upward from the lion head and paws which support it to the bottom of the receptacle devised for the juice of the grapes which emblematically are suspended from the vines entwined around its curved handles.

Symbolical figures in relief rest upon the pedestal and upon the rim.

The cap or cover is elaborately turned, moulded and chased. On one side encircled by a wreath is a medallion of the donor of the original cup for which this was substituted, and whose name it retains. Surmounting the entire piece is a finely proportioned model of a sportsman in the act of taking aim.

At the 28th convention, held in Rochester, Mr. John B. Sage, who had been appointed at the prior convention to obtain the consent of Henry A. Richmond, of Buffalo, to shoot at other things than live pigeons for the Dean Richmond Cup, reported that the desired consent could not be obtained.

At the 32d annual convention, held at Lyons, N. Y., June 12, 1890, there was a lengthy debate concerning the Dean Richmond Trophy. Some held that the conditions should be changed in so far as to compete for it under American Association rules, and that the entrance be reduced from \$30 to \$15. There was a discussion thereupon in respect to whether the cup was the property of the donor, Mr. Richmond, or the association. A committee was appointed to call upon Mr. Richmond and learn from him the status of the cup's ownership, and to arrange the conditions under which it would be competed for at the next State meeting.

At the 33d convention, held at Rome, N. Y., June 16, 1891, Mr. Sage stated that a club could be represented by only one team for the Dean Richmond Trophy. Rule 2, pertaining to the manner of holding the gun—that is, guns below the elbow—was changed so that the gun could be held in any position at the pleasure of the shooter.

The following, signed by Mr. Henry L. Gates, of Utica, N. Y., appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of April 6, 1895:

Utica, N. Y., March 25.—At a recent meeting of the Committee on Rules, of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, held at Albany, some important changes in the shooting rules were agreed upon to govern the 1895 tournament at Saratoga. To avoid uncertainty and save disputes, it was agreed to adopt the American Shooting Association Rules to govern both target and live bird contests. Cut the following special rules out and paste them in your copy of American Shooting Association Rules, and you will thus have a copy of the New York Rules for 1895. It was found necessary to adopt some special rules to meet conditions existing here, and the following were agreed upon:

Target Shooting.

American Association Rules shall govern where they do not conflict with the following special rules:

Rule 1. The rapid-firing system shall be used, targets being thrown from known traps at unknown angles, and the angles to be changed after each target is thrown.

Rule 2. In ordinary sweepstake events, the management may permit 10-gauge guns to stand at 16 yards, but in all State events 10-gauge guns must stand at 18 yards, and shoot in separate squads.

Rule 3. No person shall be eligible to shoot on any team contesting for the team championship at inanimate targets unless he shall be—First. An actual bona fide citizen of the State of New York. Second. He shall have been at least thirty days a member of the club which he shall represent. Third. He shall be an actual bona fide resident of the county in which said club has its principal headquarters. If any club shall allow any person to shoot on a team not able to comply with all of the above requisites, such team shall forfeit its entrance money and all rights in the match, and be subject to such penalties as the Association may prescribe. No moneys shall be paid over, or any trophy be awarded, if a protest shall be made by any team contesting, until the same shall be decided, and the tournament president shall determine how the protest shall be considered and decided.

Live Bird Shooting.

American Shooting Association Rules shall govern when they do not conflict with the following special rules:

Rule 1. If any member of a team contesting for the Dean Richmond trophy shall be disqualified from shooting for any cause under the rules, after he shall have fired at one or more birds in the contest, the team of which he is a member shall forfeit all rights and also their entrance money.

Rule 2. Conduct. No person who acts in an unsportsmanlike manner, or who is intoxicated, or who persists in making himself disagreeable to contestants and management, or who wilfully insists upon violating the rules of this association, shall be permitted on the grounds of this association, or participate in any contest on its grounds.

Rule 3. Birds Alighting. Any bird shot at (with either one or both barrels), with sufficient life to light on a fence, tree or cut-building, and close its wings, shall be declared a lost bird.

Rule 4. No person shall be eligible to shoot on any team contesting for the Dean Richmond trophy unless he shall be, first,

an actual bona fide citizen of the State of New York. Second. He shall have been at least thirty days a member of the club which he shall represent. Third. He shall be an actual bona fide resident of the town or city in which said club has its principal headquarters, or of a town or city in the same county immediately adjoining thereto. If any club shall allow any person to shoot on a team not able to comply with all of the above requisites, such team shall forfeit its entrance money and all rights in the match, and be subject to such other penalties as the association may prescribe.

No moneys shall be paid over or any trophy be awarded if a protest shall be made by any team contesting until the same shall be decided, and the tournament president shall determine how the protest shall be considered and decided.

Rule 5. Dean Richmond trophy, value \$1,150. Shall be held by the winning club each year in trust, to be accounted for to the State Association, to be shot for by three members of a club belonging to the association, such members to be residents of the town or city in which the club is located, or of a town or city immediately adjoining thereto, as provided in rule 4. Fifteen single live birds to each contestant. Entrance fee \$20 per team. The team making the highest score shall win the "trophy" and 60 per cent. of the entrance money, and the team making the next highest score will receive the remaining 40 per cent.

Interstate Association at Auburn.

AUBURN, Me.—The Interstate Association's tournament, given for the Auburn (Me.) Gun Club, was a distinct success.

The tournament was arranged by the manager of the Interstate Association, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner.

On Wednesday 12,475 targets were thrown, and the same number of shells exploded.

On Thursday 8,000 targets were sprung, and the same number of shells exploded.

Mr. Shaner has had every sort of a care over it all and so have the Auburn Gun Club boys. It has been a credit to all concerned, and if any compliments were to be passed, they should go to all alike, for all have been as one.

Cashier Joly has been the ideal official, and everyone says a good word for the doctor.

Wednesday, Aug. 21, First Day.

Neal was high, with 171 out of 175, for the first day. Preble was second.

The opening day of the shoot had admirable weather—clear and bright, with a fresh breeze. The grounds are pleasantly situated upon a hill top. It is said to be one of the best arranged and most convenient grounds in the country. All is praise for the Auburn Gun Club and the royal manner in which they are entertaining these out-of-town visitors.

Three sets of traps are run, the event No. 1 (of 15 birds) being from the expert traps at known angles, squads of five shooting, while event No. 2, of 20 birds, is from the Magan traps at unknown angles. Stevens, the caterer, served dinner in the tent. On the grounds were a score or more of ladies, while, all told, 150 persons were present at the opening of the shoot.

Among the "crack" shots who were gunning for the "clay saucers" yesterday were E. C. Griffith, Pascoag, R. I. "Jack" Fanning, of San Francisco, too, is one of the crack-a-jacks of America. B. Leroy Woodward is one of the best marksmen in the business. O. R. Dickey, who was the handicap in Boston in 1896; W. L. Colville, who represents the Dupont powder people; B. H. Norton, of New York, who represents Hazard powder, and Lambert.

The Waterville squad consists of S. A. Green, Samuel L. Preble, Dana P. Foster, Walter Reed and "Stobey." Besides the Waterville regular squad, Dr. Dwinell and Davidson, of that city, arrived on the grounds to carry off their share of the honors.

Then there is Bath, which is well represented at the shoot. Geo. Thompson heads the team from the ship-building city, and will get his share of the birds. A group of Montreal guns are here, while all the old-timers of the Lewiston and Auburn teams are in the procession.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	T's.
Norton	11	16	9	15	9	12	10	16	8	14	120
Colville	11	14	9	17	8	16	11	15	10	16	127
Gonzales	10	17	7	15	11	13	13	16	13	17	132
Rich	15	19	13	19	11	13	12	18	13	18	156
Neal	12	15	13	18	15	18	13	17	11	17	149
Hunnell	14	17	14	19	14	20	14	20	12	18	162
Connors	15	13	13	20	15	19	12	19	12	18	155
Childs	12	12	10	16	10	15	10	12	9	14	110
Noble	13	17	14	15	14	17	13	17	12	20	152
Snow	11	14	15	19	11	16	11	19	11	18	145
Fanning	15	19	15	18	12	19	12	17	14	18	159
Rule	13	18	15	20	14	18	15	18	11	20	162
Dickey	14	19	15	18	15	20	15	18	11	19	164
Leroy	13	18	13	19	12	19	14	19	15	19	161
Lambert	13	13	13	17	13	18	14	19	14	19	158
Greene	14	18	13	16	14	18	14	19	12	19	157
Stobie	14	18	13	20	12	19	15	18	14	20	163
Foster	13	16	10	16	11	19	12	15	12	19	143
Preble	13	17	13	17	13	19	13	17	13	17	152
Wyman	11	17	12	16	11	15	10	17	13	17	141
Griffith	14	18	15	20	14	18	14	13	14	20	165
Getchel	14	18	12	18	15	19	13	20	15	18	162
Cutler	10	20	14	19	15	19	12	19	13	18	159
Davidson	11	18	13	14	15	17	14	13	11	18	149
Morse	14	19	12	19	13	14	14	17	11	18	157
Fletcher	11	14	13	16	7	17	8	15	8	17	..
McMurray	7	15	9	14	10
McCann	7	9	5	19	15	17	7	15	11	12	117
Day	9	16
Dwinell	8	12	9	16	9	11
Moody	11	20	14	17	12	17	11	18	13	19	152
Barker	7	6	5	6	11	13	8	17	7	16	96
Cobb	14	18	14	16	10
Randall	15	18	13	19	12	18	15	19	14	19	162
Gray	14	19	12	19	11	17	12	18	13	18	153
Hinds	11	18	13	16	9	17	10	19	13	19	145
Cushman	11	18	12	15	8
Jordan	..	17	16	13
Giddings	..	14	6
R Stobie	..	8	16	10	17	8	16	11	20

Thursday, Aug. 22, Second Day.

Concerning the management, the Lewiston Journal, of Aug. 22, published the following: "At precisely 2.30 and a fraction on Wednesday afternoon, Manager Elmer E. Shaner, chief pusher of the Interstate Gun Club meet now in progress at the Auburn Gun Club premises, near the Lewiston and Auburn Country Club, took his specially selected cambric from the unknown angle of his shirt collar, stowed it away in his left hip trap pocket and—the great interstate meet of the gun clubs of U. S. A., under the auspices of our enterprising Auburn Gun Club, was an assured success.

"Just a word right here about Manager Shaner and his abilities to annihilate the peculiar and constant difficulties of a meet of this nature. It was about as much sport to sit and watch him put the 'events' through their paces at any moment of Wednesday's shoot as it was to witness the feats of the marksmen themselves. 'Say,' said one of the noted 'professionals' present Wednesday, 'I wish you would just put it down for me that Shaner is a hustler from the word go. There isn't a better man in the country to handle a big shoot like this.' And we will stake our judgment that there isn't. He just made the guns do a continuous pop-corn cake walk from 9.30 through the entire day, and when the faint echoes of the 6 o'clock mill bells came up from the city, the entire 10 events of the first day's shoot had been finished, and there was time to sit down and talk it all over before taking the personally conducted buckboard for the Elm House."

Mr. Stobie finished with a string of 20 straight, losing 12 birds to-day and 13 yesterday, and beating Hunnell for the honors of "High Gun" by exactly one bird in the two days' events.

Neal, high gun of the first day, missed three out of the first event at fixed angles, and dropped five more on the next event, two on the next, two on the next, and two on the sixth, making fourteen misses on the first 105 birds. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	15	20	T's.
Norton	10	10	9	14	11	15	10	15	12	12	118
Colville	13	14	10	18	9	18	10	18	10	12	132
Thompson	14	16	11	20	13	20	12	14	14	16	150
Craig	11	17	12	18	12	19	13	18	10	13	143
Gonzales	12	16	14	16	14	15	15	17	13	12	143
Hunnell	15	17	15	18	12	15	14	18	15	20	159
Conner	14	14	15	14	12	18	14	19	11	20	151

Ashley	10	16	7	20	9	19	11	16	13	17	138
Noble	13	19	12	17	14	18	13	16	12	18	152
Snow	13	15	13	18	15	19	15	17	14	18	157
Fanning	14	18	13	19	14	18	15	19	15	18	163
Rule	14	18	15	18	14	19	14	19	12	15	158
Dickey	13	18	14	18	13	16	12	17	14	20	155
Leroy	12	19	14	17	14	20	14	16	13	20	159
Lambert	14	20	14	20	12	19	15	17	14	18	163
Greene	14	18	15	20	14	19	13	18	14	18	163
Stobie	14	18	12	20	12	19	15	19	15	18	162
Foster	12	17	15	19	5	17	9	19	15	18	146
Preble	15	19	15	20	14	16	15	20	14	19	167
Wills	15	17
Adams	10	15	11	17	12	19	11	..	11
Neal	15	19	15	19	15	20	14	19	15	20	171
Gray	14	18	13	18	15	19	11	..	14
Rich	12	18	14	19	13	20	13	19	14	18	160
Hinds	12	17	11	16	11	16	10	..	13
Whitemore	9	16	14	16	12	16	12	18	11	18	142
Cecil	19	16	11	15	12	16	13	13	10	14	139
Storer	6	10	7	15	12	14	13	12	11	14	114
Wheeler	10	15	11	19	12	16	15	19	11	17	145
Dunning	11	17	13	16	15	12	13	16	14	18	145
Morse	15	18	12	19	12	15	13	17	13	18	162
Childs	11	18	13	18	12	16	13	13	14	17	145
McMurray	13	16	13	16	11	15	12	16	11	11	124
McCann	14	16	12	17	11	16	8	19	11	14	138
Jordan	11	17	13	18	13	17	13	19	14	16	138
Moody	13	16	9	13	16	19	13	16	13	19	147
Barker	9	12	8	14	11	12	9	14	9	15	113
Cobb	12	17	13	16	13	17	13	16	12
Weeks	8	15	7	13
Williams	11	9	11	18	..	10	..
Davidson	14	19	14	18	12	17	12	17	13	15	151
Wyman	14	17	12	19	12	17	13	17	14	16	151
Jones	11	17	14	18	14	11	11
Dwinell	9	9	11	10	8
Giddings	9	16	..	15	13
Fisher	10	16	12	17	9	10	10	16	11	13	124
Webber	12	13	6	16	12	12	12	17	10	13	123
Footer	9	11	9	15	10	13	13
Scribner	5	9	7	19	11	5	5	12	9	9	97
Perry	9	16	9	15	..	17
Griffith	13	18	10	20	14	18	15	18	14	18	158
Getchell	12	19	15	19	14	16	14	18	11	20	161
Cutler	15	18	15	18	13	19	13	19	13	20	163
Cushman	14	17	13	9	17	..
Collins	13	16
Ray	10	..	12	17	11
Gould	6	13	12	..	10
Vanner	10	16	15	11	..	10	16
Doten	18	9	17	11	..	14	16	..
Ingalls	1	..	8
Knight	13	12	10	17	..
Plutzer	10	6	..	8	14	..
Day	12	9	..	9	12	..
Harrington
Eastman	14	13	..
Day, W. C.	5
Askell	3
Toothaker	10	15	..

The Ottawa Tournament.

THE three days' tournament of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association held Aug. 15, 16 and 17, at Ottawa, on the grounds of the St. Hubert Gun Club, had a large attendance and strong support.

Concerning it, Mr. W. H. Hayes, treasurer of the St. H. G. C., writes us as follows: "We have succeeded in starting something here which will do more to advance trap shooting in Canada than anything ever done heretofore. When our association was organized last spring one of our papers, the Tribune, I think it was, had some fun with our name, claiming it to be contradictory. Now, we conduct trap shooting, likewise we try and intend to keep on trying to protect the game, by having laws improved and existing laws properly enforced, and I can assure you there is need of it. Is there anything contradictory in that?"

Probably the most interesting event of the tournament was the team match for the "Mail Trophy," which was in possession of the St. Hubert Gun Club of Ottawa and was won twice by that organization before the present win. The cup was originally presented to the Ontario Trap Shooting Association, which is not now in existence. It really belongs to the club, but the members of the St. Hubert organization considered that by putting up the trophy for competition again it would additionally stimulate trap shooting in Canada. In doing this the club has acted in a decidedly sportsmanlike manner.

The annual meeting of the Dominion of Canada Trap Shooting and Game Protective Association was held at the Hotel Cecil, officers being elected and other business transacted. Following are the new officers: President, T. A. Duff, Toronto; first vice-president, C. Strangman, Montreal; second vice-president, F. Westbrook, Brantford; secretary-treasurer, A. W. Throop, Ottawa; committee, T. Upton, Hamilton; G. J. Mitchell, Brantford; R. Fleming, Toronto; Dr. Overholt, Hamilton; C. G. Thompson, Sherbrooke, Que.; W. H. Hayes, Ottawa; R. B. Hutchison, Westmount, Montreal.

Hamilton was selected as the place where the tournament will be held next year and under the auspices of the Hamilton Gun Club. It was decided that the secretary of the club under the auspices of which the annual tournament is to be held will act as assistant to the secretary-treasurer of the association. The usual votes of thanks were passed.

General satisfaction is expressed by the trap shooters from outside places at the way in which matters are being handled, and Messrs. A. W. Throop and W. Hayes, of the St. Hubert's Gun Club, who are two of the local men working hard to make things a success are coming in for lots of praise.

At the meeting of the trap shooters the work of these two gentlemen was referred to in complimentary terms.

First Day, Aug. 15.

Though the conditions were not the best, the wind and light being detrimental to the highest scores, the day's shooting produced some very satisfactory results. Some of the best trap shooters in the Dominion were present, as well as many well-known marksmen from the United States. An easterly wind facing the trap yesterday raised the birds rather high, and thus deceived some of the trap shooters. There was no sunshine either during the day, and the light was, therefore, deceptive. Ten events were on the programme for the initial day, but only nine were finished owing to a late start.

In event No. 6, at 15 targets, the possible was broken by W. J. Spangler, of Columbus, O., and N. G. Bray, of Sherbrooke. In event No. 1, at 15 birds, P. Trudeau, Ottawa, made the possible. A. W. Throop, Capt. Higginson and Trudeau also made very good scores in some of the other events, though the handicap system, which puts the cracks back to 19, 20 and 21 yards, evened matters up pretty much.

Event 1, 20 Targets: C. Summerhayes 15, P. Trudeau 14, C. J. Mitchell 14, N. G. Bray 14, C. G. Thompson 13, Fred Westbrook 13, J. A. Duff 13, W. E. Deremo 13, S. Dumont 13, A. W. Throop 12, E. L. Greenwood 12, Chas. Hacker 12, Montgomery 12, H. F. Westbrook 12, Spangler 12, Capt. Higginson 11, T. C. Boville 11, W. J. Johnston 11, W. Slaney 10, Fletcher 10, J. Locke 10, D. Alexander 10, C. Brigger 10, F. Bennett 9, F. H. Thompson 9, J. K. Kennedy 8, Dr. Wilson 8, R. Green 8, T. Upton 8, A. W. Westover 8, H. Irwin 7, R. B. Hutchison 7, J. G. Greene 6, J. W. Deslaurier 6, Anderson 6.

Event 2, 20 targets, and the scores were: Westbrook 19, Summerhayes 19, A. W. Throop 19, Johnston 19, C. G. Thompson 18, Chas. Hacker 18, R. B. Hutchison 17, J. H. Thompson 17, W. G. Deremo 16, Brigger 16, Dr. Wilson 16, Mitchell 16, Higginson 16, R. Green 16, T. Duff 16, N. G. Bray 16.

Event 3, 20 targets, St. Hubert Gun Club guaranteed purse of \$50; 5 moneys; Rose system; 16 yards: H. T. Westbrook 13, J. H. Thompson 17, W. E. Deremo 18, L. G. Green 15, I. N. Deslaurier 13, Z. Ketchum 12, Chas. Hacker 17, J. Locke 15, Dr. S. White 15, F. A. Bradley 17, Galbraith 17, 17 yards: A. W. Throop 18, T. A. Duff 15, T. C. Boville 13, W. G. Bray 16, T. Upton 14, Bennett 10, J. K. Kennedy 14, P. Trudeau 12, W. J. Johnston 14, A. D. Alexander 11; 18 yards: Summerhayes 19, C. A. Montgomery 19, R. B. Hutchison 14, Capt. Higginson 14, C. G. Thompson 14, R. Green 16, E. F. Greenwood 12, A. Dumont 11, A. W. Westover 11, D. Brigger 15; 19 yards: W. G. Spangler 17, C. J. Mitchell 18; 20 yards: M. E. Fletcher 17, F. W. Westbrook 15; 21 yards: F. Westbrook 19, E. G. White 16.

Event 4, 20 targets, 16 yards: H. T. Westbrook 17, T. Upton 19, T. B. Bennett 11, R. B. Hutchison 17, Capt. Higginson 18, R. Green 15, E. F. Greenwood 11, A. W. Westover 16, A. Dumont 15, T. C. Green 15, J. K. Kennedy 15, H. Irwin 8, J. Locke 12, C. Brigger 15, W. Slaney 11; 17 yards: J. A. Duff 17, M. E. Fletcher 12, P. Trudeau 16, W. J. Johnston 14, W. J. Spangler 17, J. H. Thompson 15; 18 yards: C. A. Montgomery 17, C. G. Thompson 17, N. G. Bray 16; 19 yards: A. W. Throop 12, W. E. Deremo 16, C. G. Mitchell 13; 20 yards: Dr. Wilson 13; 21 yards: C. Summerhayes 18, F. Westbrook 17.

Event 5, 20 targets, 16 yards: H. T. Westbrook 15, T. Upton 19, A. W. Westover 11, T. C. Boville 16, I. N. Deslaurier 14, G. Dumont 15, D. Alexander 16, F. A. Bradley 11, W. Strangman 17, F. A. Henry 14, J. K. Kennedy 15, L. G. Green 10, W. J. Henry 14, C. Brigger 17, R. B. Hutchison 11, Capt. Higginson 11, R. Green 14, Z. Ketchum 9, E. F. Greenwood 16, Dr. S. White 14; 17 yards: C. A. Montgomery 11, W. Spangler 16, T. A. Duff 15, J. H. Thompson 14, B. Rothwell 13, P. Trudeau 13, M. E. Fletcher 13, W. J. Johnston 13, 18 yards: C. G. Thompson 16, N. G. Bray 18; 19 yards: C. J. Mitchell 19, A. W. Throop 15, W. E. Deremo 17; 20 yards: Dr. Wilson 13; 21 yards: Summerhayes 15, F. Westbrook 17.

Event 6, 15 targets: W. J. Spangler 15, N. G. Bray 15, Capt. Higginson 14, D. Alexander 14, C. G. Thompson 14, C. J. Mitchell 13, M. E. Fletcher 13, W. J. Johnston 13, F. Westbrook 12, C. A. Montgomery 12, R. B. Hutchison 12, I. N. Deslaurier 12, W. Strangman 12, C. Summerhayes 12, T. Upton 12, E. F. Greenwood 11, F. A. Bradley 11, C. Brigger 11, W. E. Deremo 11, J. H. Thompson 10, H. T. Westbrook 10, G. Dumont 10, A. W. Throop 10, R. Green 9, A. H. Westover 9, Dr. Wilson 9, Capt. Boville 8, T. A. Duff 8, F. A. Henry 8, Chas. Hacker 7.

Event 7, 20 targets; Westmount Gun Club's guaranteed purse: T. A. Duff 19, F. A. Henry 19, Capt. Higginson 19, C. G. Thompson 18, R. Green 17, D. Alexander 17, N. G. Bray 17, J. E. Deremo 17, W. J. Henry 17, J. K. Kennedy 17, C. A. Montgomery 16, R. B. Hutchison 16, W. Galbraith 16, F. Anderson 16, B. Rothwell 16, F. Westbrook 16, Dr. Wilson 16, C. F. Mitchell 16, W. Strangman 16, W. J. Spangler 15, P. Trudeau 15, W. Slaney 15, A. W. Throop 15, E. F. Greenwood 15, W. J. Johnston 14, I. N. Deslaurier 14, G. Dumont 14, Capt. Boville 14, J. H. Thompson 12, M. E. Fletcher 12, C. Brigger 11, Dr. Birkett 10, H. F. Westbrook 8, L. G. Green 8, T. Upton 7.

Second Day, Aug. 16.

The second day produced some excellent sport, and the clay pigeons were broken freely and satisfactorily. The wind was very high and blowing across the traps and made the shooting somewhat uncertain. Twelve events were shot off, including two matches left over from Monday, and in several of the matches possibles were made. There were four guaranteed purses of \$50 each shot for in yesterday's events.

J. S. Fanning, the noted American wing shot, of New York, is taking part in the tournament. He holds a record of 230 blue rocks straight.

Fred Westbrook, of Brantford, is also another good shot.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	*
Targets:	15	20	20	20	15	25	20	15	20		
F Westbrook	14	16	15	16	18	9	23	19	14	18	17
Chas Hacker	9	15	15	18	9	24	11	17			17
C J Mitchell	8	13	17	17	14	6	24	16	16	17	18
C J Montgomery	16	17	15	15	10	17	11	14	16		16
C Summerhayes	14	17	13	17	10	24	11	17	19		17
H T Westbrook	11	13	14	11	6	18	11	9	16		16
W I Spangler	14	16	16	18	14	13	16	18	10	18	17
S P Anderson	12	10	13	14	12	8	17	11	9	13	16

E F Greenwood	9	12	9	8	12	12	15	15	10	15	16
W E Deremo	7	17	15	12	11	11	11	11	14	16	16
L G Green	2	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
J S Fanning	18	15	17	16	10	21	19	14	18	21	
E G White	17	15	17	13	14	23	16	15	18	21	
C Brigger	13	16	15	13	15	12	18	16	12	17	16
M E Fletcher	9	13	18	10	16	15	18	11	14	16	
T Upton	8	15	18	16	13	7	21	16	14	14	16
F Bennett	8	15	14	12	11	19	11	10	10	16	
Dr Wilson	10	15	14	13	16	12	22	16	11	16	17
C G Thompson	9	15	15	12	18	14	20	11	11	16	16
N G Bray	7	18	17	16	18	11	21	18	13	19	17
A W Westover	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
W J Johnstone	13	19	10	18	14	13	21	18	13	18	17
Capt T C Boville	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
A W Throop	12	16	18	13	15	14	16	16	14	17	17
W Slaney	11	13	17	16	14	10	18	17	11	16	16
W J Henry	9	13	18	16	16	12	19	16	12	17	16
F A Henry	8	13	11	14	11	8	21	13	11	12	17
Z Ketchum	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
Capt J F Higginson	7	15	15	17	16	11	18	15	14	15	19
Dr S White	7	16	17	16	12	11	22	16	11	16	16
I N Deslaurier	12	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	16
P Trudeau	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
Dr Alex Martin	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
J H Thompson	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
D Alexander	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
T A Duff	9	17	19	13	16	11	18	16	13	15	18
R Green	14	19	11	16	12	20	17	14	18	17	17
R B Hutchison	8	15	10	20	16	13	16	11	15	18	17
G Dumont	8	14	15	17	11	11	18	16	12	11	16
C Strangman	8	10	12	18	13	11	16	11	12	16	16
J K Kennedy	14	13	17	16	12	11	11	11	11	11	16

*Handicaps.

Third Day, Aug. 17.

The principal event was the team competition for the handsome Mail trophy, which has been in the keeping of the St. Hubert's Gun Club of Ottawa for several years, and which, under the old challenge system, they have always been able to hold. This year, in recognition of having the honor of conducting the first tournament of the association, the club hung up the big trophy to be competed for by any teams that saw fit to enter, and the result was a spirited competition, in which the holders defeated Brantford by three birds only. When the teams had shot half the match, that is, 25 birds each, the St. Huberts were eight birds ahead, and their stock went up. Brantford made a plucky fight, as may be judged from the fact that they reduced this lead of eight birds by five. That the team of the winners was admirably chosen may be seen by a glance at the scores, there being only two points difference between the highest and lowest score, whereas there were nine points in the Brantford team, fifteen in Westmount and thirteen in Hamilton. The conditions and result of the match were:

Entrance \$15 per team, 5 men teams, squad shooting, rapid fire, Magaun, 16 yards rise.

St. Hubert's team, Ottawa: Capt. J. F. Higginson 43, P. Trudeau 43, A. W. Throop 44, Capt. T. C. Boville 42, W. J. Johnston 44; total 216.

Pastime Club, Brantford: Chas. Hacker 40, C. Montgomery 38, C. Summerhayes 47, C. J. Mitchell 42, Fred Westbrook 46; total 213.

Westmount Team, Montreal: G. Dumont 43, C. Aubin 42, W. Galbraith 29, J. K. Kennedy 44, R. B. Hutchison 40; total 198.

Hamilton Club, Hamilton: M. E. Fletcher 38, T. Upton 40, F. Vallance 28, C. Brigger 33, Dr. Wilson 41; total 180.

The following were the prize winners and the amounts won in the Merchandise match:

W. J. Johnston, Ottawa, \$12; A. W. Throop, Ottawa, \$10; E. G. White, Swanton, Vt., \$8; C. Strangman, Montreal, \$7; W. Slaney, Ottawa; Capt. Boville, Ottawa; Fred Westbrook, Brantford; J. S. Fanning, New York; Capt. Higginson, Ottawa; R. B. Hutchison, Montreal, \$6 each; S. P. Anderson, Oakville; W. J. Spangler, Columbus, O.; N. G. Bray, Sherbrooke; W. F. Deremo, Lacona, N. Y.; S. N. Westover, Hamilton; G. Dumont, Montreal; C. G. Mitchell, Brantford; T. A. Duff, Toronto; R. Green, Toronto; I. N. Deslaurier, Ottawa; Dr. S. White, Ottawa; Montgomery, Brantford, \$5 each; J. H. Thompson, Toronto; M. E. Fletcher, Dr. Wilson, Hamilton, \$4 each; W. J. Henry, Ottawa, \$3; D. Alexander, Toronto, \$2.

Event No. 1, 20 birds: M. E. Fletcher 19, E. G. White 19, W. J. Spangler 19, W. J. Henry 19, C. Hacker 18, J. H. Thompson 17, Fred Westbrook 17, J. K. Kennedy 17, T. A. Duff 17, F. A. Henry 17, W. J. Johnston 17, G. Dumont 17, R. B. Hutchison 17, Montgomery 16, C. J. Mitchell 16, D. Alexander 16, T. W. Upton 16, Dr. S. White 16, R. Green 16, P. Trudeau 16, Galbraith 15, Summerhayes 14, T. C. Boville 14, Capt. Higginson 14, C. Aubin 14, C. Brigger 13, Dr. Wilson 13, Greenwood 13, A. W. Throop 13, T. Bennett 13, H. T. Westbrook 12, W. Slaney 12, Nash 10, S. P. Anderson 7.

Event No. 3, 20 targets: M. E. Fletcher 19, D. Alexander 19, E. G. White 19, Aubin 18, Summerhayes 18, F. A. Henry 18, F. Westbrook 17, Mitchell 17, A. W. Throop 17, Hacker 17, Hutchison 17, Dumont 17, J. K. Kennedy 17, J. H. Thompson 16, W. J. Henry 16, W. J. Johnston 16, Spangler 16, Capt. Higginson 16, Montgomery 16, T. Upton 15, T. A. Duff 15, R. Green 15, Dr. Wilson 14, H. T. Westbrook 14, W. Galbraith 14, W. Slaney 13, H. Bayfield 13, C. Brigger 12, W. McMahon 12.

Event No. 4, 15 targets: R. Green 14, C. Mitchell 14, F. Westbrook 13, C. Brigger 13, Dr. Wilson 13, J. K. Kennedy 13, W. Slaney 13, Capt. Higginson 13, T. Upton 13, A. W. Throop 13, T. A. Duff 12, G. Dumont 12, H. T. Westbrook 12, C. Montgomery 12, R. B. Hutchison 12, W. Slaney 11, W. J. Henry 11, C. Summerhayes 11, W. J. Johnston 11, J. H. Thompson 11.

Event No. 5, 20 targets: R. B. Hutchison 19, F. Westbrook 18, Dr. Wilson 18, W. J. Spangler 18, Capt. Higginson 18, T. A. Duff 17, D. Alexander 17, J. H. Thompson 17.

Event No. 6, 15 targets: T. A. Duff 15, R. B. Hutchison 14, B. Rothwell 14, T. Upton 14, Dr. Wilson 14, Capt. Higginson 14, A. W. Throop 14, G. Dumont 13, C. Mitchell 12, D. Alexander 12, C. Aubin 12, W. J. Spangler 12.

Event No. 7, 20 targets: P. Trudeau 19, F. Westbrook 19, C. Mitchell 17, F. A. Henry 17, Capt. Higginson 16, T. A. Duff 16, T. Upton 16, W. Spangler 16.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

It has been said that the splendid sport of shooting at the trap is not gaining in favor in proportion to the growth of other modern outdoor sports. It has been the writer's fortune during the present season to manage and participate in many so-called "grand tournaments" in the smaller towns of Illinois, and from experience thus gleaned I am inclined to question the truth of the statement above cited. Perhaps the recent international matches shot by our representative experts in England and Scotland have done much toward directing attention to and popularizing the sport here at home, but certainly I have witnessed the debut since the first of June of several score of new faces at the score, and might designate many who have embraced the pastime with much zeal and enthusiasm.

Perhaps I can best make this clear by citing a tournament held on August 17 by the A B C Club, of Kampsville, Ill. This is within the precincts of Calhoun, the one county in Illinois yet without railroad, telegraph or express office, and while it is rich in natural resources and blessed with a thrifty and intelligent citizenship, trap shooting is as yet in its incipency within the borders of the "Kingdom."

It was a bold thing for the committee to undertake a public tournament, therefore, and not without misgiving did the writer go there in the rôle of general factotum for the occasion. However, the shoot proved in every particular a pronounced success, as the scores below submitted will show. A heavy rainstorm coming up just at noon put an abrupt stop to the sport, but few of the so-called big tournaments of the year have been able to show a roster of forty names of active participants. From all parts of the county they came, men of all ages and with guns of all gauges, from 8 to 16, and of ancient and modern make. Nobody and no gun was barred, no handicaps were suggested and the sweeps were advertised as open to the world. Pin-fire and brass shells were in evidence, and black powder was so largely in predominance that it was frequently necessary to defer shooting "until the clouds rolled by." If a vote had been taken as to the relative merits of black and nitro powder, sentiment would have been overwhelmingly in favor of the former. Races were all at ten targets and moneys distributed under the Jack Rabbit Septum as being best adapted to the circumstances; and what a picnic it would have been for some of the old-timers to participate, full-fledged in the game. Yet they invited any to come and will do so again in another meet to be held at Hardin early in the fall. In consideration of the low average scores it must be remembered

that many of these men had never before seen or thought of shooting at any flying object other than the game and wild fowl of their own fields and marshes. I append the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Morris	6	8	8	8	8	8	8
Vailes	4	4	6	5	5	5	5
Winchel	4	4	4	5	6	3	5
Sackett	8	11	11	11	11	11	11
Noonan	5	11	11	11	11	11	11
W Vailes	4	5	11	11	11	11	11
Flat	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Moore	4	11	11	11	11	11	11
Nash	5	11	11	11	11	11	11
Rothacker	9	11	11	11	11	11	11
Garrett	6	11	11	11	11	11	11
Frank	2	3	11	11	11	11	11
Spencer	10	8	8	9	6	9	10
Kamp	7	5	5	5	6	5	6
J Linkagle	7	6	5	6	5	6	6
E Rabley	8	7	9	6	9	7	6
H Rabley	10	9	6	8	9	9	8
Dierking	7	7	6	6	6	6	6
E Lingoye	2	2	5	11	11	11	11
Collins	7	7	8	6	9	9	9
Shackelford	6	6	6	9	7	8	8
Baldwin	6	6	6	9	7	8	8
Chavinger	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Armstrong	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Sisson	4	4	4	4	3	2	3
Bell	4	4	4	2	3	2	3
Flamm	4	4	4	3	3	3	3
Christopher	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Krimiger	4	4	4	4	3	3	6
Capt Ripple	4	4	4	4	5	5	5
Judge Bowman	4	4	4	4	3	3	3
Renade	4	4	4	4	4	6	6
Becker	4	4	4	4	6	6	6
Sutter	4	4	4	4	4	5	5
Dr Rundy	4	4	4	4	3	5	5
Ritter	4	4	4	4	2	4	4
Stein	4	4	4	4	2	4	4
Scoggin	4	4	4	4	2	2	2
Osborne	4	4	4	4	1	2	2

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 10.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW.

By the death of General William Ludlow on Friday last, the United States army has lost one of its ablest and most brilliant soldiers, and the country one of its best citizens.

General Ludlow was born at Islip, L. I., Nov. 27, 1843, and graduated from West Point in June, 1864. He was immediately commissioned First Lieutenant of Engineers and at once saw service in the Civil War, being appointed Chief Engineer of the Twentieth Army Corps during the Georgia campaign. He had held this position only one day when the battle of Peach Tree Creek took place, and for gallantry in this engagement and at the defense of Allatoona Pass, Ga., he was brevetted Captain. He took part in Sherman's march to the sea and in the invasion of the Carolinas, and was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel for his services.

In 1867 he was made Captain in the Corps of Engineers, and from 1872 to 1876 served as Chief Engineer of the Department of Dakota. From 1876 to 1882 he was engaged in supervising river and harbor defenses in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. In June, 1882, he received his majority, and became Engineer Secretary to the Lighthouse Board. In the spring of 1883 he took charge of the water department of the city of Philadelphia for three years, during which time he entirely made over the water system of that city, and put it in splendid shape. For two years he was commissioner and engineer for the District of Columbia. Subsequently he served as engineer of certain Lighthouse Districts, and shortly before the breaking out of the Spanish war was stationed in New York, where he looked after certain harbor improvements.

At the breaking out of the war with Spain he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers and commanded a brigade under General Lawton at the battle of Santiago. Here he displayed great bravery and marked ability in handling troops in a difficult situation. Shortly afterward he was promoted to be Major-General of Volunteers.

At the close of the war with Spain, General Ludlow was appointed Military Governor of Havana, and held this position for a year, during which time he absolutely revolutionized the city and its government, and inaugurated changes in sanitary conditions and in the details of the execution of the laws which changed Havana from one of the most unhealthy and badly governed cities in the world to one of the healthiest and safest. Not only did he do this, but as a private individual he set on foot measures to relieve the miseries and the necessities of those non-combatants in Havana who, through the war with Spain, had been deprived of homes, relatives and support. General and Mrs. Ludlow actively took steps to help the orphan children of Havana and interested their many friends in this country, with the result that thousands of little children were helped and saved.

General Ludlow was relieved from service in Cuba early in the year 1900. Previous to this he had been promoted to be Brigadier-General in the regular army. He was now ordered to Europe to study and report on the military systems there, and his report is on file in the War Department. On his return from Europe he was ordered to the Philippines, but on reaching there, was discovered to be suffering from tuberculosis, the result of his long, hard work in Cuba, and was ordered back to the United States by the next transport.

Throughout the army General Ludlow was recognized as one of the best soldiers, most able engineers, most courageous and handsomest men in service. He possessed a superb physique, over six feet tall, of charming manners and agreeable personality. Unlike many army officers, he feared public criticism as little as he did the enemy in battle. When he believed that his course was right, that he was doing what was for the public good, no amount of newspaper criticism or fault finding by individuals could stir him from his position. He was as good a fighter with the pen as with the sword, and well able to defend himself when circumstances required it.

General Ludlow was a keen sportsman, and during his service in the West in the old days had many opportunities to gratify his love for hunting and fishing. In those days he was a good shot and a skilled hunter.

Such is a very brief account of General Ludlow's official life and some of his characteristics, but it conveys no idea of the man nor of the work he did, nor can it suggest the

feeling had for him by those with whom he was brought in close contact. To each such man in some way he extended the gift of his rare sympathy with a power of helpfulness that the associate never forgot.

To all outward seeming, General Ludlow was as nearly as conceivable an ideal man. A master of his profession, perfect physically, with a mind able and well equipped, unflinchingly devoted to the right, the services that he has performed for his country and his people are great, and would unquestionably have been far greater had his life been spared to full age. Yet it is much that such a man should have lived. It is much more to have known well such a man. The force of his influence and his example cannot be lost; nor will the services that he has rendered be soon forgotten.

A STORY BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

It is a great pleasure to be able to print such a good story as that of Danvis life by Rowland E. Robinson. This was one of the manuscripts left by Mr. Robinson, and it belongs with the best things he ever wrote.

GOVERNMENT FORESTRY.

We have made frequent reference to the extraordinary growth within the past two years of an interest in forestry in this country. This is in no way better shown than by the increase in the appropriations by Congress for the Division of Forestry, which have grown from \$28,520 in the year 1898-99 to \$185,440 for the current year. This increase shows very clearly how the work of the Division of Forestry has impressed itself on the country, and also how rapidly that work has expanded. Congress does not make appropriations unless called on to do so by public opinion, and that it has so largely increased the allowance for forestry work is sufficient evidence of the state of the public mind on the subject.

On the 1st of July the Division of Forestry was made a Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, and this Bureau has been divided into three Divisions, which will represent a vast increase of work in forestry for the current year. These Divisions are those of Forest Management, Forest Investigation and of Records.

The first is in charge of Mr. Overton W. Price, who was superintendent of working plans of the old Division of Forestry. Mr. Price and the force under him will have charge of the examination of tracts of woodland, will ascertain the condition of the timber, the prospects of reproduction, the opportunities for marketing, the best means of lumbering with regard to both the present and the future, and the probabilities of success in working the tract. If, when a report is made to him, the owner should decide that the tract is to be worked, a working plan will be furnished him. This is a continuation of the methods established by the Division of Forestry two or three years ago, and under this plan owners of some 3,000,000 acres of woodland have applied for advice, and about 177,000 acres have been put under management. This land is scattered in large and small tracts all over the country, and is owned by farmers, city men, clubs and corporations. Moreover, several State governments have asked the assistance of the Division with regard to State lands, and the Department of the Interior has requested working plans for all the forest reserve, covering more than 46,000,000 acres.

The Division of Forestry Investigation is under the charge of Mr. George B. Sudworth. This Division, as its name implies, is one of investigation and inquiry. It studies the trees, from the scientific point of view, and also investigates problems connected with tree planting, lumbering, water supply, grazing and fires.

The Division of Records is in charge of Mr. Otto J. J. Luebker. It has charge of office matters, as well as of the library, and of the Bureau's great collection of photographs, which illustrates forest conditions all over the United States.

The work of the Forest Bureau is now being carried on in seventeen States, and by nearly 200 persons. Of these, a large number are college students, who expect to follow forestry as a profession, and who work for the Bureau during the summer, chiefly for the experience that the work gives them.

It would seem that at last the people of the United States had become aroused to a sense of the importance to the nation of the fast-disappearing forests, so that now—

almost altogether through the influence of the old Division of Forestry and its chief, Mr. Gifford Pinchot—efforts are being made to harvest the forestry crop in intelligent and economical ways, and at the same time to keep up the productivity of the forests. Lumbermen and corporations making use of lumber have at last been brought to see that the object of forestry is not to keep the public from having lumber, but to enable it to have constantly more and more lumber. When a comprehension of this fact reached the public mind, no reasoning was required to enable it to see that forest care and forest management were good things and ought to be encouraged.

VACATION SCHOOLS.

A THOUGHTFUL paper on the physician's influence as to vacation schools, by Dr. Helen C. Putnam, was recently published in the Bulletin of the American Academy of Medicine, and deserves a wide reading.

Every American, whether he be a sportsman or not, is interested in the educational problem, on which to so large an extent the future of our country depends. Although our public schools are frequently criticised, they are yet believed to be the best in the world, but, realizing that they might be better, many people are giving much thought to the question of their improvement.

Within the past few years a movement has taken place in cities to establish what are called vacation schools—that is to say, sessions of light school work during the summer vacations—held during the morning only, and at which attendance is voluntary. The object of establishing such schools is to keep the children off the streets during the months of July and August, and to provide for them good associations and improving work which shall be agreeable, in place of the evil influences to which they are likely to be exposed in the city streets. Since attendance is voluntary, these schools, if they are to have any success, must be made attractive to the children. They must be encouraged and helped to do the things that they like.

The schools are for children under sixteen years of age, and such children love to play—in other words, to enjoy themselves. The vacation schools offer in a certain orderly fashion this enjoyment, which not only secures regular attendance at the schools, but also faithful work. Another attractive part of the school work includes fresh-air parties, sojourns in summer camps and at farms, and shorter visits to the country. On such visits something may be taught of nature and nature study, and an interest aroused in such things, which may be followed up by work in the class room with flowers, plants, aquaria, pet animals, and museum specimens.

The excursions which take place weekly may be to the country or to parks or museums, or art galleries. The children who go on them are deeply interested in what they are to see, eager to learn, and so not afraid to ask questions, and have their attention concentrated on the subject of study, which makes it certain that much that they see and hear will remain in the mind.

All this is good as training, but far better in the effect which it has in broadening the child's mind, in giving its thoughts and interests a wider range, and in offering it a choice of subjects of interest, of recreation and of occupation for its future life. Nature study not only trains and broadens and gives pleasure, but it also furnishes to each child an unconscious safeguard from future harm whose importance can hardly be overestimated.

The Spaniards say *Un clavo saca otro clavo*, and it is true that if we encourage in a child a love for nature and deeply interest him in the things of out of doors, there will be left in his mind little inclination to think of evil things, and little time to plot mischief. The small boy whose head is filled with the care and comfort of his pets, or who is deeply interested in collecting butterflies, or flowers, or deserted birds' nests; the older boy who is crazy about fishing or shooting, or who spends much of his time hanging over the bank with his nose close to the water while he watches the movements of the curious creatures who live in it; these are not the boys who get into mischief, who worry their parents by staying out late at night, and who are a cause of anxiety from the doubtful associations which they form.

Great, then, are the vacation schools for the good that they have done, and the greater still are their possibilities for the future. Most strongly they appeal to the dwellers in the great cities, for the happy children of the country, do not need them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Politics in Danvis.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

MRS. HARRIET PIPER'S curiosity was exercised concerning the cause of a peripatetic visit which her husband was enjoying with two influential townsmen who had called upon him one June morning in the imposing array of holiday attire. Brother Foot, a class leader and deacon, wore his bell-crowned hat and black coat of severely formal cut, and his fine calfskin boots, whose toes had acquired a devout upward turn at frequent prayer meetings, and now creaked with something of the Sabbath-day solemnity in their measured cadence as he walked to and fro. His more worldly companion, Roswell Kent, honored the occasion with as much attention to dress. He wore a heavier of the same style, which had not changed in Danvis for twenty years, but his swallow-tailed coat was blue, garnished with shining brass buttons. The deep cuffs were rolled back till the soiled lining was conspicuous above the wristbands of the shirt. Both men wore uncomfortable black silk stocks and broad collars that came high up on their freshly shaven cheeks.

Mrs. Piper's curiosity enhanced the usual alertness of her mien as she craned her neck and pricked her ears to catch a word of the conversation as the trio passed through the yard and walked toward the barn. She was rewarded by no sound but the exasperating creak of the deacon's boots growing fainter, and as the party entered the barn it was succeeded by the alarmed twitter of the swallows, resounding through the empty bays, mingled with the louder cackle of a hen frightened from her nest.

"I should like to know what on airth them men's up tu, a-shootin' hether an' yon, along wi' your father?" the brisk, little woman said to her comely daughter, who was wiping the last of a pile of milk pans. "If it wa'n't for both on 'em bein' here, I should guess like's not they was beggin' for the minister, but they wouldn't come together for that, bein' the Kents is Universalists, which Solomon Foot 'ld jes' 's soon fellership the ol' Scratch. Your father 'ld ortu give suthin' an' not be haounded by all on 'em. 'T 'ld be cheaper an' more sartain. Mebbly that's what they be up tu, kinder tirin' one 'nother aout. I du declare, Malviny," she said, as her daughter passed to the open door with a pile of shining tin pans on her arm. "It's turrible aggravatin', the way you go 'raoun', not takin' no more int'res' in what's a-goin' on 'an a post in the fence! Hain't you a-feelin' well?" She noticed the ruses in her daughter's cheeks were a little faded, and the luster of her black eyes was less bright than usual, and followed her to the open door, just outside of which Malvina deftly turned the milk pans on their shelf to sweeten in the sunlight. Her mother, ignoring the clatter, called out, "I guess I'd ortu fix you up some boneset or suthin' tu take."

"Shaw! mother, the' hain't nothin' ails me," Melvina laughed, nervously, "but I don't see no use o' stewin' an' s'misin' about what you can't find aout till you know."

"You don't s'pose your father's took it into his head tu sell the place? I'd ortu go an' find the ol' Dominick 'at stole her nest an' come off wi' a mess o' chickens yist'd'y," she said, after a minute's study. So, putting on a sun-bonnet and taking a basin of chicken feed, she set forth to execute this bit of strategy. But before she reached the barn, wading with lifted skirts through the rank barn grass, pigweed and redroot of the yard, her husband and his visitors came out of it and marched toward the hog pen, for, in fact, he was attending to some belated chores, while they bore him company to economize time and enjoy a critical, neighborly inspection of the premises. As they passed, she noticed that the Deacon was notching tallies in the corners of a pine stick which he carried in his hand, but she caught no words and heard no sound save the contented grunting of the swine, and concluded to await what information her husband might be disposed to give when he came to the house.

He deferred this event by a pretended errand to the woodshed, and then came with deliberation.

"Well, what was they a-wantin'?" she asked, after more than reasonable waiting for him to speak.

"Where's Malviny?" he whispered.

"Up in her chahmber. Now, what was it?"

"You can't never guess," said he, with an air of mystery.

"Levi Piper, if you got anything tu tell, why don't you tell it?"

He began impressively, "They want me to run for Legislatur nex' fall!"

"Squizzle!" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "They're just a-foolin'. They know 't they can't kill off Peck, a ye'rlin', an' you'll git beat an' be aouten the way for good an' all. Foot an' Kent's both on 'em layin' the' corns tu rep'sent the taown."

"Mebby they be at some futur' time, but they're honest naow in a-wantin' me' tu, Har'it. The's lots 'at won't s'port Peck, an' says so, an' Foot an' Kent's got it all figered aout who'll go for me jest tu beat him, an' the's 'nough for tu gi' me a clean m'jority."

"I say as I said afore, squizzle! The're jest a-makin' a stool pigin on ye."

"Wall, naow, you women folks do' know jest haow folks is a-feelin'. Le' me tell ye." Levi took an argumentative position, resting his elbows on his knees, the fingers of his left hand spread and the forefinger of the other ready to count them off. His wife looked at them and permitted herself to listen, with the determination of not being convinced.

"In the first place, the' 's sev'ral of the m'ltia comp'ny 'at don't like Peck for keaptain, an' they'll go ag'in him, twenty on 'em, at the least call'ation. Then, ther's Clapham won't vote for him 'cause he buys all his groceries tu V'gennes; he'll kerry twenty votes. Then th's all the bloomers is ag'in him. Hamner an' his gang will; but Joel Bartlett an' what Quakers the' is is ag'in him 'cause he don't come aout flatfooted Anter Slavery. Sam Lovel an' his folks rather favors him, an' so does the Hillses, but th's all the Burtons over in the nor'east corner. Beri's brothers an' 'mongst 'em, 'at 'll go for anybody fust. Foot's got 'em all notched off on a stick, for an' ag'in, an' he figur's me aout a m'jority as high as ten,"

Mrs. Piper shook her head. "Then ag'in," he continued, indicating a fresh finger, "the's sights o' women folks 'll like tu see Mis' Peck took daown a peg, for the airs she puts on, 'caout o' bein' a member's wife, an' they'll hev influence, as you know, an' I know," he added, with the air of one having experience. "You was mentioned by the Deacon an' Kent as one cal'lated tu adorn s'ciety tu the Capital. Them was the Deacon's exack words. It's usuil, you know, for members' folks tu spend a week or so tu Montpelier durin' the settin'." The delicate hint had its effect upon the worthy Harriet, who was not without aspirations.

"There's another thing that I speak on only tu you." He went softly to the stairway to assure himself that Malvina was in her chamber, where he heard her moving about and singing softly to herself. "If you an' me favors Andrew Colby makin' up tu Malviny, with a proper onderstandin', him an' his'n will s'port me, an' that'll make my 'lection poorty nigh sartain." He placed the tips of all his fingers together and complacently regarded his wife.

"Yes, I know Andrew's fas' for her, but she's turrible sot on Tom Farr, an' I do' know's she can be made tu hear tu reason," the mother remarked.

"Parental authority an' moral 'suasion'll go a good ways, an' the' hain't no comparin' the advantages o' the tew men. Andrew'll hev a good farm an' a sheer o' his father's money 'at's aout tu int'res', an' Tom hain't nothin' but his tew hands."

"Yes, I know, but Malviny don't look at it that way, an' she's sot."

"Wal, you talk her inter it, Har'it," said he. "An' naow, don't you think I'd better just consent tu run, an' put myself int' the hands o' my friends? I lot consid'able on seein' you up tu Montpelier."

"I do' know but what you hed, considerin'," she assented. "If Malviny was tu go up a spell, it 'ld kinder take her mind off'n Tom. She's a-lookin' kinder peaked, an' don't 'pear tu take no int'res' in nothin'."

Approaching footsteps put an end to the conversation, but there was no need of more, as the question of Levi Piper's candidacy was settled as far as he was concerned.

Mrs. Piper took the first opportunity to acquaint Malvina with the part she was expected to play in the coming campaign, and to dazzle her with the glamor of gay life at the Capital, and her silence was taken as consent to offer herself as a bribe to secure the votes of the Colby faction.

In a fortnight the adherents of the two candidates began to fall in line, and as summer advanced the battle was on, and wordy warfare waged on rainy days and evenings at Clapham's, Hamner's and Uncle Lisha's shop. On the highways, teamsters hauled alongside and poured broadsides into each other, and even the Sundays were shattered by political discourses during noonings.

Gran'ther Hill maintained, "Peck hain't no sort of a captain, and wa'n't fit for tu rep'sent the taown." At last he allowed himself to become convinced that as no military measures were likely to come before the Legislature, he could give Peck his support. In this he was joined by Joseph, though the latter said, "It did 'most seem's 'ough Peck wa'n't no more fit tu go to Legislatur 'n' any other man 'at wa'n't no more fit 'n what he was."

Solon's grievance was, "The regular candidate had in some of his speeches in taown meeting used dambugu words, which wa'n't in his dictionary nor in his vocabulary, nor yet in the English language, wherefore, on which account, I shall not support the present incumbent."

With this single exception the frequenters of the shop were harmoniously united in politics, Sam being a staunch supporter of Peck and Antoine a noisy partisan, very proud of his newly acquired political rights, in which he proved himself an efficient worker.

"They du say," said Uncle Lisha, after a season of silent meditation, one August evening, when the whole company was assembled in conclave, "that the hull b'ilin' o' Burton's taown corner's goin' for Piper, sole an' uppers, ev'rythin' 'at stan's on tew laigs, even tu ol' Beri's grin'stun 'at's framed int' the side o' his lawg haouse."

"Yes, I s'pose so," Sam assented, reluctantly. "They all suck through the same straw, an' they're as sot as a row o' posts, an' you might's well argy wi' posts."

"Wal, Ah don' care, Ah'll paid for it an' Ah'll can lie jes' nat'ral naow sem if Ah'll was born here," cried Antoine, gesticulating frantically with his pipe in one hand and the other grasping a pipeful of prepared tobacco. "Le's see; taown meetin' was nex' Tuesday. Wal, Monday Ah'll goin' over on dat Burton Corner, me, an' Ah'll goin' for 'lection some."

"Twon't du no good," Sam said. "They're goin' tu put ol' Beri on the justice ticket, an' that'll fix him, sure as guns."

"Wal, pro'bly, Ah'll can' scairt it," said Antoine, pulling at his pipe, now ablaze.

"Young Colby, he's arter the Piper gal, hot-footed," said Peltier, not yet a voter, "so the hull forty-leven o' the Colbys 'll vote for ol' Piper."

It was, indeed, true that the unfaithful Malvina was bestowing her brightest smiles on Andrew, whom the waning of every Sunday saw wending his way to the Piper homestead astride his handsome gray mare, where poor Tom Farr was sure to find her 'eatin' post fodder, and his own rightful place in the square room preoccupied, as might be known by the streak of candle light not quite hidden at the edges of the painted curtains. It was quite heart-breaking to think of the two, perhaps even then sitting together on the sofa, slipping inevitably closer as they bent their heads over the steel plates in The Keep-sake, the room's sole book. It was a wonder that the baleful glitter of Gran'pa Piper's coffin plate on the mantelpiece, where it occupied a central position between a conch shell and a whale's tooth, did not strike terror to Malvina's perfidious soul.

"Aaour Malviny 'pears tu be conductin' herself tol'lable cute," said Levi to his wife one Monday morning succeeding a prolonged prosecution of Andrew's courtship. "She's fixin' my 'lection; sure an' I hain't a-goin' tu furgit it. I'm a-goin' tu Vergennes an' git the best dress Sutton's got in his store for you, an' the second best for her, for I don't cal'lade tu hev ary one on ye play secont fiddle tu anybody up to Montpelier."

Mrs. Piper expressed her gratitude effusively, and gave plain directions concerning the style and color of the two dresses. Through the steam of her washing she had visions of social triumphs.

"An' you might as well git you some fine shirt timber an' have Ann 'Lizer make 'em when she makes aour dresses," she said, making silent calculation. "You'd orter hev ye as many as three, for your old ones is as good as wore aout. You'd wear one a hull week up there duin' nothin', an' that'll give you one tu fall back on, in case o' gittin' ketched in the rain or anything."

"Peck tol' o' some on 'em lawyers from Burl'n't'n an' sech, as actilly changed th' shirts ev'y day!"

"Good land o' Moses! Wal, they must be awful dirty cre'tur's! I'll resk but what you'll keep yourn lookin' well 'nough if you wash your neck ev'ry mornin'."

"An' some on 'em flourished clean pocket han'kerchers even oftener'n they changed the' shirts, so Peck says."

"Wal, I guess you've got 'nough o' them tu answer, but about the shirts, you'll want ye nine yards o' bleached cotton cloth an' a yard an' a half o' linen, an' Ann 'Lizer won't charge over'n above fifty cents apiece if she comes right int' the haouse an' makes 'em up 'long wi' me an' Malviny's dresses."

Soon Levi departed out of the steamy precincts of the washing in a radiant halo, out of whose airy fabric he builded not castles but legislative halls that arose and shone before him as he journeyed toward Vergennes and ever seemed a little nearer. He was gratified to be recognized as a candidate by some prominent out-of-town people, and flattered to be consulted concerning proposed legislative measures. In anticipation he already felt a lawmaker when Hamner, reckoned among his opponents, set forth a decanter of choice Jamaica and said:

"Naow, Mr. Piper, when you git up tu Montpelier, I hope you won't forgit the poor tarvern keepers, an' help tu git aour licenses put daown kinder reason'ble," or when Judge Bradley beamed benignly upon him and said:

"Piper, of course you'll go in for a new court house. That old barrack at Middlebury is a disgrace to aour caounty."

Mrs. Piper, when taken by neighbors in the pride and perplexities of dressmaking with her daughter and Ann 'Lizer, innocently declared:

"It's ridic'ous the way I've kep' a-puttin' off havin' me made a dress an' nothin' fit tu go nowheres, wi' no tellin' what may happen. Hevin' Ann 'Lizer, it seemed well 'nough for Malviny tu hev her a dress an' him some shirts, an' make one job on't."

When the elegant dresses were finished, they lay in state for more than a week on the gay patchwork quilt of the bed in the spare bedroom, where they were exhibited with satisfaction to neighborly callers. The gorgeously painted vase of plaster of paris fruit and the lace pincushion founded on the foot of a broken glass candlestick were no longer objects of casual interest as they stood on the curly maple bureau, although tomato, peach and orange still gave forth the same common, pervading odor of oil and turpentine, and the pinheads shone brightly as ever in various designs.

The morning of the first Monday in September broke from a cloudless sky on the hills and vales of Danvis. One of its earliest beams slid from fir-bristling peak to the green depths of Burtontown, and gave greeting to Antoine Bissette, where he was plodding merrily along a road that followed the winding of a babbling stream, whose voice arose to mingle with the morning song of the breeze, now astir among the woodland steepes. To these, as he trudged briskly onward, flecking off now and then the leaves of obtruding wayside branches with a coil of rope that he carried in one hand, Antoine added a snatch of an old Canadian song, or his own rendering of some popular ballad of his adopted land. A partridge ran a little way before him and burst into noisy flight, a crow launched itself from a dead tree top and signalled to its comrades the presence of an intruder. As the glen widened and the broad light of a clearing shone through the trees, the clear "Zit, zit" of a meadowlark cut the air to give another token of open fields, into which the fern-edged road now entered.

A log house stood near, and a tall, uncouth man beside it, stood curving his long back over a scythe which he bore with all his weight upon a grindstone, one end of whose frame was mortised into the house, the other into two legs standing upon the ground. A tow-headed boy was wrestling with the crank, while the ungreased shaft in its irregular revolutions shrieked the doleful plaint that he might well have uttered. Searching sky and earth for some object of interest to lessen the weariness of his labor, he caught sight of Antoine, and communicated his discovery to the man, who, after a sidelong glance from the scythe, lifted his weight from it and devoted himself to regarding the stranger.

"Good morning," the latter gave greeting, as he drew near the fence. "Pooty good day dis morny."

"Morning," Beri Burton responded, setting his scythe against the grindstone and approaching the fence, which he hung himself up on while the boy slumped upon the chips in the most convenient place for listening and staring, and wishing the opportunity might outlast his father's intention of scythe-sharpening.

"Ah guess you'll goin' mek finish you hayin' to-day so you could vote to-morry, pro'bly, ant it?" Antoine asked, in allusion to the old saying he had heard reported at the last gathering in the shop, that a man who had not finished haying by election day had no right to vote.

"Hough!" Beri snorted, resentfully. "I goddone er hayin' more'n er week ergo. Jus' er goin' ter cuddaown er lel bit er raowen. Guess I be all right for 'lection."

"Ah guess so. Ant he too bad dey ant goin' for be no 'lection to-morry?"

"Hain't goin' tu be none? What in thunder ye mean? Oh, you git aout!" Beri mumbled, in considerable excitement.

"Sartain, ant you hear haow dey all got some smally-poxes bus' aout on der Forge Village! Two case full of it on Hamner's Tavern. Clapham Clark he got some, 'one de forge man's got mos' dead of it, an' everybody scare to deat, mos'."

Beri's face grew as pale as uncleanness and sunburn would let it, and he slid hastily along the fence to a safer distance from Antoine.

"Gol dunn ye! You be'n right in ermongst er cursed rotten di'see an' come up here peddlin' of it? Yer orter be shot!" he blubbered out in mixed terror and anger, and the boy, in vague comprehension of danger, scrambled on all fours to the limit of earshot.

"Oh! no sah, M'sieu Burton," Antoine protested. "Ah'll

ant be near it—only hear it—an' Ah'll had him, too, gre't many year 'go."

"Yas, they say ye put three Frenchmuns tergether an' they'll breed it," said Beri, reassured and drawing nearer again.

The sound of a strange voice had now drawn to the door his wife, fat, unkempt and slatternly, with a half-grown daughter of like build and general appearance.

"Say, Mum, they all got er smallpox daown ter er village, an' ar'n't goin' ter have no 'lection. Say, Mum, haow long ergo were I toxercated?"

"Toxercated! Wall, I reckon when ye hed er las' chance at somebody's jug!" she sneered, and then, in evident alarm, "Who tell'd ye the' was smallpox? I b'lieve ye lie, Be'."

"Him," Beri answered, indicating Antoine with a nod. "He live right handy by er village, an' he know. Say, Mum, when were I 'toxicated for er smallpox? I useter hed er mark here some'eres." He pushed his shirt sleeve to his shoulder and began searching the rough skin for a vaccination scar, while his wife gave no heed to his question, but beset Antoine for particulars of the ill tidings.

"Ne' mind," said Berri, abandoning the hopeless search and futile query. "You'll wanten know some'n sometime."

"An' what brang ye up here for?" Mum Burton asked finally, curiously eyeing the rope.

"Ah'll was tol' you, ma'am," Antoine answered, with great politeness. "Ah'll was lose mah leetly caow, an' Ah'll hear it say he was be straggle off this way. You'll ant prob'ly seen him, ant it?—leetly red caow, mo's' all spot over mid white, so he look more white as he was red an' de bes' caow you never see to beat it, sah. Oh, he brimly over de pail two tam every day."

He looked into her eyes with a piteous imploring for tidings of the lost treasure, but she, briefly searching her memory, answered hastily:

"No, we hain't seen or heard o' no sech," and continued concerning what was uppermost in her thoughts. "Gol dunn er ol' small-pox! Can't hev no 'lection, an' it's goo'-bye ter you hein' Square. Be'! It tew plaguey mean, it is, jes' you got er chance tu be somebody, some 'caout."

She strode into the house and gave vent to some part of her vexation and disappointment upon the unwashed kettles and pans that stood in an untidy congregation on the stove.

Beri dug a shovel-like thumb-nail into the soft wood of the top-rail in momentary unabstracted meditation; then, as Antoine moved slowly away, straddled over it and walked on beside him, calling back to the house:

"I er goin' 'long up ter Jonerdab's an' Peleg's, an' 'mongst 'em ter tell 'em what er rip be!"

His wife called back imperatively, "You send a word ter darker by that feller to hyper over here an' impocerate aour sonny an' sis an' all them ter tother haousen what hain't be'n, an' tell that feller not for ter forget."

Antoine did not find his cow; that was safe at home in her ferny pasture, whither he, too, wended his way when assured that the news he brought was imparted to every inhabitant of Burtontown Corners.

Fine weather for September election is the rule in Vermont, and this particular one was no exception, as gold and blue and green as a bright sun, a cloudless sky and fields rank with lush aftermath and fresh pasturage could make it. Such a day could scarcely fail to bring out every voter and, of course, every boy whom some unfinished "stent" did not withhold, and even such was more than likely to break that tyrannical restraint and run away, trusting to luck to escape in the crowd the eye of parent, "guardeen," or employer. Many of the womankind improved the rare opportunity to visit friends who lived on the roads to the town house, or in its neighborhood. Farmhouses that were astir with their own busy life every other day of the year were tenantless to-day, and the hen hawk wheeled low above them, making leisurely selection of the fattest pullets. Fields were so free of human presence that at midday the fox ventured boldly beyond where the wild sunflower shone in the dusky woods.

Mrs. Piper did not fail to improve the opportunity, and rode with her husband to the village, where she might spend the day at her cousin's and be at hand to get the first news of the election. Malvina chose to stay at home, and, when, from time to time, her mother thought of her during the day, she pitied her spending it in the quiet company of the asthmatic house dog, the cat, and the poultry. But as the clock in the kitchen clicked the alarm for eleven, old Lige waddled out to bark wheezily, not in anger or in joy, but in strict accordance with custom, at a smart team which drove briskly up to the horse block and hitching post. The hens uttered a flustered little cackle, the cat jumped upon the window stool to learn the cause of the commotion, but Malvina did not wonder at all when Tom Farr sprang out of a high-boxed buggy. When Andrew Colby drove that way an hour later in the hope of furthering his suit a little, as he went to election, he was dismayed to meet the couple driving in the opposite direction, both dressed in their best, and looking very happy.

"Dam the hull bilin'! I'll larn him tu be foolin' wif me!" he growled back at them over his shoulder. "Not a identical Colby vote does ol' Piper get this day!"

He laid the lash to his horse in his haste to make good his word, while Tom and Malvina bowed merrily on their way to the first minister or magistrate they might find in the next town.

Two hours before noon the dreary old town house, and its precincts, swarmed with the male inhabitants of Danvis. For the most part, the elderly, middle-aged, and staid men, and the town officers, were gathered inside the bare walls, while the younger men and boys chose the more cheerful outdoor atmosphere, some lounging upon the grass in shade and sunshine, some in groups discussing the chances of the candidates, or watching the contest of a pair of wrestlers or stick-pullers. One great center of attraction was a booth of boards built against the side of the town house, where, for sale, were home-made cakes and pies, and cookies, crackers and cheese, highly colored with annatto, popularly known as "otter." There, too, were some jars of candy, in sticks striped like a barber's pole, and balls similarly decorated, and cigars, at a cent apiece. The purchaser of

one was fortunate if it would draw—or, considering the flavor, quite as much so if it did not. There was a box of dry, sugary raisins, a drum of ancient figs, and a basket of puckery pears, and for those who thirsted for milder potations than Hamner's bar offered, there were bottles of mead and a cask of honey-brewed spruce beer. The proprietor was kept busy with a brisk trade, which increased as noon approached and the far-comers grew hungry.

"Hain't got no drawin' plasters ter sell, hev ye, Josh-away?" John Dart asked when struggling with a warped cigar. "No? Wal, you'd ort tu; I want one tu put ont' the back o' my neck tu draw the smoke through this 'ere seegar."

The ancient joke was honored with a salute of laughter not at all relished by Joshua, who declared, "That's baout as good a box o' cigars as ever I hed—most every one on 'em 'll go."

"Wal, this one hain't no exception," said John Dart; "it goes aout every time. Lord, it'll ruin me a-buyin' matches for it. Gi' me a hunk o' that 'ere pink-eye cheese an' a han'ful o' crackers, an' I'll gawe this seegar till I git where the' 's a stiddy fire."

At one o'clock the meeting was opened by the constable, who took off his coat preparatory to the labors before him, and the voting began. The dignitaries sitting in the seat of honor gave him their ballots, which he deposited in their respective boxes, an odd array of makeshifts. Some were square lozenge boxes with sliding covers, some round with covers that slipped on, on each of which a strip of paper was pasted whereon appeared in faded ink the words, "State," "County," "Representative," "Justice." The open space in front of the desk, and then the aisle, were soon crowded; for every one seemed possessed of the idea that everything depended on his vote being cast immediately, and there was some pretty rough elbowing and hustling, but all in the best of humor, for no one took in ill part a trodden toe or a punched rib.

Granther Hill was in the thick of the crowd, without power to move, but as it surged forward or swayed from side to side yet holding his open ballot aloft like a banner.

"Quit yer con-dunned shovin'!" cried a stout young fellow behind him, pushing backward lustily. "You've most squeeze the breath o' life aout 'n this ol' man!"

"Never you fear, young man!" the veteran growled huskily over his shoulder. "I've stood wos rackets, an' hain't nigh dead yet! 'Tain't a primin tu gettin' aout 'n Independence! I'll get up ter the breastworks an' gi' 'em a ha' bushel o' Pecks!"

Levi Piper sat in a corner among a group of staunch supporters, looking smiling and confident, spite of the discomfort of wearing his best suit, which he had donned out of respect to his position, when Brother Foot, who had been on a tour of inspection among the assembled freemen, made his way to him bearing a troubled countenance.

"What's the rip?" he whispered anxiously.

"Andrew Colby's a-peddlin' votes for Peck faster 'n a boy a-killin' snakes, an' Beri an' his company hain't one on 'em here, not a identical one!"

The smile faded from Levi's face like sunshine from a landscape beneath a passing cloud.

"Andrew!" he gasped. "Why! he promised me fair an' square, an' I've done all I agreed."

"Can't help it," said Foot, sadly.

"I see him at it a-givin' a Peck ballot to his father an' tew brothers an' a-offerin' on 'em right an' left. 'Peared tu be mad as a settin' hen bacut suthin'. 'Damn his lyin' ol' soul,' them was his words speakin' o' you, the blasphemous sinner. 'Damn his lyin' ol' soul!' Second-hand profanity, being cheap and sinless, had attractions for the Deacon.

"An' the Burtons hes all gigged back on me! I'm a gone goose!" Mr. Piper groaned as if the curse were already taking effect, and he wandered away to Clapham's horse shed to brood over his blasted prospects. All his visions of triumph and honor had suddenly sunk in a gloomy mist, and already he suffered the humiliation of defeat, and reviled himself for the useless and reckless expense of the two new dresses and the three shirts. The black silk dress might serve to assuage his wife's disappointment and the yellow poplin reconcile Malvina to the loss of a lover and the honor of being a representative's daughter, but he could never wear those shirts without being reminded of the high place for which they were intended. He cursed the day in which he had been persuaded to be a candidate, and thenceforth renounced all political aspirations.

From his retreat he could see the voters entering the townhouse and made mental note of the known or supposed preference of each. "The's more'n half on 'em agin me 'at I know on an' I was a cussed fool ever tu run! Blast ol' Foot an' his Metherdist soft soap! He jest wanted tu see me beat! There goes the Farr tribe, all in a chunk, an' all agin me. Cy' an' his boys, Bial an' his'n, thirteen on 'em. All but Tom; wonder where he is? Poor Tom, he's enough sight likelier'n Andrew, an' I'd a good deal druther hev him in the family. Wal, I won't slink araound here like a scairt fool—but I swear I wish 't I was 't hum a pickin' up stun!"

He brushed the cobwebs from his sleeve and returned to the townhouse, trying to appear unconcerned, though unable to force a smile to his dry lips. The votes were dropping in slowly now, the constable found time to exchange a few words of conversation with the dignitaries beside him or some of the interested group that crowded in front of the desk watching the ballot boxes as if their eyes might penetrate the wooden shells and discover the secrets they held. Joel Bartlett, the town clerk, had a respite for his fingers from the incessant scribbling of names as the constable called them to him and for his tongue from keeping time to the motion of his fingers.

The constable looked at his watch, and called out, "Are your votes all in, gentlemen? The box will be turned in five minutes."

A rapidly driven wagon stopped in front of the door, and in a moment Tom Farr came hurrying in and up to the voting place, where he handed his ballots to the constable.

"Forward your ballots, gentlemen," the constable called again, and then announced that it was three

o'clock and the box would be turned.

After a minute of grace, during which no uncast ballot was offered, the box containing the votes for representative was emptied upon the desk and the counting by the authorized officials begun, while the crowd of self-constituted inspectors pressed closer and craned their necks to see which pile grew the faster as the names of Peck and Piper were added to each.

Since he had become assured of the disaffection of the Colbys, and the no less unaccountable absence of the Burtons, Levi Piper had so fully accepted the certainty of defeat that the first sharp pain of it was over and he was able to meet with a good deal of calmness the ill-concealed triumph of enemies and the sympathy of friends, which were shown in the faces of each, as he sauntered from group to group.

"Hev they got them votes 'baout caounted?" some one asked of another who had just come from the townhouse.

"Pooty nigh."

"Be a ch'ice fust time?"

"D' yas—hain't none scatterin'."

"Ary chance for Piper?"

"Daa! The Colbys all turned agin him, an' the' hain't one o' ol' Beri's tribe ben a-nigh."

"Gentlemen, please give your attention," the voice of the constable was heard issuing from the open windows above the hum of many voices.

The whistlers hastily shut and pocketed their knives, the loungers in the grass scrambled to their feet, the story-teller left his tale unfinished, and all made haste to get within closer range of the speaker's voice.

"Hul number of votes cast, tew hundred an' one. Nes'sary for a ch'ice, one hundred an' one. Of these, Piper hes received one hundred an' one—Peck, one—"

The concluding figures were drowned in a tumultuous billow of cheers, and, as it subsided in an echo of belated voices, the constable announced what every one now knew,

"And you have made ch'ice of Levi Piper to sarve you as representative."

Quite dazed and scarcely believing his ears in the confirmation of friendly congratulations, Levi Piper was hustled into the town house, and mounted upon a seat where he vainly tried to recall the speech, once well conned, but now forgotten as useless and never to be spoken. He managed to thank his friends in a few stammering words, and then to deliver to their free raiding all things eatable and drinkable that the huckster's booth still held, for such was the custom of those times, and one which gave quite as much satisfaction to all concerned, especially to the successful candidate, as does the modern reception.

"We'll, father an' mother," said Malvina, radiant with smiles and the glory of the yellow poplin as she met her happy parents at the door upon their return, "I run away an' got married tu Tom whilst you was gone, but you'd ort tu forgive us, seein' 'at you've got the 'lection, an' it was Tom an' his folkses' votes done it for you."

"What!" her father gasped, sinking into a chair and making no opposition to Malvina sitting on his knee. "You an' Tom merried? Him an' his folks voted for me? Wal, I swear! everything beats everything else tu-day! No, sir; I'm almighty glad you be merried tu Tom, for that Andrew Colby 's a skunk—a mean skunk!"

It was noticed that for some weeks after election Antoine avoided the highways and public places in daytime; in fact, Uncle Lisha's shop was the only place he appeared abroad.

"You don't want to let that ol' Beri Burton git a holt on ye, An'wine," said Uncle Lisha one evening when the company were gathered there.

"They say he's swore tu kill ye for that yarn you told him 'fore 'lection. 'Twas pooty tough, an' I do' know but he'd ort tu."

"Wal, Ah don' care for me," Antoine protested, while he ground the tobacco nervously in his palms. "An' he'll an' wait for care, too, 'cause hees man's gat de 'lected, an' he'll was square heesself. Oh, but Ah tol' you, Ah'll was come pooty nigh for beat it, honly for dat gal. She was marry more vote as Ah could scare."

The Legend of Noqualmis, the Thunder Warrior.

I WAS sitting one day on a grassy slope in front of an Indian village. I had been waiting for a certain Indian's return from hunting, so that I could get him, with his canoe, to take me on a few days' trip hunting and fishing. The spring sun shone warmly on the southern slope and the level plateau upon which stood the quaint wooden lodges—150 by 80 feet or thereabouts—of the Indians. In front, the slope fell gently away to the edge of the waters of the bay. A few buffle heads sported in the blue water, the rainbow-headed males prinking themselves and contorting their little bodies in all manner of impossible postures as they strove to tell the graceful, leaden-colored females that spring had come, and that, far, far to the North, was a restful haven and peace and quietude for fond lovers, such as they, while, as they told their story, they fluttered and wheeled and splashed the almost glassy water. But they, the hard-hearted females, would think of nothing but diving for food to fill their insatiable little stomachs, just for all the world like humans. Across the pretty stretch of water, a fringe of crab trees and willows, already bathed in a delicate wash of tender green, with here and there a splash of greenish yellow, adding clumps of elder, made a sweet mass of spring color against a background of somber-hued firs, which, stretching away to distance in undulating swells, turned gradually from a dark chrome green, first to ashy black, then to purplish, then blue; not the blue of heaven, but, rather, that of lapis lazuli. Far to the west and south, rising out of the sea of distance like grim giants, impalpable and unreal appearing, were the mighty mountains; grand, silent, mysterious; the higher peaks snow-capped and outlined against the ethereal blue, symbols of eternity.

Between the two highest peaks of everlasting snow, was a ridge, fashioned like a gigantic Indian lying in death's

repose. His profile showed distinct against the sky, and so perfect was the outline of face and form that the gazer could almost delude himself into the belief that a giant figure, carved from marble mountain top by unearthly hands, was there lying sculptured. I had often looked upon this image, and had conjured many a weird fancy concerning it, but never had I seen it so plain, so human like, as now.

Outside the lodges, reclining on his "sunning board," his dim eyes fixed on the distant figure, was an old Indian, and by his side a boy six or seven years old, perhaps, to whom he was telling, in soft monotone, some legend of long past days. "Noqualmis" was a name oft repeated. The gentle droning of his voice, the enervating warmth of the soft, spring sun and the dreamy cries of the distant wild fowl on the sea, soon sent me into a light sleep, and it seemed to me, as I slept, that the story ran thus:

Boy, son of my brother, listen to the story of Noqualmis. The men of our tribe were always noted as great and daring hunters. From the time when Pahl, the first dwellers of the earth, were dispersed, our tribe has been renowned. Old I am now; feeble and with eyesight dim; but once, young and supple, I used to hunt the deer, the bear, the elk, so that the lodge was ever filled with food and warm furs for clothing. I was deemed a great hunter and brave warrior in the tribe, but greater far than I, greater, stronger, braver than all, was the Thunder Chief, Noqualmis. He it was, who, for twenty long days and nights, sought the "tamanawas" in the wilds and kept watch on the mountain top, without food without clothing, praying to the Thunder God to endow him with the medicine power which would render him the first, the head chief of the tribe. Cedar withes he passed through the flesh of his arms and thighs, then, fastening the bonds to the trunk of a tree, he bore himself against the strain until the strong withes broke or else tore out from his bleeding muscles. With prickly spruce and devil's club, he tore his flesh, until, at length, faint with hunger, thirst, and pain, he lay prone on the ground as one nigh dead. Then the Thunder Bird came to him, fanning with his mighty wings the air upon Noqualmis' face. He spoke:

"Noqualmis! Noqualmis! Noqualmis! your vigil has been kept; your heart is brave, your body strong; for your fortitude, your abstinence, your bravery, the Thunder God bids me tell you that you will be endowed with the great medicine of the Thunder. You will be the head chief of all your people, and long will you reign in the tribe. You will be victorious in war and your arm will be strong, your arrow and spear unerring in the hunt; your eyes will be clear and your feet swift. But, listen! Never doubt the power of the tamanawas given you. Though misfortune may sometime overtake you, as it does all, do not doubt that good fortune will return. Do not think that our power will fail you, and, above all else, seek not the power a second time, else the Thunder which now guides your strength, and health, and power, may one day strike you dead. Oh! Noqualmis." Then, with mighty, flapping wings, the Bird rose from his side and flew across the range to the Great Home of the Thunder God—there! on yonder snow-capped mountain.

Noqualmis raised himself up from the frozen earth. His body was sore. Thirst burned him up, and hunger gnawed his vitals; yet was his heart light, oh, boy! for he had earned what no other living man before him had possessed—the medicine of the Thunder God.

With slow and painful steps, he went his way to the village. The old men of the tribe took him in to the lodge of his family. Tenderly they bathed him, dressed his wounds with sweet balsam, wrapped him up in warm, soft furs, and gave him food—broth of deer, fresh baked salmon, roots of the wild parsnip; and when he was strong and well, with all the wise men and mighty warriors of the tribe, he sought out a giant cedar tree and felled it, slid it far through the woods on smooth skids to the water's edge, floated it to the village with great ceremony, and then they carved it with much design, picturing the stories of the prowess of the ancestors of Noqualmis in war and in the chase, and of his own wild adventures. Thirty long steps it was when finished, and of four steps' girth at base; and at the top was placed the emblem of Noqualmis, a Thunder Bird with outstretched wings. Then all the strong men of our tribe—and they were many, for our lodges reached from river mouth to yonder bluffs, 800 long steps—came and raised the pole upright in the old way, which you cannot see nowadays, and the foot was three steps in the solid earth, set in the hole prepared for it.

Then the messengers were sent to the far-off tribes with calls to a great feast in honor of Noqualmis, and in due time they came, the tamanawas men, the wise women, great chiefs and dancers of renown, all came, and when all were assembled, the great lodge of Noqualmis was cleared of everything but the dais about the four walls inside. Great fires were lighted, ten steps apart and five steps from the dais, all around the lodge upon the earthen floor, and these were kept replenished by the youth of the tribe from the vast stores of wood which had been gathered. Then all the tribe, and all the visitors filed in, the men in their war gear, the doctors in their tamanawas dresses, the women in their finery of brodered skins and necklaces and earrings of shell and of metal, and all seated themselves about the lodge on the great dais, and the song of Noqualmis was begun. Softly, quietly, at first, while the drums and beating sticks gently tapped the rhythm; then louder and fiercer came the song, the high, sweet voices of the women pierced the heart-laden air, the deep tones of the men shook the great lodge, while outside, the tribe's doctors blew wild notes on their war whistles, made from the thigh bones of dead enemies.

Then, at a signal, there leaped into the glare of the encircling fires a great dancer and warrior. His coat was of soft yellow buckskin, reaching to the knees, and strung across both back and front with rows on rows of shells, bits of the rare yellow metal (native copper), feathers of the priceless mountain eagle (golden eagle). Armlets made of bunches of dried deer hoofs, strung on sinew cords, were on his wrists. His anklets were the same. His head dress was of the inner bark of the cedar tree, beaten soft, and glowing red, like blood. Twenty feathers from the tails of the mountain eagles, tipped with fur

of the marten, nodded above all. The war paint was on his face, and the frenzy of the tamanawas made him terrible to behold, and, as he danced, now threading the row of fires, now leaping like the wild deer, now moving with quick, short steps, his bangles rattled in time with the swiftly beating sticks and drums. Another signal, and all was quiet as the grave. Then the dancer began his own war song. The vast multitude assembled took it up, and wilder, higher, rose the strain, quicker beat the sticks, lighter danced the warrior, until at length exhausted, he sank back on the dais among his friends and another took his place.

Then women danced with slow, graceful movement to the refrain of a sweet, wild song. Medicine men danced in their terrible dresses of human hair and teeth, and masks carved to represent every creature in our land and sea.

Then Noqualmis himself, the bravest of the brave, dressed more richly than any, danced and sang his song of the Thunder God, and of what he had seen and endured during his mountain vigil.

Twenty days and nights did the festivities last. By day we feasted on the flesh of elk, of deer, and of seal, salmon, and fish of other kinds; the roe of salmon pressed in the oil of seals; dried berries, shellfish, ducks and geese. Betimes we slept, and then at night was the dance renewed until the end of the time.

Before the gathering dispersed to each and all were given presents—to some, skins of the beaver, the seal, and otter, both of land and sea; to others, blankets woven from the hair of the wild goat. These were torn in strips two fingers wide, and scattered amongst the crowd. These strips were afterward unraveled by the women and rewoven. To others, again, were given bows and arrows, spears, bales of dried salmon, and cakes of dried berries, bladders of oil and cakes of elk tallow; slaves, too, taken from hostile tribes, canoes, and mats of cedar bark, shields of yellow metal, carved dishes of stone and wood, and spoons fashioned from the wild goats' horns, according to the standing of each, so was he endowed.

When all was over, and all presents given, Noqualmis was proclaimed head chief and greatest warrior of his tribe, and he took to wife the daughter of a great chief from the North, and then the visitors all departed, singing praises of our tribe and of Noqualmis, and we were again left by ourselves. After all the vast hoard of presents given, you will think, my boy, that Noqualmis would be poor; but he was young and strong, and mark you, he who gave thus in his declining years received double. So it was with us in the long ago.

After this, it happened as the Thunder Bird had spoken. Noqualmis lived for many years as our head chief and greatest warrior and hunter. One day, when middle-aged, yet still strong and upright as a dart, he came home from hunting with gloom upon his brow. Long he sat, silent and alone, by the lodge fire. Then, at last, his father, an old man and wise, spoke thus: "Why is my son so gloomy; why sits he alone with sadness in his eyes? Speak! Oh, Noqualmis."

Then Noqualmis spoke: "My father, the tamanawas has failed me. Thrice to-day my arrows glanced off the body of the elk; twice my spear struck a tree limb instead of the bear's side; once I stumbled and fell, sorely injuring myself. To-morrow I climb the Mountain of Thunder, to again seek the magic."

Then his father was much afraid, and begged him not to go, but Noqualmis turned away from him and sought his couch. On the morrow, at early dawn, he arose, dressed himself in his war clothes, but without painting his face, tried his trusty bow, filled his quiver with arrows tipped with black stone points. In his girdle he placed his war knife of shining green stone (jade), and when all was ready, he bade farewell to his weeping wife and children, stepped out of the lodge and gazed long to the West at the wild Thunder Mountain. Then, as he stood thus, the wise men and the doctors, the chiefs and the warriors, came to him and begged him not to go. "Remember Noqualmis, what was told you; not to seek the Thunder twice. Try again the hunting, and perhaps good luck will return to you. Think of us here, oh Noqualmis! Who will lead us to war against our ancient enemies; who show us the best hunting and fishing grounds?" But Noqualmis was proud, and his pride had been hurt in that he had failed in the hunting, so he answered:

"The Thunder Bird lied! or, perhaps, he spoke thus to try me. I go." And so he passed from among them and out of the village, and was gone, and all that day the thunder roared and the lightning flashed. And long afterward it was revealed to the head doctor of the tribe that he journeyed on through the forest until he came to the mountain and began to climb. Up, up, ever up, and when he came to the edge of the woods, where ahead was nothing but bare rocks, a huge elk, the largest ever seen, stood barring the way. He spoke thus to Noqualmis: "Turn back; your children cry for you, your wife weeps; your father and the other wise men call for you." But Noqualmis laughed, and, putting an arrow to the string, he shot it, swift and straight, at the elk's broad side; straight to its mark sped the tough shaft, into the dark brown side and out through to the other side; yet the beast moved not, nor showed sign of pain; and as Noqualmis gazed, in growing wonderment and fear, the great elk looked at him with large, sad eyes, but did not again address him. Then Noqualmis fitted another arrow to the polished sinew string and drew it back to the head, when snap! the strong string parted, and the elk, his eyes still fixed on Noqualmis, turned slowly, walked to the foot of the steep cliff, and disappeared like a smoke.

Then Noqualmis was afraid, and would have turned back, but pride and fear of his tribesmen's laughter forbade him, so, pressing on, he threw away the bow and drew his great stone knife to guard himself. Soon he reached a vast chasm, in the rocks, and, at the further end, on a high rock peak, he saw perched the Thunder Bird, who, when he saw Noqualmis, cried out, "Noqualmis, Noqualmis, turn back; remember my warning to you, oh! son of my bosom." But again the madman laughed and pressed on through the dreadful gorge. Then the Thunder Bird, rising on wing from his lofty perch, came flying down the chasm. The sound of his wings was like the roaring wind, and the air turned freez-

ing cold before him. Straight at Noqualmis he flew, crying, "Turn, turn, fool that thou art!" but when he was almost on him, Noqualmis dropped to the earth, and, rising again on one knee, thrust his spear with force at the mighty bird above him. The weapon seemed to pierce through and through, yet the strong barbs held not and the spear came out, while the bird, with mournful cry, flew far off and vanished amid the crags, and, lo! the spear in the man's hands was clean and free of blood.

Again Noqualmis was afraid, but again he pressed on through the gorge and up to the top of the mountain, which was fair and level, but fenced about with great rock pinnacles, and in the center of a pleasant, grassy slope was a huge flat rock, smooth and black, and Noqualmis walked on this, marvelling at its hardness and its smoothness, when the awful quiet of the place was broken by a fearful peal of thunder, and the sharp Fire Sword of the Thunder God struck him down on the great rock, and, suddenly, the air got very cold, and snow fell, covering up the mountain top and the flat rock, and the dead body of Noqualmis, as he lay. And the snow has stayed there ever since, summer and winter alike, and the body of Noqualmis lies there where you see it from here, covered up in its snowy blanket, and no person may climb the mountain again, for the great fields of snow and ice around about it.

A sharp shake of the arm awoke me. I started up and saw Jack's grinning face. I arose, stretched myself, and looked about me. The old man still sat on his board, his dim eyes fixed on the distant image of the snow-covered Indian, now gilt and bejeweled with the rays of the setting sun. I handed him a plug of tobacco. "What were you telling the boy?" I asked. He laughed as he thanked me in his soft, low voice, and answered: "I was telling him of our feasting and dancing in the long ago. He will never see those scenes now. A-la-kas-la." (Good-by.)

COMOX, B. C., March 26

MAZAMA.

Notes.

Sunning Board.—The coast Indians have boards of 6 or 8 feet in length by 12 or 18 inches wide, outside their lodges, on the south side, laid with a slight pitch and with a back board at the high end. On these the old people love to recline and sun themselves, whenever inclination urges and weather permits.

Tamanawas.—The ethereal essence or spirit of some beast, bird, or element, which was sought, and supposed to have been acquired, by all young men desirous of becoming great warriors, hunters or doctors (magicians). The tamanawas might be of the deer, the otter, crow, owl, raven, wasp, thunder, snow, and was commonly acquired by rites similar to those described. Much mystery was observed, however, in addition, and whites have never been able to get a thorough record of these. A species of Freemasonry seemed to prevail in these rites.

Frenzy.—At dances, which no doubt partook of more mysticism, the dancer would become in a manner frenzied. This was supposed to be brought on by the potent working of the mysterious "tamanawas" (elixir).

Grit.

When a man dies who has been conspicuous for courage, loyalty and good comradeship in all his relations with his fellow-men, a stone is apt to mark his grave and record his virtues. At the foot of our garden a little mound covers a heart that once harbored all these qualities, but that heart, when alive, beat in the body of a dog.

Sam Patch was a bull terrier of many quarterings in the male line, but, from a bench show point of view, of no account on the distaff side of the house. Blue ribbons go by favor in this world, but "true blue" is better said of the heart than of the blood, so I shall always consider Sam Patch's dam, Nellie, one of the wisest and most genteel old ladies that ever stepped on four paws.

It was a sight to see her play hide and seek with children, with Nellie "It." How she would chase around in feigned bewilderment, and look behind every tree and bush but the right ones! Then, when the last child had scrambled "home," how Nellie would rush up barking in surprise and protest at the evasion, then hide her head behind the barn door, and, I quite believe, shut her eyes, until a shout came to say that the game was on again. Her son, like many men, got his brains from his mother; his shape and fighting qualities from his father—the latter being the cause why that scion of a noble house spent many hours of enforced inaction at the end of a chain.

While Sam Patch dearly loved a fight, his keenness was tempered by the possession of an undershot jaw, that invariably landed him the under dog in every fray. Prudence being the better part of valor, he never deliberately "picked a muss," although he never refused one that was thrust upon him. A large connection of brothers and half-brothers kept him up to the mark, and, being the runt of the family, and undershot at that, he soon learned to accept the rôle of under dog as a matter of course, and, no doubt, there is nothing like a good "licking," taken in the right spirit, to foster gameness—in a dog. We picked him out as the cleverest of the lot, and he grew up a member of the household, a playfellow to the children, and the responsive companion to their elders, whose every mood and tone of voice met an answer in his intelligent eyes, and in the expressive picking up or depressing of his ears. The very wrinkles of his muzzle spoke, and I rather think he did not talk merely because he did not want to.

A lovable rascal, full of endearing faults, he had none of the pomposity of dignity by which big dogs made us feel small. He was greedy and dearly loved his ease. His bed was a hair pillow in a nook at the foot of the stairs, but he knew of a down cushion on the parlor sofa that was more to his sybaritic taste. Often have I tiptoed down the stairs, after lights were out, to catch him in "flagrant delicto." Half way down I would hear a scurry of muffled pads across the parquet floor, claws drawn in to avoid noise, and, when my candle flashed across his bed, there lay Patch with the face of a cherub just roused from slumber. A menacing shake of the finger, and he instantly gave up the game, his expression changing to one of heartfelt contrition; but if by chance

I laughed, he cuddled down closer, and his off eye plainly told me that it was all a jolly good joke.

Such a lazy beggar was Patch in his moments of repose, with the bridle off. When anything was doing, he was all alert and alive, from the tip of his snub nose to the end of his rat tail.

In the wagon and on the box seat before the driver had gathered up the reins; in the water before the stick had left the thrower's hand. If a stone flew in place of a stick he dove for it and brought it back, quivering with delight—and, dancing backward to the water's edge, he would turn like a flash, plunge in and catch it again almost as soon as it sank. He dove through heavy breakers with all the easy grace of a champion swimmer; and no doubt if he could have held a cigar in his teeth would have emerged in the trough of the waves with the end still lighted.

His name came to him from the patches of brindle that splashed his white coat and covered one eye, but the great bridge jumper's name was not belittled by Sam Patch's own exploits in diving. A header, in pursuit of a stick, off a bridge twenty feet out of water at half tide, was a mere nothing to him.

But all these feats and frolics were merely those of an amiable little dog of possibly more than the average intelligence. It was the grit with which he met his death that raised him above the general plane of dogs and men. He went for a stroll one day, toward dusk, with a member of the family. The man returned, and, seeing that the dog was not at his heels, left the front door ajar, and sat down by the fire to read the evening papers. Soon he was aware that Patch had come in and was lying at his feet, and he spoke to him without glancing up from his paper. Twenty minutes or more slipped by, and I entered the room. From the hearth rug, two great eyes stared at me above a horrible mass of blood and bones that covered the poor dog's breast. His lower jaw was broken in four. I tied it up to ease the strain, and he did not utter a sound, though his piteous eyes never left my face. They asked for help, and help came in in the only form we could give it—a merciful pistol shot in the base of the brain.

Try how we would, we could never learn how he was hurt, but probably his fighting blood and his undershot jaw were the cause. A fight forced upon him—a human brute interfering to stop the fight, and a kick in the jaw for the under dog.

M. W. M.

Natural History.

The Mammoth.

In the early days of the last century a native of Siberia detected in a great ice cliff on the banks of the Lena River the shape of a vast creature, which seemed to look out at him through the thin film of ice, and which held him spellbound by its monstrous appearance, and its stony glare. Day after day the fascinated man returned to the spot to gaze and to be stared at by the monster, until one morning when he went there, he found that the front of ice that had partly screened it had fallen away, and the gigantic head and tusks of a frozen mammoth were plain to the view.

We all remember how the man treasured his secret, and how, when at last it leaked out and the knowledge of the find had penetrated westward to Russia, and scientific men were sent to preserve the specimen, it was found that its discoverer and others had fed their dogs on the meat of the monster, and that little was left of it save the bones and a quantity of the long, red hair that had covered its body.

Of all the extinct creatures, the mammoth is, perhaps, the one which most appeals to the imagination of the average man. It is one of the nearest to us in time, and we can understand pretty clearly that it is a great elephant, clad in long, reddish, woolly hair, and with tremendous

Fossil elephants are found in America as far south, at least, as the Middle States, but in no great numbers, and their tusks are usually so changed by exposure to the weather that they have no commercial value, and are very perishable. They are found generally in northern regions in some numbers, and in Alaska there is a tall bluff, which is known as Elephant Point, from the great numbers of elephant remains buried there.

Certain little islands north of the Kolima River in Siberia are celebrated for the great number of mammoth bones found there. In fact, travelers have stated that the islands seemed to be made up entirely of the bones and tusks of mammoth. On other islands on the coast of Siberia, the remains of these mammoths are enormously abundant, and they often are found frozen in the tundra. This is the case with one just discovered—said to be very perfect—to secure which an expedition was recently sent from St. Petersburg, to the town of Kolymsk, on the Kolima River, near which the find was made. The party left St. Petersburg early this summer, and reached Yakutsk, about two months ago. It is altogether probable that before now they have secured the specimen, and may be on their way back with it.

Kolymsk is one of the coldest regions of the world. It lies about 600 miles northeast of what is called the winter cold pole of the Northern Hemisphere, and is, so far as known, one of the places of lowest temperature of the north. Its mean temperature for January is 56 degrees below zero, and it sometimes goes much lower.

In a small town, in Moravia, in Austria, there exists a great deposit of mammoth remains. With these are found remains of man and other animals, and also evidence of fire, as well as tools and implements, evidently made by man. This has been taken as evidence that in this particular place man hunted the mammoth and destroyed him. But Steenstrup has expressed the opinion that the mammoth did not live there at the same time with man, but must have perished long before human beings reached them, and was preserved intact in the frozen soil—just as the mammoth to-day exists in Siberia—until the men of the later reindeer period found it, cut it out of the soil, used its teeth and bones, and perhaps left its flesh as food to the wild animals.

Nevertheless, the bones of the mammoth have so often been found with man's weapons among them, that it has long been believed that man and the mammoth lived together on the earth. Still better evidence is the drawing of the mammoth on a piece of ivory found with bones of pre-historic man, in the caves of southern France. It can hardly be doubted, in view of all the evidence that has accumulated, that man and the mammoth were coeval.

The Ways of an Owl.

EAST WAREHAM, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* What a pity the meadow starlings have not the beautiful song of the Western variety! The lark of the prairies has a compass and power of voice second to none of our singers. It is hardly to be distinguished from our bird except by its voice—and the same may be said of the Western towhee, only the sexes are not so unlike, male and female being very different looking in our species.

The dusky ducks breed on West Island. Last spring one was shot on Ram Island with a fully developed egg in it, and that duck would no doubt have nested on West Island, if, indeed, it might not already have had a nest there. There are a number of large reservoirs like Old Tuck in Rochester, East Head in Carver, ponds in Plymouth and down the Cape, with some on Martha's Vineyard, near which these ducks breed. The wood duck does nest to some extent here, and loons used to raise a brood at White Island Pond, a beautiful sheet of water between Wareham and Plymouth.

Birds of prey have been quite plenty. Some weeks ago one of my brothers put up and shot a Cooper's hawk. It had just killed a Mongolian pheasant, and had only eaten a little of the neck. This pheasant was an old bird—a male—that had been raised under a hen, as it had scaly leg developed about and below the heels, extending half-way down the tarsi. Wading through snow and slush had checked the progress of the microscopic insects which produce this disease, and the bird's feet were in a normal condition. I have never seen any of our native wild birds attacked by this parasite, and its presence on a pheasant would show that care should be taken to have healthy hens for foster mothers, for this disease, when once seated, is persistent and requires treatment. It is a matter of note that a Cooper's hawk should kill so large a bird—about three times its own weight. A pheasant in the open is noticeable, and would be sure to attract the attention of any hawk. This would be a serious matter in pheasant raising, for Cooper's hawk breeds all through New England, and as far south as Virginia, by my own observation. When located and nesting this hawk will come daily to a poultry yard, and every time take a chicken, and to stop its visits it has to be shot. A brood of pheasants under a domestic hen inclosed by wire would be safe, a brood in the fields would disappear one by one. The sharp-shinned hawk is just as bad, but too small to kill adult fowl. The marsh harrier is a rabbit hunter and will chase meadow larks; it is an indefatigable mouser, but is hardly likely to take game or chickens.

Most owls are mousers, because their time of hunting brings them in contact with mice, rats and rabbits and other furred animals. The great horned owl is an exception to this rule in the matter of prey. I had a visit from one last January; he came in the early morning and entered my hen house. I had failed to latch the inner door, which separates the roosting room from the scratching shed, as the windows of the latter were raised; this allowed him to fly in. When I came out to open up, the fowl were in a great commotion, and I saw that something was wrong. On looking in I perceived that the intruder must be still there by the way the ducks and hens were avoiding the locality of the nesting boxes, and

there I saw on the floor what first appeared to be a Plymouth rock hen just expiring. A second look showed that it was no hen, but some bird with its head pushed under a nesting box and making violent efforts to do something; it seemed to be trying to get beneath the box. Really, it was eating a duck, and did not mistrust my presence until I had firmly grasped its wings close to the body. It struggled fiercely on being drawn out, and then I discovered that it had a steel trap on one foot, the jaws holding two toes, but otherwise loose, there being no chain. It had evidently been caught some time previous and had broken the fastening. Afterward I found an owner for the trap, and heard his story. He had had a hen killed, and suspecting an owl, had watched the following evening, gun in hand, but darkness and cold drove him in before the robber came. However, he tied the hen's body so it could not be carried off, and set a trap. During the night the owl came, sprung the trap and dragged the body about, but was not caught. Determined to catch the owl, the man got three more traps and set all four in a square about the bait. That night the bird came and mused around some, disturbing the arrangement and working about the hen. Two of the traps were large and heavy, but he got into the smallest one, and got away with it.

In a week or ten days he entered my hen roost and was caught. I took him into the house, and with tongs freed him from the trap. In the evening we fed him with raw meat out of hand. He did not seem very savage, and never offered to strike with his feet. This was surprising, as both hawks and owls are very ready with their talons, which must be dulled at once if one means to handle them. We have him now; he lives in the wood house, and has never been tied, or confined, except by the door. He has a perch, which he can fly up to, but sits on the edge of the coal bin or on the wood itself much of the time. He will bear to have his head scratched, and will accept food from one's fingers, but a person unused to him would be shy of offering a small piece, for he grabs as though it were escaping prey. However, he will take tiny pieces of meat from one's fingers and not pinch.

His capacity for swallowing is great, almost snake-like, and is accomplished with effort, a succession of violent jerks, during which he gasps for breath, being necessary to engulf a chicken whole. We call him the Sexton, because he saves us the trouble of burying the unfortunate chicks that meet with untimely deaths by accident. He also disposes of the bodies of such skunks as are caught while trying to get into the hen house, and what muskrats the junior catches. These are skinned, and in the case of skunks, the objectionable feature is removed before they are given him. We place the carcass on the chopping block and he does the rest; if it is heavy for him to handle, he takes it on the floor and stays until nothing is left but the bones, and these he can tear to pieces in most cases. The skull of a muskrat he reduces to bits that can be swallowed.

WALTER B. SAVORY.

Pocaca and the Panther.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the various experiences of hunters and others with our wild animals, and now beg to offer my mite to the general collection.

So far as personal experience goes, I must say that I never yet, in the course of many years' hunting in this country, have had occasion to fear the attack of any of our wild animals I have come in contact with, and I do not think for an instant that the least danger is to be feared from them save, of course, in instances where one is wounded, has very young offspring, or is brought to close bay. A mouse will attack under these circumstances sometimes.

The story that I wish to relate, therefore, is in connection with an Indian who lived in Saanich, near Victoria, in the '50s and early '60s. He was chief of the tribe of North Saanich Indians, a man of splendid proportions and physique, standing 6 feet 4 inches in his bare feet, and with the strength of two ordinary men.

A story is told of him as having happened some years before I first saw him in '62, to the effect that one day, while out hunting for sandhill cranes among the little, brushy meadows which abounded in the vicinity, he was sprung on and seized by a panther. As he told it, he was creeping through the brush, stalking a bunch of cranes, armed with bow and arrows, and if I remember aright, with a fur robe over his shoulders, when he felt himself seized from behind. He at once saw and felt it was a panther. So, firmly grasping each fore paw, and shrugging his shoulders so that his neck and head were fairly protected from bites by his long, thick hair, he carried the brute a half mile to the sea, where he held him under water until drowned. He then carried the dead animal another mile home in triumph.

He was, of course, badly lacerated, but his body had been partially protected by the robe. But what a strength of arm and grip it took to perform the feat!

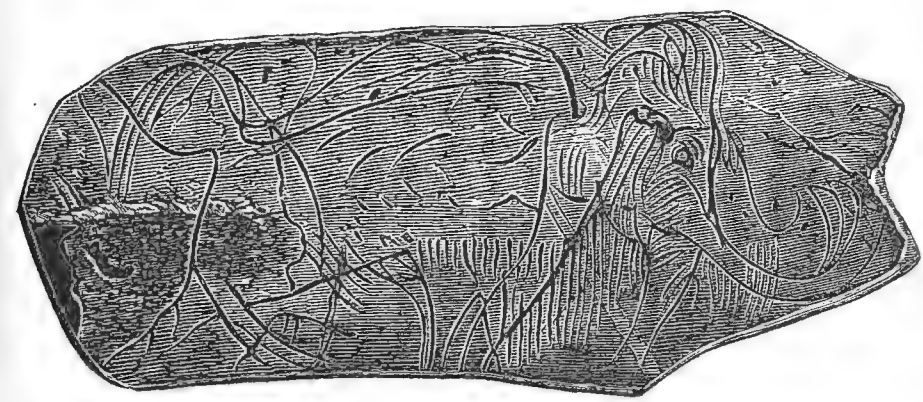
Now, in this case, we have a reliable account of a panther deliberately hunting and springing on a man, but there is no doubt in my mind that it was a clear case of mistaken identity, and that the fur robe worn by the Indian deluded the animal into the belief that he was hunting another wild beast, possibly a deer.

Poor Pacaca (Tobacco)! Some years after this happened he went one day to the north side of the peninsula to a small island lying in the strait near the canoe passage to and from the north. He was accompanied by his wife and several girl relatives, and their object was halibut fishing. As they did not return at the appointed time, search was made, and the dead bodies of the party were found in their camp, murdered as they slept, by the savage Yokwiltulths of Cape Mudge. The women lay with cut throats all agape. He, the chief, had taken his head severed from the trunk and the member taken away by the marauders.

I shall never forget the feeling of horror I experienced as a child when hearing of this, and long did I miss the chief's familiar presence. That was the last blood feud between the tribes, and was never avenged. Civilization, with her iron hand, soon after pervaded the land, and savage customs faded away.

MAZAMA.

COMOX, B. C., Aug. 21.



Mammoth drawn on mammoth ivory by the man of the Reindeer Era. From Dana's Manual of Geology.

tusks, which turn upward and backward as the tusks of no elephant ever did. Moreover, because it has been seen in the flesh, the mammoth seems almost a creature of our own day. The dwellers in Siberia believe that it still lives, but dwells underground, as a huge mole, and that it lives forever, dying only when by chance it comes too near the surface of the earth.

It is easily within the memory of each of us, when stories concerning the occurrence of the discovery of the mammoth in Alaska were current and credited, and but two or three years since, when a popular magazine published a bit of fiction about the killing of the last mammoth in Alaska, it scored a tremendous success, and made a deal of trouble for the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution. By many people the story was taken to be fact, and not fiction, and many letters were sent to the Smithsonian Institution asking for information as to the supposed occurrence.

Northern Siberia is the locality where the remains of mammoths are most abundant. So numerous are they in certain places, that the trade in fossil ivory is the most important of the industries of the district. There is said to be a regular traffic between the Arctic and the South, and mammoth tusks are transported on reindeer sledges as far south as Mongolia, where they are traded for articles brought from the South, and then taken on to China.

Varying Hares.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Every person knows that there is such an animal as the jackrabbit, but very many know little or nothing of their peculiarities, habits, etc.

Climate or altitude has a wonderful effect upon their color. In the Rocky Mountains of northern Colorado and southern Wyoming, at an elevation of 8,000 feet, they are their natural gray color in summer time, and in winter their color changes to pure white; while lower down in the valley, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, within less than a hundred miles, they retain their gray color during all the year. This I know only from observation, and have never heard any one else even mention it, and would like to hear from some one who can give the true cause of this difference. A few years ago, in winter time, when the snows were deep, they would congregate about the corrals of big stock ranches where stock was being fed, to an extent that would hardly seem credible. At such times they do not seclude themselves or keep under cover during the day as ordinarily is their custom, but keep in motion, hopping about continually. I have seen hundreds in sight at one time about these corrals. They seem to be little sought after for their meat where they are so abundant, and I have wondered why, for their flesh, when properly cooked, is equal to that of some small-game animals which are much sought after, and their size would make it an object to kill them for their meat.

Where one depends on the rifle, hunting jackrabbits affords no mean sport, for they are rather shy, and after once being chased up, are hard to approach within easy range, if they find they are being pursued. In their ordinary travel they string their tracks out more as a dog or fox does in galloping than like other rabbits. If they are chased up by a dog or other animal, which pursues them, they go straight up a steep, bare hill or mountain, if such be near enough, for there is where they can leave any foe behind if it be without wings. One of their peculiarities is their power to run apparently as fast straight up a steep mountain as on level ground, and I doubt if any animal can outrun them up a steep hill. Instinct appears to teach them that this is their stronghold in flight, and they invariably take this advantage when pursued.

Jackrabbits are generally thought of as belonging to the prairie country, and I knew not that they were to be found in mountain districts until I found them there myself, and there is where all my observations of them have been made. The statement is often made and believed by residents of the jackrabbit country that when they run they throw one hind leg out behind and up over their rump, swinging it around loosely, changing legs every little while. I had always noticed something swaying from side to side when a rabbit ran, but never believed it to be the leg. By getting very close to one before it ran, I could plainly see that it was the tail which they keep swaying from side to side as they run. Some of the advocates of the leg theory claimed they had not tail enough to be seen, but to prove the length of their tail I killed and skinned one, and the bone of the tail measured just 5 inches, which, with the fur, would make at least a 6-inch tail.

Eagles are the worst enemies of these hares, at least in mountain districts, and I have watched many a contest between jack and eagle, and find that jack does not always lose his scalp, either, for he is not too proud to crawl into a badger hole if one happens to be near. Like most other animals, they can be approached more closely on horseback than on foot, and will sit still until a horse almost steps on them. Once while we were on the trail with a bunch of cattle, one of the cowboys saw one sitting under a sagebrush within a few feet of his horse. He swung his long Mexican whip and snapped the rabbit on the head, killing it instantly.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

[There are several species of large hares in the Western country, all of which are loosely termed jackrabbits. Of these *Lepus bairdi* is called also snowshoe rabbit. It turns white in winter, as also does *L. washingtonii*. The jackrabbit of the plains, *L. campestris*, also turns white. On the other hand, the Texas jackrabbit, *L. callotis*, and that of California, *L. californicus*, do not turn white. The two last-named species have the tail black above.]

Pheasant and Bantam.

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: An article which was published the other day in respect to the experimental crossing of the English pheasant upon the common bantam, with the hope that a new variety of game bird could be produced, is interesting in so far as it goes, but it does not go very far. The crossing of the bantam fowl with the pheasant can produce sterile progeny only, as each is distinct in species. Varieties of the same species can be crossed successfully, and several of the most beautiful kinds of the pheasant family have been produced in this manner, but the attempt to produce something new in the game bird line by mating pheasants with bantams can result only in disappointment for the reason stated above. In England, where the pheasant is artificially reared in great numbers, the game bantam females are used to incubate the pheasant eggs, and rear the young. A few days after hatching, the little hen and her brood are taken to the edge of the forest preserves and turned loose, but twice each day, at night time and morning, they are fed by the keepers, and are in a semi-domesticated condition until the shooting season begins. The cross of the pheasant and the bantam hen occurs quite often, but the progeny have proven enuchs when the breeding between has been tried. By the way, there is nothing in the eating line that will compare with a correctly broiled game bantam. Those who have not tried one I would recommend doing so.

GEORGE N. THOMAS.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

In the Indian Territory.

AIX LA CHAPELLE, Germany.—Editor Forest and Stream: I am the lucky possessor of copies of FOREST AND STREAM from May 1 to Aug. 31, 1894, and would have some more, if I had a chance to get the paper in our bookshops. I left the States in February, 1896.

Many times I read and re-read these few numbers, and thus pass an otherwise lonesome hour with pleasure through reading the hunting and fishing stories.

Now, if you will kindly permit, I will give you a short description of some of my experiences in hunting in the United States. I was a soldier in the regular army, and was stationed at Fort Supply, I. T., from November, 1887, to November, 1892. At that time the part of the Indian Territory within fifty or sixty miles around this post was a real paradise for sportsmen; there were in plenty turkeys, deer, antelope, coyotes, wolves, ducks, chickens, quail and rabbits, and all quite close to the post. We did not care to hunt deer and antelope as long as we had plenty of game birds; and we hunted coyotes, deer and jackrabbits only with some of our seventeen hounds, feeding them with the rabbits.

In November, two weeks before Thanksgiving day, each troop of our regiment used to send a small party of five or six soldiers hunting for the troop; and, as I always desired to go along, and asked for it, too, I was ordered, in 1890, to join this party. We used to hunt along the creeks between the South and North Canadian, and traveled two days, to find a good place for turkeys, hunting along the road, also.

In 1890 we went to the left of the North Canadian, between, or opposite, Benol and Deep Creek, about thirty miles west of Cantonment. There is a place called "Sheridan's Roost," where this gallant officer had some great sport with the turkeys in the seventies. We were four hunters, one cook and a teamster in our party. The boys used to hunt close to camp in the day time, trying to locate some good roost for the evening or early morning hunt, as these men shot the turkeys generally off the roost. I was the only one who had a good bird dog, and in the open season, hunted every hour I had free from service. On the road, traveling, I always shot enough quail, chickens, or ducks, for the evening camp, but when in our steady camp, nothing else than turkey would go.

The shooting of turkeys off the trees, when asleep, did not suit me, so I generally took my horse in the morning, went about two miles from camp, and started hunting through the sandhills, partly covered with berry-bushes. On the first morning after making camp, riding to the top of a little ridge, I spotted a big flock of turkeys, just on the other side. Drawing my horse back, I dismounted, sneaked to the top, and saw the turkeys thirty yards in front of me, close together in a little hollow. The old gobbler, too wary for me, gave a warning note, and sent the flock running in different directions. My first shot, on the ground, killed two of them; and the second shot dropped one, flying, which came down to the ground with a heavy thump.

Following the other turkeys on foot, I hunted about three miles ahead, without finding one of them, though my dog kept on pointing and following the trail of a couple all the time.

At last, getting tired of this, I went about 200 yards to the left, and started back toward my horse, coming within a half mile of the place where my horse was lariat; the dog pointed and flushed a turkey, and I scored a clean miss at 40 yards. The shot started another turkey 30 yards to the right, which I killed. One more turkey rose 70 yards ahead of me, but I did not shoot at it, because I had only No. 3 shells.

The finding of these three turkeys close to the place of their first rise set me thinking how I could outwit the game the next time, and not get so tired out as that day. Thinking is a big fault in many cases, but in this instance it started me on the right road, how to have the fun a little easier and to "get there" anyhow. Striking camp I told the other hunters where I had found the game and thought it would go to roost that night. The men killed five turkeys that evening off the roost, and three in the morning on another place. To keep the birds, we always put them in a tree, and after freezing, in the morning cut the backs open and stuffed the inside with hay.

On the following day I started early to another ridge of hills, on Deep Creek. My dog flushed one old gobbler, which I killed from horseback; then, about 11 o'clock, I saw another big flock of turkeys feeding on some berry-bushes, close to the creek. Dismounting I sneaked through, and on the side of the creek, to about 50 yards of the birds, when I got spotted, and the whole flock started to run. One of the birds got rattled and came the wrong way. I killed it 40 yards to my left, but after the shot I kept in hiding. After waiting ten minutes I mounted the horse, and, riding a circle, galloped about two miles to get in front of the turkeys without disturbing them. Then I hunted on foot back toward the direction the game had run to and walked slowly, holding the dog as close as possible. After hunting a quarter of an hour, my dog went toward some small timber and came to a dead point. Closely following, I passed the dog and flushed two big turkeys, which I knocked down with a right and left at short range. In the same manner I shot four more out of the flock. Perhaps these birds thought they were hunted from both sides, and, therefore, tried to hide; it is possible, but I do not know this. I tried the same way hunting some more times, and had a good result always.

The second day afterward I had a chance to try another way to hunt these birds, which are race runners when followed. One of the other hunters asked to go along with me, and I, having no objection, we started to get to a small ridge four and one-half miles from our camp. There was a cañon 60 yards wide, with a small creek, bordered with a lot of small berry-bushes. After following this up half a mile I got sight of four turkeys,

feeding on the left side of the cañon, 120 yards ahead of us. Cautioning my comrade to get out of sight, we went back 200 yards, and I told him to get on top of the hill and try to get 300 to 400 yards on the other side of the birds to some hiding place. After waiting about fifteen minutes I started ahead to where I had first seen the turkeys; they had fed slowly ahead, and were only 100 yards further on, feeding yet. I sneaked as low as possible, partly on hands and knees, getting to about 55 yards of the birds, when I heard their warning cry. Rising quickly I shot both barrels into them, running, and stopped one; there were seven turkeys in the lot. I followed the others as fast as possible, shortly hearing my friend's repeating gun crack four times; he killed three of the passing six turkeys.

On this trip of ten days, of which four were marching days, we killed eighty-seven turkeys, bringing seventy-two back to the fort.

How this part of the Territory has been for hunting since the opening of the Cherokee Strip, in 1893, I do not know, but I did not care to hunt or fish there afterward. The deer, turkeys, and other large game, must have left this part of the Indian Territory long ago, and have gone to the remaining portion of the Indian reservation, between the South Canadian, Wolf Creek, and Texas, where they have a chance to live and raise their young ones, and are not chased all the time out of the country.

R. M.

The Outing of the Three B's.

For two months we had been "showing" our wives, who had lately become Missourians, the advantages and efficacy of a man getting away from his family, himself and his business, to drop twenty years of his life and become a boy again for ten days or such a matter. And it was finally settled that early in November we would go to some point where we could find sport that was equal to that "we used to have." So we began casting about for the locality, and, after absorbing the map and a fairy tale of a railroad press agent, we decided that the St. Francis River country, in Arkansas, promised greater variety of sport than anything we had heard of, and we are compelled to admit that the country is "as advertised" to a greater degree than is usually the case in such matters. I wrote to Atlanta, Ga., to my old boyhood friend and hunting chum, Bob, and stated the case to him briefly, believing, however, that he would hardly consent to so long a trip. In due time, I received his reply, with a draft enclosed for his share of the outfit, and saying that he would meet us anywhere at any time on an hour's notice.

For the next three weeks our spare time was taken up with outfitting and receiving the rallyings of our wives, and friends, who decided that from the appearance of things we were going to the wilds of Africa to hunt elephants and catch whales on the way. We took their joking as gracefully as possible and continued to load shells for bear, and declared if we met one there would be a fight, or the bear would do the running. All this time the weather continued warm and unfavorable for duckshooting, but we hoped for improvement before our start, and we still were hoping up to the day of our departure. On Nov. 2 we telegraphed Bob, that if he made good connection we would take breakfast with him at Paragould, Ark. We then shipped the outfit and could hardly wait until the next night to start. All next day we received the calls and messages of many friends, who modestly expressed their special fondness for wild ducks, bass, possum or wild turkey, and no one got less than a promise. Saturday evening found us and our wives, who, by this time, were into the spirit of the thing and determined that if their wishes were carried out we would have a successful outing, at the station, and, after many good-byes and good wishes, we were soon rolling along to the southward. On the train we met a sportsman friend on his way to his suburban home, and being quite familiar with the locality of our campaign with the game and fish, he gave us much valuable information regarding conditions, etc. We arrived at Paragould after a fair night's rest and found upon leaving the train the first evidences of frost of the season.

It was still dark, but we found our way to a hotel and bolted for the register. There were plenty of hen-tracks on it, but no sign of Bob having registered. We went up the street to another hotel only to be disappointed again. Going back to our hotel, we sat around a very cheerful wood fire until breakfast was called, which we proceeded to stow away with a will, for it seemed our appetites had improved wonderfully, although we were hardly started. After reshipping our outfit and making the better acquaintance of Mr. W., express agent, who, by his clever courtesies then and afterward, convinced us that the proverbial Southern hospitality had been born and bred in this gentleman, and meeting one more train from the south, on which Bob might come, but failed to, we left a message for him and boarded the P. & S. E. for Bertig and the Buffalo Island Hunting and Fishing Club, where we would make headquarters. Our train rattled along through forests of cypress, oak and gum trees, with here and there a clearing and an occasional glimpse of water and swamp, which gradually increased as we approached the river. Arrived at Bertig we could have tossed our baggage out of the car into the club house, which is built on a level with the tracks on piles about ten feet above the river. In fact, Bertig is about all built on stilts or on boats, and the native goes about his business in a dugout oftener than in any other way. Steve V., manager of the club, received us and very soon made us feel at home, and proved to be a genial and accommodating host throughout our stay.

With our party still incomplete, we decided that only prospecting should be done the first day, so Burt volunteered to be "gondolier" or pusher or whatever the man is who propels the dugout, while I was to try and raise a bass with some very flashy flies which had been the cause of much joking by several friends, and Burt, after he had paddled and pushed two miles up the river, joined them in doubting my ability to cast a fly, for I never got a strike. This, to me, seemed remarkable, for prettier bass grounds no fisherman ever saw, and we could see fine specimens down deep in the clear water, but they were not attracted by my bunch of feathers,

so I gave it up and admitted that I did not know how to make a bass strike when he wouldn't. All the way up the river we were interested in the very peculiar conditions. The river, so called, with apparently no particular channel or banks, was a curiosity to us, and a puzzle as well, as there are innumerable shoots, canals or runs where a canoe can be pushed or paddled in any direction, and many a hunter has been quite late to supper on account of losing his way back to the club house. The clearness of the water is what first strikes the admiration of the newcomer, also its varying depth, which may be now a comparatively sandy shallow with a silver ripple, and the next moment, not a stone's throw away, a pool from ten to fifteen feet in depth, with the bottom as easily seen as if there were no water in it; indeed, so plainly does every bunch of moss or aquatic plant, sunken log or sand patch, show in the depths, that one is reminded of a huge glass vessel filled with alcohol and fruit or plants as natural as life. The cypress trees have huge butts some six to eight feet in diameter at the water level, then taper suddenly upward to the trunk, where the tree rises majestically, a mast on a strong foundation. The channels and shallows are bordered with a profuse growth of flags, smartweed, yonkapis and spatterdock—ideal feeding grounds for waterfowl.

Having noted many flocks of traveling mallards, we decided late in the afternoon to take a stand and see if we could not get a few shots, so we pulled into the flags and had just got settled when down the river came a flock of "sawbills," not very much prized among the duck family, but mighty good practice when they are on their way to supper. They gave us a fair shot, and we folded two up nicely and a third set its wings and sailed off a quarter of a mile and fell—not a bad beginning for hunters sadly out of practice. At intervals large flocks of mallards passed over, practically out of gun shot. We saluted them and were surprised when we cut out several at remarkably long ranges. Burt said something about straining our guns, and I made him own up that he was using shells we had loaded for turkeys. After gathering up the birds we started back to the club house. On the way down I asked Burt if he had noticed any unusual blueness in the sky off to the south, and he said he had, and that Bob was laid out somewhere down there, which was a good and sufficient reason therefor. As we glided along, we speculated on the prospect for duck shooting, which was the "paramount issue" with us, and decided that only a spell of weather would insure a killing. Arrived at the club we again found no message from Bob, so decided to eat and increase our store of hope for his early arrival, which came with that satisfactory feeling produced by a good supper and after that a good smoke by the office fire. We had sounded the natives as to what to expect with the unfavorable weather prevailing, and finally decided to make a trip to Bagwell's Lake for wood ducks and bass (with minnows). After securing guides for the morrow's trip we turned in and slept like logs.

The guides were on hand next morning, and we soon had our tackle, guns, bait and lunch loaded on a hand-car, with which we pumped two miles up the track to the boat landing, where we reshipped for a cruise about Bagwell's Lake. After derauling the car and locking it, we started the boats. With the guide standing in the stern, he would, with a long paddle, make the boat fairly swish down the narrow channels among the cypress trees, missing them in a way that was remarkable. We wended our way down the lake perhaps three miles, flushing wood ducks and mallards from time to time, and bagged several, although we found this timber shooting was a game we were not fully up to, and we were much disappointed at the few birds and their wildness. My guide suggested that we fish awhile, and I agreed. Burt hated to give up the shooting, and decided he would go further down for awhile. I had my tackle ready just as he was leaving us, and dropped my minnow down beside a log. As the bobber followed the sinker out of sight, I pulled and landed a clean hook. Burt suggested that that was a bite, and I agreed with him. My guide asked Burt how long he would be gone, and upon receiving the reply, "Not over an hour," he made a statement that I did not believe he could substantiate. "We will have six or more bass when you return." Burt smiled and paddled away, and as they passed around the bend we tossed our lines over the log—but never a strike. "We have made too much commotion around here; we will leave this log until later and try a drift further up," said the guide. He paddled up to this drift without disturbing the brush, secured the boat, and we tossed in our bait again, the guide coaching me that as the shiners we were using were a large mouthful, the fish must be given time to get a good hold, and while he was talking away went his bobber, just as mine had. He let it go until the fish had taken up the slack, then he deliberately walked the bass right out from under the log and soon had him flopping in the boat. Well, that looks more like it, I thought. After he had strung the bass and dropped the same minnow back into the same hole, away went the bobber again, and I remarked that we must be in a nest of them, and out came another one. As he prepared his hook, he suggested that I was a trifle too deep, so I drew in and lowered my bobber. We both cast at the same place, and almost at the same instant down went both bobbers, and in a few seconds more the guide had landed one and I was fighting with a 4-pounder that was loath to be landed without an argument, and he ripped and tore, first under the log, then under the boat, and finally made a break for deep water, and the reel began to sing. I was getting anxious to see this plunger, so I tightened up on him, and finally got him up to the edge of the boat, when the guide had him over the side in a jiffy, the finest bass—of my own catching—I had ever seen. "How do you like it?" asked the guide. "Great!" said I, as he finished baiting up, and I wiped the perspiration from under my hat band.

We cast again and again, and when we left that log we had nine fine specimens. The guide had landed six of them, but I had the biggest in the string, and was happy. At this rate we could double the estimate made Burt when he left. In drifting up to another log the guide told me to drop my line just over the further edge of it, and doing so, I immediately had another fight on hand. This time the water was deep and clear of snags, aside from the large

sunken log under which the bass had lain, so I started the tussle with more confidence than previously, but he did some running and darting, water-cutting, twisting and thrashing that fairly stopped my breath. I was so afraid he would break loose. The guide had shifted the boat so that the bass could not run back under the log, and was much interested in the landing of the prize of the day. He advised me if my rod could stand it to get his nose out of water. I finally succeeded in doing this, the rod bending nearly double, and then worked him over to the end of the boat, where the guide could get hold of the line, when he soon had him in the boat. This one was afterward found to weigh 4 pounds 7 ounces. I shed my coat and began doubling up a stringer, for one was already overloaded, and the prize of the day could not be trusted except on an extra strong stringer. We then decided to eat our lunch and wait for Burt. We had just got a good start when my line, which lay in the water, began running out rapidly, and I grabbed my rod just in time to keep it from being pulled overboard, and in a few minutes had another—a 2-pounder—up to the boat for the guide to land. Before he got it on the string his bobber disappeared and directly he had landed one of the largest crappies I had ever seen. We had baited up and were proceeding with the lunch, when Burt and his guide came up looking disgusted, not having had a shot.

Upon seeing our string, Burt ejaculated, "Holy smoke! give us some minnows and a bite of that lunch." As we divided the bait we explained that we had moved hardly a hundred yards in landing the bunch. Off they went, and in a very few minutes we could hear the familiar and unmistakable sounds that indicated that the string was growing. We worked other logs and caught more bass, and once I hooked what the guide called a pike, weighing about 2 pounds, which made up in fight what he lacked in weight, and I had some fun getting him in. We fished along with good success, until the minnows began to run small, and consequently the "goggle eyes" commenced to bother us. About 4:30 we quit and started back for the landing, overtaking Burt, who we found had a fine string and a hard luck story of a fish "twice the size of his largest" ($3\frac{1}{2}$ pounds) he had failed to land. In proof of its size, he displayed a No. 18 snell hook bent out until it looked like a darned needle, with a barb on it.

We paddled up to the landing, comparing notes, and as thoroughly contented as a party of returning fishermen ever are, but the big one always seems to get away, and leaves a "bad taste in the mouth," so to speak. We replaced the car on the track, pumped back to the club house and there found Bob had arrived during our absence, and had gone out after ducks on his own account and had just returned with quite a respectable bag. After greetings and Bob's tale of woe of how he had to be in Memphis twenty-four hours, having missed his connection by a few minutes, we counted our fish into the ice box and found we had eighty-six bass, one pike and one crappie.

At supper Steve took us into his confidence and advised us to take a trip to Gum Island, where he affirmed that a bunch of deer and a flock of wild turkeys had lately been seen. We concluded to act on his suggestion, and notified the guides to be on hand for an early start the next morning, and then after a most agreeable evening with our pipes and listening to tales of great fishing, turkey shooting, and of ducks having been so thick as to "hide the sun"—a condition that was not on at present—we went to bed to dream of black bass, deer and wild turkeys disporting themselves in ways most remarkable. Next morning we were up with the sun, and away up the river, and although skeptical about killing anything larger than a squirrel on the island, went supplied with shot, from buckshot down to sixes. The weather was anything but favorable for ducks, it being warm and bright, but we thought there might be a chance to pick up a few mallards, so when about a half mile up the river, the procession of canoes scattered, one boat taking the river channel, one Seneca Slough, and the other through Gin Chute and up by Eagle's Nest, all meeting at the appointed hour at Gum Island Landing. In this way we covered nearly all the duck grounds between the club house and the island, about five miles distant, and bagged several mallards. We arrived in good order and on time at the landing and were soon ready for the start.

Dividing the party, we started across the island, so as to cover it as thoroughly as possible, it being but about a half-mile wide by two and a half long. Personally, I considered the chances slim for a shot at a deer or a turkey, as up to that time I had never seen a wild, live specimen of either, and rather considered myself a hoodoo when it came to big game. In fact, I had no idea what deer or turkey signs were, which the guides had had much to say about, but did not care to display too much ignorance by asking many questions. After we had gone several hundred yards, I found some tracks which I concluded were those of a deer, and called the guide, but after a glance at them he pronounced them hog signs. I had seen no hogs and asked him how he accounted for hogs on an uninhabited island, and he explained that some years ago hogs had been kept there and some that were as wild as deer still remained, and with that he showed me where they had rooted around a large oak tree for acorns. A little further on he stopped suddenly and showed me tracks that there was no mistaking for anything but deer, and fresh ones at that, which caused us to be somewhat more alert. We went on, winding our way through the woods and underbrush, but jumped no deer; finally the guide called my attention to the fallen leaves which had been lately disturbed about a tree, and said that turkeys had been scratching there, and to keep a sharp lookout, which I most certainly did. We presently came to a very inviting log, and as I had been stumbling through the brush and blackberry bushes until I was sure that all the game must have left that locality, I suggested that we sit down and rest awhile. While we rested there, watching the gray and fox squirrels, which were about as thick as sparrows on a city street, we heard the boom of a gun to our left and rear, at a long distance, and in a moment another, then five more in rapid succession, which was doubtless the guide with Burt, as he was using a pump gun with black powder, the report of which could not be mistaken. We began to speculate as to what the shooting was about, and I suggested that Burt and guide had treed a coon and were making a sieve of him. We held our guns in readiness, however, for anything that

might possibly come our way, watching and listening intently and starting at every rustle in the dry leaves, which always turned out to be a squirrel scampering about. We refrained from shooting, them, however, as there might be larger game in some near-by, undisturbed thicket.

After our rest we started by a circuitous route back to the landing, where we arrived in due time, not having seen anything larger than a squirrel, which was not altogether disappointing to me, for I had come to the conclusion years before that my luck at even seeing a deer was "on the bum." At the landing a large owl flew off into the timber and lit somewhere near a hundred yards away, and to make sure our turkey loads were all right, I took a shot at him, and was satisfied when he dropped off the limb like a stone. As I started over to where the bird lay, I heard some of the others of the party coming through the brush, but did not see them until I returned with the bird.

When I reached the boats I found Burt and his guide, who had just come in and seemed very warm and weary, but with broad smiles. They said nothing about the beautiful owl I was holding up, and I began to wonder what was up, and casting my eye about, soon discovered it—a fine, yearling buck, with its legs tied together and the sapling which they had brought him in on. What a beauty he was, and how I turned him over and admired him! They were too much interested in bringing in their prize unmarred to draw him before they started, so the guides went to work to put him into shape to keep. Bob and his guide soon came up, and we went at the lunch basket with the usual vim, and listened to Burt's tale of how he got the buck. "Three deer," he said, "jumped from behind a fallen tree, where they evidently had been lying down; two of them disappeared in the thicket to the right with one jump, but the third made for the thicket a little more to the left, where it was not quite so near, and so gave me time to get my gun to my shoulder and a quick pull at the disappearing white flag with a load of No. 4 bucks brought him down." He was shot through the back of the joints, and his right hind leg shattered, but was able to rear up on his front feet when we came up, and the guide, who was an excitable boy with a new Marlin pump gun, seemed to think it his duty to fill his hide with small shot, in spite of Burt's vehement protests. Our lunch having run out—not the story of how the deer was killed, for that isn't finished yet—we lifted the deer into a canoe, covered it with grass and shifted the boat to a sandy nook, took up our guns and were once more lost in the depths of this wonderful little island, where we knew that three deer, at least, still remained, one of the guides having seen a single buck below and further to the east at about the time Burt jumped his bunch, but out of gunshot. Another trip to the extreme end of the island and nothing seen but squirrels, that seemed more numerous even than in the morning, and I became more than ever convinced that my hunting, for anything larger than ducks, was very coarse. We had been standing still, listening, when the guide said he thought he heard something walking in the dry leaves ahead of us, but as we heard nothing further, he decided he was mistaken. We struck out again, but had gone scarcely fifty yards when the guide exclaimed, excitedly, "Look there! Look there!" I glanced at him to note the direction, and was straining my eyes for a glimpse, as I supposed, of a deer in the distance, that I had so far failed to locate, when something dark darted from behind a bush not twenty yards from us, and bang went the guide's gun. At the same time there was a roar of heavy wings, and I began to realize that my first chance at a wild turkey would not last long, and hurriedly covered the bird and fired a load of bucks at him which I had hoped would kill a deer. What beastly managing! for I had a load of BB's in the left barrel, which, if I had used first, would surely have stopped the turkey, whereas, the buckshot with black powder nearly tore a leg off the gobbler, and smoked me out of a chance for a second shot until the bird was fully forty yards away in the timber. I gave him the other barrel, as soon as I could make him out through the smoke, but only made ragged feathers in his wings and others fly from his back, which I could see as he sailed away with his leg swinging like a trolley off the wire. As he disappeared through the top of a large oak, the air in my locality was blue from more causes than black powder smoke. The guide was considerably disappointed, for he had tried his best to show me the birds before they were startled, but was taken so by surprise himself that he was practically speechless. This guide of mine was certainly a fine one. He was thoroughly unselfish, and was always anxious to give the "clubman"—as he dubbed any greenhorn he might be piloting about—the best of it. Upon opening my gun, I found a shell stuck so that I could not get it out with an ordinary extractor, and had to cut a stick and pound it out, after which we tried to locate the wounded birds. We found plenty of feathers where the guide had shot his bird while it was running, but the turkey was not to be found. We then went to the tree, where I had last seen mine, but with the same result. I felt badly, not only at losing my bird, but at its having gotten away wounded. The guide stated that he had seen turkeys, literally shot through and through, fly nearly a mile and then fall dead, and that he knew nothing harder to kill, and his remarks were very forcibly brought to my mind a few days later.

The afternoon was nearly gone, so we headed for the boats, finding the others already there, having bagged a fine specimen of a possum, several woodcock and enough squirrels to supply the club. Our boats loaded, the guides pushed out and we were off for the club house, five miles down the river. The luxury of the trip down this picturesque stream can only be compared to a gondola ride. The guide, standing in the stern, sends the canoe gliding through the water with long, steady strokes, and the passenger, comfortably placed a little back of the bow in a backed seat with his gun across his knees in readiness for a shot at ducks as they rise from the smartweed and flags along the channel, is in a position to enjoy it. On the trip down, however, the ducks were few, and our party soon gave itself up to the charm of the surroundings, and the broad marshes with their tall cypress and their inhabitants were treated to a serenade of the latest popular airs and ragtime coon songs, with now a few old-time melodies, my guide giving a series of wild goose calls, as his part of the

programme, which were certainly remarkable for a human voice. Just at dusk we glided up to the landing, which was immediately covered with guests and guides to see the fine buck and congratulate the successful hunter. At supper there was nearly a rough house, for Burt, who took the honor of bagging the first deer, modestly determined not to take the head of the table, which Bob and I agreed was the proper place for him, and we proceeded to seat him with formalities which promised to upset the table.

BILL.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Opening Day.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 29.—There is no day in all the sporting year the equal of "opening day," that time set by custom and by law for the beginning of the fall season of outdoor sport. We are now almost up to the opening day, and not for very many years has there been an opening day of so much interest and significance as attaches to Sept. 1, this year.

Here in Chicago it seems as though everybody were going shooting and had postponed to the last minute the necessary preparations for this trip. The stores here are packed as they have not been for a long time, and the ammunition trade is something greater than ever known before. For instance, I made inquiries to-day of one firm, that of Von Lengerke & Antoine, as to the relative importance of the ammunition trade this season as compared to last. Mr. Von Lengerke replied that, so near as they could tell, there were nearly six persons going shooting this year to one who went last year. "Of course, we cannot keep absolute check on this," said he, "because our new shell trade we might naturally expect to bring us a certain increase of business. You will remember that we took over the entire loaded shell business so long handled by Mr. E. S. Rice, and we have many thousands of dollars invested in ammunition. We have 70,000 Du Pont shells now on the road, which we wish would reach us pretty soon. Here on our retail shelves there are about 50,000, and in our reserve stock down stairs we have about 200,000 more. I can say from available figures that we will sell about 2,000,000 more shells this year than we did last year. I do not believe that this is all due to an increased line of goods, but think that it is very largely attributable to the general interest in shooting matters and the abundant crop of game."

About 2,000,000 shells! That is a good many of itself, but 2,000,000 "more" than were sold last year—what figures these be! It will be remembered that this is but one firm of many. The shooting industry of this country can be estimated somewhat from these figures. Some one asks where do all the pins go? He might better ask where do all the shot go?

They Stop in Illinois.

A good many of these shells will be fired at Illinois game this fall; more than for many years past. As it stands now, Wisconsin exacts a \$10 shooting license, Indiana a \$25 license, Dakota a \$25 license, and Minnesota a \$25 license if you live in a license State yourself. Hence, the open shooting regions are very much restricted, since figures like the above render shooting prohibitory to a great many sportsmen, although they do not hinder a great many others going out. The great influx of sportsmen upon the Illinois game fields this fall will be due to the fact that the shooting is too high elsewhere, more especially in Indiana, which has always been a great sporting ground for Chicago shooters and anglers.

As to where they are going, the answer is that they will be in every county of this State where there is grass or corn enough to hide a prairie chicken. A great many will go not much farther than Joliet, Ill., which is in the center of a remarkable profusion of birds this fall. Take the cross-line railroad out of Joliet, and stop at almost any little village ten miles or more from the latter-named city, and you will be practically certain to find birds if you get there soon enough. As to the abundance of the crop, there is no question whatever about it. The local wardens report that they never have seen so many chickens in Illinois as there are this fall.

The great Kankakee marshes will be the center of operations for a great many shooters, and it must be remembered that Indiana does not have an entire monopoly on this crooked stream. Some of the best chicken marsh of Illinois lies along that river. The birds take to the wide, grassy swamps for breeding, and these wet bottoms have always been productive of great numbers of prairie chickens. I have already mentioned Koutts, Knox and other Indiana towns as good to remember, and one may add Lowell, Water Valley, Rose Lawn, and other kindred Indiana points. If one does not care to pay the license and prefers to shoot in Illinois, he should try Momence, Kankakee, or other towns further down along the Kankakee River. De Kalb county is a good tip this week, as it was last. Aurora, about 40 miles west of Chicago, is the home of a great many able sportsmen, and these will have good prairie chicken shooting within carriage drive of town. About 15 or 20 miles beyond Aurora there is good chicken country. Mr. T. A. Hagerty, of this city, is one of those lucky enough to have a friend who is a large land owner, and he has received an invitation to shoot over these practically preserved farm lands. He goes west of Aurora about 12 miles, and should have very decent sport.

Streator, Ill., is another town which should be remembered by one in search of chicken country, although I should prefer the De Kalb or Joliet districts instead, as Streator is a mining town, and sometimes the coal miners shoot ahead of the opening day.

Going Out.

Mr. Marvin Hughitt, Jr., general freight manager of the Chicago & Northwestern Railroad, and his friend, Mr. Robert Cox, have started for the Northwest on one of their annual chicken hunts.

Mr. F. T. Trego has gone up to Neepenauk Club, Wisconsin, where he will shoot on opening day, and probably, with very fair success. At the same club is Mr. J. A. Day, of this city, who is spending this week

fishing and will begin active operations on the upland game next week.

Mr. Joseph E. Pflueger and Mr. Geo. Pflueger, his brother, both of Akron, Ohio, paused at the FOREST AND STREAM shop to get directions for a Minnesota chicken hunt for which they were en route. These I told to take State Game Warden Fullerton's advice as to good local country in Minnesota.

Tremendous Chicken Crop and Cause for Same.

This time we have without doubt or question a tremendous chicken crop. There are birds everywhere in the Northwest, or in every place where there has been any breeding stock at all. Here in Illinois, as I have stated, there are very many more birds than last year, or for some years back. Agent Fullerton's advices from Minnesota show that they have a grand crop also in that State. The State Warden of North Dakota states that the birds are "almost anywhere." To-day I was talking with Mr. West, of the general passenger department of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and he said, "It is simply remarkable what stories of chickens come in from all over our South Dakota line. I wish I could get out myself for a little fun, for, from all I can learn, there are more birds out in South Dakota this fall than ever was known there at any time, and they are full grown now. It is an early season." Asked what specific points were best along the line, he said, "anywhere west of the Minnesota line in South Dakota."

Much the same story as this comes in from Wisconsin, which, also, is having a good chicken year. It would be very pleasing for one to believe that this sudden increase in our game supply is due to the increased respect for the game laws of these Western States. This may be one of the causes for the increase, yet one is constrained to believe it is but a minor cause. The true reason for the great abundance of prairie chickens lies in the fact that we have had an extraordinarily dry spring and summer. Any one who savvies prairie chickens knows that they take to the lowlands to breed, and nowadays almost their only nesting grounds exist in the swamp lands. The hen grouse builds her nest along the edges of the swamps, and, as quick as the spring floods come, the nest is drowned out. Once in awhile she nests again, perhaps with a reduced number of eggs. Now give that same grouse a perfectly dry nesting ground, and she will turn out more than twice as many new birds as in a season of prolonged rains and high waters. A young prairie chicken is a tiny, downy, weak little thing, and quite as subject to death from heavy rain storms as is the domestic chicken, or the young duckling or gosling. This summer, as every one knows, it has been abnormally hot and dry. This was bad for human beings, but mighty good for prairie chickens. The prairie chicken does not really need very much water, and it resorts to these lowlands simply from the desire for shelter, and not from any taste for wet grounds. The prairie chickens live week after week out in a high, dry country, where there is not a bit of water, the dew of the grasses serving to provide all the moisture they demand. I presume every old chicken hunter has seen these birds sometimes, when put up in the middle of the day, fly to a cattail swamp, or has known his dog to find them in such surroundings during the heated hours of the day. Sometimes there will be water in such a swamp as this, but I have nearly always found it well to hunt around the edges of such cover; yet it is an open question if the birds do not go there for shade or protection rather than for water. The prairie chicken is a bird of the high, dry prairies, and it does best when it finds itself situated in something like the old environment. The drowning out of the nests in the spring-time is one of the great causes of the decrease in the supply of these grouse in the West, whereas a dry season means lots of birds. Thus we who have spent the distressingly hot summer in the cities may now have something of compensation in the increased pleasure of trips afield.

If one were asked to name the point most properly to be called the center of the prairie chicken industry of America, he would be obliged to point, without hesitation, to the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis. If you want a taste of real sportsmanship; that is to say, if you wish to find a whole community of sportsmen, visit the Twin Cities. On the morning of opening day there is nothing left but the court house in these towns. They shut up the factories, close the schools, adjourn the Supreme Court, lock up the store doors, and go shooting. If you would go out there next Sunday you would find nobody at home in St. Paul or Minneapolis. The servant would tell you—if the servant had not also gone out shooting—that the head of the family had left for up country, where he intended to do a little shooting on the following Monday morning. The big city of Chicago, just as the big city of New York, is located a little too far away from the shooting grounds to be really a good place to live. A chicken trip, or, indeed, a hunting trip of almost any sort, nowadays, means for the inhabitant of either of those two cities a long and somewhat arduous journey, with all the trouble of shipping dogs and that sort of thing. If you live so far west as Minnesota, you can have a backyard big enough to lick your dog in, and you can raise a dog which will know a chicken when he smells him. Blessed are the men of Minneapolis and St. Paul, and busy enough they are this week, getting ready for the annual hegira.

Assault on a Game Warden.

The vicinity of Willow Springs, on the Desplaines River, near Chicago, has always been one more or less productive of game birds, snipe, ducks, or even quail, and it has been patronized very generally by shooters of the humbler class, who go out on Sundays with their cheap, muzzle-loading shotguns to kill whatever they can find. Five days ago there were four Italians who were out on such a quest as this and who had killed a few wild ducks and half a dozen quail, illegally. As they were wandering about two miles east of the railway station, they were met by Deputy Warden Louis M. Greenwald, who has charge of that part of the country in his work. Greenwald halted these Italians, arrested them, and undertook to take away their game from them. One of the men struck him with a club, knocking him down, the four then running away. Greenwald drew his

revolver and fired at the man who had struck him. He thinks that he hit the fellow, but is not certain. Upon this the other three Italians assaulted Greenwald, beat him into insensibility, and kicked him about the body, breaking several ribs. He was left unconscious in the woods, where he was found later by farmers, taken to the railway station, and brought to the County Hospital of this city, where, at last accounts, he lay in a critical condition.

Very frequently we read of the offenses of this Italian element in the neighborhood of New York and other Eastern cities, and it seems members of that nationality are guilty of similar cases of indecent violence here in Chicago. These Italians furnish a very poor element of citizenship in some cases, and it is persons of this sort who make up a large percentage of ignorant Sunday shooters who defy alike law and decency in their marauding operations about the edges of the city. It is to be hoped that Greenwald will recover and be able yet to have his assailants properly punished.

New Warden at Milwaukee.

Mr. Valentine Raeth has been appointed by State Warden Henry Overbeck as district game warden at Milwaukee. Mr. Raeth is a newspaper man and has for more than ten years been connected in different capacities with the press of Milwaukee. He is an ardent hunter and fisherman, and has always been a firm advocate of game protection. He is the author of the Wisconsin law which empowers game wardens to act as forest wardens, also, which law was passed last spring. It is confidently expected by the sportsmen of the Cream City that Mr. Raeth will fill the bill acceptably as local conservator of protective interests.

Big Illinois Game Preserve.

What is thought to be the largest transaction ever completed in the State of Illinois by way of game preserves was concluded yesterday at Lewiston, Ill. Mr. W. C. Fitzhenry sold to a club of sportsmen the body of water known as Thompson's Lake, long celebrated for its excellence as a fishing and hunting resort. The purchasers were Mr. Henry Bates, Mr. W. P. Ijams, well known in railroad circles; Hon. Harry S. New, National Republican Committeeman from Indiana and a prominent newspaper man of Indianapolis; Dr. Thomas Hill, and others, friends of the above. These gentlemen not only bought Thompson's Lake, but also several thousand acres of marshy lands adjacent to the water, and the consideration was about \$30,000.

Mr. New is a member of the Turtle Lake Club, whose grounds are located about twenty miles from Alpena, Mich. He is an ardent and expert fly-fisherman.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Boston Gunners.

BOSTON, Aug. 31.—The shore bird gunners are not having the best of success of late. They say that the weather has been almost too fine, and the flights have been rather small. Down Chatham way the vacationists have their guns at hand, and go out mornings, with the result of a few dozen small birds. I. L. Kenniston brought up a pretty good bag Thursday morning, the result of a couple of mornings along shore. The birds were mostly summer yellowlegs and peep. In the vicinity of Scituate the gunners have had some sport, mornings and evenings. Local gunners have done most of the shooting so far, however. In the Essex River and Plum Island section the Boston gunners have put in some time, and brought back a few birds. A couple of Boston gunners got over sixty birds in that section last Tuesday. J. H. Jones and a friend have been on gunning trips lately, but their chums haze them with a report that they got no birds. Mr. Jones has secured the gun that he lost overboard while shooting muskrats last spring. The canoe was upset by the recoil of the gun, and Mr. Jones went to the bottom, gun, rubber boots and all. The gun he was forced to drop in order to save himself by swimming. Mr. Leonard Hasson, of Quincy, has been giving considerable attention to the rearing of Mongolian pheasants in captivity for three or four years. This year he has not had the best of success. He put about thirty eggs into the best incubator he could get, but not an egg hatched, all being infertile, though he supposed his male birds were all right. Hence he has not a chick in his coop. The mating and nesting seemed to be as good as the year before, when the eggs hatched. He will change his breeding stock next year. The old birds seem to thrive, since they feed well. He has one solitary quail in his pens that seems to be in good condition. He went gunning off Marshfield way a few days ago, but got only three yellowlegs. But he met a gunner who claimed to have shot seventy plover or the marshes about North River, Marshfield, in one day, recently. Mentioning this story to a gunner, who is thoroughly familiar with that section, having gunned there for several seasons, he laughed at the idea. "Yes," said he, "I have heard of such plover before. I have not a doubt but what they were 'stibs' or 'whitebreasts,' which birds are not much larger than peep. The gunners in that part of the country like to call them plover, because it sounds large. Further down the Cape the gunners call them 'whitebreasts.'" This same gunner says that yellowlegs are really scarce so far this season, but Labor Day Sept. 2, may bring in some bags. That day the gunners will all be out. T. L. Hanscom has just returned from a gunning trip down the Maine coast, in the neighborhood of Biddeford Pool. Summer visitors make it rather uncomfortable gunning in that section. One never knows how near he may be to some sort of a picnic, sailing or boating party, even where the coast appears remote or unsettled. He found that very early in the morning there was little danger from these summer sojourners being in range while that was really the best time for gunning. With a friend who owns a boat, he made some pretty good bags of yellowlegs and peep.

SPECIAL.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

Going It Light and Heavy.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I read in the FOREST AND STREAM of the 31st inst. an account of a trip in Maine which was made by one man and a guide, who were eight days away from civilization. The trip was made in August, when the weather is usually warm enough to call for but little in the way of bedding and blankets, and was so short that two people need not have carried a great weight of provisions, yet I read that when they contemplated making a portage—I quote it: "We threw away some of the provisions and camp articles, so as to lighten our load as much as possible, but still had ten heavy back loads, in addition to the canoe."

I am not deficient in imagination, but it fails me here. What in the name of conscience do you suppose the man had with him? I do not know what his idea of a heavy back load is. I know what my Indian guides have carried in trips I have made during the last eighteen or twenty years, and what I have usually carried myself, which, with both of us, has depended, so far as the provisions went, on the length of the trip, one of a month requiring, of course, more than one of ten days. On a trip of a month, however, we would only need to make two trips over any portage, including carrying the canoe. I would like to know what sort of stuff a man would want to take to the woods that would give him seven or eight hundred pounds to be carried in addition to his canoe.

CECIL CLAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 30.

Buoy and Ducks.

If the United States Government is not careful it will be arrested for violating the fish and game laws of the State of Maine, fined in court, and made to settle. Down at the entrance of Rockport Harbor, in Penobscot Bay, is a ledge marked by a stone monument, and upon this monument is a spindle supporting a barrel as a day mark.

When the barrel was put up there it was a good, sound barrel, but the winds and waves of years have carried away its top hoops, the head has fallen in, leaving the staves spread apart like the fingers of a giant's hand. The whole region about the ledge is frequented by wild ducks, and recently many of these birds have incautiously poked their inquisitive heads through the slits between the staves, thereby getting caught by the neck and hanging there until dead.

Now, there is a State law, covering all waters within the three-mile limit, which provides that whoever at any time or in any place within that limit shall with any net, snare, trap, device or contrivance other than firearms take or destroy any ducks or wild fowl shall forfeit fines in various amounts, according to the kind and number of birds so taken or destroyed. So the United States is a poacher, and the State of Maine may have the law on Uncle Sam if he doesn't watch out.—Boston Evening Journal.

Forest Fires.

We notice a few fires on the lake shore, in a piece of woods which hitherto has escaped. People who light fires for the purpose of seeing the woods burn up, or, having lighted camp fires, carelessly leave them to spread abroad, are criminally culpable. It may, perhaps, not be known to many that there is a law in force against leaving fires burning in the woods. Under the act even a person clearing land, and, burning, must take due precaution against the fire spreading beyond his slashings. But even were it not so, even were there no law written down against this, there is a higher law, which people of any far sightedness whatever, should rigidly keep, a law of natural economy. The stretches of forest which seem inexhaustible to-day, much of whose timber is to us useless for milling, will one day be of value inestimable. Our children, and children's children, may well have cause to wonder at the short sightedness of their forbears, who wantonly and criminally destroyed a grand heritage. In the east, the fires this season have been so great that timber owners have spent large sums trying to extinguish them, and the whole population in some sections were fighting fire night and day. Fortunately, the season has been wet with us, but should a dry spell come, there is fire enough on the lake shore to spread over the whole country.—Cumberland (B. C.) News.

Opening of the Rail Season.

STRATFORD, Conn., Sept. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: To-day is the first of the rail shooting on the Housatonic River, and a dozen boats were out. Owing to the rainy weather and the lack of sun through the late summer, the "corn grass" is still green, and its seeds are not ripe. Most of the signs of fall are not here, yet the blackbirds and reed birds are crowding the marshes, the kingbirds are flocking, fishhawks are moving southward and loose flocks of night hawks pass over through the sky.

The easterly storm of Sunday pushed up a very high tide, and this afternoon the tide was fairly good. The shooting was quite lively, and some of the boats should have made good scores. I can learn, however, of none that were particularly high, 21, 17 and 13 being the only scores that have come to me.

It does not seem that any ducks were seen on the river, though there are a few sandpipers and plovers, and, of course, the usual number of little herons were started. A least bittern was seen by a well-known Milford gunner.

LIGHT.

Rail, Reeds and Oats.

SOUTH RIVER, N. J., Aug. 31.—There is a wonderful crop of wild oats on the marshes here, but the seeds are not yet ripe. Reed and rail-birds seem to be scarce as yet, and the few that have been killed are very poor. A good many yellowlegs have been seen this week along the Raritan River.

J. L. K.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Kingfisher Camp of 1901.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Kingfishers returned a few days ago from the twenty-first annual camp in the North Woods, and we are already "layin' plans" for the next one, which, I think, will be at the same place, at the foot of Glen Lake, as we were all so well pleased with the fine camping place, the fishing, the beautiful scenery around the lake, and with our two nearest neighbors, Mr. H. C. Burgess, the best of all neighbors we ever hitched up with, and Mr. Millington, that it will be hard to find a more "satisfyin'" place to make a camp.

We "jest lived off'n the fat o' the land." Bacon, hard tack, pork, beans "an' sech," for a foundation, and the fish and other provender that we ate would have made a dyspeptic long to swap "innards" with us.

Then, new potatoes, cabbage (pork and cabbage), early apples, to eat for "sass," cherries, blackberries, "rozberries," milk, butter, eggs, and chickens for a stew, fresh meat from Glen Arbor when we wanted it, honey, and syrup for flapjacks, and Mrs. Burgess—bless her kindly heart—baked every other day a batch of the very best fresh bread for us, and one evening Millington drove around to camp in his wagon with his wife and boy and took supper with us, bringing with him a bag of green peas and apples, and a two-gallon freezer of ice cream as a treat to the boys. "Sech neighbors, sech neighbors!"

"I'm jest a-tellin' ye all this"—strictly facts, too—to make yer mouth water, and wish you had been with us.

Another feature of the camp that made it pleasant for Old Hickory was the fact that my well-beloved old camp comrade, Kelpie, joined us at Traverse City and went over and stayed with us till we broke camp, saying at the wind up, in his deliberate, quiet way, "Hickory, this is the best and most satisfactory camp that we have been together in for years"; and he meant it. His son, George, came over and was with us for about a week at the last, but if I write down here what the boys said about him, I'm afraid he would have to buy a new and larger cap. Suffice it, that he's a chip o' the old block, and we all "took a notion to him."

I had three or four youngsters along from the post office—Ed. Kluba, Tom Linehan, Charley Rogers and Charley Drott. We called them "the youngsters" because none of them were more than half as old as Kelpie or I, and, as it was their first camp, they enjoyed themselves about to the limit. I would like to say a whole lot of good things about them, but I don't want to swell their heads too much in their "first inning"—most people would say "outing," but somehow I never took kindly to the word.

"They fished, an' fished, an' fished, an' fished, an' then they fished some more," and they worked like beavers on a new dam, and took many a lift of camp work off the shoulders of Hickory (for which I thank them, here in "the den"), and they are all "dead sot" on trying it again next year. C. G. Lloyd, his nephew, Tommy Lloyd, a bright, quiet lad of seventeen years and a good boy "clean through," and Shelley Rouse, also uncle to Tom, were of the party, and were much pleased with the camp and surroundings.

C. G., as he was called in camp, is one of the Lloyd Bros., wholesale druggists and manufacturing chemists of this "village," and is an enthusiastic hunter of mushrooms, toadstools "an' sich"—in fact, he is recognized as an authority on fungi, and takes delight in the fact. He spends a good part of his time while in camp pokin' round through the woods, hunting rare specimens of the mushroom family, and when he finds one he is as pleased as Tom Linehan was when he caught a 3½-pound small-mouth, or Ed. Kluba when he "overcame" a 5-pound pickerel. Tommy, son of John Uri Lloyd, the author, has developed into a "bug hunter," but he only "snared" a few moths and "snake feeders," and maybe a "daddy long legs" or two while in camp, preferring to put in his time with the other Tom (we dubbed them the "two Toms")—early and late with his rod.

Shell Rouse is a prominent lawyer of Covington, Ky., and the most persistent and indefatigable angler that ever wielded a rod. Everybody on both sides of the river knows Shell, and everybody likes him.

Geo. J. Murray, the noted patent attorney, needs no introduction to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. It is only necessary to remind them that Old Adirondack is "the man who got lost in the middle of the road" while we were in camp a few years ago on Little Manistique Lake. He's been lost a few times since, but we always manage to find him. The fact is, as he says himself, he has no more sense of locality than a three-day-old kitten, and if he starts off in the woods by himself, the only way to get him back is to tie the end of a ball of twine to him, and when he gets lost—which is usually less than a hundred yards from camp—he can follow the twine back and find himself.

Altogether, it was a harmonious, brotherly party, and a camp to call up in the future pleasant memories—one that will bear "doin' over ag'in" next year.

As to the fishing, we caught small-mouthed bass in Glen Lake from 4 pounds down to 1½ pounds, and every one of them carrying 60 pounds of fight to the square inch, and while fishing for minnows in Fisher Lake, we took a good many little fellers, from an inch and a half in length to three and a half inches, which were tossed back in the water to grow up to years of discretion. This might raise the question, Are the 1½, 3½ and 4 inch ones, all of this year's spawning?

We got bass, pickerel, barred perch and some bluegills in the Upper Fisher Lake, a little lake forming a part of the outlet of Glen Lake into Lake Michigan. This lake, and Lower Fisher Lake, were reached by boat through little connecting rivers a few rods in length, the upper Fisher about forty rods from camp, and the lower one a matter of half a mile or less. Tommy Lloyd got some good bass and a pickerel or two out of this lake; the

bass, however, all big-mouths, which I have always persisted in classing "no good" as fighters, when compared with their brethren of the lesser mouth.

Out of Tucker Lake, a small lake nestled in the woods a half mile back from the Fisher lakes, grown up with waterlilies and grasses, the boys took big-mouths and pickerel till they were tired of looking at them.

Brooks' Lake, another little pond of a hundred rods or so in length, lying a few rods back in the woods from Glen Lake, on the opposite side from camp, and a couple of miles above, was another favorite water for the big-mouths, but I think the boys must have cleaned it out, as the last time they went to it they brought back only three measly little cusses that were barely of age—that is, over the length limit.

These smaller lakes were fished when the big lake was too rough to go out in a boat with safety, which was a good part of the time.

Glen Lake is between eight and nine miles long, and near four miles at the widest point, and the zephyrs from Lake Michigan kick up such a sea on it that it was not quiet day, as most of them were in the A, B, C class in handling a boat in rough water—or quiet water, either.

Glen Lake is, I believe, the loveliest lake I have seen in all my meanderin's over upper Michigan, its waters as perfectly clear and blue as the waters of Lake Michigan or Huron, and we were sorry when the time came to break camp and leave it.

But, enough of camp and fishing for the present. I may take a notion to go more into details later on and rehearse a few fish stories that were told us by our out-lying neighbors that will move Bre'r Hough to take his bullhead catfish yarn in his vest pocket and hie him to tall timber with enough provisions to last him a year.

After I got home and had the "calamities" put away in the attic and got my "city bearin's," I found three FOREST AND STREAMS waiting for me. I opened up on Aug. 3 and turned to the editorial page. I always start in on that page, for, like the old G. R. & I. Ry., I always find something good on it at both ends and in the middle. When I got to the article, "No Authority," I noticed that my old friend (?) J. H. Jordan had been up to his old tricks, and if Messrs. Geo. B. Carpenter & Co., of Chicago, escaped his wiles, they are lucky.

KINGFISHER.

Practical Hints on Fishculture.

BY DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

In the conduct of any operation the smallest matters are often the most important, and too much care and study cannot be devoted to seemingly unimportant details. Very often, also, the simplest devices give better practical results than those of more elaborate and complicated structure.

In fishculture, especially, is this true, and the more we endeavor to follow the methods of nature, and rely on the simplest means to that end, the greater will likely be our success. Therefore, while the following suggestions may embody nothing not already known to some, or all fishculturists, they are none the less true and worthy of consideration.

Aerating Screens.

To begin with the ovum or egg, air is just as necessary to the well being and development of the embryo as water. In the running water of streams there is air enough for the necessary aeration or oxygenation of the embryo, but in spring water, as it issues from the ground, there is very little, if any, free air.

In fish hatcheries air is furnished usually by a horizontal aerating screen at the head of the trough, being simply a wooden frame with a bottom of perforated tin or zinc. This is all right in theory, but in practice I have found that the small holes in the sheet of tin, being cut very smoothly, do not permit a flow of water through each and every hole as one might suppose. A film or diaphragm of water is thrown over many or most of the holes, preventing the water passing through under the pressure of water usual in most hatcheries. Under these circumstances there may not be sufficient air furnished to the ova or fry, as the case may be. At all events it is well to give them the benefit of the doubt.

After being convinced of the inefficiency of the aerating screen as usually made, I devised one that fully meets all requirements. It is constructed as follows: A piece of soft roofing tin of the desired size is marked with lines an inch apart, both ways of the sheet, and tacked on the frame. Where the lines cross, at right angles, a hole is made with a six-penny wire nail from the inside of the screen. Thus, in a screen of 10 by 20 inches, inside measurement, there will be 200 holes. In driving the nail through the tin a shallow dent or depression is made around each hole, while on the under side the hole has a ragged or broken edge.

The simple driving of the nail produces just the conditions that are needed. The water naturally gravitates into the umbilicated margins of the holes, and, passing through, is broken up by the ragged edges below, imprisoning the air as it falls into the trough. We thus have 200 broken streams of water, the most efficient system of aeration that can be devised, and the most simple. Where the screen is made of the perforated zinc or tin of the shops, the water pours through but a portion of the holes, as before mentioned, and, moreover, has a tendency to cling to the smooth, under surface of the screen bottom, until the water from several holes coalesces, and by its added weight finally drops into the trough in streams of unequal sizes. This condition of affairs is patent to any one who has interest or curiosity enough to examine into it.

I consider the commercial perforated zinc or tin a delusion and a snare for any purpose whatever in fishculture. For foot or guard screens it clogs, for reasons before given, and the smooth, round holes are a constant temptation for fry to worm themselves through, whereas, by using brass wire cloth the flow of water is free and unobstructed, and fry are not so apt to attempt to pass through it, and would fail to do so if the mesh were small enough.

Feeding Fry.

I wish to call particular attention to the remarks of W.

T. Thompson on the subject of feeding fry, which may be found in the proceedings of this society for 1900, pages 143-146. I wish to indorse and emphasize what he says concerning the feeding of fry before the yolk-sac is absorbed. I first adopted the plan of feeding grayling fry as soon as hatched several years ago, and afterward trout fry in a similar manner. My plan is to feed the bloody water from finely ground and screened liver by placing it in the horizontal aerating screen at the head of the hatching trough. While no particle of food may be apparent to the naked eye in the bloody water, it is there, nevertheless, and it is carried along with the water at the bottom of the trough, where the fry soon learn to appropriate a part of it as it floats by them. Coral polyps and other marine invertebrates that are not free swimmers depend entirely for their food on the passing current.

By this early feeding of fry the nourishment contained in the umbilical sac is augmented, and when the sac is absorbed and the alevin becomes a free-swimming animal, it has become accustomed to the liver water, and has acquired a taste for that kind of food. The subsequent surface feeding of liver emulsion then becomes an easy matter. The plan of feeding fry before the absorption of the sac is especially demanded where spring water is used, as it contains no natural food, unless it flows a long distance before entering the hatchery. Where spring water is replaced by stream water as soon as hatching is completed, or where stream water is used entirely, and where, consequently, there exists much natural food in such water, the early feeding of fry is not so imperatively demanded. But if considered in view of the subsequent surface feeding of liver emulsion, which is rendered easier by an early acquired taste for it, as mentioned, it would not be amiss to practice the plan in any case.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

How They Catch Fish at Meredosia.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 17.—Mr. L. E. Rodgers, of Decatur, Ill., sends the following account of how the big market fishermen of the Illinois River scoop out the fish with their gigantic seines. These Meredosia flats are on the same waters where the Illinois State Fish Commission annually takes out many thousands of young bass and other game fish for distribution. It is perhaps questionable whether any water in the United States is more prolific of fish life. It is an open secret that the Illinois State Fish Commission plays for the food fish interests of this State, rather than the sportsmen's or popular interests. In fact, the work of the Commission is producing many thousands of tons of coarse fish, which naturally bring considerable sums of money for a few market fishermen. When it is cited that legislation in favor of sportsmen is class legislation, the retort would naturally arise that legislation which makes money for a few fishermen is all the more to be called class legislation. It is true that a great many of the poorer classes of the East are benefited by these carp and buffalo fish from the Illinois River, but the sportsmen of Illinois are not so much concerned with the doings of Mott street, New York, which is the great market for these Illinois River fishers. It is naturally to be supposed that in operations like those described, where thirty thousand pounds of fish are taken at one haul, there would be many game fish included. This is how the thing is done:

We boarded a little steamer and were taken up to the bay, where the Graham & Yeck Company were preparing to make a haul with their big seine. This seine is the largest ever constructed, being nearly two miles long. The exact length of it is 3,000 yards. It is 10 feet wide.

A complete outfit is carried by this firm, so that all their packing is done right on the spot. They have a big houseboat with barrels, ice and all that is necessary for getting the fish ready for shipment.

Besides the houseboat and bulkheads, there are six big flatboats on which nets and other necessary articles are loaded. This fleet is manned by thirty men and boys.

The fishing ground was the lower part of Meredosia Bay, which is six miles long. The width varies from 100 feet to a mile and three quarters, and it is narrow at each end. The water is from 4 to 5 feet deep, and as blue as that of Lake Michigan. Where the net was started the bay is a mile and a quarter wide. The four barges were distributed along the bay and the net was lowered. There were nets across the ends of the bay to keep the fish from getting out. By the time the net was in place it was 11:30 Sunday morning, and all hands stopped for dinner.

After dinner the work of hauling in the net was begun. The men were divided into three crews, one crew at each end and another on a barge in the middle. Each end of the net was pulled in as the barge advanced, and finally the ends of the net touched the bank. Then the ends were made fast and the men began pulling in the net by loops. They would get hold of the net about 50 feet from the end and pull it in and stake it, and then go about 50 feet further and do the same thing, until they got near the barge.

The barge divided the big semi-circle formed by the net and the bank in half. The loop that inclosed the barge was, of course, the one from which the fishermen expected to make their big haul. It was a sight to behold. It was about 100 feet square and was perfectly alive with fish. The Decatur men had been prepared with big boots and big straw hats by the firm and they waded out into the mess of fish to see what it would be like to have the fish slapping them about the legs. The fish lashed the water into foam and made it muddy, but thousands and thousands of them were in plain view. It was a writhing, seething mass that made one dizzy to look at it.

It was about 10:30 Sunday night when the men were ready to take out the first half of the catch. They jumped in among the squirming fish and gathered them up in their hands and threw them into the barge. They worked very fast and it took till 6 o'clock in the morning to finish that half. About 5,000 pounds of fish were got by that time. Then the work of taking the fish from the other half of the seine was started. This sweep was much the largest and netted about 20,000 to 25,000 pounds of fish.

In all about 30,000 pounds of fish were caught at that one haul of the big seine. It had been the intention to

make a clean sweep of the bay, but a number of things combined to cause a smaller haul than was expected. Another firm had just two days before made a haul there and taken out 18,000 pounds of fish with a 1,400-foot net.

The men all seemed to know their business and worked fast. The buffalo and carp were all taken out of the barges and packed in refrigerator cars and shipped to New York without dressing. The fine fish were put in flatboats and covered with wet, gunny sacks. Later they were taken to the houseboat, where they were packed in barrels in ice and sent away by express.

Great quantities of turtles are caught with each haul of the net. These are all thrown in with the fish and later packed in ice and shipped East for terrapin. Graham & Yeck said that they would net about \$1,200 from that haul Sunday.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

The following scores were made by the Chicago Fly Casting Club in the last meet, Aug. 24. Re-entry day, Sept. 7, is next on the list, and the members are invited to turn out in full force:

Long Distance Fly Feet.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait Casting Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait, Per Cent.
H. H. Ainsworth.....	95 5-6
I. D. Belasco.....	87	..	86 1-2
L. I. Blackman.....	85 1-2
W. T. Church.....	85 1-2
H. Greenwood.....	90	93 1-6	92 5-6
N. C. Heston.....	75	92	91
F. N. Peet.....	98	95 1-2	..
H. W. Perce.....	87 1-3	..	96 5-6
C. B. Robinson.....	85 2-3
A. C. Smith.....	96	95 1-6	..

Winning scores:
Long Distance Fly—F. N. Peet, 98 feet.
Accuracy and Delicacy Fly—H. H. Ainsworth, 95 5-6 per cent.
Delicacy Bait—H. W. Perce, 96 5-6 per cent.

Every Man His Own Guide.

THE forest, with its lakes and streams, holds a great spirit of fellowship for man, and he who fails to take advantage of its restful attractiveness is unfortunate, indeed, for he misses one of the greatest pleasures this modern world of ours affords. The healthful and invigorating exercise, the consequent appetite and perfect enjoyment of one's food and sleep, and, above all, the freedom from care and the complete mental rest amid the best and most beautiful which Dame Nature possesses—to know these things were a full half of life; and the angler knows them well.

The greatest enjoyment, however, is not always attained from this companionship with nature, because too much dependence is put upon the guide or helper. The ideal way to make an excursion into the forest would be to do each and every iota of the work alone, save for the assistance of one's companion or companions on the trip, even from the selection and purchase of the outfit and provisions to the arrangement of the tackle and the polishing of the guns and the careful putting of everything in its place on the return. The more the work and the responsibility, the greater the fun and the satisfaction.

This scheme of "every man his own guide" is not practicable for many. The country into which the pilgrimage is to be made is unknown, or the vacation is too short to cover the desired territory, or some good reason calls loudly for the assistance of a good guide, in which case engage the best man obtainable, but in letting him do most of the work be careful he does not steal away most of the fun along with it, which is more than likely to happen in most cases.

For example: When a new lake is to be fished, is it not the custom of many people to permit the guide to take the boat to a place where he thinks the fish may be found? Why should this be so? Surely, if the angler knows anything about the fish he is after—and he should find out before he tries to capture them—then he is as capable as any one else to select a likely piece of water. Again, in many instances when a fish is hooked the guide will not only take the boat out of the weeds, but when he comes into the clear water he keeps rowing, making it almost impossible for even a novice to have a slack line for an instant. Fie upon you, sportsmen, who permit this! Stop the boat and give the fish a chance against your skill, and if you lose him, blame yourself, and go after another. Yet many are they who tolerate the method even with bass, but usually with the muscullonge in the waters of northern Michigan and Wisconsin.

Again, the guide—always the guide—will select the hook for the fisherman, who really is no fisherman at all; he attaches it to the line, baits it and then, mayhap, tells his patron how to use it. Verily, I say, when such practices as these hold, the glory of the capture is his also.

Therefore, if a guide is necessary, take one. Let him keep the camp in order and row the boat, but do the fishing yourself and take care of your own tackle. Figure out your own campaign against a fish and make your man assist you in carrying it through to a successful finish. Do not allow him to do the planning and give the orders and meekly follow all his suggestions. If you do your man is doing the fishing, and you might as well be a thousand miles away.

Always bear in mind the maxim: The more the work and the responsibility, the greater the fun and the satisfaction.

EDWARD MORTON HOLLAND.

How to Tell the Age of Fish.

In the Deutsche Fischerzeitung I find a most interesting account of a discovery by which it is claimed the age of a fish can be settled with certainty. Size is no true criterion, as a fish which has been well fed may be twice the size of one of the same species which has been poorly fed, and yet not half as old. I have seen yearling trout which were only a quarter the size and less than a quarter the weight of other yearlings. The rings on the scales of fish are not quite safe criterions, and in many fish they are too small to be seen to any purpose. But according to Prof. Hensen, the rings on the ear, or hearing stones (Gehörsteine), afford a sure clue to the age of the fish in which they are found. These ear stones are of varied forms and sizes, and look like little bits of china. These bones grow with the fish, and a new ring is formed each year, as in the case of trees.—R. B. Marsden, in London Fishing Gazette.

Fishing for the Carp.

THE carp has never found much favor with anglers in this country, but that it is not wholly despised as a game fish abroad appears from this paper on carp capture, which we find in the London Fishing Gazette:

For more than thirty years I have placed carp fishing at the head of all so-called "coarse fishing," for the following reasons: First, they give more sport than any other "coarse" fish with which I am acquainted; second, their extreme artfulness makes their capture a greater triumph than is to be felt by the landing of almost any other fish. In my time I have caught a few salmon and many trout, and my experience teaches me that a carp of from 4 pounds to 6 pounds will give as much sport (though of a different character) as a trout of, say, 3 pounds, hooked on fly. Holding these views, I venture to recommend carp fishing to my brother anglers, and shall in this paper give briefly my idea as to the best method to adopt for their capture. Most of us know that carp will take a great variety of bait—worms, gentles, potatoes, peas, pastes made of bread, sponge-cake, biscuit, honey paste, yellow paste, pink paste, shrimp paste, cherries, bananas, boiled wheat, small fish. In fact, it seems difficult to find a bait they will not take at times. But this "fresh-water fox" has a very fickle appetite, and to tempt him, after he has reached years of discretion, his food must be daintily offered, and in such a manner that he will suspect no "poisoned cup." We very often hear the remark that "at so and so there are lots of very fine carp, but it is no use fishing for them, as they will not take a bait."

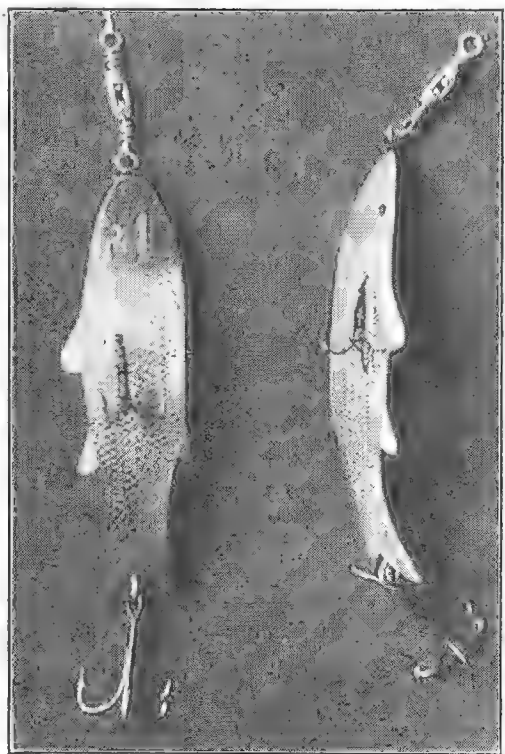
I would advise the owner of a water about which this can be said to try the following remedy, which I have known to have the desired effect: Select the most convenient spot to angle from—a spot that will give free scope for the rod and a long run for the quarry, when hooked, before reaching the weeds—any depth of water not less than 2 feet will do, and for months—say from now until next May—throw in food every day. I am told that kitchen refuse, such as vegetable scraps, including potatoes, is good; but in the case that came under my own ken Spratt's dog biscuit was all that was used. Each day two biscuits were broken up and scalded and thrown in at one spot, and for months afterward there was never any difficulty in catching carp there. On several occasions I caught more than I could carry; but my plan was to fish until I had filled a large roach basket, and then transport the carp to another water, a short distance away, and "da ca(r)ppo!" Plain bread paste was the bait used. My (almost) unvarying plan of fishing for carp is to select a short-shanked No. 10 to 12 hook, without an outward bend to it, for the reason that will presently appear. The gut must be fine, and should be stained "khaki" color. Attach the hook to a length of sound gut, that should be; at any rate, equal in length to the depth of the water fished. About a foot from the hook tie one inch of very coarse gut at right angles with the line, and, after considerably enlarging the hole through which the gut trace passes, thread a pierced bullet of the size of a large pea. The object of the inch of gut now becomes apparent. It prevents the bullet slipping down the line, and it is of no weight for the carp to lift when it takes the bait. The reasons that small hooks without an outward bend are recommended are that they have finer gut attached, and that carp, in my opinion, often reject a bait after "mouthing" it, as they feel the coarse gut, or the "core" (which is the hook) inside the bait, the flat hook being less likely to be detected. At one time I always used small triangles, but discontinued the use of them for the following reason: I was carp fishing by the side of a friend, and now and again getting a decent carp, while he, though he often had "touches," never had a "run." After one of these unsatisfactory "touches," I persuaded him to carefully lift his bait to shore, and upon it was the distinct impression of the upper and lower lips of a carp. After changing his triangle for a No. 11 hook, he was no more bothered in this way, but enjoyed some sport. The best float to use in calm weather is a porcupine quill, as it offers a minimum of resistance to the water, and goes through weeds better than any other. Allow the float to be about a foot deeper than the water, measuring from the bullet to the float. This will prevent the line standing perpendicularly over the bullet, and so bring it farther from the bait. The float will, in this case, lie flat. Do not strike until the float has moved away a foot or so. Use a fly rod, with a stiffish top and a very free running Nottingham reel, with not less than 80 yards of line. An undressed silk line, well greased for 10 yards from the point of attachment to the gut trace will float for many hours. The bait (plain bread paste) should not be less than the size of a large damson, and of the same shape, though I have often used bait as large as a small walnut successfully. The object of so large a bait is to prevent the hook being detected. When rebaiting always wash the fingers well. Never touch the paste with the hands when making. The crumb of a loaf of the previous day's baking should be placed in a clean cloth and submerged for a few seconds in clean water, and after most of the water has been squeezed from it, the bread should be kneaded in the cloth until it is of the desired consistency. When carp fishing it is best to use the same bait for ground baiting as that used on the hook, the idea being that the "foxy carps" suspicions are less likely to be aroused; he picks up small pellets of paste with impunity, and simply finds one pellet larger than those he has gobbled. When fishing never throw in ground bait by the handful (ground baiting overnight for the next day would be an exception), but use one pellet at a time, rather larger than a pea.

As a last word, I would say, keep out of sight as much as possible; avoid making the slightest vibration on the bank, and, when you have hooked your carp, let him run absolutely free, your fly rod and free-running reel doing the rest until the first rush is over; then gently feel his mouth, all the while prepared for another 30-yard or 40-yard rush; and when you have safely netted him, I am sure you will agree with me that if carp fishing is "coarse fishing," it is for all that a grand sport. *Carpe diem!* W. F. B.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday and as much earlier as practicable.

A Troll for Lake Trout.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Herewith I have the pleasure of handing you a photograph of the only really successful artificial bait I have ever been able to find for Great Lake trout. A set was sent to me from the maker to try in Lake Keuka. The result was most gratifying. For instance: The morning I left there I used my "little tin soldiers" (the new bait). Dart and I left the landing at



5 A. M. punctually; at 5:30 we had lines out and a heavy strike. I worked my fish up to the boat and gaffed a 6-pounder, but found some life further down the line. On following on I found another, on the bottom leader, which scaled 5 pounds. Lines were straightened out, and within five minutes there was more trouble; another 5-pounder had snagged himself. And so it went on until I had all I wanted to carry back to New York. We arrived at the dock at 6:15 A. M. with one 6-pounder, five 5-pounders and one 3-pounder. An excellent catch for an hour's work. I caught the noon express and delivered my fish to friends at New York in time for dinner.

JAMES CHURCHWARD.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

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Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

Mid Reef and Rapid.—XX.

BY F. R. WEBB.

ONE old gentleman remained, however. He was an interesting old gentleman, possessed of a remarkable flow of conversation. He was also in the interesting and loquacious condition not uncommon with old gentlemen of his type known as "half seas over," from the too frequent and liberal use of a staple production of this region—apple brandy. This artificial condition considerably augmented his natural conversational gifts, at times to the detriment of their coherency, while detracting nothing from their fluency. He was a well-posted old gentleman, possessed of a large fund of misinformation, which he seemed amiably desirous of imparting, and he conversed fluently and at length upon almost every topic, from the doings of the Newport Fishing and Seining Club—of which organization, he informed us with great pride, he had the honor to be secretary—to the doings of the Behring Sea Fishing and Sealing Commission.

The Colonel and I had our books, camp stools and cigars. The morning was a beautiful one. The river rippled and sparkled in front, the swift waters broken into little wavelets, which sparkled in the golden effulgence of the early autumn sun, while its musical murmur, dominated by the drowsy drone of the big dam above, filled the air. We were rid of George and Lacy for the time being. A delightful breeze rippled and rustled in the shimmering leaves overhead. The beautiful Sabbath calm and quiet pervaded all nature, and so did the old gentleman, who babbled away incessantly, not in the least discouraged by so gentle and mild a protest as is usually afforded by a man buried in a book.

He seated himself on the ground, close to the Colonel, and discoursed, and discoursed, the Colonel, meanwhile, going on with his reading and answering at random, until, finally, on some point on which the old gentleman desired

information, the Colonel referred him to me as a recognized authority on the subject, whereupon he left the Colonel to his book and transferred himself to me.

Seating himself upon the ground close to my side, and leaning his elbow on my knee, the better to lay down his proposition upon the grimy fingers of one and with the if possible still grimmer forefinger of the other, he proceeded to enlighten and entertain me upon a great variety of topics. I stood it as long as I could, until he began a dissertation upon the silver deadlock, then occupying the attention of the Senate—which he could easily have settled in a short time if he were there—when I rose and incontinently fled, leaving the Colonel to his tender mercies.

When I reached the mill, I inquired of some of the Sunday idlers, who had returned to that rallying point, as to where George and Lacy might be found, and, on receiving the desired information, I kept on up the road. Turning a bend in the road beyond the mill, which led up along a gorge-like hollow among the foothills of Massanutton and away from the river, I was surprised beyond measure to note that Newport was quite a little village, for the houses, country stores, etc., whose existence we had never heretofore suspected from the river, were strung thickly along both sides of the road for half a mile. I soon found George and Lacy in a small carpenter's shop, the former industriously sawing out a paddle from an inch plank, which the latter was as industriously holding down on the rule trestles. It is quite a job to make a paddle, and George had my hearty sympathy, as, with coat off and the perspiration standing in beads on his forehead, he pulled away with drawing knife and plane, after finishing his sawing operations.

There was nothing that I could do, however, to help him, except to take the job off his hands, so presently I returned to the boats, my boat being by this time dry enough to repair.

I found the Colonel lying flat on his back on his mattress in the last stages of exhaustion, his pipe out, his book fallen from his nerveless fingers, and his eyes half closed, while the old gentleman, who had secured possession of the Colonel's camp stool, by drawing it out from under his unresisting head, was seated on the stool, leaning over the Colonel's prostrate form, one hand on his arm, while the other waved impressively in the air as he developed his views on the tariff question.

I rescued the Colonel by rousing him to assist me in putting the patches on my canoe, and, with the little alcohol stove placed on a flat rock under the open cockpit of the canoe, which was raised up on one side for that purpose, in order to afford a lee from the brisk breeze which was blowing, the patches were speedily prepared and plastered on, the old gentleman meanwhile taking great interest in the operation, as he pottered around, full of suggestions as to better ways of doing it.

The remaining compound in the ladle was poured over the patches and plastered down, and the boat replaced in the water and packed, for the compound cools and hardens quickly, and the boat is ready for use as soon as the patch is on, by which time Lacy and George were discovered coming down the road with the new paddle.

"Haden't we better lunch here before starting?" said Lacy, with his usual fertility of suggestion about anything in the eating line.

"Oh, Lacy! for heaven's sake let me get away from here as quickly as possible," groaned the Colonel, in dismay.

"Yes, this place is too public," I added. "It's less than an hour's run to the spring at the foot of the falls." I continued, as I gave him a nudge with my elbow and pointed out the half drunken old chap, who was busily entertaining George, "and I guess you can hold out a little—"

"Say! Let's get out of here," said George, with decision, as he cut loose from our old friend without ceremony. George is peculiarly susceptible to boredom, and has but scant patience with such characters as the one we had now in stock. "That old fellow will talk us to death," he continued. "Have you noticed him?"

"Have we noticed him, Commodore?" asked the Colonel, appealing to me with an injured air. "Well, I rather think we have noticed him."

"If you had been half an hour longer with that paddle," I said to George, "I much fear me the Colonel would have been too exhausted to get away from here at all."

We rounded the big bend below Newport, and skirted along the base of a massive precipice, from whose face great, shell-like masses of limestone projected their thin, knife-like edges far out into the river, while immense fragments of rock, mossy and bush-grown, stood up high out of the water, as though fallen from the heights above into the depths below, in a vain attempt to stop the flow of the river, in whose still, black, reflective depths they were faithfully pictured.

"There you are, Colonel; there's the Colombian Falls!" exclaimed Lacy, as we slowly swung around the point of the mountain spur to the left, and the great rapid disclosed itself to our gaze, the swift water tossing and leaping in bright, sparkling waves in the sunlight; "that's the beginning of the Colombian Falls."

"Well, it's a dandy, sure enough!" exclaimed the Colonel, as he prudently followed our example and closed his hatches, for the big waves at the bottom of the first shoot—which seemed a greatly magnified edition of the "Devils' Race Path"—half a mile below, could be seen gamboling and tossing their shaggy manes high in air, as though leaping up on each other's shoulders in their eagerness to get a look at us, and welcome us in their tumultuous embraces.

"You fellows hang up here among the rocks and wait and I'll go down first and get a position on the rocks at the foot of the shoot, and get a kodak snap at you as you come through the rough waters," said George, as he pushed ahead.

We accordingly beached our boats among the rocks and reefs at the crest of the falls and watched him as he was caught up in the resistless whirl of waters and was shot swiftly down the long, toboggan-slide-like rapid, his canoe rising and falling gracefull on the undulating, liquid slope. He was caught up in the big waves at the bottom of the shoot, and, for a brief minute or two, all that could be seen was a confused mass of boat, man, flashing paddle blades and showering clouds of spray. He presently emerged, and rounded to in the still water below, and to one side of the shoot, and disembarked.

After a brief interval, in which he could be observed

driving his sharp, iron-shod "jacob staff" into the crevices of the rock, and adjusting his kodak thereon, he waved his helmet as a signal for the rest of us to come on.

"Go ahead, Colonel," I said.

The Colonel backed his canoe off the rocks and pushed out, while Lacy and I watched him shoot down the slope, dash through the huge waves, whose spray flew all over him, and round in alongside of George's canoe.

"Now, Lacy," said I.

Lacy promptly followed the Colonel, and in an incredibly short time his canoe was lying alongside of the other two.

"Now, Commodore, it's your innings," said I, as with a few thrusts of the paddle I drew the nose of Frankie down off the detaining limestone ledge, and swung out into the whirl of waters, which shot me like an arrow down the long slope.

If the big waves looked formidable from above, they looked ten-fold more so in my astonished eyes, as my canoe bore swiftly and irresistibly down upon them, and I instinctively dipped my paddle into the water with a backward sweep, to draw back from them, but, well knowing that there was no possible danger, save an inevitable drenching of my arms and shoulders, and also knowing that there was no escaping the remorseless grasp of the rushing waters, I checked the impulse, and, noting that my canoe was headed squarely, bow on, for the biggest foamer of all, I pulled the waterproof canvas apron as high up on my breast as possible, and, with my paddle balanced across my lap, tightly held down the aft corners of my apron at each side, and let her drive.

She buried her nose deeply into the breast of the first huge wave, which, as she lifted, rolled bodily over her decks and hatches, in a solid sheet of water a foot deep, while the spray struck me full in the face, fairly lifting my helmet, and drenching my arms and shoulders. The canoe was caught up on the huge crest, and lifted high in the air, and appeared to leap bodily across the intervening hollow, and fall into the breast of the next wave, through which I plunged in like manner. With a yell of delight I grasped my paddle and rounded in over the lessening waves below, and joined the others, who were laughing and squeezing the water from their dripping sleeves.

"Did you ship any water?" yelled Lacy, as I opened my hatches and stepped ashore.

"Not a pint," I answered.

"I took about a tubful," said George, as he repacked his kodak.

"I got a bucketful or so," said Lacy, as he drew his boat sponge out from under his floor boards and proceeded to sponge out the half an inch or so of water in the bottom of his boat.

"How did you take it in?" I asked.

"It dashed in around back of the apron, at the aft corners of the well," he replied. "Just look at my legs, how wet they are!"

"Mine, too," said George.

"Why don't you hold your aprons down at the aft corners with your hands?" I asked. "That's the way I did. I'm hardly wet a bit below the top of my apron."

"I did that," said the Colonel, "and I didn't ship any water to speak of."

By this time we were all re-embarked, and had pushed out into the still pool below the rough shoot, and were headed down stream again.

"Is that all of it?" asked the Colonel.

"Well, hardly," replied George; "that is simply the prelude, so to speak."

"Just the vestibule, as you might say," Lacy added.

"Is it any rougher than that shoot above?" he continued.

"Well, it isn't so much that it is rough, but it is the most interminable series of reefs you ever saw," replied George.

"The last half mile is rough enough, too," I added.

"You want to look a little out, Colonel," added Lacy, "and not be so brash as you were up in Kemple's Falls or you'll get a spill, sure enough."

"Don't you worry about the Colonel," replied that individual. "The Colonel's gotten through so far about as well as the rest of you, for all your backing and filling and monkeying around."

We paddled leisurely through the deep pool, and approached the wall-like line of reefs which bounded the lower end of the pool. A broad gap in the middle of the ledge passed the water over in a smooth, deep, swift flow. The river swept majestically to the left around the long mountain spur. As we slipped through the gap in the reefs and began the descent which followed, all that could be seen of the river was a conglomeration of reefs, rocks and islands, down among which the water rushed swiftly, fretted and chafed into foam and spray, with here and there smooth, black channels, covered with white bubbles, indicating openings through the reefs through which we might slip, with good management. The reefs seemed to run with the river, in long, parallel lines, with tolerably clear channels between the lines, and all leading gradually in to the left bank.

We found no regular boat channel, but zigzagged our way through, by slipping over from one parallel waterway to the next, as we approached the bank.

"Where do you suppose the boat channel is through here?" asked Lacy, after half a mile of this kind of work.

"Perhaps it's over near the other side," suggested the Colonel.

"No," replied George, "there never was any channel through here. The backset from the Colombian mill dam covered all these reefs. You note the remains of the dam a quarter of a mile ahead there?" indicating, as he spoke, a long line of piles and broken-down dam timbers, extending out from the left bank and reaching half way across the river.

"What destroyed this mill dam, I wonder?" queried the Colonel, as we approached and paddled past the broken-down dam, and picked our way cautiously through the reefy maze below. The river is very wide here, and correspondingly shallow.

"It was carried out with the mill, and pretty much all the houses around it, in the great flood of 1870," I replied.

"There must have been some loss of life, I should think," he rejoined.

"Yes; there were eight or nine persons drowned here," I replied. "That flood was a terrible tragedy; you can hear of it all along the river—the people are still talking

about it. A great many people were carried away and drowned in the numerous mills and houses that were swept off, and this was one of the most fatal spots on the entire river. Keep close in to that island, George," I shouted, as his canoe emerged from the wilderness of reefs, ahead of the rest of us, and was caught up in the whirl of the final pitch of the falls—a seething, rock-studded half mile of rapids, which, like the final pitch of Kemple's Falls above, is the worst section of the falls.

His canoe darted down the slope, pitching and tossing, rolling right and left in the big waves and throwing the spray in sheets over her bows. She struck a reef about half way down, and swung round sidewise in the full rush of the stream. She careened dangerously close to the water's edge, when the rock let go its hold on her bilge keels, and, after bumping along heavily once or twice more over the sunken rocks, while George used his paddle vigorously in shoving right and left to extricate himself from among the reefs, she straightened out again and dashed along her course, until, reaching the lower part of the island, she turned to the left and was lost to view.

I followed, and, by veering to the left a little, I dodged the ledges upon which George hung, and shot at an exhilarating rate down the rapid, which I succeeded in accomplishing without touching a rock, which difficult feat went far toward removing the chagrin which I still felt over my clumsy miff in Kemple's Falls a few days before.

On reaching the short but swift stretch of smooth water above the big fish dam, which is built on the terminating ledge of the falls, I beheld George standing on the end of the dam, which seemed to come to an end some 20 or 30 ft. from the bank, intently surveying the massive ledge, which extended in to the bank. The fall, which was some 3 or 4 ft., and broken into two or three terraces, was about a boat's length in extent. The water swept heavily over the fall, which, as I approached, looked ominous and decidedly rocky.

"Come on!" he shouted, as I hesitated before approaching too closely into the irresistible "draw" of the water. "Come on! I think you can make it all right."

As I approached I heard a vigorous yell from up the river. The yell was repeated, but my attention was too much absorbed by the work in hand of successfully shooting that ledge, to admit of my looking around. As I approached the verge of the fall I saw that it could not be safely made, but it was then too late to draw back. I was in the remorseless clutches of the flow over the ledge and had no alternative but to make it, so, dipping my paddle firmly into the stream, I put on a full head of steam and boldly made for the fall, while George watched my progress with anxious interest, his canoe, meanwhile, drawn well up on the rocks at his feet in the still water above the dam.

The shout from up the river was again heard, and he turned his head for an instant to look.

"The Colonel is capsized!" he shouted, as my canoe shot out over the fall. "We'll have to go back and help him."

"All right!" I shouted in reply, above the roar of the waters, as my canoe landed with a crash on the ledges in the middle of the fall, and brought up all standing, while the water rushed over my decks from astern, and poured in sheets over the wash board along each side of the cockpit. "As soon as I get out of this little scrape! I may possibly need a little assistance myself."

As my canoe struck the rocks squarely on her keel, I felt her timbers start and crack, and was certain her back was broken; she hung shudderingly on the ledge, while the remorseless rush of water from above caught her by the stern, and began to throw her around across the fall, when a capsize would have inevitably resulted. By strenuous pushing and shoving with my paddle, I succeeded in freeing her bow, and she let go just in time to avert the impending capsize, and groaned heavily down the one or two remaining terraces, and swung free, into the deep, foaming water below, where I rushed her ashore as quickly as possible, to escape swamping, for I had no doubt but that the bottom was ripped clear off the boat. Reaching the bank, which was but a boat's length away, I quickly sprang out, painter in hand, and drew the canoe as high up ashore as possible, and then quickly made an examination from the inside. To my infinite surprise no water was rushing in. There was half an inch or so of water in the bottom of the canoe, now rapidly running aft from the uplifted bow. Evidently the patches put on at Newport had rubbed off, or, more probably, I had shipped the water while hanging on the reefs above, but I certainly had not smashed my boat on this fall. Having made sure on this point, I started off on a run back up the bank to where the Colonel could be observed, standing out in the river, half way to his waist, 100 yds. above, while Lacy was already wading out to his assistance.

The long, tapering bow and stern of Mary Lou could just be seen above the surface of the river, whose swift waters were breaking over her submerged decks and hatches, which were piled high with duffle, the Colonel's mattress, coat, seat, mess table, clothes bag, paddle, etc., which he was holding down with all the hands and arms he possessed, struggling desperately with the river, to keep them from being carried off bodily, all the while yelling lustily and impatiently for assistance.

As I ran I was joined by George, who had swiftly paddled across from his position on the dam above the shoot, as soon as he saw that I was safe.

"Get your kodak!" I exclaimed, breathlessly, as I ran.

"Good Lord, yes!" he replied, as he turned back and dived down the bank to his canoe.

"Hurry up there, you fellows," shouted the Colonel, as I dashed down the bank, and splashed out into the shallow water; "you're slower than crabs. I'll lose everything I've got! Where in thunder's George? Oh, confound the kodak!" he continued, angrily, as he caught sight of George deliberately pausing on the bank, while he trained that implement of torture on the scene of the disaster. "Don't stop to waste time over those infernal pictures, but hurry on out here, quick!"

"Don't be alarmed, Colonel," exclaimed Lacy, fairly bursting with laughter, as we reached him, and began to secure some of his plunder. "We'll help you take care of your things; go ahead with the pictures, George! Get several exposures while you are about it!"

The situation was truly laughable. Mary Lou lay completely submerged, across a narrow little channel, her nose against one reef and stern against another, while the

water rippled in a swift, transparent sheet across the open cockpit, and over the decks and hatches, piled high with camp duffle, which all three of us were doing our best to hold, as we stood, nearly waist deep, alongside of the sunken canoe, to prevent the swift water carrying it all away.

There was no possible danger, and everything the Colonel stood possessed of was already as wet and well soaked as water could make it, so George heartlessly kept him there while he made several exposures, after which he also waded out, and it took the entire strength of the company before Mary Lou could be budged from her rather damp location.

"Well, sir!" excitedly exclaimed the Colonel, as we all straightened up from our work of piling the Colonel's plunder on the rocks, out of our way, before tackling the sunken canoe again. "Well, sir! I had made a good run, and was right here at the bottom of the falls. This was the last shoot I had to make before reaching the slack water above the fish dam there ahead. The shoot through the reefs was over to the right of the channel I was running. I made a bold dash for it, but missed it. My canoe shot past the shoot a little too far to the right, and her bow hung on the rocks. Her stern swung right round across the channel and caught on the rock on the left, and over she went in a jiffy. I jumped out and tried to hold her up, but it was no go. The water made a dash over the coming, and the mischief was done. You never saw a boat fill and go down so quick!"

"I told you you were entirely too brash, Colonel," exclaimed Lacy, as we pulled and tugged at one end of the sunken canoe, which, full of water as it was and firmly held against the rocks by the force of the swift current, seemed to weigh a ton.

"Not a bit of it," exclaimed the Colonel, earnestly, as, with one final lift altogether, the stern was lifted over the rocks and the canoe instantly straightened out and swung round into the channel at the end of her bow painter.

"Hold on to her, Lacy. Don't let her go," yelled the Colonel.

"I will if I can," replied Lacy, setting his teeth hard and bracing his feet firmly against the rocks, while in spite of his efforts, he was dragged, step by step, down the river by the heavy, water-logged canoe, as she tugged fiercely at the painter in the swift stream.

George came to his rescue, and, together, she was checked and brought round into the lee of a projecting reef, upon which her bow was lifted, while her painter was made fast among the rocks, while with tin cups, paddle blades, footboard and sponge and whatever else came to hand that would hold or throw water, she was speedily lightened of her load of water.

"There was but one way to make that shoot," exclaimed the Colonel, as, with tin cup in hand, he reached down between the floor boards for the last few inches of water, while the rest of us suspended our efforts, "and that was to shoot it quickly, with a rush, and that was what I was—"

"That wasn't the way I made it," George cut in. "I checked my canoe several boat lengths above it, and by back paddling, I drew gently over in line with it, when I let go and dropped easily through without striking a rock."

"That was the way I made it, also," I added.

"Yes, that's all right," returned the Colonel, as he proceeded to replace mess table, tent, clothes bag, mattress, etc., in the now nearly empty canoe, which floated lightly alongside of him at the length of her painter, as he stood knee-deep in the swift water. "That sort of tactics will do in some places, but it won't do in this place, I tell you now. You want to take it with a rush, like I did."

"Like you didn't, you mean, Colonel," said Lacy, with a laugh, in which we all joined, the Colonel included.

"Well, like I intended," he admitted. "The principle is correct, but I admit I busted in carrying it out."

He finished his repacking, drew his canoe up alongside of the rocks, and stepped aboard.

"Let's land over yonder on that broad, flat beach, under those trees below the dam, and I will put my things out to dry; perhaps there may be a spring there, and we can lunch while we're resting," he continued.

"That's the place we were aiming to reach for lunch," I replied. "The spring is there, right at those trees on the bank," I continued, as George and I waded ashore.

"The dickens it is!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Then I was shipwrecked in sight of land!"

"That's about the size of it," I replied, as I started down the bank to reach my canoe, followed by George. "Don't try to jump the dam, Colonel," I shouted, as he and Lacy got under way and dropped down toward the shoot.

"I haven't the slightest intention of it, I assure you," he shouted in reply.

"The Colonel's no pork; he knows when he has had enough of a good thing," Lacy sang out, with a laugh.

Royal C. C.

LANGSTON HARBOR.

WORD received from Herman D. Murphy, the Winchester canoeist, shows that, although beaten in the series of races for the challenge cup of the Royal C. C., he made a good showing in some of the preliminary events. On Aug. 7 there was a sweepstake race for cruisers and canoes, in which Mr. Murphy landed Uncle Sam a winner. At the end of the first round Gadfly led Uncle Sam by 26s., the latter passed Gadfly on the reach up to the Saltern Buoy, and the race ended with Uncle Sam leading by 1m. 57s.

On Aug. 8 there was a race for cruisers and canoes. They all started under reefed mainsails or trysails. China won by 7m. Uncle Sam was second and Coral third. Uncle Sam finished fifth on Aug. 13, in a club race for cruisers and canoes. That same afternoon Mr. Murphy had better luck, Uncle Sam finishing first in a sweepstake race for cruisers and canoes. Uncle Sam took the lead before reaching the Sword Buoy, and led all through the rest of the race. Snark several times came up on her, but was never quite able to get the lead, and Uncle Sam won by 55s.

Aug. 14.—The first race for the challenge cup was won by Mr. F. W. Hodges' Snark, Mr. Guy Ellington's China taking second place. Mr. H. D. Murphy's Uncle Sam finished third, 21s. in front of Mr. O. F. Gason's Nana. Snark, the winner of the first race and holder of the cup,

beat the American challenger, Mr. H. D. Murphy's Uncle Sam, by 11m. 10s.

Aug. 15.—The second race for the R. C. C. international sailing challenge cup was won by Mr. Guy Ellington's racing canoe China. Mr. Gason's Nana finished second and Mr. Murphy's Uncle Sam fourth, 10m. 56s. behind the winner. China and Snark were thus left to contest the final, fixed for the following day.

The third race on the 16th was won by Mr. Murphy, the canoes Snark and China not having entered.

HERMAN DUDLEY MURPHY, of Winchester, Mass., who went to England to sail for the challenge cup of the Royal C. C. at Langston Harbor, was defeated. Mr. Thomas W. Lawson, of Boston, was the financial backer of the scheme. The American canoe was named Uncle Sam. Three races were sailed, all of which were won by China, an English racing canoe. According to all accounts this boat developed wonderful speed. The result of the races is a distinct disappointment to the friends of the challenger.

The London Field in commenting on the boats and the races says:

The Royal C. C. has certainly given a very fine exhibition of sailing canoe racing during the past fortnight, fifteen races and fifteen canoes sailing therein. The weather up to the time of writing has not been all that could be desired, for there has been a persistent show of hard winds, and the canoes have mostly been sailed under small spare suits, intended for rough cruising rather than for racing; out of the whole fifteen races only three were sailed under whole racing sails. Then, again, the force of the wind, though it was hard, and even savage, in the squalls at times, was never up to gale strength, and it would have been a very instructive lesson on types and rigs to have seen the performances of the various canoes in a gale; with the closest possible reef in, and a mere rag of a jib set, we should certainly expect the bulb-keeled cruising canoe to beat the plain plate, and in the sea that would be running we should expect them also to beat the sliding-sea light-weight racing machine canoes; but it is still conjecture.

The fresh winds and smooth water experienced in pretty nearly all the races has been distinctly in favor of the racing canoe class; and though it is a fact that some, indeed all of the machines except China, have been beaten by the cruising class canoes, there can be no doubt that a suitably modeled racing canoe built under the very lax rule of the R. C. C. can win every race from the cruisers, except, it may be, perhaps in a gale or a very light air of wind, of course, fluky days excepted. The two types are so utterly different that they cannot be fairly matched; the nearest possible mode of bringing these two types into fair competition would be by awarding sail area in proportion to displacement; that is, motive power for weight; even then the unlimited length of the racer versus the limited length of the cruiser would, in reaching winds and generally in hard winds, be heavily in favor of the racer.

Unfortunately in the question of types, out of the six racing class canoes present at the meet, four are the canoes of the challenging visitors, so the nine cruising class canoes are in no sense racing on fair terms against the challengers. Of the two machines owned by R. C. C. men, one, China, has won every race she has started in, thus debarring the cruisers from first prizes; and the other machine is many years old and by no means of a model which the present rule permits. We have said before that China was absolutely necessary to the club for the defense of the cup, and we believe that it is a very general hope in the club that she is to be the last of the tribe. Even if the classes were separated in the ordinary races, it is absurd that the challenge cup should be given almost of a certainty into the locker of one racing canoe against some ten racing cruisers—that is, leaving out the old machines and the seven or eight non-racing cruisers. Over and above this is the possibility of the visiting racing canoes beating the cruisers, again no match, and therefore not a desirable combination.

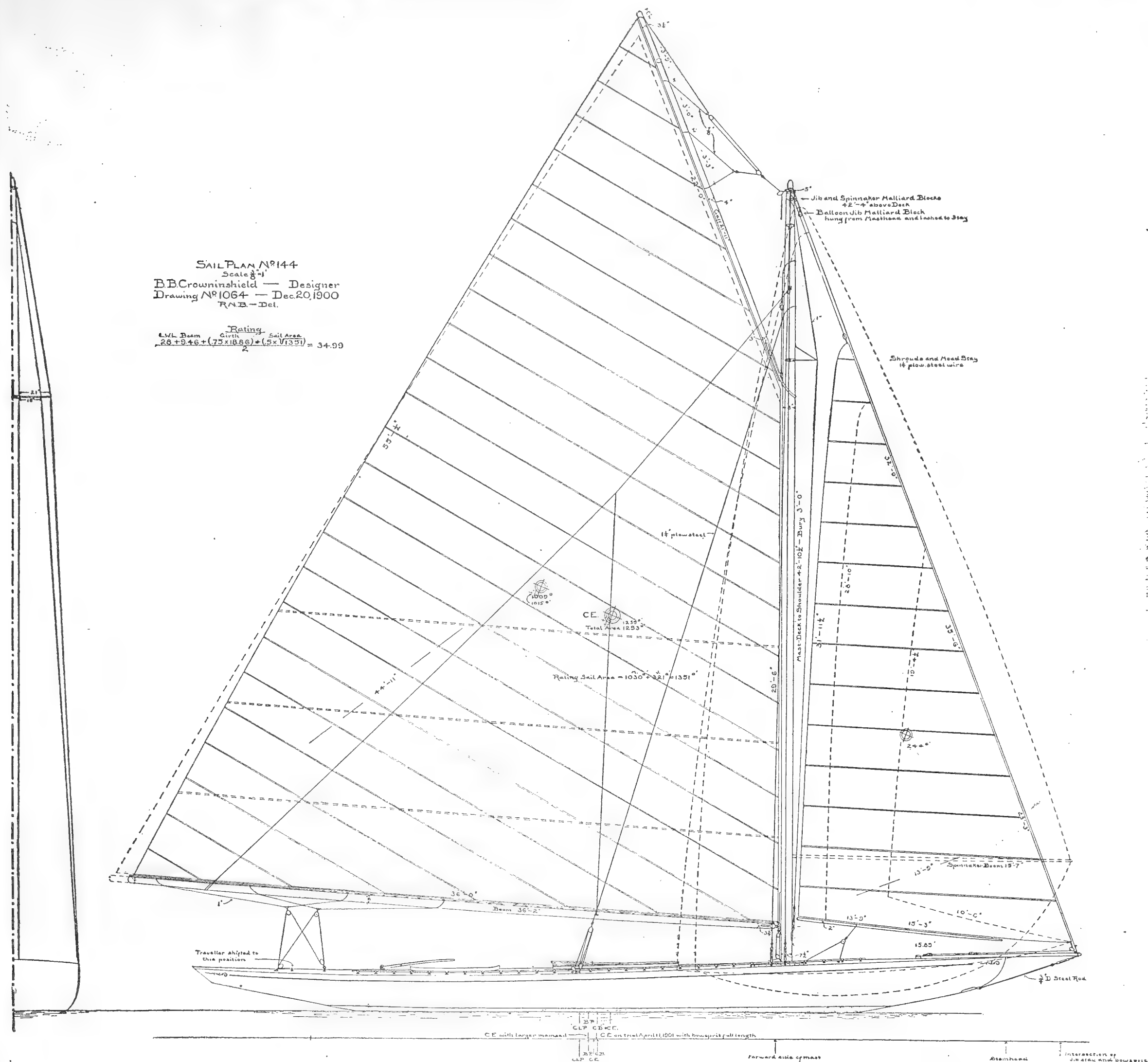
The two American canoes, Uncle Sam and Old Glory, we have previously described; they are racing machines pure and simple, and though they are not on quite the same model principles as China, they are quite as up to date in their own way. But in regard to the two other challengers, we were led, by descriptions given of them by their designers, to expect something very novel, nothing less than a "bona fide cruising canoe," built under the racing canoe rule. We examine them in vain to find either real novelty or any special feature suitable to cruising. Even as traveling canoes they appear to be unsuitable, being about the crankest of the craft in the fleet, even under reefed sail. They are fast on a reach, poor to windward, and very unsteady at running, and their capsizing has been so frequent that we should say that the man who took either of these canoes for a traveling tour would be well advised to stow everything but his day bathing suit in water-tight bags, and especially so if going anywhere in open water.

Of the two above mentioned, Coral, Mr. Howard's canoe, is undoubtedly a fast boat on the reach, and she is a pretty model, evidently entirely intended for racing; but she, in idea of design, comes nowhere near China in taking full advantage of the rule, and thus she falls short of being a perfect racing machine, while she does not, on the other hand, come down either in model or hull fitment to a good form of traveling canoe. The other canoe, Mr. Holbeche's, is simply or apparently built on lines similar to those of Prucas, called a "modified sharpie"—that is, with the ugly, flat sides of the sharpie, but without her flat and stable bottom. In weight of hull this little 16ft. by 30in. canoe compares about level with some of the cruisers which are 17ft. by 42in., and half as deep again in body. The best feature about her is that she is amateur-built by her owner, a very creditable piece of work.

A. C. A. Amendment.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* In accordance with Article 12 of the Constitution of the American Canoe Association, I beg herewith to publish in general terms, to be voted upon by the Executive Committee at as early a day as possible, the following amendment to Article VI., Section 5, of the Constitution:





ILLINOIS—SAIL PLAN—1901.

After the word "appropriated" in the sixth line, insert, "They shall hold as Trustees all of the permanent property, both real and personal of the Association, and shall make such rules and regulations for the care and government of the same as they shall from time to time deem necessary. They shall have full charge of such permanent property and are empowered to take such action as they shall deem expedient to care for and protect the same."

I will have the above amendment proposed at the next meeting of the Executive Committee, or as soon thereafter as possible.

ROBERT J. WILKIN.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A. D. James and Barton H. Noland, who left Irvington, Va., on May 20 for a canoe cruise up the coast and down the St. Lawrence, were wrecked on the night of Aug. 9, ten miles east of Mont Louis, Quebec. They were overtaken by a heavy N.E. gale, their canoe smashed, all their effects lost, and the young men themselves only rescued by the prompt action of the native fishermen, who rushed into the surf and brought them to shore.

Alexander H. G. Maidment, a young lawyer and an enthusiastic member of the Kinderkamack C. C., has just paddled from the club house, above Oradell, to Hackensack in his canoe without landing. He shot the Veldran and Water Works dams, one with a fall of 4ft., and the other with an 8ft. fall. At Veldran the boat struck a rock, but was not upset.

It is rumored that Sydney yachtsmen who had Mr. Her-
rick Duggan design Cibou, winner of the Prince of Wales
cup at Halifax, have decided to challenge for the Amer-
ica Cup should Sir Thomas Lipton fail this time. Mr.
Duggan would design the boat. The leaders of the syndi-
cate are Mr. H. M. Whitney, of the Dominion Coal Com-
pany; Mr. A. J. Moxam, manager of the Dominion Iron
and Steel Company; former Mayor Stephens, of Hali-
fax; Mr. Leroy Williams, and others.

Nachtrag.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

5. 6. Seawanhaka Corinthian, open special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Cohasset, knockabout, championship and handicap races, Cohasset, Mass.
7. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
7. Beverly, open, Mattapoisett.
7. Seawanhaka Corinthian, fall regatta, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.
7. Atlantic, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
7. Lynn, Y. R. A., rendezvous.
12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knockabouts (21 and 18ft.); cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 21-23-25.—International Races (America's Cup), Off Sandy Hook.
23. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

THE excellent photographs of Shamrock II. in dry dock that appeared in our last issue were taken by James Burton, of New York.

Mr. George Bullock, of Cincinnati, O., is having built at Woods' yard, City Island, from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, a centerboard cruising cutter. The boat is 72ft. over all, 47ft. waterline, 15ft. beam and will draw 6ft. 6in. of water. She has excellent cabin accommodations under a low house.

Illinois.

THE increasing interest in the races for the Canada cup was shown to a marked degree by the large number of boats that were built to compete in the trial races for the selection of the defender this year. Naturally the designers on the lakes who were familiar with the weather conditions where the races were sailed, and also conversant with the girth rule which governs the races, possessed the advantage, having had experience with both these points. Mr. B. B. Crowninshield, the designer of Illinois, realized that he was greatly handicapped when he undertook to design this boat, and taking into consideration the great odds that were against him, his production made a most satisfactory showing. The girth rule seems to favor centerboard boats somewhat, a rather surprising state of affairs, but the defenders of 1899 and 1901 were both centerboard boats—namely, Genesee and Cadillac.

Illinois turned to windward beautifully, and seemed to be a match, for any of the boats in any weather on this point of sailing, but in reaching and running she did not show up so well. Out of eight races sailed she won two first, one second, three thirds and one fourth place. The boat seemed to have hardly sailed enough, and it is believed that she would have done much better with 150 or 200ft. more sail. Illinois was a very handsome boat and beautifully built, being more of a yacht than any of the trial boats, having no abnormal features.

Mr. Crowninshield deserves great credit for this fine little vessel, as do the Geo. Lawley Son & Corp., the builders, for the fine work in her.

The dimensions of Illinois follow:

Length—	Over all	45ft.	3 in.
	Waterline	28ft.	
Overhang—	Forward	8ft.	3 in.
	Aft	9ft.	
Beam—	Deck	9ft.	5½in.
	Waterline	9ft.	1½in.

Freeboard—	
Stem	3ft. 2¼in.
Taffrail	2ft. 3¾in.
Least	2ft.
Draft—	
Extreme	6ft. 9 in.
To rabbet	2ft. 5¼in.
Displacement	14,479.00lbs.
Outside ballast	5,725.00lbs.
Pounds per inch at L.W.L.	1,084.38lbs.
Area—	
Lateral plain	80.56 sq. ft.
Wetted surface	323.74 sq. ft.
Sails	1,253.00 sq. ft.
Rudder	7.29 sq. ft.
Ratio—	
Ballast to displacement395
Sail area to wetted surface387
(Stem to C.B.) to L.W.L.517
Overhangs to L.W.L.615
(Stem to C.L.R.) to L.W.L.551
(C.E. to C.L.R.) to L.W.L.028
Rudder to balance lateral plain09

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

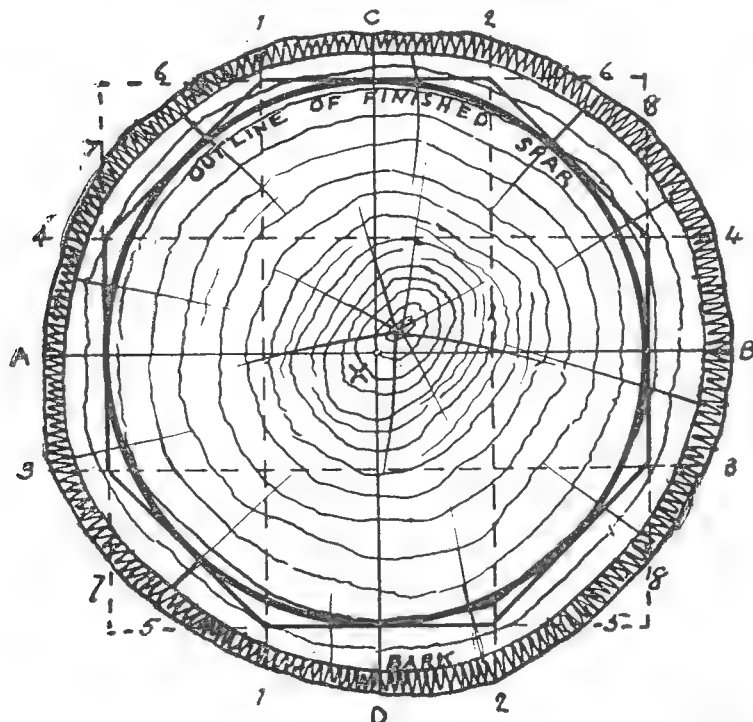
Chapter XII.—Spars.

THE spars of most small yachts and boats are made from Norway spruce, which is imported in the form of rough natural spars of all sizes, and can be obtained of any timber merchant. For small raters, Canadian hollow spars, and bamboos, are both largely used.

Bamboo spars are most suitable for small raters, and for spars of 4in. to 5in. diameter; they are stronger and lighter than any others, but can only be obtained in standard lengths. They are very liable to split in hot weather. The usual stock sizes are as follows:

Masts.—4in. to 6, or 6½in. at butt; and 33 to 35ft. long (considerable taper).

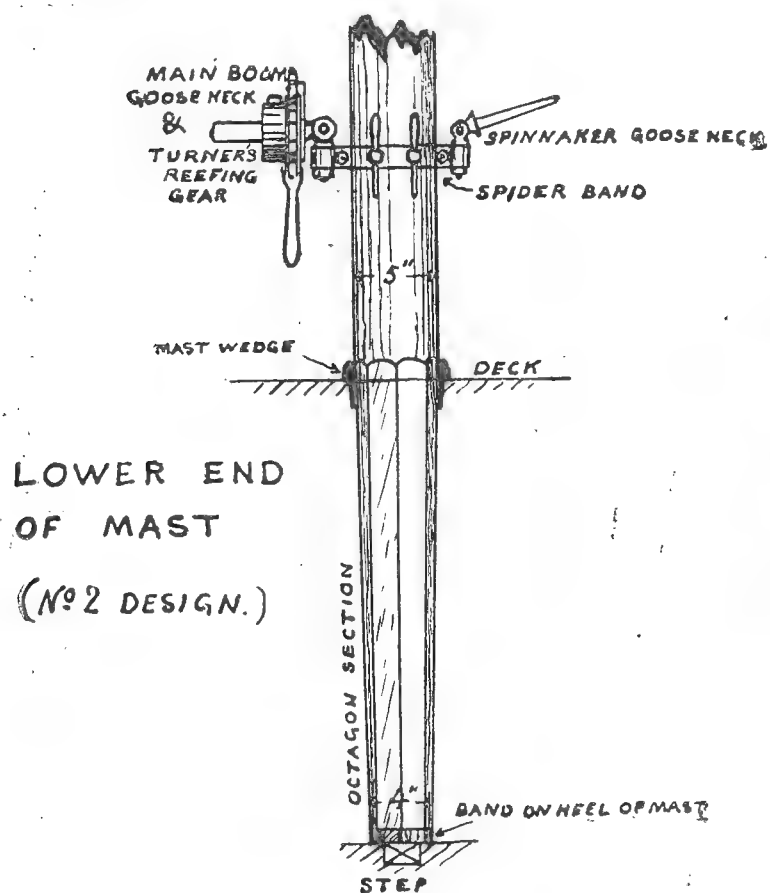
Masts, booms, yards, and small spars.—3in. to 3½in. at butt;



METHOD OF SETTING OUT THE END OF A SPAR; READY FOR SAWING, OR WORKING UP WITH THE DRAW-KNIFE.

and 22 to 25ft. long; 2in. to 2½in. at butt; and 18 to 22ft. long (fairly parallel). 1in. to 1½in. at butt; and 18ft. long (either parallel or taper).

These canes should be carefully selected from the bales, and it will take an hour or two's dirty work to pick out a set of first-class sticks, which are all free from cracks, and perfectly straight.

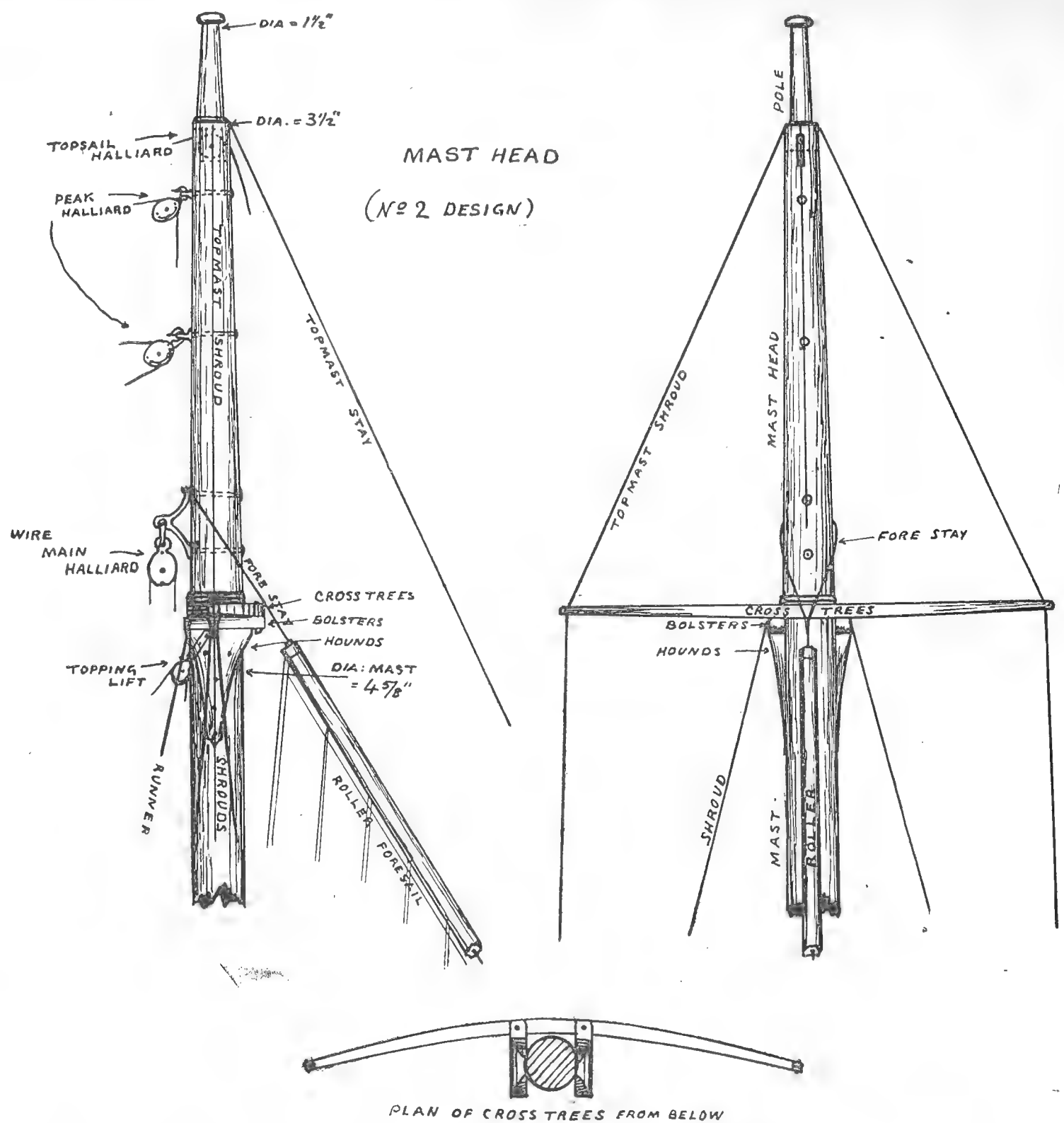


LOWER END OF MAST

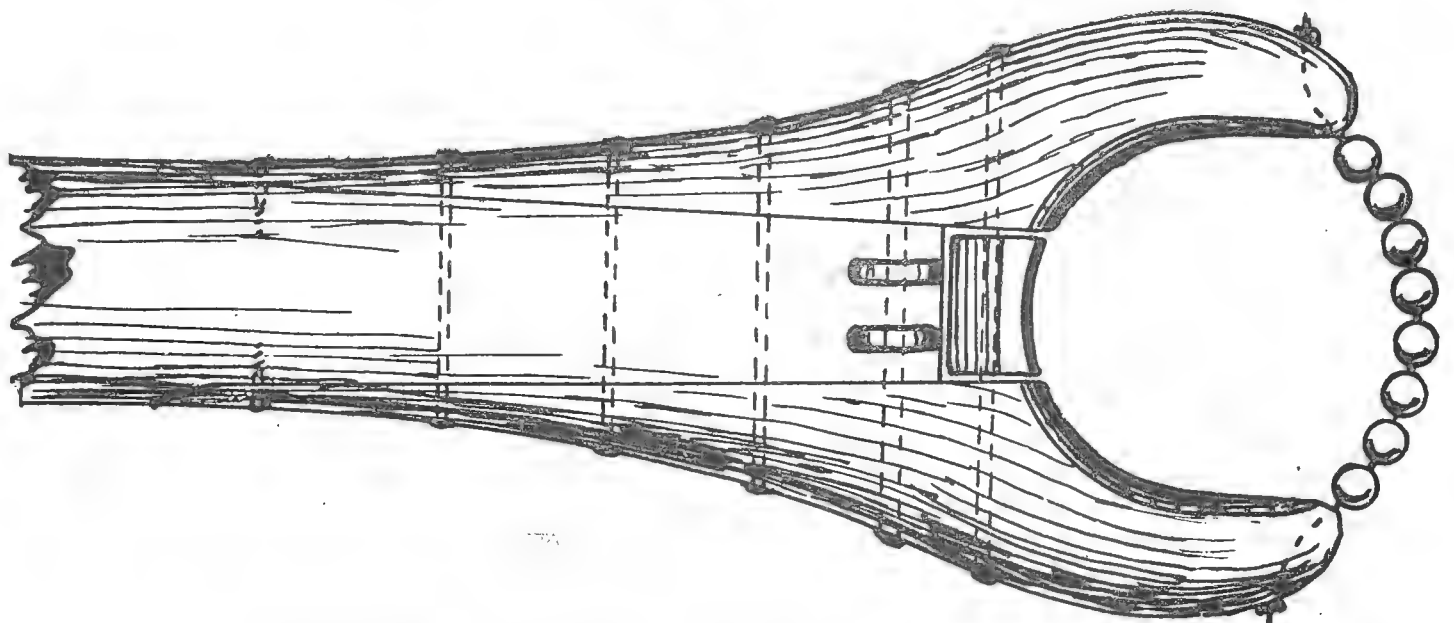
(No. 2 DESIGN.)

It is well worth while to enlist the sympathies of the foreman when undertaking this task, and a few shillings to the men who turn over the canes are not wasted, as they can tell a sound cane where a novice would not.

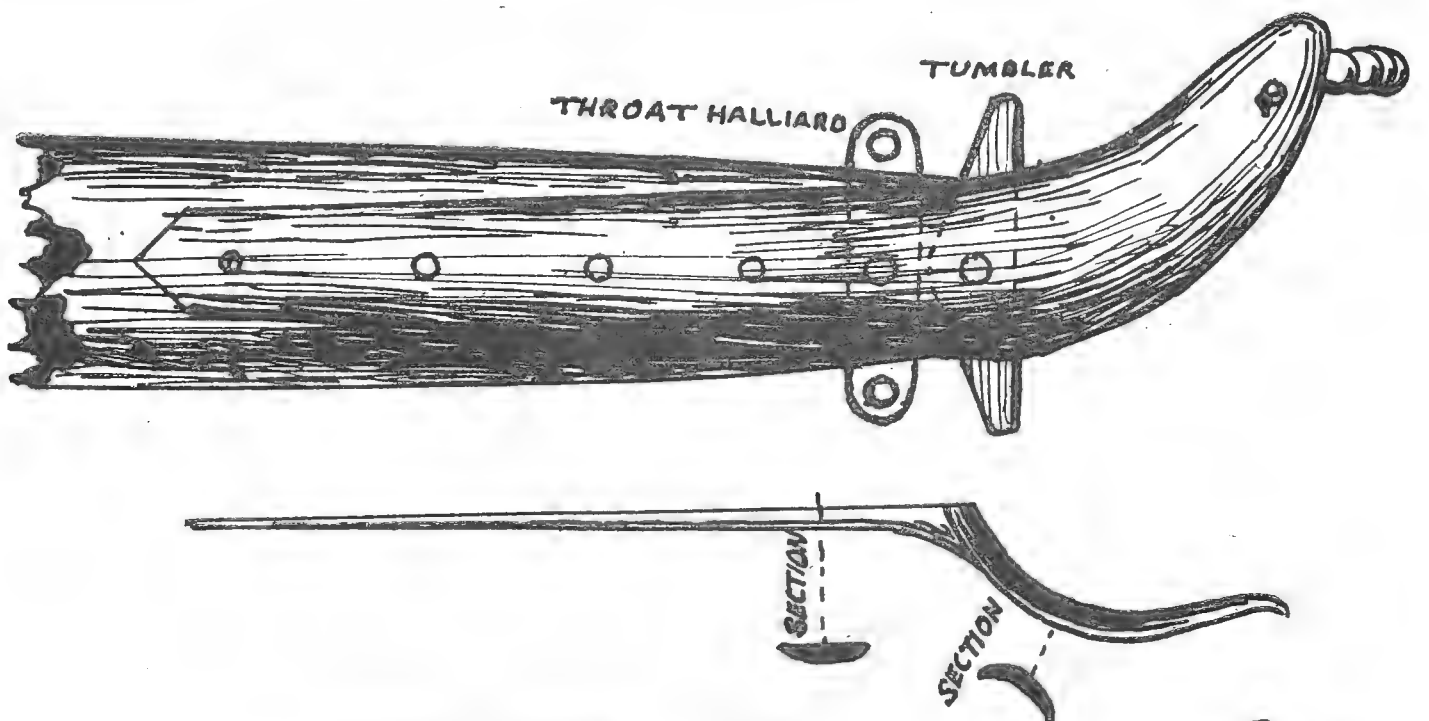
In preparing a bamboo spar, all knots or joints should be rasped down smooth, and small whippings or bindings of fine twine put on between joints. This whipping may be omitted in the case of a really good cane, but it is very difficult to tell when a cane will split or not. The ends of all bamboos should have light metal ferrules or wire whippings on them, as they must be plugged with pine and would split at once if nothing were put on the end. The plugs should be cut to fit the inside of the cane exactly, and should have a shoulder on them to rest on the end of the bamboo. A hole may be bored up the inner



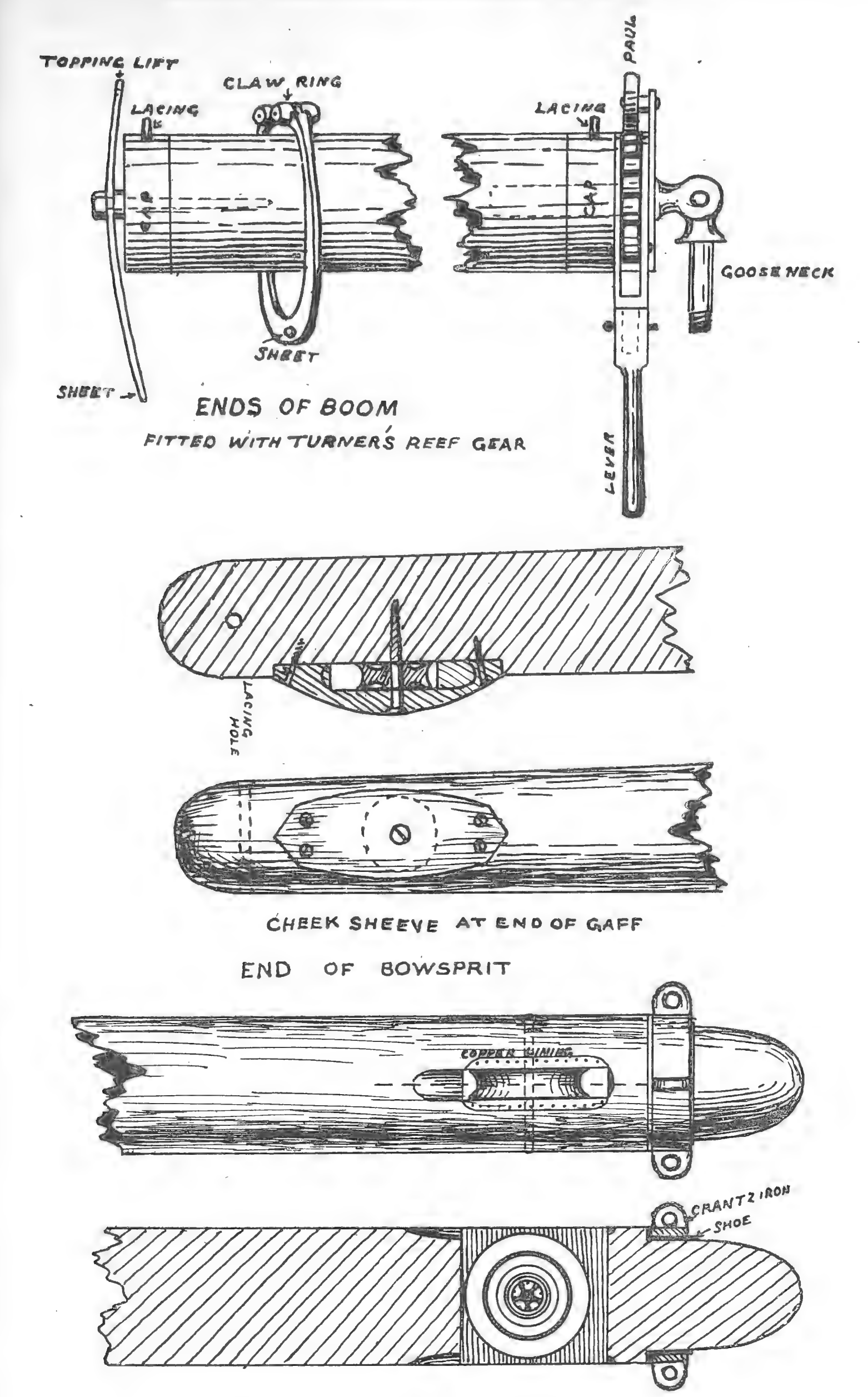
PLAN OF CROSS TREES FROM BELOW



WOOD GAFF JAWS



IRON GAFF JAWS



end of the plug to lighten it if desired. A hole through all the webs of the joints down the center of the cane is supposed to prevent splitting; but, while it is probable that it may often save a split, it is not proved to be a positive cure for the trouble. Keep bamboos in a cool, airy place, never bore holes in the shell of the cane if it can be helped, and do not attach any gear or fittings to them, except by bands or wire straps.

The Canadian hollow spars are very neat, and nearly as light as bamboos of the same size, but not so strong weight for weight as a bamboo, up to about 4 or 5 in. diameter; their great advantage over bamboos is that they can be ordered of any shape, proportion or size, while a bamboo can only be obtained of the stock sizes given above, and you must take it with whatever taper you can get.

Both bamboos and hollow spars must be kept well varnished to avoid splitting, and this also applies in a less degree to all spars and woodwork. I should not advise the use of anything but solid grown Norway spars for cruising work, except for a jib-roller or a topsail yard; a bamboo makes the best jib-roller possible up to about 22ft. long, as it keeps its shape far better than any built or hollow-wood roller, and is stronger. The joints of bamboo rollers are generally knocked out with a long 1/2 in. iron rod, through the end of which the roller wire is attached, and the whole affair passed through the cane from end to end. This should be done with the cane in a vertical position, if possible, as the weight of the rod will help to break through the joints, and it is more likely to go through the middle of the joint than it would be if the bamboo were horizontal.

When choosing Norway spars pick those with the smallest knots and finest grained bark; strip off some of the bark and see that the wood is a clean yellow color. If it is a very dead white, the spar is usually wanting in toughness; but if the grain is very marked, and the color a dark reddish yellow, the spar, though probably strong and tough, is sure to be heavy; avoid bluish spars.

All the spars should be picked as near the finished size as possible, so as to avoid waste, and also because the outer part of the spar is the toughest; select the straightest spars.

Clean all the bark off the spar and set out the finished diameter on the butt end, as shown in the diagram. To do this, draw two diameters A-B and C-D at right angles to each other, crossing in a central point, X, as near the center of the rough spar as possible. With X as center describe a circle with a pair of compasses, of the same diameter as the spar is to be, at the largest part; say 3 in., then draw two lines 5-5 and 6-6 parallel to the diameter, A-B, and just touching the circumference of the circle. Draw two more lines, 7-7 and 8-8, parallel to the other diameter, C-D, and at right angles to the other lines. These four lines would, if the rough spar were large enough, form a square exactly containing the required circle of the finished spar, but as the rough spar is chosen as nearly as possible the proper size, the corners of the square will be absent.

To get the octagon shown as containing the circle, divide the diameter of the circle into seven equal parts, and draw the lines 1-1 and 2-2, each 2-7 from the ends of the diameter A-B, and at right angles to it; and the lines 3-3 and 4-4, in a similar manner on the diameter C-D. The points where these four lines intersect the square first obtained will be the angles of the octagon.

Both ends of all spars should be set out in the foregoing manner to their respective sizes, and a center line being marked on the outside of the spar throughout its length. All the various diameters should be set off, half on each side of this line, at their correct distances apart. A chalk line is then struck along the lines 5-5 and 6-6 from one end of the spar to the other, but of course at the various diameters for the different parts of the spar.

The spar is now put in the saw mill, and the slabs outside the chalk lines cut off; or, if no saw mill is convenient, this may be done with a draw-knife. The spar is now roughly squared to the requisite sizes throughout its length, and the lines 1-1, 2-2, 3-3 and 4-4 for the angles of the octagon must be set off for the whole length, the wood cut away with the draw-knife as before; then plane up all the eight faces and finish the rounding, first with a jack-plane, and finally with a hollow-soled, spar-maker's plane and glass-paper. The lower part of all masts which pass through the deck should be left octagonal in section, and must taper sharply to the step, as shown.

The accompanying detail sketches show the various methods

of fitting the ends of the different spars, with the exception of the roller and boom for a roller jib, which will be illustrated fully in Part II., under the head of reef gears.

The drawing of a bowsprit end will be equally suitable for the head of the mast in No. 1 design, except that in such small boats there is no need for a crantz iron and shoe as well.

Of the three patterns of gaff jaws, the iron or steel saddle jaws are far the best, and can be obtained ready made.

The sketch of the cheek sheeve in the end of the gaff will also apply to the method of fitting the hounds on the masthead in No. 1 design.

Turner's reef gear is shown on the boom ends, but if not required a simple goose neck and cap at each end, of the same pattern, would answer very well. I would strongly advise reef gear on all booms in small yachts.

Note.—The following are the usual proportions of diameter to length for solid spars; but hollow spars and bamboos should be 10 per cent. greater diameter than solid spars of the same length.

Masts.—Length x .022 = diameter at deck.

Diameter at hounds 10 per cent. less than at deck for pole masts, or equal diameters at deck and hounds for a lower mast carrying a topmast.

Diameter at step 15 per cent. less than at deck; the step should be the largest square contained in the circle of the lower end of mast at that point.

The depth of step should be not less than half its diameter.

Booms.—Length x .016 = diameter at sheet. For Turner's or other roller reef gear the boom should be as nearly parallel as possible. If a bamboo is used, the smaller end must be next to the mast. Ordinary booms taper from the sheet to 2-3 at fore end and 3/4 or 5-6 at the after end.

Gaffs.—Length x .018 = diameter at mid length, tapering to 2-3 at outer end and 3/4 at jaws.

Bowsprits.—These vary very much, and no fixed ratio of diameter to length can be given.

Spinnaker Booms.—Length x .015 = diameter in center, tapered to 3/4 at each end.

Spinnaker Booms on Roller Foresails.—Length x .016 to .018 = diameter.

Rollers for Headsails.—Length x .014 to .015 = diameter.

Western Yachts.

The Canada Cup.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 29.—With one of the American international cups taken away, and with the other showing the screws somewhat loose about the base, these be parlous times for Yankee yachtsmen. We are on the challenging side of the game again in the Canada cup matter, and the question is whose challenge shall be accepted. Two days ago it was stated that the Rochester Y. C., of Rochester, N. Y., would have the call in the challenges, and would probably secure the privilege of building the challenging boat for next summer. The members of the Rochester Y. C. thought that Chicago had had her chance, and ought to make way for some one else. The feeling was declared to obtain at Toronto that Chicago would not be preferred over Rochester, and it was stated also that Detroit, having furnished the defender this year, ought to yield to Rochester for the next race.

To-day, however, news is at hand which looks as though Chicago Y. C. might again be the lucky club. Com. Gooderham, of Toronto, is quoted as saying in so many words that the Rochester challenge would not be accepted. Chicago makes the claim that it originated the challenge cup, and hence ought to have a shade more consideration than any other city, and the Toronto men seem to feel that a race between Chicago and Toronto would be in some sense a bigger thing than the same race between Rochester and the Canadian metropolis. Be these things as they may, the yachtsmen of this city are feeling at this writing just a trifle jubilant in the thought that they may get another chance at that cup. It is generally believed that, should Chicago Y. C. be successful in winning the honor, the same class—35-footers—would be favored, and that no trial boats would be admitted except those built by members of the Chicago Y. C.

This latter decision is stated to be based upon the unpleasantness which arose over some situations here this summer during the trial races. There would seem to be no possible ground for this attitude upon the part of the Chicago Y. C. It is to be supposed that its members can treat with courtesy and fairness the owners of all other boats who may come here, and it is equally to be supposed that those owners will be equally gentlemanly and sportsmanlike. There is always a little hot talk in any hot competition, but this sort of thing should carry no memories whatever. What we want is the best boat, sailed by the best man, and we will need both next year, if we are to get back the cup. Chicago ought to have the challenge right if she can get it, and she gets almost anything she goes after. Then Chicago ought to throw her doors wide open again, and get the best boat that we can build in America.

Minnezitka Wins Green Lake Cup.

The Green Lake cup, sailed for Aug. 24, on Lake Winnebago, Wis., was won by Minnezitka, the White Bear boat, which defeated Anita, the local boat, in a hot finish with but 35s. between the two.

At the beginning of the race the wind was S., hauling later to S.W., and on the last two legs it freshened into half a gale. Anita was over-canvassed for this going, and was knocked down more than once, losing considerable headway. Minnezitka was away at 3:10:14, Anita at 3:10:32. The first leg was sailed close hauled, and Anita handed the White Bear craft a beating on this work, turning the first mark 1m. 3s. in the lead. The wind now freshened, and Minnezitka began to close in. The second leg was run under spinnaker, and the third sailed close hauled, the course being sailed twice about. Anita at the first circle of the course led by 30s. On the next leg Minnezitka cut down the lead until Anita was only 5s. ahead. Then, on the free run, Minnezitka broke out spinnaker and balloon jib, Anita going under spinnaker alone. Minnezitka took the windward berth, and on the run home on the last leg beat Anita by 35s., and carried home to St. Paul the handsome trophy. Her time over the twelve-mile course was 1h. 53m. 15s. Anita's time was 1h. 53m. 50s.

In the morning's races the same day for the Oshkosh Y. C. chest of silver, Anita won without much trouble, the wind at that time being light. Skipper Davis handled Anita beautifully, and got her into the best of the slants of air which offered, so that she finished 8m. 40s. ahead of the nearest competitor, Aderyn, of Pine Lake, Minnezitka in this light-wind race being 1m. 21s. behind Aderyn. Back of Minnezitka was Highlander, 2m. 33s. later. Caroline, of Oshkosh, withdrew, as did Aspirant, of Peewaukee, and Meteor, also of Peewaukee Y. C.

Seeing France from a Boat.

Two young Americans—Charles P. Henderson and Leonard Sibleigh, both of New York—have just passed through Paris on a tour which is as remarkable as it must be attractive. They are both artists, who came to France some three years since, and Mr. Henderson has, in addition, a distinct bent for mechanics.

Desiring to see the real country of France, its peasantry and its out-of-the-way nooks, they started off on a walking tour. But that means of locomotion has its disadvantages. Very little baggage can be carried, even the easels and canvases being a nuisance. There was always a difficulty about linen and washing and such like trifles. The inns were not always of the cleanest, and the cost was sometimes not a little. Bicycles had much the same disadvantages, with the additional risks of punctures and breakdowns.

Driving or automobiling was beyond their means. But Mr. Henderson happened one day to be roaming over a boat yard on the Seine and came across a little river launch, old and in none too good condition, with a little one and a half horse-power steam engine.

The proprietor, seeing Mr. Henderson inspecting the thing, said, casually: "You can have it for \$200."

"Done," said Mr. Henderson, and the bargain was concluded on the spot. The little engine was for a trifle put in order, a sort of awning that could be completely closed so as to make a waterproof tent was fixed up in the fore part of the boat, and our two artists started off to explore the waterways of France.

No country in the world, save Holland, is better provided with canals and navigable rivers. The boat is the home of the two Americans. On it they have lived now for more than six months. There is just room for a couple of mattresses, which in the daytime are kept under shelter; the awning can in a few minutes be made rain proof; there is plenty of locker space for the stowage of baggage, and when the two are a bit tired of their own cooking they splurge to the extent of a dinner at a riverside inn.

The little launch has never once failed them, and they have been able to run it for the munificent cost of 30 cents a day in coal—that is, on the days when they ran it all day. As it draws only 18 in. of water or thereabouts, they go everywhere. Mr. Henderson is most enthusiastic in its praises.

"There is no touring like it. An automobile costs a fortune to run, and we should then be confined to dusty roads and be dependent on country inns. This way we have our inn with us, and what we save in hotel bills pays for our fuel and repairs. It's a trifle grimy sometimes cleaning the little old engine, but when you can jump over the side and have a swim that is no great disadvantage."

The country that can be visited by this means is astounding. One may go from Marseilles to Amsterdam without the least difficulty, the Rhine and the Seine being connected by canal. By such a journey, one may follow the summer, so to speak, by starting from the Mediterranean when it commences to get unpleasantly warm in April and coming into warm weather all the way until the North Sea is reached, where it is never too hot.

One may thus go through the very heart of France under the very pleasantest conditions. Mr. Henderson says that villages are so frequent that the question of supplies never becomes important. Only one difficulty they had: in some places the authorities wanted to compel the two artists to take a machinist and a pilot.

"The boat would not hold 'em," as Mr. Henderson explained.

"Then monsieur must show his certificate as a properly qualified engineer before he may navigate the steamship. All steamships on this river must have an engineer and pilot. It is the law, monsieur."

And so on one occasion at least they had to row their "steamship." But generally Mr. Henderson managed to persuade the "authorities" that he had left his certificate at home, whenever they asked for one.

For the information of such Americans, by the way, as may find themselves in Europe and care for yachting, Mr. Henderson states that automobiling is just now so monopolizing the activity of French sportsmen that yachts of all sorts, save the gasoline launch, can be had for a song. Sailing yachts around Paris can scarcely be given away. And yet the Seine is not a bad yachting river, and ends in an estuary at Havre which cannot be bettered as a yachting center anywhere, either for scenery or sailing advantages.—Philadelphia Record.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.
Tuesday, Aug. 27.

WAWA won the cup offered by Mr. Ralph N. Ellis for the 30-footers, which was sailed on Tuesday, Aug. 27.

The course was outside, and was from the buoy off Beaver Tail to Seal Rock Ledge and return, twice over.

Barbara took the lead at the start, but Wawa went to the front the first time on the wind, and was never again headed. There was a lively S.E. breeze. The times:

Start, 3:36:00.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	5 56 43	5 20 43
Carolina, P. Jones.....	5 58 52	2 22 52
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 59 27	2 23 27
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	6 01 58	2 25 58
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	Withdrew.	
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	Withdrew.	

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Gasoline in a tank on E. W. Deming's steam yacht Zeta, of New Orleans, lying in the Erie Canal at Exchange street, Rochester, N. Y., exploded at noon on Aug. 26, setting fire to the boat and burning Gertrude Washington, the colored cook, so badly that she had to be removed to the City Hospital. She will probably die. The damage is \$2,000. Only the cook and her husband were on board when the accident took place.

The annual election of officers of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C. was held on Aug. 21, with the following result: Com., J. Adolph Mollenhauer; Vice-Com., Regis H. Post; Rear-Com., Charles A. Schieren; Treas., R. A. Bachia; Sec'y, J. E. Owens; members of the Board of Governors, Rawson Underhill, B. R. Richardson, Charles

A. O'Donoghue, William A. Hulse, Allan Pinkerton, George W. Burchell, John R. Snyder and J. Campbell Smith.

The following interesting notes are from the New York Sun's foreign correspondence:

Emperor William has decided to build a new 40ft. yacht. He has found that Meteor is in a class by herself, and it is no sport for him to enter her where he has to make up 35m. time allowance. Moreover, there are really no big yachts racing in English waters now, and the two Shamrocks have done nothing in public regattas. Furthermore, the Kaiser would probably not welcome Whittaker Wright, the promoter, who is the owner of Sybarita, as an antagonist.

Lord Dunraven has also ordered a 40-footer. After his experiences in America with Valkyrie III. he soured a great deal on yachting; but he has decided to resume the sport, and a boat is being built for him. He will race himself in 1902.

It is confirmed that the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, which conveyed the royal party to Flushing when they went to attend the funeral of Empress Frederick, was sent home and ordered to take a long sea trial, because she rolled terribly in a moderate sea on the way over. Queen Alexandria and the majority of the members of the crew were seasick. It seems that no tinkering will redeem this vessel, which has already cost almost as much as a battleship. It is doubtful if the King and Queen will ever use this vessel again.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Conlin's Gallery.

NEW YORK, Sept. 2.—I take great pleasure in informing my former patrons and the general public that I have opened my gallery for the fall and winter at 513 Sixth avenue, between Thirtieth and Thirty-first streets, New York.

It surpasses any public gallery in the city for length of range, light, ventilation and perfect fire arms. A large variety of targets, records of shooting and pictures of celebrated marksmen throughout the world are shown.

Thanking my former patrons and the press generally for their loyal support during the past thirty-eight years, and cordially inviting them and their friends to give me a call and try their skill as marksmen, I am, very truly,

JAMES S. CONLIN.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 4.—Holmesburg Junction, Pa.—Target shoot of second series of Keystone Shooting League.

Sept. 4-6.—Chattanooga, Tenn.—Chattanooga Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 6.—Interstate Park, L. I.—All-day live bird shoot. L. H. Schortemeier, manager.

Sept. 11.—Montpelier, Vt.—Montpelier Gun Club's tournament; contest for the Robin Hood international trophy. G. B. Walton, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-12.—Sidney, O.—Sidney Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-12.—Warren, Ind.—Warren Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-13.—Canton, O.—Canton Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Metropolitan Gun Club's tournament, amateur and professional events.

Sept. 16-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—St. Joseph Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 19-20.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Sept. 19-20.—Carthage, Mo.—Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Carthage Gun Club.

Sept. 20-21.—Titusville, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Titusville Gun Club. H. Pfeiffer, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Cresson, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Cresson Gun Club. C. Wenderoth, manager.

Oct. 1-4.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual international tournament; three days targets, one live bird; \$300 in money and trophies; distance handicaps.

Oct. 2-4.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds; \$300 added. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club; two days targets, last day live birds; \$200 cash and trophies added. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie Gun Club.

Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Mee, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utesht Gun Club—Saturdays.

Sept. 10-13.—Interstate Park, L. I.—New York State shoot, under the auspices of the New Utrecht Gun Club; \$750 added; valuable list of merchandise prizes. Walter F. Sykes, President, 85 Water street, New York.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The merchandise prizes for New York State shoot, Sept. 10 to 13, inclusive, are as follows: Lefever hammerless gun, Hunter hammerless gun, Parker gun, Remington gun, Syracuse gun. Knockabout gun, Marlin rifle, '95 model, .45 caliber T. D., Winchester rifle, .38 caliber, Marlin rifle, .32-46 caliber, Stevens rifle, Smith & Wesson revolver, .32 caliber, Smith & Wesson pistol, .32 caliber, four shell cases, two gun cases, hunting knife, waterproof hunting shoes, hunting watch case compass, sportsman's field glass, two cleaning rods, khaki shooting suit, 500 Ideal shells, 500 Victor shells, shooting jacket, shooting blouse, two Bristol steel rods, split bamboo rod, three lancewood rods, four Vom Hofe casting reels, Vom Hofe G. S. reel, bronzes, two large Irish setters, two large English setters, two lions, two lionesses, two tigers, two elk, two buffalo, two small Irish setters, two small English setters, two black bear, two cinnamon bear, toilet set, two steins, case of two flasks, case of three flasks, folding pocket kodak, silver-mounted razor strop, set gold studs, shaving sup, silver; silver match box, two calendar watches, two silver cups, one gallon whisky.

Mr. B. Leroy Woodward, while in New York, en route to Richmond, Va., last Friday, informed us that he and O. R. Dickey will hold a tournament at Wellington, Mass., in the third week in September, the exact date to be decided later. The feature will be a team match, 10 men from Maine against 10 men from Massachusetts, 50 targets per man, \$50 a side. There is also a possibility of ten men from Rhode Island in the contest. Sweepstakes before and after the match. The programmes will be issued as soon as the date is fixed upon.

The Cincinnati Gun Club's programme for its tournament, to be held on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, is attractive in its inducements to competition, and very complete in the scope of its information on all subjects pertaining to the tournament. Interstate rules govern in all cases not otherwise specified. Five dollars are added to each of the eleven events of the first day; \$7.50 to each of the eleven events of the second day, and \$12.50 to each of the first five events of the third day. In the 100-target event the club guarantees a purse of \$500 and all surplus added pro rata. Fifty dollars for the first five high averages, and \$50 for the ten low guns. Targets, 2 cents. Rose system, ratios 7, 6, 5, 4. This is not shot off. Paid representatives pay \$2 extra each day; other shooters \$1. This fund is divided among all amateurs shooting through all the regular events who do not win their entrance fees. Regular entries for the target handicap at 100 targets close Sept. 10 and must be accompanied with \$5 forfeit. Penalty entries after Sept. 10, \$12. Arthur Gambell, the club's superintendent, will manage the tournament. For further information address John B. Mosby, 115 East Second street, Cincinnati.

The programme of Mr. Thos. Donley's fifth annual handicap tournament, to be held at St. Thomas, Ont., Oct. 9, 10 and 11, is now ready for distribution. The live-bird and target competition is open to all. All surplus moneys are added, and \$1,200 in gold are guaranteed. The Handicap Committee consists of Messrs. Emile Werk, of Cincinnati; Jack Parker, Detroit; Bob Emslie, St. Thomas, Ont.; Fred Westbrooke, Brantford, Ont., and Ernest Tripp, Indianapolis. All live-bird and target events will be handicaps. The target events are at 15 and 20 targets, seven events each day, of which four have \$25 guaranteed. Entrance \$1.50 and \$2. The Canadian handicap championship and Donley trophy, 20 birds, \$10 entrance bids extra, \$150 guaranteed, takes place on the first day. The grand international handicap championship for the Gilman and Barnes trophy is on the programme for the second day. There are six other live bird events, at 7, 10 and 15 birds. Mr. John Parker will manage the tournament. Ship guns and shells to Tom Donley, St. Thomas, Ont.

Mr. R. A. Welch arrived in New York on Thursday of last week, looking hale and happy. He had many interesting anecdotes to relate of his trip abroad, one of the most humorous being in respect to an incident at Ostend which rather indirectly complimented the Americans. It seems that in some of the events, wherein several thousand francs are in the purse, \$6 or \$8 entrance only is demanded, and that poor Italians, who can scrape together the needed amount, sometimes enter. As a rule, they win nothing. The Americans were quite successful. After such a contest, one of the poor Italians engaged in conversation with the great shot, Macintosh, and said: "You win sometimes, Mr. Macintosh; I never do." "And why not?" queried Macintosh. "Oh! these Americans," replied the Italian. Then, after pondering gravely a few moments, he continued: "I suppose we have no one to blame but Columbus."

Buffalo Bill's Wild West is circling eastward, and with all its startling attractions, the skilful performance of Miss Annie Oakley holds a first place in the interest and appreciation of the thousands of its visitors. Last week this great Wild West was in Buffalo, N. Y., and concerning Miss Oakley, the Evening News stated: "The programme of the performance includes Annie Oakley with her rifle and shotgun, which she handles with her accustomed dexterity. Scoring the title of champion and refusing all offers of competition, this young woman goes on astonishing the world by her feats with small arms."

The Handy Book, issued by the Peters Cartridge Co., and King Powder Co., Cincinnati, O., has reached its twelfth edition in an improved and more comprehensive form. It describes very fully the company's mills, and their processes and products, with trap shooting rules, systems of dividing moneys, rifle and pistol rules, and much other valuable information both for experts and beginners. It will be sent free to applicants.

Mr. Emile Pragoff, of Louisville, Ky., writes us as follows: "The shoot of Jefferson County Gun Club, Oct. 2 and 3, targets, and Oct. 4, at pigeons, with \$200 added cash, and trophies added, will be held in Louisville. Manufacturers' agents barred from targets. The Rose system will be used in division of money. Pigeon handicaps, 25 to 33yds., open to all. Programmes will be mailed Sept. 10. For further information, address Emile Pragoff, secretary."

At the Fremont (Neb.) Gun Club shoot, held recently, Mr. C. C. Beveridge, known to his many friends as the Dominie, was in his usual good form, breaking 97 straight, and 99 out of 100.

The Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, announces, a tournament to be held at Carthage, Mo., Sept. 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Carthage Gun Club.

BERNARD WATERS.

Milton Rod and Gun Club.

MILTON, Pa., Aug. 31.—The scores of the second all-day shoot of our club are appended. This was the largest and best-attended shoot ever held in this section of this State. Forty-eight marksmen were present, some from Williamsport, Muncy, Danville, Lewisburg, Mifflinburg, Benwick, Washingtonville, New Berlin and Milton. We have the best equipped grounds in Central Pennsylvania; the clubhouse has covered standing and improved platforms and magatrap.

First all-day shoot, July 6, was a great success. The club holds shoot each Saturday and twice a month to compete for club gold medal. Live-bird match once a month.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	P. C.
W. L. Colville....	10	7	10	10	7	9	9	10	9	10900
H. A. Dimmick....	7	9	6	9	9	8	6	7	8	10	10	14820
W. C. Everett....	8	8	10	8	5	9	8	7	10	7	9	14820
Geo. Schuyler....	9	7	8	9	3	8	9	10	12	8	5	.800
A. Lattau.....	9	10	8	7	9	9	5	6	7	8	10800
Wm. Whitmore....	6	10	12	8800
R. B. Johnson....	8	8	8	6	7	9	8	10	8	7	7	13	6770
G. F. Pitt.....	6	8	9	3	8	6	7	10	8	9	10770
W. T. Shibe.....	9	7	6	12755
C. J. Beechem....	8	8	7	7750
W. T. Spicer....	8	6	3	10	8	8	6	7	10	6	10	12	6	3	.740
C. Kent.....	5	8	5	8	8	9	10	8	6	6730
W. A. Koch.....	8	6	6	1	9	9	8	2	9	9	9718
B. Piatt.....	4	8	7	6	8	8	8	7	7	7	9	10	8	4	.710
F. A. Godcharles..	7	6	8	8	5	6	6	6	9	8	7	13	6706
W. T. Feever....	8	6	7	5	7	8	6	8	8700
J. P. McKinley...	5	10	6	7700
Geo. Clinger....	7703
S. B. Geise.....	7700
F. L. Lochell....	7700
J. A. Lawrence....	8	4	6	9	8	7	3	7	7	10690
Geo. Strine.....	8	9	9	4	7	11	4690
E. E. Frontz....	7	8	6	6675
J. Chambers....	6	7	6	5660
T. H. Lawrence...	5	7	6	7	6	5	8	8650
W. H. Harris....	5	9	5630
J. F. Wagner....	7	5	7630
W. G. Tally....	4	6	8	9	7	5600
Frank Rangler...	4	8600
Jos. Pouliott...	7	5	7	4	4	6	7	7	6	6590
Chas. Flock....	9	4	3	6	7	7	3	4	9	5	5	10	6	7	.590
F. W. Ely.....	3	7	6	8	5	6	4	5	5	7	7580
D. M. Hoy.....	4	5	7	6550
Wm. Flock.....	5	5	6	6	4	5	3	5	4	7	8	9	4525
J. S. Mosher....	8	2	6	5520
W. H. Delong...	4	3	3	8	3	5	5	8	6	6510
L. C. Deitz....	6	3	3	7	8	9	5	.510
S. E. Benner....	2	3	7	7475
O. Rothe.....	7	0	6	8	4	1	6	6	4470
S. B. Coulter...	5	7	3	3450
A. H. Wooley...	4	1	7	3	4	6	5430
W. H. Schuyler..	6	3	3400
S. Greer.....													

Peru Gun Club.

PERU, Ind., Aug. 31.—One of the most successful tournaments ever held in Indiana was the Bass Lake tournament, given under the auspices of the Peru Gun Club, on Aug. 21 and 22, 1901. The tournament was held on the grounds of the Peru Hunting and Fishing Club, at Bass Lake, which grounds are especially fitted by nature for the holding of such an event. It is covered with most beautiful trees and carpeted with a rich growth of blue grass, while the score, facing the lake, gives a clear foreground of a mile and a half, so there is no losing of targets on account of a tree or other obstruction with which so many good shooting grounds are cursed and cannot help themselves, on account of these obstructions being outside their grounds. The Peru club house is a most comfortable affair, having a wide porch running around three sides, which porch made a most excellent lounging place for the shooters between events. The score around the Sergeant system of traps was for the greater part of the day in the shade of the trees, and as the traps worked nicely, everything went off most satisfactorily to the participants and the management. Those in attendance were as follows:

Ernest H. Tripp, John W. Cooper and family, of Indianapolis; H. W. Cadwalader, Danville, Ill.; Geo. A. Elliott, F. H. Cornelius, E. L. Southard, C. Anderson, James Downs, Ed. Feiser, Dr. M. Wilson and R. Sperling, of Rochester; C. M. Townsend, Sid A. Uncapher, Geo. Pettis, Mark Anderson, C. M. Fuller, Bert Townsend, Jack Tarlton, Elmer Butcher, Tarlton, Jr.; Jason Weed, Henry Isford and A. Kueninger, of Knox, Ind.; M. R. Hart and daughter, Miss Bessie, W. D. Hart, Seward Leightner and A. W. Keeney, of Crown Point, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Marc W. Reed, of Lafayette, but at present at their summer home at Cedar Lake; W. W. Thompson, O. M. Wright, John Rose and family and Hugh M. Clark and family, of Wabash, Ind.; J. N. Schaefer, Findlay, O.; Rolla O. Heikes, Dayton, O.; Dr. J. G. Senour and family and L. R. Balheim and family, of Troy, O.; Abner T. Hetfield, of North Judson, Ind.; H. J. Smith, Ed. Robinson and O. P. Muckley, of Huntington, Ind.; H. Sparks, Markle, Ind.; Chas. and Ed. Foust and Frank Canaday, of Warren, Ind.; Messrs. Musselman, B. J. Savage and T. Savage, of Macy, Ind.; William Daniels, Frank S. Dunbar and family, J. L. Head and family, all of Peru, and Misses Emma Pugh, Clara Lang and Alice Higgins, of New York, Lafayette, Ind., and Fort Wayne, Ind., respectively, who were visiting J. L. Head and family at the club house. Following are the scores for the first day:

Wednesday, Aug. 21, First Day.													
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	20	15*	15	20	15	15	15	10
Ed Foust	10	8	14	13	15	16	15	10	18	14	14	10	9
Tripp	9	10	12	13	15	19	14	9	19	15	14	10	10
Muckley	8	6	14	13	11	17	10	8	17	12	9	12	9
Daniels	5	8	12	12	15	13	11	11	15	13	10	13	7
Senour	6	8	13	13	13	16	11	11	18	10	12	11	8
Cad	8	8	15	13	14	19	14	11	20	14	15	14	10
Clark	6	9	13	14	16	19	9	14	14	11	11	12	6
Canada	6	7	12	10	12	14	11	11	18	10	11	11	8
Smith	10	8	11	14	18	11	8	11	12	10	11	8	8
Cooper	8	7	12	13	14	15	14	10	16	14	10	10	9
Schaefer	8	9	13	12	14	14	12	13	14	14	13	9	10
Robinson	8	9	12	14	11	17	12	9	16	12	12	9	10
Elliott	4	7	11	11	12	13	12	11	15	14	14	9	9
Heikes	7	10	13	15	15	20	15	14	19	15	14	14	9
Sparks	1	4	6	8	8	11	8	11	12	10	11	12	8
Dunbar	9	6	11	11	8	16	13	12	16	10	11	12	8
Uncapher	7	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	8
Pettis	6	7	11	11	11	11	10	11	14	11	11	11	8
Butcher	8	3	11	11	11	11	11	11	10	11	11	11	8
Anderson	9	7	13	11	9	17	11	5	15	9	11	11	8
Fuller	8	12	12	12	12	12	13	13	13	13	13	13	8
Head	9	10	9	13	11	18	11	8	19	12	15	15	9
Balheim	5	9	9	14	12	13	9	17	11	13	9	8	8
Cornelius	8	9	13	10	19	11	8	14	10	10	10	10	8
Sperling	7	11	9	12	13	9	14	7	14	7	14	7	8
Wilson	7	8	13	8	13	14	7	14	14	14	14	14	8
Feiser	7	12	8	13	13	13	13	15	15	15	15	15	8
Southard	10	12	12	12	15	9	16	11	11	11	11	11	8
Downs	5	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	5	10	8
C Foust	13	10	13	10	13	10	13	10	13	10	13	10	8
M Anderson	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	8
Savage	3	11	8	11	8	11	8	11	8	11	8	11	7
Weed	2	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
T Savage	9	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Musselman	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Townsend	15	13	19	12	9	18	15	15	15	15	15	15	7
Kueninger	11	13	13	13	11	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	7
Leightner	7	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Keeney	8	12	12	12	10	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	7
Hart	9	9	9	9	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Tarlton	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Isford	11	11	11	11	8	11	8	11	8	11	8	11	7
Rose	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
B M Townsend	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7

*Five pairs five singles.

Thursday, Aug. 22, Second Day.

The second day showed something of a falling off in the attendance, as is quite natural where there are so many new shooters, but still the entries hovered around the twenty mark, making, indeed, a very good shoot. The weather continued fine, but within ten minutes after the last shot had been fired in the last event the rain came down in torrents, but as everyone was through shooting, they scattered to the hotels, etc., for shelter, where the scores and incidents were talked over until the various participants departed to their homes, thus ending a very pleasant affair. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15*	20	15	15	15	15	15	10
E Foust	9	14	11	12	17	13	13	16	13	14	14	14	9
Tripp	9	14	15	13	20	14	13	19	14	15	15	10	9
Muckley	9	9	12	13	16	10	16	16	16	16	16	16	5
Daniels	8	13	13	13	18	13	8	17	13	12	12	7	7
Senour	8	8	8	11	12	14	14	9	9	9	9	9	7
Cad	9	14	14	14	20	13	12	16	13	14	15	10	9
Clark	7	11	12	13	18	15	10	19	13	14	12	9	9
Canada	8	9	13	13	11	16	14	11	17	13	12	10	7
Smith	6	15	13	11	16	14	11	17	13	12	10	7	7
Cooper	7	11	13	14	12	11	8	15	13	12	12	8	8
Schaefer	8	13	14	14	18	15	16	13	10	14	7	7	8
Robinson	6	12	15	14	18	14	17	14	13	15	7	7	8
Heikes	10	14	12	14	16	14	20	11	12	15	9	7	8
Sparks	7	11	8	12	18	11	11	18	9	10	11	10	7
Dunbar	7	11	8	12	18	11	11	18	9	10	11	10	7
Pettis	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Fuller	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	7
Head	10	13	14	13	19	12	9	19	12	15	8	8	8
Balheim	13	13	12	20	14	10	15	12	11	13	8	8	8
Sperling	3	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	7
Wilson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Feiser	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
C Foust	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	7
Townsend	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	7
Kueninger	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	7
Leightner	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	7
Keeney	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	7

*Five pairs five singles.

Notes.

The Knox and Rochester gun clubs did themselves proud in point of attendance, and from the performance of some of their shooters they are sure to develop some splendid shots. As it now is, with one or two exceptions, both of these clubs are composed of entirely new beginners, but they displayed a willingness to stay that speaks well for their future.

Rolla O. Heikes, daddy of them all, brown as a berry and just from a nice, little rest at his St. Clair Flats Farm, where he raises "plenty black bass" in his back yard and plenty fine peaches in his front yard, was certainly in fine form. Pop had a run of 77 straight on the first day, and as these old targets were sailing out about 55 to 60 yds, the performance was certainly worth seeing. Pop was, of course, shooting for the targets, as he was the only manufacturer's agent present, but that was all right with Rolla. He met a lot of new shooters, and that's where they do the most good.

Ernest H. Tripp was attending his first tournament since his return from abroad with the American team. He was in great form, and finished only one target behind Rolla for the general average. The way this man smashes targets, and at the same time keeps a crowd of shooters and spectators in a good humor is pleasing to see. If you don't know Ernie you have something yet to live for. He is a simon pure amateur, shoots solely for

pleasure and the association which it brings, and even those who have known him longest are ever guessing as to what he will do next, as he is most original in his fun.

H. W. Cadwallader, "Cad," of Danville, was third for general average, and was as usual, in good form. It looked for a time as though Cad were going to beat everyone except Rolla, but Ernie Tripp got a gait on him the second day and passed Cad by four targets. By the way, Ernie was not the only thing that passed Cad. If you are well armed ask Cad how far he missed the steamer the next morning.

Capt. John W. Cooper, of the Limited Club of Indianapolis, was a welcome participant. The captain had been at the lake a couple of weeks with his family, and, of course, sent for his gun. For one entirely out of practice, he shot very well indeed.

J. N. Schaefer, "Joe the Dutchman," is a mighty nice man to have at a shoot. Joe never has a kick, takes what is coming to him and thoroughly enjoys every minute of the tournaments. He keeps hammering away until he makes a straight, too, as his scores will show. His kind are always welcome.

The Huntington Club was well represented by Old Reliable M. J. Smith, Secretary Ed. Robinson and O. P. Muckley, one of their new shooters. By the way, some of the boys are talking of getting up a ten-round bout between Ed. Robinson, of Huntington, and Ed. Rike, of Dayton. The latter weighs about 340 pounds and Robinson weighs nearer 40 than he does 340. He is a nifty little cuss, and if he keeps on will make a dangerous man with a gun. He is about the size of Tod Sloan, who makes quite a showing with the gun, but it is dollars to doughnuts that the midget from Huntington can skin him at the target game.

The "game cocks" from Warren, Ind., Charlie and Ed. Foust, were very much in evidence. Ed. Foust is developing into one of Indiana's very best target shots, and he is not afraid of the biggest game that flies. These boys are to have a tournament on Sept. 11 and 12. Their club is a member of the Indiana League, and they will give a fine shoot. Everyone within any reasonable distance should attend.

Dr. Senour and L. R. Balheim, of Troy, came a long way and brought their families, but they found a good shoot, and we hope to see them next year. They were welcome visitors.

Merrill Talbot, of Indianapolis, an old Peru boy, or rather a young Peru boy, was cashier. He is at present visiting at the lake with his mother, they having a fine cottage at the north end, and there is generally something doing in a social way about their home.

When it developed on the morning of the first day that there were too many entries for one man to handle with ease at the cash box, Mrs. J. L. Head dropped her duties as entertainer in chief and ably assisted Mr. Talbot. While the lady is entirely unaccustomed to such work, she kept her head admirably, and always had a pleasant word for the boys. She says she rather enjoyed the work, as she in this way had an opportunity to meet all the boys, and she is a friend to her husband's friends. A man that handles a gun is sure to meet with courteous treatment from this lady.

It was rather amusing to hear the young ladies visiting Jim Head's family comment upon the shooters. These young ladies brought up within the strictest confines of society, had little idea that a gathering of shooters differed from any other gathering of sports. Their minds were soon disabused. Such exclamations of surprise at the gentlemanly bearing, courteous treatment of a competitor, and lack of boisterousness certainly won their admiration. These girls captured Pop Heikes, Ernie Tripp and one or two others of the married men who are old enough to be their fathers and certainly made them feel at home.

The Crown Point gentlemen and Miss Bessie Hart were welcome visitors. Miss Bessie is not only a most accomplished young lady, but is one of the most accurate scorers in the country. She had not long been on the grounds when she was pressed into service. She said she rather felt at home. Too bad their stay was limited to the first day.

Charlie Townsend, of Knox, just got into the game in time to warm his feet again. The boys have at last discovered a man who can break them all when he wants to. Charlie Townsend goes to more tournaments just in time to get in a race where there is no straight and breaks it oftener than any man in this country. He has done this no less than half a dozen times, to the certain knowledge of the writer, within the past twelve or fifteen months. He just got to this shoot in time for event three, broke straight, being about the last man to enter, and collared a nice fat purse of about \$15. He would have repeated the performance the second day and been alone in his first event of the day had not Capt. Cooper borrowed some of Jim Head's good loads and broke straight also.

William Daniels, of Peru, shot the programme through from start to finish, and did very well indeed for a beginner. Will had a good time and is a sportsman from the ground up.

The Macy, Ind., Boys are new ones, but they are beginning to practice with the Peru Club, and their scores will improve.

Hugh Clark, of Wabash, always has a good time at the Lake shoot. He brought along Mrs. Clark and the babies this time and made a week of it. Hugh was not in his usual good form as a shooter, but as a gentleman he is always in splendid fettle.

The veteran, Abner T. Hetfield, honest as the day is long, came over from North Judson and acted as referee. He was very satisfactory to the shooters, and thoroughly enjoyed the visit with the old timers, Heikes, Cad and Tripp.

Upon behalf of the Peru Gun Club, the writer desires to express to each shooter in attendance our appreciation of his presence, whether he shot in one event or all of them. We endeavored to treat all alike and to make the occasion one of pleasure to all. Again thanking you, we are, the Peru Gun Club.

FRANK S. DUNBAR, Secretary.

The Okoboji Tournaments.

Annual Amateur Shoot at Arnold's Park.

A noble meet of royal cheer,
The greatest, gamest of the year.

WHEN it was announced some months ago that Charlie Budd and Ferd. Whitney, of Des Moines, would manage and conduct the annual Iowa amateur tournament at Arnold's Park, Aug. 27 to 30, every follower of the traps in the middle West at once made up his mind that here was a meet that would be worth going many miles to attend, and when Elmer Hinshaw, of Okoboji, became a collaborator in the enterprise, they further strengthened their position. These names are synonymous with all that signifies good sportsmanship in the grand old State of Iowa, and this week has added freshness to the laurels of many previous achievements.

Okoboji is a beautiful place at any time of year, and especially so in these later summer days, when the air is always fresh and wholesome, and the nights breathe the coolness of delightful slumbers. The shooting range was well selected, on the exact site of last year's tournaments. Two sets of expert traps, arranged on the Sergeant system, spun the targets from the shore line far out over the clear, blue waters of the lake, with miles of its glimmering surface for a background. The score line, 16yds. back, came just on the north side of a grove of natural timber, affording excellent shade during most of the day. Tables, gun racks, benches and cashier's stand were closely grouped at a point central between the two sets of traps, and many little details of comfort and convenience of participants and guests, the little things that bespeak thoughtful management, and make the true success of a tournament, were everywhere in evidence.

Mr. Whitney masterfully conducted the office, while Messrs. Budd and Whitney managed the outside work, assisted by those of the Indians who were present in anticipation of their annual tournament and pow-wow on the following week.

The programme was a business-like proposition, carrying 200 targets each day to the man, \$5 and \$7.50 added in fifteen and twenty-five events, respectively. Added money was offered aggregating \$85, in ten purses, besides two cups for amateurs, and one for experts shooting the programme.

This was an amateur shoot, but the management adopted a liberal policy, designating as professionals only those paid experts who follow the circuit exclusively as demonstrators of the merits of the various guns and ammunition represented.

Monday Aug. 26—A Little Practice.

By way of sizing up the flight of the targets, about thirty-five of the early arrivals indulged in a series of fifteen-bird preliminary sweeps Monday afternoon. It was a fine, fair day, with not a ripple on the lake. Fred Gilbert led the list, with about 97 per cent. of breaks, while Hughes and Burnside were but a trifle behind, and the common work was well in the 90's. About 3,000 birds were trapped.

First Day, Aug. 27.

The tournament opened to-day in good, sober earnest, and

though many had made up their minds that this would be a shooting match of the good, old-fashioned type, no one expected the crowd of shooters that came from all quarters of the continent, until Fred Whitney's record sheet showed eighty-eight names for the day. The weather was fine, but a brisk lake breeze started early and continued to have fun with the targets all day at the expense of the shooters' scores. It being the first day, the start was a little late, but from 10 A. M. to 6:30 P. M. there was no stop save a brief interval at noon, and when the last gun was fired the targets shot at and scored had made a new record for two sets of expert traps, operated on the Sergeant system.

Crosby and Dan Bray tied for the high average, with 95.5 per cent., with Hughes and Kline second and third. The scores are appended:

ON LONG ISLAND.

Hell Gate Gun Club.

BROOKLYN, L. I., Aug. 27.—In the club shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club, held to-day, Dr. Roof made the only straight score at 10 birds. He shot from the 30yd. mark. The handicap was by distance and points. Following are the scores:

Dr. Roof, 30.....	7	2222222212—10
S. Telsie, 26.....	5½	1202002212—7
J. H. Voss, 30.....	7	2221221101—9
A. Deitzel, 30.....	7	2220201101—7
C. Lange, 28.....	7	2022021221—8
E. Steffens, 28.....	6½	0111121121—9
P. Wufel, 28.....	7	2002020210—5
F. Gardella, 28.....	6	1212020110—7
W. Sands, 30.....	7	2222222022—8
L. T. Muench, 28.....	6	2101021120—7
J. Neumann, 28.....	6½	1222020220—7
H. Kohla, 28.....	6	0122110120—7
P. Albert, 26.....	5½	1112201221—9
E. Doeinck, 30.....	7	0220122222—8
G. Nowak, 28.....	7	1220210200—6
J. Schlicht, 28.....	7	0222121110—8
J. W. Frinck, 30.....	7	0220222022—7
J. P. Kay, 28.....	6½	1010120010—5
J. Doherty, 26.....	5	0200100001—3
L. L. Packard, 28.....	6	2121201011—8
J. Klink, 26.....	5	1101212110—8
D. Danefelder, 28.....	6	2002220212—7
F. Trostel, 28.....	7	0122111210—8
A. Krol, 26.....	5	1101010120—6
F. Gerbolini, 25.....	6	2111012129—4
J. Boitono, 28.....	5	0012210000—4
E. Marquardt, 28.....	5½	0222122222—9
R. Bandendistel, 28.....	6	0001010000—2
D. J. Deedy, 26.....	5½	2121000102—6
C. Weber, 28.....	7	1202110020—6

Five live birds:

Roof.....	11222—5	Albert.....	2*001—2
Klank.....	01020—3	Merhel.....	10010—2
Deitzel.....	02000—1	Voss.....	22212—5
Lang.....	10021—3	Steffens.....	12001—3

New Utrecht Gun Club.

INTERSTATE PARK, L. I., Sept. 2.—The Labor Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club had two prize events, objects of art being the reward of good competition. In No. 1 event, Thompson, "Armstrong" (R. A. Welch), and Morley tied on straight scores, and the tie was shot off in No. 2. "Armstrong" and Hagedorn again tied, and shot off, miss and out. This resulted in another tie, and was shot off in No. 3, of which a bear's head was the prize, "Armstrong" winning this event and the preceding ones. The weather was cloudy. The birds were a good lot. The scores:

Jack.....	20*2110—4	2102202—5	1222222212—10
Cremer.....	20000	2222022—6	210101000—7
F. A. Thompson.....	11202*1—5	2011221—6	2222111122—10
Armstrong.....	1212211—7	2111111—7	1111121112—10
Morley.....	2222222—7	22200	2122000—7
Hagedorn.....	1112121—7	1222111—7	2121212221—10
Kroger.....	2211022—6		
Steffens.....	2212212—7		
Dudley.....	0222111—6		
Haff.....	1101221—6	2001001—3	
Hamilton.....	1212111—7	1011*01111—7	
Schneider.....	0110012—4		

Shoot off, No. 2, miss and out, a tie.

Armstrong.....1211 G W Hagedorn.....1211

Shoot off, No. 3, miss and out:

Thompson.....0 Hagedorn.....2210

Jack.....0 Armstrong.....2111

WESTERN TRAPS.

Metropolitan of St. Joe.

THE programme of the first annual tournament of the Metropolitan Gun Club, of St. Joseph, Mo., will be held Sept. 15, 16 and 17. The first day is an amateur shoot only. The second is open to professionals and amateurs alike, with \$28 added money to high guns. The third day is also open to professionals and amateurs, \$30 cash average money to high guns. Suitable trophies are also put up in competition, and the event seems to be a very pleasant one in the prospect. Magastrap and expert traps. All open events under handicap. "Dropping for place will not be permitted," says the programme. This is the first time one has noted that warning for a long period.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Aug. 31.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the fourth trophy shoot of the third series. Jones won Class A trophy on 21, Dr. Meek Class B on 19. L. Thomas was high gun, and won C trophy on 22.

The day was only a fairly good one for target shooting. A cross wind blew directly over the traps, and a heavy smoke bank interfered considerably with a clear sight on the targets. Owing to the game-shooting season opening to-morrow, our attendance was not up to our average, only fifteen shooters participating in trophy events.

Thomas, L.....	111101111111111111—22
McGowan, A.....	11011010011001100111—17
McGowan, P.....	1000011111111101011001—16
Meek, Dr J W.....	111111010101010101101—19
Johnson, M T.....	0111110010101111110111—19
Huff, Dr J A.....	11111011000101111101001—17
Wilson M F.....	0111000100101011001001—13
Pollard, J W.....	1111100111110101001111—19
Wilson, E.....	101001001101000111110010—13
Leete, R S.....	011010001110000010010011—11
Young, S E.....	1110101111011111100111—20
Kubick.....	111011010101011101000111—17
Hagenbricker, C.....	01110101001000110101000—12
Hellman, A.....	10111111101010011011101—19
Jones, W A.....	111110101111110101011—21

Dr. J. W. MECK, Sec'y.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 31.—The Nonpareil Gun Club held a shoot at Watson's Park to-day. Three tied on 14 out of 15, and E. Graham won in the shoot-off. The scores follow:

Palmer.....	112210200222120—11
Dr Shaw.....	001112*1211*12—11
W B Leffingwell.....	1221221212*21—14
Stephens.....	22121222222012—14
Ed Graham.....	20222222222222—14
Barto.....	22222002221112—13
Amberg.....	22220022211212—13

Ties, miss and out.

W B Leffingwell.....	1222212210
Stephens.....	120
E Graham.....	2222221212

Portsmouth Gun Club.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., Aug. 26.—On Aug. 24 the Portsmouth Gun Club held its annual field and ladies' day by a successful shoot. Nearly 4,000 blue rocks were thrown.

President W. E. Storer was present everywhere apparently, extending to all a cordial greeting in his characteristically hearty manner, and attending to the many duties of such a day. He was ably assisted by Secretary W. I. Philbrick, who kept track of the events and entries and kept things moving right along. Horace Kirkwood, of Boston, was as usual an indefatigable helper, and Messrs. Drew, Merwin, Goodwin, Manson and Charleses, and others of the local club took hold heartily to help.

Over one hundred enjoyed the fine dinner in the big tent, served by Caterer Dennett, assisted by the ladies, under the direction of Mrs. Charleses.

The magastrap worked finely; the grounds are very satisfactory, with an excellent background; the wind was decidedly strong and at times very erratic, somewhat affecting the scores

made. One of the chief events of the day was the team shoot at 25 birds each, which resulted as follows:

Portsmouth, No. 1.				Concord.			
Eastman.....	10	15—25		Morns.....	4	8—12	
Drew.....	4	11—15		Nardini.....	8	13—21	
Frizzell.....	9	12—21		Martin.....	6	11—17	
W Philbrick.....	8	10—18		Odekirk.....	7	8—15	
A Goodwin.....	5	11—16—95		Cheney.....	9	10—19—84	

Eastman, of the local club, made a fine score of 25 straight; 15 and 10 straight were of frequent occurrence, among those who scored thus being Cutler, of Fitchburg; Kirkwood, of Boston; Martin, of Concord; Drew, of Portsmouth; N. Wentworth, of Dover; Frizzell, of Portsmouth; Morton, of Dover, and others.

Cutler, of the Fitchburg Gun Club, was high man for the day, with a score of 136 out of 150. Kirkwood followed with 129, and Eastman 128. An exhibition of fine fancy shooting with a pump gun was given by Eastman, when in less than a half minute he shot five out of six targets, thrown as rapidly as the magastrap could be worked, and all being in the air at the same time. Later the same feat was attempted by Messrs. Cutler, Morton, Kirkwood, Drew and Manson; the targets were not thrown quite as rapidly, and several scored four out of the six.

Another bit of fancy shooting was when a squad shot from in front of the magastrap, the blue rocks being thrown in every direction over their heads, but even then the targets could not escape the quick eye and unerring aim of the sportsmen, and few but what were reduced to fragments. W. I. Philbrick, using a pump gun for the first time, scored 18 out of 25, in practice.

Dr. Daniel Garsener, of Philadelphia, an enthusiastic sportsman, was among the most interested shooters present, and, although a novice at blue rocks, made some excellent scores and added greatly to the pleasure of the occasion by his presence.

Ex-Mayor Martin, of Concord, was also a very welcome guest. The ladies took a great interest in the events, and heartily applauded the good scores made.

It was a great day for the club, and they should be congratulated on the success which attended so fully all their efforts. The out-of-town sportsmen were very enthusiastic over the way in which everything was conducted, and the cordial treatment received, and it was late in the afternoon before the last events were shot off, a number of extras filling the regular programme. A list of the scores made is as follows:

Team Shoot.		Events:											
Targets:		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Kirkwood.....	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Eastman.....	7	14	8	13	10	15	8	10	14	10	14	7	11
Cutler.....	8	11	9	14	10	14	9	13	10	14	9	15	
Drew.....	5	8	8	12	4	11	8	9	10	12	3	13	
M Goodwin.....	3	10	5	6	5	6							
Bickford.....	4	9	7	7	6	4	7	12					
R Winn.....	9	12	7	8	8	11	7	14	9				
S Winn.....	6	12	5	6	5	11	4	8					
Kennedy.....	7	7	3	4	4	6	5	3	5	3			
Odekirk.....	8	9	8	10	8	8	4	9	8				
Parsons.....		9		6	6	5	10	4	5	6			
N Wentworth.....	6	11	9	11	10	12		13	5				
Stevens.....	8	7	9	9	6	10	9	11	7	12			11
Mitchell.....	7	14	5	11				8	10				
Gillis.....	6	9	7		9	8	6		4				
Frizzell.....				10	9	12	6	13	10	12	5	13	
F Wentworth.....	5	11	5	9	5	11	6		4	7	4		
Ward.....	2	6	8	8			1	9					
A Goodwin.....	11	8	12	5	11	7	14						
Tilton.....		7	10	7	10	8	12						
Merwin.....		9	11	4	12	3	9	7					
Storer.....		5	8			6							
Cheney.....			9	9	10		7						
Gifford.....				7	7	6	7	7	8				
Ford.....				3	4								
Dore.....				6									
Kieling.....				6	6		6						
Young.....							3						
Abrams.....				7	6		8						
Nardini.....				8	13		11	7					
Martin.....				6	11		15	8					
Morris.....				4	8		9	3					
Dangerfield.....				6	2		3						
Frazier.....				5	8		7						
Lewis.....				3	13		4	9					
Brown.....				5	10		7						
Sowersby.....				5	8								
Morton.....				10	12		7	12	4	8			
Philbrick.....				8	10								
F Manson.....				8	11	5	5	7					
W Manson.....				12	9	8	14						
Holman.....				3	10	2	3	12	9				
Stimson.....				8									
Oldfield.....				3	7	9		7					
Extine.....						6	5						
Mills.....													12

Pleasant Hill Gun Club.

PLEASANT HILL, Mo., Aug. 28.—I herewith enclose you the scores of the fifth annual merchandise and sweepstake shoot of colored shooters. I also send you under separate cover a picture of the group of spectators and participants taken during the Nuttall vs. Cohron match.

The fifth annual merchandise and sweepstake shoot of the Pleasant Hill Colored Gun Club took place on Aug. 23.

It was the most successful shoot in the history of the club, and drew together the largest crowd of spectators, as well as participants ever known in Pleasant Hill.

Among those from afar was, first of all, E. R. Nuttall, of Ohio, who is now the champion wingshot of color, defeating T. H. Cohron, of this place, in the inaugural match for the live-bird challenge trophy, emblematic of the colored wing shot championship.

Lem Clay, Frankfort, Kan.; E. F. Sneed, Kansas City, Mo.; A. Gudgell, Chillicothe, Mo.; L. Clark, Independence, Mo., were present, and notable among our white shooting friends from afar were W. A. Smith, Greenwood, Mo.; H. McFerrin, Wm. Nixon, Chas. Berkstresser and J. Zeigler, of Ore, Mo., and others, who indulged in the open-to-all sweepstake events, which herewith follow:

Open to all sweepstake events:											
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	T's.
J S Thomas.....	9	14	7	13	7	14	9	13	9	8	103
W A Smith.....	8	14	8	11	9	12	8	10			80
W H Allen.....	9	14	8	10	9	10	8	13	9	7	97
Beasley.....	7	14	5	6	5	6	4	5	4	5	56
Knorpp.....		8	7	6	12	8	12	8	7	6	68
Clay.....	6	13	8	10		9	8	11	8	7	80
Nuttall.....	7	12	10	13		10					52
T H Cohron.....	7	13	7	6		9					42
Powell.....		5			8	5	7				25
McFerrin.....					6	8	5	8		6	30
Zeigler.....					6	8	5	8		7	34
Nixon.....					5	6	6	7		6	30
R Mundy.....	7		5						6		18
T Mundy.....	7	11									18
Berkstresser.....					5	8	5	8			28
Gibson.....	6	8			5						19
Clark.....	4				4		3				11

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 11.
{ No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

We give a very complete and well-written report of the September outing of the Vermont Fish and Game League at Isle La Motte, Lake Champlain, on Friday of last week. The meeting was one which under any circumstances would have been notable for the speakers, chief among whom were Senator Proctor and Vice-President Roosevelt; and it was made an historic occasion by the tragic climax of the day, when the news was received of the would-be assassin's shot at Buffalo.

THE AMERICA CUP RACES.

ON Saturday, Sept. 21, Shamrock II. and Columbia will meet off Sandy Hook in the first of a series of races that will undoubtedly prove to be the closest and most interesting ever known in the history of international yacht racing.

Since the arrival of Shamrock II. in American waters and her racing rig was put in place, she has been out in the lower bay for a number of trials. Her performances have been watched closely, and her sailing has deeply impressed every one. But the old saying that all boats sail fast when alone applies well in this case; and further than the conclusions one can draw from watching the details of the boat's performance and the way she is handled, no comparisons can be made. That she sails very fast, leaves the water as she finds it and is superbly handled, is generally conceded. Her trials with Shamrock I. in English waters mean little or nothing, for it is not known whether Shamrock I. is sailing faster or slower than she did in 1899; but the natural inference is that she is showing greater speed. In the latter trials against Shamrock I. the challenger has on every point of sailing shown her superiority to quite a marked degree. We would expect this to be the case, for aside from the advancement made by designers in two years' time, here is a boat which is the result of the combined forces of the two greatest designers in Great Britain, namely, Watson and Fife; and in the matter of handling she is to be under the direct supervision of Mr. William Jameson, acknowledged to be the best amateur in England. The selection of Capt. Sycamore as sailing master was a wise one, for he is easily the most intelligent and ablest yacht sailer in his country. The crew is a good one, and is well trained. In addition to all of these factors, a superior suit of sails has been provided, which, together with a boat built in the lightest manner possible consistent with necessary strength, promise a splendid showing on the part of Shamrock II.

The designer of Columbia and Constitution enjoys a most enviable reputation, and is acknowledged to be not only a skillful designer, but also a thorough engineer. He has always profited by past experiences, and his progress has been rapid as well as substantial. Having the design of Columbia as a basis to work from, and knowing her peculiarities, Mr. Herreshoff turned out a boat of improved design when he built Constitution. But perfection of design is by no means the only requisite to make a boat a winner. In the history of yacht racing the tremendous value and importance of perfect sails, spars and handling was never before so clearly demonstrated as it has been in the case of Constitution. The selection of Columbia was due largely to her perfection in these particular features. Added to this was the fact that her skipper and crew had had the valuable experience of the hard racing of 1899, and were thereby capable of getting all there was out of her. Thus Columbia will meet Shamrock II. better prepared and in far better condition than any defender of the America Cup has ever been; and if she shall lose to Shamrock II., the yachting world will be entirely satisfied that she has simply met a faster boat and will have no excuses to offer.

The boats are apparently so evenly matched that a prediction as to the winner would be very difficult. Sham-

rock II. will probably make her best showing in light to moderate winds and a smooth sea; while Columbia will be at her best in heavier weather. But we are satisfied that Columbia will give a splendid account of herself under all the conditions she will have to meet.

THE NEW YORK FISH CULTURIST.

THE death of A. N. Cheney made vacant the office of State Fish Culturist. The position is one of great responsibility and importance, and one of which the good or bad conduct has a direct bearing upon the material prosperity of the State. There are not many men in New York, nor, indeed, in the country at large, who are equipped to fill the place. A man in every way capable is to be found, however, in Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, whose name has long been familiar to the public by reason of his connection with the United States Fish Commission, and various other positions of importance. Dr. Bean was for several years ichthyologist of the United States Commission; he has had charge of the Government fishery department in important expositions at home and abroad, and he was for a time the very capable and efficient director of the New York Aquarium, until put out of office to make way for a political heeler. Dr. Bean has an extensive and practical knowledge of fish, fishing and fishculture, a knowledge which is not confined to the inhabitants of the fresh waters alone, but extends to the fishes of the brackish waters and the sea coast. His range of experience in all these branches has been extensive, and might now with great advantage be employed in the interest of the State. His many equipments make Dr. Bean well fitted for the position of State Fish Culturist, and it is hoped that Governor Odell may recognize this when he comes to fill the vacant place.

SNAP SHOTS.

Rev. Moses Harvey, of St. John's, Newfoundland, died on Sept. 3, aged ninety years. Mr. Harvey had been a resident of St. John's for a half-century, and was greatly beloved by the people of Newfoundland. He was widely known as an author of an historical work on the island, and as a writer on natural history. He was among the early contributors to the FOREST AND STREAM, his most notable paper being a description published in this journal in 1874 of a new species of cuttlefish of gigantic size, the first announcement of the discovery of which Mr. Harvey made to the world of science. The creature surpassed in reality the fictitious "devil fish" of Victor Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." Its body was between seven and eight feet in length, and the arms measured twenty-four feet, their extremities when spread out being fifty-two feet apart. Afterward Mr. Harvey secured specimens of the fish and sent them to Prof. A. E. Verrill, of Yale, and to the National Museum in Washington.

The third annual meeting of the Appalachian National Park Association was held in Asheville, N. C., Sept. 10. This was the last meeting to be held before the park project shall come before Congress, and measures were discussed looking to a proper presentation of the matter to Congress. Senator Pritchard recently wrote to the president of the Association, urging that every member of Congress should be addressed by letter and made fully acquainted with the plans and purposes of those who are looking for the establishment of the park. This scheme is one which should commend itself unreservedly to Congress, and to the people of the United States speaking through their representatives in Congress.

Vice-President Roosevelt went right to the pith of it when he said at the Vermont League meeting last Friday that the game of the land should be preserved "by the people and for the people." That is sound doctrine. It is the doctrine we have been preaching in these columns for many years, both as to game and as to the fish in the home waters. The men who can afford to travel far into a game or fish country, or to fence in their game and fish preserves and employ keepers for them, may be left to look out for themselves. They will always have game and fish. But if the fisherman and the gunner of moderate means does not look out for the preservation of the game in the home fields and the fish in the home waters, he will be obliged to go without shooting and fishing. "The preservation of the game of the land by the people for the people." That is the pith of it.

Cold Storage.

How many of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM have ever been inside of a cold storage warehouse? Not many, we fancy, and yet it is a most interesting place. It shows the growth of the economies of the present day, as well as almost anything can. In its cold rooms are hung vast quantities of perishable meats, preserved day after day, week after week and month after month, from the possibility of fermentation and decay, and besides this too often there are piled up in it boxes and barrels containing such vast quantities of game as almost to stagger the imagination.

The usefulness of the cold storage warehouse is great, but, like many another good thing, it may be employed for evil purposes. This was done in the case of the Arctic Freezing Warehouse, in which last May and June a seizure of game out of season was made by Mr. J. E. Overton, one of the New York State game protectors. The account given in another column presents facts which are of the very greatest interest and which, if their full significance be taken in by the reader, should arouse all sportsmen to a sense of what is becoming of our vanishing game, and of the importance of showing more active interest in the matter than is usually displayed. Here is an object lesson the like of which we perhaps have never had before.

The sportsman will do well to ponder the facts which have come to light in connection with this seizure. He should try—if he can bring his mind to do so—to consider what 6,000 grouse mean, 5,000 quail, 7,000 English snipe, 9,000 golden plover, 1,000 or more wild ducks, and nearly 10,000 song birds. Let him try to think how many ruffed grouse or pinnated grouse or sharp-tailed grouse may be found in the shooting country with which he is familiar. How many broods of quail it would take to make up 4,500 birds; how many English snipe or golden plover he sees in a whole shooting season. Let him consider that each large city of the country has many of these cold storage warehouses, in which perhaps there may be illegal game in numbers almost as large as was found by Mr. Overton, and that besides the warehouses in the large cities there are many others in the smaller ones. All through the shooting season and long after it is over these places wait, like insatiate monsters with jaws ever open, always ready to receive more, and more, and more. They are never satisfied; they would not be satisfied if the last bird or the last beast had been killed and was in a box and frozen. They would feel ill used because there was not more game to come to them.

From sportsmen all over the land we hear constant complaints of the constantly decreasing supply of game. Gunners of Indiana and Illinois declare that in their States the prairie chicken is almost extinct. A like statement is made about the sharp-tailed grouse in parts of Minnesota, Nebraska and South Dakota. The quail is vanishing from over the land, and the duck shooters lament continually that where once the fowl darkened the air they are now hardly seen at all.

But here in the cold rooms of the Arctic Freezing Warehouse we see very clearly where the birds are going. A single storage warehouse contains, let us say, 50,000 head of game. What is the number of cold storage warehouses in the country which deal in illegal game? Is it fifty, and does each one contain 50,000 head of game—or 2,500,000 head in all? Or, is the number double that? We do not know. What we do know beyond controversy, is that here in a single building in New York city was gathered game enough to have stocked a State, or two or three States, that it had been slaughtered for gain, was held illegally, and not only this, but was probably in large measure killed and shipped illegally.

As elsewhere stated, the mere number of birds, or the number of boxes, containing so many birds each, conveys little meaning to most of us, but if any one will sit down and count up the good shooting days that he can remember and then will add together the bags of all those good days and finally will compare that total with the number of birds seized by the New York protector, he can make himself comprehend in some degree what this seizure represents.

The matter is one which the courts must now act on. There is no doubt that the storage warehouse people will fight hard, for the principle at stake is one which touches their business very vitally. Nevertheless, in view of past decisions by the courts and the growing sentiment in favor

of game protection, it is not to be doubted that the Forest, Fish and Game Commission will be upheld.

So long, however, as the sale of game is permitted in New York State, just so long will there be a constant temptation to the cold storage people and to unscrupulous poultry and game dealers to violate the State laws governing the sale of fish and game. When the time comes—as it surely will come—that the State shall prohibit the traffic in game, then this temptation will be removed.

WHY SHOOTING IS POOR.

THE tremendous seizure of game in the warehouse of the Arctic Freezing Company last May and June excited great attention all over the country, and it may be hoped has not yet been forgotten. It was made by Mr. J. W. Overton, one of the New York State protectors, whose energy in the field is well known to readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The seizure was on a wholesale scale, and it is said that more than 50,000 pieces of game were captured.

Recently a reporter of the FOREST AND STREAM accompanied Mr. Overton to another storage warehouse, where in sealed baskets samples of the seized game are kept, to be used as evidence in prosecution of the warehouse people charged with possessing game illegally. An examination was made of the samples, for the purpose of identifying the species, and the samples were compared with the list made by Mr. Overton and his assistants at the time of the seizure. The quantity of game shown on the list is stupendous, and yet the bare statement of the number of the birds, or of the barrels and boxes containing so many dozens or so many hundred birds, conveys little impression to the average man. He passes over the words "a barrel of grouse," or "a box of English snipe," without much thought. But if he sees that barrel or that box emptied on the floor and takes in with his eye the number of individual birds that it contains, he then begins to realize something of what 1,000 or 50,000 birds may mean. He sees in this barrel or in this box perhaps more than he ever killed in all his shooting. He knows that this barrel or this box is not one-hundredth part of the game received by this particular storage warehouse in a single season, and there is then borne in on him—perhaps for the first time—a realization of what the sale of game means to the game supply of this country.

The samples examined were contained in fifteen large baskets, which, as stated, had been sealed up after they had been labelled and marked for identification at the time of the seizure. Each basket contained from twelve to thirty samples, and the work of going over the lots occupied several hours. Their contents included most of the commoner game of the country. Water fowl were less numerous than upland game, yet there were hundreds of canvasbacks, redheads and mallard ducks; about 9,000 golden plover; about 7,000 English snipe, besides vast numbers of sandpipers and yellowlegs, and a few woodcock. Of quail there were between 4,000 and 5,000. There were nearly 1,000 ruffed grouse, about 1,200 sharp-tailed grouse, and nearly 4,000 pinnated grouse. All these were highly interesting as game, and hardly less so as ornithological specimens, so great was the variety seen in them. The ground color of the sharp-tails varied from distinctly rufous to very dark slate; the pinnated grouse seemed to run through all the forms described, as did also the ruffed grouse.

Besides the birds distinctly game, there were nearly 10,000 song birds, chiefly bobolinks or reed birds and snow buntings. The snow buntings were tied up in dozen bunches and were usually fat and in good order, but the best of the reed birds—which were as fat as butter—were neatly packed in pasteboard boxes, a dozen in each, and were attractive to look at.

It has been stated that the freezer people were carrying on a legitimate business, and had nothing to conceal, but this statement is negated by various marks on the boxes, which show attempts to deceive. Thus, boxes containing quail were marked "5 doz. squab." A box containing grouse and quail was marked "broilers"; another containing ruffed grouse, "small broilers"; a package containing woodcock was marked "B. geese"; golden plover were marked "ducks"; mallards were marked "pidgeon"; grouse were marked "fowl"; snow buntings were marked "fancy squabs"; 300 big yellowlegs were marked "mixed fowl"; 500 quail, "fancy poultry"; 2,400 English snipe, "ducks," and so on to the end of the chapter.

Besides the birds already mentioned, there were of ducks broadbills, pintail, green-winged teal, dusky ducks, blue-winged teal, widgeons, whistlers and ruddy ducks. There were thousands and thousands of sandpipers and hundreds and hundreds of upland plover. English pheasants and deer carcasses were there, the latter readily recognizable by bits of the hide and the tails still attached to the flesh.

Suits have been brought against the freezer company for penalties in large amounts, and if these should be carried to a successful issue, it is hoped that the business of keeping game out of season in New York city will have received a shock from which it will not easily recover. It is certain that nothing that could be done in the way of preserving the game supply would be at all com-

parable in importance with the putting an end to this freezer business. Men will not kill for the market unless they can sell their game, and purchasers of game—even in the cities—will not buy it in great quantities unless they can be sure that it will be preserved.

Attention has already been called in the FOREST AND STREAM to the fact that the game held in cold storage in the rooms of the Arctic Freezing Company was in a double sense illicit. It was held unlawfully in close season, and besides this, it can undoubtedly be shown that it was shipped in violation of the laws of the States where it was killed. While, of course, in the case of many of the packages it would be impossible to determine whence the game came, yet there is evidence in the marks on barrels and boxes that some of it came from Indiana, a State in which the law provides that certain specified game as deer, quail, partridge, wild duck, grouse, prairie chicken and woodcock, shall not be transported by any railroad company, express company or other common carrier beyond the limits of the State. It is, of course, well known that Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and other States forbid the export of their game, and such game reaching New York is contraband and cannot be dealt in.

As was said in FOREST AND STREAM at the time when the seizure was made:

"We have here quite the most interesting and important issue that could be made in relation to game protection. The point to be tested is the constitutionality of a law which prohibits in one State the possession in close season of game imported from another State. The New York case is of national interest and of national importance, because the principles involved are of national application. While the entire prohibition of the possession and sale of game in the close season irrespective of the origin of the game is not universal throughout the country, it prevails so generally that it may be said to be a characteristic feature of game protection in the United States, just as it is abroad. It is a factor of such importance as to be absolutely essential to any effective scheme of game protection. Every State, then, which has such a law, and depends upon it to keep its game from the market in close time, is concerned quite as much as New York in the result of this test suit, since upon the outcome will depend the determination of the constitutionality of all such laws."

The Seized Game.

We give below a list of the different lots of birds seized by Mr. J. E. Overton in May and June last, at the rooms of the Arctic Freezing Warehouse. This list, however, does not include the seizures of the first day, which, by order of Police Justice Brann, were sealed up and put back in storage before samples were secured by the game protector. The defendants in the suit brought on the case have asked for a bill of particulars of the birds seized, and the facts for this bill of particulars are given in the subjoined list, except so far as the seizures of the first day are concerned. The lots seized the first day are undoubtedly still in the custody of the Arctic Freezing Warehouse, or if they are not, the Arctic Freezing Warehouse people will be able to tell where they are and why they were removed from the rooms to which they were returned by the Justice.

The "lots" enumerated often consisted of several boxes or barrels, but in the list are given the number of birds in each lot, the English name and the Latin name. The list is commended to the attention of all gunners. It follows:

ROOM 5, LOTS 1 TO 4.

- 540 quail (*Colinus virginianus*).
- 97 grouse (*Tympanuchus*).
- 2 pheasants (*Phasianus*).
- 91 quail (*Colinus*).
- 110 quail (*Colinus*).

ROOM 36, LOTS 5 AND 6.

- 408 wild birds, golden plover (*Charadrius dominicus*).
- 400 wild birds, golden plover (*Charadrius dominicus*).

ROOM 37, LOTS 7 TO 10.

- 4 web-footed wildfowl, broadbills (*Fuligula marila*).
- 98 grouse, sharp-tail (*Pediacetes*).
- 60 grouse, pinnated (*Tympanuchus*).
- 116 grouse, sharp-tail (*Pediacetes*).

ROOM 4, LOT 11.

- ½ wild deer, not seen.

ROOM 3, LOT 12.

- 600 wild birds, English snipe (*Gallinago delicata*).

ROOM 39, LOTS 13 TO 31.

- 23 web-footed wildfowl, green W. teal (*Nettion carolinensis*).
- 90 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 26 web-footed wildfowl, mallards (*Anas boschas*).
- 16 web-footed wildfowl, canvasbacks (*Aythya valisineria*).
- 62 wild birds, golden plover.
- 72 grouse, ruffed (*Bonasa*).
- 1416 wild birds, snow buntings (*Plectrophenax nivalis*).
- 300 wild birds, golden plover.
- 10 web-footed wildfowl, dusky ducks (*Anas obscura*).
- 83 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 85 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 75 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 43 grouse, pinnated.
- 96 wild birds, pectoral sandpiper (*Tringa maculata*).
- 29 web-footed wildfowl, canvasbacks.
- 276 wild birds, English snipe.
- 43 grouse, ruffed.
- 240 wild birds, golden plover.
- 37 web-footed wildfowl, mallards.

ROOM 10, LOTS 32 TO 47.

- 22 wild ducks, mallards.
- 90 grouse, pinnated.
- 67 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 48 grouse, pinnated.
- 88 grouse, pinnated.
- 18 pheasants, English.

- 288 wild birds—reed birds, bobolinks (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*).
- 18 grouse, ruffed.
- 85 grouse, pinnated.
- 11 grouse, ruffed.
- 85 grouse, pinnated.
- 85 grouse, pinnated.
- 35 wild birds, upland plover (*Bartramia longicauda*).
- 26 pheasants, English.
- 63 grouse, pinnated.
- 80 grouse, pinnated.

ROOM 23, LOTS 48 TO 53.

- 52 grouse, pinnated.
- 97 quail, Virginia.
- 287 quail, Virginia.
- 107 quail, Virginia.
- 107 quail, Virginia.
- 41 grouse, ruffed.

ROOM 24, LOTS 54 TO 64.

- 240 quail, Virginia.
- 12 grouse, ruffed.
- 8 grouse, ruffed.
- 48 quail.
- 72 quail.
- 51 grouse, pinnated.
- 18 grouse, ruffed.
- 96 woodcock (*Philohela minor*).
- 44 wild ducks, canvasbacks.
- ¼ venison, Virginia deer.
- 70 grouse, pinnated.
- 75 grouse, sharp-tail.

ROOM 25, LOTS 65 TO 68.

- 28 wild ducks, mallards.
- 31 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 72 quail, Virginia.
- 30 grouse, sharp-tail.

ROOM 26, LOTS 69 TO 89.

- 108 teal (domestic pigeons).
- 6 wild ducks, canvasbacks.
- 48 grouse, pinnated.
- 21 wild ducks, ruddy (*Erismatura rubida*).
- 30 wild ducks, canvasbacks.
- 59 wild ducks, redhead.
- 800 wild birds, golden plover.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.
- 26 wild ducks, brant (*Branta bernicla*).
- 1152 wild birds, snow buntings.
- 27 wild ducks, brant.
- 26 wild ducks, redheads.
- 77 wild ducks, redheads.
- 45 wild ducks, redheads.
- 21 wild ducks, redheads.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.
- 400 wild birds, golden plover.

ROOM 30, LOTS 90 TO 104.

- 100 grouse, pinnated.
- 11 wild ducks, mallards.
- 100 grouse, pinnated.
- 100 grouse, pinnated.
- 17 wild ducks, mallards.
- 450 grouse, pinnated.
- 100 grouse, pinnated.
- 100 grouse, pinnated.
- 100 grouse, pinnated.
- 12 wild ducks, mallards.
- 9 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 1 carcass venison, Virginia deer.
- 2 carcass venison, Virginia deer.
- 2 carcass venison, Virginia deer.
- 2 carcass venison, Virginia deer.

ROOM 29, LOTS 105 TO 118.

- 14 grouse, ruffed.
- 25 grouse, ruffed.
- 35 quail.
- 3 grouse, ruffed.
- 16 wild ducks, canvasback.
- 48 wild ducks, pintail.
- 62 wild ducks, mallards.
- 64 ruddy ducks.
- 60 ruddy ducks.
- 40 wild ducks, brant.
- 12 grouse, pinnated.
- 40 wild ducks, brant.
- 56 grouse, pinnated.
- 390 quail.
- 12 wild ducks, mallards.

ROOM 28, LOTS 119 TO 124.

- 44 grouse, ruffed.
- 40 wild birds, snipe (*Bartram's sandpiper*).
- 48 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 48 grouse, ruffed.
- 46 grouse, ruffed.
- 48 grouse, ruffed.

ROOM 27, LOTS 125 TO 129.

- 3168 wild birds, sandpipers.
- 18 wild ducks, mallards.
- 1056 wild birds, English snipe.
- 60 grouse, ruffed.
- 240 wild birds, English snipe.

ROOM 41, LOTS 130 TO 146.

- 11 grouse, ruffed.
- 720 wild birds, reed birds (bobolinks).
- 30 wild ducks, ruddy.
- 5760 wild birds, snow buntings.
- 53 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 58 grouse, pinnated.
- 12 quail.
- 61 grouse, pinnated.
- 55 grouse, pinnated.
- 48 wild ducks, widgeon.
- 36 pheasants.
- 408 quail, Virginia.
- 167 quail, Virginia.
- 143 wild birds, Bartram's sandpiper.
- 68 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 92 grouse, ruffed.
- 400 quail, Virginia.

ROOM 43, LOTS 147 TO 155.

- 22 wild ducks, goldeneye (*Clangula clangula*).
- 46 grouse, pinnated.
- 2 carcasses venison, Virginia deer.
- 92 grouse, pinnated.
- 90 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 2 carcasses venison, Virginia deer.
- 227 quail, Virginia.
- 65 wild ducks, canvasback.
- 92 grouse, pinnated.

ROOM 44, LOTS 156 TO 164.

- 10 grouse, ruffed.
- 36 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 288 wild birds, little yellowlegs (*Totanus flavipes*).
- 30 wild ducks, mallards.
- 28 wild ducks, green-winged teal.
- 96 wild birds, pectoral sandpiper.
- 36 wild ducks, canvasback.
- 150 wild birds, golden plover.
- 28 wild ducks, canvasback.

ROOM 45, LOTS 165 TO 177.

- 70 quail, Virginia.
- 48 grouse, pinnated.
- 32 grouse, pinnated.
- 1200 wild birds, Bartram's sandpiper.
- 77 grouse, pinnated.
- 48 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 32 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 43 wild ducks, canvasbacks.
- 100 wild ducks, blue-winged teal.
- 200 wild birds, small yellowlegs.
- 20 wild ducks, mallards.
- 48 grouse, sharp-tail.
- 1000 grouse, pinnated.

ROOM 13, LOTS 178 TO 186.

16 wild ducks, broadbills,
12 grouse, sharp-tail.
15 wild ducks, mallards,
17 grouse, sharp-tail.
15 wild ducks, mallards,
100 grouse, sharp-tail.
6 wild ducks, mallards,
150 quail, Virginia.
49 grouse, ruffed.

ROOM 12, LOTS 187 TO 202.

58 wild birds, golden plover.
5 wild ducks, pin-tail.
40 gray squirrels (*Sciurus carolinensis*).
600 wild birds, sandpipers.
600 wild birds, sandpipers.
600 wild birds, English snipe.
600 wild birds, sandpipers.
600 wild birds, sandpipers.
230 quail, Virginia.
300 wild birds, greater yellowlegs (*Totanus melanoleucus*).
500 quail Virginia.
100 grouse, pinnated.
400 wild birds, golden plover.
600 wild birds, sandpipers.
2100 wild birds, English snipe.
84 wild ducks, mallards.

ROOM 11, LOTS 203 TO 208.

144 grouse, ruffed.
1 carcass venison, Virginia deer.
48 quail, Virginia.
120 quail, Virginia.
1800 wild birds, English snipe.
3200 wild birds, golden plover.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Notes from Central America.—III.

THIS is the middle of August, and, here in the central part of the Republic of Honduras, *invierno*—literally “winter,” but throughout tropical America applied to the rainy season—has now been with us somewhat more than two months. During the rainy season the rain falls almost every day—sometimes only in showers, the sun shining brightly for hours and frequently producing, toward evening, beautiful rainbows; while at others it rains most of the day and all of the night. The heavier rains are generally at night. During the month of August there is usually a certain marked intermission in the rains, especially along the northern coast. This is the “*Canicula*,” or reign of the Dog Star—corresponding to the “dog days” of North America.

Relative to the climate and other meteorological data of the tropics, a wide diversity of statement will be found in the accounts given by travelers, and even in the information obtained from inhabitants of quite closely connected districts. This apparent discrepancy is quite easily explained, in that marked meteorological variations occur in comparatively limited districts, and depend principally upon geographical location and topographical peculiarities. To illustrate: A person visiting the coast of Ecuador or region of the Amazon in Brazil would certainly be impressed with the tropical heat encountered, but it would be far from the truth to say that all parts of the equatorial zone of South America agree in climate, for quite under the Equator, and between the two localities just mentioned, we find snow-clad peaks of the Andes, upon which one may experience the reality of tropical snow storms—thus illustrating variations in climate due to variation in altitude. Again, as one recedes from the Equator and approaches the Tropic of Cancer or of Capricorn, as the case may be, there is a difference in the time of the appearance of the rains—due, the meteorologists tell us—to variations of atmospheric pressure and local influences affecting the trades and other winds. But these variations are also observable in approximated localities, even in precisely the same latitude—as on the two sides of the Andes—evidently because of topographical peculiarities affecting both atmospheric pressure and the influences of winds which sweep over neighboring seas and plains. So, when one speaks of climate and of other meteorological peculiarities, a general application cannot be made to even the same tropical zones—in a word, they must be made local.

Of course, here, as elsewhere, there are minor variations in the character of different seasons for the same locality, just as in New York one summer—as, for example, the present—may be memorable for severe heat, and another regularly mild and pleasant. So here the rainy season may begin a month earlier or later; may be severe, flooding the rivers and deluging the land, or there may be only moderate rains throughout its entire session. The rains this season began quite a month later than usual in this section, and so far have put in an appearance almost every day, though of a rather mild character. However, some of the hardest rains usually occur here after the *Canicula*, and there is time yet for disturbing floods and rainfalls.

The climate of the tropics is equable: in the low lands regularly warm, at a high elevation regularly cold, and at a moderate elevation—say at from 4,000 to 5,000 feet for this latitude (about 14 degrees)—regularly temperate.

So much for the weather—a subject, we understand, that has been much discussed in “temperate” climates this season because of the severity of the heat. The highest point reached by the thermometer here this year was 94 degrees Fahrenheit—as shown by an accurate recording thermometer—and was touched one day last week, about 2 o’clock in the afternoon. By 6 o’clock the temperature had fallen to 78 degrees, under the effect of a cooling shower. It is rare for the thermometer to go above 90 degrees Fahrenheit. We are 3,500 feet above sea level.

Since writing my last communication to FOREST AND STREAM we have had at our Honduras home but two new animal pets—one a cute, little, native squirrel, or *ardilla*, and the other a young parrot, or *lorito*. Not a little has recently been written in FOREST AND STREAM, by various contributors, on the intelligence and economy of the squirrels, and those of us who have read Thoreau’s writings, as well as the published observations of even earlier naturalists, cannot fail to note that, in some instances, at least, space might have been saved by simply referring the reader to these publications. So, omitting further discussion on the habits, in-

telligence and economy of squirrels in general, let me tell you of a trait possessed by this little native of the Central American *bosques*, viz., gentleness—gentleness to a fault. Never have I seen quadruped more gentle and trustful than this three-quarter-grown squirrel. Of the exact species of the particular *ardilla*, which is the common squirrel of tropical America, I am not certain. It greatly resembles in size and appearance the gray squirrel of North America, but the coloring of the adult squirrel runs more to black, and while in size the body of the animal is somewhat smaller, the tail is longer and less bushy. It is not a rare animal, but, as we say in Spanish, “*Bien conocida*,” and my ignorance of its specific name is simply the result of personal non-identification.

But passing these technicalities by, this particular *ardilla* was brought to San Juancito as “supercargo” by a native bringing some cargoes (mule loads) of vegetables or fruits to our market. There six reales (equivalent to about 33 cents United States currency) was paid for it by a denizen of the pueblo, who presented it to the little girl of our household. A short cloth string was already tied about its neck, by which it could be “anchored” to a chair or other place, but the string was hardly considered a necessary feature in order to prevent the little animal taking French leave, as it was frequently not fastened to anything but the squirrel, and at other times was entirely removed. Like other members of his family, this little creature, when not sleeping, was always active—either with his mouth in eating, or with his nimble legs in moving about. As soon as any one approached sufficiently near him, he would jump on their arm and run up on the shoulder. Then he would play hide-and-seek around the neck, poking his nose into one’s ears and examining every part of the head within reach; then down the arm, and, with a soft, clucking sound, quickly back again. He would explore the recesses of one’s pockets, one’s sleeves and sometimes crawl high up the legs inside one’s pantaloons. Up and down he would run, always contented when occupied with one of three things—viz., eating, sleeping and associating with human beings. His usual sleeping place was a large cloth, into which he literally rolled himself when darkness came on, but he also enjoyed an occasional nap, and frequently spent the night snuggled in the depths of a knitted woolen slipper.

We did not really know how greatly we had become attached to this little creature until one morning he was found dead beside the cloth in which he had gone to sleep in the early evening. He had never been moody, never “out of sorts,” during the weeks he was with us. Never had he attempted to bite—not even when our *criada* (female servant) one day clumsily stepped, with her bare foot, on one of his paws. It was undoubtedly both his cheerful nature and gentle confidence in everybody that made his loss so keenly felt. The cause of his demise is obscure, but doubtless he ate too much sugar cane, or banana, or something of the sort, during the day preceding it.

Of the *lorito*, or parrot, I have little to say. He was brought to me from the south coast. His bright, green plumage was certainly beautiful, but as he wouldn’t talk—only sort of quack—and seemed bent on destroying all the morning glory and other vines that had been carefully trained about our *corridor*, I sold him to a native for two pesos. Perhaps his present owner can get him to talk, as the bird is not very old, and they say that practically all the Honduras and Salvador parrots are “talkers.” Certainly some that are kept above here are very adept not only at talking, but at laughing and whistling, as well.

DR. J. HOBART EGBERT.

SAN JUANCITO, Honduras, C. A.

How Beardy Miller Lost a Bet.

BEARDY MILLER reined in his pony before the abode of his friend, Harry Reynolds, and gave a loud halloo, after which he swung one leg across the pony’s withers, lit his pipe and making himself as comfortable as possible, waited for somebody to appear. Inaction sat well on this man of the plains. Loafing is an art in itself. It is a complete relaxation of the mind and body—a trance-like, quiescent state of immobility bordering on the land of dreams. By dint of long practice and careful study, combined with a congenital aversion to bodily exertion, Beardy Miller had acquired this art in all its perfection. It was only when necessity urged that he laid aside his ponderousness for the time being and became thoroughly alive.

Presently the owner of the Horizontal Bar ranch appeared in the doorway in answer to Beardy Miller’s summons.

“Hello, Beardy!” he called out in greeting. “What’s up? Why don’t you get down and come in?”

“Waitin’ to see if you all was to home first,” Beardy made answer. “No use takin’ unnecessary steps, you know.” So saying, he slipped out of the saddle without apparent effort, threw the bridle over the pony’s head and slouched forward to meet his friend. The pony, a buckskin mare, immediately dropped her head and went to sleep. This was an accomplishment that greatly endeared her to the heart of his master.

“Pretty day, ain’t it?” Beardy Miller yawned, seating himself on the doorstep.

“Fine.”

“Good day for huntin’, if ’twa’n’t so much trouble, eh?”

“Couldn’t ask for a better. I was out this morning.”

“Get anything?”

“Yes, one coyote and a couple of jackrabbits on the side.”

Beardy Miller puffed away at his pipe in silence for a few moments.

“To h— with coyotes,” he at length drawled, in lazy tones.

To Reynolds the remark seemed somewhat irrelevant, not to say surprising. He waited for an explanation, but manifestly his companion considered a bare statement of facts wholly adequate for the occasion; not only that, but he took three long puffs at his pipe, and repeated his former statement so as to avoid being misunderstood.

“Why?” asked Reynolds.

“Cause the only thing they’re good for is to wake a man up with their infernal yelping at night. They ain’t worth huntin’. They ain’t got as much nerve as a ‘pos sum.”

“Ever run one with fast hounds?”

“Can’t say as I have. It don’t sound wildly excitin’.”

“You ought to have a hunt behind my dogs some day and you would change your tune.”

“So? Don’t gamble on that, son. Windy Bill Robinson told me that you had a pretty good pack of—wolf hounds, he called ‘em.”

“Well, he told you the truth.”

“What they good for?”

“Oh! wolves or antelope or any old thing, in fact.”

“Ever try a cat with ‘em?”

“Not yet; but I’m going to some of these days. You see, they are all sight dogs, and I doubt if they could trail a cat.”

“I wouldn’t give a cuss for a sight dog. Let’s have a look at the pack, though. Raised ‘em from Old Duke, Windy Bill told me?”

“Yes, they’ve all got Old Duke’s staying qualities, too.”

Reynolds led the way to the kennels. He surmised that Beardy Miller’s sole object in visiting the Horizontal Bar ranch was to ascertain the truth or falsity of Windy Bill’s report. Beardy Miller owned a pack of fox hounds, of which he was inordinately proud, and his jealousy was apt to become aroused when another man’s dog was praised. He inspected the staghounds with much interest, and listened to his friend’s glowing enumeration of their many virtues until his patience could brook no more.

“Gosh a’mighty, Hal,” he at last interrupted, “anybody would think you had the only pack of hounds in the State of Texas. You mustn’t forget there’s others. There ain’t many flies on my dogs, for instance.”

“I wasn’t saying anything against your dogs,” Harry assured him. “But your dogs are only fox hounds. They’re not fighters.”

“They ain’t, eh? Well, you admit your dogs never tackled a cat.”

“I’ve got fifty dollars says they would, though.”

“I doubt it a whole lot. A wildcat’s a different proposition from a coyote.”

“Did your dogs ever kill one?”

“Plenty of ‘em,” Beardy Miller told the lie unblushingly.

“I never saw a fox hound with grit enough to tackle a cat in a fair fight,” Reynolds declared.

“Well, you’ve never seen mine, then,” Beardy Miller retorted.

“It would be a case of seeing is believing,” Reynolds laughed. “When you going on the next hunt? I’d like to be along.”

“I’ll go to-night, if you say so,” Beardy responded. “The moon will be full, and I’ll show you some sport.”

He was somewhat nettled at his companion’s apparent lack of faith in his veracity, especially as he was well aware that it might be questioned in the present instance, and he was therefore correspondingly anxious to justify himself.

“I’ll go you,” Reynolds readily agreed. “And just to make it interesting, I’ll bet you a five spot that the hounds don’t kill any wildcat.”

“Done,” said Beardy Miller. “Get your horse and we’ll ride over to my place and have supper and start out when the moon rises.”

It took but a few moments to saddle J. C., and in a short time the two men were on their way to the B. Diamond ranch.

Beardy Miller’s pack consisted of five fox hounds. There was Music, the best trailer of the pack, but a slow runner. Then came Trump and Sounder, both long-winded, fast-footed hounds, but inclined to be too reckless when following a trail, occasionally making the mistake of running on their back track. Old Loud could make more noise than any two dogs of the lot, and last was Bruiser, the fighter of the pack. Beardy Miller was justly proud of his dog, but a fox hound is never much of a fighter, and Beardy regretted, when it was too late, that he had allowed his pride to get the better of his judgment. His dogs had never killed a wildcat, and he had grave doubts of their ability to do so, but having made his boast, nothing remained save to make the attempt.

The moon was rising over the edge of the plains when they set out for a fork of the Devil’s River, where Beardy said he never failed to find a wildcat or two. The night was very still. The moonlight lay bright all around them—so bright that the night seemed turned to day. The coyotes began calling to one another in the distance with their musical voices. Occasionally a dark form would appear on the top of some hillock, sharply silhouetted against the sky for a brief moment, only to vanish like a shadow as the hunters came in sight.

“I’d like to have Old Duke and some of the pups here and I’d show you some fun,” Reynolds remarked.

“You’ll see it soon enough as it is,” Beardy Miller replied, and his words had a prophetic ring, had he but known it. “The dogs will strike a trail pretty soon.”

The hounds were running ahead, with noses close to the ground, working in open order like skirmishers of an army of soldiers. Trump was the first to declare himself. His clear voice suddenly pealed forth the bugle note, sounding the charge, and Sounder joined in, with his deeper tones. Old Loud, who held a position on the extreme left wing of the skirmish line, was studying the landscape and waiting for somebody to do something. He never aspired to leadership, and seldom assumed the responsibility of announcing the presence of an enemy; but, as the voices of the other two hounds broke the stillness of the night, he raised his head and made the plains echo with his loud baying, and then he closed in and followed fast on the heels of his brothers in arms. Music satisfied himself that the trail was genuine, then gave tongue, and with Bruiser joined in the chase. As the whole pack led away under full cry, the coyotes ended their evening concert abruptly, and hastened to put a safe distance between themselves and these rival singers of the night; and every creature of the plains within hearing of the hounds paused in alarm, listening to see if the chase were headed in their direction.

“Come on,” cried Beardy Miller. “Music says it’s all right, so it’s a go.”

He dug the spurs in his horse’s sides and followed fast after the hounds. Reynolds spoke a word to J. C. and passed his friend with a rush.

“No use killing your horse,” the latter called after him,

"We ain't after wolves, you know, and this ain't a quarter race."

Reynolds checked his pony and Beady Miller galloped up alongside.

"As soon as they strike the bottom," he explained, "it'll be slow going. Fine music they make, eh? Just listen to old Loud."

"Could hear him ten miles without listening," Reynolds answered. "He makes more noise than all the rest put together. If they can fight as well as they howl a lobo wouldn't be one, two, three with any one of them."

"Oh, they can fight all right," Beady assured him. "Just wait till they tree the critter, and you'll see Bruiser give a correct imitation of how a dog should kill a cat."

With the hounds in full cry before him, his confidence in their ability to deal with a single wildcat returned.

The trail soon led down into a deep hollow, and here the dogs experienced the first difficulties of the hunt. The cat was employing its most crafty tactics in the endeavor to shake off its pursuers. A dozen times the hounds lost the trail, but Music invariably picked it up again, and slowly but surely they closed in on their prey. At Beady Miller's suggestion Reynolds followed along the edge of the ravine. From this position he could easily follow the movements of the dogs, and finally he caught sight of the creature they were pursuing. The cat was using all its skill in the hopeless attempt to outwit its enemies, and Harry felt his sympathies go out to the doomed creature. The hounds drew nearer and nearer, and at last the cat took refuge in the top of a crooked mesquite tree, and crouched among the scraggy branches. The dogs rushed up and by their loud baying announced that they had treed their game. Beady Miller shouted to his friend, and Reynolds rode down into the hollow, dismounted and joined him.

"You'll see the fur fly in a minute," Beady declared. "Talk about your coyotes. They can't fight in the same class with a lively cat."

The mesquite tree was about the size of a well-grown apple tree. Beady Miller immediately began bombarding the tree with stones in order to dislodge the snarling cat, glaring down upon them from its insecure place of refuge. A wildcat is anything but a coward, and when one of Beady Miller's missiles accidentally hit the mark, there was a shrill, piercing cry, unpleasant to hear, and then something happened.

Old Loud was sitting beneath the tree, making as much noise as possible, and consequently happy for the time being. On his upturned, unsuspecting head the bundle of teeth and claws and fur suddenly descended from above, and his notes of rejoicing changed to a howl of pain and terror. Bruiser answered the cry for help and rushed to Old Loud's assistance—Bruiser, the fighter of the pack, on whose prowess his master had staked his hopes and his reputation as a judge of dogs, and Bruiser lasted just thirty seconds longer than old Loud. When, with a yelp of distress, he retired from the conflict, the other dogs lost all desire to form a closer acquaintance with their desperate foe. The wildcat stood crouching in the center of an ever-widening circle, and defied them all to "Come on!" but no dog took the dare.

Beady Miller shouted and swore, but all to no purpose. The hounds of whom he had boasted so proudly behaved like so many yellow curs. To conceal his chagrin, he drew his revolver and prepared to wreak vengeance on the cause of his confusion, but the wildcat had an unlooked-for champion. Reynolds sprang forward and knocked up his friend's arm.

"Here, Beady, that's not in the bond," he cried. "The dogs were to kill the cat, and if they can't do it the cat goes free this time."

"Don't be a bloomin' idiot," Beady Miller retorted. "That cat's got to die."

"Not if I can help it," Reynolds declared. "As referee of this affair I declare that the cat has won the fight against big odds, and ought to go free. Come, Beady, be a sport. It's fair play always or nothing, you know."

The cat took advantage of this diversion and made a dash for the underbrush. Old Loud was directly in the path of the infuriated creature's flight, busily engaged in licking his many wounds. Glancing up he saw the cat advancing upon him like an enraged fury, and he paused not for the fray, but tucked his tail between his legs and took a back track for home, making the ravine echo with his terrified howls. Beady Miller was afraid to shoot, for fear of wounding the hound, and was forced to resort to strong language to relieve his feelings. Reynolds stood quietly by enjoying the discomfiture of his friend. The cat was soon lost in the deep shadows of the ravine, and the sound of old Loud's distressful voice grew fainter and fainter, finally dying away in the distance.

"You're a nice sort of a hunter," Beady Miller exclaimed in disgust. "What do you suppose we came out here for? Just to play pussy wants a corner?"

"I was invited to see the dogs kill a cat, if I remember rightly," Harry answered. "Believe there was some sort of a bet made, wasn't there?"

"The cat wouldn't have got away if it hadn't been for you," the other rejoined. "Twa'n't a fair bet. The dogs got nervous, but they'd have been all right after a bit."

"Maybe so. Want to try it again?" Reynolds asked, good naturedly.

"Not to-night. I've had enough for one night. I'll double the bet for to-morrow night, though."

"I'll go you. Reckon we may as well start for home, if there are no more cats to kill."

They mounted their ponies and were soon out on the open plain, heading for the B. Diamond ranch, with the crestfallen hounds bringing up the rear. They had gone about a mile when a shamefaced dog came slinking up and took his place in the extreme rear of the small procession. Beady Miller greeted the new arrival with a string of opprobrious epithets.

"If your bite was as bad as your bark, you old fool," he sneered, "you might have some excuse for living. Just now you ain't fit for sausage meat, by Godfrey."

Old Loud—for, of course, it was he—fell back a little further, deeming it expedient to put a safe distance between himself and his irate master. So soon as they came to the ranch the hound went off somewhere in hiding, and escaped Beady Miller's wrath.

When Harry Reynolds appeared at the B. Diamond ranch the next evening he was accompanied by Old Duke.

"What made you bring him along for?" Beady inquired, suspiciously.

"Thought you might like to have him give your dogs a lesson or two in fighting," Reynolds replied.

"Y' don't say so. You forget I owned him before you did, and I know all about him. He never fought anything but a measly coyote or two when I had him. But I don't mind lettin' my dogs help educate him. Old Loud might give him a few pointers on how to make himself scarce when he strikes a cat."

"That was the main reason I brought him along. I confess," Reynolds assured him.

It was an hour or two before the dogs struck a fresh trail that night. When they finally started away under full cry, Old Duke, who had never for a moment left his master's side, looked up in Harry's face inquiringly.

"Not yet, old fellow," the latter commanded. "This isn't your game, though you may take a hand later on."

The staghound could not grasp the situation, but he trusted in his master and curbed his desire to join in the chase.

Old Loud seemed to have forgotten his humiliating experience of the night before, or else wished to make atonement by excelling himself in his usual vocal efforts. The sound of his voice jarred upon his master's ear.

"Listen to that star chamber idiot," he called out to Reynolds. "The old wienerwurz makes me think of Windy Bill Robinson. All blow and no sand. Guess I'll make Windy Bill a present of him. They'd make a good team."

"He has what might be called a strenuous voice," Harry answered. "I've noticed it before."

"Strenuous! It sounds like one of them travelin' Dutch bands back East. I used to think it was great, but since last night—" Beady Miller was at a loss for words that would properly express his feelings.

A wildcat always takes to the cover in the nearest ravine when pursued. The hunters followed along the edge of the hollow, where the chase was in progress, waiting for the dogs to tree the cat before taking active part in the affair. Old Duke was greatly perplexed at these proceedings. If there was any sport on hand he longed to be in the thick of it, and he kept one eye on Harry, waiting impatiently for the word to "go in." The cat had evidently played at this game before, and knew many tricks that even Music was unacquainted with, for the hounds were repeatedly baffled and thrown off the trail. At last, however, the chorus of canine voices sounded the note that told their masters that the cat had been brought to bay.

The men quickened their pace and drew near the scene of the coming conflict. They dismounted a short distance away and approached on foot. Reynolds slipped his hand under Old Duke's collar to hold him back when the fight began. The cat had chosen a strong position from which to give battle to its enemies. One side of the ravine rose at this point almost in an abrupt ascent to a height of 30 or 40 feet. About 10 feet from the bottom of the ascent a sharp point of rock jutted out, forming a small niche at its base, and in this niche, protected on all sides save the front, the cat had made its stand. The hounds were gathered at a respectful distance from their prey, baying furiously, but afraid to attack. Obviously old Loud was impressed at the similarity of the present situation with that of the night before, for he had taken a seat, an interested, inactive spectator, well to the rear of the contending forces, in an attitude that plainly said:

"You fellows can go up against that game if you want to, but just wait till that thing up there lands on one of you."

Beady Miller urged on the dogs, but all in vain. Only one dog could attack at a time, and none of them was willing to be the first to encounter those long, sharp claws.

"Give it up, Beady?" Reynolds called out. Old Duke was straining at his collar, and it was all Harry could do to hold him back.

"Reckon I'll have to," the enraged owner of the fox hounds replied. "That cat's got to die, though, and I'm goin' to shoot him; that is," he added, in sarcastic tones, "unless you want to try Old Duke on him."

"All right. Stand aside," Reynolds requested. "Now, Duke, go in, and show these dogs how to fight."

With a savage growl the big staghound rushed forward. Without a moment's hesitation he shut his eyes and sprang straight at the snarling cat, and, unmindful of the sharp teeth and tearing claws, he dragged the struggling creature from out its place of refuge and pinned it to the ground. With such a leader Bruiser's lost courage returned, and he entered into the fight with a vim. It was all over after a brief conflict, and then the other dogs bravely assaulted the dead body of the wildcat and thought much of themselves, accordingly.

Beady Miller was strangely silent on the way home. Ever and anon he cast his eyes upon the staghound trotting at J. C.'s side, and shook his head dubiously. As the lights of the B. Diamond ranch appeared, gleaming faintly ahead, he seemed to awaken from his reverie.

"I've changed my mind some about sight dogs," he drawled. "I never used to think they was worth anything. It's another case of a man's hindsight being better than his foresight. I reckon I'll never learn by experience."

"A fox hound isn't supposed to be a fighter, you know," said Reynolds, consolingly. "The dogs ought to be all right at the game after to-night."

"That's all right, but they ain't supposed to be white-livered rabbits, neither, but they are, just the same, and it has cost me ten dollars to find it out."

"But think of the fun we had."

"Think of it? Oh! I'll think of it all right, all right. I won't think of nothing else for the next month," Beady Miller growled.

Just then old Loud decided that here was the propitious moment to reinstate himself in his master's good graces. He came bounding forward, and with a joyous bark jumped playfully at the buckskin mare's head.

"As for you," Beady Miller concluded, turning his attention to the fox hound, "as for you, you four-legged fog horn, the best thing for you to do is to emigrate to Kansas. That's a windy State, and your lovely voice would probably just suit 'em. I don't know you, and I don't want to have nothin' more to do with you, you poor, worthless, onery, lop-eared cuss. Get back where you belong and stay there."

FAYETTE DURLIN, JR.

Field and Camp Comrades.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I have read several very interesting articles in your publication treating on the subject of companions on hunting and camping trips. Each year, during the month of October, I am in the woods after big game and the recreation I always get from such an outing—and the true sportsman who looks forward to this annual trip into the forest should give the matter of companions due consideration. For experience has taught me that disagreeable company can make a hunting trip almost a failure so far as enjoyment is concerned. There is no question but one should employ a good guide. They are necessary, and, aside from this, I have found them good fellows who do not bore, but often entertain, and, generally speaking, I like them.

It was my grandfather who had the honor of being my first companion in the woods. He gave me my first lessons in woodcraft, and I always found him a true and reliable guide. It was he who taught me when a boy to make box traps, and how to lure the game into them. He taught me the habits of fur-bearing animals, and how to capture them, and the day he took down the old, long-barreled shotgun, which years before had been a flint-lock, told me to go up in the wood and see what I could do, I think was the proudest day of my life. It gave my mother a shock she did not get over until she saw me back again, but the old gentleman stood up for me, and off I started, a very small boy, with a big gun and great expectations. It was a red squirrel that first chanced to cross my path. He made a bee line for a tall maple and, of course, went to the top; but grandfather had told me the old gun would reach anywhere, so, when at last Mr. Squirrel thought himself out of harm's way, and began to chatter at me, I let her go. Possibly I had a touch of "squirrel fever," at any rate, he did not follow the example of the coon, and come down, but went just a little higher, so I loaded up again, took good aim this time, and down came my squirrel. I hustled home to show him up. My grandfather met me in the yard. There was a queer smile on his face, which I knew meant something. "I got him," I said, holding up my prize. "Yes," said the old gentleman, "I see you did; but you had to shoot twice." "He was up very high," I explained, and, after some instructions in the art of careful shooting, it was voted a good shot.

The dear old man has long since gone to the happy hunting grounds. Time has brought many changes, but life in the woods is just as sweet to me now as the day I shot my first squirrel, and there lingers with me still the memory of my first and truest hunting companion. Neither have I forgotten his many instructions, for I never draw a bead on a fleeing deer but I seem to see perched upon my barrel that frisky red squirrel, and, usually, my first shot tells the story.

There is another very excellent companion whose name does not often appear in the hunting and camping directory. How many men who enjoy this life in the woods ever think of taking their wives along? Just ask her once if she would like to go, and, if she makes one bound your way, buy her a good Winchester rifle and take her out for practice. You will find her an apt scholar—quick to learn—and when she shoots she knows the difference between a hunter and a deer, which is more than some men know. After a man has this scheme well started, he is always sure of one companion each season who will never disappoint him. I speak from experience and would as soon think of going into the woods without my rifle as to go without my wife as a companion. Some sportsmen may be inclined to differ with me here, and belittle the ability of the woman hunter. That is all right; you go ahead and have your fun; call her a tenderfoot, and ask her what she would do if she met a bear, climb or shoot? She will set her teeth, probably, and say nothing, but at the close of some fine day she may wander back to camp with a scalp so strange to you that a natural history may be necessary to help you out. But my advice here may not apply to all wives, for there is a wide difference in the taste of these fair beings. Now, if she stops for a moment to consider if a hunting costume will become her, or if she dare take the chance of missing a single pink tea, do not urge her; she is better off at home, and, besides, it might shorten your trip if she were with you.

Going into the woods after game is not the only attraction that should appeal to those who love the sport. There is something charming about life in the forest, where every leaf that flutters tells a story of real life found nowhere else. The city is all right; some one must live there; some one must drink the impure water and eat the adulterated food. We bolt our doors and watch our little all, struggling all the time for the mighty dollar; we tire out at last, and when we can endure it no longer we look around for some place to go where we can get away from it all; and where can we go? I will tell you: Take your wife, she knows all about it now; go to the woods of Maine. There are plenty of good places; but get away from the railroad, the post-office, letters and papers. Go ten, twenty, or even thirty miles into the wilderness; there you will find a comfortable log cabin where you can drop your pack and feel at home. Rest is what you want, and here you will surely find it; but you will soon get uneasy, and want to go somewhere; follow the trail into the forest. If no trail, then there must be some spots on each side of an occasional tree; follow those little spots; they will lead you there and back again; they will lead you where everything is real—to springs of water you will never forget, ricks that are ricks—trees that are trees. You have left the beaten path of all that is counterfeit; you are with nature; all is real and grand. Sit down and look about you; give your imagination an opportunity, and you will find yourself surrounded by some of the grandest companions man ever had. The October painter, with his brush of green and gold, has written their names all around you; and these are among the number—The Forest and Stream, The Rod and Gun.

ROXBURY.

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Natural History.

A Tragedy in the Woods.

The book of Nature is a volume of huge proportions, and all the years of a long life are not sufficient to more than scan a few of its many pages. From earliest times has man heeded the command to go forth "and fill the earth, and subdue it, and rule over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air, and all the living creatures that move upon the earth."

In every age has he heeded the command and striven to familiarize himself with his surroundings and to force Nature to give up her secrets. While the door to many a labyrinth has never been opened, and no key has yet been found to effect an entrance and reveal the treasures contained therein, the record of his success may be read in our high and rapidly advancing civilization.

In that department which is of special interest to the sportsman naturalist may be found the names of many taking highest rank with the most brilliant minds which have made the world their debtors—men who shed the luster of their genius and attainments upon the whole human race, and who won undying fame by the rich legacy left behind, and by lifting up their fellow-men to higher levels.

When we consider the years devoted by such men to the patient observation and study of animate nature—fur, fin, and feather—in many climes and under manifold difficulties—the evolution of order out of chaos, and the triumphs of biology—we may well pause in amazement at the results already achieved and which are now so amicable and helpful.

But to no one individual is it given to know all that there is to be known regarding the habits and home-life of any species, even in a given locality, much less as modified by habitat and environment in other parts of the world. Much that has been recorded as true of certain times and places must now be modified to meet later and more extended observation and investigation.

The intelligent sportsman of the twentieth century may discover nothing striking or marvellous in his outings which will be an important contribution to natural history with which his name will be handed down to posterity; but a multitude of important, if lesser, matters may profitably engage his attention which will well reward his efforts and add items of value to the storehouse of knowledge of mankind. There are yet many things in natural history to learn, and many things that are recorded in the books to unlearn—and no one is better qualified for the task than the intelligent lover of rod and gun, who takes his outings with eyes and ears wide open, and who gives to his fellows the benefit of what he learns, which is not known or improperly recorded.

This train of thought has been suggested by a tragedy which fell under the observation of the writer while seeking the gamy trout in a woodland brook during the early months of the open season of the present year, and in which some half dozen crows and a hen partridge were the participants and victim.

It is true that the incident may be well-known to others and so of no moment as a new factor in natural history, but as it had never fallen under my observation before, and never having seen in any work upon natural history that crows make open warfare upon game birds, the onslaught came home to me as a sad discovery, and one worthy of record.

It is true that the crow is considered a bird of ill omen, carnivorous, and an outcast that every man and boy delights to persecute and destroy. From early boyhood has the writer known that crows love to feed upon carrion—and so become the scavengers of the land—and this, with other laudable traits, has, he thought, justified the belief that they were more helpful than detrimental, even though they do pull up and destroy more or less corn in the early spring.

Journeying beside the brook, through a piece of woodland, a great commotion was heard among the crows, and I concluded that some of their young had fallen from the nest, or that the young brood had, for the first time, used their wings in flight. As I proceeded their noise and clamor grew in intensity and volume out of all proportion to their number, when, on arriving at a road through the woods, I saw a great commotion among the crows—some flying hither and thither—some flying upward and wheeling around and darting down again—and again attacking one another—and all doing their utmost to add to the general din. I approached quite near to them before they heeded my presence, when the more timid took flight to the nearest tree top, where they became interested spectators.

One, more brave than the rest, was not to be driven away, but kept striking with his beak and tearing feathers and flesh from his victim. Nor did he desist and take flight until my hand was within three feet of him, when he reluctantly beat a hasty retreat.

There before me lay gasping in death a ruffed grouse hen, from the neck and back of which nearly all the feathers and flesh were stripped. Death came as a relief in a few minutes and closed the scene, unless a brood of young were left to die of starvation, or otherwise. And now, with added knowledge, I no longer entertain my former kindly feeling for the crows.

GEO. MCALDER.

WORCESTER, Mass.

Weasels' Ways.

In certain portions of the West the common weasel, or ermine, frequently takes up its abode in the villages of the ground squirrels, which are such a pest, and preys on the young and perhaps the adult squirrels. If, for any reason, the squirrels desert their village and move onward—as they frequently do, through lack of food—the weasels are likely to migrate with them.

This year the ground squirrels have been a pest on the Blackfoot Reservation, in western Montana, and have devoured many of the gardens, root and branch. There seems to be no efficient way of destroying them, though by means of the trap and a small rifle my friend, Mr. J. B. Monroe, had managed to kill in his small garden about 300 up to July 1.

In this village there were several weasels, and Major

R. A. Allen, who devoted much time to shooting squirrels, frequently saw them. One seemed to have very little fear of him. Sometimes he would see the creature run into its hole, and going there, would hold a dead squirrel down in the hole, and the weasel would come up and seize it with his teeth. At length the little animal became so tame, that it would leave its hole and come to him and reach for the squirrel held above, and would often jump into the air trying to catch it.

Of course, the weasels were never troubled—they were useful in destroying squirrels.

Major Allen told me of a family of weasels which he had observed at his home in Ohio. They had been suffering from a plague of rats and mice, but suddenly all these disappeared, and one day, up through a hole by the hearthstone, a weasel's head appeared. It soon developed that under the house there was a family of half a dozen. They seemed very hungry, and as Major Allen fed them they soon grew very tame. They used to come out and run about the room, and manifested no fear whatever of the family. At last they disappeared.

G. B. G.

A Pious Parrot.

If Coco meant the half of what he said, and was even a quarter as wise as he looked, he was a wonderful bird. I met him in Paris, where he lived with an old English lady, who spent her life in her own apartments between her maid and her parrot. Coco was thus her almost constant companion, her guide, counselor and friend. He had an easy flow of conversation, and said many funny and apt things that I have forgotten, but no one who saw and heard him at his devotions of a Sunday morning, is likely to forget it. His mistress, being unable to attend the English chapel, read the service in her own room aloud, with Coco for congregation, for none ever exceeded the unctious of his long-drawn "Amen's," nor the contrite quaver of his "Good Lord deliver us" in the Litany, and when it came to "miserable sinners," he rolled up his eyes and nodded his old head in dismal approval.

It would have been unkind to smile during the performance, for Coco's feelings were sensitive, and, moreover, the old lady found comfort in the thought that he, perhaps, dimly understood. She told the following story in proof of his sagacity:

A friend came to visit her one day, who also owned a parrot. The talk turned upon the rival birds, and the visitor instanced, in proof of her pet's powers, an intricate sentence that he had been taught to say. She repeated the sentence several times, mimicking a parrot's nasal voice. Coco, meanwhile, showed evidence of great excitement. He sidled hand over hand across the back of the sofa on which the visitor sat, puffing out his chest and holding his breath till all of his feathers stood on end. Something was on his mind, and he was straining to get it off. As the visitor rose to go, his efforts culminated, and as she passed out of the door he screamed the sentence after her, exactly as he had heard his rival quoted.

M. M.

The Opossum in Canada.

ABOUT the middle of January, 1899, an opossum, evidently *Didelphis virginiana*, was taken in a hen house near Port Colborne, on the north shore of Lake Erie, and about twenty miles west of Buffalo. The hen house was situated on the south side of a hill, and near a thicket of hemlock, in which was a hollow tree. The little fellow was evidently hibernating in the tree, and, from the tracks seen on the snow, was making nightly visits to the hen house. He was apparently half-starved, his stomach empty and his tail and ears frozen, the tail only a stump four or five inches in length. He is now mounted and in the collection of Mr. Chas. Hay, of Port Colborne, Ont.

A female of this same species is reported to have been killed a few miles west of Port Colborne, and with her a number of young ones. Again, another specimen is now mounted in a collection in Chatham, Ont., which was taken in 1900 near Rondeau, Kent county, Ont.

As far as I know, this animal is an addition to the fauna of Canada not generally recognized, and it would be interesting to hear if other observers have any record of its occurrence.

G. A. MACCALLUM.

DUNNVILLE, Ont., Aug. 81.

New American Jaguars.

UNTIL very recently the jaguars of South, Central and North America have all been grouped under one species—*Felis onca*, Linnaeus. In August last, however, Dr. Edgar A. Mearns, in the Proceedings of the Washington Biological Society, describes two species and one subspecies of jaguar from Central America. These are: The Central American jaguar (*Felis centralis*), the Mazatlan jaguar (*Felis hernandesii*) and the Campeche jaguar (*Felis hernandesii goldmani*). These species differ chiefly in skull characters, in the extent of the black markings of the skin and in the ground color, which varies from a pallid clay color in the first-named species, to a much more intense tawny yellow in the last.

The Central American jaguar occupies Central America from Honduras to Panama; the Mazatlan jaguar is found in the arid tropical areas of Mexico north to the United States, while the Campeche jaguar inhabits the humid tropical areas of Mexico, perhaps north as far as Texas.

An effort will be made to remove a large red oak tree from the wildest section of Arkansas to Forest Park, St. Louis, for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. The tree is 160 feet high, and 12 feet in diameter at the base. A double tramway will be built from the tree to the river, where it will be floated and towed to St. Louis. It is estimated that this will occupy six months. The tree will be dug up by the roots, instead of being cut, and none of its branches will be trimmed, so that it will appear on exhibition just as it now stands in the woods.

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Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Outing of the Three B.'s.

(Concluded from page 183.)

SUPPER over, we went as usual to our places around the office stove, and there laid our plans for a duck-shooting trip down the river the next day.

Some one finally noticed that Steve was working away at some scheme, and asked if he were juggling the electoral vote. "Better luck," said Stevens; "I am going to raffle my pump." "Come on with your chances," said Bob. "We are game as long as the numbers run low."

When the numbers had all been put in envelopes and shuffled, the bunch was passed around, and of the ten or more drawn I came within three cents of getting the highest number—the highest-priced ticket. That was my normal luck in this kind of a game, so I was not discouraged. Bob got his chance for one cent and Burt for a nickel more, so we three agreed we would go again, and the others thought they would come in, and the pack of numbers passed around again. Burt got a chance gratis, Bob got thirty nine and I, as usual, above fifty cents. I was getting a little disgusted with this game, and offered to pitch "crackliev" with any one, got a taker right off and won two more chances. Then the storekeeper got the floor and explained that that sort of thing was all right after everybody had enough chances out of the pack, or there were no more to draw, and he had a proposition to offer. He proposed that every one draw, and the one coming nearest to a certain number have all the chances drawn, each one, of course, paying for the number he drew. All agreed, and Steve named 39, and again the bunch of tickets went around, and I won the lot at forty-one cents, which placed my stack of chances at sixteen. We kept at it until we had exhausted the bunch, and I held nearly one-third of the total number of chances, with our party holding about one-half, and we decided we would have a gun ourselves to sell or raffle off before we left, sure, and at once became much interested about the remaining details of the raffle. The managing spirit explained that we would "shoot it off," which remark did not convey a very clear idea of the proceedings to any of us, but at any rate we had the gun won. After getting the cash balanced Steve announced it was up to the "shoot off." The storekeeper left the room and soon returned with the head of a barrel, with a nail through the center, on which the disk would whirl like a buzz-saw. The barrel head had been spaced off with lines running like the spokes of a wheel, and on the outer edge of the wheel the spaces were numbered to correspond with the numbers on the tickets. With this contrivance, a lamp and a rifle, we all filed down to the ice house, where the barrel head was nailed up and whirled to see that it worked properly; then a disinterested guide took a stand ten yards away with the rifle ready, called out, "Let her roll," and as the head whirled, took quick aim, fired, and a saw-mill hand with number 42 owned the best pump gun on the St. Francis River—at least, that is what Steve declares, and what Steve says is so, if it isn't so.

Next morning we started for a day with the ducks down the river. The day promised to be a good one, as the morning broke gray and cold, with now and then a little sleet. With the boats hidden, we had but a short time to wait before along came a pair of mallards. I got one with my first, but rocked the boat so that Bob missed his with the first; then I took a shot at the bird, which I thought would escape, and missed it clean; then Bob did it up brown, for he not only "wiped my eye," but made a clean kill at fully seventy yards. In a few minutes along came a flock, flying directly over us. We dropped one stone dead, and another, which was hit hard, swung over Burt, who doubled him up in good shape for the bag. Then another flock came over, and we had visions of doubles for each, but after the report of six barrels died away one lone mallard, which had climbed to a great height, set its wings and sailed off over the timber, where he dropped, beyond our reach. "We will have to change our lead or get them closer," I remarked. "They were close enough; it's our shooting," said Bob. "I guess that's right," chimed in Burt, from his side of the channel. "Well, I'll bet I will get far enough ahead of the next one," said I. "Get down, here comes one to try," and down the river came a sawbill on an errand and quite high. Burt took a shot at him as he passed, increasing the bird's speed, and, to demonstrate what could be done with a proper lead, I drew fully six feet ahead, and he dropped dead as a mackerel. "Did you see me get my eye wiped?" said Burt. "Lead 'em," said I, and at that moment, Whiz! went a flock of teal just back of Bob, who turned quickly and with a snap shot killed one of them. I giving them a parting shot as they went on down the river, but with no effect. I suggested that we retrieve the dead birds, and had pushed partly out of the flags, when Burt hailed us and pointed down the river, from which direction a flock of fully seventy-five mallards was headed our way. "Darn the luck," said Bob; "if we were only in out of sight!" We crouched as low as possible, and the ducks came on and sailed around, as if to light out of gunshot below us, then rose and came on over us, but evidently too high, for we failed to bring down a bird. We picked up our birds, losing several in the flag, where we could not push the boat or wade, and returned to our blind, Burt having killed a couple while we were gathering our birds.

The shooting continued until about 10:30, when the clouds began to break, and in a short time the sun came out and the flight stopped almost completely. At 11 o'clock we started back to the club house with a fair string of birds, intending to return later in the day. Bob and I in one canoe, and Burt in another up the river, where he was just disappearing around a bend, when up the river to the left came a fine flock of mallards. Bob and I dropped our paddles, grabbed our guns, and, as they came within range, veering off as they saw us, I fired my right barrel just as Bob was getting his aim. During this time the boat, unguided, had swung around in the current, and, as we gave the birds a broadside, the

recoil of both guns was too much for our narrow craft, and over we went into the ice-cold water. We both popped up at the same time, having found we could touch bottom, and, at least, did not have to swim for it. We grabbed the boat, which was drifting off, nearly full of water, and then, as we stood there up to our arm pits, it occurred to me that my Greener was somewhere on the bottom of the river, and I began feeling for it with my feet. I finally located it, and, as I went after it, with the water percolating through my whiskers, Bob became conscious of the humorous side of the affair and went off into a fit of laughter, standing there in the water as if it were July instead of November, which I thought would continue until there would be no further chance of my ever crawling out, for the cold was fast penetrating my marrow. Lucky Bob had put his extra shell boxes into a large, tin pail, and it was put to good use bailing the boat. Bob bailed away and laughed, while I shivered and held the boat, and it seemed to take him much longer to laugh than to bail out the boat.

He finally finished bailing, and the next thing was to get into the boat. (I have explained earlier that there were no banks that we could wade to short of the club house, a full mile away.) Bob held the boat while I tried to lift myself over the side. Not having removed my hunting coat or the shells in it, together with the large, game pockets full of water, the weight was too much for me, and I stuck, only half way over. Bob came to my rescue, and catching me by the foot gave me a boost which sent me sprawling and drenched in the bottom of the boat. Then he laughed again, until I thought the only way to stop him was by a vigorous use of the paddle on him. I was positively freezing stiff.

He finally decided to board the boat, which he did a little more gracefully than I, and we each grabbed a paddle, and if Bob had used his as I did mine we would have been at the club house in short order, but he had to stop every minute and laugh, while I had to keep at work or freeze up.

When we caught up with Burt we berated him for not answering our distress signals—if Bob's roars of laughter could be called such. Burt was rather dubious about letting the guides know of our accident, for fear of ridicule or a dislike to acknowledge that we were not able to manage the canoes ourselves, and finally decided that a story to the effect that we had been obliged to wade in recovering dead birds would be about the right thing. We lost no time in getting into the house and to our rooms, leaving a trail of water from our saturated clothing, which made every one suspicious of an accident in spite of Burt's smooth explanations.

We made no pause for remarks, but shot into our rooms. As we were getting into dry clothes we could hear Burt in the office doing his best to devise likely explanations—that the boys had been doing some tall wading for those mallards, and got good and wet; that he would like to see himself getting into that ice water for all the mallards in the country, etc., upon hearing which Bob had to go off into another spasm, and, as I was feeling better on account of the dry clothing, I had to join him, for really Burt was doing some artistic lying for us old sportsmen, who were too foxy to ever fall overboard. We made so much noise that Steve came in to see what it was all about, and when he saw us and the piles of wet clothing, he went at us, and, finally getting us cornered, made us own up that we had been in all over—and Burt was still in the office "holding the bag." Strange to say, we suffered no ill effect from the ducking, and in half an hour after changing our clothes were ready for another trip, and feeling simply fine. After dinner we went back (with a larger boat) and got more ducks as they came in in the evening.

The next day we went fishing again, but with small minnows, and did not have very good luck, but with quite a respectable string we started back in time to go out on the river for the evening flight of ducks.

In council that evening it was decided that we would make another trip to Gum Island, and, profiting by my previous experience, I determined that I would not be caught napping if I had another chance at big game. Next morning found us upon our way. My old guide was taken sick on the way up, and we decided that it would be best for him to return. I felt sure, however, that I could get about alone or keep along with some of the others. We started out, Bob and I with his guide, and had gone about half the length of the island when the guide motioned me to come over his way. I walked over as carefully as possible, and he whispered that he thought he had seen a turkey just ahead of us about a hundred and fifty yards. "Presently I, too, thought I could make out one, but was not sure. The guide then thought he had better go over to Bob, and I could walk up as carefully as possible, and perhaps one of us would get a shot. I started ahead slowly and with as little noise as possible, stopping and listening now and then, and finally could hear the birds scratching in the leaves, but could not see them, and as I was starting forward I saw a big gobbler pass an opening in the thicket, but out of gunshot; then four more, and in a second another bunch, making fully a dozen birds in the flock. They had evidently discovered me, and were leaving. I hailed Bob and told him to keep a sharp lookout, as the birds had gone his way. Then I went on toward the place where they had been feeding and sat on a log near by, thinking Bob and the guide might scare them back my way. In about ten minutes I heard the sound of their walking through the leaves and knew there was fun ahead if I did not move—and I didn't. On they came, and as I caught a glimpse of them now and then and could make out how they were headed, I became fearful lest they should not come close enough for a shot. Half of the flock had passed before the opening, at a distance away which would have made a fine shot for a rifle, but too far for a shotgun, and so I still waited. Finally out of the thicket, about 50 yards away, walked a big gobbler. I could wait no longer, and, as he stood stretching his neck, evidently looking for trouble, I gave him a load of BB's. He rolled and fluttered like the proverbial "chicken with its head off," then got on to his feet, when I gave him the other barrel, and the feathers flew again, and I heard him try to fly and then crash into the brush, where he no doubt gave up. I started for him, loading on the way, and had nearly reached the spot where I had first shot at him, when I was attracted by the snapping of twigs and the noise of

a heavy animal coming through the brush behind and to the right of me. I stopped and looked around, and there, coming toward me at a dog trot, about 200 yards away, was a big, full-antlered buck deer.

Again I stood still, for I had no chance to drop or hide, and decided that my chances for a shot lay in my ability not to move a muscle. On he came, and I had time to note that his tongue was hanging out of his mouth and that his horns were as fine as any I had ever seen. I did not think of it at the time, but I had no sign of "buck fever" which I had heard so much about. What was worrying me was that I had no buckshot in my gun and no chance to get them there. On he came, and still I stood, until he had just passed me, and was as near as I could get to him and not be discovered, I raised the gun, took a careful aim and fired. With a great leap he seemed to turn in the air and was heading directly for me, and at a gait that promised to run me down. I stood ready, however, to get the closest possible shot, when he saw me for the first time, and before I could raise my gun I had nothing but a pair of retreating hams to shoot at, which I did as soon as I could get a line on them, and again the hair flew, but not as far as the buck. The wounded or dead turkey was a side issue now, and I took up the trail of the buck, which was also badly wounded, and followed it to the east end of the island and as far out into the swamp as we could go, but finally had to give it up.

I was much downcast when the others came along, and Bob took up the trail into the swamp, but he, too, came back without having located the buck. I then asked the guide if he could pilot us back to the place where we first saw the turkeys, but he was not sure, and in trying he failed completely, so I had nothing to show for the best day's sport I had ever had with anything bigger than a duck, never having seen a deer in his native fastness before. Having seen woodcock borings near the edge of the swamp, the others went back and bagged several of these fine birds, and on the way back to the boats we killed quite a bunch of squirrels. "At the landing we about decided to stay on the island over night, the guides to remain or go home as they chose, but at the last moment we came to the conclusion that as we had no blankets and practically no shelter, it would be the part of wisdom to reconsider the matter, we being no longer young boys who could stand any kind of exposure as we once could, so we paddled back to the club house in time for supper.

That night Bob and I put our wits to work and pulled the No. 6 shot out of several shells and replaced them with buckshot, and, for want of a crimper, borrowed needle and thread and sewed the top wad in. While it was not our luck on our next trip to the island to have an opportunity to use one of these shells, I turned mine over to a gentleman, who killed a fine buck with one of them the next day after we left, so I know the scheme will work.

The Three B.'s had about reached the end of their string; the sands of their vacation time were running low; enough time, however, remained before their train left for them to take a short trip over on to Panther Island to get one or two of those wild turkeys that, according to Steve, had been "using" about a certain clearing not more than a half mile from the club house. They found the clearing, which contained corn, cotton and cockleburs, and the Three B.'s went flitting about from plant to plant, accumulating cockleburs and cotton, instead of honey, and trying hard to see, through the rapidly increasing load, a specimen of the wild turkey family, which doubtless were there somewhere, for Steve had said so. The first cocklebur patch covered their clothes with a very complete layer, and the cotton patch covered the layer of burs, to which was added, directly, another layer of cotton, and the burs stuck to that just beautifully, and soon it was a puzzle picture of three enlarged cotton bales liberally studded with cockleburs, to find that number of turkey hunters. No turkeys were to be found, however, and there is no doubt whatever that if ever a turkey went there it was only for once—and he never went there any more.

The Three B.'s—especially one of them—were very anxious to get a wild turkey, and they wandered back to the club house in such a frame of mind that when they came across a native lying in utter abandon by the roadside with a jug by his side, and, being invited to come and have something by the individual, who was then able to raise his head without assistance, as he volunteered the information that he was drunk "last night," it required their united efforts to prevent each other from accepting the invitation. Turkeys were scarce and hard to get. The natives couldn't seem to get any, and the Three B.'s couldn't even buy one, so they went rolling homeward singing something like—

It is, most surely, a very hard lot,
When, after a trip, speculation is rife
As to what's best excuse for the boys and the wife,
Since no turks have been killed and none can be bought.

It was enough to make men of even the Three B.'s known character get into the condition the man was last night.

A short trip was made to a neighboring saw mill to investigate the methods of changing a tree into merchantable material, and for the purpose, evidently, of testing the sensations connected with falling down stairs when a soft cushion in the shape of a pile of sawdust is at the bottom to save the bones. One of them tried it—it is presumed it was the one who wanted the turkey the most, he having had considerable sorrow in this connection to put under the overflow.

With nothing but the return trip to recount, the sooner this narrative is closed the better, for the only unpleasant part of a hunting trip is the part where it ends; it would, perhaps, be better not to have any end, but just continue the reality on into an imaginary one to bridge the gulf between the one ended and the one which is in preparation for next fall.

BILL.

Notice.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Recollections of an Old Hunter and Trapper.

MR. E. C. BARNARD, of Bloomfield, Conn., probably has the distinction of being the oldest hunter and trapper in active service in the State. On Feb. 5, last, he completed his eighty-first year, and during last winter he covered about fifteen miles daily, in making the rounds of his traps, and his catch of minks, and other fur-bearing animals, has been the largest and most profitable he has had in several seasons. On a recent visit, the writer found the old trapper in a reminiscent mood, and in the course of conversation he related many interesting incidents of his long career in hunting and trapping.

"From early boyhood," said Mr. Barnard, "I have had a strong liking for the sports of field and forest, especially that of trapping, and I used to spend my few leisure hours in studying the habits of the birds and animals about me, trying, in boyish fashion, to capture them in rudely constructed traps; but, as my father was a plain, hard-working farmer, who needed all the assistance I could lend him, I found but little time to devote to my favorite pastime. In this emergency I set and visited my traps on moonlight nights, after my day's work on the farm was done. Quails and partridges were plentiful in those days, and there being no game laws, I constructed long hedges and set many snares, often catching in a single round more birds than I could carry home at one time. These I disposed of in the near-by towns, at prices varying from 25 cents to 50 cents each; realizing thus early that my trapping propensity could be turned to good pecuniary account. When I was about fourteen years old, I caught my first mink in a trap I had set for a woodchuck. At that time I did not even know the name of the animal I had captured, but was delighted with its beautiful, thick fur, and from that time to the present I have made the trapping of minks a specialty. As soon as my time became my own, I began to devote the three last months of each year to hunting and trapping, often realizing better financial returns from my game and furs than from all the care and labor of the other months combined; for in those days all furs brought high prices. Beginning in 1860, and lasting for a number of years, prime mink pelts were worth \$15 each. As late as 1870, I sold seven mink skins, the product of four days' trapping, for \$80. Since then the price has gradually depreciated, until to-day prime pelts bring about \$3 each. The largest catch of minks I ever made in one season was in 1895, when I captured forty marketable skins. This catch, though large, only brought an average price of \$3; less than half their value twenty years ago. It may be of interest to know that in trapping for minks I never use bait, my traps being concealed in the runs the animals use in making their journeys up and down the streams they frequent. Minks live mostly upon fish; and the fact that they are very fond of trout goes to show that they are somewhat epicurean in their tastes. Trout are peculiar, in that they deposit their spawn in the fall instead of in the spring, going for that purpose to the head waters of the smaller streams and brooks. This habit the minks are well aware of, and they follow the trout, killing and eating as they go. Minks are voracious creatures, often catching at one time more fish than they can possibly eat; these they place in little heaps by the side of the stream for future consumption, and the trapper who chances upon one of these improvised storehouses knows that its owner will surely return. Then if his trap is properly placed, and cunningly concealed, the trapper will be richer by one mink pelt in the morning.

"The female mink is not particular about her nest, or breeding place, and the young are generally born in a hole beneath the bank of a stream, or in a crevice of a trap-rock ledge. Almost as soon as they are able to walk the little fellows leave the nest and take upon themselves the responsibilities of life, catching their own fish and looking out for their natural enemies, of which man is most to be feared.

"Beside minks I have trapped all kinds of fur-bearing animals known to this section of country, including foxes, coons, skunks, muskrats, and an occasional otter. I shall never forget the experience I had in catching my first otter, of which I have taken only four in all my years of trapping. I was making a little prospecting tour along the banks of the Farmington River, one winter day, when I came across a narrow path in the snow, leading from the top of the bank to the river. The track was hard and smooth, and looked as if it might have been made by a boy with a barrel stave for a sled, such as I have often used myself in my boyhood days. A closer examination revealed the fact that the creature, or creatures, that used the slide, returned to the top of the bank by a different route; the tracks in the snow were those of some animal I was not acquainted with, and very much mystified I reported my find to a fellow-trapper, a man older than myself, who had had experience in Northern waters. He informed me that the tracks I had discovered were those of an otter, and that the path in the snow was an otter slide, it being the custom of that animal to amuse himself by sliding headforemost down the embankment into the water, repeating the performance indefinitely if undisturbed. My trapper friend lent me some traps which were made to catch large game, and instructed me how to set them, but my best efforts were unsuccessful, and in a few days I returned the traps, having come to the conclusion that the otter had departed, it being well-known that they are of migratory habits. In a few days, however, I discovered fresh tracks in the snow near the slide, and determined to make one more attempt to capture the prize. Going to the nearest town, I procured a strong, double spring trap, with a chain twelve or fifteen feet long, attached. Choosing the spot where the otter emerged from the water, in returning to the top of the bank, I set the trap in such a way as I hoped would catch him by the hind leg as he came out; then carefully concealing the trap with dead leaves and bits of driftwood, I fastened the chain to a stout sapling near by, and departed for home with high hopes. Next morning I was early on hand, but found everything undisturbed. Three times in succession I visited the trap, only to be disappointed, but on the fourth morning, as I approached the spot, I saw that a great commotion had taken place, and my heart beat fast with anticipation. Every bush and sapling within a certain radius had been cut down by the

powerful teeth of some animal, and the water near the bank was filled with twigs and branches. Laying hold of the chain I found that the trap was held by some heavy body, and clearing away the rubbish, I discovered a splendid male otter fast in the powerful jaws of the trap, and drowned beneath the bushes he had felled upon himself in his rage and agony. That was one of the proudest moments of my life; I felt like a boy who has caught his first woodchuck in a figure 4 trap. The pelt was of excellent quality and added \$15 to my season's sale of furs.

"Probably the only fur-bearing animal that has not decreased in numbers during my lifetime is the skunk. It seems to me that the more skunks I catch the more there are to be caught, and no other animal is so easily captured. A piece of fresh meat, fastened to the pan of the trap, is all that is necessary. In war times a good, black skunk skin was worth \$3, but to-day the best of them only bring about \$1.25, but, by utilizing both pelt and oil, for which there is always a ready market, I can still make a very good profit on the unsavory little creature. Fifty years ago a species of white hare were numerous in this locality, though now they are practically extinct. They were much larger than our common gray rabbit, and excellent eating. The city hunters used to consider it great sport to shoot them, and would come at the first fall of snow and engage me to guide them and run the hares. After posting my men, I would take the fresh track of a hare and follow it unerringly, until, in accordance with the unfailing tactics of hunted hares and rabbits, the game would double on its course, when one of the waiting hunters would kill it, and I would take up another track. Some people would not believe that statement, but it is true, nevertheless; and there are men living who have hunted hares with me in that very manner who will substantiate my story. In all my experience I have never hunted with a dog, believing that one dog will scare more game out of the country than the baying of all the guns in Christendom.

"In my youth I made a habit of imitating the peculiar calls and whistles of game and became so expert that I could decoy a flock of quail or partridges within shotgun distance, and all my bird shooting has been done in that manner.

"Another kind of game that is now extinct was wild pigeons. At certain seasons they came in such numbers that they fairly darkened the sun in their flight. In a pine wood, near where I lived, was a roosting place, where, year after year, the migrating pigeons would congregate to pass the night, and there all the men and boys of the neighborhood would go and knock the poor birds off their perches, and wring their necks, much after the manner of a latter-day chicken thief. So plentiful were wild pigeons at such times that they sold in the markets at five pence half penny a dozen; about 18 cents in the present currency. Wild ducks were also very plentiful in my younger days, and I always took great pleasure in hunting them, although I never derived any great pecuniary benefit therefrom. Perhaps the narrowest escapes from death I have ever had have been in connection with duck hunting. I have made it an invariable rule, when hunting, to secure at any cost whatever game I may have killed or wounded, and this determination has gotten me into some pretty serious situations. I was once hunting along the banks of a small sheet of water known as Little Pond, when I discovered a pair of ducks in the open water, not far from the shore. My double-barreled gun was always ready for business in those days, and I killed a duck with each barrel; but the question then was, how to secure them? It was in the latter part of March, and the ice in the pond had broken up, and was floating about in various-sized cakes, none of them being large enough to bear my weight. There was no boat near, and a pole long enough to reach the ducks was out of the question. I hesitated in uncertainty quite a long time, but it seemed to me that the one thing necessary to make my life perfectly happy was a roast duck dinner; so, taking off my clothing, I plunged into the water, pushing the cakes of ice out of my way as I swam. I had almost reached the ducks when I realized that I was becoming benumbed, and must make all haste for the shore if I wished to get there alive. I had just strength enough to pull myself on to the bank, by the aid of some overhanging bushes, and was obliged to rest for some moments before I could get into my clothes and start for home, which I reached in a condition that nearly frightened my wife out of her senses. In my wild scramble for the shore I had received numerous cuts and bruises from the sharp edges of the ice, which, in my benumbed condition, were not apparent, but as I warmed up from the exercise of walking, the blood began to flow, and when I reached home my body was covered and my boots well filled with the ruddy stream of life. I was not seriously hurt, however, and the next day I returned and captured the ducks. Another incident of like nature occurred about a year ago. I took down my old gun one day and told my wife that I was going to celebrate the attainment of my eightieth year by having a duck hunt. She begged me not to go, saying that I was getting too old for such dangerous sport; but I was not to be persuaded, and started out, determined to have one more try at the ducks. I followed the river to a point about two miles below my place, and there, sure enough, was the expected duck, breasting the current about midstream. My first shot crippled the creature so that it could not fly, but the swift current whirled it away at a rapid pace, and, being afraid that I should lose my game, I plunged into the water after it, heavy hunting coat, rubber boots, cartridge belt, and all; the water was about waist deep, and the river bottom full of rocks and holes, but I stumbled on, now up, now down; once I was carried off my feet and hurled against a big boulder, but I regained my footing, captured the duck, and, finally, made my way to the shore, very wet, but also very proud and happy. When I walked into the house, dripping from head to heels, gun in one hand and duck in the other, my wife looked up in astonishment, and exclaimed:

"Collins Barnard, how could you do it?"

"Wife," said I, "I never yet lost a duck!"

The near approach of evening reminded me that I must close my visit, and thus end for the time being the narrative of the old trapper, which I doubt not he could

have continued indefinitely, with unabating interest. So, with a warm hand clasp from the inmates, I left Sunny Side, the pleasant home of the Barnards, on the bank of the Farmington River; as beautiful a spot as can be found in the whole realm of nature. Here more than fifty years of their lives have been spent, and here hunters and trappers have gathered for many years to listen to the interesting reminiscences of the old sportsman, and to eat the game dinners for which his wife has become famous through all the surrounding country.

No children have come to gladden their declining years, but friends are theirs without number, and they approach what Mr. Barnard would term the close of the hunting season with that sweet spirit of resignation and content that is the reward of a simple, upright, and congenial mode of living.

Prairie Chickens, Teal and Small-Mouth Bass.

MONDAY, Sept. 2, will be the opening of the season on chickens and ducks, and every man who owns a gun and dog, and who can shut down the lid of his desk for a day or two, is preparing to go afield.

Every other man you meet on the streets of St. Paul is either carrying a gun case or shell case or is leading his dog.

I am going myself to Dalton, and have just come from the Great Northern Railroad office, where they tell me extra sleepers are to be added to the night train to take care of the gunners. There may be game on other railroads than the Great Northern, but that seems to be the line the boys are most using. I have never been to Dalton, where Ten Mile Lake is to be found, but I am told that you can select your own sport. If it is teal you are after you can get them on the pass at the beginning and ending of the day and fill in the interim amongst the stubble after chickens. If you care not for chickens, and prefer casting for bass from your boat, you can fill in the middle of the day with the small-mouthed bass.

It is simply a matter of taking your rod and gun, and a few shells, and doing as the spirit moves you when you reach the grounds.

The teal, no doubt, will prove plump and tasteful after their summer's feeding and tapering off on wild rice, and can be trusted to take care of themselves on the wing against the fellow who fails to hold well in advance of them. They are reported in goodly numbers, and promise fine sport.

The chickens are well grown and will no doubt make those who get them earn their bag. Being strong of wing, they will cover an acre or two after being shot into, instead of dropping again to cover, as fledglings will do, within easy gun shot.

If inclined to try the bass no pleasanter weather could be wished for than we are now having.

The day may come when the ducks and chickens may be shot off should a retrograde movement be made and game protection be done away with. But as long as our State is protected as it is to-day, not in name but in fact, our furred, finned and feathered game allowed to increase under protection, so long then will the State of Minnesota stand well up in the estimation of the discerning sportsmen of the country.

The man who has never shot a prairie chicken or a sharp-tailed grouse can come to Minnesota and enjoy a new sensation. The quail shooter, when he gets onto a flock of prairie chickens for the first time, finds his wonted quail grown to the size of a barnyard fowl. If he has mastered the art of stopping a sailing quail he will not be found wanting when the chickens break cover.

Minnesota is a great State—now called the "bread and butter state"—because of the superiority of her flour and the excellency of her butter—and amongst her many attractions that of being an ideal spot for the lover of rod and gun is not the least of her claims to public attention.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 27.

The Right to a Blind.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last Friday evening I went down to Barnegat Bay for a couple of days' snipe shooting. We were on the marshes all day Saturday, and lay close by in our catboat on Sunday. Sunday morning two men came out to the blind which we had occupied on Saturday, and which we were intending to occupy on Monday, and seemed to be setting out their stools. They left soon afterward, however, and we thought nothing more of it.

On Monday morning we arose early, to be sure and get this blind which we wanted, and upon arriving there found two or three stools set up and several others—fifteen or twenty—lying in the shallow water on the meadows. Leaving these stools exactly as we found them, we put out our own, considering that, as we were first at the unoccupied blind, the right to shoot there was ours. Quite a bit later, well after sunrise, two sportsmen and a gunner came out on the marshes and claimed the blind as theirs, and demanded that we get out. They said that the right to shoot in that blind belonged to them, as their stools were there. I replied that I knew of no custom in that bay, or any other, whereby a man could set out his stools on Sunday morning and go away and leave those stools, expecting them to retain the place for him to return and shoot at his pleasure. I pointed out to them that following out their principle a man could have a prior right to any good place on a marsh for all summer, provided he left his stools in that place day and night. This their gunner declared was so, viz., that a gunner could put his stools out anywhere and, provided he left them there, shoot at that stand whenever he wanted to, driving anybody out he might find shooting there, although he had not been there himself for two or three days previously. This, I claimed, was as ridiculous as it was unreasonable.

Finally, seeing that there was very little prospect of any shooting for that day, as the birds didn't seem to be flying, I left the blind.

Which one of us was in the right? Is there any custom among sportsmen which permits a man to set out his stools this morning, to go away and leave them, and re-

turn a day or two later and demand that the man shooting in that blind, who has gone through the discomfort of rising early to get that very blind, shall vacate. This blind, according to the statement of their own gunner, was the best on the meadows, and they none of them owned any property there. Does not a man have to hold a blind himself in person, to keep it? I have slept in a gunning box all night when there were as many gunners on the marsh as there were last Monday, so as to be sure to be there first in the morning. These men wanted that blind, but they were unwilling to go through the discomfort of rising early enough to insure their getting it.

MANHATTAN.

[On your statement of the case you are entirely right, and the contention of your opponent is absurd. As you state, if any such rule as your opponent advocates existed, a man's decoys might hold a single blind or point during a whole season. We have never heard of any such rule among gunners, and do not believe that it exists. Physical possession is the only thing that will give a man the right to a blind. We assume, of course, that this was public marsh and not private ground. Of course, different clubs have varying rules with regard to the possession of points on their own grounds, but in a public marsh the right to a blind belongs to the occupant of the blind.]

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Iowa Judge Fined.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 5.—There are "sooners" and "sooners," but the soonest kind of a "sooner" is the judge of a court of law who deliberately breaks that law and then tries to excuse himself.

Opening day for prairie chicken shooting in Iowa is Sept. 1, which date this year fell upon a Sunday. On last Saturday Judge Trimble, of Keokuk, Ia., accompanied by Judge Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., went to the town of Ledyard, in Kossuth county, for a chicken hunt. They did not wait until opening day or the day following opening day, but started out on Saturday. They returned at noon with five prairie chickens, and were promptly arrested by Deputy Warden Riley and taken before Justice Clarke, of Algona. Judge Hubbard, of Cedar Rapids, offered a novel defense, with which he undertook to browbeat the justice under threat that, if convicted, he would certainly appeal his case to the Supreme Court of the State. Intimidated by the superior rank of the prisoner, the justice allowed him to depart, meantime taking the case under advisement. Judge Hubbard in defense stated that Sept. 1 came on Sunday, that he could not conscientiously hunt on Sunday, and he knew that by Monday the birds would all have been killed. He said that the law did not recognize any fraction of a day, hence he was not violating a law which says it shall be "illegal to kill chickens between the 1st day of December and the 1st day of September in each year."

Justice Clarke, of Algona, on Monday announced that he had fined Judge Trimble, of Keokuk, \$100 and costs—about \$120 in all. There was no evidence that Judge Hubbard had really killed any prairie chickens, and no fine was imposed upon him. It is not known at this date whether Judge Trimble has paid his fine or has appealed his case. The whole matter would seem to be rather a deplorable one, and the example of these gentlemen simply strengthens the position of the other "sooners" whose sole argument after all is that of selfishness.

Iowa Chickens.

As to the chicken crop in Iowa, it seems to have been a good one—since, at so late a date as five days after the opening of the season, one must speak in the past tense regarding prairie chickens. The great drawback to successful shooting was the very hot and dry weather, which no doubt cut down the average of the bags to a very great extent. One of the best bags of which I have heard at this date is that of J. C. Hartman, of Waterloo, Ia., who killed seventeen chickens on Monday, his first day afield. He reports the weather very hot and dry. Waterloo is in a very old settled part of Iowa, and if there are chickens there, there should be many more birds in portions of the country more favorable to their welfare.

Some Chicken Bags.

Sept. 7.—Among other fair bags of prairie chickens made since opening day, there may be mentioned the following:

Dick Turtle and his friend, Mr. F. Atherton, of this city, killed 39 birds near Custer Park, Ill.

Mr. Fred Roberts, of Chicago, killed 29 chickens at Virgil, Ill. Mr. Wm. Kehl killed 7 chickens at St. Anne, Ill.

A very good bag was made by Mr. Geo. Roll, of Blue Island, with Mr. Niebert and a friend, near Joliet, Ill., the total bag being 48 chickens.

Mr. Geo. Glissman and a party of two friends killed 19 chickens near Sycamore, in this State. Yet another good bag, although somewhat mysterious in some of its features, is that made by Mr. Bynon and two friends, somewhere along the Wabash Railroad, within eighty miles of Chicago. These gentlemen killed 56 birds in two days, but do not care to state the exact locality where they were shooting.

Mr. M. E. Moran and his partner, Mr. Wolfersberger, went out to the farm of a friend near De Kalb, Ill., and the party killed 39 birds.

Mr. C. C. Hess shot at his favorite ground near Lorenzo and bagged 9 birds on opening day.

Up in Wisconsin Mr. H. Austin, of Fox Lake, and a friend, bagged 17 chickens on opening day. W. Edgerton and two friends got 19. R. G. Grube and W. Mahoney bagged 12.

From all that can be learned, the above scores are typical of the general success. They are not heavy in comparison with the old-time bags of prairie chickens, but in view of the size and quality of these somewhat helpless birds, they mark a success which is big enough, and as great as might be expected in these days. Incidentally, they prove that the prairie chicken is by no means extinct, even in the thickly settled portions of the Mississippi Valley. What the success of shooters may have been further out to the West, and in the better chicken grounds of Minne-

sota, Dakota and Nebraska, cannot be told, since the stories are not yet at hand; but there is every reason to believe that the early promise of a good chicken crop has been fulfilled.

Wisconsin Law.

The resident license feature of the Wisconsin game law is not yet a popular thing in that State. The farmers object to putting up a license for the privilege of shooting rabbits and squirrels on their own land. Many of them are posting their farms in a general spirit of revenge and spite. All this thing is rather unfortunate, but it shows that the time for stricter protection of Western game is coming, although little by little.

An Actual Lover of Nature.

Of that wide and somewhat uncertain family known as lovers of nature there may be three sorts—lovers for the name of it, lovers for revenue, and lovers for love. Search in that latter class and you shall find gentlemen of the serene sort, shall very often find men who are of great value to the world in that they frequently fill some useful position in that world, and, moreover, add to the total sum of information possessed by humanity.

Very many people in America and in Europe are acquainted with the remarkable photographs of live wild game made by Mr. George Shiras, 3d, of Pittsburg, Pa., son of Judge Shiras, of the United States Supreme Court, and a sportsman of thoroughgoing and modest sort. I conceive it may be very well within facts to call Mr. Shiras a lover of nature for the love of it. His photographs, taken at the expense of years of effort and very large sums of money in special appliances, bear the intangible yet certain imprint upon them that they were taken for love and not for revenue.

Mr. Shiras passed through Chicago this week on his way home to Pittsburg from his camp in Alger county, Michigan, where he has been spending the summer, and whither he will return in the deer shooting season, with certain of his friends, as he has for many years past. As to the plans of Mr. Shiras in his future investigations in these fields, one does not feel at liberty to speak fully, farther than to say he proposes eventually to photograph wild fowl and fur-bearing animals as thoroughly as he has photographed the deer family in its actual haunts. It need not be pointed out how interesting and valuable the results of his loving labor will be to the American public.

In Wisconsin.

The chicken crop in Wisconsin was probably much better than has been known for years. Reports of the success of different parties are slow coming in as yet, as many are still afield, or have returned but yesterday or this morning. Perhaps the success of Mr. Neal Brown, of Wausau, with whom I shot a couple of days, may be taken as a criterion. We shot at Babcock, an old logged-off country, now much running to grassy marshes. There is little or no farming in that district, and almost the sole industry is that of making hay. We found that the birds resorted to the cut marshes, much as they ordinarily do to stubble fields. This is a splendid breeding ground for grouse, and it is a difficult hunting country, perhaps the most difficult I ever saw for the successful use of dogs. The tall grass is much harder for the dog to travel than are the open fields, and under the blazing sun which obtained during our stay, the dogs found it almost impossible to work except in the early morning and in the evening. No doubt we passed over a great many birds which we did not put up, and there will without question be plenty of birds left over in that neighborhood for breeding purposes. Our party bagged forty-six in all, there being four guns—Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Jim Varney, our local friend and the writer. We made the hunt much a family affair, and the ladies certainly enjoyed it as much as the rest of us, Mrs. Brown killing her share of the birds very handsomely. It is practicable here to travel about the country in a wagon, although the going is not very good; hence it was possible for the ladies to be up when the dogs pointed, and to see the whole programme of finding, shooting and retrieving. In this way the hunt was a very enjoyable affair indeed, not the least important feature of it being the mid-day picnic lunches, in which broiled chicken played a prominent part.

We found rather more sharp-tailed grouse in this country than pinnated grouse this year. There had been no illegal shooting around Varney's place, and we found the birds in full coveys.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Plank in North Carolina.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Warren and Halifax counties, North Carolina, have recently taken the only proper step toward the preservation of game birds. The last Legislature of the State passed a law for these two counties prohibiting the sale of game at all seasons of the year. It is to be regretted that this law was not made applicable to the whole State. There has prevailed in North Carolina for several years a law prohibiting the shipping of game out of the State. This law, however, afforded but little protection. Allow the killing of game for the market and there will surely be found a way to ship it where it will bring the best price. The most prevalent way of shipping out of the State is by labeling the box "poultry" and placing a few chicken feathers in the box, taking good care to allow some of them to protrude. It might be said that the same practice may prevail regardless of the prohibition as to killing for the market. All we can hope to do is to minimize the opportunity to do wrong. The game is not shipped by the persons who do the killing, but by the store keepers who buy it of the various hunters. Restrict the hunter, and the store keeper, who, ninety-nine times out of a hundred does not shoot at all, will be unable to procure the game, certainly not in such quantities as to justify the traffic.

The preservation of game is as important as the preservation of our forests. The ruthless destruction of our forest lands is common knowledge. In the same way are our game birds year by year growing less. Unless laws of the nature now prevailing in North Carolina in the

two counties I have mentioned are generally adopted, the time is not far off when the game birds which in past years have been so plentiful will only be found on game preserves. Such a condition will be most felt by our country people. Your New York restaurant which is now taking our quail at any price will, after exhausting our supply, laugh at us and point to the fact that we failed to protect our interests when we had the opportunity of doing so.

Every State that desires to properly protect its game from a final extinction should pass laws absolutely prohibiting the sale of game at all seasons of the year. The shipment of game out of the State by sportsmen should be strictly prohibited. And non-resident sportsmen should not be allowed even to carry away with them game which they have killed. To permit non-resident sportsmen to take away with them the game they kill opens the door wide for innumerable so-called sportsmen to spring up who will make it a business to come from other States, kill and buy all the game they can take away with them, and sell it on their getting outside of the limits of the State.

P. A. AGELASTO.

Boston Shooters.

Boston, Sept. 7.—Labor Day, last Monday, was a great day for gunners, but not a very great day for game. The weather was about all that could be asked for, but somehow the flights of shore birds all along Massachusetts Bay were very small. A gentleman who spent the day at Scituate says that at least twenty gunners went down from Boston by the same train that he did, and there were others there, all bent upon shooting everything, from plover to peep. He says that it sounded much like July Fourth, the popping of guns. Cottagers, who were still at their summer homes, along the beach, complained of the danger from the gunners, and the chances are that they may ask the next Legislature to make a law keeping the season closed on shore birds till later in September, when the cottagers shall have left for the season. At Marshfield the gunners were numerous, but their success was not all that could have been asked. One gunner tells me that he traveled the marshes all the forenoon, with the result of three peep, of which success he is not proud, and hence his name is withheld. He gave up gunning and spent the afternoon in sailing. L. W. De Pass, of the Department of Statistics, Chamber of Commerce, went with a gunning party to his camp at Plum Island that day. Finding no large birds at all, they scarcely took their guns out of their cases. The shores were flooded with gunners, shooting at even single peep and "grayling." By some of the gunners these "grayling" are called "stibs" or "white-breasts." The next morning Mr. De Pass and his friend left for Boston. While waiting for the boat, with guns still in their cases, a curlew flew over. The gunners gave the call, and he circled around within easy range, but the guns were not to be used. At Essex River a great many gunners were out, but very poor sport was recorded. The same report comes from several points along the North Shore. Evidently it was not a good day for shore birds. From Chatham way come rather better reports. There were many gunners out, and some flights of yellowlegs were intercepted. C. H. Brown, of Boston, with a friend, was down, and they had fair sport, shooting several plover.

Sept. 9.—The shooting season at the Megantic Preserve has opened. It must be remembered that quite a portion of that preserve is in Canada, and that in that Province the legal open season on moose, deer and partridges begins Sept. 1, instead of Sept. 15, on partridges, Oct. 1 on deer and Oct. 15 on bull moose only, as in Maine. L. Dana Chapman, Secretary and Treasurer of the Megantic Club, has just received word that W. S. Richards, of New York, who has been stopping at his father's camps at Chain of Ponds, has been up to the Canadian part of the preserve and shot a bull moose with a fine head. The animal is reported to have weighed about 1,000 pounds. Moose signs are abundant on the preserve. Deer are more numerous than ever. Several have already been taken on the Canadian part of the preserve. The first venison of the season was brought in by Dr. A. B. Kellogg, of Hartford, Conn.—a fine buck deer. Word has got out among the hunters about this early opening, and plenty of game at the Megantic Preserve, and the result is that the camps are full, and a good deal of hunting is already being done. The club has a committee appointed to see what can be done for the fish hatcheries of the preserve, and they have already decided to obtain all the trout and salmon eggs possible this season, and enlarge the hatcheries accordingly. It is decided that the extension of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railroad, now being extended to Indian Rock, is to be continued as rapidly as possible, up through the Kennebec and Seven Pond regions and on to the lands of the Megantic Preserve, where it will intercept the Canadian Pacific not far from the Megantic Club houses. It is now felt by the Megantic Club members here that soon it will be possible to leave Boston in the morning, or New York the night before, and land at the club house in one day. The road from Indian Rock will run through one of the best fish and game regions in Maine, about thirty miles, before it reaches the principal home of the Megantic Club.

Mr. W. C. Harding, foreman of the Boston Herald composing room, has recently returned from a fishing trip of several days on the Concord and Sudbury rivers. He was accompanied by a friend, and he says that the bass, perch and pickerel fishing was even better than they expected. He believes in one taking such fish as can be had near home, if long trips to better waters are not possible, and says that a great deal of genuine enjoyment can thus be had. Mr. J. H. Jones, with his father, A. Jones, and his wife and boy, has been taking a week's vacation at Brackett's camp on the Concord River. They had good pickerel fishing, getting all they cared to use, though of rather small size. They took a number of black bass—all they cared for. One, a 3-pounder, cooked, was all they wanted. Mr. Jones, Jr., is an expert canoeist—that is, an expert in tipping it over. It will be remembered that he got kicked out by his gun last spring, when shooting muskrats. This time he charged his wife not to get into the canoe, nor to allow the baby in it. She followed his directions so faithfully that he took it into

his head to let her see how "cranky the thing is," and how well he can manage it. She was ready to watch him. He made a graceful step, landed in the middle of the canoe, but in attempting to sit down it jumped, and in a moment he was out on the further side. His wife offered to hand him a paddle or a stick, but he disdained all assistance and quickly floundered ashore. Now he says that he does not care for the ducking, but hates to have Mrs. Jones tell every friend who calls how smart he is in getting out of the water when emptied out by a refractory canoe. A late report from the Rangeleys says that still the fishing holds out, with the fly-fishing improving every day. Miss Haskell, of Newton, Mass., stopping with her brother, Dr. Haskell, at Allerton Lodge, Mooselucmaguntic Lake, has carried off the honors of the season from all fisherwomen at those waters, on salmon, landing one the other day that weighed over 8 pounds. Mr. Frank Stewart has also been on a fishing trip to some near-by waters that he knows of, and has had good luck with perch.

SPECIAL.

The Bear River District.

PORT HENRY, Sept. 2.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was very glad to read in your last issue, 31st ult., in the communication from Mr. Scudder, secretary of the Coughnawana Preserve, located in the Province of Quebec, that the forest fires that swept the country to the west and northwest of them had not reached their preserve.

I have very recently leased the territory, called the Bear River District, to the east and southeast of the Coughnawana Preserve, and to the north and east of the Maganassippi Preserve. This tract takes in the Bear River and West Branch of the River Dumoine countries, and consists of timber limits Nos. 459, 487, 333, 402, 403 and 468, in the County of Pontiac, P. Q., and contains some 230 square miles.

A small club called the Bear Lake Fish and Game Club has been formed, and will be incorporated and take over the hunting and fishing rights on this preserve as soon as the articles of incorporation can be filed with the Dominion Government.

I trust that all visiting sportsmen will bear in mind the numbers of our limits, and will respect our boundaries, which will be as well protected by guardians as are those of Coughnawana and Maganassippi preserves.

I am told that the fires that swept parts of the Kippewa District this spring, while disastrous to the lumbermen and to the natural beauty of the country, will prove a boon to the sportsmen, as the small sprouts will spring up in greater profusion than before and afford better food for game. I know that red deer will flock into "burnt lands," and am told moose will do the same.

W. C. WITHERBEE.

The Kippewa Country.

OTTAWA, Can., Aug. 30.—Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. Halstead Scudder writes you that forest fires have ravaged other hunting grounds to such an extent as to drive large numbers of moose on to the lands of his club. This is not an isolated case. The fires, of course, were not nearly so extensive as at first supposed, being chiefly in the north-central, and therefore more remote parts of our enormous Kippewa country; but still there is naturally an increase of game north and south of the fires. I am leaving Ottawa to-night for some days on the Wau-bi-ni-ning preserves and options, and will write you from there. We front for several miles on "narrows" of Lake Temiscamingue, and benefit by the reserves of big game in Ontario, where moose and caribou are protected until 1903. It would be a pity to deter any from hunting through any misconceptions.

A. M. CALDERON.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM.

Vermont League Outing.

FROM FOREST AND STREAM'S Special Representative.

THE summer outing of the Vermont Fish and Game League at Isle La Motte, in the northern end of Lake Champlain, came to a dramatic close with the announcement of the dastardly attack on President McKinley at Buffalo. The business had been transacted, the dinner eaten and the speeches made, and the thousand members and guests of the League were gathered in groups on the lawn of the Fisk mansion waiting for an opportunity to shake hands with Vice-President Roosevelt.

The scene was idyllically beautiful. To the west the sun was sinking in a cherry-red wave of glory behind the Chateaugay Mountains, a penciled line of the faintest blue, while nearer other ranges came into darker prominence, till at the mouth of the Little Chazy the sentinel elms stood out almost in silhouette, casting black shadows on the lake glimmering with the sheen of iridescent silk, bluish-green shading into red with glints of azure and lapis lazuli, and, far off, a streak of the faintest, faintest, ashen-gray.

Vice-President Roosevelt, Senator Proctor of Vermont and other distinguished guests were inside the house, which is of stone, with a long stone wing surmounted by a belfry. The lake washes the lawn in front, while on one hand in the sward tennis court, and on the other, separated by a hedge of plum trees, the deer park, where the dining tent was erected.

Suddenly all eyes turned toward the house as Senator Proctor, followed by President Titcomb of the League and ex-Lieutenant-Governor Fisk, appeared on the stone portico. There was a momentary hush of expectancy, pending the arrival of the Vice-President, but no apprehension of anything wrong until Senator Proctor raised his hand and, in a choked voice, said:

"Gentlemen, it is my sad duty to announce that word has just been received by telephone—I trust it may prove false—that—"

Here a steamboat whistled, momentarily breaking the

thread of the statement and giving the crowd, whose ears were strained to catch the words, time to realize that an event of more than ordinary moment had occurred. In a moment hats were doffed and the assemblage stood bare-headed, waiting anxiously for the name that each one was trying to fit to the fateful announcement.

"At 4 o'clock this afternoon our beloved President was shot twice by an anarchist in the Temple of Music at Buffalo, just as he had finished speaking and was shaking hands."

The Senator stood with bowed head, while a great sigh of horror went up from the listeners. Men's faces paled and then grew red with anger.

Governor Fisk, with tears in his eyes, called out: "I believe it is a lie; we will yet hear it contradicted." His words had little effect, however, for the assemblage was inclined to accept the first statement as true. All were sickened by the conviction that another tragedy had come to stain the fair name of the nation, which, however innocently, had harbored a Booth and a Guiteau.

Senator Proctor re-entered the house, and a few moments later returned and announced that the report of the attack had been confirmed by an Associated Press dispatch, but that there were hopeful features and that the President was resting comfortably and was conscious. The crowd made their way to the steamboat dock, talking in low voices, but before all had embarked a faint cheer went up from the house, and the word quickly passed from mouth to mouth of a later dispatch containing the hopeful news that the President was likely to recover.

Vice-President Roosevelt did not appear until after this last report, when he was rowed out to the Elfrida, Dr. Webb's steam yacht, which carried him at once to Burlington, from which place he proceeded shortly afterward by special train to Buffalo. During the speech-making Mr. Roosevelt had frequently been mentioned as the next occupant of the White House. Little did the orators realize that even as they spoke the act of a crazy fanatic in a neighboring State had made the goal so perilously near!

The Vermont League.

The Vermont League has rapidly sprung into prominence as one of the leading fish and game organizations of the country. The result is chiefly due to the work of one man, the President, John W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury. Mr. Titcomb is not only President of the League, but also President of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, Chairman of the State Fish and Game Commission, and Superintendent of the United States Fish Commission station at St. Johnsbury. From this list of offices his activities in the field of game protection may be inferred.

The Vermont League is the outcome of a smaller organization covering Rutland county, which Mr. Titcomb organized a number of years ago. At the present time it has an active membership of 750, not counting several affiliated clubs, of which may be mentioned the Forest and Stream Club, of Wilmington; the Lakota Club, of Woodstock, and the Wells River Club, of Wells River, Vt.

The League holds annual business meetings each winter in Burlington, Montpelier or Rutland, and for a number of years past has had a summer outing at the picturesque Isle La Motte. Lately, chiefly because of the prominent guests attracted to the meetings, the summer outing has taken on a pronounced political significance, and, if report is to be believed, the Governor of the State receives his nomination at this time.

Among the highly commendable objects for which the League is working is the abolishment of seining in the northern end of Lake Champlain. Canada has long permitted the use of seines in Missisquoi Bay, which is within the limits of Quebec, and to get even Vermont has given seining privileges in the same neighborhood. This is a favorite breeding ground for wall-eyed pike, and the mischief done by netting can hardly be estimated. The League has asked Quebec to make common cause with Vermont against the seiners, and, for the benefit of the entire lake, it is to be hoped they will succeed.

The Outing on Isle La Motte.

The largest quota of the visiting party to Isle La Motte were taken from Burlington in the steamer Chateaugay, which carried 650 persons. Other boats brought visitors from Swanton, St. Albans and neighboring points, while the Elfrida, Dr. Seward Webb's fine steam yacht, carried the speakers of the day. The deer had been temporarily confined to a barn, and a large pole tent erected in their enclosure. Beneath this shelter were rank upon rank of long tables, and as the guests took their seats on the benches fresh-skinned country girls brought in heaping dishes of chicken pie and other good things, and the guests fell to without ceremony in the commendable task of clearing the field of action. Outside green corn was being boiled in the great black iron kettles that played such an important part in the domestic economy of the early settlers. At each place was a clover flower, the State emblem, with a sprig of cedar or bit of goldenrod for a boutonniere.

When finally the menu had run the gamut through ice cream and coffee, and the distance became mellow through a blue haze of cigar smoke, President Titcomb called a short business meeting, which was soon ended by the election of 150 new members to the League, proposed en masse by General Estey of the Membership Committee.

Then followed the song "To Arms," which was rendered with good spirit by the St. Albans Glee Club, and which, like almost everything else that followed, was aimed at the "hero of San Juan Hill." President Titcomb then introduced the toastmaster of the occasion, Hon. D. J. Foster, prefacing his remarks with an appeal for public sentiment in support of the game laws, without which the laws must be inefficient, no matter how good. Mr. Titcomb also spoke of the necessity for a sufficient appropriation to maintain one or two salaried officers who would spend their entire time traveling around the State looking after the enforcement of the game and fish laws. At present the wardens whose duty it is to detect game-law violators receive no other compensation than half the fine collected upon conviction, and cannot afford to spend much time investigating complaints.

Toastmaster Foster, after stating that Governor Fisk wished him to deny that he had telegraphed the New York Journal that he had purchased three mountain lions

from Forepaugh's Circus for the occasion, introduced Judge Charles H. Darling, of Bennington, who, in a witty speech, eulogized the advantages of the Green Mountain State for sport, and the healthfulness of the pastime.

He was followed by Jeremiah Curtin, the author, who was introduced as having "given us in our native tongue the works of the great Polander." Mr. Curtin's address was largely a eulogy of Theodore Roosevelt. He had some nice things to say about Vermont, the birthplace of "financials, admirals, statesmen, and, I may add, Mormon prophets."

One of Vermont's young men, Raymond U. Smith, of Wells River, told of some of the anomalies of game law decisions by the courts, and cited the case of Dr. Stevens, of Boston, who fished in Lake Willoughby with five set lines, but who was acquitted by the higher court on the ground that each line had only one hook. If he had fished with the five hooks on one line he would undoubtedly have been an offender against the majesty of the law. Mr. Smith said: "Notwithstanding the practical and legal difficulties which it sometimes encounters, the League is undoubtedly restraining in some measure the rapacity of those lawless individuals who want to hunt and fish in season and out of season. It is bringing home to some lawbreakers a realizing sense of the Biblical statement that there is a reason for all things—a time to kill and a time to refrain. And if it succeeds in preserving the facilities of the State for hunting and fishing it will have done a great and useful work."

In introducing the next speaker, Toastmaster Foster said: "Fishermen are proverbial story tellers, and next to telling their own stories they like to listen to others. We have with us to-day a prince of story tellers, who knew Richard Carvel and the heroes of the 'Crisis' more intimately than any other man—Winston Churchill, a citizen of the United States."

Mr. Churchill is a very young-looking man, of good physique, with a frank, open countenance and pleasing smile. His manner of address was pleasing, and carried the conviction of candor, and no one, with the exception of Vice-President Roosevelt, received heartier applause. "I grew up with a feeling of reverence," he said, "and I haven't been able to get over it. When I met Colonel Roosevelt I felt about the size and very much as Tom Thumb felt when he shook hands with President Lincoln. One of my classmates at Annapolis was a man named Bookwalter. He was on the New York at the time of the celebration in honor of the opening of the Kiel Canal. The German Emperor came on the New York. He said he liked to visit the American warships because the sailors didn't knock their heads on the deck when he came on board. He visited the engine room, and when he left Bookwalter picked up, to preserve, a piece of waste the Emperor had wiped his hands on. That is what I call reverence. I heard the Vice-President tell of meeting a man here who claimed he had slept one night in the same bed with him, and who boasted of having slept in the same bed with the Vice-President of the United States. I've been wondering if he kept the nightgown for a trophy—though, perhaps, they didn't use nightgowns out West in those days."

Senator Redfield Proctor said: "I did not know until a few minutes ago why I was called upon to speak, but when I heard the toastmaster explain the object of the meeting was to give the young men a chance, I realized to what I was indebted. The other night I dreamed, probably in anticipation of this dinner, that I departed this life full of years and piscatorial honors honestly earned. I went up to St. Peter at the gate with great confidence, for I felt that my record was good. I told him I was a member of the Vermont Fish and Game League, but instead of this being a point in my favor, he refused to admit me. 'That League has been overrunning us with business of late,' he said. 'It has gone too much into politics and attended too little to fishing. I shall be obliged to refer you below to the Father of Lies. I think his judgment will be pretty good in your case.'

"So I went below to the scaly individual, and he told me he had established a system whereby his visitors were put in a neighboring chamber by themselves and instructed to record all the lies they had ever told on a blackboard with chalk. He looked me over and said: 'I understand you are a good deal of a fisherman and very little of a politician. Perhaps in your case one stick of chalk will answer.' I took my stick and started off and met our friend Foster here with a big basket on each arm.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Why," said Foster, "I've used up my chalk and have to go back after more!"

"Mr. Chairman, the first evidence of success in fishing is a nibble by a small fish. There is often a large fish waiting to see if the effect is fatal. I will now give the toastmaster the opportunity to land his big fish."

In introducing Vice-President Roosevelt, Mr. Foster said: "Three years ago we had the pleasure of having as our guest the President of this great Republic. To-day we have as our guest the next President of the Republic."

There were cheers and a tiger when the Vice-President arose, and when he could be heard he began: "When you greeted me some one called 'Tiger!' At the top of this green invitation which I hold in my hand is the picture of a mountain lion—a delicate tribute, gentlemen, for which I thank you. As I heard to-day, a Swiss admiral is regarded in Europe as a contradiction in terms, but in this country if we want to take an island or sail a war vessel around Cape Horn for a record, we go for a man to do it—and here the Colonel's voice had more than a suspicion of falsetto—"inland, where they grow web-footed people up in Vermont."

"Last winter I sat at the feet of—or, perhaps, it would be better to say I followed in the tracks of—a Vermont Gamaliel, the son of an ex-Congressman and ex-Governor of Vermont, Phil Stewart. I'd like to say seriously when you're proud of Vermont's products, there's a man you've got a right to be proud of. Stewart took the hunt less seriously than I did. I wanted to shoot the lions, but he wasn't particularly interested in that—he wanted to kodak them. There were periods when the lions were up trees, and when one was, by George! Phil Stewart would be up the tree with it, while I stood by nervously with my rifle to interfere if things came to the worst."

"There's a kodak now"—somebody was trying to get a snapshot of Roosevelt, and the speaker leaned over the table and brought his finger to bear on the offender—"I want to point out to the gentleman I'm not up a tree."

"Phil Stewart had a large and catholic taste. He kodaked everything without distinction. When the dogs treed our first mountain lion I rode in ahead, with Phil following. When we got about 50 yards off I could see the lion on the lower branches of the tree reaching down, and every now and then cuffing a dog. My fighting blood was up, and I wanted to shoot that lion, but before I could go further I heard Phil call in an almost agonized voice, 'Wait, wait!' Not knowing what serious emergency might have arisen, I turned, and Phil said, 'There's a rabbit on that stump. I want to get his picture.' I waited, with the hounds baying and that beast snarling up the tree, while Stewart, with the air of a villain in melodrama, crept up on that rabbit and photographed it."

"I want to corroborate Mr. Churchill's story about my long-lost bed fellow. He is here now, and will stand up if you doubt my word. It happened at Miles City, fifteen years ago, and I violate no confidence when I say that that was not a prohibition town in those days. The hotel was jammed to the roof, and the proprietor told me I had to sleep in a bed with another man. I said I was sorry, but didn't know that I was any sorrier than the other man would be, and, by the way, Mr. Churchill, I may mention that nightgowns didn't go in that town. We were considered to have complied with the utmost requirements of etiquette if we didn't wear our spurs to bed. I didn't ever expect to see that man again, but he has turned up here to-day, all straight."

"When I was on the Little Missouri one of the reforms I tried to institute was to have milk on the table at meals. You might be on a ranch with 10,000 cows and yet have only condensed milk. 'Here's an outrage,' I said. 'I propose to set a good example and have milk.' So I called my foreman and said to him, 'Merrifield, it's a shame we don't have milk on this ranch. I've noticed that blue cow with a calf down there and I propose that we milk her.'

"Boss, if you say so it goes," said Merrifield, so we ran her about two miles and roped her and turned her upside down and we milked her. I must say I thought the quality of the buttermilk inferior, and I didn't bother to repeat the experiment. It is like some other reforms—best, if you don't go too violently at it."

"They have nice horses and cattle out West, but they have little ways of their own. For instance, a broken horse out West has points of difference from a broken horse in the East. Some of the saddle horses caused me most unaffected misery when I had to ride—and it was the same thing with the driving horses. I used to spend my winters in the East, and when I went back to the ranch I would, of course, want to hear the latest news about my neighbors—who'd been hanged and the rest. My foreman had a grievance against a professor from Ann Arbor, who wanted to see the Bad Lands and had hired a team, which ran away, smashing things up and breaking the Professor's arm. He said that the Professor had made a remark which made him hot. He didn't mind his saying that he had fallen in a den of sharks—because he knew sharks didn't have dens, and, besides, he didn't charge the Professor for the use of the team; what made him hot was the remark that he had foisted on the Professor a team of runaway horses. 'He had no right to call them that,' said the foreman. 'One horse had only been driven twice and could hardly be called a confirmed runaway, and the other—well, there were lots of times when he hadn't run away.'

"And now a word seriously. I came here not only to meet you all and have a good time, but also because I believe in what you are doing. I believe in the gospel of work, but a man works best if he also knows how to play. Among the citizens of our country I have in mind a man of the highest type of citizenship—a man who served with gallantry in the Civil War and was marvelously successful in business, ranking high among the captains of industry, a statesman of note whose deeds and records are indelibly printed on the records of our country, and he has been a better soldier, a better business man, a better statesman, because he had in him the spirit that made him a first-class hunter. I refer to Senator Proctor. Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, who has just been entertained by Senator Proctor, is another such man. I think he is almost as enthusiastic a hunter and fisherman. When I talk about business or politics Senator Proctor tells me what he knows, but if I want really to interest him, I have to talk about bull moose or fishing."

"Every man will be at his best if he likes a healthy, vigorous type of sport."

"As a man, I am interested in the preservation of furred, finned and feathered inhabitants of the woods and waters, and I am also interested in the preservation of the wilderness itself. These things offset the tameness and monotony that is all too common in our lives."

"One thing I wish to impress upon you is the essentially democratic character of well-executed laws for the preservation of fish, game and forests. If you do not preserve them it means that very soon the only places where they may be found will be the great private preserves where only the wealthy or their guests have access. This can't in any shape take the place of the preservation of the game of the land by the people and for the people."

"I wish we could impress it upon all that it is the small farmers, the mechanics, the men of small means in the cities, that are most interested in the preservation of game. These men depend for the enjoyment of sport and the life of the camp upon good game and fish laws which are properly enforced."

"There are two or three different sides to this question. Deer have increased in Vermont. A dead deer is worth only a few dollars, but a live deer is worth a hundred times as much as a bait for city sportsmen who pay many times over the value of the deer for the chance of shooting at it—and they don't always hit. But more than that, I hope our people will always retain their liking for this good, wholesome, out-door sport. The farmer, the tradesman, the mechanic, can only hope to insure for their sons the enjoyment of their vigorous pastimes by joining hand in hand with such organizations as this in the work of preserving by the people and for the people the fish and game of our land."

J. B. BURNHAM.

All communications intended for **FOREST AND STREAM** should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

My Boy's Surprise.

(Lines on a huge pickerel from the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River.)

Oh! he was a princely fish—
Bravely caught;
N'er was such a royal dish
Ever brought.

All hearts leap'd with glad surprise
When he came;
And could hardly trust their eyes.
'Twas so game.

What a giant frame and fin
To behold!
Armor'd scales o'er mottled skin,
Rich as gold.

Long he stemmed the mighty tide—
Swift as light;
Darting through the waters wide—
With delight.

Often near Niagara's roar—
Free as air,
He hath played and kissed the shore
Prone to dare.

So among the lakes and isles
He hath grown,
Where sweet Nature with her smiles
Loves her own.

Speeding through the waters clear
One bright day,
Lo! there comes revolving near
As at play.

What his vision thinks to see
Fishes small;
And a-hunger'd quick doth he
Take them all.

But, alas! it proves a bait—
Shining bright;
Hooked within his jaws—too late,
Save for flight.

Quick as lightning's flash he turns—
Plunges deep;
Shakes to loose the bait he spurns—
Pain'd to keep.

Tight the line hauls in—by hand—
Thine, dear boy,
Till the struggling fish you land,
Wild with joy.

Yet this lesson, who will learn,
Fish or man—
True from false things to discern
When we can.

ROGER H. LYON.

New England Fishing.

Boston, Sept. 2.—The hearing before the Maine Commissioners of Fisheries and Game in regard to regulating fishing in Rangeley Lake was held at Rangeley, Friday. It seems that the petitioners, largely citizens of Rangeley, with well-known sportsmen, who make their summer homes there, have concluded to narrow their request down to Rangeley Lake and ponds in that immediate vicinity, and not attempt to include the other lakes of the chain below. The petition, which is supported by F. S. Dickson, of Philadelphia; L. M. Leach, of Washington, D. C., and many others, asks that Haley and Gull ponds be screened at their outlets; that all trolling and bait fishing be prohibited in Haley and Ross ponds, and that fish may be taken at such ponds only by casting with artificial flies; that all plug or still fishing with bait on Rangeley Lake be prohibited; that all trolling with bait or otherwise, on that lake, be prohibited between July 1 and Sept. 30; that the use of all gang hooks be prohibited on that lake, and that it shall be unlawful to use any device whereby it is possible for a fish to be struck by more than a single hook. The petitioners showed by statistics that fishing in Rangeley is rapidly falling off, a fact which everybody giving the subject careful attention is ready to admit. A number of speakers opposed the restrictions. In one of the strongest speeches of the occasion the speaker said that the way to help the supply of fish is to stop the early spring fishing, or a great deal of it. He would have the season begin late in May, and close Sept. 15, instead of Sept. 30, as at present. The hotel interest, together with the transportation interest, is against any restriction that shall endanger business in the least. Prominent guides also oppose the restrictions asked for by the petitioners. The commissioners reserved their decision. It is not expected that they will grant nearly all that the petitioners ask for, but that something may be done to better protect the trout and salmon, and to increase the stock in that lake.

Boston fishermen have lately been somewhat surprised at the size of black bass of the small-mouthed variety, shown in the window of the Ivers-Johnson store for a day or two last week. The fish weighed 8¾ pounds, and it is agreed that it was a monster for that species of fish. It was caught in Lake Winnepisaukee, N. H., by Mr. J. E. Hill. Fishermen familiar with that lake say that there are more like it there. Fishing at the Rangeleys is reported to be holding out remarkably well. September is looked upon as a favorable month for fly-fishing, and many of the anglers will stay till the first of October, to get deer hunting. Fishing and camping parties are constantly departing from the principal resorts at Moosehead and the Rangeleys, for the lakes, ponds and streams farther back. These parties generally return well satisfied. But, alas, for the days of corduroy hunting and fishing suits, and old clothes! Swell entertainments, with ladies in full dress and gentlemen in dress coats, are common at the Moosehead hotels, and at most of the Rangeley stopping places. Until of late the Upper Dam has been held by the real sportsman, who does not care to dress up for dinner, but a swell function was held there the other evening, with the veteran angler, T. B.

Stewart, of New York, in the rôle of an entertainer. That he did the honors well there is no question, but if he could have seen some of the other veteran anglers behind the camps in the darkness shedding tears because the dreaded dress coat had at last invaded their beloved Upper Dam, he would have wished that he had not done so. A Mrs. Wellman, of Cleveland, broke the salmon record of Pleasant Island Camps one day last week by bringing in a fish of that species that weighed 8 pounds. At the Birches Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Cooley had great sport last week with salmon. At one time they both had fish hooked, and when the fish were landed each weighed 4 pounds. Mr. Cooley also landed a 6-pound salmon. From the same camps Miss Patterson, of Rosemont, Pa., recently landed a trout weighing 6 pounds, and the same day her friend, Miss Chapin, caught one of 7 pounds weight. Mr. and Mrs. William Irwin, of New York, have been stopping at Spring Lake, Flagstaff, Mrs. Irwin landed, while there, a salmon of 5 pounds, the largest taken there for the season. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cole, of Boston, have been enjoying the fishing at Reddington. One day they had an experience that was not down on the programme, however. They had just got a big trout over the side of the canoe, when the hook became disengaged. Both were afraid that the trout would go overboard, and both made a grab for him at the same instant. The canoe lurched in the direction they had both leaned and threw one of them out that way. No sooner was it done, when, deprived of the weight of one of them, it as suddenly lurched the other way, throwing the other out on the other side. Both are pretty good swimmers, however, and, coming up on either side of the canoe, they clasped hands over it and found it sufficiently buoyant to sustain them till a neighboring fisherman, seeing their plight, came to their rescue.

SPECIAL.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, contest No. 10, held at Stow Lake Aug. 24. Wind, light west; weather, warm and clear:

Event	Event		Event		Event
No. 1,	No. 2,		No. 3		No. 4,
Distance,	Accuracy,		Del. %	Net %	Lure
Feet.	Per cent.	Acc %			Casting %
Battu	89	87.8	91.4	78.4	84.10
Brotherton ...	110	89.8	87.8	79.2	83.5
Edwards	87	89	88.8	73.4	81.6
Mocker	91	86	86.4	70.10	78.7
Muller	100	93.4	88	75.10	81.11
Reed	90	91.4	89.4	71.8	80.6
Smyth	88.4	87.4	76.8	82.2
Young	93	91.4	90.8	75	82.10

Judges, Brotherton and Mocker; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday, contest No. 10, held at Stow Lake Aug. 25. Wind, west; weather warm:

Battu	92	86.4	90.4	78.4	84.4	73 4-15
Brooks	100	94	86	70.10	78.5	...
Brotherton ...	122	89.4	88.4	78.4	83.4	93 13-15
Blade	73	87.4	74	65	69.6	...
Daverkosen...	108	91	91.4	79.2	85.3	...
Foulks	102	92.4	91.8	75	83.4	...
Haight	89.4	92	81	86.10	...
Heller	99	89.8	61.4	81.8	71.6	67 12-15
Huyck	98	91.8	84.4	71.8	78	...
R Kennif...	105	88.4	84.4	68.4	76.4	...
T Kierulff...	87	71.4	78	64.2	71.1	...
Mocker	100	88	81.4	70.10	76.1	...
Muller	109	90.8	85	75.10	80.5	...
Reed	87.4	93.4	75.10	81.7	...
Turner	86.4	91	75.10	83.5	...
Smyth	89	86.4	79.2	82.8	...
Young	90	94	88.4	82.6	85.5	...
Isebruck	73
Golcher	129	93	92.4	75	83.7	...

Judges, Muller and Turner; referee, Reed; clerk, Smyth.

Michigan Fishing Waters.

HARTFORD, Mich., Sept. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Quail are very plentiful and the chicks are very large and strong for this time of the year. I have just returned from the northern part of the State, where I went to try the wary trout, and I had a delightful time. I caught all I cared to; but they ran small; out of 150 trout not one weighed 1 pound. I fished on the splendid Boardman and on Cedar Creek, ten miles west of Traverse City. I fished on Yuba Creek, twelve miles northeast of Traverse City. Trout are very plentiful in all the streams, but an 8-inch trout is considered a good one. The last day of the trip I spent on the Little Manistee, in Lake county, and found it the finest trout stream I have seen yet—just large enough, with swift riffles running over rocks, and deep pools all the way. The Père Marquette Railroad crosses at Iron, seventy miles north of Grand Rapids. There are other streams equally good in the same vicinity. In Pine or South Branch of Big Manistee trout and grayling are plentiful, while in the numerous lakes all kinds of fish are plentiful. One may catch bass and pickerel, green bass, blue gills and perch, till one is sick of it. I was so well pleased with the streams and lakes that I bought forty acres in the Little Manistee just to have a place to go and fish and hunt. There are only fifty waters in the township, six miles square, so fish and grouse are plenty.

SULLIVAN COOK.

A Lobster Conviction.

In a case brought at Port Jefferson, L. I., Sept. 5, against Bruce Nelson and John Casey, of Connecticut, by Game Protector John E. Overton, the defendants were convicted of violating Section 128 of the game laws in taking lobsters near Crane Neck Point, in waters of Long Island Sound belonging to New York State.

The defendants were fined \$20 and ordered to remove their traps.

Camps of the Kingfishers.

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In "The Kingfisher Camp of 1901," this week's issue, there is an omission—typesetter's fault, of course—that destroys the sense of a sentence, as it were. After the word "not," 189th page, line 21 from the top, last column, read "safe to let the youngsters' go out, except on a," etc.

KINGFISHER.

GENERAL Eels of Japan.

We have received from the Smithsonian Institution, as a reprint from the Proceedings of the National Museum, "A Review of the Apodal Fishes or Eels of Japan, with Descriptions of Nineteen New Species. By David Starr Jordan and John Otterbeim Snyder."

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman F. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

A. C. A. Twenty-second Annual Meet.

Mudlunta Island, Aug. 9 to 23.

WHEN searching for pleasant camping grounds for its annual meets the American Canoe Association is not bound down to any one place, but is free to choose within a very extensive area a new site for each annual camp, if deemed advisable by the administration in power, but, as a matter of fact, they do not as a rule wander very frequently from the vicinity of the St. Lawrence River, as three out of every four meets are held among the islands of the river in question, varied, however, by an occasional visit to some new and distant region. During the twenty-one years of its history and wanderings the association has visited Lake George four times, Lake Champlain four times, the Thousand Islands nine times, the seaside and the Hudson River once each, and the last year the meet was taken up to the far-famed and distant Muskoka region of Canada, and while the meet in that district proved a success in many ways, yet it was the feeling of the majority of the members present that there was not a sufficient difference between the St. Lawrence and Muskoka to warrant a return of the meet to the latter place. The atmosphere of the St. Lawrence is very similar to that of Muskoka, being clear and bracing, and it is also very much more accessible than Muskoka. The question as to what division would have the meet of 1901 proved a somewhat difficult problem to decide. At the meet of 1899 the pros and cons were discussed, and it was decided that if the Northern Division was willing to take the meet of 1900 the Western Division would have the option of the meet of 1901; but on account of the Western Division only having two members in attendance at the meet of Muskoka, and also being a somewhat weak division, there was no indication that they could handle the general meet, hence it was up to the Northern Division to again hold the meet in accordance with the regular rotation, as published in the Year Book. The Eastern Division were not prepared to handle it at present, nor did any of the other divisions, so the Northern Division accepted the proposition and the association elected Mr. C. E. Britton, of Gananoque, Canada, as Commodore, with the understanding that the meet of 1901 would go to the St. Lawrence River.

Considerable difficulty was experienced at the start by the Commodore and Camp Site Committee in securing a desirable camp site, as sites were found to be few and far between, and the administration seemed reluctant to return to any of the previous camping grounds. It was thought for a time that Sugar Island, the island which was chosen by the Executive Committee at the meeting in October, 1900, as the permanent home of the Association, providing it could be secured for a reasonable figure, would be available for the meet of 1901, but, owing to some hitch in the negotiations for purchase, it could not be obtained in time to have it in shape for the 1901 camp.

The Camp Site Committee's troubles were, however, removed by the Commodore coming forward with the offer of the loan of his private island, which offer was quickly and gratefully accepted.

The island in question, Mudlunta (meaning half moon), is one of the prettiest islands of the St. Lawrence. It is one of the Admiralty group, over ten acres in extent, situated about two miles from the town of Gananoque, between the Canadian and the Middle channels, and, as experience proved, made one of the prettiest and most convenient spots the Association has ever camped on. It was exceptionally well laid out, the two camps being separated by a level tract of land of considerable extent, whereon the mess tent, the camp store, barber shop and bath houses were well situated. The main camp comprised some five acres of high and fairly level ground, and so laid out that all tents could be situated in every instance so as to overlook the water, thus furnishing desirable and cool spots for all. There were an exceptionally large number of tents in Main camp, more than making up for that deficiency in the Squaw Point,

The mess tent was exceptionally well located this year, being situated on the low, level tract of land between the two camps, and the cool, bracing breezes of the St. Lawrence, and the beautiful scenery on every hand, rocky and wooded shores and islands, studded with pic-

The attendance this year was distributed between the Northern, Atlantic, Central and Eastern Divisions, the Western Division only sending one delegate in the person of A. W. Friese, of Milwaukee, Wis. The Northern Division was naturally well represented, especially from

The following is a full programme of the races, with their combined results, viz.:



way. No. 2 men to be lined up on shore when a gun is fired.

No. 1 upsets his canoe and No. 2 launches and proceeds to the rescue, picks up his man and tows the capsized canoe across the finish line; open canoes, single blades, 1/4 mile straightaway: R. H. Britton and Parmenter, Gananoque, first; E. J. Minnett and A. McNichol, Toronto, second.

Event No. 20—Tandem, double blades, 1/2 mile with turn, open canoes: E. J. Minnett and A. McNichol, Toronto, first; R. N. Brown and J. J. Vaughan, Toronto, second; H. C. Allen and R. H. Britton, third; A. G. Mather and R. Hunter, fourth.

Event No. 21—Fours, double blades, 1/2 mile straightaway: E. J. Minnett, R. N. Brown, A. McNichol and J. J. Vaughan, of Toronto, first; R. H. Britton, A. G. Mather, W. Galloway and R. Moody, of Toronto, second.

Event No. 22—Fours, 1/2 mile straightaway, single blades, open canoes: E. R. McNeill, A. L. Lynch, R. H. Britton and C. Eastmond, of Kingston, second; R. N. Brown, J. J. Vaughan, A. McNichol and E. J. Minnett, of Toronto, third.

Event No. 23—Tail-end race, 1/4 mile straightaway: R. Parmenter, first; G. W. Begg, Toronto, second—ten starters.

Event No. 24—Relay race, open canoes, single blades, 1 1/2 miles over sailing course, three men from each club or division: E. J. Minnett, J. J. Vaughan and A. McNichol, first; R. N. Brown, R. Moody and A. G. Mather, second.

Event No. 25—Mixed tandem, 1/4 mile straightaway: Miss M. H. Britton and R. H. Britton, of Gananoque, first; Mrs. J. B. Taylor and A. G. Mather, second; Miss English and R. Hunter, third.

Event No. 26—Hurry-scurry, run, swim and paddle, standing up, open canoes: R. Parmenter, Gananoque, first; Ralph Britton, Gananoque, second.

Event No. 27—Tournament: J. McD. Mowat and R. Parmenter, first; J. Howard and A. G. Mather, second; F. F. Dorsey and J. A. Muirhead, third.

WAR CANOES.

Event No. 28—Championship of America, 1 mile straightaway: Won by the Toronto Canoe Club with team as follows: G. W. Begg, coxswain; R. N. Brown, J. A. Muirhead, F. Harrison, W. Galloway, R. S. Dil, A. Hawken, P. J. Syms, C. Simpson; G. H. Dill, A. E. Cuff, A. McNichol, E. J. Minnett, J. J. Vaughan, R. Moody, Y. M. C. A. Athletic Club, of Brockville, second; crew: G. A. Wright, coxswain; J. Anderson, A. N. Clark, H. Bramly, G. T. Emrie, F. Murray, E. L. Kenney, W. Clarke, S. Cuthbertson, J. Whelan, W. Mullen, R. Pitts, F. Yanwood.

Event No. 29, war canoe tug-of-war, one-minute heats, best two out of three: Won by Y. M. C. A., of Brockville; Toronto Canoe Club, second. Crews as above.

Event No. 30, division race, 1/2 mile with turn, each division may enter any number of teams: No entries.

Event No. 31, Northern Division championship: Y. M. C. A. Athletic Club, of Brockville, first; Toronto Canoe Club, second. Crews as above.

Event No. 32—Record race: G. W. McTaggart, first; F. F. Dorsey, second; F. C. Moore, third.

The first day or two of the meet, as is always the case, was devoted to setting things to rights and becoming acquainted with your fellow-campers. The first entertainment of note was the large bonfire and cornroast, on Wednesday evening, Aug. 14, at headquarters. A very enjoyable evening was spent in song and story, and in going over the many experiences of previous meets. On Friday evening following the canoeists were agreeably surprised by the appearance in camp of the Gananoque Band, comprising some twenty-five musicians, who had come to serenade the Commodore. They were quickly provided with a position where they could dispense their music to advantage; a large bonfire was started, the mess tent cleared, and a very pleasant evening spent in listening and dancing to the strains of the Gananoque Band.

The Saturday night of Aug. 17 was acceptably spent by the majority of the members in attendance at a large fancy dress masquerade ball being held at the Gananoque Inn, one of the largest and most palatial summer hotels of the St. Lawrence, and to which the entire camp was invited. The event proved a huge success, and a very enjoyable evening was spent by those who left the charms of camp to attend.

On the evening of Sunday, Aug. 25, the members attended church in a body at Half Moon Bay, situated about one-half mile from camp. The minister is stationed on shore and renders his service to his congregation, who lie in their canoes, boats and steam launches on the water, which constitutes what is called Half Moon Bay. The idea is quite a unique one, and it is no uncommon sight to see as many as 500 craft congregated there on a Sunday evening to take in the service, which lasts about three-quarters of an hour.

On Tuesday evening, of the second week, the principal entertainment of the meet, a minstrel show, was given. As is usual with all American Canoe Association features, the whole affair was quite impromptu, and gotten up on the spur of the moment. Mr. J. S. Wright, of Rochester, was the instigator and manager of the show, and he was ably assisted by L. A. Hall, of Boston. There were, fortunately, in camp a number of musicians, and, with a little practice, a very creditable showing was made. The entertainment was open to the members and friends of the members, and the latter turned out in goodly numbers to do honor to the occasion. Mr. J. S. Wright, of Rochester, chairman of the Amusement Committee, presided at the piano, and the orchestra was very acceptably served by E. A. Burns, of Toronto, violinist; G. Lewis, of Medford, Mass., guitar, and Ralph Britton, of Gananoque, on the piccolo. Mr. L. A. Hall, of Boston; C. Eastmond, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Ralph Hunter, of Massachusetts, were duly appointed official interlocutors, and cracked many musty jokes. The chorus consisted of some thirty of the campers, in negro costume, who, considering the limited time had for preparation, acquitted themselves very creditably.

The following evening, Wednesday, was acceptably occupied by a green beer, given by Mr. J. S. Wright, of Rochester, to which all of the members in camp were invited. A green beer resembles in many ways what the fair sex call a pink tea; in fact, it is the masculine for a pink tea. The host of the evening utilized a large open space in front of his tent for the occasion, a large fire was erected thereon, and refreshments were served. Music and song assisted to make the evening fly all too quickly, and the assembly broke up about 11:30, after partaking of a final repast of new, juicy corn, cooked in the dying embers of what had been one of the best bonfires of the camp.

Thursday night, Aug. 22, the Commodore gave a large dance in the mess tent, which was bountifully decorated with lanterns and bunting for the occasion. An orchestra was present from Gananoque, and the evening's proceedings were enlivened by the presence of a large number of residents from the surrounding cottages, who turned out for the occasion on the invitation of the Commodore.

On Friday, the last day of camp, something not scheduled on the official list of entertainments for the meet occurred.

At 2 P. M. on the afternoon of the day in question, the race for the Dolphin Trophy, and also the race for the cup donated by the Commodore of the British Canoe

Association, was scheduled, but was called off on account of lack of wind and the threatening appearance of the weather. Hardly had the contestants and officials got ashore when the rain came pelting down in torrents, accompanied by a hurricane, lightning and terrific thunder, which seemed to combine for an hour together to make one awful siege of destruction and loss. Boats were blown from their moorings and off the various landing docks, numerous small tents were blown away and their contents scattered; but the event of the storm was the total destruction of the large mess tent, capable of covering over 200 seated people. Miraculously no one was injured, although there were Mr. and Mrs. Tasker, the caterers, of Toronto, and their staff of fifteen assistants, preparing for the evening mess therein. Considerable loss was occasioned by the destruction of glass and chinaware, and provisions, which were scattered in all directions, and soaked by the heavy sheets of water, which, combined with the rain, were blown from the river surrounding the camp. Words cannot describe the storm's awful havoc. Although the storm was terrific, and the damage great, the funny and lackaday characteristics of the campers were here asserted. Immediately after the fall of the mess tent, rescuing parties were formed, who worked with night and main to prevent further destruction. When the storm abated, a large flag pole, bearing the stars and stripes, which was blown down, was reerected, with much pride and national sentiment by both British and American canoeists; then the British-American and American Canoe Association colors were dipped, bugle calls blown, royal salute fired from the three battery cannon of the American Canoe Association, and the national anthems of the two nations were sung, after which the Commodore invited the campers to refreshments, served in his own tent, which had also been reerected, after suffering loss from the storm. Campfires were built and a jolly evening was spent in music, song and story.

The subject of rowdyism, which, unfortunately has cropped up in some of the meets of the American Canoe Association, did not by any means take a prominent form this year, though, no doubt, it will be recollected the administration of last year and also of the year before, experienced a certain amount of trouble with a few members of the Association who came to camp with a somewhat hazy idea as to what an American Canoe Association camp is, and what it is intended for, and therefore sometimes made things somewhat unpleasant for the majority of those in camp by imbibing too much of their favorite brand of liquor and otherwise misconducting themselves. This year's camp was, however, ideal in that respect, as it was in many others, and there was no trouble whatsoever in the direction indicated. Liquor there certainly was, and who would want an American Canoe Association camp without a little? But it was used in such limited quantities that not the slightest trouble was experienced by the administration in the matter, and it surely seems that that question, like the one of dress, once much discussed, has settled itself in the proper manner. Every one conducted himself as a gentleman—and a member of the American Canoe Association should—and the camp of 1901 will go down on the records as one of the best and most orderly in the history of the American Canoe Association.

A pleasing occurrence was the excursion by the steamer Valeria on the second Sunday of the camp to the permanent home of the Association, Sugar Island. Almost every one in camp took advantage of the occasion to view the beautiful island, purchased by the Association largely through the instrumentality of Commodore C. E. Britton, to whom all credit is due for this desirable acquisition to the assets of the Association.

The steamer left camp about 9 A. M., and proceeded to the island, which lies about four miles from Mudlunta Island, and returned in time for dinner.

Sugar Island was found to be a most beautiful spot, some thirty-five acres in extent, and well adapted for the purpose for which it was acquired. It is about four miles from Gananoque, and is adjacent to the old stamping grounds of the Association on Stave and Grindstone Islands. It has many beautiful bays and bathing beaches; three excellent racing courses can be laid off its shore, and, altogether, it will make an exceptionally fine camping ground for the Association for many years to come.

The Association has, without doubt, taken a wise and judicious step in securing a permanent home, as every year it becomes more and more difficult for a camp site committee to secure desirable sites, and there is no doubt whatever that a time will come some day when it will be impossible to secure a suitable site.

Principal among the many troubles of a camp site committee is the choosing of the site, the erection of a dock, and the building of camp floors, etc. With a permanent home these various matters will be disposed of. Once the island is properly underbrushed, a good dock built and headquarters arranged for, camp site duties will be considerably reduced and there will not be the same difficulty as there is at present in securing good men to serve thereon. Considerable money will also be saved, as every year the Association is put to the expense of building docks, camp floors, etc., which expense would be eliminated after the first year's occupation of Sugar Island. The control of the island is vested in the Board of Governors, who propose appointing a committee to assist them therewith.

A topographical survey will be made of the island as speedily as possible, and, if practicable, a copy of same will be placed in the hands of every member. The fact of being the owners of such an island as Sugar will no doubt do considerable toward increasing and maintaining the membership of the Association, and a man will now feel, in paying his annual dues, that even if he is unable to go to either his division meet, or to his national meet, there is a place at his disposal where he can go and camp at any time he feels so inclined. The trouble in the past has been that the majority of the members could not see any value coming to them for their dues, and unless personally solicited in the matter, many annually severed their connection with the Association. That matter is now, however, remedied, and the administration look for a large increase in membership.

The problem of the care of the island is having serious consideration, and the probabilities are that a permanent

secretary will be appointed to look after the property, edit the Year Book, and attend generally to the affairs of the Association.

This year the division meetings were held within the divisions, with the exception of the Atlantic and Northern Divisions, who held their meetings at camp. The Northern Division elected the following officers for the year 1901: Vice-Commodore, Herb. Begg, Toronto; Rear Commodore, W. J. English, Peterboro; Purser, Harry J. Page, Toronto; Executive Committee, E. R. McNeill, Britannia Bay, Ontario, and J. McDonald Mowat, Kingston, Ontario.

The Northern Division have under consideration the question of holding a division meet in 1902, and in that event will, in all probability, select Sugar Island as the camp site. The division has not held a division meet since 1884, and there seems to be a strong feeling existing that it is pretty nearly time to hold another one.

The question of the meet of 1901 came up for discussion at the Executive Committee meeting of the Association, held at headquarters on Monday evening, Aug. 19. The Atlantic Division, in accordance with the rotation, as published in the Year Book, had the option of holding the meet for the coming year. The Eastern Division, however, were extremely anxious to have the opportunity of showing what they could do in the way of a national meet; and the Atlantic Division accordingly waived their right in their favor. The Eastern Division have in view a salt water meet, and if their division meet is any indication of what they can do when some 123 members registered, the meet of 1902 will be one of the largest in the history of the Association. They were not in a position at the present moment to state positively as to where the camp site would be located, but the probabilities are that it will be somewhere in the vicinity of Buzzard's Bay. Louis A. Hall, of Boston, was then elected Commodore, and the question of the election of a Secretary-Treasurer was left over until the October meeting, as the Commodore-elect had no positive candidate in view, and it is very essential that the Commodore secure a Secretary-Treasurer on whom he can rely.

A number of points in connection with the administration of the affairs of the Association were also discussed. The Executive Committee will meet again in October or November, at the call of the Commodore-elect, L. A. Hall, probably in Boston, or some city adjacent to the prospective camp site of 1902, so that the Executive Committee can inspect same and pass their opinion thereon.

A number of photos were taken by the official photographer, H. E. Paige, of Gananoque, some of which appear as illustrating this article.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

12. New York, autumn sweepstakes, New York Bay.
14. Hull-Massachusetts, club, Hull, Mass.
14. Brooklyn, fall regatta, Gravesend Bay, New York Bay.
14. Larchmont, Larchmont, Long Island Sound.
14. Indian Harbor, fall regatta, Greenwich, Conn.
14. Manhasset Bay, club series races for points; open to knock abouts (21 and 18ft.), cabin and open catboats, bay boats, Manhasset raceabouts and sailing dories, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.
14. Atlantic, fall regatta, Sea Gate, New York Bay.
21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
21. America Cup race, Sandy Hook.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 21-23-25.—International Races (America's Cup), Off Sandy Hook.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

Columbia—Constitution Trial Races

NEWPORT, R. I.

Aug. 31, Sept. 2, 4.

Up to the time that Constitution and Columbia went to the line for the first official trial race, these two yachts had met during this season nineteen times, and sixteen races had been satisfactorily finished within the time limit. One race off Newport was given up because the martingale on Columbia curled up; another race was sailed in a fog and was not finished within the time limit, and a third race was abandoned on account of the wind dying out and leaving the boats becalmed. Out of the sixteen races sailed each boat had won eight; so as far as actual winnings went the boats were on an even basis.

The selection of Columbia by the committee of the New York Y. C. to defend the America Cup against Shamrock II. has been the subject of some criticism, but to those who have followed the racing of these big boats all the season, there seemed to be no other alternative than to select the champion of 1899. It is perhaps a little disappointing to feel that practically no advancement has been made in designing in two years in this country, but it must be remembered that our recent Cup defenders have been the production of one man, and it would appear that he has reached his limit, and it is now hoped that some of our other yacht designers in this country will be given an opportunity. That they are capable of great things is shown in the wonderful sailing of Independence. Here was a man who had never designed anything except racing boats of about 25ft. waterline, yet he jumps to a boat of 90ft. and without any data or information or, most important of all, experience with these big vessels, turns out a boat that was a match for the latest production of the man who was supposed to be the greatest yacht designer in this country.

While Constitution showed wonderful speed in very light weather early in the season, her form did not seem to improve to any appreciable extent as the summer progressed. She went back to her builders several times and they made radical alterations in her rig, but these changes seemed to avail nothing. Three complete suits of sails were given the boat, but none was better than the original suit. The managing owner and sailing master of

Constitution attribute their lack of success to the poor sails furnished them; perhaps this explains in a measure the boat's poor showing, but it is generally conceded that Constitution's crew was not all that might have been desired, and the same discipline was not maintained on Constitution that had always prevailed on Columbia. Several of Constitution's crew left in a body just after she lost her mast, and new and untrained men had to be secured to take their places. All these little things have tended to keep the boat back, but, taking everything into consideration, Constitution was a very inconsistent performer, and for that reason she would have not been a safe boat to defend the Cup. Constitution may be an improvement over the Columbia of 1899, but she certainly is not faster than the Columbia of 1901.

Columbia's sailing this season has been so uniform and so satisfactory, and she has been so perfectly handled, that all American yachtsmen have unbounded confidence in her ability to keep the Cup where it has been for the past fifty years.

First Trial Race.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

The Regatta Committee was aboard the steam yacht Sultana, and the start for the race was made off Brenton's Reef Lightship. At 11:20 signals were hoisted on Sultana, and the course was found to be fifteen miles to windward and return, the direction being S.S.E. Before the start the breeze was light from the S.E. A large number of steam yachts—in fact, craft of all descriptions—were out to see the race. Columbia was the first boat in evidence at the starting line. Constitution came out a little later, with Mr. Nat Herreshoff on board. Both boats had been remeasured, and their racing lengths were: Constitution, 104.14ft., and Columbia 101.76ft. Constitution allows Columbia 1m. and 11s. over a thirty-mile course.

At 11:30 the preparatory signal was given, and 5m. later the warning gun was heard. Both boats had set large club topsails and jib topsails in addition to their lower canvas. Columbia was on Constitution's weather, and in their efforts to get the best of the start, both skippers got their boats over a few seconds before the starting gun. Recall whistles brought both boats back. The boats wore around and stood back. The official time for the start was:

Columbia11 41 15	Constitution11 42 00
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After crossing, Columbia took a hitch to windward of the lightship. At this time the breeze was blowing about nine or ten miles an hour, and as the day progressed the wind increased. The breeze had shifted a little to the eastward, so as to enable the boats to almost lay their course for the windward mark. Both boats held on the port tack until they had the mark about abeam. Columbia went around on the port tack first, and Constitution followed a minute later. The fact that there were two men at the wheel on board Constitution caused considerable comment. If the boat required two men to steer her in the light breeze that was blowing, surely there must be something radically wrong. A short hitch was made, and then Columbia came about on the port tack again and headed for the mark. Constitution followed a little later, and, as she came up in the wind, her jib topsail was taken in. Columbia's jib topsail was taken in when she jibed around the mark. The following times show the boats' standing at the weather mark:

	Start.	Weather	Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia11 41 15	1 30 45	1 49 30	
Constitution11 42 00	1 32 45	1 50 45	

Columbia beat Constitution 1m. 15s. on the windward leg of fifteen miles.

Columbia broke out her balloon jib smartly. Her jib and staysail were taken in and a reaching staysail was set. Constitution's crew worked well at this mark with the exception of being slow with the big staysail. Both boats set their working jibs in stops on the stays. Constitution's followers hoped to see her draw away on the reach home, but they were doomed to be disappointed, for Columbia slowly but surely drew away from her. Shortly before 3 o'clock the spinnaker was put on Constitution, but this sail did not seem to help the boat any. No spinnaker was set on Columbia, for, barring accidents, she was so much in the lead the race was easily hers. Nat Herreshoff sailed Constitution on the run home. The times from the weather mark to the finish were:

	Weather	Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia1 30 45	3 02 08	1 31 23	
Constitution1 32 45	3 06 01	1 33 16	

Columbia beat Constitution 1m. 53s. on the leeward of fifteen miles.

Constitution was badly beaten, but there was no ill feeling regarding the result of the race. The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia11 41 15	3 02 08	3 20 53	3 19 42
Constitution11 42 00	3 06 01	3 24 01	3 24 01

Columbia beat Constitution 3m. 8s. on elapsed time, and 4m. 19s. on corrected time.

Second Trial Race.

TRIANGULAR COURSE.

Monday, Sept. 2.

Constitution and Columbia were unable to finish the second trial race owing to lack of wind. The Regatta Committee was on board the steam yacht Conqueror, and at 11:30 they signaled that there would be a postponement of the start, as the wind was so light. At 12:35 signals from the committee boat announced that the race would be sailed over a triangular course, the first leg of which was a beat of ten miles, E. by S.; the second leg a reach of ten miles, S. ½ W., and the last leg a free run of ten miles N. by W. ½ W.

The tug Unique carried club members and guests. Sir Thomas Lipton, with George L. Watson, the designer of Shamrock II.; William Jameson, the famous yachting amateur; Ratsey, the sailmaker, and Capt. Sycamore, the skipper of Shamrock II., watched the race from the bridge of the steam yacht Erin.

The preparatory signal was fired at 12:50, and the warning gun was given at 12:55. The lightship formed the weather end of the line, and the Conqueror made the leeward end. The starting gun was given at 1 o'clock, and

the two boats crossed exactly together 6s. later. Constitution was in the weather berth, but soon Columbia began to work out of the new boat's lee, and it was not long before she was letting the backdraft of her mainsail flow into Constitution's headsails. Constitution came about 2m. after the start. Columbia followed to draw into the lead, when the boats went around on the starboard tack. Columbia was a good eighth of a mile ahead. Just after 2 o'clock Columbia crossed Constitution's bows. Constitution seemed to lose headway on coming about, while Columbia lost practically nothing. The elapsed times for this leg are shown in the following:

	Start.	1st Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia1 06 00	3 11 08	2 11 02
Constitution1 06 00	3 16 03	2 15 57

On the ten-mile beat to windward Columbia had beaten Constitution 4m. 55s.

With the wind abeam the boats stood away for the second mark. Reaching jib topsails were set on both boats and balloon staysails substituted for working ones. The wind was now very light, and Constitution seemed to cut down Columbia's lead a little. Columbia, after hunting around for better wind, finally gave it up and set her balloon jib topsail, and those on Constitution immediately followed suit. The race continued to be monotonous until the second mark was rounded. Columbia jibed around the mark at 4:50:40, and Constitution at 4:55:10. The elapsed times for the leg were:

	1st Mark.	2d Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia3 11 08	4 50 40	1 39 32
Constitution3 16 08	4 55 10	1 39 07

On the ten-mile reach Constitution had gained 25s.

After jibing around the second mark ballooners were lifted over the stays, and Columbia dropped her pole and set her spinnaker, but soon took it in again, which proved a hindrance rather than a help to the boat. It was a dead, flat calm for some time after rounding, and it is under these conditions that Constitution shows up well and proves her ability as a fine drifter. Constitution lowered her pole, but did not set her spinnaker. Constitution ghosted along under her balloon, and finally passed Columbia. The wind came up a little and Constitution increased her lead, but not for long, however, as Columbia at last found herself and again luffed out into the lead, and was well ahead when the time limit was reached, and the race was declared off.

Third Trial Race.

WINDWARD AND LEEWARD COURSE.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.

The weather conditions on Tuesday morning did not hold out much promise for good racing, but as the day wore on the sun drove away the mist and a breeze sprang up from the S.W. At 11:30 sail covers were taken off the boats and preparations were made to get under way. The Regatta Committee was on board the steam yacht Narada, and she took up her position E.S.E. of Brenton's Reef Lightship. A large number of steam yachts were in evidence, and among them was Mr. Anthony J. Drexel's new Marguerite, which recently arrived from the other side. She is a beautiful craft, and, next to the Valiant, is the largest yacht owned by a member of the New York Y. C.

When the two boats reached the lightship the course signals were made on the committee boat. The course signaled was fifteen miles to windward and return. S.S.W. was the course to the outer mark. The sea was very smooth and there was still a little haze hanging around. At 12:50 the preparatory signal was given, and both boats sent up babyjib topsails in stops before the warning signal was given at 12:55. The yachts came down to the line on the starboard tack, with Columbia to windward. Three times Capt. Barr put up his helm and let Columbia stand down almost on top of his opponent, and then he would luff sharply, and by so doing he successfully blanketed Constitution, and yet kept headway on his own boat. Columbia crossed 47s. after the starting gun, while Constitution, for some reason, jibed around and crossed on the port tack 22s. after the handicap gun. Both boats stood in toward the Narragansett shore. Columbia to windward, with a comfortable lead. They held this tack for about half an hour, when Constitution tacked, followed immediately by Columbia. Constitution had on her old mainsail, and it set better than any of the others. Constitution was the first to tack and stand in shore again, but Columbia was about almost as soon. The wind now came in from the S.W., but did not benefit either boat. A number of short tacks were made by both boats, and Constitution, contrary to all expectations, made quite a gain. The mark was rounded, leaving it on the starboard hand. The elapsed times for the fifteen miles' beat out are shown in the following:

	Start.	Mark.	Elapsed.
Columbia1 00 47	3 06 49	2 06 02
Constitution1 02 00	3 07 29	2 05 29

Constitution had gained 33s.

The speed with which Constitution's men set the spinnaker showed great improvement. Columbia set her balloon first and her spinnaker afterward. Constitution had to lower her babyjib topsail and then set her balloon. Constitution now began to close up on Columbia, and after a short while both boats sailed side by side, where they stayed for some time. Constitution finally drew into the lead, but Capt. Barr "nursed" his light sails a little and drew up alongside of Constitution again. As both boats were well off their true course, it was necessary to take in spinnakers. Constitution was first to take in hers, but it got badly tangled and considerable time was lost. Constitution flattened down her sheet and tried to get across Columbia's bows, but the hands on Columbia were too quick, and their spinnaker was doused and their sheets trimmed down. Columbia set a balloon staysail, as did Constitution. At this stage Constitution had a good show to win, when a strong puff heeled the boats well down and Columbia passed Constitution. Just at this time Constitution's balloon split in two, starting to rip near the spreaders. The crew, after some difficulty, got the sail on deck. Profiting by Constitution's misfortune, Columbia took in her balloon and set her reaching jib topsail. It was a very pretty piece of work, and impressed one with the crew's handiness. No effort was made to set jib topsail on Constitution, as she was so near the finish line.

The elapsed times for the run home are shown in the following:

	Outer Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Columbia3 06 49	5 03 13	1 56 24
Constitution3 07 29	5 03 32	1 56 03

Constitution on the reach home had gained 21s.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia1 03 47	5 03 13	4 02 26	4 01 15
Constitution1 02 00	5 03 32	4 01 32	4 01 32

Columbia beat Constitution 17s., corrected time. On elapsed time Constitution beat Columbia 54s.

Plymouth Y. C.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

THE first of the Y. R. A. open races of the South Shore circuit was given by the Plymouth Y. C. Thursday, Aug. 29. An easterly breeze prevailed at the start, which shifted all around later and finally settled in S.W. It was very light, and, although fluky, it could hardly be said that one boat was more favored than another. In the 25-footers, Flirt and Areyto went over the line before gunfire. The rest went over in a bunch, and, as there were several cries of foul, and the breeze was almost at the drifting point, the class was recalled and started over again.

On the second start Flirt again went over first, with Calypso on her weather quarter. Early Dawn, Thordis and Areyto followed. All tacked inshore except Calypso, and Calypso made a gain by holding her course. Calypso had all the luck for the best part of the course, but the others soon got their share on a shift of wind, and Flirt, Areyto and Early Dawn passed her, Flirt taking the lead. Flirt finished first, with Areyto a close second. Early Dawn came third and protested Flirt and Areyto on measurement. Areyto, in turn, protested Early Dawn. The result of the measurement showed all three to be over the limit, and the race accordingly went to Calypso.

In the 21-footers, Privateer, an old-timer of Hanley design, found new life, and bested her newer rivals, Mildred II., Freyja and Eaglet. She took the lead at the start and kept it to the finish. The race of the 18ft. knockabouts was made most interesting by the very easy win of Malillian, a Hull-Massachusetts boat, over all of the Duxbury boats. In the special class Scamper won easily, and this was also true of Hustler in the handicap class. The summary:

25-Footers.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 36 02
Thordis, W. U. Foster	2 44 02
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee	Measured out.
Areyto, L. D. Baker	Measured out.
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	Measured out.
21-Footer Class—Start, 9:45.		
Privateer, J. McConnell, Jr.	2 29 36
Mildred II., S. T. Moses	2 32 35
Freyja, C. H. Goddard	2 35 02
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess	2 44 12
18-Footer Knockabouts—Start, 10:05.		
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 41 10
Miladi, F. R. Adams	2 53 16
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones	2 59 03
Trouble, Henry Hunt	3 07 34
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman	3 13 36
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.	3 14 53
Lobster II., C. C. Clapp	3 20 37
Handicap Class—Start, 9:55.		
Hustler, Whittemore & Robbins	2 33 15
Mildred, C. A. Coleman	2 37 01
Dolphin, N. Morton	2 53 46
Auriolus, H. Kellogg	2 56 44
Geisha, W. T. Whitman	Withdraw.
Winnetuxet	Withdraw.
Emerell	Withdraw.
Special Class—Start, 10:15.		
Scamper, Reed Bros.	2 12 25
Fanny D., A. E. Walker	2 17 31

Cape Cod Y. C.

PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Cape Cod Y. C. was sailed off the club house in Provincetown Harbor Tuesday, Sept. 3, in a light easterly breeze. In the 25-footers Calypso turned the tables on Flirt. She led over the entire course and finished with a lead of over 6m. In the 21-footers, Mildred II. found her weather and showed up in more of the style in which she has raced further up in the bay. She won out by a little over 4m. In the 18ft. knockabout class Malillian found a rival in Mustang, which was designed by Crowninshield for Frank Tandy, but which was sold early in the season to D. Horne. They made a good race, Malillian winning by 1m. and 19s. There were also handicap classes for fishing boats and dories in which there was plenty of sport. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers.		Elapsed.
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton	2 18 14
Areyto, L. D. Baker	2 24 23
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee	2 25 10
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty	2 28 29
Class S—21-Footers.		
Mildred II., S. T. Moses	2 04 55
Privateer, John McConnell	2 09 11
Opitsah, S. Foster	2 11 41
Usona, W. P. Curley	2 12 10
Freyja, C. H. Goddard	Withdraw.
Knockabout Class.		
Malillian, B. S. Permar	2 28 36
Mustang, D. Horne	2 29 55
Handicap Class.		
Alma, E. Eldredge	2 32 32
Wild Fawn, C. McNear	Withdraw.
Fishing Boats—First Class.		
Iris, A. Mayo	2 23 16
Albert Brown, George Brown	2 28 43
Barbara, J. Johnson	2 32 08
Old Dominion, C. Maker	Withdraw.
Fishing Boats—Second Class.		
Brigaza, J. A. Rich	2 41 48
Albert Drummond, J. Williams	2 51 30
Bessie Kelly, B. R. Kelly	Withdraw.
Dories—First Class.		
A. Tarves	1 48 52
G. Smith	1 51 54
P. Kenney	1 53 04
Dories—Second Class.		
J. Loring	1 54 46
H. P. Silver	1 56 20
W. S. Costa	2 01 51

Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE Larchmont Y. C. held a special race on Saturday, Aug. 31. A fresh easterly breeze blew throughout the race, varying from eight knots strength at the start to ten knots at the time of the finish. At 12 o'clock the preparatory signal was given, and the schooners were sent away at 12:05. The course was triangular, and the E.S.E. wind made the first leg a beat. Quisetta was first away, followed closely by Elmina, but Muriel was some minutes behind. While Quisetta and Elmina were having a luffing match in toward the Connecticut shore. Muriel stood out into the Sound on the port tack. Muriel got a favorable slant while under the Long Island shore, and she was ahead around the first mark. Quisetta and Elmina following as named. At the second mark of Prospect Point, Muriel was still ahead, but Elmina had worked into second place, while Quisetta was last. On the first leg on the second time around, Elmina took the lead, which she held until the finish.

In the imported class, Hester beat Isolde after a well-fought race. Isolde reached the first mark on the first round ahead, with Eelin second, but on the second leg Hester took the lead and won out.

Altair did not show up in the 51ft. class, so the race lay between Humma and Syce, and the former boat won out. In the 43ft. class Dorwina won, beating Effort handsomely, which boat she led from start to finish. The 43's sailed over a triangular course, twenty-two miles in length. The 18ft. sloops in Class R sailed over a triangular course eleven miles in length. Opossum won, Pandora did not finish and Neola was disqualified for being out of her class. The times were:

Class D—Schooners—65 to 75ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:05.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Elmina, J. K. Brewster.....	4 48 25	4 48 25	
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	4 54 45	4 49 45	
Quisetta, H. J. Lippett.....	4 56 58	4 51 58	
Class I—Sloops—70ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Hester, C. F. L. Robinson.....	5 06 35	4 56 35	
Isolde, F. Hoyt.....	5 18 45	5 18 45	
Eelin, P. T. Dodge.....	5 24 00	5 14 00	
Class K—Sloops—51ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:10.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Humma, Rogers Maxwell.....	4 06 30	3 56 30	
Syce, Cyrus F. Judson.....	4 44 00	4 34 00	
Class L—Sloops—43ft. Racing Length—Start, 12:15.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Dorwina, William L. Ward.....	4 11 22	3 56 22	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 19 42	4 04 42	
Class R—Sloops—18ft. Racing Length or Under—Start, 12:20.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Opossum, M. Hazen Raborg.....	2 49 33	2 29 33	
Sora, W. Hoey, Jr.....	3 10 36	2 50 36	
Pandora, H. B. Towle.....	Withdraw.		
Neola.....	Disqualified.		

Hester allows Isolde 8m. 59s.

Humma allows Syce 38s.

Neola disqualified, out of her class.

The winners were Elmina, Hester, Humma, Dorwina and Opossum.

A special race between Isolde and Eelin for a cup offered by ex-Com. William S. Ackley, took place, Isolde being the winner.

Monday, Sept. 2.

The Regatta Committee gave the preparatory whistle at 11:30, and the schooners were started 5m. later, and the other classes followed at 5m. intervals. There was a light breeze from the eastward at the start, but it increased to a ten-knot breeze toward the finish. It was the second and final race of a series, for which special cups were offered, including one by Mr. W. S. Alley for the cutters Isolde, Hester and Eelin.

In the schooner class Muriel got away before the signal, and had to return and cross again. This miscalculation cost her about 3m. Elmina was first away, with Quisetta a close second. Muriel did splendid work, considering her handicap, for she overhauled her competitors on the windward leg and took the lead, which she held until, turning the first mark on the second round, her balloon jib topsail sheet got away and it was necessary to luff to secure it, and before it could be trimmed down Elmina had passed her. In the imported class Hester again won. Syce sailed a splendid race against Humma. It is too bad that Syce did not begin racing earlier in the season. She is a smart boat, and still has a lot of her old speed left. Badger and Merrywing sailed a good race, and the former finally won out. The summaries:

Schooners—Class D—Start, 11:35.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	5 31 08	5 31 08	
Quisetta, H. J. Lippitt.....	5 38 00	6 03 00	
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	5 32 08	5 57 08	
Sloops—Class J—Start, 11:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Isolde, Fred Hoyt.....	5 50 51	6 10 54	
Hester, C. L. F. Robinson.....	5 40 03	6 00 03	
Eelin, P. T. Dodge.....	5 58 42	6 18 42	
Sloops—Class K—Start, 11:40.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Humma, J. Rogers Maxwell.....	4 38 00	4 58 00	
Syce, C. F. Judson.....	4 55 00	4 54 21	
Sloops—Class L—Start, 11:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Dorwina, W. L. Ward.....	4 24 38	4 39 38	
Effort, F. M. Smith.....	4 20 15	4 35 15	
Sloops—Class M—Start, 11:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Ashumet, Governor Paulding, 2d.....	5 25 40	5 40 40	
Grayling.....	Withdraw.		
Electra, H. Havemeyer.....	4 58 50	5 13 50	
Opossum, H. Ballou.....	4 51 20	5 03 03	
Spasm, E. D. King.....	4 46 15	5 06 20	
Leda, J. Maxwell, Jr.....	4 48 03	5 01 15	
Yawls—Class M—Start, 11:45.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Memory, W. N. Bavier.....	5 13 08	5 28 08	
Tern, John Hyslop.....	5 21 21	5 36 21	
Sakana, A. McCreery.....	5 41 41	5 56 44	
Sloops—Class N—Start, 11:50.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Alerion, J. K. Aiker.....	5 14 45	5 24 45	
Oiseau, J. R. Maxwell, Jr.....	5 17 00	5 27 00	
Sloops—Class P—Start, 11:55.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Don, C. D. Mower.....	3 10 40	3 15 40	
Smoke, T. J. Bowns.....	3 30 18	3 35 18	
Homi.....	3 37 24	3 42 24	
Manhasset Raceabouts—Start, 11:55.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Badger, Thorsen & Jones.....	2 55 15	3 00 05	
Snapper, A. B. Ally.....	3 36 55	3 41 55	
Merrywing, W. M. Crane.....	3 05 45	3 10 45	
Viper, W. D. Hennen.....	3 33 50	3 38 50	
Sloops—Class Q—Start, 12:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Quoc.....	4 00 34	4 00 34	
Rod, R. G. Sand.....	3 50 00	3 50 00	
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	3 39 24	3 39 24	
Gazabo.....	4 15 55	4 15 55	
Neola, C. D. Mallory.....	3 43 24	3 43 24	
Sloops—Class R—Start, 12:00.			
	Finish.	Elapsed.	
Cricket, H. C. Pryor.....	4 19 14	4 19 14	
Flim Flam.....	4 06 14	4 06 14	

Mystral, A. C. Bostwick.....	5 30 50	5 30 50
Opossum, M. H. Raborg.....	3 25 58	3 25 58
Sandpiper, R. Belmont.....	3 50 55	3 50 55
Catboats—Class S—Start, 12:05.		
Louise.....	4 05 08	4 10 08
Sloops—Class W—Start, 12:05.		
Sneaker.....	5 55 59	6 00 59
Dory Class—Start, 12:05.		
Prize.....		
Ketch II.....	Winner.	

The winners were Elmina, Hester, Syce, Effort, Leda, Memory, Don, Badger, Montauk, Opossum, Louise and Sneaker.

Wellfleet Y. C.

WELFLEET, MASS.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Wellfleet Y. C. was sailed in Cape Cod Bay, off Wellfleet, Monday, Sept. 2, in a moderate breeze from the N.E. Flirt had the best of it all around among the 25-footers. As usual, Capt. Martin berthed her very nicely at the start, and she opened up a good lead to the first mark. On the second leg the others moved up on her, but she still held her lead. On the last leg she pulled away, and the race was for second place between Calypso and Early Dawn, Calypso winning out by a little less than a minute.

In the 21-footers Opitsah III. sailed a good race and won from Mildred II. by over a minute and a half, but unfortunately she got into a mix-up with Privateer on the first leg, which resulted in a protest. Opitsah III. was at fault, and the clash was witnessed by the judges, so there was nothing left for them to do but disqualify her. Malillian was the only 18ft. knockabout to show up, and she sailed over the course alone for percentage. A handicap class of yachts and three classes of working boats made very interesting racing, the more so because all of the contestants were local boats. The summary:

25-Foot Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Flirt, Fabyan & McKee.....	2 04 22	2 04 22	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	2 08 10	2 08 10	
Areyto, L. B. Baker.....	2 09 00	2 09 00	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	2 12 16	2 12 16	
21-Foot Class.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Opitsah III., Sumner Foster.....	2 10 25	2 10 25	
Mildred II., S. T. Moses.....	2 12 01	2 12 01	
Privateer, J. MacConnell, Jr.....	2 14 26	2 14 26	
Usona, C. P. Curley.....	Withdraw.		
18-Foot Knockabouts.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 35 15	1 35 15	
Open Handicap.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Puritan, H. K. Cummings.....	1 42 47	1 42 47	
Quiver.....	1 49 20	1 46 20	
Alma, T. Eldridge.....	1 52 10	1 49 10	
B. F. Berry.....	2 38 34	2 00 34	
First Class—Working Boats.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Sweet Marie, D. Delory.....	0 51 34	1 36 42	
Herbert, A. Atwood.....	0 10 40	1 43 23	
Edith, H. Delory.....	0 07 38	1 44 18	
Wellfleet, D. Atwood.....	0 17 41	1 45 22	
Florence, Williams & Kemp.....	0 15 26	1 46 21	
Oyster, W. Harding.....	0 00 52	1 47 12	
Ella Ellsworth, S. Barrio.....	0 00 00	1 47 30	
Second Class—Working Boats.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Rumpus, F. Brown.....	0 01 50	1 50 55	
White Fawn, E. Rogers.....	0 00 00	1 56 39	
Gracie, W. Delory.....	0 08 06	1 58 12	
Agnes, N. Frazier.....	0 05 22	2 00 23	
Third Class—Working Boats.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Trilby, L. Higgins.....	0 00 00	2 05 25	
Lillie, F. Snow.....	0 07 50	2 06 39	
Pampero, N. Kendall.....	0 01 02	2 09 00	

Beverly Y. C.

MONUMENT BEACH, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

In a light and variable breeze from the S.E., the last championship race of the Beverly Y. C. was sailed off the club house, at Wing's Neck, Saturday, Aug. 31. May Queen again won easily in the 25-footers, while in the 21-footers Gadfly beat out Quakeress by less than a minute. Eunice again found her breeze in the fourth class cats, but won out by only 9s. In the one-design 15ft. class the racing was very good. Teaser winning out by 4s. The summary:

25-Footers.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
May Queen, D. L. Whittemore.....	2 32 33	2 32 33	
Thorana, T. B. Wales.....	0 00 00	2 40 51	
Kalama III., David Rice.....	2 42 27	2 42 27	
Nokomis, Alfred Winsor.....	2 48 02	2 48 02	
White Heron, Waldo Forbes.....	2 54 42	2 54 42	
21-Footers.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Gadfly, Mrs. J. W. Geary.....	1 53 27	1 53 27	
Quakeress, W. F. Harrison.....	1 54 01	1 54 01	
Edith, Clark King.....	1 55 12	1 55 12	
Radiant, C. M. Baker.....	2 02 28	2 02 28	
Kestrel, L. S. Dabney.....	2 14 57	2 14 57	
Fourth Class—Cats.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Eunice, W. O. Taylor.....	2 09 10	2 09 10	
Viola, C. E. Clapp.....	2 09 19	2 09 19	
Totem, W. M. Jameson.....	2 09 22	2 09 22	
Hod, H. B. Holmes.....	2 10 02	2 10 02	
Howard, H. O. Miller.....	2 11 10	2 11 10	
Maori, A. B. Hastings.....	2 14 08	2 14 08	
15-Footers—One Design.			
	Elapsed.	Corrected.	
Teaser, R. W. Emmons 2d.....	1 53 06	1 53 06	
Peacock, R. Winsor.....	1 53 10	1 53 10	
Vim, F. W. Sargent.....	1 54 27	1 54 27	
Next, Paul Jones.....	1 56 37	1 56 37	
Eaglet, R. L. Bacon.....	1 56 49	1 56 49	
Spider, H. B. Stone.....	1 56 52	1 56 52	
Flickamaroo, W. B. Emmons.....	1 57 41	1 57 41	
Go Bye, H. Stockton.....	1 58 34	1 58 34	
Varda, J. Parkinson, Jr.....	1 59 02	1 59 02	
Sis, C. A. Coolidge.....	1 59 15	1 59 15	

Scituate Y. C.

SCITUATE, MASS.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.

A RACE was sailed between the fleet of small boats of the Scituate Y. C. Tuesday, Sept. 3, for prizes offered by Thomas W. Lawson and Dr. Charles E. Davis. There was quite a lively breeze blowing from the N.E., and the race was hotly contested. The run for first place was between Trojan and Big Liz. Trojan winning out by 27 seconds. The summary:

	Elapsed.	
Trojan, Richard Wherity.....	1 08 13	
Big Liz, John T. Ward.....	1 08 40	
Mary J., Wm. Ward.....	1 21 10	
Edna, Thomas Turner.....	1 23 00	
Columbia, W. Baird.....	2 23 23	

Kingston, Y. C.

KINGSTON, MASS.

Friday, Aug. 30.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Kingston Y. C. was sailed off Rocky Nook Point, Friday, Aug. 30, in a very light and fluky breeze. It was S.W. at the start and shifted from there clear around to E. and stopped at various points between the two. The yachts took various positions, as they were favored by the breeze, and the element of luck played such an important part that the actual record of racing was not shown by the result. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers.		
Areyto, L. D. Baker.....	1 29 53	
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee.....	1 31 49	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 35 33	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 38 55	
Class S—21-Footers.		
Privateer, John McConnell.....	1 25 24	
Mildred II., S. T. Moses.....	1 27 09	
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess.....	1 32 58	
Freyja, C. H. Goddard.....	1 32 59	
18-Foot Knockabouts.		
Malillian, B. S. Permar.....	1 30 48	
Miladi, F. R. Adams.....	1 31 02	
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.....	1 31 08	
Trouble, H. H. Hunt.....	1 32 18	
Comforter, John Whittemore.....	1 33 46	
Lobster II., C. C. Clapp.....	1 34 08	
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman.....	1 34 25	
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	1 39 39	
Helene II., S. Burgess.....	1 35 55	
Handicap Class.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ivan, H. C. and W. S. Cole.....	1 37 01	1 15 01
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.....	1 25 41	1 19 41
Hustler, Whittemore and Robbins.....	1 24 03	1 20 03
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	1 32 06	1 20 06
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	1 35 03	1 21 03
Thordis, W. A. Foster.....	1 21 22	1 21 22
Mildred I., C. A. Colman.....	1 29 01	1 29 01
Challenger, E. B. Atwood.....	1 29 15	1 24 15
Scamper, Reed Bros.....	1 28 15	1 29 15
Geisha, W. T. Whitman.....	1 30 59	1 24 54
Fanny, D. A. E. Walker.....	1 30 47	1 26 47
Emerell, Wm. Low.....	1 42 16	1 27 16
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	1 48 45	1 28 45
Fedora, C. Hunt.....	1 47 11	1 31 11
Winnetuxet, W. Potter.....	Withdrew.	
Solitaire, B. B. Withers.....	Withdrew.	

Corinthian Y. C.

MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE first squadron run of the Corinthian Y. C. cruise, from Marblehead to Gloucester, was most interesting. A good easterly breeze prevailed all the way, and there was a fine fleet participating. They were divided up into classes, as on race days, and the fleet made the best showing of any Eastern yacht club cruise for many years. The summary of the racing run:

Schooners—Class B.		
	Elapsed.	Corrected.
America, Butler Amies.....	2 13 48	2 13 48
Puritan, J. L. Shaw, Jr.....	2 19 40	2 19 40
Schooners—Class A.		
Barbara, C. F. Lyman.....	2 03 10	2 03 10
Paboon, A. P. Loring.....	2 31 28	2 26 28
Clarissa, W. F. Mayo.....	2 27 35	2 27 35
Rondina, D. C. Percival, Jr.....	2 31 04	2 31 04
Frolic, H. White.....	3 00 25	2 35 25
First Class—Sloops.		
Melusina, J. A. Burnham, Jr.....	2 46 45	2 46 45
Second Class—Sloops.		
Gossip, P. Brooks.....	2 30 16	2 30 16
Virginia, R. L. Sewell.....	2 44 53	2 32 53
Keewaydin, J. Mullin.....	2 46 24	2 41 24
Columbine, E. F. Smith.....	3 06 22	2 46 22
Chasca, C. D. H. Follert.....	3 17 37	2 57 37
Waif, C. D. Wainwright.....	Time not taken.	
Third Class—Sloops.		
Oivanna, R. Boardman.....	2 10 25	2 10 25
Chewink, F. G. Macomber, Jr.....	2 11 31	2 11 31
Brigand, H. A. Morss.....	2 49 24	2 29 24
Geisha, C. Jaynes.....	3 06 26	2 46 26
Jackdaw, C. F. Foss.....	3 38 18	3 08 18
Lurline, C. Wilson.....	Time not taken.	
Conomo, F. White.....	Time not taken.	
Fourth Class—Raceabouts.		
Sintram, W. P. Fowle.....	2 24 52	2 24 52
Idol, T. K. Lothrop, Jr.....	2 26 04	2 26 04
Pomplia, R. C. Robbins.....	2 28 07	2 28 07
Runaway Girl, C. F. Tweed.....	2 31 01	2 31 10
Fifth Class—Knockabouts.		
Anita, R. Washburn.....	2 37 03	2 37 03
Theresa, L. Davis.....	2 52 17	2 38 17
Thistle, A. F. McKinnon.....	2 51 43	2 41 43
Retriever, H. P. Benson.....	2 57 25	2 57 25

The regular race of the Corinthian Y. C., which was to have been sailed on Saturday, Sept. 7, was postponed because of the critical condition of President McKinley.

Duxbury Y. C.

DUXBURY, MASS.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE annual Y. R. A. open race of the Duxbury Y. C. was sailed off the club house Saturday, Aug. 31. There was a steady, moderate breeze from the eastward, by long odds the best day of the races in Plymouth Bay. In the 25-footers Calypso went over the starting line before gunfire, and had to recross, but quality in a breeze soon counted, for she caught the leaders before half of the course had been sailed and led to the finish. Areyto finished a close second, but was ruled out on Flirt's protest. Privateer won her third race of the series in the 21-footers, beating all of the new cracks. The 18ft. knockabout class was made up of local boats, Trouble, designed by Fred Lawley, winning handily. Two handicap classes furnished interesting racing. The summary:

Class D—25-Footers.		
	Elapsed.	
Calypso, A. W. Chesterton.....	1 50 26	
Areyto, L. D. Baker.....	1 50 46	
Flirt, Fabyan and McKee.....	1 52 05	
Early Dawn, J. E. Doherty.....	1 53 32	
Class S—21-Footers.		
Privateer, John MacConnell, Jr.....	1 56 07	
Mildred II., S. T. Moses.....	1 57 17	
Opitah III., Sumner Foster.....	2 00 25	
Eaglet, W. S. Burgess.....	2 52 43	
Freyja, C. N. Goddard.....	2 05 41	
Halcyon, S. C. Winsor.....	2 07 30	
Scamper, Reed Bros.....	2 14 25	
Fanny D., F. E. Walker.....	2 23 06	
18-Foot Knockabouts.		
Trouble, J. H. Hunt.....	2 13 53	
Kittawake, H. M. Jones.....	2 16 33	
Miladi, F. R. Adams.....	2 17 20	
Oom Paul, G. P. Cushman.....	2 18 34	
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.....	2 21 20	
Lobster II., C. C. Clapp.....	2 24 52	
Comforter, John Whittemore.....	2 26 04	
Helene II., S. Burgess.....	2 28 43	
First Handicap Class.		
Mildred I., C. A. Coleman.....	2 07 42	2 00 42
Huster, Whittemore & Robbins.....	2 11 00	2 04 00
Thordis, W. U. Foster.....	2 04 20	2 04 20
Moondyne, Shaw Bros.....	2 20 42	2 11 42
Second Handicap Class.		
Challenge, E. B. Atwood.....	2 09 54	2 09 54
Emerell, Wm. Low.....	2 17 52	2 12 52
Raduga, W. Burgess.....	2 19 02	2 17 02
Dolphin, N. Morton.....	2 21 09	2 17 09
Seaweed, Thomas Dimon.....	2 34 45	2 22 45
Aureolus, H. Kellogg.....	2 35 42	2 23 42
Solitaire, B. B. Baker.....	2 36 18	2 24 18
Winnetuxet, W. Potter.....	2 35 06	2 25 06
Fedora, C. Hunt.....	2 35 12	2 25 12
Latona, C. Forter.....	2 56 05	2 38 05
Frolic, J. C. Dawes.....	2 58 48	2 38 48
Imp, N. K. Norwood.....	2 56 12	2 41 12

Y. R. A. of Massachusetts.

ANNUAL RENDEZVOUS.

With the closing of the racing season the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts held its annual rendezvous at Nahant and Hull, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7 and 8. There was so little wind Saturday afternoon that many of the yachts of the fleet failed to show up at Nahant. In the morning, after colors, the fleet dressed ship and orders were given to proceed to Hull. There the fleet was enlarged by arrivals from Dorchester and Quincy bays, there being fully 150 yachts gathered by 2 in the afternoon. At 3 the preparatory signal was given from the flagship, and 15m. later the fleet passed in review, the yachts dipping their ensigns as they went under the bow of the flagship. The fleet then sailed around the southerly end of Peddock's Island and passed up the West Way, passing again in review of the flagship off Marine Park pier, after which the fleet was disbanded. It was a beautiful day with light air and smooth sea, and the sight of the yachts coming up the West Way was one that is not soon forgotten. It seemed as though there were nothing in the harbor but sails.

Huntington Bay Y. C.

HUNTINGTON BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE Huntington Bay Y. C. held its special races on Saturday, Aug. 31. Seven classes filled. The 36 and 30 footers sailed over a course of five legs, in all sixteen nautical miles. The other classes sailed twice over a triangular course, in all ten miles. The wind was light from the S.E., but freshened, and the finish was in a good whole-sail breeze. The summary:

Class M—36ft. Sloops and Yawls—Start, 12:25.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Ashmut, F. G. Spalding.....	6 46 08	6 21 08
Memory, W. N. Bavier.....	6 43 43	6 18 43
Special Class—Match Race—Start, 12:35.		
Empress, August Hekschia.....	5 02 25	6 33 25
Windora, John Green.....	5 09 57	6 34 57
Classes N and S—30ft. Racing Length—Start, 2:12:40.		
Hannah, R. H. Cooke.....	Disabled.	
Oiseau, G. L. Brierie.....	6 41 13	4 29 25
Alerion, A. H. Alker.....	6 45 15	4 37 30
Raceabouts—Start, 12:45.		
Badger, Thorson & Jones.....	3 06 35	3 39 35
Merry Wing, H. M. Crane.....	3 03 09	3 41 09
Classes R and W—18ft. Sloops—Start, 12:50.		
Ojibway, D. P. Morse.....	3 25 34	3 26 34
Humma, Barclay Ward.....	3 22 05	3 28 05
Vagabond, M. Brusselle.....	3 25 02	3 25 02
Mollie S., J. M. Brady.....	Disabled.	
Classes Q and V—21ft.—Start, 12:55.		
Montauk, J. S. Appleby.....	2 28 10	2 27 10
Quoc, J. S. Hammond.....	3 39 38	3 24 17
Rod, W. Hin.....	3 31 35	3 24 35
Ox, W. N. Bavair.....	3 42 20	3 13 20
Classes R and W—Start, 1:00.		
Sandpiper, R. Belmont.....	3 48 22	2 48 22
Hope, J. Iselin.....	3 50 44	2 50 44
Cabagne, E. A. Pressler.....	4 03 25	3 03 25
Imp, W. F. Fornell.....	Withdraw.	
Una, Taylor.....	Withdraw.	
Halcyon, John N. Farrel.....	Withdraw.	

Keyport Y. C.

KEYPORT, N. J.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

THE first annual open regatta of the Keyport Y. C. was held on Saturday, Aug. 31. The races were sailed on Raritan Bay, and a strong, twelve-mile breeze blew throughout the race. Prizes were awarded to the winners of each class. The course was a triangular one. The results follow:

Class A, Open Cats, 16 to 22ft.—Won by Whiff, Seawaren Y. C.; Rascal, Seawaren Y. C., second; Mary, Burrows brothers, Keyport, third.
Class B, Cabin Cats—Won by Ethel, Seawaren Y. C., beating Dad, of Seawaren, by 22m.
Class C, Cabin Sloops—Won by Com. H. A. Young's Youngster; Mary C., South Shrewsbury Y. C., second.
Class D, Power Boats—Won by William E. Wooley, Keyport.
Class E, Surf Boats—Won by William Watts; Peter Force, second.
Class F, Open Sloops, 14 to 20ft.—Won by Rita, New York; Rainbow, second.
Class G, Half Raters—Won by Cook brothers' Yes Yes.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

MR. HERMAN B. DURYEA offered a cup for the Newport special thirties, to be sailed for on Thursday, Aug. 29. Mr. W. Butler Duncan, Jr., the managing owner of Constitution, sailed Carolina to victory. The wind was from the S.W. and the course was from Brenton's Cove to Jamestown and then out to Brenton's Reef buoy and return. It was a pretty start, Mr. Duncan crossing with the gun and in the lead, which he increased to the outer mark. On the run home he was crowded by Hera and Esperanza, but he held his position and won by 52s. The start was at 4:22. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	6 11 50	2 33 50
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	6 12 42	2 34 42
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	6 12 58	2 34 58
Wawa, R. Brooks.....	6 15 02	2 37 02
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	6 18 28	2 40 28
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	6 26 15	2 48 15

Marion Y. C.

MARION, MASS.

Thursday, Aug. 29.

A NOVEL race was sailed by the Marion Y. C. on Thursday, Aug. 29. The skippers received instructions from the shore in their skiffs, rowed to the yachts and went once around the course. Then further instructions were received from the judges' boat. Reefs were tied in and they went around the course again. Each boat lost a man overboard, who swam to the judges' boat. It was one of the most interesting races that has been sailed during the season. The summary:

	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Weeweautit, William Bullivant.....	00 50 47	00 50 47
Albatross, Allen Weeks.....	00 55 40	00 51 10
Push, William Severance.....	00 55 30	00 51 30
Shrup, Maurice Richardson.....	00 57 18	00 54 18
Betty, Arthur Stone.....	00 58 46	00 55 16
Sanpan	Withdraw.	

Pavonia Y. C.

NEW YORK BAY.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE Pavonia Y. C. held a regatta on New York Upper Bay in a light easterly breeze on Monday, Sept. 2. The elapsed and corrected times were not given out. Large boats went over the Swinburne Island course, while open and cabin catboats sailed twice around Robbins Reef Lighthouse from the Bayonne club house. Summary:
Open Catboats—Com. O. F. Roe's Bell beat Mr. William Poland's Emma K.
Cabin Catboats—Mr. George Taggart's H. H. Holmes beat Loretta and Water Lily.
Sloops—Mr. Tate's Nomad beat Wannett and Avona.
Yawls—Mr. Figuier's Zoraida beat Forsyth II, and Avonia.

Canarsie Y. C.

SANDS POINT—JAMAICA BAY.

Sunday, Sept. 1.

THE Canarsie Y. C. held a regatta on Sunday, Sept. 1, off the club house at Sands Point, Canarsie, L. I. Soon after the start Yank took the lead, and held it until the last leg, when, after rounding the buoy of Barren Island Point, Irene, G. Martin, went to the fore, and after a magnificent bit of windward work passed Yank and won the Vice-Commodore's cup in the class for cabin catboats. Irene, Athala and Yank all crossed the finish line within fifty-five seconds of each other. The summaries:

Cabin Catboats.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Irene, G. Martin.....	10 51 45	12 59 37	2 07 52
Athala, Northbridge.....	10 51 55	12 59 52	2 07 59
Yank, C. Fuhy.....	10 52 35	1 00 07	2 08 52
Tassie, Fletcher.....	10 51 10	1 12 30	2 21 20
			2 18 54
Open Catboats.		Elapsed.	
Start.	Finish.		
Aurora, A. Wireching.....	10 55 12	12 56 21	2 00 09
Athle, C. J. Neilson.....	10 55 10	12 57 06	12 01 26
Emma S., H. Sparr.....	10 56 35	1 08 48	2 12 13

Monday, Sept. 2.

Another race was held by the Canarsie Y. C. on Monday, Sept. 2. The wind was light when the yachts started, blowing from the E., and the water was smooth. The race was open to all club boats. The course was from a stake boat off the club house, through the breakwater, to a mark boat off the Hassock, thence to the club house, three times around, a total distance of twelve nautical miles. Aurora won in the cabin cat class; Ideal was first home of the open catboats, and Athala won from Irene. The summaries:

Cabin Catboats.		Elapsed.	
Start.	Finish.		
Athala, G. Northbridge.....	10 37 05	1 56 50	3 19 25
Irene, George Winters, fouled Black Diamond and withdrew.			
Open Catboats—23 to 25ft.		Elapsed.	
Aurora, A. Wirsching.....	10 45 00	1 36 15	2 51 15
Tam O'Shanter, D. J. Tinsley, Jr.....	10 45 09	Withdraw.	
The Caddie, E. H. Carr.....	10 41 25	Withdraw.	
Open Catboats—20 to 23ft.		Elapsed.	
Ideal, W. H. Sampson.....	10 41 37	1 58 22	3 16 45
Vision, C. B. Fitzmaurice.....	10 41 40	1 58 11	3 16 15

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.

OYSTER BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Saturday, Aug. 31.

A SPECIAL race between the Seawanhaka knockabouts was sailed on Saturday, Aug. 31, in a light southerly breeze, over the inside triangular course, which is six nautical miles in length, covered twice. Wyntje led nearly all the time from start to finish. The times:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wyntje, Sherman Hoyt.....	3 20 00	5 31 12	2 11 12
Marcia, Dresser and Jacquelin.....	3 20 00	5 35 03	2 15 03
Gowan, J. Sherman.....	3 20 00	5 38 30	2 18 30
Mistral, E. J. Lowe.....	3 20 00	5 47 35	2 27 35
Heron, F. R. Coudert.....	3 20 00	5 48 42	2 28 42
Nacodo, C. W. Wetmore.....	3 20 00	5 53 15	2 33 15
Lucille, H. H. Landon.....	3 20 00	5 59 20	2 39 20
Vagrant, Brown & Lowe.....	3 20 00	6 05 25	3 15 25

Monday, Sept. 2.

The special race of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. for a trophy offered by Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., was decided off the home of the club, Centre Island, on Monday, Sept. 2. Gowan, owned by F. C. Stewart, and R. W. Gibson, won the prize. The race was sailed in a light southeasterly breeze over a course of six miles to leeward and return. Marcia D., Le Roy Dresser, and H. B. T. Jacquelin came in second, and Wyntje, Colgate Hoyt, finished third.

Bayswater Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE Bayswater Y. C. held a regatta on Monday, Sept. 2, on Jamaica Bay. The course was from the club house down the channel to a mark boat in Sweetwater, thence back to the starting line. This course was covered twice, making a distance of ten miles. The summaries:

Cabin Sloops—Start, 11:30.		Elapsed.	
	Finish.		
Olga, J. H. Jefson.....	1 54 35	2 44 35	
Robin, D. L. Starke.....	1 57 58	2 46 48	
Second Class Catboats—Start, 11:20.		Elapsed.	
Mattie, M. L. MacNamara.....	1 59 15	2 39 15	
Meta, H. I. North.....	2 01 20	2 41 20	
Third Class Catboats—Start, 11:25.		Elapsed.	
Norma, H. A. North.....	2 41 35	2 16 35	
Magnet, D. Mott.....	Withdraw.		
Lillian, F. Almey.....	2 52 30	1 08 30	
Sharpies—Start, 11:30.		Elapsed.	
Marion, B. Moller.....	1 03 02	2 27 02	
Maud, W. Shearer.....	1 04 25	1 03 25	
Pirate, F. Richmond.....	Withdraw.		

The winners were Olga, Mattie, Norma and Marion.

Indian Harbor Y. C.

GREENWICH—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE Indian Harbor Y. C. gave a handicap race on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 2. There were eleven starters, and among them were cats, yawls, sloops and raceabouts. The handicaps ranged from 5 to 20m. It was a ten-mile race over the club course, and the boats made good time in a fair breeze from the E. Cymbra, which started last in the race, crossed the finish line first, 10m. in advance of the raceabout Spindrift. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.
Louie Belle.....	2 05 00	5 27 31
Noggin.....	2 10 00	5 33 49
Stingy.....	2 10 00	*
Bug.....	2 10 00	†
Gosbird.....	2 25 00	†
Lassie.....	2 25 00	5 36 42
Fly.....	2 25 00	5 20 03
Robin Hood.....	2 45 00	5 19 31
Themis.....	2 45 00	**
Spendrthrift.....	2 50 00	5 19 02
Cymbra.....	2 55 00	5 09 51
*Disqualified.		
†Time not taken.		
‡Time not taken.		
**Withdrew.		

Williamsburg Y. C.

FLUSHING BAY—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

Sunday, Aug. 25.

THE ladies' day regatta of the Williamsburg Y. C. was sailed on Sunday, Aug. 25, in a light N.W. breeze. The course sailed was, starting by crossing an imaginary line drawn between the club house and a buoy anchored off shore; thence to the spar buoy off College Point; thence to the spar buoy off Hunt's Point; thence to starting line. The direction of the wind was such that it made the first leg a beat to windward, the second a reach with booms to port, and the third a run. The summary follows:

Sloops—Class A.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Portia	1 10 00	2 45 10	1 35 00
Bertha K.	1 10 00	2 10 00	0 58 00
Sloops—Class B.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
White Rose.....	1 10 00	2 21 50	1 11 25
Flirt.	1 10 00	2 55 47	1 45 47
Sloops—Class D.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Emily B.	1 10 00	2 56 25	1 46 25
Eagle	1 10 00	2 45 55	1 35 10
Belfine	1 10 00	3 28 40	2 18 40
Class E—Cabin Cats.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Cupid	1 15 00	2 47 40	1 32 40
Matilda	1 15 00	2 53 45	1 37 15
Class F—Cabin Cats.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Reckless	1 15 00	2 22 30	1 07 30
Hit or Miss.....	1 15 02	2 22 02	1 07 02
Bessie	1 15 00	3 04 00	1 49 00
Class G—Cabin Boats.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Undine	1 15 00	3 06 53	1 51 53
Florence	1 15 00	2 51 10	1 36 10
Class H—Open Cats.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Echo	1 20 00	2 47 37	1 27 37
Edith M.	1 20 00	Disqualified.	
Little Dean.....	1 20 00	Disqualified.	

The winners were Bertha K., White Rose, Eagle, Cupid, Reckless, Florence and Echo. Edith M. and Little Dean were disqualified.

Jamaica Bay Y. C.

ROCKAWAY BEACH, L. I.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE Jamaica Bay Y. C. held a regatta for sailboats and launches off the club house at Holland's Station, on Monday, Sept. 2. The race of the launches was to start first, but as several could not be ready in time, the committee decided to send off the sailing yachts ahead of them. The wind at the time the preparatory signal was given, at 3:20, was from the N. of E., which made it a run down to the first mark at the spar buoy, off Block House Point; a beat to a stakeboat at Broad Channel, and a broad reach home. The summaries:

Launches—Class A.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Cecelia, O. L. Schwencke.....	3 43 57	5 25 44	1 41 47
Agnes B., B. Warner.....	3 44 50	5 28 12	1 43 22
Launches—Class B.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Arville, F. Huber.....	3 49 12	5 39 15	1 50 13
No Name, W. Rowe.....	3 49 38	Disabled.	
Mamie, C. P. Frey.....	3 48 36	5 43 50	1 55 14
Summer Cabin Catboats.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
Start.	Finish.		
Lulu, W. Marion.....	3 35 27	5 34 28	1 54 01
Julia, B. J. Brainerd.....	3 30 20	5 36 18	2 05 58
Louise L., R. Jaggard.....	3 30 15	5 38 10	2 07 55
Tessie	3 42 15	Withdraw.	

Cohasset Y. C.

COHASSET, MASS.

Saturday, Sept. 7.

THE postponed Labor Day races for the knockabouts of the Cohasset Y. C. were sailed over the regular club courses, off Cohasset, Saturday, Sept. 7, in a light southeasterly breeze. In the regular class Monsoon had a very soft time of it, winning by over 11m. Fancy also had an easy win in the special class. The summary:

Knockabout Class.		Elapsed.
Start.	Finish.	
Monsoon, John Knowles.....	2 19 55	
Elinor, S. K. Moors.....	2 21 10	
Remona, G. Crocker.....	2 23 15	
Barracuda, H. C. Burrage.....	2 24 00	
Nereid, W. R. Sears.....	2 25 00	
Harelda, A. Bigelow, Jr.....	2 27 20	
Delta, R. B. Williams.....	2 29 30	
Special Knockabout Class.		Elapsed.
Start.	Finish.	
Fancy, C. W. Barron.....	2 08 40	
Fly, Miss Martha Waldron.....	2 13 10	

Savin Hill Y. C.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Monday, Sept. 2.

THE last race of the season between the one-design sailing tenders of the Savin Hill Y. C. was sailed off the club house Monday morning, Sept. 2, for a silk pennant presented by Loring Sears. There was a lively breeze moving from the eastward, and the boats spread out more than is their custom. The McCurdy tender won by nearly 2m. The summary:

Sloops—Class A.		Elapsed.
Start.	Finish.	
H. R. S. McCurdy.....	1 36 15	
H. Skinner.....	1 38 10	
C. T. Leach.....	1 41 42	
W. F. Scott.....	1 42 31	
J. E. Robinson.....	1 46 20	
C. A. J. Smith.....	1 47 40	
Archie McInnes.....	1 47 43	
J. Turner.....	1 52 45	
E. Keepers.....	1 57 32	
J. Wills.....	Withdraw.	

Rifle Range and Gallery.

National Rifle Association.

CAPT. WILLIAM B. MARTIN, of the Second Regiment of New Jersey, won the Wimbledon Cup with a score of 136. The scores were:

John Corrie, New York, 124; Lieut. W. W. Cookson, Washington, 130; Capt. S. S. Stebbins, Washington, 129; Robert Byars, New York, 128; George H. Doyle, New York, 123; William F. Leuschner, New York, 125; William De V. Foulke, Philadelphia, 122; G. B. Young, Washington, 118; Horace M. Bell, Washington, 117; William H. Bull, New Jersey, 116; S. B. Welterald, Washington, 114; A. E. Perkins, Philadelphia, 114; Capt. W. F. Whittemore, New Jersey, 114; George Daube, New York, 110; John Mal-

colm, New Jersey, 109; H. J. Cenact, New Jersey, 106; L. Bowen, Rhode Island, 105; George C. Shaw, Washington, 96; W. Tewis, New Jersey, 90; Arthur Rowland, New Jersey, 89; W. C. Gannon, New Jersey, 89. About a dozen other contestants withdrew, not having scores good enough for a possible win.

For the Schuetzen team championship the Zettlers, of New York, entered two teams. The scores were as follows:

First team Zettlers, 282; second team Zettlers, 252; Manhattan Rifle Association, 246; Italian Shooting Association, 167. Those who made up the winning team were: H. M. Pope, F. C. Rous, M. Dowler, L. P. Hansen and B. Busse. On the second team of the Zettlers were E. S. Pillard, C. G. Zettler, G. Schleicht, B. Zettler and G. D. Weigman. Schleicht made the high score, 63.

The Irish riflemen practiced all day Aug. 31 on the 1,000-yard range. As a compliment to them, the New Jersey State Rifle Association, acting on the suggestion made by Gov. Voorhees and Gen. Spencer, has arranged an all-comers' match. Cash prizes of \$500 have been offered. They are divided as follows: \$150, \$100, \$60, \$50, \$40, \$30, \$20, \$15 and \$10.

There were eleven entries to contest for the Hilton trophy. The District of Columbia team won it. The scores of the team were as follows:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	Total.
Major Young	28	31	32	91
Private Appleby	29	33	33	95
Lieut. Lizean	27	31	32	90
Lieut. Bell	29	31	32	92
Capt. Robbins	29	31	31	91
Private Pitt	29	33	33	95
Private Scott	28	30	33	91
Private Stewart	31	34	25	90
Private Taylor	29	33	32	94
Private Cash	26	32	30	88
Lieut. Cookson	30	29	31	90
Private Dickey	30	32	27	89

Totals

New York, 1,094; Canada, 1,077; New Jersey, 1,037; Pennsylvania, 1,053; United States Marines, 1,014; Massachusetts, 996; Maine, 944; Maryland, 947; Rhode Island, 894; Ohio, 826.

The Schuetzen all comers' match on the standard American target is getting interesting. Dr. Hudson, of Jersey City, has 123; N. M. Pope, Massachusetts, 130; R. Busse, New York, 128; L. P. Hansen, Jersey City, 123; F. C. Ross, New York, 124; Michael Dorrlor, Jersey City, 136; George Schlecht, Guttenberg, 135; George Schneering, Rutledge, Pa., 126.

The centennial trophy Palma match lost none of its public interest. It was a team contest for the championship of the world, eight men to a team, and the members of the various teams participating must be native-born citizens of the countries which they respectively represent, except in the case of teams representing a provincial territory of a government, in which case a residence in the province will be sufficient, providing the member is a native-born subject of the parent country. The rifle used was the national military arm of the country the team represented. Minimum pull of trigger, 4½ lbs. Distances, 800, 900 and 1,000 yds. Fifteen shots at each range by each competitor. Any position without artificial rest. Entrance, \$2 per man. Orthoptic sights allowed. The United States has held this trophy for many years, but lost it to the Canadian team, which surpassed in skill its competitor, scoring 28 points over the American team, the scores being 1,522 to 1,494. On the shorter ranges, 800 and 900 yds., there was a cause for hope that the Americans might pull ahead and win, but on the 1,000 yd. range they were most decisively beaten. Both teams worked conscientiously in practice.

At the 800 yd. range, the Canadians led by 7 points, 532 to 525. The teams tied at 900 yds., so that the Canadians were still leading by 7 points at 1,000 yds., the Canadians gained 21 points:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
Lieut. Ross	67	62	56	185
Capt. J. R. Davidson.....	70	68	64	202
Pvt. Fleming	68	57	55	180
Pvt. Paupst	64	68	56	188
Capt. W. H. Davidson.....	64	68	62	194
Capt. Stuart	67	68	60	195
Sergt. Skedden	62	66	61	189
Lieut. Robertson	70	62	57	189
Grand totals.....	532	519	471	1522
	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
Maj. Young, D. C.	66	59	52	177
Lieut. Shaw, D. C.	71	63	58	192
Lieut. Lizean, D. C.	68	72	63	203
Lieut. Bell, D. C.	71	64	60	195
Lieut. W. W. Cookson, D. C.	57	70	61	188
Capt. W. B. Martin, N. J.	63	60	52	175
Capt. C. H. Springstead, N. J.	65	64	53	182
Lieut. W. F. Whittemore, N. J.	64	67	51	182
Grand totals.....	525	519	450	1494

On Sept. 6 the special challenge match between teams representing the Ulster Rifle Association, of Belfast, Ireland, and the New Jersey State Rifle Association took place. The conditions were: Teams of not less than five nor more than eight men, 15 shots by each competitor at 800, 900 and 1,000 yds. Any rifle not exceeding 10 lbs. in weight, with not less than a 3½ lb. trigger pull and with a maximum caliber of .315. Sights any excepting telescopic. Any ammunition. Any position without artificial rest for body or rifle. The use of gun sling allowed on rifles. In the competition at the second and third distances the American team was distinctly outclassed. Maj. Milner placed his first shot in the bullseye of the wrong target. The scores follow:

	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
Thos. Caldwell.....	73	65	60	198
Robert Duncan	67	67	60	194
W. T. Braithwaite.....	71	67	65	203
Maj. P. W. Richardson.....	74	71	72	217
Dr. J. G. Sellars.....	75	70	68	213
Maj. J. K. Millner.....	64	72	20	206
Enoch Morgan	63	64	63	190
F. W. Henry.....	71	73	55	199
Total	558	549	513	1620
	800 yds.	900 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.
Dr. S. I. Scott.....	68	56	61	185
W. S. Witherald.....	63	71	61	195
Frank Hyde	73	70	60	203
W. G. Madson.....	68	65	64	197
Wm. De V. Foulke.....	73	64	58	195
W. H. H. Bull.....	72	63	62	197
Capt. H. Tuttle.....	72	58	63	193
W. S. Whittemore.....	68	68	54	190
Total	550	575	483	1558

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 1.—Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its bi-monthly shoot to-day. The Native Sons also opened their new club on our range, which crowded us. They will shoot on the old days hereafter. Conditions were unfavorable for fine scores, but Brannagan did fine average work with his revolver. Dr. Twist shot a return match with Dorrell with rifle and got beaten, but the Doctor made 56, which is many points better than he ever did before. He and Dorrell crowded Young closely for first honors with rifle. Scores on Columbia target, off-hand:

Rifle, 200 yds.: F. O. Young, 50, 51, 54, 65; A. B. Dorrell, 51, 61, 61, 66, 66, 71, 72; Dr. J. F. Twist, 56, 79, 97, 98, 126; G. Mannel, 64, 72, 75; G. W. Hoadley, 74, 76, 86, 96.

Three-shot scores: A. B. Dorrell, 13, 15.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: E. A. Allen, 43, 43, 42, 41.

Revolver, 50 yd. range: A. J. Brannagan, 42, 43, 45, 45, 49, 50, 57, 61; F. O. Young, 47, 52, 56, 57; W. G. Hoffman, 48, 50, 51, 60, 61, 61; P. A. Becker, 54, 60, 61, 63; C. M. Daiss, 70; Dr. Twist, 65, 66, 75, 80, 84; E. A. Allen, 109.

Pistol: F. O. Young, 37; G. W. Hoadley, 48, 50, 57, 59; Mrs. G. Mannel, 61, 65, 75, 78, 80; G. Mannel, 65, 71, 73, 81, 86, 88; A. Baker, 82, 83, 85, 92.

22 rifle: E. Stephens, 56.

Our best team in telegraph revolver match made 1,590, and Light Battery A, of Boston, made 1,445, thus defeating us 145 points. We expect a return match and to do better, as our best six men made 1,415, or 30 points better than their team score. We will be able to select our best men in rapid firing, as this has stirred the boys up to try that style of shooting. We sent congratulations to Battery A on their victory over us and also at Sea Girt.

F. O. Young, Rec. Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Sept. 1. Conditions: 200 yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 223. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 72; wind, 7 to 9 o'clock:

	Honor.
Strickmeier	223 215 215 214 214—1086
Indele	223 216 207 203 189—1038
Payne	220 211 204 201 199 1035
Roberts	216 214 209 204 191—1034
Bruns	215 212 206 201 197—1031
Nestler	214 205 204 203 199—1025
Jonscher	201 198 192 191 191—973
Hoyer	200 196 192 184—972
Topf	176 174 152 149 141—792
Lux	184 147—331
Uckotter	184 108—292

Strickmeier did himself proud to-day by beating his former record 4 points; his 228 now stands as his highest to date. How the bouquets are flying in his direction, and he is not averse to throwing a good many of them himself. We hope to see him beat Jayne's record of 232 before long.

This club will hold its annual prize shoot on Sept. 29. Open to all, any rifle over .45 cal. Jacketed bullets and telescopes not allowed. Rest and off-hand shooting. A select list of prizes will be exhibited on the grounds at Four-Mile House, Reading road. Take Avondale or Norwood electric cars.

Broken and Dusted Targets.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 7.—I have read with much interest the recent articles on "Broken and Dusted Targets." I quite agree that a distinctly dusted target should be scored a dead bird. There must needs be, however, a pretty sharp-eyed referee. I note that there is some objection to the dusted target as a dead bird, possibly through a fear that too many 75 per cent. and 80 per cent. shooters would be promoted to the 90 per cent. class.

And while discussion of target shooting is on there is another matter that deserves attention, and that is the position of the gun when target shooting. There are many gentlemen who shoot at the trap during the close season on game, for amusement and practice, who feel that the present style of shooting with the gun fastened to the shoulder, so to speak, is poor practice for field shooting. It is true they have the option of gun in any position they choose; at the same time they realize that they are badly handicapped if shooting against the gun at the shoulder, for the target will certainly fly 10 to 15 yds. while the gun is being elevated and adjusted. Yet they are helpless unless they choose to play solitaire at the trap, which is much less pleasure.

Why do not the lovers of the gun who shoot for pleasure and improvement in field shooting organize clubs where all will shoot with the gun below the elbow until the bird is in sight? Is the matter worthy of discussion?

J. S. M.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Sept. 11.—Montpelier, Vt.—Montpelier Gun Club's tournament; contest for the Robin Hood international trophy. G. B. Walton, Sec'y.

Sept. 10-12.—Sidney, O.—Sidney Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-12.—Warren, Ind.—Warren Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 11-13.—Canton, O.—Canton Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 15-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—Metropolitan Gun Club's tournament, amateur and professional events.

Sept. 16-17.—St. Joseph, Mo.—St. Joseph Gun Club's tournament.

Sept. 19-20.—Alton, Ill.—Two-day tournament of the Piasa Gun Club.

Sept. 17.—Winchester, N. H.—Target tournament of the Winchester Rod and Gun Club. F. D. Lesure, Sec'y.

Sept. 18.—Ossining, N. Y.—Shoot and clambake of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Sept. 19-20.—Carthage, Mo.—Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Carthage Gun Club.

Sept. 20-21.—Titusville, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Titusville Gun Club. H. Pfeiffer, Sec'y.

Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.

Sept. 26.—Cresson, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Cresson Gun Club. C. Wenderoth, manager.

Oct. 1-4.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual international tournament; three days targets, one live birds; \$300 in money and trophies; distance handicaps.

Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

Oct. 2-4.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds; \$300 added. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club; two days targets, last day live birds; \$200 cash and trophies added. Emile Prago, Sec'y.

In the team race for the club championship of Virginia, Sept. 2, at the Virginia State shoot, the West End Gun Club defeated ten competitors by a score of 225. Each team consisted of five men, and each man shot at 50 targets. Mr. Franklin Stearns, who was a member of the winning team, won the individual championship with the excellent score of 96 out of 100.

The Winchester, N. H., Rod and Gun Club will hold its first annual tournament Tuesday, Sept. 17. A \$25 cup is up for a five-man team shoot, and a \$12 cup for high gun. This last-mentioned cup is open both to amateurs and professionals. Sweepstakes optional. So we are informed by the secretary, Mr. F. D. Lesure.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., announce in our advertising columns this week a new Winchester Repeating shotgun, model 1901, 10-gauge, lever action. It is specially bored for either black or smokeless powder, and for duck and other wildfowl shooting.

Much to his profound disappointment, Mr. Walter F. Sykes, president of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and active in promoting the success of the New York State shoot, journeyed to Europe on Saturday of last week, important business interests there claiming imperatively his personal attention.

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., will hold a live-bird and target handicap on Thanksgiving Day. The programme will be on popular lines, and there will be enough of it to keep up the competition all day. The secretary is Mr. John J. Fleming, 21 Waverly place, Newark.

Col. R. S. Terry, president of the Lynchburg Gun Club, was elected president of the Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, and Dr. J. A. Jackson was elected to the office of secretary-treasurer, at a meeting of the Association, held in Richmond, on Monday evening, Sept. 2.

In the match between Messrs. C. M. Stark, of Dunbarton, N. H., and A. S. Langley, of Exeter, N. H., at Concord, N. H., on Sept. 5, the former won by a score of 87 to 86. An interesting account of the match is published elsewhere in our columns.

The postponed race for the championship of New Jersey between Mr. E. Vandever and Dr. W. F. Gardiner will take place Saturday, Sept. 21, if the present intentions are carried out.

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, informs us that the Interstate Association will give a tournament at Louisville, Ky., under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club, on Oct. 2, 3 and 4.

The Waterville Gun Club won the State championship for teams of five men, at the Maine State shoot on Sept. 2, with a score of 226. Each man shot at 50 targets.

BERNARD WATERS.

Maine State Shoot.

PORTLAND, Me.—The annual Maine State shoot, which generally ends the trap shooting season in Maine, was held on the grounds of the Portland Gun Club on Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 2 and 3.

Monday, Sept. 2.

The early morning was showery, but later it cleared and the sun shone brightly the rest of the day. There was a light breeze, but not enough to interfere with the scores. Representatives from the Auburn, Androscoggin, Brunswick, Bath, Richmond, and Waterville Gun Clubs were present, besides visitors from other localities. The home club was well represented, and altogether about fifty shooters took part on the first day. There was also present a large number of spectators. The scores averaged very well. E. A. Randall, of Portland, was "high gun" for the day, with 172 breaks out of a possible 180. S. L. Preble, of Waterville, and G. H. Darton, of Portland, were tied for second place, with 163 breaks. Events 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, and 9 were at known angles, 4, 6, and 8 at unknown.

The event of chief interest was the third, which was for the Team Championship of the State, five men to a team, each man to shoot at fifty targets. The Portland Gun Club has held the championship for the past two years. This year the two Randalls each broke 50 straight, but, as the rest of the team shot in poor form, the Waterville club won. They have once before held the championship, in 1887. The following is the score for the day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	50	20	15	20	15	20	15		
Adams	7	12	30	15	13	12	10	11	10	180	126
Neal	8	14	42	75	64
E. Randall	10	15	50	20	15	18	12	18	14	180	172
Rich	10	13	43	20	14	16	13	16	14	180	159
C. Randall	10	13	50	18	14	18	15	17	12	180	167
Stobie	9	13	43	16	12	19	13	20	15	180	160
Preble	8	14	46	20	12	19	15	19	15	180	168
Foster	9	14	46	17	12	15	15	14	15	180	157
Greene	10	15	45	19	14	18	10	19	14	180	164
Reid	10	11	46	17	15	17	12	15	15	180	158
Hunnell	8	14	48	17	14	16	14	20	13	180	164
Connor	5	11	42	17	15	17	15	15	14	180	151
Noble	10	13	45	17	14	18	13	145	130
Morse	10	5	48	17	14	16	14	16	..	165	150
Moody	7	11	43	16	11	110	88
Davison	8	15	42	18	13	15	15	17	15	180	159
T. Wyman	6	13	45	16	12	18	12	17	13	180	162
Horne	8	12	40	16	13	13	12	14	..	180	141
Dwinell	10	14	38	14	14	16	8	11	13	180	138
R. Stobie	11	8	17	12	14	12	..	105	71
Ashley	7	13	39	16	13	18	14	145	123
Snow	9	12	35	14	11	15	130	96
Childs	8	8	40	17	13	17	13	145	116
Barker	4	15	..	9	8	16	8	95	60
McMurray	10	12	31	11	11	16	11	145	102
Doten	9	14	39	16	13	18	14	145	125
Cushman	8	12	37	13	12	17	12	145	111
Hall	4	11	31	15	12	14	13	145	103
Day	7	11	29	17	8	9	7	145	88
McCann	6	12	39	12	14	13	5	17	..	160	118
Whitmore	10	9	39	16	10	110	84
Wheeler	8	10	39	14	11	110	82
Webber	5	9	25	8	10	110	57
A. Merrill	5	13	44	16	14	13	12	..	13	160	130
Dunning	2	15	40	16	13	14	12	145	112
W. Wyman	7	14	41	19	12	20	14	16	13	180	150
Gray	8	11	38	14	11	18	12	15	..	165	127
Hinds	7	9	42	15	12	13	13	14	13	180	138
W. Darton	10	10	45	19	13	18	13	17	13	180	158
F. Merrill	4	11	25	15
G. Merrill	9	14	46	16	15	19	14	20	15	180	168
Coleman	8	14	39	13	14	19	12	15	13	180	147
Johnson	8	13	39	11	95	71
Preble	8	10	34	13	95	65
Gray	10	14	..	15	11	17	14	..	9	110	90
Childs	8	13	..	12	11	17	11	..	12	110	84
Morse	8	14	..	12	10	60	44
Connis	7	8	25	15

The following are the scores of the various teams which shot for the championship:

Waterville 1.—Stobie 43, Preble 46, Foster 46, Greene 45, Reid 46; total 226.
Portland 1.—C. Randall 50, Neal 42, Adams 36, Rich 43, E. Randall 50; total 221.
Auburn 1.—Hunnell 48, Connor 42, Noble 45, Morse 48, Doten 39; total 222.
Portland 2.—W. Wyman 41, Gray 38, Hinds 42, W. Darton 45, G. Darton 46; total 212.
Waterville 2.—Davison 43, T. Wyman 45, Horne 40, Dwinell 35, Merrill 44; total 207.
Brunswick.—Whitmore 39, Wheeler 39, Webber 25, Merrill 41, Dunning 40; total 184.
Auburn 2.—Ashley 40, Snow 35, Childs 40, McMurray 31, Moody 43; total 189.
Androscoggin.—Cushman 37, Hall 34, Day 29, McCann 39, Fletcher 34; total 173.

Tuesday, Sept. 3.

The morning opened cloudy, but gradually the clouds broke and by noon the sun appeared for good, and the afternoon's light was good. Again there was a light breeze, which changed the flight of the targets from time to time, but which was not stiff enough to cause them to "duck" and so did not interfere materially with the shooting. The attendance was smaller than on Monday, not over six squads being entered in any one event. The average of breaks was higher than on the first day. E. A. Randall was again "high gun" for the day, with 174 breaks out of a possible 180. S. Greene, of Waterville, was a close second, with 173, and ended the programme with a run something over 70 straight breaks. The principal event of the day was Event 3, which was at fifty targets to the man, for the Individual Championship of the State. It was a very close and interesting race; S. L. Preble and D. P. Foster, both of Waterville, finally tied with 49 out of the 50. They shot off the tie at 25, and each broke 24. They again shot off at 25, and each broke 23. They then shot at 10, and Foster broke 9 and Preble 10, thus winning the championship. Preble won the Individual Championship also in 1889. Foster was last year tied with Hunnewell for the championship, with 48, and was then beaten in the shoot-off by one break, he making 44 out of a possible 45, while Hunnewell broke his 45 straight. Hunnewell and Greene this year each broke 48. The Portland Gun Club donated a handsome sterling silver cup to each member of the winning team on the first day, and a fine trophy to the winner of the Individual Championship and of the "high gun" for each day. The shoot passed off very smoothly and to the general satisfaction of all concerned.

The following are the scores for the day, the programme being the same as that of the first day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Shot at.	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	50	20	15	20	15	20	15		
E. Randall	9	15	47	20	15	19	14	20	15	180	174
Neal	8	13	44	17	13	14	14	19	15	180	162
Adams	9	14	44	18	11	14	14	19	13	180	156
Rich	8	12	43	16	12	19	12	17	15	180	154
C. Randall	10	13	46	19	14	18	15	19	14	180	168
W. Stobie	10	14	42	19	15	16	13	17	14	180	160
Preble	9	13	49	20	11	19	13	20	15	180	169
Foster	9	12	49	15	13	15	13	13	13	180	152
Greene	10	13	48	18	14	20	15	20	15	180	173
T. Wyman	9	15	46	17	14	20	15	17	15	180	168
Hunnell	8	13	48	20	15	20	15	18	15	180	172
Connor	10	11	45	19	11	17	13	20	13	180	159
Morse	10	15	44	17	14	14	13	16	13	180	156
Moody	8	14	40	75	62
Merrill	9	14	40	13	95	76
Davison	8	11	43	17	13	18	12	19	12	180	153
A. D.	7	12	32	16	13	17	14	17	9	180	137
Horne	9	14	47	18	14	17	11	20	13	180	163
Dwinell	7	13	24	11	10	16	8	16	9	180	114
R. Stobie	8	10	41	19	14	15	12	17	14	180	150
Hinds	9	15	44	19	12	16	12	18	12	180	157
Coleman	9	13	42	19	12	18	13	17	11	180	154
Gray	8	11	35	16	13	19	11	16	13	180	142
W. Wyman	10	13	46	16	12	17	15	19	14	180	162
Fort	10	11	48	18	13	17	12	16	13	180	158
F. Merrill	14	14	30	28
Alexander	13	20	40	33
W. Darton	46	50	46
G. Darton	47	19	15	19	13	19	14	155	146
Thorndike	7	13	9	..	50	29

After the regular programme was finished, the Lovell Badge, which was held by the Waterville Club, was shot for. Under a recent agreement this badge, which is subject to challenge, was to be shot for at each tournament held in the State. Five men to a team, each man to shoot at fifty targets, twenty-five at known angles and twenty-five at unknown. Only two teams entered, one from Portland and one from Waterville. The Portland team made the best score that has ever been made by a five-man team in competition in Maine, and won by two breaks.

Below is the score:

	Known.	Unknown.	Total.
Portland	22	24	46
E. Randall	25	22	47
C. Randall	24	24	48
Neal	25	23	48
G. Darton	23	23	46-235
W. Wyman	25	23	48
Waterville	25	23	48
Stobie	25	23	48
Preble	25	23	48
Davison	23	25	48
Greene	24	25	49
T. Wyman	19	21	40-233

The Shooter's View of Recoil.

From the London Field.

It is an essential introduction to the more practical aspects of the case that the mathematical side of recoil shall be clearly and precisely laid down. Following upon that it is of course useful to show what bearing the resulting experiments have upon gun fitting and the selection of guns and ammunition giving a minimum of punishing effect. As is the case with many other departments of scientific research, the teachings prove in the end to do very little more than confirm the observations which have been based upon an accumulation of practical experience. This does not, of course, show that scientific research is valueless, because science enables us to state the definite laws which govern an apparent medley of inconsistent experiences. By expressing the rules of recoil on a clear basis, we are at least certain of making the principles so obvious that the shooter and the gunsmith will both know better than they knew before how to reduce this superfluous and ineffective part of one's experience in letting off a gun. Obviously recoil of some sort or other must be experienced, and the idea is therefore to reduce its manifestations to the smallest possible degree. Mr. Griffith's experiment and explanations show us more clearly than has ever before been shown how this desirable object may be attained.

In the first place it will be remembered that all Mr. Griffith's experiments showed the value of recoil registered with a 7.9lb. gun with varying conditions of loading. Now it must not be supposed that this is an absolute quantity which will be met with in every gun, and with every shooter firing a different class of ammunition. The experimental values of recoil must be taken solely and only as the amount of recoil that would be experienced with a gun having the same given weight. The energy of recoil experienced with different weights of gun is inversely proportionate to the weight of the recoiling mass. Taking a 7lb. gun as a better example of the weight met with in practice, we should expect a proportionately higher recoil, due to the lesser weight of the gun. The moment this truth is clearly grasped, and the equally obvious truth to the effect that any increase in the recoiling mass produces a reduction of recoil, a wide field is opened up for the application of the root principles of the problem. This is so because the shooter adds a portion of his own weight to the mass recoiling, and so much weight as is added to the gun produces a corresponding reduction of its recoil. Supposing, for instance, that the firm grasping of a 7.9lb. gun served to provide such an addition to its weight as to raise the recoiling mass to a weight double the value, the recoil would follow suit in inverse proportion, thereby being reduced to one-half.

There is a very important bearing of the added weight of the shooter's body which must be taken into the very careful account. The recoil of the gun can only be reduced in the manner described, provided the gun is properly bedded into the shoulder during the time that the gun is building up its velocity of recoil. The curves show clearly that the whole of the recoil is developed during the first half inch of the backward travel of the gun. It is necessary, therefore, that the shooter's shoulder and the gun shall be brought into such close contact as to form a single recoiling mass in much under the first half-inch of recoil. If the gun were so held that it had a virtual freedom of recoil for half an inch, the whole of the recoil energy represented by experiments with a freely recoiling gun would be built up, and the shooter's body would then only come into service for absorbing the recoil that had thereby been produced. It is, of course, a practical question of considerable intricacy to determine or even to theorize upon the distance that a gun must recoil before it can be considered as so much bedded into the shoulder as to create a tangible addition to the recoiling mass. The clothes, for instance, are themselves of a definite thickness, and how much they may give way, spring fashion, before offering a solid resistance to the butt of the gun is not a problem we should care to tackle with a view to evolving a practical answer. It might well happen that were such an experiment possible, it would be shown that only a few well-trained shooters could bring the weight of their shoulder to bear sufficiently soon to affect materially the quantity of recoil produced. That shooters do differ in this respect, and that some

do materially control the amount of recoil produced, will be known to those who have worked with single-trigger mechanism, where the operation of the parts depends upon an intermediate pull due to the recoil of the gun. Quite apart from the actual bedding of the gun in the shoulder is the character of the muscular tension set up by the shooter for the purpose of creating a solid resistance against the butt of the gun. This muscular tension will not only produce a rigidity of the body, which adds to the amount of the mass recoiling, but it also brings to bear a kind of spring tension, which produces another kind of resistance equally to be taken into account.

Another form of resistance which practice unconsciously teaches the shooter to bring into play is a sudden forward movement of the body, which causes it to meet the backward movement of the gun. That this exists is apparent to those who have watched experienced shooters when firing with ammunition which hangs fire or fails altogether to go off. Under these circumstances shooters of this class are noticed to lurch forward, losing their balance, so finding it necessary to step forward somewhat to readjust their equilibrium.

What is made clear by all these arguments is that the shooter himself is a very important factor in regulating the amount of recoil registered by his gun. It will also follow from this that the shooter has a regulating effect upon the manner in which the recoil that has once been brought into action is absorbed. Whatever that recoil is, the shooter must learn to regulate for himself, by the operation of his sub-conscious intelligence, the amount and character of the resistance that must be brought to bear to absorb a given amount of energy by the creation of an opposing force acting over a given distance of travel. From all that has been said, it will be equally clear that the gun maker must bring his skill to bear so as to stock his weapon in a manner that will conduce to the result demanded by the sportsman. The common saying that a gun comes nicely to the shoulder has, in a way, an indirect bearing upon the question of recoil. With an over-long or an over-short or in any other way an ill-fitting stock, the shooter is bound to find a certain amount of difficulty in creating the satisfactory bedding that is necessary to keep down recoil. One or two mishaps in the course of a day, resulting in letting the gun off before the stock is in its proper position, will be sufficient to create a sore shoulder, which will accentuate the sensations of recoil for the rest of the day.

Even though it might be demonstrated that in most cases the gun is not so held as materially to reduce the recoil, it would not follow that the effects would be the same once a given recoil had been established. The initial stages of recoil during the first half inch of travel would in almost all cases bring the gun into close contact with the shoulder of the shooter; and the bringing of this recoil to rest can, as has already been indicated, be regulated to the advantage of the shooter. Supposing a case is taken where the gun is so lightly held that it acquires its full velocity of recoil before coming into contact with the shoulder, the gun would strike the shoulder with a velocity likely to create a local bruising effect, as distinguished from the general movement of the shoulder which would result from a more gradual bedding during the earlier stages of recoil. All this goes to show that, while Mr. Griffith's experiments teach us how to produce the required result on the shot with a minimum of recoil, they cannot do very much to teach the shooter how to regulate that recoil to the best advantage. The gun maker will no doubt realize in a manner not hitherto possible the importance of studying the form of the shooter and the character of the stock in cases where excessive recoil is complained of. It will no doubt, therefore, show the gun maker the importance of

Hudson Gun Club.

Weidmann vs. Kuser.

Kuser and Page will meet this coming week at 50 birds, \$50 a side.
The rise was 28yds.

Annoton Weidmann
 Weidmann
 Kuser

Forester Gun Club

D. Fleming	8	8	9	6	10	9	10	9	9	9
Jewell	6	8	8	5	10	6				
Smith		7	8	8	10	9	10	10	9	
Fleming		9	10	8	10	9	10	9	9	
Winans		7	4	8	10	7				
Shraft				7	10	10				

J. J. FLEMING, Sec'y.

Trenton Shooting Association.

[illegible]

Events Nos. 1 to 3, magautrap. Events Nos. 4 to 10, trap battery, with allowance of $\frac{1}{2}$ point for each dusted target. The score looks "funny," doesn't it? The referees, one after the other, went on strike.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Interstate Park.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Shorty, 30.	2212022-6	101211-6	2122212-7
Nason, 28.	11121*2-6	2220211-6	*12101*4
Glass, 30.	2222222-7	2221222-7	1120121-6
Hopkins, 30.	2221122-7	21*1222-6	1211102-6
Super, 28.	11121*1-6	2111112-7	121012*5
Seabeg, 25.	1021111-7
Morley, 31.	2222222-7	2222222-7
Steffens, 30.	1111112-7	2222212-7	1112122-7
F Van, 27.	2222222-7	0222*20-5
Kroeger, 28.	121*111-6	2221222-7
Waters, 28.	1211220-6
Lockwood, 29.	2222*12-6

Fourth event:		
Schorty, 30	1122222222222222	15
Steffens, 30	121121220111111	14
Class, 30	222211220122222	14
E Steffens, 27	121121222222222	14

Nason, 28,	321111011011212	13
Hopkins, 30,	221112212112122	15
Super, 28,	122021110221101	12
Kroeger, 27,	021221122211222	14
Lockwood, 28,	21222*	

The Concord Gun Club.

Langley's total, 86.					
Stark	1111111111-10	1111001111- 8	1111101111- 9	1011110011- 7
		1111100111- 8	1111111111-10	0111111111- 9	1111111110- 9
		1111111100- 8			
Stark's total, 87.					

Ossining Gun Club.

Ten live birds:

C Blandford, 30....	1122111111—10	M Dyckman, 27....	2221112122—10
W Hall, 29.....	1221112111 ² —10	W Coleman, 27....	2211221221—10

The following events were at clay targets:

The following scores were made at the Ossining Gun Club's Labor Day shoot. While the attendance was disappointing, those who showed up had a good time. A. L. Burns, of Mamaroneck, was king pin of the clay-bird shooters with 92 per cent, including doubles:

A	Bedell	30	8	5	.	8	.	.	.
	Barlow	2	12
	Sherwood	7	9	.	.	2	.	.	.
J	Willi, Jr.	5	3	5	3	5	5	.	.
B	Ganun	3	2	4	6	4	6	2	.
	Hitchcock	6	6	9	5
A	Rohr	2
V	Coleman	3	8
	Lyon	3	1

Live birds:				
A. Burns, 28.....	21121-5	22222-5	22200-3
A. Bedell, 28.....	20002-2	61111-4	21111-5	21601-3
M. Dyckman, 28.....	20102-3	12121-5	22221-5	10201-3
Dr. Sherwood, 27.....	01212-4	12011-4	01112-4
McBeth, 28.....	20000-1	10010-2	11016-3	02110-3
W. Smith, 27.....	09002-1	10020-2
Dr. Sherwood, 27.....	20112-4	90101-2
T. Washburn, 28.....	02121-3
Barlow, 26.....	12100-3	22202-4
B. Ganun, 26.....	20010-2
A. Kohn, 26.....	20001-2
C. Raymond, 30.....	20011-3
W. Coleman, 26.....	12211-5

Illinois Gun Club Tournament.

The grounds of the Illinois Gun Club are among the finest in the United States, having been put in superb condition for the last Illinois State shoot, and the State Association was so well pleased with the manner in which this year's tournament was conducted that they unanimously voted to hold next year's State tournament on these fine grounds.

The management of the Illinois Gun Club, in deference to the request of a large number of amateur shooters, will bar the professional shooters at this coming tournament, but will allow them to shoot for the price of targets only, and every courtesy will be extended them should they desire to be present and display their goods.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Dr J W Meek.....	11101111111101111111100	2
Mrs. Shaw.....	11101010100111001101011	1
Dr Shaw.....	10111001111010110111111	2
A D Dorman.....	01111111111111111101111	2
M F Wilson.....	00000001000000100001001	1
A McGowan.....	111001101111011101110001	1
E Nelson.....	1000010101110110101011101	1
J Nelson.....w	
T Eaton.....	1010111101010111011011103	10
J D Pollard.....	1610010110111101011010111	1
H Johanson.....	11100101111101111111111	20
L Wolf.....	111010110110110111011010	18
J C Kissack.....	101301111001000001010010	1
C T Keck.....	1111110111101000001011100	18
D W Fehrman.....	0010000111100100010000011	9
Dr J A Huff.....	11101101110001111111111	20
S E Young.....	1111110111001101011111010	17
A Hellman.....	1111111111111011101110111	25

Chicago Gun Club.

	Broke.	Hdep.	Total.
I Hardy	011110011000011101111010	15	0 15
Buck	100000110111100111001111	15	3 18
Dr Carson	1111111111010011111010	20	0 20
Steck	11111111111111011111	24	0 24
Horn	101001101101010101101100	14	6 20
Mrs Carson	1100110111111111111110	20	6 25
R B Mack	1111111110011011110111	20	3 23
Leffingwell	1000110101101001111000	12	0 12
Dr Miller	001011100110111101010111	16	3 19
Dr Morton	0100110000001101111000	11	4 15
Dr Burcky	1100011100110111101010	15	10 25
A W Morton	0111111101110000101101	16	3 19
Borrows	1001011011111010010111	17	5 22

Baltimore Shooting Association.

The season's scores were as follows:

	Class A.											
Malone	48	47	46	45	44	44	43	42	43	42	—	444
Hawkins	47	46	46	46	45	44	43	42	42	42	—	443
Lupus	47	44	43	42	41	43	36	14	16	42	—	368
Hood	46	43	24	42								
Storr	47	46	41	40								

[illegible]

	Class C.												
Paul	40	33	32	31	31	28	28	26	27	22	208		
Edward	32	31	31	30	30	29	16						
Grant	39	37	36	34	34	27	22						
Nicodemus	34	33	33	30	23								
Franklin	34	34	17	34									

The following scores were made	in two events of 25 targets each:		
Hicks	23 20	Malone	25 22
Pensey	18 17	Hawkins	19 21
Burk	22 22	Malone	19 19
Collins	13 14	Dixon	15 22
Leroy	23 20	Paul	12 16
John	19 21	Cox	15 19
Franklin	16 18		

In the first event Capt. Malone's score of 25 straight is the first that has been made over the new magautrap.

Wollaston Trap Club.

All events were at 10 targets. Events 5 and 11 were straight-away; event 4, reversed; event 8, 5 pairs, and the remainder, unknown angles. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Whitmarsh	8	6	9	7	7	6	7	7	5	6	..
Starrett	8	3	5	5	7	8	7	7
Elwell	7	7	9	10	9	7	9	7
Muldrown	1	5	3	2	6	3	3	..	4	6	8
Baker	6	5	8	8	5	7
Prescott	6	8	9	10	7	7	8	6	8
Barlow	6	8

Massabesic Gun Club.

The club house will be open to visitors on holidays and on Friday afternoons during July and August each year. Bring your gun and have a friendly shoot with us:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	25	15	25	Targets:	25	25	15	25
Fellows	14	21	13	14	Grear	14	20	8	13
Lovering	19	18	8	11	Sawtell	22	24	10	10
Harrington	17	19	7	12	E Harrington	16	8	13	11

C. F. SAWTELL, Capt.

Virginia State Shoot.

The second annual tournament of the Virginia State Sportsmen's Association, which was held at Richmond, Va., Sept. 2-4, was a most successful shoot from every point of view, and cannot fail to help the sport of trapshooting in that State. The tournament was held under the auspices of the West End Gun Club, of Richmond, of which organization Franklin Stearns, Jr., was president, and Mr. J. C. Tignor the secretary-treasurer.

The programme was a good one for State shooters, and naturally attracted a large number of contestants. On the first day there were 110 shooters who took part in the different events, of whom 74 shot through the entire programme of 150 targets, exclusive of the team race. Altogether just about 19,000 targets were thrown on this day, four sets of traps being used.

On the second day the attendance did not fall off much, there being 90 shooters on hand, 73 of that number shooting through the programme of 150 targets, exclusive of the 100-target championship race, for which there were 30 entries from the State, a few outsiders shooting along in preference to sitting around looking on. About 18,000 targets in all were thrown on the second day, making a grand total for the two days of about 37,000 targets—a truly gratifying showing to the home management.

The shoot was under the management of Jack Parker, who had his hands full keeping everything going, particularly on the first day, when the State team championship event, which was No. 5 on the programme, broke up the squads and prevented him getting along with the next events, although he had two sets of traps lying almost idle. With such a hindrance to combat, Mr. Parker did well to run off the lengthy programme before it got too dark to see a target, although some of the squads did finish in a rather uncertain light, to say the least of it.

In the cashier's office Mr. P. S. Brine had charge of the entry book, took in the cash, paid it out, and wrote up the squad tickets. Mr. J. F. Stearns received the squad cards when filled out with the scores made, and made up the sweeps, issuing orders on Mr. Brine for moneys due the respective contestants. Mr. Robert F. Banks had charge of the tabulating of the scores, and was responsible for the disposition of the merchandise prizes, of which there were never less than seven in any one event. In addition to the above work there was a sheet of tabulated scores posted up outside the cashier's office, which had to be kept up to date in order that the shooters themselves might see how they came out in the race for merchandise prizes. And these same merchandise trophies were not awarded to the "high guns," but were divided "class shooting," all ties being shot off in the next event! As some ties ran along through three or four events (and in the case of the late events on the programme for the first day were carried over until the second day) it can easily be seen that the correct allotting of the prizes was no cinch. With some outside assistance, Mr. Banks managed to get along all right, but had little time to waste on sharpening pencils, etc.

As proof that the Lynchburg contingent thought well of the office force it may be mentioned here that all the gentlemen who occupied positions in the cashier's office this year were engaged en masse by the management of the Lynchburg Gun Club, under whose auspices the third annual tournament of the State Association will be held on Labor Day, 1902. Jack Parker has also been requested to be on hand to manage that tournament.

It Was an Amateur Shoot.

Notwithstanding the fact that there were as many as 110 shooters taking part on the first day, there were only 10 manufacturers' agents present, or, rather, 11, if we include the manager, J. Parker, of the Peters Cartridge Co. The others were: Col. A. G. Courtney, of the Remington Arms Company; H. P. Collins and B. Leroy Woodard, of the Dupont Company; L. D. Thomas and J. S. Fanning, of the Lafin & Rand Company; John S. Sanders (not shooting) and C. M. Lincoln, of the U. M. C. Company; A. H. Fox and (on the second day) J. Hildreth, of the W. R. A. Company; Edward Banks, of the American E. C. & Schultz Gunpowder Company.

While Mr. Sanders did not shoot, he was a host in himself when it came to squad hustling and keeping things moving generally. In fact all the manufacturers' representatives turned to with a will and did stunts in the way of squad hustling, refereeing, etc., that were a source of much satisfaction to Jack Parker.

But the shoot was an amateurs' shoot, over 100 being on hand. The bulk of them came from within the confines of the State, as was only natural, there being but slight inducements for outside shooters to come in. Dr. Wilson from Savannah, Col. T. Martin from Bluffton, S. C., and Hood Waters from Baltimore were the most conspicuous among those from outside the State.

First Day, Sept. 2.

The chief feature on this day's programme was the team race for the club championship of the State at targets. The conditions were teams of five men, 50 targets per man, or 250 to the team. Eleven teams entered and competed, the team representing the West End Gun Club, of Richmond, winning, hands down, duplicating the same club's victory in 1900, and thus gaining two legs on the championship trophy, which has to be won three times by the same club before becoming its property. This year the West Enders ran up a total of 225 out of 250, an average of just 90 per cent.

The teams from Lynchburg and from Wytheville, the latter captained by R. L. Peirce, were both touted as dark horses, but neither of them showed to advantage, second place falling to another Richmond club, the East End Gun Club, an organization only a few weeks of age. This team broke 204, Wytheville's team scoring 203. Two teams of outsiders shot along, but neither of them came anywhere near the West End's total, a team made up of Fanning, Banks, Fox, Leroy and Lincoln being nearest to them with 211 breaks. The scores of the teams are as below:

The Team Race.

West End Gun Club—Franklin Stearns, Jr., 45; Doyle 43; Boyd 48; Hammond 46; H. K. Ellyson, Jr., 45; total 225.
East End Gun Club—Hechler 40; Anderson 39; Boudar 41; Southward 41; C. D. George 43; total 204.
Wytheville Gun Club—Stearns 44; Funk 46; Lawson 28; Otey 42; R. L. Peirce 43; total 203.
Lakeside Country Club—Johnson 41; Colquitt 36; Saunders 46; Mastic 32; Lakeside 33; total 188.
Lynchburg Gun Club—Col. R. S. Terry 39; C. W. Scott 41; Fox 37; W. J. Daniel, Jr., 31; Venable 39; total 187.
Northside Gun Club, of Richmond—Jackson 37; Purdie 38; Coleman 33; Lorraine 41; Warren 36; total 185.
Staunton Gun Club—Merriken 40; Davis 31; Sillings 41; Kiracofe 38; Wayman 35; total 185.
Portsmouth Gun Club—Gallagher 42; Butt 39; Agelasto 29; Bilisoly 31; Byrd 39; total 180.
Ashland Gun Club—G. B. Hutchings 35; Hart 32; Trevillian 40; Cox 34; Blank 34; total 175.
Oakwood Gun Club, of Lynchburg—Nelson 43; E. M. Daniel 43; W. L. Moorman 33; Dennis 41; Campbell 15; total 174.
Deep Run Hunt Club—Vaughan 39; Anderson 31; Wood 33; Buckner 29; T. M. Tignor 30; total 162.

In the programme events, which called for 140 targets, Franklin Stearns, Jr., was easily high man, breaking 154 out of his 150. Dr. Wilson was second with 136, and Peirce came next with 134. The tabulated scores are given below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Totals.
Targets:	15	20	25	15	20	25	20	25	20	102
Dr Byrd	10	14	12	14	12	13	18	9		99
Grant	8	13	11	11	14	18	13	11		99
Gallagher	11	16	13	11	17	16	9			103
Bilisoly	10	15	15	12	15	16	12			107
Butt	7	9	12	9	10	19	12			97
Courtney	13	17	16	13	10	22	17			122
Buckner	10	11	13	9	14	19	12			100
Collins	12	12	10	8	10	13	10			86
Hood	13	15	14	13	17	25	17			129
McKelden	9	15	13	13	6	17	11			96
R H Johnson	10	16	16	13	17	22	17			126
W H Colquitt	9	15	14	6	13	21	11			92
E L Hewitt	9	17	18	10	16	23	15			116
W L Boyd	12	18	17	11	16	24	18			129
J C Tignor	13	12	18	12	14	22	17			121
F Stearns	15	19	14	18	25	19	15			144
C E Doyle	12	16	16	13	16	23	14			124
C W Saunders	12	16	17	14	17	24	18			132
Hammond	11	18	19	13	19	22	17			130
Ellyson	14	18	14	12	9	21	16			116
R S Terry	13	15	13	12	15	17	12			100
W L Moorman	13	15	13	12	15	17	12			100
H Fox	13	18	20	12	14	21	16			126
C W Scott	11	18	20	12	16	25	17			131
E M Daniel	10	18	15	13	18	23	19			130
T F Nelson	12	16	14	11	12	22	13			112
J W Daniel	11	18	16	13	11	20	15			114

W W Dennis	11	11	14	7	14	17	17	12	106
W D Campbell	9	13	12	8	7	10	7	10	76
J M Venable	11	17	16	13	14	21	15	12	119
S S Stephens	10	10	18	13	16	21	16	13	128
Funk	11	15	18	11	15	21	17	14	122
J S Lawson	6	15	8	9	12	11	9	12	82
C M Otey	12	17	19	12	17	21	16	11	125
R L Peirce	15	18	19	14	17	22	16	13	134
Fanning	13	18	20	13	17	21	15	15	132
Banks	13	16	13	15	15	24	15	15	126
Winchester	10	17	16	13	19	21	18	10	124
Leroy	11	18	18	15	16	22	15	14	129
Lincoln	9	17	16	10	16	19	12	11	108
J J Jackson	14	16	15	14	18	13	18	10	123
J A Purdie	14	17	16	10	15	17	18	14	121
H C Boudar	8	16	14	14	16	17	14	13	112
I Lorraine	7	17	11	8	18	21	11	10	103
A J Warren	12	15	14	9	14	14	13	12	106
G W Bruffey	14	17	14	10	18	20	18	11	122
H A George	10	15	17	10	18	18	16	11	116
D R Snow	8	13	12	11	10	16	10	10	90
H T Nelson	12	11	15	10	13	20	17	8	106
T S Baskerville	9	12	9	10	14	18	10	10	92
Edmonds	13	14	15	12	16	18	13	11	112
L D Thomas	13	17	13	8	10	17	10	10	108
Agelasto	5	14	13	13	11	4	10	8	78
H W Miller	8	18	11	14	16	18	16	11	113
J H Walthall	12	17	12	13	18	20	11	11	113
T F Stearns	12	17	15	6	13	21	11	9	109
T K Lattimer	7	13	12	11	9	14	11	11	90
T M Tignor	11	15	10	15	13	22	10	10	100
Dr Charles	9	11	16	8	9	12	10	10	90
N C	10	14	17	11	12	22	11	11	100
Merriken	11	12	12	11	15	22	11	9	100
J P Davis	13	17	19	13	16	21	12	12	112
Sillings	11	17	14	13	10	21	13	13	108
Kiracofe	11	12	12	8	11	22	12	12	100
McDaniel	14	14	15	12	18	23	14	14	124
Wayman	7	8	6	7	11	16	10	13	78
W D Winter	4	9	8	7	17	17	9	10	71
T F Alexander	12	13	16	7	16	18	16	13	111
T N Williamson	8	15	11	10	13	20	15	14	106
E B Wilson	14	20	17	13	17	24	18	13	136
Dr Wilson	12	15	19	15	20	21	17	14	133
Col T Martin	13	15	17	14	19	21	19	12	130
J D Carrier	11	13	12	9	13	25	18	11	117
E B Elsom	8	11	13	11	13	6	12	9	83
H Ellis, Jr.	14	15	14	12	17	20	16	13	121
W T Trevillian	10	16	13	15	16	20	14	11	115
M D Hart	10	15	13	13	16	21	12	13	119
J E Cox	8	13	13	9	8	17	9	11	88
T Hanna	10	11	15	11	11	15	8	11	92
Dr Bagby	7	6	13	5	14	17	14	11	87
J W Young	10	14	13	10	8	12	14	13	94
W Dickinson	11	13	12	6	11	11	11	11	90
G B Hutchings	14	17	17	14	17	24	17	10	130
G D George	10	13	15	10	15	20	15	13	111
C M Saunders	13	13	15	9	16	17	11	11	111
E P Southward	9	14	17	11	14	19	11	8	108
H W Hix	9	15	13	11	15	17	11	11	100
F B Tolson	12	19	18	13	12	20	11	8	118
J A Anderson	7	13	10	8	11	11	11	11	90
W Hobgood	12	13	15	11	13	19	11	10	100
L Skipwith	7	8	7	5	11	11	11	11	90
E A Watson	12	11	9	7	9	15	9	9	90
T K Parrish	11	14	13	8	10	8	10	8	90
G W Tiller	13	19	15	12	11	11	11	11	100
Lakeside	7	10	11	10	11	14	7	7	90
Doyle	12	9	5	12	18	16	11	11	100
C F Cross	9	7	9	7	9	9	9	9	90
O C Bell	8	3	2	5	8	7	7	7	80
E L C Scott	13	12	11	7	10	13	15	8	89
H M Cannon	10	13	14	10	17	12	10	10	100
W R Mastic	13	12	17	12	12	19	11	12	108
W P Wood	18	14	12	13	12	11	12	12	100
H Brown	11	12	12	16	15	14	11	11	100
Vaughan	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100
Coleman	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100
V Hechler	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100
B P Cardoza	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100
H O Humphreys	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100
W M Hechler	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100
Dr J A White	15	15	12	11	11	11	11	11	100

The winners of merchandise prizes on the first day are given below. No man could win more than four prizes on any one day, and Stearns, Hammond and R. H. Johnson ran the limit, Stearns going out at the end of the fourth event, while Johnson only reached his limit with the completion of the last event.

First Day's Prize List.

Event No. 1: F. Stearns, Jr., first; R. S. Terry, second; Doyle, third; J. A. Anderson, fourth; C. W. Scott, fifth; Stephens, sixth; Hewitt, seventh.
Event No. 2: F. Stearns, Jr., first; C. W. Scott, second; Sillings, third; Hammond, fourth; Funk, fifth; Merriken, sixth; Williamson, seventh.
Event No. 3: C. W. Scott, first; F. Stearns, Jr., second; Stephens, third; Hammond, fourth; R. H. Johnson, fifth; Jackson, sixth; Boudar, seventh.
Event No. 4: Hart, first; F. Stearns, Jr., second; H. K. Ellyson, Jr., third; Wayman, fourth; Boyd, fifth; H. A. George, sixth; Southard, seventh.
Event No. 5 was the team race, for which no special list of merchandise prizes were offered.
Event No. 6: H. K. Ellyson, Jr., first; E. M. Daniel, second; Hammond, third; C. W. Scott, fourth; J. P. Davis, fifth; J. C. Tignor, sixth; Dr. Charles, seventh.
Event No. 7: Hammond, first; E. M. Daniel, second; R. H. Johnson, third; Funk, fourth; Bruffey, fifth; Watson, sixth; J. A. Jackson, seventh; Purdie, eighth; Bilisoly, ninth.
Event No. 8: E. M. Daniel, first; Purdie, second; R. H. Johnson, third; Stephens, fourth; E. B. Wilson, fifth; Wayman, sixth; Doyle, seventh.
Event No. 9: R. H. Johnson, first; Purdie, second; Stephens, third; Venable, fourth; Merriken, fifth; G. D. George, sixth; Davis, seventh; T. S. Baskerville, eighth.

An amusing incident in connection with the distribution of the above merchandise prizes was Mr. Hammond's win in the second event, in which he took fourth prize. Turning to the list of prizes he found that he had won a pair of shoes, those same shoes having been won by him at last year's shoot, and being found to be too large for his remarkably small feet were redonated by him as a prize at this year's tournament.

Second Day, Sept. 3.

The weather was again quite warm, and a sharp thunderstorm at midday did not do much to cool things off; it did not last more than a few minutes and scarcely delayed the shooting at all.

This being the second day traps, trappers, etc., all worked more smoothly, and Jack Parker had less trouble all round. Ninety shooters were successfully and pleasantly handled, and the ninth, the last, event was shot off in good time, although something like 18,000 targets were recorded as thrown from the four sets of traps.

Individual State Championship.

of the shoot. At the convention Col. R. S. Terry, the popular president of the Lynchburg Gun Club, was selected to fill the position of president of the Virginia State Sportsmen's Association for the ensuing year. Dr. J. A. Jackson, also of Lynchburg, was chosen to act as secretary-treasurer under President Terry.

To the Lynchburg Gun Club was intrusted the management of the third annual tournament, which will accordingly be held on its grounds next September, Labor Day being the first day of the shoot. The Lynchburgers promise a good time to all and a programme that will please everybody.

EDWARD BANKS.

The Okoboji Tournaments.

Second Day, Aug. 28.

The shooting to-day was much the same as on Tuesday—weather fine and not enough wind to seriously affect the flight of targets. Crosby won high average with 95.5 per cent. on the programme, and Gilbert, who was off form the first day, made a big gain, though Herschy got second place among the professionals with 94.5. Of the amateurs, Taylor was high with 94.5, and Kline had second place with 94. There were 12,350 targets trapped for the day. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.	Av.
Mott	11	13	18	13	11	13	12	13	19	12	14	18	167	.835
Kline	15	15	19	11	15	19	13	15	18	15	11	19	188	.940
Burnside	15	11	18	14	15	16	13	13	18	13	14	19	179	.895
Hughes	13	11	20	15	14	20	11	15	18	12	12	19	180	.900
Parmelee	13	14	18	15	12	19	15	12	17	14	13	19	181	.905
Gilbert	13	13	20	13	14	19	11	14	19	15	14	20	188	.940
White	15	15	19	15	12	17	13	15	17	15	15	19	178	.890
Falkner	13	14	17	11	13	18	14	12	18	12	12	18	172	.860
Morrell	13	11	15	11	11	17	12	12	12	17	12	13	162	.810
Hersch	15	14	16	15	14	18	15	15	18	15	14	20	189	.945
Crosby	15	15	20	14	15	19	14	15	19	12	15	18	191	.955
Townsend	12	14	19	13	15	19	15	13	17	13	14	16	180	.900
McDonald	15	11	15	14	12	17	13	14	20	12	14	17	174	.870
Bray	15	15	20	11	15	19	15	14	18	12	14	19	187	.935
Linderman	13	15	19	14	13	20	13	14	17	13	15	19	185	.925
Waddington	14	13	17	11	15	16	14	15	17	14	13	18	177	.885
Loomis	11	13	18	13	13	16	13	10	16	11	17	17	168	.840
Rogers	14	14	19	14	15	20	12	13	18	12	12	18	181	.905
E. H. Tripp	15	13	20	12	13	19	15	14	18	15	12	18	184	.920
J. E. Harker	14	14	17	13	14	18	12	13	18	10	10	15	177	.875
Sanders	15	12	17	14	13	16	13	11	19	10	10	15	170	.850
Burk	14	15	16	13	13	18	12	11	20	13	14	15	174	.870
Taylor	14	15	17	15	15	20	12	15	18	14	15	18	189	.945
Steger	12	15	16	11	14	18	13	15	18	11	12	20	175	.875
Holden	14	13	20	15	14	20	13	14	17	13	13	20	186	.930
N. A. Q.	11	13	14	14	11	18	10	12	19	13	14	20	170	.850
Rust	14	12	17	13	13	13	10	12	19	13	14	20	170	.850
Schlosser	13	12	18	12	13	17	13	14	17	13	12	19	172	.860
Dominie	13	12	13	12	12	17	11	13	16	11	10	16	169	.795
Patch	13	12	13	12	12	17	11	13	16	11	10	16	169	.795
Duncan	14	13	17	13	15	20	15	14	18	13	14	17	183	.915
Durton	15	15	19	13	14	18	15	13	18	14	13	17	181	.920
Shear	12	15	19	11	12	19	14	12	19	12	14	16	175	.875
E. Hinshaw	13	10	15	13	13	17	13	10	16	14	12	18	164	.820
Burns	14	13	14	12	6	14	14	13	16	14	12	14	156	.780
Stoner	10	7	15	12	11	17	9	13	13	15	13	18	163	.815
Stoddard	13	12	19	14	13	19	10	11	14	13	10	12	163	.815
Clark	13	9	19	14	13	19	10	11	14	13	10	12	170	.850
Roberts	13	9	19	14	13	19	10	11	14	13	10	12	170	.850
Illion	12	13	17	12	14	17	11	14	12	17	14	13	171	.855
De Moss	11	11	20	10	9	17	9	10	14	11	7	13	152	.760
McKelvey	10	11	17	12	11	17	13	11	16	13	12	16	169	.795
Baldwin	11	13	17	13	11	15	10	13	14	11	11	11	169	.795
Bird	13	12	15	13	12	18	13	12	16	15	11	17	170	.850
Hayden	12	15	13	12	11	17	9	13	13	15	13	18	163	.815
Pruitt	13	14	18	14	11	14	13	12	18	12	12	16	167	.835
G. E. T.	12	15	19	12	13	18	10	17	13	12	18	18	172	.860
S. A. Smith	12	15	19	12	13	18	10	17	13	12	18	18	172	.860
Marshall	15	14	20	12	14	15	13	14	17	12	11	18	175	.875
Cook	10	11	17	13	14	15	11	14	19	12	15	18	172	.860
Ellett	14	10	14	14	13	15	11	12	17	10	10	19	159	.795
Veach	14	12	20	11	9	19	13	14	19	13	13	16	173	.865
Deterline	13	15	19	14	11	19	12	16	13	14	12	19	179	.895
Crathcup	14	15	16	13	15	19	11	15	19	14	15	19	185	.925
Thornton	14	11	17	9	12	13	13	13	16	15	12	15	166	.830
Wittleaf	14	15	19	13	14	17	13	14	17	15	14	18	183	.915
L. Hinshaw	14	13	15	14	13	16	12	12	17	10	14	20	170	.850
Ady	13	11	17	12	13	16	11	10	12	17	10	14	170	.850
D. Tripp	10	10	18	14	11	10	17	9	13	13	15	13	163	.815
Sitler	14	13	13	12	12	14	11	13	12	12	14	17	174	.870
G. Marshall	12	11	19	14	13	19	13	12	18	12	12	19	174	.870
Johnson	11	13	13	12	11	14	12	11	13	12	14	17	174	.870
Riehl	13	10	19	11	11	15	11	19	11	11	11	11	174	.870
McNabb	10	10	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	174	.870
Dinan	11	13	15	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	174	.870
Olds	8	9	15	3	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	174	.870
J. E. Smith	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Stoddard	17	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Frevert	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	174	.870
Hayden	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Barr	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Inman	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Lee	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Olsen	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Therrier	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870
Cutting	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	13	174	.870

Third Day, Aug. 29.

The wind took a hand in the game to-day and injected a flavor into the pot that played particular smash with the stew. It blew a well-developed gale from the northwest, coming across five miles of open water and striking the targets fairly in the face. This was particularly hard upon the shooters using light loads and shot, and many scores were disastrously punctuated with what, in the terse language of the circuit, is commonly designated as "goose eggs."

In the face of these difficulties, however, the work of a few men, and particularly of W. R. Crosby, comes out in striking relief. The wizard of the scatter gun dropped but four targets all day, and finished with 98 per cent. But three birds behind him, though, came Gilbert, for the professionals. Of the amateurs, Hughes was high with fourteen lost, while Holden lost fifteen and Kline and Burnside sixteen each. Targets trapped for the day, 12,000. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	T's.
Mott	13	13	18	13	11	18	14	14	14	14	14	14	177
Kline	11	12	15	11	11	20	14	14	19	15	14	18	184
Burnside	14	14	17	14	14	18	14	15	17	15	14	19	184
Hughes	14	15	19	13	13	18	14	14	18	15	13	18	184
Parmelee	13	13	18	15	15	19	15	14	20	13	14	17	186
Gilbert	13	15	18	15	15	20	14	15	18	15	15	20	193
White	13	15	17	15	14	18	13	14	17	15	18	184	184
Falkner	12	12	13	12	12	19	12	12	15	13	12	17	161
Morrell	10	11	16	12	13	16	14	14	17	12	13	19	167
Hersch	14	14	17	13	13	18	15	11	19	14	12	18	178
Crosby	13	15	20	13	15	20	15	15	20	14	20	196	196
McDonald	12	15	19	13	12	17	13	13	19	9	10	20	172
Townsend	14	14	16	12	12	19	12	14	19	13	11	18	174
Bray	14	14	19	14	15	20	13	15	20	15	14	17	190
Linderman	12	13	16	13	11	17	13	15	19	13	12	18	177
Waddington	11	13	16	12	13	15	9	12	18	12	14	15	158
Loomis	14	14	17	12	12	17	11	11	19	10	13	18	168
Rogers	14	14	18	13	15	17	15	14	16	14	13	18	181
E. H. Tripp	11	13	16	12	12	17	15	13	20	13	16	171	171
Veatch	14	13	11	13	12	19	12	12	17	13	12	17	168
Schoen	11	11	17	12	12	15	13	11	15	13	14	17	161
Burk	12	12	17	12	8	18	13	12	10	14	11	11	161
Taylor	14	12	16	12	10	16	14	13	14	11	11	11	161
Steger	13	13	18	14	15	18	12	13	20	13	14	16	179
Holden	15	14	14	14	14	18	15	13	18	15	15	20	185
Clark	13	11	15	13	11	18	12	12	19	14	14	17	172
Rust	12	14	20	14	13	17	12	15	17	12	12	19	177
Patch	14	12	14	12	10	17	10	9	16	12	11	16	148
Duncan	14	15	15	14	14	17	13	15	18	14	19	173	173
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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$1 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 12.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

The country still stands appalled at the magnitude of the calamity that has come upon it. For a third time, the President of the United States has fallen by the bullet of an assassin. The mourning is deep and general, for William McKinley the President, and for William McKinley the man. In the universal sadness no one is more entitled to sympathy than he who has taken the place of the murdered President. Happily, he has never been one who feared his responsibilities; happily, also, he has behind him a record of twenty years of well doing in public life, which justifies the supremest confidence in his future course. It should give us all courage and comfort that the mantle of William McKinley has fallen on the shoulders of Theodore Roosevelt.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

We shall begin next week the publication of a serial story by Rowland E. Robinson, entitled "In the Ranger Service," and dealing with the days of Ticonderoga. It is written in the pure and limpid English of which Mr. Robinson was a master, and as a graphic pen-picture of an early period in our American history will take deserved high rank. And there is in it, too, the outdoor and wild-wood flavor which give it a fitting place in FOREST AND STREAM.

THE SEASONS AND THE GAME.

The reports from the different sections, in respect to the supply of game birds, are pleasingly favorable, hence all who love sport with dog and gun have sufficient cause for rejoicing thereat. They unanimously indicate that, as compared with the dearth of some former years, there is an abundance.

The prairie country seems to be specially favored with an unusually great increase in its supply of chickens, and this is the more remarkable since the constant growth of agriculture in the prairie region is antagonistic to their multiplication. Both tilled and wild land are essential to their best preservation: the former to afford a food supply, the latter shelter and concealment. Such is their best habitat. Too much agriculture not only reduces or destroys the places of natural shelter and concealment, but it introduces direct destructive agencies; namely, the local sportsmen with their dogs and guns.

Not less favorable are the reports concerning the quail supply for the season's sport. Long Island seems to have been particularly fortunate in this respect. In that section the breeding season was the best of many years.

While the destructive agencies are practically constant, the increase and decrease of the game birds are in a measure seemingly independent of them. Making all due allowance for the heavy rains of spring drowning out the young birds or destroying the eggs, or the equal harm supposed to result from excessive droughts, etc., there is still remaining the fact that all springs are more or less wet or dry, and that, nevertheless, in some seasons the birds are extraordinarily fertile or sterile, the causes of which are beyond the knowledge of man. However, such fluctuation does denote that a dearth of birds in any one year is not a sure indication of their progressive extermination by the agency of rod and gun, though we must recognize that destruction by man, beyond a certain limit, cripples nature or renders her powerless.

However, in the average of the years there must be a check on the destructive agencies to correspond to the average powers of reproduction, else the destruction which ends in extermination is only a question of time. At

best, the game supply is far from equal to the demands of sportsmen, and to the end that there may be few years or lesser years of dearth, the same moderation should be exercised in the years of plenty.

BLUNDERINGS.

DURING the last session of the Arkansas Legislature the chaplain of the House, in his opening prayer one morning, said, with pardonable unction:

O Lord, we thank thee that we are not in the lunatic asylum this morning, nor considered fit subjects for the same.

It was about this time that the Legislature was deliberating on a bill to tax non-resident sportsmen \$500 for a shooting license, and the ultimate failure of the measure certainly had its part in demonstrating that sanity for which the chaplain had given thanks. As a rule, legislatures are sane when they are providing protection for game, but the degree of sanity manifested in specific cases is frequently very far removed from common sense. We can forgive an unwise game law, if only it be the result of deliberate consideration and embody the actual intent of its framers, for, however mistaken such a law may be, there is still to be ascribed to its makers good intention and a decent degree of care in carrying out that intention. But for the careless and haphazard blundering which gives us in the end a statute which is foolish or worse, we can have and should have no patience whatever.

Take the Illinois quail law as an example. The State pays its representatives in Springfield and its employees in the clerical branch of the service to do their work, and to do it without blundering. For such an egregious piece of incompetence as the omission of a line of the law whereby protection was taken from quail, there may be an explanation, but there can be no excuse. Nor is the error one which may be righted by the course pursued by the Illinois authorities, which is to assume that a law protecting quail exists when one does not exist, and to punish the quail killers as if there were a law forbidding the killing of quail. The protection of quail is of very high importance; but of transcendently higher moment is it to give every citizen of the State protection in his rights, and one right which every citizen of Illinois possesses is that of immunity from arrest and punishment when he has violated no law.

Another blundering Legislature this year was that of Michigan in the law for the protection of quail, woodcock and grouse. Much uncertainty has existed on this point. The section of the law, as amended in 1901 and signed by the Governor, made the open season for quail, woodcock and grouse throughout the State from Oct. 1 to Nov. 30. This was the form published in the *Game Laws in Brief* and embodied in an abstract given out by the Secretary of State as the law in force. Subsequently it developed that there had been irregularities in the observance of the prescribed course of procedure for the passage of the amendment through the Legislature to the Governor's hand, and the Attorney-General has rendered an opinion that because of this irregularity the amendment was void, and that the old law must be considered as still in force. This makes the season for quail, woodcock and partridge from Oct. 20 to Nov. 30, with the partridge season in the Lower Peninsula opening Oct. 1.

Another snarl is in the New Jersey law on flickers, and it is a capital example of the heedless, happy-go-lucky way of Legislatures when they struggle with bird protection. The Legislature of 1901 adopted two separate statutes having application to the woodpecker, known as the flicker or highholder. The first of these was the general law which provides that with certain specified exceptions no wild bird may be killed other than the game birds, and the law goes on to define what birds are game birds. Among the game birds that are classified, the flicker is not included. Accordingly by this law the flicker is protected at all times. But in the face of this plain prohibition the Legislature proceeded to enact another law, in which it is provided: "It shall be unlawful to kill . . . any flicker or highholder, excepting during the months of September and October." And again, "It shall be unlawful to kill . . . any woodpecker (the yellow-bellied woodpecker or sapsucker, however, excepted)."

In other words, in intent, this gives an open season on a bird which in another law adopted the same year is protected always. An important point to note here is that the laws last quoted do not expressly declare that the

flicker (or highholder or yellow-bellied woodpecker or sapsucker) may be killed; it says in one case that it shall not be killed except at certain times, and in the other case it excepts the bird from protected species. Against both of these exceptions the other law forbidding killing at any time holds good. The effect of the law, taken as a whole, is to protect the flicker in New Jersey.

The practical working of the law has been to promote the killing of the birds. The average reader of the law would conclude that it permitted the shooting of flickers, and we have expressed the opinion that punishment for unwitting violation of the law would be harsh. The people of New Jersey should be able to find men to send to Trenton who could frame a simple game law easily understood of the people.

SNAP SHOTS.

That New Jersey flicker law blunder has had the effect of revealing the extent of the popularity of the flicker as a game bird. It is to be so classed, of course, only with those who estimate a bird as game solely by the test of its edibility, and there are those who esteem the flicker not to be despised as a dish for the table. There was a time when the bird was not protected in New York; that was the period when the robin, too, was considered fit for the gun, and the two birds were sought with much enthusiasm by those who knew their gustatory qualities. Jacobstaff has told us of the exciting times in those days on Long Island, when the flicker shooters from New York city would repair to their favorite grounds in the night time and take position within shot of certain favorite trees, where the birds were certain to alight in their migration. The gunners lay through the night and held their positions the following day just as duck shooters take possession of favored points and blinds the night before to be in readiness for the shooting on the next day. If we may judge from the number of inquiries we have received and the reports of the amount of flicker shooting in consequence of this law complication, the bird must have a tremendous popularity in New Jersey. We are not inclined to go so far as President Frothingham of the Fish and Game Commission of New Jersey, who expresses the conviction that a person who would kill a flicker would shoot a quail on the nest, for we have known men who were very good sportsmen in all that pertains to the shooting of game birds who did not disdain a flicker when it came within range. Indeed, it is more a matter of education as to the economic value of the bird than any other consideration which leads to its protection.

The views expressed by Ransacker on the trespass question are of special significance and value because, as he tells us, they are written by one who has contemplated the subject from both sides of the fence. If his recommendation that trespass should be put on a plane with burglary as to the heinousness ascribed to the offense and the severity of the punishment given it, shall appear too radical, let it be remembered that he writes as one who has suffered much and who has abundant personal warrant for entertaining such views, even though they are somewhat in advance of the sentiment of the times. There can be no question of the changing public feeling about trespass. It is all in the direction of our correspondent's change of view. The once universal tolerance of free entry upon land is giving away, and in many localities the opposite rule of resenting intrusion is coming to be almost as universal in application. The change is bound to be progressive. It embodies a recognition of new values and new resources. Just so soon as game is given value, just so soon is it protected for what value there is in it. The solution of the problem of where the sportsman of the next generation is to get his game will be found in the adoption of more stringent trespass systems, and the conservation of game as a by-product of the land.

Every manager of a railroad running into a game country and seeking the patronage of shooters should read with care Mr. Cristadoro's communication on the ways of some baggagemen with the game intrusted to their care. It would take only a word fitly spoken and with authority back of it to insure a full count every time when the sportsman was handed his string of birds from the baggage car. And not a feather less than just this should be made absolutely certain to every sportsman patron of the road.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Roanoke Island.

No spot in all this country is so full of the romance of history as Roanoke Island, on the east coast of North Carolina, where the first English settlement within what is now the United States was made, under the auspices of knightly Sir Walter Raleigh, and all around which cluster some of the saddest memories of the "Lost Colony of Roanoke."

Leaving Elizabeth City in the steamer Neuse the writer made his way southward across Albemarle Sound to the historic island. The sound is like a great sea, separated from the ocean by the "banks," a vast rampart of sand, and, with shallow waters, so fresh as to be little more than brackish, and yellow-colored by the inpouring stream.

It was dark when the steamer reached Skyco, the chief port of historic Roanoke Island. On landing, the first sound which broke the stillness of the night was the exhaust of an ice factory—a truly unromantic beginning of a visit to the most romantic place in all North Carolina. The chief town is Manteo, three miles away. The driver of the vehicle which took me there cried out in cheery tones, "Tranquility House, gentlemen!" The passengers got in a buckboard and moved off. A turn in the road was made, and then the fragrance of the yellow jessamine and burst of song from a mockingbird gave a more graceful welcome to the island. The first part of the road runs across the Confederate intrenchments, at which the battle of Roanoke Island was fought, and at which many North Carolinians were captured.

Early next morning a pilgrimage was made to the center of attraction—Fort Raleigh. Along venerable roads of white sand, beneath pines with which the bright green of the holly is mingled, the way lies to the fort. To the right, after going a little distance, rise in long lines the sand drives, vast mounds and the creation and sport of the winds. The landward slope of these is as steep as 45 degrees, and the climb in the yielding sand is a hard one. From the crest the prospect is grand. To the eastward is the sea, visible here and there through the gaps between the vast dunes which mark the "banks" as they do also the eastern part of the island. There is the sea, green and heaving, and there the curl of the breakers, and borne by the soft wind comes the thunder of the surf, almost like an echo. At one's feet lies the sound, yellow as gold, three miles in width, and so shallow that nearly the entire distance can be waded. It is practically fresh water, and tideless, so far as the sea is concerned, the only fluctuations of level being due to the winds. Unvexed by a sail there is an idle waste of water as far as the eye can reach. Northward is Currituck Sound, almost equally shallow, and the northernmost of the wonderful North Carolina system of sounds. In front are Kill Devil hills, the highest on this coast, rising 100 feet. In full view is the place where the ill-fated man-of-war *Huron* sank, causing the loss of 115 lives. There is Nag's Head, with the big hotel, literally like a toy house between great waves of sand. Looking westward, the island is seen at one's feet. The sand dunes' crest is on a level with the highest pines. The slope is long and far from steep on the water side. A dune advances steadily, remorselessly, ceaselessly, into the interior of the island. Its touch is death. The green tops of the pines project from the inner slope. On the sound side are skeletons of those already overwhelmed. Not long since the skeleton of a man was found in a sitting posture, at the foot of the white, polished skeleton of a once stately tree. Over both the waves and sand had rolled. Poor fellow! When he took that seat he was on the landward side, exhausted, perhaps, in the effort to save his life. When found he was on the seaward side. No man can say how long the sand had entombed him.

The "spill" of the sand down the landward side of the dunes is incessant. Looking down landward into the somber hollow of the pines, it seems quite like an abyss.

Descending from the height the ride is resumed. Past houses, some modern, others gray with age, the road winds. The pines are in blossom and the air is filled with the pungency of their odor. Grape vines entwine the trees, mocking birds are in unusual numbers, and many shrubs are made bright as gold by the jessamine flowers. Presently there appears a guiding hand, bearing the words, "Fort Raleigh." It points eastward, and there, 100 yards away, is the fort.

Surrounded by a worn fence of new pine rails, with a rustic gateway of little, upright poles, is the ruin. In its center stands a severely simple monument, and low posts of granite, a foot high, mark the venerable earthwork. The outlines are perfectly plain. No restoration is needed. The greatest height of the parapet above the ditch is some two feet. Almost an acre is inclosed by the fence and the fort covers little more than a fourth of this area. The colonists' log huts surrounded the fort, which was their refuge. Within the limits of the inclosure are live oak, pine, holly, dogwood, sassafras, water oak, and cherry trees. Up one live oak clammers a grape vine, and at its foot is an English ivy. The monument, or memorial stone, faces westward, and has this inscription:

"On this site in July-August, 1585, colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh built a fort called by them 'The new fort of Virginia.' These colonists were the first settlers of the English race in America. They returned to England in July, 1586, with Sir Francis Drake.

"Near this place was born on the 18th day of August, 1587, Virginia, the first child of English parents born in America, daughter of Ananias Dare and Eleanor White, his wife, members of another band of colonists sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1587. On Sunday, August 20, 1587, Virginia Dare was baptized. Manteo, the friendly chief of the Hatteras Indians, had been baptized on the Sunday previous. These baptisms were the first known celebrations of the sacrament in the territories of the thirteen original States."

The undergrowth within the inclosure is cleared away. Big pines stand here and there—one a long leaf, the original growth on the island. The land has never been in cultivation, and to this fact is due the marvellous preservation of the ancient earthwork. In America 316 years seems such a very great lapse of time, yet so old

is this little earthwork, which, thanks to the care of the "Roanoke Colony Memorial Association," of which Maj. Graham Davis, of Wilmington, is president, is at last marked. It is evident that the fort was made of two rows of upright palisades, or logs, between which there was earth. The palisades soon decayed, but the earth retains its outline perfectly.

East of the old fort, and less than 200 yards distant, is one of the sand dunes, which has become fixed, as in it is grass with small live oaks, their limbs thrown wildly landward. Sitting there, overlooking the wide waste of yellow water, one hears the death-like stillness broken by a whispering wind from the fort, which brings with it the liquid notes of the mocking bird. No doubt on this height the colonists sat many a day, looking seaward, toward dear old England, hoping for the sight of a sail.

On the return toward Manteo a detour is made in order to view the famous scuppernong grape vine at Meekins' farm. It has four great bodies, or trunks, each two feet in diameter, these being on the north side of the vine, which is trained southward, fully 300 feet. On the dunes are scuppernong vines, and also the vines of the black grape.

It is well to turn back the hand of time's dial-plate and see the first impressions of this island. Amadas and Barlowe were the pioneers, and Barlowe tells the story in his quaint, old English:

"Ye 27th day of Aprile, in ye yere of our Redemption, 1584, departed ye west of England with two barks well furnished with men and victuals. Ye 10th of June we were fallen with ye islands of ye West Indies. On ye 12th day of July wee found shole water, where we smelt so sweet and strong a smel as if we had been in ye midst of some delicate garden abounding with oderiferous flowers, by which we were assured ye land could not be farre distant. Keeping good watch, and bearing but slacke sail, ye 4th of July we arrived upon ye coast which wee supposed to be a continent, and we sailed along ye same 120 miles before we could find any entrance or river issuing into ye sea. Ye first that appeared unto us wee entered and cast anchor about three harqueburs shots within ye haven's mouth, and, after thanks given to God for our safe arrival thither, wee manned our boats and went to view ye land next adjoining, and take possession of ye same in right of ye Queen's most excellent majestie. Wee viewed ye land about us, being whereas we first landed very sandie and low toward ye water side, but so full of grapes as ye very beating and surge of ye sea overflowed them, we found such plenty, both on ye sand and on ye green soil of ye hills, as well as on every shrubbe and ye tops of ye high cedars, that I thinke in all ye world ye like abundance is not to bee found."

The colony planted in 1585 was not revisited until 1590. Gov. White tells the pitiful story of the "Lost Colony of Roanoke." His expedition, when it came near the island, "sounded with a trumpet a call, and, afterward, many familiar English tunes and songs, and called to them friendly, but we had no answer." On a tree on the very brow of the sandy bank were the letters, "Cro." "At the fort," says White, "we found the houses were taken down, and the place strongly inclosed with a high palisade of great trees, with cortynes and flankers, very fortlike, and one of the chief trees at the right side of the entrance had the bark taken off and five foote from the ground in fayre capital letters was graven 'Croatan,' without any cross or signe of distress." White returned to England, leaving the great mystery unsolved.

Time seems to have solved it. Croatan was on the mainland, in what is now Tyrell county. There the colonists seem to have gone with, or to have been taken by, the Indians. Thence, after the lapse of many years, they appear to have gone to what is now Robeson county. There are many names among the Croatan Indians of Robeson which are on the roll of White's colonists, and the Croatan use daily many old English words, long obsolete in the mother country.

But to return to Roanoke Island in this year of grace, 1901. Back to Manteo runs the route, the traveler thinking on the way of Virginia Dare, and Manteo, the kind and friendly Indian chief, who gave their names to the country and the town. The homes which are passed belong, in some cases, to the Dough and Meekins families, and many other names odd to the up-country ear are heard, but all are good English names, as becoms North Carolina, the most American of all the States.

FRED A. OLDS.

The Hunt Fever.

HAVE YOU ever stopped to think why it is that you enjoy hunting? Have you ever analyzed the different sensations which come with the hunt and determined just why it is that you have had such a good time on some memorable hunt—why you no sooner recover from the fatigue of one trip than you are planning for the next, even if it is to be taken a year ahead? What is the "hunt fever"? Is it the desire to kill, to wound, to pursue, to cause suffering or fright in the innocent object of our pursuit that gives us pleasure? Is it the possession of our victim when by our cunning we have accomplished his death, or is it something else which takes possession of us when we are boys and clings to us as old men and urges us on to the hunt?

I have talked with friends and hunters around the fire-side at home; around the camp-fire on the plain; in the birch-bark shack in Canada; with the canoe men in the wilds and swamps of Labrador; when camped in the snow of the far North; when camped among the palmettoes of Florida; among the barren peaks of our Western mountains; deep in the wooded gorges of the Blue Ridge; on the ice of the glacier; when half-frozen on a stand for ducks on the marsh; when the heat of the sun was blistering my nose as we rode for hundreds of miles toward a promised land, but never yet have I met a man who would say he enjoyed seeing his quarry die. There may be those who hunt to kill, who revel in the blood of their victim and who can see any of the magnificent works of God destroyed without a qualm of regret, but I am thankful to say they have never been companions of mine.

The "hunt fever" to me is something more than "to kill." There seems to be something born in all of us which makes us desire that which seeks to escape us. The hunt fever is certainly a manifestation of this, whatever it is. I believe it is the surroundings, man's love of nature,

the freedom, the open air, the trees, the mountains, the valleys, water, heat, cold, hardship, thirst, hunger, and even pain that is a part of the hunt, that we enjoy unconsciously, more than the death or possession of our game. It is that desire on the part of man to cope his cunning and strategy against that of an animal on its own ground that leads him on, that brings him back. In this there is that abandon of cares and worries, and the humdrum daily channels of thought are forgotten; it's this which we unconsciously enjoy. I cannot believe that it's the death or possession of the hunted animal.

Well I remember as a boy the joy to be found in following a rabbit by his tracks in the snow; how I carried a hatchet, but no gun; the delight when his trail was unravelled where it led off from the well-tracked thicket; how it was followed through wood, meadow, back and forth through the worm fence, across the orchard, back to the barn lot; on through the garden patch, where the long jumps could be plainly seen straight ahead; through the sage grass, where it was well to make a circle watching for a lead-off; to the woods; here the snow crust was hard and the trail was lost; now comes the joy of the hunt, a circle, a wider circle, no sign of a trail, back to the point where lost, straight ahead now, when, "Wah-hoo!" almost out from under our feet starts a gray streak, ears laid back, jumps fifteen feet long, and, but say—why did I throw the hatchet at him? The "hunt fever" did it. I would have been sorry had I hit him.

Here is his nest, still warm. Boy-like, we put our finger in it before we take after him again. His jumps soon shorten, and he leads through the frozen swamp, across the sheep lot; he makes for places where the sun has melted off the snow, but further on his tracks betray him; again we jump him, and, with a yell, take up the pursuit afresh. He circles to his starting point, mixes his trail with his first, back tracks the same, side leaps, and away across the woods to a hollow log he knows. We find him and cut him out. As a man, I have been known to kill him, but as a boy, more often to let him go and run him down again, until at last he "holed up" in the ground.

It has been my fortune to kill the largest game we have in America, but to come right down to it, there has never been the pleasure in big-game hunting there was in those rabbit chases. Those pictures are indelible.

As a boy, I was laughed at for letting the rabbit go, but to-day I am glad I did. Yes, I have killed game, large and small, but with me the pleasure has not been in the killing; it was the chase, the freedom, the exercise, the open air. In the man the beast has appeared. We have killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

Why do you hunt? Why do you kill?

C. P. AMBLER.

Moose Hunting in New Brunswick

Editor Forest and Stream:

Though not a subscriber to FOREST AND STREAM, I lay down my ten cents for a copy with the local dealer every week, and have for many years, and hope to for many more. Several years ago, through reading the notes, under heading "New Brunswick Notes," by the late Frank Risteen, I became interested in big-game hunting, and after consulting with successful friends and studying maps, I looked over my list of guides that had been recorded in FOREST AND STREAM as being successful with their parties, and I began a correspondence, with the result of engaging Alex Ogilvy to guide me on the headwaters of the Tobique River, some twenty miles up the right-hand branch, where he has several log camps for the convenience of his sportsmen. This engagement was for 1899, but when the time arrived for me to start, I was sick abed, and my disappointment was worse than the sickness, so I was obliged to send word I could not come. Later on I made everything satisfactory to my guide for his loss of time, and re-engaged him for 1900.

Sept. 29 found me at Perth, one day ahead of time, as Alex was to meet me Oct. 1. I passed a pleasant afternoon and night at the hotel, a very nice, new house, and Mr. Rogers, the landlord, is very accommodating. During the evening I listened to moose stories of very large dimensions by the natives. Every one said I had a first-class guide, so I could only feel pleased with my prospects for a successful trip up at the lakes. When the train came down the Tobique branch from Plaster Rock the next morning, a party of sportsmen got off with several moose heads and one beautiful caribou. I soon learned that the party was the one my guide was with. As soon as he could get everything ready for them to leave on the next train, he started with me, and had our supplies put up, and we took the afternoon train for Plaster Rock. Here we crossed the river on a one-man-power ferry, and loaded our baggage on Mr. Sadler's team, which was awaiting us, and drove some eight miles to his beautiful farm, where we spent the night. The hospitality of these Canadian people cannot be excelled; they make you feel perfectly at home as soon as you step in the door, and are sociable as if acquainted a lifetime. Here I got into my hunting suit and was ready for business.

Everything was put on board a heavy, two-horse wagon and we were off for the green woods, some ten miles. Here we ford the river, and climb up the steep bank and are at the entrance of the tote road. I will not attempt to describe this road. Many writers have tried and failed. It makes one think of Fifth avenue, New York, it is so different. The guide says it is twenty miles through, and nobody has ever yet doubted his word. Just before dark we arrived at an old loggers' camp, unhitched and put the horses in one used for a stable. We soon had a good camp-fire roaring with birch logs, and the kettle boiling. After supper we spread our blankets on the ground and lay down under the shed roof between the two log houses. It was not long, however, before it was decided to replenish the fire, sound taps and roll up in the blankets and go to sleep. It took some time for me to get fitted in between the stones and roots, so as to lie perfectly easy; and about the time I had all ready to do some good, sound sleeping, Alex informed me that breakfast was ready. After breakfast I took my rifle and started on ahead, leaving Alex and the totter to clean up and follow with the team. I had some hope of seeing some kind of big game, but saw nothing but grouse, and plenty of them. Alex killed two with stones and shot one with a revolver. I had never seen anything like it. They were as tame as

farmyard fowl. It was a novel sight to see those birds sit there until hit, while here in Massachusetts they fly as soon as they can hear you, and some will fly a mile before they stop. Signs of moose and caribou were plenty and fresh. After I had gone about five miles Alex caught up with me, and we made very good time, the walking being much better. We arrived at Trousers Lake camp at 10:30 A. M. Here the wagon was unloaded, being as far as the team could go. Everything was found to be in good condition, greatly to my surprise, after the pounding and shaking up it had received. Here were opened to me the beauties of a Canadian forest in the full blazonry of autumn foliage, again a somber background of spruce and cedar, with hardwood ridges large and small, near and distant, in all directions. It had been my intention to go in still further to Island Lake, but it was decided to prospect in this vicinity before going, as moose works were found disappointing at both Long and Island lakes with the previous party. As soon as dinner was over, my guide said: "We will start right in now and get a moose. They are seldom ever killed in camp." I took the hint and shouldered my rifle. We visited a lake about a mile distant, where moose had been seen often, but there came no answer to the birch-bark horn. Ducks were preening their feathers on a near-by point, and they were the only living game we saw. "To-morrow," said Alex. "I shall

answered immediately somewhat nearer. But darkness came on faster than the moose. The guide said: "Never mind, he will be around here in the morning, and we will come and get him." so back to camp we went, with brilliant prospects for the morrow. We were there as soon as we could see, and so was the moose, though he had changed his base of operations to some ridges further eastward. He would answer every call; sometimes he would be quite near, and the next time further off than ever. He kept going back and forth on this ridge, bellowing for more than an hour, then all was still. Knowing that eternal vigilance was the price of a moose, we kept still and watched. It was not long before I heard a twig snap right in front of us, and in a few seconds we could see his breast and bell; a good, long bell he had, too, but I could not see his horns, and was determined not to kill one that did not have good, big, handsome horns that I could feel some measure of pride in hanging up and showing my friends. So I would not shoot, though he was within 50 yards of us, and with two steps more must surely show us his whole body. We had not the slightest doubt that he would take those two steps, and he did, but they were heels toward us; he only stopped a second or two, but long enough to get our wind; though the wind was not blowing directly his way, being in a cove he got it, and, like the Arab, folded his tent and silently stole away.

my guide cut off this tree below where the beavers had gnawed it off and it still hung, and lugged it on my shoulder five miles to the canoe, and kept a watchful eye on it until safely landed in my den. I do not suppose all little things interest everybody as they do me, but I went to the woods not only to kill big game, but to see and study nature and woodcraft in the primeval forest, where the sound of the logger's axe has never been heard, where nature and the animals reign supreme.

The next morning we tried for our moose again. Got an answer right off, but we could not coax him any nearer; he was "dead on to us," as the saying is; he remembered his previous experience. Some people will laugh at the idea, but let such as don't believe it go and hunt moose awhile and see if they don't find out that he is a gentleman who cannot be fooled every day by all the people. We stayed there for three hours and tried all ways to get him out; the guide took the canoe and went down the lake, calling with the horn pointed away from him, but come nearer he would not, so after we got tired of hearing the bull bellow, we went off and left him as a bad case.

Loading up the canoe, we return to Depot Camp, and the next day, taking fresh supplies and tent, leave again, going up the right-hand leg for the portage to Mud Lake. Alexander's brother, David, and a sportsman from Worcester, Mass., came in the night before and went up to their camp. It began to rain soon after we started, and we got pretty well soaked before the day was over and the tent up, but a good camp-fire soon made us comfortable and supper made us happy. From this on it rained almost continually for eight days. We were now in where there were no logging roads to travel, and to go through the woods was like walking into the lake, so hunting was mostly by canoe. Signs were plenty, but luck and weather were against us. We now could not even get an answer to the birch-bark horn. Finally the guide's patience was exhausted, and he declared that the calling season was over and that we would have to hunt them on the ridges. My time was half up, and I had no moose yet, and things were beginning to take on a bluish cast. I was not discouraged, however; I have been a hunter too long. I had come up there with the firm determination to work hard every day I was there until success crowned my efforts, or my time was up; then, if I did not get my game I could feel that I had done the best I could.

And better luck was in store for me. We opened our eyes on the morning of Oct. 17 to look out and see the ground and trees white with snow. Six inches had fallen during the night. We prepared breakfast as quickly as possible, and were soon headed into the woods. Our spirits were high, for no finer morning could be possible for still-hunting if made to order. We had gone less than a quarter-mile when Alex discovered that a very large caribou had crossed the path we were on. Without making any talk, we took the trail, and it led us directly into a swamp, with trees fallen in all directions and so thick that progress was very slow. Between crossing a stream every few minutes and climbing over windfalls, I think it the worst I ever experienced. After following the trail a little way, it led us through and under some trees where a caribou could never have gone if it had horns, so we decided that it was a cow and left it, only to find that three deer had just crossed ahead of us, and not more than a hundred yards further was a large, very large, moose track, headed into the wind and directly to the top of a high ridge. Following carefully, we came upon him rather sooner than we expected. There he was in plain sight, not 50 yards away, his head behind the up-turned roots of a fallen tree. I soon put a bullet just under his ear, breaking his neck short off. There was a slight shake of one foot and a monarch of the forest was dead. Well, if the people down at the settlement had asked us on our return what all that noise was, up in the woods on the morning of the 17th, I should have known just what they meant, for two happier mortals are seldom seen walking around on this earth. I distinctly remember that we sent up a few war whoops and did a skirt-dance, for here was a moose that would make any man proud, with antlers spreading 53 inches, and 16-inch palms, with twenty-seven points. I think Alex was as much pleased as I was. Surely he made as much noise. I did not make so much as I wanted to, for fear of acting foolishly. But we had worked hard for the game up to this time, and were entitled to all the glory there was. I am not going to tell how much he weighed, for I don't know; it could only be a guess, and I have read so much about the weights of big moose killed by hunters, and I am of the opinion they are inclined to look much heavier than the scales would show, as a rule; so to be on the safe side I say I think this moose about as large as they often grow. Alex judged him to be at least a dozen years old. After our exultation, Alex went to camp for the camera, and I made several views of the moose, and we proceeded to dress him and cut up the meat. The head and scalp we took to camp, bringing the meat and hide the next day. What a feeling of satisfaction and contentment one feels returning to camp just before night with the head and antlers of a big moose hanging out over the sides of the canoe! I was sorry there was no one at camp to see us come in with our prize. People say to me, "You were lucky," and I admit it. Luck is something that plays a very important part in hunting. I know of men who have been year after year hunting hard every day for a moose, and have not even got a chance to shoot at one. One man told his guide when they first started to hunt, that he did not want to get his moose easily; he wanted to work hard for him. He has been working and walking for the last six years and has not got him yet. And there are others.

From this time to the end of my time in the woods we could hardly move without seeing a moose somewhere. I was in the woods twenty-three days and saw twenty-one moose. Alex killed a bull with a very handsome head at Muddy Lakes. Dave and his sportsman came down from their camp with two heads, and when the toter came we gave him one of the biggest loads of horns that ever went down the river. Had we desired, and the law permitted, we could easily have killed two more bulls. I am very confident. If my luck could have been divided up on caribou, I would have been still better satisfied. Most of the parties both before and after me got caribou in this same section; with me, it seemed to be a famine in the midst of plenty.



MOOSE HEAD KILLED IN NEW BRUNSWICK BY E. F. SNOW.

take you to a lake that has never been visited by a sportsman, to my knowledge." I shall not go into detail and tire the reader by asking him to follow me step by step all through my many miles of tramping and canoeing.

We visited the lake, and before reaching it signs were numerous, so much so, that we approached with the greatest caution. Judging by the tracks seen, I would not have been surprised to see a whole drove of almost any kind of animals. It was, and still is, one of the most likely spots I have ever seen, though we saw nothing. It was a small pond of about three acres, and oblong, with a stand about half way, where the hunter could easily shoot his game at any point it might show itself. On one side and one end was a bog some 30 yards wide, and it was a sight to behold. "Ain't it a fright?" as Alex expressed it. Here were moose, caribou and deer tracks, all mixed up, and the bog was literally all cut up. Some of the signs were very fresh, but, of course, most of the tramping had been done during the summer, when all big game spend a great part of the time in the water to feed and rid themselves of the flies.

As we were prospecting, we took the canoe the next day and went to the upper camp at the head of Trousers Lake, on the left-hand leg, a distance of five miles. We took with us provisions for a few days, and just before sunset paddled up to the head. Our camp was a quarter mile below. Alex gave a call, and after waiting about fifteen minutes we got an answer from a bull away up among the hills, as far as we could hear. After at least fifteen or twenty minutes another call was given, and was

Satisfied that it was of no use to try longer there, we struck up among the hills for a small lake. Here we found signs everywhere. At the lake a cow moose came in just as we got there. She was on the opposite side, and we backed out and worked around toward her, until within 75 yards. We stood perfectly still in a moose path, just at the edge of the woods, and she worked along toward us, until she was within 12 feet, the wind blowing fresh from her to us. When we scared her she ran about 15 yards and stopped and looked at us. The next time she started she made the water fly, having decided that we were something dangerous or terrible to look upon.

It would have been a rare chance for a camera, but the day was stormy, so I left it at camp. I have been a photographer long enough to know that it is of no use to try to make snap shots in the woods in cloudy weather at this time of the year. I regretted not having it this day, for here was the largest beaver house it was ever my pleasure to see; it stood over 6 feet high and 10 feet across its base, with as large a pile of birch and poplar trees and limbs extending some 20 feet into the water; all this the beavers had brought from long distances for their winter's supply of food. We found a splendid specimen of beaver cutting. A birch tree about 8 inches in diameter had been felled and all the limbs trimmed off as if done with a dull axe; and about 8 feet of the top was gone. The nice part of the job was that the tree lay flat on the ground, showing the good judgment of the beaver, as standing trees were so thick all around it could not have been felled at all except exactly where it did fall. I had

If there is any place in the Province where big game is more numerous, I don't care to know of it, for here it seems to me that any sportsman who has three or four weeks at his disposal, is properly equipped, and can shoot a rifle well, is practically certain of his moose. There are many things, however, that should be carefully considered and arranged before coming to this country, or any other, to hunt. The most important of all is your guide. Some one has written that a person could go to Fredericton unannounced and in forty-eight hours, be in tow of somebody who knew where the moose and caribou do congregate; then if he did not have moose or caribou for dinner within the next few days it would be a case of bad luck. I can hardly imagine a sportsman making a greater mistake. I had an opportunity this fall to meet one party in the woods who were there on their way down the branch, a party of four, who had been in tow of somebody for four weeks, with nothing to show for all their hard labor and travel. I learned their guides had graduated from a logging camp this season. There are guides and guides, the same as there are lawyers and lawyers, and such as have an established reputation are likely to be engaged in advance; and he who takes his chances without a recommendation from some of his friends or reliable person is more than likely to see the folly of his ways.

The question of rifles for hunting big game is one I am liberal enough to leave for each hunter to settle for himself. As for myself, a .45-90 doesn't stop them any too quickly. From what I have seen I have a very favorable opinion of the .30-40 nitro. There are some things in its favor.

Next, my experience teaches me to advise on the question of shoes, that they be of good, strong make, with bellows tongue and fairly heavy soles, and they should be large enough to permit wearing two pairs of heavy woolen stockings. I am not writing this rambling letter with the idea of instructions for old moose hunters; I profited from the experiences of others, and if it should prove of any interest to others, there its mission ends.

Indeed, this country is all that could be desired, either by the hunter, trapper or fisherman. The lakes are full of trout—I dare not tell the fish stories I heard, for I know what somebody would think, if they did not give expression to their thoughts. Camp can be supplied easily regardless of the size of the party.

Any sportsman wishing to kill a moose or caribou can do no better than to try this section at Trousers Lake.

Alex Ogilvy as a guide and woodsman is all that can be desired. To him the woods are an open book. He has camps and canoes at convenient places, and is a pleasant and intelligent companion in camp, and a gentleman at all times. If this letter were not already long I should like to describe to you his skill in handling a canoe in presence of moose and at close quarters. However, if any sportsman will write me for any further information, it will be most cheerfully given.

E. F. SNOW.

MANSON HOUSE, New Bedford, Mass.

Natural History.

The Sea Lions Breeding in Captivity.

A RECENT number of the London Field contains an article by Mr. J. E. Harting, abstracted from the French *Bulletin du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle*, giving an account of the birth of a sea lion in captivity, which Dr. Harting denominates "an event hitherto unprecedented in the annals of zoological gardens." This statement is, as will be recognized by American naturalists, far too sweeping, since in this country sea lions have been born in captivity on more than one occasion, though we are not sure that the young so born ever reached maturity.

The birth in question took place at the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, and is reported by M. E. Sauvinet. The animal was born in June, 1900, and the birth was discovered at night. The pup is described as "a small, rough-coated animal, bulky and very dark in color, about the size of a Newfoundland dog about two months old." It is further reported that on the morning after it was born, the mother, holding the young one in her mouth, dived with it off the platform.

M. Sauvinet continues: "For five days after that the newly born young one was not allowed by its parent to enter the water. Not until the sixth day did she entice it in, supporting it when necessary with her back. These aquatic excursions were continued daily until the young one found itself strong enough to dispense with the mother's assistance and even permission to disport itself in the water. The arrival of this youngster had the effect of lessening, if not terminating the good terms, on which the two old ones had hitherto lived together. The new mother would not allow her companion to come near the young one; there were perpetual squabbles, occasionally ending even in a fight, and especially at feeding time, when the spectacle was most amusing. Later on, when the young one began to exchange a milk diet for a share of the fish supplied, more friendly relations began to be manifested."

It will be remembered that the young of many of the hair seals are slow to enter the water, while the young of the fur seal does not venture into the water for some weeks after birth. It is interesting to compare this report of M. Sauvinet with the account published in February, 1879, by Mr. Frank J. Thompson, of the breeding of the common sea lion (*Zalophus californianus*) in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden, which is believed to be the first extended report of the occurrence of the birth of a sea lion in captivity.

In the same year a pregnant female died in the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, as we are informed by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, who tells us also that on June 3, 1894, a young one was bred in the same gardens from a pair which had been confined there for three years. The mother was in poor health at the time and failed to freely nourish the young one. Efforts were made to rear it by hand—on the bottle—and everything seemed to go well with it for a time, when, without apparent reason, it began to fail, and died July 11, no satisfactory cause of death

being shown by autopsy. This animal was not, as described by M. Sauvinet, rough coated, but was quite as smooth as the adult. A platform was arranged for it sloping into shallow water, and from the very day of its birth it was fond of getting into the deepest part and wallowing there. The one bred in Paris appears to have lived well through its puppy stage, and it is to be hoped that it is still doing well.

We reprint below the essential part of the article on the breeding of the sea lion in captivity, printed in FOREST AND STREAM more than twenty years ago:

In the early part of June, 1877, I went, sent by the Zoological Society of Cincinnati, to Chicago to receive some black sea lions (*Zalophus gillespiei*) which had arrived there from the southern coast of California. On my arrival I found that the female had calved on the previous night, therefore thought it best to lie over for a day in order that the young might acquire a little extra strength to bear the fatigue of the railway journey to Cincinnati. They all arrived in the garden in fine condition, but had to be kept in their shipping crates for the first few days, until an old beaver pond could be arranged as temporary quarters for them while the large basin intended for their permanent home could be built. During this time, on account of a heavy freshet in the Ohio River, the water in the pond became quite muddy, which affected them so much that they were unable to retain their food, invariably vomiting up their fish some one or two hours after feeding. By giving small doses of Rochelle salts for a few days, all recovered, but the calf died from a violent attack of *cholera infantum*, caused, no doubt, by its mother's milk being affected by the muddy water.

A short time before the calf was taken sick my attention was attracted to the peculiar appearance of the mother on emerging from the water after taking her customary bath. She was completely covered with a whitish oleaginous substance, about the consistency of semi-fluid lard, which seemed to ooze out all over her. As soon as she got into the crate with the young one, she commenced rolling, so that in a short time the young one and the inside of the crate were completely covered with it. The calf seemed to enjoy it hugely, and rolled about until his coat glistened as if he had just left the hands of a first-class tonsorial artist. It instantly struck me that his mother had been preparing him for the water, and I immediately tested the matter by taking him out and placing him on the edge of the pond, when in a few moments he began to paddle about in the water, something he had never before attempted, although he had been almost daily placed in the same position.

As soon as the large basin was completed, and they were transferred to it, I had a fine opportunity of observing the tyrannical attentions of the male toward the female during rutting season. He constantly swam back and forth along the partition which separated him from another male, frequently endeavoring to get through, splintering and tearing the rails with his powerful canine teeth. If the female attempted to approach the division she was immediately forcibly driven back, when he would redouble his efforts to get through, barking and roaring as if beside himself with rage. This would be kept up until late at night, when the female was allowed to go into the house situated in the center of the basin, when he would follow and place himself immediately in the doorway so as to prevent her egress. He never seemed to sleep soundly, as he invariably kept up a series of grunts and muffled roars, as if he were fighting his battles over again in his sleep. I would frequently annoy him by stealing up softly and then suddenly scraping the gravel with my foot, when he would instantly start up, plunge into the basin, swim rapidly back and forth, barking with all his might, until he was satisfied there was no interloper about, when he would sullenly return to his post and gradually drop off again into his troubled sleep. Frequently at night the two males would climb to the roof of the house, and in their efforts to get at each other through the partition would raise such a din that persons living at quite a distance from the garden would frequently ask me the cause of the uproar.

At the end of two months there was a change, when the female commenced playing and coquetting with the male, frequently pinching him so sharply as to make him snarl with pain, and if he seemed to be much out of humor she would soothe him by swimming up and giving him a good, old-fashioned, conjugal kiss. Finally they quieted down to the humdrum of regular wedded life, and early in October I noticed that the female was suffering from a violent catarrh, which gradually disappeared, followed by a dry cough, particularly at night. It was in March when she first showed signs of pregnancy, and in May, from her appearance when out of the water, I became convinced of it. On June 25 the young one was born, making the period of gestation, as nearly as I could judge, about ten months, and it was some days before the mother would allow me to handle it, and when I did succeed in so doing, it was always at the risk of getting a nip, as he was certainly the most ill-tempered, snarling, little brute with which a dry nurse could be vexed. I soon found out that there was but one way of handling him with impunity, and that was by suddenly catching him just back of the flippers and quickly lifting him clear of the floor, when he would snap and struggle for a few moments and then quietly give up. I frequently took him out of the house for the purpose of showing him to friends, and for the first three or four weeks he never made the slightest attempt to get into the water, although I invariably placed him on the lip outside of the door and loosed my hold in order that he could be fully seen. During this period the mother was let out for a bath twice daily, and after she had played about as long as she wished she would swim up to the closed door, rear up on the sill and bellow until she was allowed to get in to her calf. Invariably in the morning, so soon as I would start across the bridge in order to turn her out, the male would swim up to the door and await her appearance, always exacting his morning kiss before he would allow her to plunge into the water. After playing with her for a few minutes he would commence sentry duty, back and forth along the partition, occasionally making fierce rushes if the other approached too near to it.

In the meanwhile, as the young one never showed the slightest inclination to go into the water, in spite of frequent opportunities to do so, I began to watch for a second

appearance of the oleaginous matter. During the fifth week after birth, on going into the house one morning, I found marks of grease in every direction, and the youngster shone as if he had just emerged from an oil tank. Taking a bucket, I filled it with water, placed it in his way, and he immediately stuck his head to the bottom of it. Fearing an accident, as the water in the basin only reached within a foot of the top of the lip surrounding the house, I had the carpenter construct a small, shallow, wooden tank inside the larger one, with a sloping platform leading into it. So soon as the door was opened connecting with it he followed his mother, and in a short time was having high jinks swimming and diving to his full bent. When he tired he would quietly rest in the water with his head lying across his mother's neck, or he would scramble up on the platform, stretch himself, have a short nap, and then commence his play again. So soon as I thought he had gained sufficient strength the small tank was removed, and he was allowed the run of the larger one, when his wonderful swimming powers came into full play. I have frequently seen him dash off with such velocity that the water would part and fly from each side of his neck with a fairly hissing sound. Again he would dive, and then suddenly make a succession of salmon-like leaps with such rapidity that I could easily imagine with what little difficulty he would be able to capture the swiftest of fish. One of the favorite ways of amusing himself was by taking a chip—several of which were always kept in the basin—out on the lip, lying on his back, and playing with it with front flippers and mouth, almost precisely as an infant would act with a common rattle. At first he was rather shy of the old male, but gradually took the greatest delight in swimming about with him, and trying to induce him to join in a game of romps; but the old fellow was proof against all his wiles, and always good naturedly endeavored to get rid of him.

I noticed that the female's cough disappeared immediately after the birth of the young one; but about the middle of August both her appetite and actions became variable, some days feeding and seeming lively as usual; on others she would either take but little or entirely refuse her food. She gradually grew worse, until Sept. 8, when, on going to the basin in the morning I missed her, and found the male busily engaged in diving at one particular spot. He finally succeeded in bringing the body to the surface, and when the keeper attempted to remove it he repeatedly charged, and it was only by great care and watchfulness that they avoided being bitten. On dissection it was found that *tuberculosis*, that scourge of all zoological collections, was the cause of her death.

The young one did not seem to notice the loss of his mother until about twenty-four hours after her death, when he commenced to sulk, and obstinately refused to eat, in spite of every effort and stratagem to induce him to do so. He gradually wasted away, and finally died of starvation on Oct. 16, having viciously attempted to bite me a few hours before his death. The old male grieved so over the loss of his mate that for some time I was afraid we would lose him also, and at the end of about six weeks he became so thin that I thought it best to remove him to a small tank indoors. Since, he has been improving slowly up to within ten days, since when he showed a marked improvement.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

Unpublished Audubon Letters.

EVERY student of Audubon's Ornithological Biography is familiar with the name of Professor McCulloch, of Pictou, N. S., who was a warm friend of the naturalist and was of the greatest assistance in helping him to secure specimens of northeastern birds in their summer dress. The son of this Professor McCulloch was Thomas McCulloch, Jr., of the same place, who was not less devoted to Audubon than his father. He is frequently spoken of by the naturalist and was, if we recollect aright, the correspondent of the late Dr. T. M. Brewer, and in this way comes down almost to the present time.

Mr. Thomas McCulloch, Jr., was frequently called upon by Audubon for assistance in collecting his specimens and for information as to the habits of the wild birds and animals of Nova Scotia, and, through the kindness of Miss Jean W. McCulloch, of Truro, N. S., his niece, there have recently come into our possession two letters from Audubon on these subjects, from which we are enabled to quote.

The first of these, dated at New York, Sept. 12, 1836, contains a request for specimens. It says:

"I am extremely desirous to procure in the flesh (feathers and all, as when shot), as soon as possible after being procured or shot, certain species of Birds more abundant and more easily procured in your section of America than south of it, and now beg of you to fulfill for me the following commission. That is to say, to procure for me all the species annexed on the other side, or as many of these as you can procure, and put in common Rum, or whatever spirits sufficiently strong to save them for putrefaction, in pairs as much as possible, and if not by *Tweos* of each species. To have these put into good casks with a list of the specimens contained therein, and to ship this to New York on the 1st of May next, to Nicholas Berthoud, Merchant, who is my Brother-in-Law, and on whom I now authorize you to draw at sight for the amount laid out by you for the specimens, spirits, & so."

On the succeeding two pages is a list of the land birds and the water birds which the naturalist desires, together with various postscripts, authorizing Mr. McCulloch to spend \$150 in making the collection, apologizing for the trouble caused, but urging him not to fail to assist him. Among the species of water birds asked for are the pied duck (*Anas labrador*) and the great auk (*Alca impennis*). Both as to land birds and to water birds the request, of course, is for northern species. This letter, written before the invention of either envelopes or postage stamps, was folded and sealed with a wafer and bears curious, old-fashioned post marks, and in the upper right-hand corner, where now the postage stamp would go, certain hieroglyphics made with a pen, which were undoubtedly intended to show that postage had been paid on it.

The second letter, dated New York, June 26, 1841, is another request for assistance, but this time with regard

to the quadrupeds of America, on which the naturalist was then engaged:

NEW YORK, June 26th, 1841.

My Dear Friend:

I received your kind letter of the 26th of April, in due course, but have not answered to it, positively because of my having been constantly engaged in the drawing of quadrupeds (viviparous) for my contemplated Work of the animals of that Family which are to be found in North America, and I have made 25 Drawings, containing 40 figures, all the size of nature, within the last Two Months.

In answer about the Horns, Johnny wished to know the price because of their being wanted for an English Gentleman who is a friend of ours; and I also am very desirous to see these horns that I may make drawings of them. I wish for the horns of the Wapiti Deer (Elk), those of the Moose, and also those of the Rein Deer, and should like them as fine and as large as can be procured; let the price be no impediment.

I regret the loss of the Bird, and trust that you will procure others next Spring or Winter. We will send you Nos. of the Work by the next Boston Steamer, and I am glad to know that you will escape the tedious Customs. You speak often of coming here, but when will you come? Our house must be yours while in New York, and I wish you to remember that!

And now, My Dear Friend, that I am not only engaged in a Work upon the quadrupeds of our country, but determined to go through it, in a masterly manner, I want you to assist me as much as is in your power in the way of procuring specimens for me and paying for them whatever you may think proper, and for which I will refund you with great pleasure. I send you now a list of such animals as I think you can get for me, and memorandums of such others as your may see chance to procure: The Wolverine, Pine Marten, Pekan or Fisher, Common Sable, Minx, Weasels and Stoats, Ermine in Summer and Winter pelage, shrews of every kind, and even the common mole, as it is called in this country, although no true mole has been found in America; Hudson's Bay Skunk, Arctic Fox, Kit Fox, Canada Lynx, Bay Lynx, Banded Lynx, Mice and rats of all sorts, Squirrels of all sorts, Lemmings, Quebec Marmot, the Whistler Marmot, Canada Pouched Rat, Canada Porcupine, the changeable Hare in summer plumage, Polar Hare from New Foundland.

I should like whenever it can be the case to have 2 specimens of the same animals. One saved in Rum, the other in the Skin, after the measurements and the color of the eyes are noted, as well as the date, part of the country, etc. Now is the season for the procuring of Hares above named in the summer pelage, and they are abundant with you. If you have Bats about you, do procure some of every sort you can, and save these, as well as all the small rats, Mice, etc., in rum. Send me extra heads of everything you can in Rum, even that of a Moose and Elk and Rein Deer. In fact, do not mind the expense, and have good casks and strong, common Rum. The Horns of the Deer must be sawed off about 2 Inches from the skull and the horns put with the stuffed skins.

If you are acquainted with any one residing in the Islands of your famed Gulph, do write to them and ask of them their assistance in the promotion of a science almost in its infancy, and yet of Immense interest when looked upon as one of the Inimitable portions of Nature's God. I should like you not to wait too long to accumulate a large cargo, but to forward to me by good Vessels as soon as you have some half dozen specimens—recollect that a few hundreds of Dollars may have to be spent upon this, but in my opinion Money cannot be laid out in a better cause. I think that you may be source of bringing forth to the World of Science animals as yet quite unknown.

With the Hope of hearing soon from you, or of seeing you, which would be greatly more agreeable, I will now close my letter with the most dismal portion of it. This is no less than the loss of our own beloved Daughter-in-Law, the Wife of our Son Victor, who died 5 weeks ago of that insidious disease—Consumption. Thus, in 8 months, both our Sons have lost their partners and best of friends.

God help you and yours.

Your Friend,

JOHN J. AUDUBON.

Black Vulture in Maine.

KOKAD-JO CAMP, Me., Sept. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may interest your readers to learn that a black vulture was caught alive at Dover, Me., last week. It was feeding at a slaughter house there, and, after being caught, was sent to a taxidermist, and was alive when my informant left Dover. I particularly asked about its head, and found it was black and bald. These birds are commonly called turkey buzzards, but are, as is well known, a different bird. How this bird strayed so far north seems rather remarkable, as there is no record, so far as I know, of such a capture so far away. Dover is about the same latitude as Bangor. So far as my observation goes this vulture does not soar as high as the common buzzard, which at times is lost in the sky, and might get caught in a strong gale. The vulture seems obliged to flap his wings to rise, while the buzzard can rise in curves with hardly any movement of the wings.

CHARLES A. DEAN.

[The black vulture has occasionally been taken as an irregular straggler in Maine, but its occurrence there is very unusual, and always worth recording. The characteristics of its flight are well described by our correspondent.]

Wellington Acclimatization Society.

THE Sixteenth Annual Report of the Wellington (New Zealand) Acclimatization Society carries it through the year ending March 31, 1901.

The financial condition of the Society is most satisfactory, and in all respects the work that it is doing is good. It not only strives to perform what is implied by its name, that is to introduce and acclimatize useful animals, birds, fishes and so on, but it also strives to protect the native and introduced game, and to cause proper game laws to be enacted and enforced.

A considerable portion of its work is the introduction

of exotic game birds and fish. It has imported and turned out red deer in various places in considerable numbers, and these have usually done remarkably well, so that in many sections there is now good deer stalking, and it is even said that "a large illicit trade in stags' heads is being carried"—to be stopped if possible. Two fallow deer have been turned out, and four moose, imported by the Government, were set free and are said to be doing well. Sambar deer were liberated many years ago on the Carnarvon estate, and have become reasonably numerous. Virginia quail and California quail are said to have done well and increased, but many of them are destroyed by eating poisoned wheat laid out to kill rabbits, and natural enemies introduced to reduce the rabbit pest prey also on the birds.

The good work done by the Society in stocking streams with fish, especially *salmonidae*, is well known.

Opossums in Greater New York.

GEORGE E. NASH, who lives at No. 615 East Twenty-ninth street, Vanderveer Park, Brooklyn, on Wednesday night found an opossum lying on his dining room window sill. He secured a club and gave the animal a couple of blows on the head which killed it. It is said that quite a number of opossums have been seen in the Paerdegat woods at various times.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Tale of the Baggage Man.

I LISTENED to a tale of woe from a sportsman who, a year ago, after a successful gathering in of fifty-eight prairie chickens, handed them in a gunny sack to the baggage man at a station far up north. When my friend claimed his gunny sack at the end of the journey, it was very, very light—in fact, contained only fifteen chickens. Who took them, of course, the baggage man who handed out the bag could not tell. But they certainly were gone. Now, nothing will convince this sportsman but that it is unsafe to trust a bunch of mallards or chickens or grouse to the care of the baggage master.

On my return from Dalton, Minn., on the Great Northern Railroad, I noticed in the morning, as the train reached St. Paul, several gunners take from the porter's closet of the car and from under the seats, bunches of chickens. To carry prairie chickens on board a warm sleeping car all night would be to subject them to quick disintegration, yet the owners of the birds, so they said, were willing to take their chances of their game souring and putrefying rather than risk theft in the baggage car.

I am told that the gunner accepts the situation as simply unavoidable, and when he counts his birds after removal from the baggage car he simply considers himself lucky if the tax has been a light enough one to yet enable him to make a fair showing to his friends.

Imagine the feelings of the gunner who, when opening up his sack of birds after the arrival of the train, finds the half-dozen fine, greenhead mallards gone from his bunch. The baggageman shrugs his shoulders and knows not who took them.

No receipt or check is given for game, it being handed to the baggageman and then identified and claimed by the owner at the end of the journey. Who knows as to the count of the bunch of chickens or the number of ducks in the gunny sack? You have no receipt to show whether your string contained twenty or thirty birds. There may be a bunch of chickens hanging in the car, but a prairie chicken is a prairie chicken, a case, in fact, of "all coons look alike to me." You may think these birds hanging in the car were your missing birds—but prove it. When returning from Dalton I put my ducks into a sack and handed it to the baggageman on the train. My friend used diplomacy. Leaving out a pair of redhead ducks he tied up his sack securely, then stringing the pair of ducks, he attached his card, marking it "For the baggage master, with compliments of ———." But when I counted my birds on my arrival at my house, I found the full number, and so I did not pay toll voluntarily or involuntarily. So, personally, I cannot allege that the custom of helping one's self is in vogue among the baggagemen, although, if I believed the tales of others, I would be led to so think. It may be that all baggagemen on the Great Northern Railroad are above game pilfering, and certainly my experience is not against that theory. Now, if there is anything at all in the hue and cry of the hunters who claim to get back from the baggage car but 75 per cent. of what they handed in when they boarded the train at the up-country station, then some enterprising railroad running through a game country can make capital out of a few such lines in their advertisement as these:

"Patrons of our line can rest assured of a full count of their game being delivered to them at the end of the journey. Any shortage reported will be investigated and loss made good, and baggage master discharged."

When men will stuff their birds under the hot seat of a sleeper for fear of trusting them to a baggageman with a taste for game, they must have some reason for so doing.

And yet, after a man has earned his ducks by the hardest kind of a day's work, risking rheumatism and even life almost to secure them, he does feel chagrined on his arrival home to find his count woefully short.

Imagine the moose hunter returning from Maine with head and saddle, to have the saddle handed out to him and the baggage master to know nothing about the head! In such a case some roaring would be done, and perhaps the head would turn up, but a matter of ten or a dozen birds missing out of fifty would not be quite so serious. Personally, it has been my good fortune to find baggage masters honest in the matter of handing one a full count of game entrusted to them, but if I relied entirely on hearsay evidence, I would say that toll was exacted. Whether the train boys make free with the bunches of game piled upon the floor of the car or who it is I do not know, but raise the question of baggage toll on game

among any gathering of sportsmen and you are sure to hear a tale of woe, with more or less profanity sandwiched in, for cussing seems to be the only relief in the premises, provided what they tell you is so.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Carrying on Portages.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I agree with Col. Cecil Clay when, in speaking of the man who, after throwing away "some provisions and camp articles," still had ten heavy loads for an eight-day trip in August. He says: "What in the name of conscience do you suppose the man had with him?" What makes the matter still more mysterious, is that on his whole trip there was no time, except when he was on the Allegash above the Chamberlain, when he could not easily have got to new supplies in a day, and in most cases in half a day. It also beats me entirely as to where he could have kept himself in all the time he says he did not see any one. I can only conclude that he must have spent his time asleep on the back side of some island in Grand Lake, for it is very seldom that one can go half a day on the route which he traveled without meeting one or more parties. I traveled it some ten years ago, and there was but one day when we did not see men, and often several parties in a day, and now there are ten men in our Maine woods where there was one then.

I can imagine how to a man who dares not go out of sight of a camp for fear of being lost, the country he is in may really seem to be "unwritten and unsung" till he discovered it; but the cold facts are that this same country was all so accurately mapped out fifty years ago, that any one could find any pond a quarter of a mile long without fail if he understood traveling by compass. It was hunted all over years ago. I was a late arrival in it, and I was all over it, and ten times what he traveled over, forty years ago; and for a three months' trip did not have any ten heavy loads, though our two canoes and traps and bear traps would weigh 300 pounds, and we had winter clothing, bedding and snowshoes to carry.

But Maine's a State which will bear lots of discovery. There is scarcely a year when some enterprising person does not discover some pond or stream, and give it a new name. To be sure, there are usually old lumber camps near it, and old, rotting dams made by lumbermen; but as Mr. Dooley says of his joke on Niagara, "It's mine, Hinnessy. Others made it before me, but I made it las'." Th' las' man that makes a joke owns it." Mr. Steele, when John P. Spearen found him and his guides lost near Upper Munsongan, and got him out and fed him, very promptly discovered the lake as soon as he got his second wind, and named it Echo Lake. One man on Mt. Desert discovered some old Indian graves, and went to get tools to dig in them, when he was informed that they were the graves of some of the Higgins' children. Yes, there are lots of things in Maine for a city man to discover, which the "natives," as this writer calls the inhabitants of Maine, never thought of discovering.

M. HARDY.

Trespassing on Private Grounds.

HAVING had opportunities of studying the subject from both sides of the fence, I would like to record in FOREST AND STREAM my deductions.

Some years ago when living in town it was customary for several of us to go upon shooting expeditions into the country and the mountains. At that time game was much more plentiful than at this, and posted fields were seldom found. When we did find them, we often ignored the notices and almost unanimously condemned the custom, feeling much offended that any individual should have wild game within his domain and prohibit the public from climbing his fences to shoot it. The deer we had found in the mountains, the ducks or quails we flushed on unclaimed ground, or the squirrels our dogs treed, might go into anybody's field or pasture. Were we to lose it on that account? Not much. We believed the wild birds and animals public property, and we asserted the right to kill them anywhere. And this is the belief yet in many parts of the country, particularly in out-of-the-way districts.

And it all seems very reasonable to the fellow who is out for game, and who owns no lands or preserves, and who only goes out of his town limits to kill birds and other game or catch fish. He seems to consider the realms outside of metropolitan boundaries free for all and go-as-you-please. It is not his province to consider that the depredation he is committing is not merely an occasional raid, but that the same thing is being done day by day by thousands. Neither does he consider that all hunters are not necessarily honest or thoughtful.

In later years I have had occasion and opportunity to look at the subject from the inside of the fence. Several of us obtained possession of a few hundred acres of wild mountain land, acquired by the payment of money and the rather rigorous compliance with the homestead laws of the United States. We could scarcely reach our grounds by trail with horses, and it was expensive and laborious to construct a road to them, fence and partly clear the jungle. It was in a district where none had a legitimate reason for intruding without permission of the owners.

Much of the land was cleared of worthless thickets, forest debris and rocks, and many beasts and birds of prey were exterminated. All this took years of time and considerable money. The principal attractions of the place were its isolation, the natural beauties, and notably the wild birds, the game animals and a diminutive trout stream. The game and fish were not plentiful, but by preventing indiscriminate shooting and fishing, both would in time increase, making the place more attractive and affording a small refuge for the game of the locality.

Ten years' experience has demonstrated to us that most sportsmen look alike in the mountains. No sooner was a road opened than it was made a public highway by many fishers and gunners, their principal object and goal being the lands we had made accessible and owned. We could not keep any stock on our premises, for predatory thieves, and it was at times dangerous to be within our own fences, owing to bullets fired from long-range rifles, or to reckless

gunners. If the property was left for a few days without a resident, vandals appropriated everything in sight, camped in the houses and even removed doors and windows. Fires were started either intentionally or carelessly, and two houses were consumed.

Parties would pitch their camps in our dooryards, raid the orchards and gardens, shoot anything with wings or fur or hair that they got sight of, and, after catching every trout possible, they killed the most of the remainder with explosives. At the end of ten years of attempted preservation there is more game in the outside districts, where it is not so easy to reach it. In this time we had a tame deer shot within ten rods of the house, and many half-tamed birds, squirrels and other small creatures potted at our doors. There are few things as exasperating as some that I have mentioned, and this is a statement of facts, and the case is not half exploited. At this time we are endeavoring to prevent vandalism by posting the premises. Our laws pronounce it a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine of at least \$20 to "trespass" on posted and inclosed grounds—but no one ever hears of an arrest.

Instead of feeling offended now when I see grounds posted, I feel that the owner of them has some little humanity, and give him credit for, rather than condemn his selfishness. Any conscientious sportsman who owns or controls wild lands should, from the best kind of motives, post and protect them against vandals. If his game is plentiful he has friends enough worthy to share it upon his invitation. If a man is too poor to have land or friends who have, let him feel not wronged. If half the lands are posted and protected there will be overflow enough for the sportsman without land or friends or anything but a gun and primitive instincts. It is as certain as anything in the world, attested by square miles of proof, that if some protection other than enactment of laws is not extended the game of the country will scarcely be worth words in another ten years.

If at this time I had the framing of a trespass law, I should make it the same offense as burglary or house-breaking to enter posted premises and kill or appropriate or destroy. No man should enter upon another's property with firearms or fishing tackle without permission, any more than he should with skeleton keys, a jimmy or a supply of dynamite. If he does so he should be subject to the same hazard under the law that a burglar is. It is the same offense and has been tolerated longer than any other uncivilized custom of past ages. From the sportsman's standpoint the stringent protection of private lands by potent laws and sensible penalties would do as much or more for the preservation of game than all other efforts combined. Let the private owner realize that his grounds and the animal and bird life upon them are really his property, and there will be plenty of energetic wardens.

RANSACKER.

Flickers in New Jersey.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Considerable comment has been caused by an apparent conflict of the laws passed last year in relation to the killing of the bird referred to in the general fish and game act as the flicker or highholder. The Legislature apparently intended to permit the killing of these birds during September and October, but it is the opinion of lawyers generally that the Legislature did not succeed in carrying out its intention. The gunners of the State looked to the Board of Fish and Game Commissioners for an interpretation of the law, and this Board, at its last meeting, determined to instruct its officers to arrest all persons killing the birds referred to.

The reasons for this action were explained as follows by Mr. Howard P. Frothingham, President and Treasurer of the State Board:

"In formulating fish and game laws there are other circumstances to be considered besides the preservation of fish and game or the pleasure of the sportsman. The sentiment which protects a bird because it is beautiful or because it sings sweetly is laudable, but there is something more substantial than sentiment which has brought about our fish and game laws. Birds are of great value to the farmer and horticulturist, to the man who has but a single tree which he calls his own, and to all who love to see nature in all its glory undiminished. Birds are the natural enemies of insects, just as many of the latter are the natural enemies of vegetation, and this brings me down to the question of the protection of the flicker. The bird is a woodpecker, and its proper name is the golden-winged woodpecker. In various localities it is called yellowhammer, clape and highhole. Highholder is simply an ignorant corruption of highhole, the latter name being frequently given to the bird on account of its nesting high up in holes in trees. The woodpeckers, with the single exception of the sapsucker or yellow-bellied woodpecker, are among the most useful of birds. They devote nearly the whole of their lives to the destruction of noxious insects, and in this way contribute materially to the success of the tiller of the soil, and also to the pleasure of every man who prefers trees with healthful foliage to trees covered with caterpillars or denuded of their foliage by insects.

"This consideration alone should be sufficient to protect the bird at all times. A law permitting the killing of woodpeckers would be a very pernicious one, and I do not believe you can find such a law in any State in the Union nor in any civilized country. That there is no such law in New Jersey is due mainly to accident, and a glorious accident it was. The fourth section of the general fish and game act provides that it shall be unlawful to kill certain birds excepting at certain times; this section provides that it shall be unlawful to kill flickers or highholders excepting during the months of September and October, but it provides no penalty for their killing at any other time. But the section immediately succeeding makes it unlawful to kill woodpeckers—excepting the sapsuckers—at all times of the year. So, according to the law, you can kill flickers in September and October, and you cannot be punished for killing them in any month of the year, but you cannot kill woodpeckers, and flickers are woodpeckers every day in the year. I do not think that the question is a debatable one. The law plainly provides a penalty for the killing of woodpeckers, and that law will be enforced as long as I have anything to say about the protection of birds. The Board of Fish and Game Commissioners has unanimously resolved that Section 5 of the

present law, which plainly prohibits the killing of flickers at all times of the year, shall be enforced.

"For many years we have striven to have a uniform open and close season as far as possible. We have attained this now, the general open season being the months of November and December. To permit the shooting of flickers or any other kind of birds in September and October would mean a great destruction of other kinds of game, for it would be used as a warrant for every violator of the law to be in the woods during those months. It is true that the law permits the killing of woodcock in October, but woodcock are to be found in swamps and marshy places and not where woodpeckers make their homes. I believe that a man who would shoot the useful flicker would shoot a quail on its nest. I am glad that the Legislature did not succeed in its attempt to legalize the slaughter of one of the most useful of our wild birds and I sincerely hope that the next Legislature will wipe out every evidence of any such attempt ever having been made."

"H. P. FROTHINGHAM,
President Board of Fish and Game Commissioners of New Jersey."

Game in Maine.

Boston, Sept. 14.—To-morrow, Sept. 15, opens the season for partridge shooting in Maine. Letters from guides and others interested are conflicting in their accounts of prospects for that sort of game. In the more settled sections it is very evident that partridges are not plenty—not so many as in former seasons, even. It is plain that the noble grouse is on the wane in the more hunted sections of that State, and it is not strange that it is so when it is remembered that in the cities of Bangor, Waterville, Auburn, Lewiston and Portland, there are more crack shots to the square mile than in almost any other section of the country. Lewiston and Auburn have at least half a dozen crack shots, capable of following up at each shoot 96 and 97 clay pigeons out of a possible hundred. Two or three members of the Auburn Gun Club are tied on score of 96, and with this record they go to the State shoots every season. These shots are all great lovers of actual bird shooting, and some of them own good dogs. It is understood that where these crack shots gun it is almost impossible for a partridge to escape.

Reports from guides and others in the backwoods sections of Maine say that partridges are really very plenty. Many of the fishermen who have stayed at the many Maine resorts for the fall fly-fishing will take in the partridge shooting. A guide writes from the vicinity of Patten, Aroostook county, that the partridges are more plenty than he has ever before seen them. Another writes that on the Megantic preserve the shooting will be excellent, with deer very plenty. The Patten guide just noted says that moose and deer are about the same as last year. From Norcross come reports of great numbers of partridges, with moose and deer as plenty as last year. From the upper end of the Twin Lakes come reports of great chances for bird shooting. Ducks are numerous, with partridges plenty. Moose and deer in the section of Maine between Norcross and the Allaguash waters, are positively abundant. Tourists who have made the celebrated canoe and carry trip from either Norcross, or through the old carry from Moosehead, to the Chesuncook waters, thence up the lakes and over the carry to the Allaguash and down to the St. John, are very enthusiastic about game in that part of the country. All the partridges—both ruffed grouse and spruce—are to be had that one could possibly care for, with black duck, wood duck and teal very plentiful. Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn, Me., and his son, J. F. Moody, Jr., returned the other day from a three weeks' trip, starting with a canoe at Norcross, thence up through the lakes and carries to the Allaguash, and down to Fredericton. They write that it was a glorious trip. They paddled their own canoe, camping where night overtook them. They saw 118 deer and eleven moose. The deer, in some cases, would scarcely get out of the water to let them pass, all being in easy range. They frequently paddled up to within 50 feet of big bull moose. They pronounce it a great game country for the hunter who has the time and the courage to make the trip in the open season.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Student and His Friends.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—The desk of the Student is in the room adjoining my own. We told about him on a little quail hunt last fall. At that time we didn't allow him to carry his gun loaded, for fear he would kill somebody. This fall he became permeated with a fierce enthusiasm to go out and slay some prairie chickens. He came in and borrowed my pet chicken gun, which I was going to use myself on opening day—a light-weight affair which has a very good record attached to it—and in company with one or two friends of this city and one or two more of Minneapolis, got out into the chicken country. As luck would have it, he fell into the hands of Game Warden Stephens, of Detroit, Minn., a most fortunate thing for the entire party. It seems that Mr. Stephens had ducks and chickens to burn, and that the little party during their stay killed something like 104 birds, nearly all prairie chickens. The Student was gone from home something like ten days, and when he reached his desk he was the happiest fellow that any one ever did see.

"Just look at my arm," he said, and he stripped up his shirt sleeve, showing an arm absolutely black and blue from shoulder to elbow, and part of the chest hardly less discolored.

"That gun of yours is a corker," said he. (I had told him not to shoot over 2¾ drams in the gun.) "It kicked me pretty near to death, but you ought to see me reach the birds. I killed thirteen birds all by myself that I know of, and that is more than any one else in our party is able to say. Fun? Why, it was out of sight. I never had such a good time in my life. Say, those dogs of Mr. Stephens', they just kept going back and forward like they were machines, and when they came to birds, they pointed them the finest you ever saw. Then the birds

would go up and we would whang it into them. I never had such a time in all my life. That is the furthest West I ever got, but I want you to hear me, hereafter I am going to spend all my vacations out there. We all made a solemn oath that next year would find us up there with Stephens. We went duck hunting for a little while, and I got into the mud up to my waist, and one of the fellows who took the slats out of the bottom of his boat went in so far that we had hard work to find him. You see, the ducks were sitting in the water and wouldn't fly. So I got out and tried to scare them in to the decoys." (Of course he did, and he found you can't drive ducks into decoys.) "I killed one or two teal that came over and one mallard. There was one awful big green-headed mallard that got out of the rushes, and I smashed it to him. I had to take off my clothes and wade into the mud to get that duck, but I wouldn't have taken a hundred dollars for him. It was the prettiest duck you ever saw!"

"But talk about dogs! You ought to have seen those dogs. Say, I bought me a dog! I am going to keep it in my house here in the city somehow. I paid Stephens \$5 down, which was all I had at the time, and I am going to give him the rest as quick as he wants it. He is going to finish training it for me, and I will get it some time in October. He is a red sort of dog, Irish setter or pointer, I think they called it; has brown and liver spots. I guess he's Irish. Anyhow, it's a bird dog. At least its brother is, and so is its mother. You hear me, I'm going to have a gun and dog of my own if I don't do anything else. There is something the matter with your gun, though, and I guess I won't borrow it any more. My arm got so sore that on the last day it made me sick at my stomach to shoot any more, and I could hardly open the gun to get a shell in. I had to give it up and climb up on the wagon. I think I'll get a gun that does not kick quite so much. And then when you see my new dog, I think you will allow I am strictly in it. That's the way my vacations go after this, I promise you."

And very much worse spent the Student's vacations might be. Too bad the gun kicked him and spoiled his fun. Next year he will be advanced student enough to know that you must not shoot 1¼ ounces of shot and 3¼ drams of powder in a 6½-pound gun. But the enthusiasm, the youth, the sheer joyousness of the Student's story—how it does carry one back, and how it does, forsooth, carry one afire! I am very sure that I enjoyed the Student's chicken hunt almost more than I did my own, even if he did have my pet gun along.

Twin Lakes Game Preserves.

Messrs. Dick Mott, Will Read, J. E. Stout and Dr. W. E. Fellows, together with a number of Des Moines, Ia., sportsmen, have bought 500 acres of land adjoining Twin Lakes, in Calhoun county, Ia. There was formerly a hotel at Twin Lakes, and this will serve as a club house, and will be kept open during the hunting season. No one will be allowed to shoot on the grounds excepting club members. Twin Lakes, Ia., are located in one of the old-time hunting grounds of the writer. Calhoun county was formerly not to be surpassed as a prairie chicken country, and numbers of ducks were to be found on the lakes, both local birds and travelers in season. The lakes are of the shallow, mud-bottom variety common to central Iowa, but in the old times used to furnish a certain number of good-sized pickerel. Twenty years ago all this country was virgin grass ground, and the idea of a shooting club or a game law would have been scouted by the few farmers who then occupied the country.

Illinois Chickens.

Reports continue to show that the prairie chicken crop in Illinois was by no means an inconsiderable one. Mr. E. L. Palmer, of Sycamore, Ill., states that a great many birds were killed adjacent to that town this past week. One party of Chicago gentlemen bagged thirty-eight birds, two local men killed twenty-eight, and many others had success of similar proportions.

Dr. C. W. Carson, of this city, says that friends told him that there was fine prairie chicken shooting all over the northern and western part of the State of Illinois, more especially around such points as Geneseo and New Boston, which are near the Mississippi bottoms. At the latter point some splendid bags were made, two gentlemen from Rock Island killing sixty-eight chickens in one day. Dr. Carson says he heard of several other bags of 50, 40, etc., made in one day by respective parties. These bags were sometimes made by two guns, sometimes by as many as three or four guns shooting over the same dogs, but the total numbers are quite sufficient to show that the prairie chicken crop was very far in advance of the average.

Hon. Hemstead Washburne, of this city, hunted with a friend at his favorite grounds near Morris, Ill., not fifty miles out of the town, and bagged nineteen birds on opening day, certainly a very satisfactory showing in view of all the circumstances.

Out-of-Town Shooting.

Mr. J. L. Jones is back from a week's chicken shooting in Minnesota. He was located near the Manitoba line and had very fine sport indeed. He and a friend had a daily average of about 25 birds to the gun—certainly all the sport one could ask.

Messrs. Joy Morton and Paul Morton, of this city, are recently back from a special-car trip over the Santa Fé system, during which they spent most of their time near Port Arthur, Tex. They had splendid shooting on prairie chickens, not far back from the Gulf coast in the big Lone Star State. They declared their intention of going down again a little later to enjoy some of the duck shooting. They say no Northern man has any idea of the quality of the sport in that part of the country.

Mr. John W. Gates, the iron and steel magnate, and his son, Mr. C. G. Gates, last year shot in the same country where the Messrs. Morton have been this fall. At that time they had 30,000 shells sent down to them, and it is thought that their ammunition order for this fall will run at least as much.

Hon. James H. Eckels, formerly Comptroller of the U. S. Currency, leaves for Denver, Colo., next week, well outfitted for a trip in the Rocky Mountains, for which he will make Denver his going-in place.

Mr. W. B. Mershon, of Saginaw, Mich., captain of the

Saginaw Crowd, of famous memories, will head that admirable party of sportsmen to some goose-shooting point in North Dakota in the first or second week of October. Mr. Merston has just written asking whether one has any knowledge of a white goose decoy. I have referred him to Von Lengerke & Antoine, who handle a papier mâché decoy, which is white on one side and which has a white head attachable. So far as I know, this is the only pure white goose decoy made. Mr. Merston thought he could rig one out of a profile covered with a goose's skin, but methinks it would be considerable labor to get a big flock of fifty decoys manufactured in this way. It is not yet known what point the Saginaw Crowd will select for their fall pilgrimage.

Jacksnipe.

A friend reports that he saw one solitary, single, lone-some jacksnipe about sixteen miles west of Chicago yesterday. The bird was headed south, and probably in an uncertain and discontented frame of mind.

Not so the reports from Lower Wisconsin, where the jacksnipe flight seems to be at this writing. From Montello, Wis., near the Puckaway marshes, comes a report from Mr. Fetter, of this city, who, a couple of days ago, killed sixty-eight snipe in one day. A dog trainer located at this point reports that the ducks are not yet in at the Puckaway or Neepenauk marshes, but that the jacksnipe have appeared in very considerable numbers. We are having heavy rains here to-day, and the probabilities are that the birds will appear over upper Illinois and Indiana inside of the next three or four days.

Woodcock.

A good many woodcock—that is to say, if there ever was, such a thing as a good many woodcock—have appeared along the edges of the Skokie marsh and the little sloughs which lie north of Chicago. Mr. Geo. R. Thorne, of Montgomery Ward & Co., whom I met this morning by chance, was in a very happy frame of mind.

"Do you see that boy over there," said he, "the one holding the dog? Well, that is my dog. I just bought him through an advertisement in *FOREST AND STREAM*. He is a pointer, two and a half years old, and warranted broke on woodcock. Now you watch me Monday morning. I am going to take out my new dog near my home in Winnetka, just north of town, and if there are as many woodcock there then as there have been this week, you will hear something drop in that neighborhood."

This is within twenty-five miles of the middle of Chicago. Considering that Mr. Washburne's nice bag of chickens was made within fifty miles on the other side of town, we may revive something of the ancient claims of the city of Chicago as a shooting ground.

By the way, Mr. Thorne, with his friend, Mr. John B. Drake, and perhaps one or two other Chicago gentlemen, propose going to Nebraska for a prairie chicken shoot the first week in October, making South Bend, in that State, their stopping point. Now, that is something like a chicken shoot. The law which opens the chicken season at Oct. 1 is not only a wise one, but a sportsmanlike one. At that time the birds are big and powerful, and one cannot kill twenty straight, as he may in the shooting of a month previous. We value only that which is difficult to obtain in this world, and the shooter who stops a big cackling October grouse has something of which he may be far prouder than the loose-plumaged bird which he kills at 20 yards from the muzzle of his gun on the first day of the shooting season.

Wisconsin Ducks.

The Wisconsin duck-shooting season thus far has been valuable simply in respect of numbers of local birds. At Fox Lake George Whitlinger killed eighteen mallards and teal on opening day. The bags on the Horicon marsh were also very decent, though the customary rule prevailed all over the Wisconsin marshes that the second day found the birds dull, frightened and unwilling to move.

The Wisconsin law which forbids open water shooting or chasing of birds with a boat is surely a very wise and beneficial one. It permits the birds to rest, and that allows them to become wonted to a locality and so allows better shooting than would be possible if the birds were perpetually harried morning, noon and night along shore and in the open.

Keep Your License with You.

If you go shooting in Wisconsin these days, it is wise for you to have a license, and not only to have it, but to have it on your person. Mr. Valentine Raeth, the new Milwaukee deputy, this week took a trip to some of the better Wisconsin marshes. He arrested Dell Fletcher, of Waupun, whom he found hunting without any gun license. The prisoner was tried before Justice Williams, of Fox Lake, and Fletcher claimed to have a license. Word was sent to his residence, and he did, indeed, produce such a license, which he had left at home. The warden declared that this was not having the license "in possession." The justice, however, thought that the purchase of a license and keeping it, though was legal possession of the same, and he therefore discharged the prisoner. There was the usual amount of local talk against the game warden, who was, no doubt, entirely free from culpability in the matter. It is his business to find that the shooter has a license, and he took the shortest cut to that end. In order to avoid any such trouble, even should it end in ultimate discharge, it is well for any shooter to remember that the license ought to be upon his own person when he goes afield.

The Roasting of Live Squirrels.

One of the prides of the stately Chicago suburb known as Evanston, located north of town on the Lake shore, is the large quantities of squirrels which live in the great forest trees that adorn so many of the homesteads of that residence quarter. These squirrels are wild and belong to no one, yet they are fed and loved by everybody, just as are the squirrels in the public park at Memphis, Tenn. This week four small boys of Evanston chased four of these squirrels into the hollow limb of a big oak tree. They then climbed up the tree and set fire to the limb, which presently burned off and fell to the ground. The boys then got an axe and split open the burned limb,

finding therein the four dead squirrels. The youthful savages will be prosecuted under a local ordinance which provides a fine for disturbing these squirrels.

After all the Evanston youths should remember that their act is not without precedent. The other day I picked up by chance in a gun store a little pamphlet published anonymously and entitled the "Real and Original Game Hog." It might well have been entitled "A Treatise on Roast Pork," had it been intended as a culinary tract. In brief it was the reprint from the *FOREST AND STREAM* of two years ago of those magnificently reserved and scathingly accurate articles written by "Didymus," of St. Augustine, in regard to the doings of Mr. George O. Shields in Florida. Among other things Mr. Shields was quoted as having, in one of his Florida journeys, engaged in the pastime of roasting out an opossum from a hollow tree in which it had taken refuge. These Evanston boys, therefore, may reflect, even though they are placed temporarily in duress, that they have to cheer them an illustrious example.

The Fixer Worked.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bruning are stage people now playing an engagement in Chicago. Mr. Bruning is much an outdoor man, and spends his summers in Maine or Canada. This last summer professional duties took him to California, whereas Mrs. Bruning joined friends at their lodge in Maine. Among the pleasant house party thus made up there was, of course, the ardent amateur photographer, in this case a newspaper man who had once been a military correspondent, and who had a \$100 camera with complete outfit along with him. He made the worst pictures in the world, by the way, which sometimes happens with the highest-priced outfit. This photographer was a hero in a certain little drama which took place in the vicinity of the lodge one day. The heroine was a cow. It seems that the photographer in the course of his operations had exhausted the virtue of his developing and fixing solutions, and he had thrown away a large quantity of the fixer upon the green sward without the door. Enter now the cow, bent, as are all good and amiable cows, upon the absorption of as much green grass as possible. The cow ate freely of this grass saturated with the fixer. It fixed her! The funeral took place the next day.

What Would You Do?

What would you do in a case like this? A very good friend of mine, a novice in field sports, but with his enthusiasm in the right place, came to me yesterday with joy in his face. "I am going out to Minot, N. D.," said he, "with three other advertising men, friends of mine here in Chicago, and whom you know (names omitted at this writing)." "We are going from Minneapolis with a Baptist minister whose names is" (it rhymes with Riley, but I will not tell here just what it is). "He was up at Minot last fall, and said he had awfully good chicken shooting. I have never killed a chicken myself nor seen one fly, and I am tickled to death at this chance."

I told my enthusiastic friend that he was indeed to be congratulated. Then I reached down in the drawer of my desk and pulled out a copy of the *Woodcraft Magazine* and *Game Laws in Brief*.

"I suppose you know that you have to take out a \$25 shooting license if you go to North Dakota," said I to him.

"What!" he exclaimed, and he sank down into a chair with beads of perspiration on his forehead.

I showed him the statute in such case made and provided. At once he flew to the telephone, called up all his friends, and conveyed to them the information that a \$25 license was a necessity for this trip.

"Why, P—— tells me," said he, turning from the telephone to me, "that he was out there with the Baptist minister last fall himself, at this same place, and they didn't pay any license. You see the minister stands in with the game warden up there, and the game warden told him that if he wanted to bring his friends up there this fall, it would not cost anybody a cent. The game warden, you see, is a member of the same church that this Baptist minister belongs to. I don't think we would have any trouble if we went up there, would we?"

In answer to this question I took out the North Dakota game laws once more and pointed out that under the laws of that State it is made a misdemeanor for a warden or any of his deputies to issue a complimentary shooting license.

Now what would you do in a case like this? It would be the simplest thing in the world to telegraph to the State game warden and have him meet my friends at Minot and give them the jarringly little surprise party they ever had, more especially the young man who shot at Minot last year under the wing of the church member warden. Of course, it would be a simple thing also to have action brought against the game warden who did this complimentary business last fall. If I did this, all these friends of mine here in Chicago would think I was a real mean thing. What would you do?

The answer is really not a very difficult one under the circumstances. The information came to me from a friend in confidence, he being at that time ignorant of the actual facts. Therefore, I cannot make public these names, or take the action which, from a strict sporting standpoint, might be a good thing.

The entire party of Chicago men set out last night to meet the Baptist minister at Minneapolis, and to journey thence farther out of Minot under the tutelage of the righteous deputy who has apparently forgotten the new clause in the Dakota law. I simply adduce this as showing the way in which non-resident license laws of a State sometimes do not work. As to the minister, it would seem that he really might be in better business. Perhaps he remembers the example of Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, and his Wisconsin summer deer. Obviously the fact of his being a minister of the Gospel is simply an instance, and the censure in his case is no greater than that in any other, only in that capacity he has such a good opportunity to set a good example rather than a poor one.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game in the Granite State.

NEVER before in the history of the Granite State has the season opened on birds under similar conditions. New Hampshire has realized the necessity of adopting the Platform Plank of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, when the present season opens, as it will in a few days. All of us, whether residents or visitors, can shoot all the birds we are able to, but there is no profit in such killing. Some of us (I for one) are pledged to supply some of our Government officials with a few birds. As one of our prominent officials said to me yesterday, I couldn't hit a flock of birds if they sat still, I told him I would try and get him enough to go around, even if his olive branches were somewhat numerous. Well, birds are said to be plenty in this vicinity. This is an old story, which oftentimes fails to be verified. I want about a dozen birds on the opening day (or, rather, on the second day). I think I can get them within a mile of my house. Some of my neighbors who (with the exception heretofore of selling every bird they killed) are good fellows are apparently out of it this season. One does not own a gun, another wants to sell his dog. Some three years since I was drawn as jurymen from this town. It sort of cut me out of some days I would otherwise have spent in the covers. For some unknown reason I was very seldom drawn on cases before the court, and my duties consisted in driving to Concord and driving home again. I was excused for a day and a half by the judge for a good cause, but I put in part of the time in near-by covers, and I was very glad to be able to present to his honor and the clerk of the court quite a bunch of woodcock and grouse (which I do not think either of them could have killed). I did not have any reason to suppose that any of my fellow jurymen knew of it, yet they found it out and kept saying, "So the judge excuses you to go gunning for him." I will give an account later of how our season opens. I think it will not be in such orthodox Fourth-of-July style as heretofore. No market means no hunting for some of my neighbors.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, Sept. 18.

Wild Rice.

HARWOOD, Rice Lake, Ont., Sept. 13.—I am sorry to say I have had poor luck with the rice this fall. I have barely three barrels. The rice beds were good and heavy. Saturday night, the 7th inst., there came an awful wind with hail and rain, which knocked the rice beds flat on the water, and all the rice seed went to the bottom of the lake. The Indians could not gather it. I am very sorry; so are the Indians. I had orders ahead for forty barrels. That is always the way; when you have not the seed there are lots of orders.

CHAS. GILCHRIST.

Cold Storage Game is Cheaper.

A NEW YORK man and a friend were arrested for shooting partridges a few days ago in the Catskills. They pleaded guilty and Justice Decker then fined them \$20 each and costs, amounting to \$27.50, the total being \$67.50. The New Yorker paid the fine and costs and remarked to the justice that when he wanted partridge again he would buy it from the cold storage in New York and get it much cheaper.

An Adirondack Elk.

CANTON, N. Y., Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is reported that on Monday morning, the 9th inst., a Mr. William Barber, living eleven miles from this village, on the Clare road, shot and killed in his cornfield an animal that is pronounced to be a cow elk. It is said to have been a very fine animal of probably 500 pounds weight. Mr. Barber is said to have supposed it to be a very large deer.

J. H. R.

A good many of our older readers will remember the incredulous scorn with which not only the general public, but even expert naturalists, received the early descriptions of the gorilla furnished by Paul B. Du Chaillu, the discoverer of that engaging beast. The gallant and vivacious explorer was denounced as a later Munchausen, and it was a long time before the corroborative testimony of other travelers brought to him tardy and rather ungracious vindication. But his most highly colored pictures of the great ape of the African forest pale before the real terrors of the monster whose stuffed hide and skeleton may now be seen in a Berlin museum. The brute measures six feet and ten and a half inches from the top of his head to the end of his great toe, and his girth and bulk are those of the Farnese Hercules—a figure which has been called an anatomical impossibility. He fell a victim, almost by chance, to the rifle of a German commercial agent, to whom, in a South African settlement, came the report of a gorilla in an adjacent wood. Knowing the negro powers of imagination, he mistrusted the story, but, nevertheless, went out with a crowd of excited blacks in the hope of at least getting a shot at something. Suddenly he caught a glimpse of a huge figure climbing with astonishing rapidity the trunk of a tall cottonwood tree. The natives stood around the base and shouted, ever and again discharging some ancient firelocks. After a long wait the branches parted, and the gorilla, apparently curious, looked out to take a survey of the situation. The German, seizing the rare opportunity, fired, and his bullet, passing through mouth and brain, brought the creature crashing to the earth. It is said to be the largest and finest specimen ever secured.—New York Evening Post.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Fishing in the Bay of Quinte.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—My son, Vance, and I reached Glen Island, Bay of Quinte, Ontario, Canada, on the morning of Sunday, Aug. 18, after a week spent at the Pan-American. It is needless to expatiate on the beauties of the Bay of Quinte. Glen Island is situated six miles from Picton and twelve miles from Deseronto. It is a most picturesque place, containing fourteen acres of land, and thickly wooded.

Between Monday, Aug. 19, and Aug. 24, I made three fishing trips around the island with my son, and we were successful in catching many large black bass, weighing from 1½ to 3½ pounds. These fish are tremendous fighters, and on a light trout rod give you all the sport you can possibly imagine. I had engaged Frank Founis, of Adolphstown, as my guide, but, unlike other guides, he declined to go for muscalonge, except when wind and weather were propitious. I must say this for Frank, that he was the most painstaking guide that it has even been my luck to have. On Aug. 24 I received a telephone message from my guide that he would be over early, that the wind was in the right quarter, being from the southwest, and there was a chance of getting muscalonge. We started at about 10 A. M., and trolled back and across the bay and along the Prince Edward Island shore until about 12:30 P. M., catching a few large black bass and pike. Just as we were making a landing at the dock we passed a Methodist minister, who was hauling in an 8-pound pike, and acting as though he were pulling in the bottom of the bay.

After dinner at Frank's house we started trolling back to the island. When about 300 yards off shore, the guide said: "I think it will be a day with no results," and thinking likewise, I began reeling in my lines. Just as I had commenced I felt the rush of a big fish strike my troll on the left-hand rod, and turning I saw a mighty monster leap from the water—Frank says 7 feet—carrying with him across his back my second troll, which had snagged him in the eye. When he struck the water it sounded to me as if a house had fallen into the bay. The muscalonge lashed furiously, running zigzags across my lines, and making deep dives to the bottom of the bay, and then rushing to the top as though he were going to leap out of it again. Three times I had to plunge my rod under the water in order to turn him and keep him from breaking it. All this time I thought he would pull me overboard, he was so strong. I had to play him. I should judge, in the neighborhood of twenty-five or thirty-five minutes, the line paying out and burning my fingers as if it were on fire. Finally I got the fish near the boat, and Frank lunged at him with the gaff, which the fish straightened as if it had been a pin. The next time we were more successful, and, as I got him near at hand, I tipped the boat a little, and the guide, having straightened the gaff into position, made another lunge, and by our united efforts we landed him. Then the fun commenced. As you are aware, muscalonge are thickly coated with slime and are very difficult, especially a large one, to hold. Frank finally succeeded in pinning the fish under the seat, and I attempted to stand on his tail to keep him from knocking out the bottom of the skiff. After beating the big brute with a gaff and sticking a knife into his head, we finally quieted him, but even after we had landed him on the dock he made a snap at the heel of Dugal Dingman's boot. You can imagine how I shouted when I felt sure that we had the fish safe on shore. All the guests of the island flocked down to the dock to see him, and I believe I have the honor of being high hook so far this season. I sent him to Kingston to be mounted. He finally weighed 37½ pounds, after a lapse of some time, during which he was hung on the dock for exhibition to people passing in yacht.

On the next Monday I started out again with Frank at the usual hour of 10, and, after crossing the foot of the island to the bay opposite, struck a very large muscalonge, and after a most exciting play with him, about the same length of time as the big one, we got him into the boat. This fish weighed 34 pounds. While I was landing him I noticed that the same old parson had struck a very large muscalonge, and was employing the same tactics of yanking him in hand over hand, as if brute strength were all that was required. His son-in-law, who was rowing the boat, shouted to the old man, "Don't pull him so like the devil!" and the old man, very much excited, turned and shouted back, "How the devil shall I pull him?" I did not wait any longer, as it was about dinner time, but made the landing, and found Dugal Dingman, mine host and lord of this isle, and by the same token a gentleman of the first water and an artist of no mean ability, searching the shore for crawfish, for an outing with me after the large black bass which we had arranged for the afternoon. My son, coming up at the time, declared that he must go out with us to try his luck with big fish. I had rashly promised to pay him a dollar a pound for every muscalonge he might land that would weigh over 10 pounds. We started at about 1:30, and, crossing the same ground I had fished in the morning, struck a 15-pound pickerel, which fought as I have never yet had a pickerel fight, and deceived, not only my guide, but myself, who thought it was another large muscalonge. This excited my son Vance so much that he was paying very little attention to a hand troll which was dragging out from the rear of the boat. Suddenly the little fellow turned and said, "Papa, I have got him," and commenced to haul, but soon found that his strength was hardly equal to the task. I could see that he had hooked on to a large muscalonge, and that the fish had turned and was making straight for the boat. Frank yelled, "Help the boy, or he will lose the fish." I threw my rod on the bottom of the boat and took hold of the line, when the fish was about 100 feet from the boat, cutting through the water very near the top. Just as it was within a few feet, I employed the same tactics that I had used with my 37½-pounder, and leaned all my

weight on one side, at the same time lifting the line over my head, and succeeded in landing the fish in the boat and nearly swamping us. We had then to turn our attention to going to the nearest point of land to lighten her, as the fish was dousing us, and was very difficult to kill; indeed, we only succeeded in doing this after landing him high and dry. He weighed 25¼ pounds. We then thought we had luck enough for one day, and returned to the island to celebrate. Dugal Dingman, like the good fellow that he is, was more than glad that I had such phenomenal luck. But he insisted that the next day



Muscalonge of 37½ pounds taken in the Bay of Quinte by Wallace Murray.

we should, without fail, have an outing together for the black bass and another try for the muscalonge.

About 10 o'clock A. M. the next day Mr. James McBirney, of Toronto; Mr. Dingman and myself got the sailboat ready, with the intention of crossing to Pleasant Bay, trolling for muscalonge, and then, if we had no success with them, trying for the big black bass. Dingman said, "Get everything ready and I will be down with the bait and some cigars, and will shove the boat off from the dock, so that we will lose no headway." After we had taken on board our supply of bait, etc., the old man caught the boom of the sailboat, and, giving a good shove, made a leap for the boat, but only succeeded in striking the edge, and, falling backward, went overboard, and as he came up, he said, "Boys, I am in." We hauled him in and resumed our cruise. We fished about an hour, having only six crawfish and four frogs as bait, but with these we succeeded in landing nine beautiful black bass, the largest one taken by Mr. McBirney and weighing over 4 pounds. They would average 3 pounds apiece.

This is but a repetition of many days with black bass, and it has never before been my luck to crowd in so many pleasant and profitable hours fishing as I did in the two weeks at Glen Island.

WALLACE MURRAY.

Fish and Fishing.

When Salmon Feed.

To the literature of the much-disputed point as to the feeding of salmon in fresh water, a valuable contribution comes from a French fishery official, M. Poubze d'Ivoy de la Poype, "Delegue General de la Commission Interdepartementale de Peche des Conseils Generaux du Bassin de la Loire," or representative of the fishery commission of the basin of the Loire. A publisher of Poitiers has just issued M. d'Ivoy de la Poype's book, entitled "La Question de la Peche dans le Bassin de la Loire," which differs from most works by French writers upon kindred topics, in containing a vast amount of original and strikingly interesting information. Dealing in main with the salmon fisheries of the Loire, the author discusses most of the leading salmon problems of the day, as, for instance, whether the salmon is an annual or biennial spawner, the speed at which it travels and the question as to its feeding in fresh water. It will be remembered by those who have closely followed the various arguments on both sides of the last-mentioned question, and the evidence adduced by those advancing them, that Dr. Noel Paton, and his assistants of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, arrived at the conclusion that the digestive organs of a salmon in a river were in such an atrophied condition that no food could be digested. Dr. Paton described them as suffering from a desquamative catarrh of the mucous membrane. The reviewer of the Field cast doubts upon this theory as soon as Dr. Paton's report was issued, and Dr. Kingston Barton subsequently showed the mistake into which the Scotch observers had fallen, and that the

alleged desquamative catarrh was simply a post-mortem change, the fish with which they had experimented having only been examined some time after death. Prof. Schneider, on the other hand, who furnishes to the appendix of the French scientist's work a special paper on this interesting question, took the precaution of placing fresh, in a solution of formaline, the stomach and intestines of salmon which he examined for the author. He arrived at precisely the same conclusions as Dr. Barton, and M. d'Ivoy de la Poype concludes that salmon do obtain nourishment in fresh waters, and only cease to feed when the instincts of procreation are most exacting. Among the salmon that he had examined from the Vienne, a tributary of the Loire, were many containing no trace of food, but among the exceptions was a young male fish of 9 pounds weight, which had in its stomach five small fish in all stages of digestion.

The results of these recent investigations lead us back again to the very starting point of the controversy, and seem to suggest that the cause of scientific inquiry into this interesting question might be materially aided by the observations of American and Canadian salmon fishermen.

Salmon Flies for Trout.

The recent French experiments with the stomachs of salmon and their contents suggest a question that has often occurred to me when fishing for trout with salmon flies. Nobody pretends that fontinalis takes the Jock-Scot for amusement, or impales himself upon a silver-doctor while snapping in anger at the tinsel-bodied lure. Yet when salmon seize the same gay deceits, we are asked to believe that they take the fly from an altogether different motive, and in quite a contrary spirit to that displayed by salvelinus. Who shall decide the question when so many learned doctors differ?

A New Bass Fly.

From Mr. N. P. Howell, of Newark, N. J., I received a few days ago specimens of a new and very promising bass fly. In explaining its *raison d'etre*, its author says: "Thinking that you or some of your friends might have an opportunity to try the inclosed flies in Lake St. John or other Canadian waters, I take the liberty of sending them to you, and asking you to kindly give me your opinion of them, which I would value very greatly. I designed them from some flies which have appeared in great numbers for a few days in June, at Belgrade Lakes, Me., where I have gone for the last two years for the early black bass fly-fishing. They were eagerly devoured by the bass—in fact, every one that I examined while the flies were there seemed to be gorged with them. I am anxious to know if they are any good for ouananiche, trout, etc." I have not yet had any opportunity of testing these flies, but trust that some of my friends may shortly do so, if time and circumstances prevent me going a-fishing again this year. It is impossible to say from the artificial lure before me what fly it is intended to represent, but I hope that next year Mr. Howell will send me some of the natural insects to which he refers, and I will have them classified. The B. A. Scott fly, which has proved such a killing lure for ouananiche, was designed just as the Howell fly was. The fish were found to be ravenously feeding upon the natural insect, specimens of which were secured, and furnished models for the creation by the fly-tyer of the B. A. Scott fly. This fly, which is well known to all anglers visiting Lake St. John, differs but little from the General Hooker. The insect which it is supposed to represent is the male of *Brachycentrus fuliginosus* (Walker). It belongs to the family Sericostomidae, in the order Newroptera. Together with several other species closely resembling it, it is commonly called the shad fly.

Returning to the Howell fly, I find that it widely differs from any of the patterns of bass flies shown in Mrs. Mary Orvis Marbury's "Favorite Flies." In general appearance it slightly resembles the Governor Alvord, though somewhat darker, having the Coch-y-Bouddu body, claret hackle and black wings, with a white spot upon the shoulder. It ought to prove a very killing fly for trout.

Fly-Fisher's Entomology.

The art of tying artificial flies to represent the natural insect is by no means a simple one. If they were so made as to match it when laid alongside of it, dry, it is probable that they would never deceive an educated fish. As an illustration of this statement, let the angler or amateur fly-tyer take up one of the standard authorities, where the illustrations of the natural insect and the artificial fly that represents it appear upon the same plate. Scarcely anything can be more dissimilar, as all will agree who take the trouble to examine the beautiful hand-colored plates in John Jackson's "Practical Fly-Fisher," or Alfred Ronalds' "Fly-Fisher's Entomology."

Interest in the latter work has been renewed by the recent appearance in London of its tenth edition, which has been prepared by Mr. J. C. Carter, a nephew of the author. The latter died in Australia in 1860, after spending the last eighteen years of his life there. Most of the beautiful original plates of flies and natural insects, on copper etchings, have been employed, though they were made sixty-five years ago, the first edition of this standard work having appeared in 1836. One cannot but regret, however, the perpetuation of the original frontispiece—an illustration of trout, parr and grayling, which, as the London Field very properly remarks, can only be described as a libel on these beautiful fish.

The Tuna in American Waters.

"These fish are in American waters now!" This is the statement concerning the tuna which attracted my attention a few days ago in glancing over a correspondent's letter in FOREST AND STREAM, and he asks for information about them, and states that "Catalina Island seems to have had a monopoly of tuna fishing." I confess that the latter statement rather startled me, but upon picking up a number of another sportsman's paper of earlier date a few days later, I thought, and still think, that I had found the authority for Ransacker's assertion. It is contained in a letter describing the sport of tuna fishing about Santa Catalina Island, the writer of which deliberately declares that "the place has become famous because of the fact that only here is this great game fish taken." Nothing could be wider of the mark. In the Atlantic it

occurs as far north as Newfoundland. In the Pacific it is found off the coasts of Japan on the one side, and off that of California on the other. It is the *Scomber thynnus* of Linnaeus, the *Thunnus thynnus* of Jordan and Evermann, and the *Oreocynus thynnus* of Dr. G. Brown Goode. The tuna is almost identical with the tunny of the Mediterranean and of the ancients, though upon the Atlantic coast of North America it often attains a weight of 1,500 pounds. In the Mediterranean and off the west coasts of Europe its maximum size is given as 1,000 pounds. Jordan and Evermann's new catalogue of North American fishes leaves no doubt whatever as to the complete identity of the Pacific fish with that found in North Atlantic waters, and they report having examined a specimen from Monterey 8 feet long. The roaming habits of these fish had been observed as early as the Christian era, and Oppian says of them:

"To foreign seas the wanton younglings roam
And travel, infants, from their native home."

Hence, the wide distribution of the species. Ransacker suggests that the ulua of the Hawaiian islands, as claimed by a Honolulu paper, is identical with the tuna, and as they are known to frequent the coasts of both Japan and California, it is quite probable that this supposition will be found to be correct by the scientific expedition about to investigate and report upon the fishes of Hawaiian waters for the United States Government. "No fish more dreads the cold," says Oppian, and it is only in summer that it is found in northern waters.

Fishing for tuna with hook and line in Canadian waters has been practiced for a very long time, so long, indeed, that the sport was described by Dr. Fortin nearly forty years ago, though the fact seems to have escaped general notice. It is also speared and harpooned, both in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and in the Baie des Chaleurs. As long ago as 1878 Captain Henry Webb, of Milk Island, near Gloucester, harpooned and killed thirty of these monsters, weighing in the aggregate at least 30,000 pounds.

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

On Michigan Trout Streams.

TRAVERSE CITY, Mich., Sept. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. S. Cook, of Hartford, this State, for a week, beginning Aug. 19, which time was devoted entirely to trout fishing. I had read several of Mr. Cook's articles, published in *FOREST AND STREAM*, with interest and pleasure, especially the one showing that it is "not all of hunting to hunt."

This city is located in the heart of a trout country, having easy access to fine well-stocked streams, in any direction one may wish to go, and for convenience, one could not ask for anything better. We can take an early morning train out north, south or west, and after a good day's sport return by rail in the evening, as the train will stop most any place along the line and pick up fishermen. We started at 6:25 the first morning for Mayfield, a small station ten miles up the Boardman River, on the G. R. & I. Ry. Fished a small creek for a mile down to the river, which we followed down to a flag station, about four miles, giving us a good day's sport, arriving in time for the 6:40 train for home. Mr. C. was somewhat disappointed in the catch that day, as from reports concerning the majestic Boardman, he started in with anticipations of an overflowing creel, consisting of from 1 to 4 pounders. We presumed that the big fellows were off foraging that day for better grub than we had to offer. We met seven other fishermen at the station, all reporting small catches of small fish. But the day before two fellows fished the same ground, returning with full creels and bulging coat pockets, some being of extra size. We got nineteen, running from 6 to 12 inches in length, most all of which were rainbows. That being Mr. Cook's first experience in trout fishing, excepting in a very small brook, where a short line and worms or cut bait were used, he took considerable interest in my fly-casting operations, and his comments were most ridiculous. In relating the experiences of the day and referring to fly-fishing, he said that he had watched my continued manipulation with a 100 feet of line until I got a strike, then reeled in until he was dizzy listening to the continued click of the reel, but when I landed the fish, I had a poor, little fingerling, with the skin all rubbed off both sides of it from being hauled so far over stones and logs, and he couldn't make out whether it was a chub or a smoked herring.

The net day we took the early train for Solon, ten miles down the M. & N. E. R. R. to Cedar River, a swift, well-stocked stream, but very brushy. One would imagine that the settlers in clearing their farms adjacent, had taken the pains to haul all the brush and tree tops and dumped them in the stream, but it has proven a veritable refuge for the trout, for very few fishermen have the courage to penetrate the jungle in quest of them. We stuck to it, however, he with a pluck that would be a credit to a man of one-quarter his years, and were rewarded with twenty-one very nice trout, which were more highly colored than any I have ever taken, their bellies and up the sides being a fiery red. We arrived home at 7:35, and planned for the morrow.

Deciding on Uba Creek, we took the 1:25 P. M. train on the P. Marquette for Bates, ten miles east, where we were entertained for the night by a very religious old farmer, and spent the rest of the afternoon in locating the stream, which runs one-half mile from his farm. We returned for supper, which was served about 8 o'clock, and retired soon after, that we might get an early start on the creek, supposing that farmers were always up with the sun. But not this farmer. Rising at 5, we waited impatiently until 7, and when called in for breakfast found the family assembled for morning prayers, which, with the reading of a few chapters in a droning voice by one of the daughters, took up about an hour of our valuable time, and by the time breakfast was consumed we were three hours behind our calculations. We might have enjoyed the programme under most any other circumstances, but when trout lie waiting to be caught, time is most precious. We started at last for the stream in a drizzling rain, considering that in spite of the old man's supplications, everything was against us; but nothing daunted, we continued through weeds up to our waists and dripping with moisture. Our depressed and dampened spirits were

revived, however, by landing a few trout on the start. The weather soon cleared up, and it developed into an ideal trout day. We soon began to assure ourselves that each cast in a likely place would bring forth a beauty, and were not much disappointed. Our catch for that day numbered forty. Our train was due at 6:15, and at 4:30 we found ourselves about five miles from the station. By continued swift strides, we arrived at the farmhouse at 5:50, which is about three-quarters of a mile from the depot, and as we left the gate we heard what we supposed to be our train, whistling down the line. If you ever saw two rubber-booted, bundle-burdened fishermen make lively tracks for three-quarters of a mile, we were the two. I took the lead, Cook following on a hen canter, and for a man of his age—sixty-seven years—he made most remarkable time. The whistle, however, belonged to a train on the E. R. division, and we had twenty-five minutes to regain our breath before embarking, as the train was late.

I was bushed and ready to take a rest for the next eight months, but the old sport began to plan for the next day's fishing, as soon as comfortably seated in the coach, and by the time we arrived home we had arranged to take the 6:25 A. M. train on the G. R. & I. for Keystone for another day's sport on the Boardman. But we changed our minds in the morning, when we saw the hind coach disappearing behind the freight house when we were within 20 yards of the depot. The train on the P. Marquette having gone at 6 o'clock, we had no option but another day on Cedar River, where we arrived at 9:55, putting in a most enjoyable day, with thirty-six trout to our credit, saying nothing of the big ones that got off our hooks.

Mr. C. acknowledged a most enjoyable week, and I do not question his sincerity.

The outlook for game in this locality is very promising. We saw partridge, woodcock and quail in considerable numbers while following the wooded streams, and the reports from other localities adjacent fill us with hope for the near future.

S. I. PERKINS.

The Tuna's Leap.

PASADENA, Cal., Sept. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your correspondents, Mr. J. Greville Wilmot, desires to know the height of the leap of the tuna. I gave the fish its name "leaping tuna" to distinguish it from the ones of the tribe which do not make spectacular leaps, and should be able to answer Mr. Wilmot's question, as I have seen some remarkable leaps, and have seen twenty in the air at the same time, but I doubt if any one can give an accurate estimate. I believe I have more than once seen the tail of a tuna 15 feet from the water, but I would immediately follow this by the statement that I would not swear to it.

The average leap carries the fish 4 or 5 feet into the air, and on supreme occasions the fish undoubtedly makes extraordinary leaps from 12 to 15 feet. Such a leap is made under the following circumstances: The tuna is swimming 15 feet or so beneath the surface, sees a flying-fish on the surface and dashes at it directly upward. Sometimes he catches it. I have seen them miss it, and send the flying-fish whirling into the air. In any case, the tuna rises vertically upward, poises for a second and plunges down head first in a most graceful dive. When observing the highest jumps I was in a very light boat a mile out at sea; the tunas were in the air all around me, and I expected every moment to see one land in the skiff, hence my judgment was not as calm and judicial as it might have been, but as I stood up, I firmly believe I saw a tuna turn in the air so that its entire body for a fraction of a second was 9 feet above the level of my head; but if Mr. Wilmot requires the figures for any serious purpose, I would not give this as a contribution to the scientific phase of the question, as I was unquestionably excited, and I may have seen things that did not exist, though I can hardly believe that I "saw double."

Regarding the leaping of the tuna, it should be remembered that the fish does not as a rule leap at the strike or after being hooked, though I have seen one such leap, and know of another, but the leaping is all in pursuit of its prey, the large California flying-fish. I have seen the strong west wind strike a school as they rose off the south end of Santa Catalina Island and lift them 20 or 30 feet into the air like a flock of birds high out of reach of the insatiate tuna, whose keen eyes would follow them and rush upon them as they finally struck the water, 400 or 500 yards away.

I have made many attempts to photograph the tuna in the air, but the only successful pictures were made by Harry Elmes, an Avalon boatman. This picture I published in an article on the tuna in McClure's Magazine. I think, of February last. This shows the average low leap of the fish and the foam from the "surging" of many others.

C. F. HOLDER.

Daniel Webster's Fishing Trip.

AMONG a number of original manuscripts of Daniel Webster, in possession of F. N. Barrett, editor of the American Grocer, is one describing a fishing excursion in 1849, in Edgartown Harbor, Nantucket Sound, or along the eastern shore of Martha's Vineyard, which is interesting for other reasons than those associated with its distinguished author:

IBID, Wednesday Morning, Aug. 8th.

My dear sir:

Yesterday morning, I went forth for bluefish. The boat was steered direct for the sound, five miles north, then doubled the eastern chop of the harbor, Cape Poge (called Pogue) where the light is run along close to the shore on the eastern side of the island. The wind was unsteady and baffling and much thwarted and perplexed the boatmen, who intended to make a great day of it. At ½ past 9 o'clock, we found fish and pursued our vocation at intervals, as the breeze would allow till ½ past one. We took 43 fish. I think my takings were 25; the boatmen took few, and the gentlemen with us the rest.

Now, to compare this with Duxbury Bay. The fish are more plenty, the range of going for them larger and they are sure of being found every day somewhere. On the other hand the best fishing is not so much protected by land, as the fishing in Danbury. It is outside as our fishing at home would be, if we fished from the mouth of

Green Harbor River along the shore to Gurnet. This is all very well, where the wind is off the shore; but when it blows on shore the sea of course would be rough.

In point of size the fish are not much different from those we found in Duxbury Bay; perhaps a little larger, but this may be owing to the advance of the season. I thought them remarkably fat, and plump and they pulled like horses. Once or twice we saw schools of them above the water leaping and frolicking. I thought as good fishing as any we had, was, when we lay at anchor, and threw the hook, at the end of a long line, into the foaming and roaring reef.

One thing was new to me. You have seen on the surface of the sea those smooth places which fishermen and sailors call slicks. We met with them yesterday and our boatmen made for them whenever discovered. He said they were caused by the bluefish chopping up their prey. That is to say, these voracious fellows get into a school of menhaden, which are too large to swallow whole and they bite them into pieces, to suit their tastes. And the oil, from this butchery rises to the surface, makes the slick! Whatever the cause may be, we invariably found fish plenty, whenever we came to a slick.

Passing to the southward, we came into the harbor through an opening at the south end, three miles from the town. In reality, this opening is the best fishing ground, and we should have done better to have proceeded to it, directly in the morning. But our captain was ambitious and hoped, I believe, to find greater fish outside. The Island of Chappaquiddick lies opposite the town, here, and very near it, and is generally said to be an island in Edgartown harbor. This is not exactly so. You cannot navigate round the island, keeping within the harbor and not going to sea. In strictness it is not an island, but a peninsula, connected with the main land, on the seashore, at its S. E. corner, by an isthmus. See the map. So much for bluefish catching at Edgartown, Aug. 7th, 1849. To-day we have a bright morning after a rather cold night. I am to try my hand at plover shooting at 7 o'clock. Yours truly, whether fishing or shooting,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. BLATCHFORD.

Late Maine Fishing.

BOSTON, Sept. 16.—Vermont waters seem to be noted for the size of the pickerel they afford. F. D. Cloyes, of Boston, reports a couple of big ones, taken last week by his father, John F. Cloyes, and his brother, Dennis P. They trolled for the fish in Otter Creek River. F. D. Cloyes says that one weighed over 6 pounds, when all dressed for the table. He remarks that there are many large pickerel in that river, which is one of the principal rivers of Vermont. A few weeks ago he and his brother, Dennis P., fished a trout stream in Ripton, in that State, with the result of a beautiful string of 161. He says that they struck the stream just right, nobody having fished it much before them this season.

Late Rangeley reports say that the fall fly-fishing is good. At Haines' Landing some good trout and salmon have been taken. Thursday of last week R. W. Johnson and his brother, P. W. Johnson, both landed a salmon of 5 pounds weight. The following day P. W. Johnson caught a 3-pound trout. Saturday, Sept. 7, W. A. Crane, of New York, got a salmon of 4½ and one of 2½ pounds. O. W. Dean, of Washington, D. C., has also made some good catches lately, including a salmon of 5 pounds weight. At Rangeley, Mr. Dorsett, of Brooklyn, N. Y., performed the feat last week of landing a big trout on the fly with a very light rod. Kineo, Moosehead, reports say that the fly-fishing has never been better. A. S. Jerome, of Hartford, Conn., is high line, with a beautiful string, taken off the pier at North Bay, Wednesday morning. The ponds north of Moosehead Lake are still producing some very fine strings of trout. Prominent among these ponds are Spencer and Brassua.

The Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of Maine have decided upon Squaw Brook as the location for the hatchery provided for by the last Legislature. Work has already been begun on the buildings, and the establishment is to be ready for the egg takes this fall. A resident superintendent will be appointed, and it is said that Game Warden C. C. Nichols, of Foxcroft, is likely to get the position. From this hatchery much is expected in the way of keeping up the trout and salmon supply at Moosehead.

As showing how careless people are concerning that which they should be informed about, it is mentioned that Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, has had a number of applications for licenses to shoot deer in September. The persons who applied would have known that the September license law was repealed last winter had they read the *FOREST AND STREAM* and other publications as they should have read them. Even in Maine, and at Auburn and Lewiston, there has been some discussion as to whether the open season on partridges begins on Sept. 1 or 15. No changes were made in the partridge open season last winter, and the old law provided that it should open on Sept. 15. A hard struggle was made by those in favor of preserving the grouse to put the open season off to Oct. 1, but they did not succeed.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Few Fishermen.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 14.—The fishing season has reached a stage of comparatively slack interest, although angling for the next thirty days will be better than it has been any time for the last two months. The muscullunge season especially may be expected to prove better this fall than it has been during the past weeks of the heated term. A handsome muscullunge weighing 35 pounds came down from Mr. Bryan, at Minocqua, Wis., to Mayor Harrison this week, and it was served at the regular week-day collation of the Wishinipne Club. One has rarely seen a more beautiful and symmetrical fish than this big muscullunge.

Mr. W. P. Mussey inquires for good bass fishing close to Chicago, and I have suggested that he try the St. Joe River, going in at Buchanan, Mich., and running the river by boat to Berrien Springs. There ought to be

good bass fishing there at the present time, barring too long continuance of the present rains.

Mr. Charles Lawrence, Mr. H. Miner, Mr. Paul Riebe, Mr. Tom Waters, the brothers Strumm and Mr. Winfield, all of this city, are among those who leave this afternoon for the Fox Lake chain for a little session with the big-mouthed bass.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Kennel.

Educating Dogs for the Gun.

In a previous communication I endeavored to show that it is a mistake to treat sporting dogs as if they were machines, and expect them to do what is required of them without previous training, and to obey you, without taking any pains to understand their various temperaments and dispositions. Some people mistake timidity for stupidity, and scold a dog when they should encourage him; others, instead of allowing the animal to exercise his intelligence, and watch to see the result, will rate him and call him in when they should leave him alone. In this way many a good dog gets spoiled at starting by a too impetuous and unreflecting owner. A few examples will make my meaning clearer.

Bill was a liver-and-white English setter too long in the leg and light in the barrel to catch the eye of a judge, but he had good loins and shoulders, and, consequently, great speed. His head could not be improved upon, and he had a bold, independent, devil-may-care expression of countenance that there was no mistaking. It was one 12th of August, while shooting with some friends, that I saw him first, and became his owner. Birds were wild and scarce, and Bill was the first dog tried. Ranging wide, using the wind well, and carrying his head high, he was not long in finding birds, and made two or three points; but the birds rose to guns that missed them, and after that the dog appeared to take no more trouble, simply running up all the birds he could find, as if he had never pointed one in his life. He was severely punished, but for all the notice he took of the whip the keeper might as well have beaten a carpe, and the moment he was set going again his conduct was as bad as before—even more defiant. Finally he was taken up for good and condemned to death. Having my own ideas as to what was wrong, I offered to take him rather than he should be done away with, and he went home with me by train that night. He was not shot over again till Sept. 1, and then I tried him at partridges, leaving him to range as he liked till he got on to birds. As on the moors, he ranged wide, and began the day by making a perfectly steady point; but, as I killed birds over him, and continued to do so pretty regularly, the result was that he took the greatest pains, and never made an intentional mistake all day. Moreover, he took a proper view of his share of the work. He would put up with a fair amount of misses, but work for a bad shot he would not. He took the gun on trial, just as the gun did him. If the shooting was to his satisfaction, even though birds might be scarce, he was game to run till he could run no more; but if the shooting was bad, he treated every one concerned with contempt. Having speed, he covered a great deal of ground, and one hot September afternoon I was obliged to take him up. It was my keeper who drew attention to his exhausted condition as he was pointing some partridges in a bracken bed, and warned me that to overwork so keen a dog was to risk injuring him permanently. Bill was allowed to have just that one point, and then, while drawing up to fresh birds, ahead, we slipped the lead on and took him home. He scarcely noticed dead and wounded birds, being of opinion, no doubt, that it was our business to find them, but one day he astonished us in a turnip field. We had been a long time looking for a towered bird, and were about to abandon the search when Bill, who was filling in his spare time by casting about in his usual independent fashion, came galloping past. Just opposite to me, without slackening speed, he dipped his head into the turnips, raised the dead bird for an instant above them, and dropped it, as much as to say, "There's your bird. Why don't you pick it up and come on?"

The previous season I had fallen in with a young Irish setter. A friend who did not keep a kennel had had two given to him, and offered me my choice of one if I would break in both. Meg was of the compact kind, of a placid disposition, and, being slow, we thought she would do useful work inside the wide ranging of Bill. Having been put through some preliminary training, her first day with the gun, Aug. 20, was the making of her. I took her to the moor edge to look for a certain brood of blackgame, but her first point was at a covey of partridges, and I shot a brace rather than disappoint her. Much encouraged, she soon found the blackgame, and lay at her point while I killed three young cocks. On the way home her Irish blood asserted itself, and she pointed a couple of snipe. From the first she behaved like a steady old setter, and no one would have taken her for a youngster; but she had a fault—indolence. So easy was her temper that it was difficult to get her into condition, and sometimes, when she was in a particularly lazy humor, it was necessary to drive her away with the whip before she would range. But one could not be angry with such a sweet-tempered, affectionate creature, and, eventually, her very laziness turned out to be an advantage, for, so cunning did she become in making every use of the wind, so as to give herself the least exertion possible, that nothing was left behind, and I had to thank her for many an odd bird that most dogs would have passed. In short, she exactly answered the purpose for which she was intended, working close and independently of Bill. It is generally a mistake to run two dogs together that do not back, but such was not the case with Bill and Meg, for, although both might be on separate coveys at the same time, either would remain motionless till you had finished shooting over the other. On day, on entering the corner of a 20-acre turnip field, Meg turned sharp down a steep hollow and immediately dropped to a cove, while Bill, ranging straight up the field, was lost to view. I took two rises out of Meg's birds, and, indeed, followed some of them out of the field

before going to look for Bill. The turnips were very heavy, and, on reaching a point whence the whole field was visible, it was some time before we could see anything of Bill, but at last we made out a white speck in the far distance, which proved to be a portion of his head. He was down to a covey, and looking anxiously over his shoulder toward us. It is satisfactory to add that he had his reward.

This was the dog condemned on the moors at the beginning of the game season, and he had not altered in character at all. Aug. 12 came around again, and his late owner asked for the loan of him for the first week. Bill was accordingly dispatched some twenty or thirty miles by rail to the moor whence he had come, and from a different station to that which he had arrived at. A few days after I received a letter from my friend stating that Bill had bolted on the moor with a pair of couples and a chain, and had not been heard of since. I sent for the keeper. "Tom," said I, "has Bill come home?" "Yes, sir; I found him outside the kennel at 4 o'clock this morning with a pair of couples and a chain. He was wet, and, oh dear, he was glad to see me." Bill had found his way home over a country he had never seen, and finished the journey by swimming a dangerous river in heavy flood and in the dark. He never left home again, and with Bill and Meg I commenced breeding.—A. C. in London Field.

The Evidence of a Dog.

In the Supreme Court to-day there was argument in a State case which is absolutely novel in its character, so far as North Carolina is concerned. The case comes from Pitt county, and the question is whether the evidence of a dog is legal evidence. Bloodhounds tracked a thief to his lair. The jury believed the evidence of the dogs. The thief was convicted. He appealed, on the ground that dogs' evidence is no evidence. The State says it is. The Attorney-General so argued to-day. Able lawyers, including ex-Governor Jarvis, say they stand by the dog in the matter.—Raleigh (N. C.) Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXI.

BY F. R. WEBB.

WHILE the other three were easing their canoes by hand down over the villainous set of reefs upon which I had so nearly wrecked Frankie, I paddled leisurely across to the spring, and landed and inspected the ground, with a view to going into camp, further progress being clearly out of the question for to-day, as it would take all the afternoon to dry the Colonel out.

I was soon joined by the rest of the party, and Mary Lou was drawn up alongside of the bank and emptied of everything, and the last drop of water sponged out. Although, like the rest of us, the Colonel was provided with waterproof bags in which to pack his various belongings, with his usual careless haste in packing, none of these were fastened, and there wasn't a dry thread in his entire outfit. His blanket bag seemed as heavy as lead, as I lugged it laboriously up the bank, and, after I had inverted the bag and dumped the blankets out, I poured a bucketful or so of water, still in reserve, out of the bag, and, as Lacy and I unrolled the blankets and, taking them by the ends, twisted them into huge woolen ropes and wrung them out, the water flowed in gallons from them. In the meantime the Colonel had performed the same duty by the various articles in his clothes bag, and presently all the trees, rocks and bushes in the vicinity were decorated with wet blankets, shirts, handkerchiefs and the miscellaneous accessories usually to be found in a well-regulated gentleman's clothes bag, and technically known to the trade as "gent's furnishings."

This done, the oiled canvas pockets, hung up under the gunwales of Mary Lou, were taken out, and the water, together with their pulpy contents, poured out of them, and the pockets turned inside out to dry. A small bag found in one of them, containing a thick, brownish paste, proved to be the Colonel's supply of smoking tobacco, while another shapeless, sticky mass, in a cigar box, was identified as the remains of the Colonel's cigars.

"Look at this match bottle!" exclaimed Lacy, holding up a small, large-mouthed quinine bottle, full of water of a bluish, sulphurous hue. "The Colonel doesn't even take time to put the cork in tightly."

It was fully half-past two when we got the cargo of Mary Lou finally disposed of, and by this time we were ravenously hungry, and in good condition to do justice to the ample lunch found in the mess chest, and the good, strong lemon preparation I put up as an appetizer before the lunch was peculiarly acceptable, for we were all fatigued, wet and run down, as well as hungry.

We found ourselves, when we had leisure to look around us, on a very beautiful camp ground. A cold spring gushed out in a strong flow of water from under the roots of a clump of trees, and ran rippling over a bed of sand and bright pebbles into the river, a few yards away, from which the ground sloped gently up to a height of some 12 or 15 ft., in a fine, hard, sandy beach, overgrown with a thin, coarse, wiry grass. A short distance back, the ever-present limestone cropped out in great, flat ledges, covered with dry moss and lichens. A fine grove of trees spread over the place, the soil among which, as well as among the ledges, was a firm, hard, white sand. Fifty yards back from the river the ground descended again, into a dry, rocky gully, with here and there pools of clear, brown, dead water, in which little black specks of tadpoles darted and wriggled by thousands—the place was evidently an island at periods of high water. In front the river rippled and murmured musically, while the drone of the water, tumbling down the foot of the falls, and over the big fish dam 100 yards above, fell upon our ears in a drowsy, soothing cadence, rising and falling on the gentle breeze, which rippled the placid waters in front, and rustled through the shimmering leaves overhead.

It was a lovely spot for a tranquil, quiet Sunday after-

noon. It was a fatal spot, however, and had a sad history, for where the gently sloping sand bank now lay was once a high, bluff-like bank, upon which stood the Columbian mill, which, with all the houses round about it, quite a little village, as is usually the case with these Shenandoah milling neighborhoods, was carried away in the great flood of 1870, which rushed in unparalleled height and fury, and with appalling suddenness, down the river, leaving ruin, devastation and death in its path from the elevated lands of Augusta county to the Potomac, some eight or nine lives being lost at this one place alone. The very bank itself was cut out and carried away, leaving only this gently rounded sand bank, while back of the gully, and for half a mile or so up and down the river, and 100 yds. wide, is a broad, barren trail of loose boulders, rocks and stones of all conceivable sizes and shapes where once had been rich, smiling corn lands. Fifty yards below the spring and the spot selected for our camp, a few blackened, splintered, weather-beaten posts stood up out of the sand. These marked the location of the mill—mute, appealing monuments to the disaster of twenty-three years before.

The canoes were leisurely unloaded of their cargoes, and, drawn ashore and located for the night on a level, sandy shelf, close to the river and some 4 or 5 ft. above the water. Frankie was again leaking a little, so, before making up the bed and tent for the night, she was turned bottom upward, and an examination revealed the fact that one of her new patches had rubbed off on the rocks of the falls above. The leak was a very small one, however, and, not caring to take the trouble of again patching it, I simply daubed the place heavily with asphalt, rubbing it well in with a small, stiff brush, extemporized by cutting a 1/2 in. twig from the nearest sycamore, and pounding one end into brush-like slivers with a stone. The leak attended to, the canoe was righted, and the bed and tent made up, along with the others. While I was fixing my canoe, George and Lacy had erected the dining fly over the mess table, up under the trees, some little distance up the sloping ground above the canoes, and the place had a comfortable, camp-like aspect.

"I shouldn't like to be caught out here in high water, much," said Lacy, as he adjusted his campstool under one end of his mattress, and, with book in hand and pipe in mouth, dropped into a comfortable attitude upon it. "We would most likely be cut off, as the water would quickly run through that gully behind us, there."

"Yes, it would be very apt to," said George, "and the high land is a quarter of a mile away, with one or two rail fences between. However, we are not likely to have any particularly high water, with this dry weather, so we won't worry about it," rising as he spoke and sauntering down to his canoe with his own mattress in mind.

His eye rested on his fishing rod, leaning across one end of his tent. He picked it up to take it down for the night, but before untying the line from the leader he stepped idly to the water's edge, and, with a light cast, laid the flies out evenly on the smooth, clear surface. There was a rush and a splash, which sent the water in widening circles out over the level surface, while the line tightened, and the steel-spring-like rod bent into a crescent. Without a word George reeled in and landed the 1 1/2-pounder, and placed it in his fish bag, which he made fast to a stake driven in at the water's edge. After one or two more casts, which met with no results, he returned to his tent and took down his rod and stowed it away. Lifting his mattress and bedding out of his canoe, which, as usual, was folded in a compact mass and encased in a black, rubber sheet, he rejoined the rest of the party, and proceeded to make himself comfortable. The delicious, golden afternoon was too seductive to admit of more than lying round, with book or writing materials, pipe or cigar, and simply enjoying the luxury of living and breathing in it.

The public road ran along the further bank of the gully, back of our camp, and, toward evening, a constant stream of vehicles of every description, interspersed with horsemen, horsewomen and pedestrians, returning from the "Association" meeting at Luray, a few miles distant, passed by. Our tented canoes attracted a great deal of attention, and not a few were the hails we were called on to answer. A foot path ran right through our camp, under the trees along the river bank, and parallel with the road, along which pedestrians occasionally passed.

"Git on to the dood!" exclaimed George, in an undertone.

We looked up quickly. A colored gentleman was swinging briskly along the path in our direction, with a jaunty, springy step and air. He had on tan-colored shoes, pointed at the toes, and well-polished, in spite of the dusty roads, having evidently flecked the dust off of them with his handkerchief, one corner of which protruded from his breast pocket, after leaving the road and turning into the by-path. Above the tan-colored shoes appeared a pair of well-fitting trousers, of a well-marked green and gray stripe, in a high state of crease; a brown, cutaway coat, in the lapel of which was pinned a bright, buttonhole bouquet; a white shirt with high collar, encircled by a bright, blue tie of the four-in-hand persuasion, and a dark, chocolate face, ornamented with a natly moustache, well curled at the ends; the entire outfit surmounted by a broad, flat, fresh-looking straw hat, encircled by a bright, red ribbon, and set jauntily on one side of his head.

He carried a new-looking guitar, swung round his neck with a broad, green ribbon, upon which he was carelessly strumming as he swung along, humming, meanwhile, a fragmentary air.

"Hi, there!" exclaimed George, sharply, as he swung past us, glancing curiously right and left at us and our outfit, without turning his head.

He brought up all standing, at this peremptory summons, looking apprehensive and ill at ease, as though in the hands of suspicious characters.

"Lemme see that guitar," commanded George, rising from his recumbent attitude to a sitting posture, and reaching out for the instrument.

He slowly and reluctantly lifted the broad, green ribbon over his head, first carefully removing the straw hat with the bright, red band, and, with many misgivings, handed the cherished instrument over to George, as though doubtful if he would recover it again from such a burly, disreputable-looking individual.

George is a skillful performer; upon all stringed instru-

ments, and, after a few preliminary pickings and tunings and fragmentary chords, he dashed into a rollicking, barcarole movement, the like of which the colored gentleman had probably never heard before.

"Look at that expression," said Lacy, nudging me and the Colonel with his elbow.

We turned our attention from George to the colored gentleman. His face and figure were a study. Rapt attention, entire self-forgetfulness and absorption in George's playing were expressed in every line and curve, from head to foot. His eyes were fastened on George as though riveted, his head drooped forward, his mouth half open. He was a most comical picture of complete absorption; withal, there was something pathetic about it, too, and we quite sympathized with his rapture. He stood there, without moving a muscle, while George, who had "caught on," played piece after piece, redoubling his efforts to captivate and entrance the darky—the meanwhile we all enjoyed to the utmost his rapture.

"You could hang your hat on his lower lip," whispered Lacy, while the Colonel and I snickered our assent.

George finally gave him back his guitar, as abruptly as he had taken it from him, and fell back on his mattress again, and the fellow awoke with a start from his trance, and, after plying George with a few questions, he again placed the broad, green ribbon around his neck and went on his way, and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

A short, heavy-set man, with full, black beard, who came quietly into camp, with one or two others, proved to be Mr. Martin, the owner of the place upon which we were camped. He made us welcome, and, after sitting and chatting awhile with us, they took their leave.

While we were eating supper, Lacy, who could be safely trusted to make important discoveries of this character, informed us that there was a distillery for the manufacture of apple brandy, located just across the road, 100 yds. from our camp, and, after finishing our supper, we all strolled over to have a look at it. Distilleries, both for the manufacture of brandy and whisky, are by no means uncommon all through this region, as well as in our own neighborhood, Augusta county whisky being widely and favorably known, yet none of us had ever been in a distillery—a fact which George considered very singular, and scarcely credible, all things considered—therefore, we found this one quite interesting. It was but a crude affair, merely a shed erected over two or three copper stills, like huge bottles, with long, curiously twisted necks, terminating in great coils of pipe in large tanks of water, with a huge furnace, surmounted by a rude, stone chimney, in the middle of the aggregation. A magnificent lithia spring lay along one side of the shed, in its dimensions almost rivaling the great pool at Bear Lithia, and whose pellucid waters lay like a sheet of transparent varnish over the bright, shining pebbles in its bottom, and in whose mirror-like surface the full moon shone again, while in the outflow—a large brook—slowly turned a huge, primitive water wheel, of the "undershot" pattern, along one side of the rim of which was strung a row of tin cans, which, submerged in the wheel trough at the bottom, lifted the water, until, by the revolution of the wheel, they were inverted at the top, where the water—or most of it—was caught, in a simple trough arrangement, which carried it in a steadily running stream over the tops of the casks containing the worms—as the coils of pipes are termed—where it was distributed.

A rude bunk in one corner, filled with straw, furnished not uncomfortable sleeping accommodations to the two or three men who ran the distillery; for it was kept going night and day for seven days in the week.

A pile of musk melons and canteloupes at one side of the inclosure, gathered for the morrow's marketing, attracted our attention, for canteloupes are a staple article of diet with us in our August cruises. I selected four nice ones.

"How much?" I asked of Mr. Martin, who, as the owner of the place, had courteously shown us round.

"Oh! five cents, I guess," he replied, carelessly, glancing at me as I showed them.

"Five cents each?" I asked, hardly comprehending him.

"No, five cents for the lot will do," he replied.

"That's cheaper than stealing them," remarked Lacy, as I paid the nickel, and we all filed out of the place on our return to camp.

"This locust tree here," said Mr. Martin, placing his hand on a tree a foot or more in thickness, growing just inside the inclosure around the distillery, and pausing as he spoke, while we all stopped to note what he had to say. "This locust tree here grows right in the cellar of the Kite house, and marks the place where it stood."

"Why, how is that? What do you mean?" asked Lacy, in perplexity, the which we all shared.

"I mean the house which the Kite family lived in—ol' Noah Kite an' his family, some seven or eight persons in all—stood right here on this spot. Ol' Mr. Kite owned the mill, an' the house went out when the mill went, an' the whole family was drowned but two—this tree grows right in the cellar o' the house."

"Is that so?" I exclaimed, with interest, for that memorable tragedy possessed a peculiar fascination for me.

"The house was carried away, with the mill, in the flood of 1870, wasn't it?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Were you here at the time?" I asked.

"I was," he replied, "an' witnessed the disaster, or as much of it as could be witnessed, for it tuk place in the night."

"Which made it the worse," observed George, "for, no doubt, people were drowned who might have escaped, if they could have seen where they were being carried."

"Thet's right," Mr. Martin assented. "I was workin' fur ol' Mr. Kite then, an' I—"

"Then you must have been the man who rescued the boy from the house," I put in. "I have heard that the entire Kite family were drowned except one boy, who was carried out of the house, shortly before it went, by an employee of Mr. Kite, who waded in and got him."

"I'm the man, an' your story's purty near correct," he replied.

"How did you do it?" asked Lacy, as he opened the big gate, and we passed out into the road. "Walk back over to camp with us and tell us all about it; it isn't late."

"Yes, do," I replied. "I've heard the story several times, but would like very much to hear it direct from one who was an actor in the event."

"Well, I don't mind," he replied, good naturedly, as we crossed the road, and picked our way across the rough, rock-lined gully, back to our camp.

"These posts here," he continued, as we passed the blackened, weather-beaten landmarks of the ill-fated mill, "was the fore bay of the mill; it stood right here."

Reaching camp, our campstools were produced, pipes and cigars were lighted, and we settled down to hear Mr. Martin's story, which promised to be interesting.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

21. Kennebec, club, Kennebec, Me.
21. New York C. C., fall regatta, Gravesend Bay.
21. Manhasset Bay, fall regatta, Port Washington, L. I. Sound.
21. Canarsie, commodore's cup races, Canarsie, Jamaica Bay.
- 26-28 Oct. 1.—International Races (America's Cup), off Sandy Hook.
28. Manhasset Bay, fifth series race for Jacob cup, Port Washington, Long Island Sound.

THE death of the President has cast a gloom over the entire world, and gentlemen sportsmen throughout the United States have shown proper respect by postponing any events that might take place before the funeral. The yacht racing among the smaller boats is pretty much over with for this season, and the interest is now centered on the coming international races. The New York Y. C. has changed the date of the first race from Sept. 21 to Sept. 26. A longer postponement would have been practically impossible owing to the obligations they were under to Mr. Lipton and his associates. The New York Y. C. has shown its usual good taste and judgment in this matter.

A LITTLE incident which tends to show the tender regard for the President among yachtsmen was observed by the writer on Saturday, Sept. 14, the day of Mr. McKinley's death. Coming out of Oyster Bay early in the morning of that day, just after the sad news had been announced at the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., a yacht with its ensign at half mast overhauled a small cruising sloop off Huntington Bay, bound west. The skipper was in the act of taking down his side light boards; when he noticed the flag of the approaching boat at half mast, and learned that the President had passed away, he hastily lowered his mainsail, the reason for so doing not being apparent at the moment. It was soon discovered that his ensign was sewed to the leach of his sail, and, in order to half mast his ensign, he had to lower the sail and resew the flag in its proper place. The incident was rather touching and showed plainly how the man was affected. Here was a man who had been sailing single-handed all night and who was pretty well tuckered out, but his love and admiration for President McKinley was so great that he did not hesitate an instant to show his personal feeling, although much labor was involved by so doing.

An Avoidable Danger.

THE frequent reports of appalling accidents caused by the explosion of gasoline on the newly developed and very popular gasoline launches should not fail to teach the lesson of caution to each individual who has to do with such vessels.

Properly handled, gasoline is no more dangerous than a dozen other things with which men are brought into daily and harmless contact, but its use as a propelling agent is novel, and to-day a thousand people handle this violent explosive to one who did so ten years ago.

A lighted match thrown in a waste paper basket may cause a dangerous conflagration. Gunpowder thrown in the fire may blow the window out of a room. Firearms are enormously dangerous, but the great bulk of people who handle them are so well aware of this fact that they exercise extreme care in their use. The young boy who goes out with his first gun is usually accompanied by an older person who warns him continually to avoid certain acts and so, after a while, the boy becomes impressed with the importance of a particular course of action and forms careful habits.

The dangers of gasoline, however, are not comprehended by the average man, and each one, perhaps, regards himself as competent to start an engine and keep it running. He does not realize what he is doing, nor does he commonly comprehend the precautions that should be taken. He does not think, either, of the frightful horrors of an explosion on board a boat, nor that he may be blown to pieces or enveloped in flames which he can escape only by going overboard, where there is every possibility of his drowning. He does not think of these dangers for himself, nor for his family or his friends who may be on board the boat. So, perhaps, he works about his gasoline tank with a lighted cigar in his mouth or looks for a leak with a lighted match, with results to himself and to others so terrible as to be heartrending.

It is painfully true that we learn things only by experience, and it is altogether possible that a certain number of people must be destroyed by gasoline explosions before the lesson of caution shall have been generally learned, but it is certainly worth while to warn people over and over again that tanks are likely to leak and gasoline to escape, that gasoline is a terribly dangerous thing under certain conditions, that it will certainly explode if brought in contact with fire, that the vapor arising from free gasoline is terribly explosive, that the presence of free gasoline may be told by the smell given off by the evaporated gas, and that where this smell is detected there is the very greatest danger, in case fire is anywhere about.

Certain obvious protective measures may be employed against these dangers. One of these is to have the gasoline tank surrounded by an outer cell, which shall prevent the escape of the fluid, even if the inner tank leak. Kept from the outer air, the fluid is not dangerous, because light cannot get at it.

Another protective measure, which causes little trouble, is to look under the floor boards of the vessel daily, to see whether there has been any escape of the fluid. If any is found, it should at once be removed and the bilges sponged off, and an effort made to find where the gasoline came from. Of course, if, in filling the tank, the fluid overflows or is spilled, it should all be removed from the bilges.

On the part of many men who believe that they know more or less about mechanics, there is a tendency to tinker with the engine; to endeavor to change things somewhat for the better. This should not be done. It rarely improves matters, and is a source of actual danger, as possibly starting some leak or loosening a joint through which the oil may escape. It is much better to avoid fooling with the engine and to follow closely the instructions sent out with the boat by the manufacturer.

Finally, it is of the highest importance to recollect that this fluid now in such general use is dangerous and that only constant watchfulness and care will prevent accidents. If the man who is running the engine will constantly keep this fact in mind and will see that the same caution is used about it that must be used about handling anything that has dangerous possibilities, such as firearms, the danger of accident will become very slight.

If a leak should be found in tank or pipes, through which gasoline is escaping, it can be temporarily stopped, if a small one, by the use of a bit of soap squeezed on it, or, if larger, it may be plugged with a peg of wood, which may be made tight by soap.

It is worth while to remember that where a fire—not an explosion—starts from gasoline, water is often of no avail in extinguishing it. It is a safeguard—and not a troublesome one—to have on board the boat, and preferably in bow and stern, buckets of sand or earth, which, if thrown on a fire, will at once smother it, while throwing water on the flame might serve only to spread the fire and so increase the danger. Ammonia thrown on a fire of this kind will at once extinguish it, and two or three bottles of commercial ammonia kept at various places in the boat may prove useful, since they can be smashed over a flame in an instant.

After all, however, the best remedy of all is prevention—to form the habits of extreme caution in handling so dangerous an article as gasoline.

If the owner of a gasoline launch finds a smell of free gasoline about his vessel, let him at once send for it all people whose lives and well-being he cares for, and let him take measures to find out whether the gasoline is escaping from the tank, or has been spilled in filling the tank, and lies free in the bottom of the boat. Until this free gasoline has been removed and its source discovered, the vessel is unsafe. Above all, a man should no more have fire in a vessel where there is the slightest smell of free gasoline than he should go through a powder magazine filled with open kegs, lighting matches to see how full each keg is.

A New Class of One-Design Boats.

THE spring of next year will see a fleet of new Herreshoff 30-footers on Buzzards Bay which promise to be the fleetest and the most comfortable boats of the kind that this designer has ever turned out.

Nine of these boats are in process of construction at the present time, and it is not unlikely that orders for some more will be placed.

The general dimensions of these new boats are 30ft. waterline, about 47ft. over all, 10½ft. beam and 5ft. draft without the centerboard, which will house under the cabin floor.

The total sail area will be about 1,400ft. The light sails will consist of a balloon jib, spinnaker and probably sprityard topsail.

These boats are designed to be comfortable cruisers, while at the same time they are to be fast racers. They will differ in many respects from the Newport 30-footers, which were built by Herreshoff, but more especially for racing.

The new Buzzards Bay boats will probably, under all conditions, excepting, perhaps, the very lightest airs, be faster than these half-dozen Newport one-design 30-footers.

The new boats will have a comfortable deck and low cabin house, in contrast with the narrow deck and high cabin house of the Newport boats. They will be built in the best possible manner. The cabins will be furnished in white pine and mahogany.

It is expected that these new boats will handle easily with a crew of four men.

This new fleet of sloops is destined to make Buzzards Bay a famous yachting ground in the future.

In addition to the nine which are in process of construction at the present time, two others have already been spoken for, and it is expected that, before the class is closed, there will be twelve in the fleet.

The nine owners of these new boats are W. F. Harrison, John Parkinson, John Hitchcock, H. E. Converse, E. M. Farnsworth, Charles Whittemore, C. H. Taylor, Jr., and W. O. Taylor, Robert Winsor, R. W. Emmons 2d.

These boats are to be so exactly alike in every respect that the owners are going to draw lots for them instead of having a specified boat built for a particular owner.

Challenge for Seawanhaka Cup Accepted.

Mr. Thomas H. Macdonald, chairman of the regatta committee of the Bridgeport Y. C., received word on Sept. 6 that the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. had accepted the challenge of the Bridgeport Y. C. to race for the famous Seawanhaka challenge cup, and the race will be sailed on Canadian waters the latter part of July or early in August, 1902.

Challenge for Canada Cup Accepted.

At a joint meeting of the sailing and executive committees of the Royal Canadian Y. C., on Sept. 11, the challenge of the Rochester Y. C. for a race for the Canada's cup in 1902 was accepted.

Date Set For First America's Cup Race.

At a conference of the Committee on Challenge of the New York Y. C. and a committee representing the Royal Ulster Y. C., held at the house of the New York Y. C. on West Forty-fourth street, on Monday, Sept. 16, it was decided to postpone the first race for the America Cup one week after the burial of President McKinley, or on Thursday, Sept. 26, the second race to be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 28, and the third on Tuesday, Oct. 1. Should other races be necessary, they will be sailed on alternate days thereafter, Sunday being excepted.

The proposition for the postponement was made by the committee of the Royal Ulster Y. C., composed of Vice-Com. R. G. Sharron-Crawford, H. M. McGildowny and Hon. Sec'y Hugh C. Kelly, in the following letter:

New York, Sept. 16, 1901.—J. V. S. Oddie, Esq.: Dear Sir—As the committee of the Royal Ulster Y. C., we write with reference to the date of the sailing of the international races.

The committee feel that in view of the death of your revered President, whose loss the whole world unites in mourning, there would be a want of respect to his memory if the races should commence so soon, as would be the case if the date now fixed were adhered to.

We, therefore, write to suggest that the date of the first race should be changed to Thursday in the week following; the races would then commence on Sept. 26.

There will, perhaps, be some who would desire that the postponement should be longer, and were our own feelings alone concerned we would propose a later date. But in naming the date suggested we have been compelled to consider not only the fact of the very large number of persons who have come to this country with the challenger to help in various capacities, some of whom have duties at home demanding attention at the earliest possible date, but we have also felt that we had to remember the many charters, hiring, and other contracts involving large sums, made by citizens of this country, and the thousands of persons who in one way or other find work and employment in connection with the races, many of whom we have reason to know would suffer heavy loss by a protracted delay.

There are various other minor considerations which will readily occur to you, such as the convenience of the very large body of visitors who have made the voyage from Europe especially to witness the international contest, which have also had some weight with the committee.

We may mention that we have consulted Sir Thomas Lipton, and he leaves himself entirely in the hands of the two committees, and he will be happy to comply with any decision whatever which they may come to. Yours truly, (Signed)

R. G. SHARRON-CRAWFORD, Vice-Com. R.U.Y.C.
H. M. MCGILDOWNY,
HUGH C. KELLY, Hon. Sec'y.

This communication was laid before the Committee on Challenge of the New York Y. C., which is composed of Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Rear-Com. C. L. F. Robinson, former Com. E. M. Brown, Sec'y J. V. S. Oddie, Archibald Rogers and C. O. Iselin, which met to consider it. The following is the answer of the New York Y. C. committee:

NEW YORK Y. C., 37 West Forty-fourth Street, Sept. 16, 1901.—Gentlemen: On behalf of the committee of the New York Y. C., upon the challenge of the Royal Ulster Y. C., I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of this morning.

The committee of the New York Y. C. desire me to assure you of their appreciation of the feeling which prompts your suggestion that the races for the America Cup should be postponed.

Your suggestion is that the date of the first race shall be postponed to Thursday, Sept. 26, a week following the date fixed for the President's funeral.

As we have frankly stated to you in the conference that we have had upon this subject, our committee would have preferred a longer adjournment out of respect to the President's memory. We recognize, however, that you are the best judges of the conditions in which you find yourselves, and we cannot doubt, after reading your letter and after the further statements which you have made to us in conference, that you have fixed the latest day which, in your judgment, it is possible for you to name, and, of course, the conditions are such that we must accept your decision without question.

We are quite sure that all American yachtsmen and the public in general will accept as a graceful courtesy on your part the suggestion that you have made that the races be postponed in view of the terrible affliction which has come to our country. Respectfully,

(Signed) J. V. S. ODDIE, Sec'y.
Vice-Com. R. G. SHARRON-CRAWFORD, the Hon. Sec'y
Hugh C. Kelly, H. M. McGildowny.

Clear Course for Cup Boats.

CAPT. SHOEMAKER, chief of the revenue cutter service, has made public the following rules and regulations, which will be enforced by the United States revenue cutters during the international yacht races:

"The attention of all parties concerned, owners and masters of yachts, excursion boats, and of all craft carrying passengers to view the international yacht races, is called to the following act of Congress, approved May 19, 1896:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That in order to provide for the safety of passengers on excursion steamers, yachts, oarsmen, and all craft, whether as observers or participants, taking part in regattas, amateur or professional, that may hereafter be held in navigable waters, the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and empowered in his discretion to detail revenue cutters to enforce such rules and regulations as may be adopted to insure the safety of passengers on said excursion steamers, yachts, oarsmen and all craft, whether as observers or participants taking part in such regattas."

"Under the aforesaid act of Congress the following

rules and regulations for the government and orderly management of all water craft, and for the safety of passengers thereon upon the occasion of the races referred to, having been submitted by the regatta committee of the New York Y. C., with the approval of Capt. Thomas D. Walker, U. S. R. C. S., the officer in charge of the patrol fleet, the same are hereby approved and have all the force of law, viz.:

"Rule 1. Observe carefully the movements of the patrol vessels and carry out promptly and cheerfully the instructions received from them. These vessels will fly the revenue flag at the masthead, and these only have authority to enforce the rules.

"Rule 2. A clear space of half a mile about the starting line will be maintained until the race has started. To accomplish this the vessels of the first or left division of the patrol fleet will be formed in column, extending from the vicinity of the starting line to the left in a direction four points from the wind. The second or right division will form a similar line four points to the right of the direction of the wind. The two lines of patrol vessels will thus form a right angle. All vessels except the judges' boats, or vessels carrying the patrol flag, must be kept outside of the patrol lines. The space inclosed in the right angle thus formed will be reserved for the competing yachts.

"Rule 3. If, after crossing the line, the competing yachts stand on the port tack, the second division will form column and stand on a course parallel with them. All vessels outside the second division will take the same course. The first division will form line and take the same course as the competing yachts. All passenger vessels outside of this line will head in the same direction and be careful to keep astern of the line of patrol vessels. The entire fleet of vessels will thus be heading the same course with the yachts, and will be entirely clear of them. When the yachts tack all patrol vessels will at once change course and steer the course taken by them. Passenger vessels will do the same. The second division will find themselves in line in this case, and the first division in column.

"Rule 4. When the competing yachts turn the stakeboat for the run in, all patrol vessels will head for the vicinity of the finishing point. The first division in column, inverted order, will head for a point half a mile to the right of the finish line. The second division, in similar formation, will head for a point half a mile to the left of the finishing line. Thus a clear space one mile wide will be maintained astern of and to windward of the competing yachts.

"But whether this space for the movement of the competing yachts be more or less than one mile wide, all vessels present for sightseeing purposes must keep outside of the patrol lines. Any intrusion within the patrol lines, irrespective of the distance of the latter from the competing yachts will be held as a violation of these regulations, and the offender will be rigorously dealt with.

"Rule 5. All passenger vessels will be careful not to cross astern of or crowd in upon the competing yachts on the run in, but will remain on the outside of the line of patrol vessels, and they must also avoid crowding about the finish line. This is imperative.

"Rule 6. If the race be to leeward and return the patrol vessels will form two parallel lines one mile apart, first division to the left and second division to the right, and in this formation head the course steered by the competing yachts. Passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines and observe Rule 5. Until reaching the outer mark Rule 4 will apply. When the yachts turn the outer mark and start on the beat back, Rule 3, with the patrol in inverted order, will be observed.

"Rule 7. Should the wind shift during any of the races, patrol vessels will immediately indicate the line to be formed, as in the rules above laid down, and passenger vessels must keep outside of these lines with as little delay as may be consistent with safety.

"All seafaring men will understand the difficulties of the way of keeping a triangular course clear, and it is hoped that the public will be patient with rules which must, from the necessities of the case, bar them from following the entire course. The fact that the competing yachts will be faster on the second leg of the course, with their sheets eased, than a majority of the vessels carrying passengers, renders it impossible to allow these vessels to follow the entire course. Therefore, the following rule becomes imperative, and must be carefully observed:

"Rule 8. When the competing yachts reach a point on the first leg of the course, to be determined by the officer in charge of the patrol fleet, the patrol flags will be lowered to half mast and the steam whistles blown on all patrol boats. When this signal is made all vessels carrying passengers will run at full speed for a position to leeward of the last leg of the course, and as near the second stakeboat as may be without approaching it nearer than half a mile.

"The patrol boats will in this case establish a single line, the first division in the lead, to the leeward of the line on which the competing yachts will run in, and all passenger vessels must find themselves to leeward of this patrol line before the yachts turn the second stakeboat. On the run in all vessels must be careful not to cross the sailing line of the competing yachts, either ahead or astern of them, but keep to leeward of the patrol line until the race is finished.

"Note.—The movement of the patrol fleet, steam yachts and excursion boats, across the triangle from the first leg of the course, presupposes that the first or windward stretch of the competing yachts is to the right from the starting point. In the event that the direction of the wind is such that the regatta committee selects the left leg from the starting point as the first leg of the course, the movement of the patrol fleet, the steam yachts and the excursion boats—when the signal is given by the flagship—will be across the triangle to the right, or the reverse of the movement described.

"Rule 9. A blank cartridge fired from any one of the patrol vessels will indicate that some vessel is persistently violating some rule. Prompt attention to this warning signal will obviate the necessity of sending the offender back to New York in charge of an officer of the revenue cutter service and the revocation of the license of the master.

"All masters and owners of water craft of all de-

scriptions are hereby warned that any violation of the foregoing will be under penalties for violation of the navigation laws of the United States, to wit: Fine and forfeiture of license.

"O. L. SPAULDING,
"Acting Secretary of the Treasury."

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

XIII.—Deck Fittings and Iron Work.

Most of the deck fittings can be purchased ready made from any of the principal yacht chandlers, and most of the accompanying illustrations are taken from their catalogues. There are, however, several parts of the ironwork which must be made to fit the boat by the local smith, such as the gammon iron on the stem head, which also carries the chain sheave for the cable; the strap for the heel of the bowsprit, which takes the place of the old wooden bitts; the shroud and runner plates, bobstay plate, and the pin rail at foot of the mast, to which most of the running gear is belayed. All these fittings must be made to suit the boat, and fitted to their place by the smith.

The following deck fittings will be required. (Those which are only for No. 2 design are marked with an *, the remainder being suitable for all types of small boats):

- *1 gammon iron and chain sheave (Sketch).
- 1 pair fair leads, right and left on bow (Sketch).
- *1 "Dufferin" winch (Sketch).
- *1 mooring bollard (Sketch).
- *1 bowsprit heel strap (Sketch).
- 1 set shroud and runner plates (Sketch).
- *1 pin rail at foot of mast (Sketch).
- 1 pair fore sheet fair leads (Sketch).
- 1 fore tack (No. 1 Design) leads (Sketch).
- 1 deck plate for fore tack (Sketch).
- 1 pair fore sheet cleats (A) (Sketch).
- 1 pair fore tack cleats (A) (Sketch).
- 1 pair runner cleats (A) (Sketch).
- 1 pair spinnaker guy cleats (A) (Sketch).
- *1 pair main sheet cleats (B) (Sketch).
- *1 pair main sheet lead blocks (Sketch).
- *1 main sheet buffer (Sketch).
- Or, 1 main sheet horse (Sketch).
- 1 flush deck pump, or semi-rotary pump (Sketch).
- 1 binnacle and spirit compass (Sketch).
- 1 anchor and chain cable (Sketch).
- 1 small anchor and warp (Sketch).
- 1 chain pipe on deck (Sketch).
- 1 tricolor lamp (Sketch).

Iron Work on Spars.

- *1 crantz iron, bobstay, rod and rigging screw on bowsprit.
- 1 set of rigging screws for shrouds (Sketch).
- 1 spinnaker boom gooseneck (Sketch).
- *1 mast-band and main-boom gooseneck (Sketch).
- 1 pair saddle-jaws for gaff. (See illustrations for spars.)
- *1 main halliard bolt. (See illustrations for spars.)
- *2 peak halliard bolts. (See illustrations for spars.)
- 1 set of Turner's reef gear on boom. (See illustrations of reef gears.)

The above list covers all the fittings in general use, but everyone has their own fancies, and will be able to get any other fittings they may require, either ready made, if of stock patterns, or made to drawing by the smith. All the fittings illustrated above can be obtained from the yacht fitters. A list of firms will be given later, from whom all the materials can be obtained for building these boats and fitting them out complete.

The following notes may be useful when fixing the deck fittings in place:

The gammon-iron must fit the stem well, and the upper bolt should pass through the chain sheave and top of stem, and be set up with a nut. The other two bolts should be clenched.

The bowsprit heel strap (or fore tack fair lead in the case of the smaller boat) must be secured by through bolts and nuts to a stout deck beam.

The shroud plates, etc., should have an oak timber worked inside the planking, between the ordinary timbers, and they should be through bolted at the top, and through fastened with stout copper nails at the bottom.

All fair leads and cleats should be well secured. They may either be screwed to beams, or, if there is no beam at the proper place a piece of hard wood should be placed under the deck to take the screws. If fixed to coamings, they should be through fastened with stout copper nails or rod clenched over rings.

The pin rail must either go through the mainmast beam, or else have a pair of fore and aft carlines fitted to the beams to take the bolts. This also applies to the main sheet horse or buffer, and its leading blocks; also the winch, or any of the deck fittings that have very heavy strains on them.

Western Yachts.

Rochester Gets the Cup Race.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 12.—The decision of the Royal Canadian Y. C. to honor Rochester Y. C. by the acceptance of their challenge for the Canadian cup has created a slight feeling of discontent here in Chicago. Chicago Y. C. dearly coveted the privilege of building a boat to sail against the best craft the Toronto men could build. However, it was quite within the province of the latter gentlemen to determine which challenge should be accepted. There is some talk that the Chicago men will hereafter ignore the Canadian cup and will start a trophy of their own, but this is not to be regarded in too serious a light. The Canadians won the cup fairly, and the probabilities are that they will defend it under sporting conditions. When it comes to an American challenge for a cup which has gone abroad on a temporary visit, the temporary holders of the aforesaid cup would do well to rivet it down pretty fast, for it is very liable to get lifted and brought back home again.

E. H.

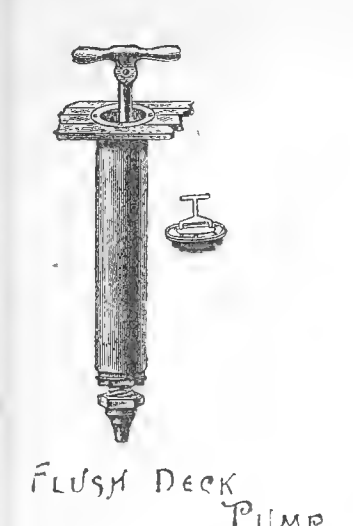
Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C.

GREAT SOUTH BAY.
Saturday, Sept. 7.

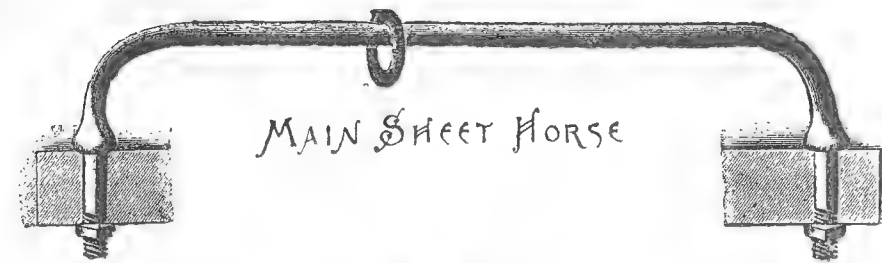
THE Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. held a special regatta on Saturday, Sept. 7. The 30-footers were competing for Mr. E. C. Blum's \$500 cup. The summary follows:

Mixed Class—Start, 11:00.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Schowandasee, Mr. Post.....	12 28 00	1 28 00
Avylon, Edward Thorne.....	12 29 30	1 29 30
Avocet, W. Brewster.....	12 30 50	1 30 00
Anita, W. A. Tucker.....	12 40 00	1 40 00
30ft. Class—Start, 1:10.		
Treasure, C. G. Covell.....	4 17 04	3 07 04
Pinkie, Allan Pinkerton.....	4 18 52	3 08 52
Lillian, C. F. Rotchild.....	4 18 45	3 08 45
Marie, Aymar Johnston.....	4 20 45	3 10 45
Grotona, H. H. Hollister.....	4 21 15	3 11 15
Zelenda, F. Ackerman.....	4 25 10	3 25 10

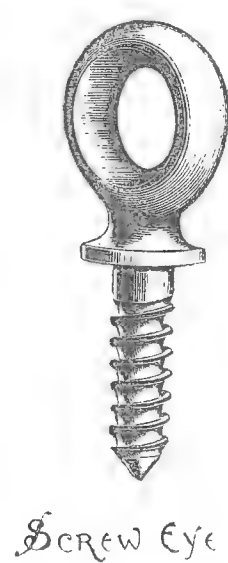
We are indebted to the secretaries of the Annisquam, White Bear, and Rochester yacht clubs for copies of their club books.



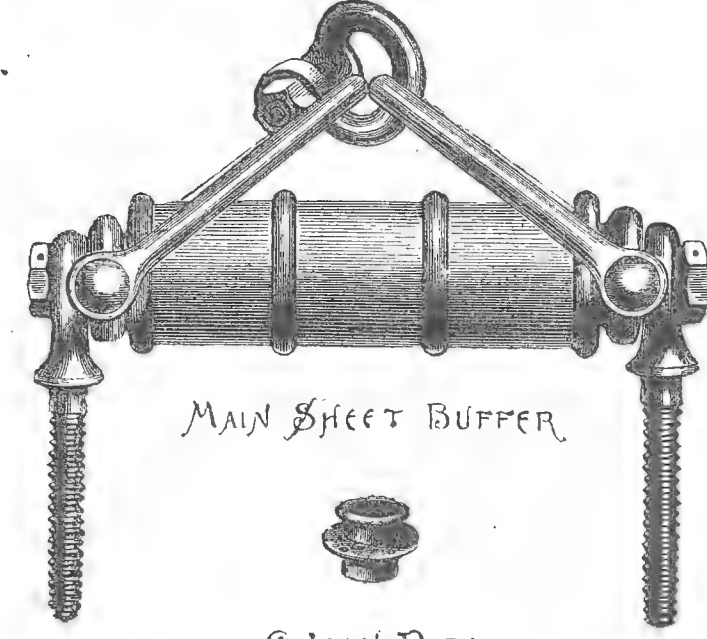
FLUSH DECK PUMP




MAIN SHEET HORSE



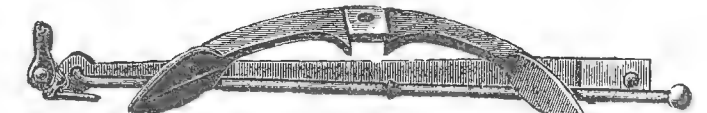
Screw Eye



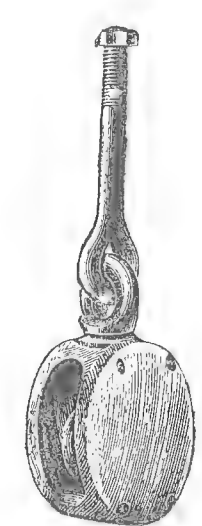
MAIN SHEET BUFFER



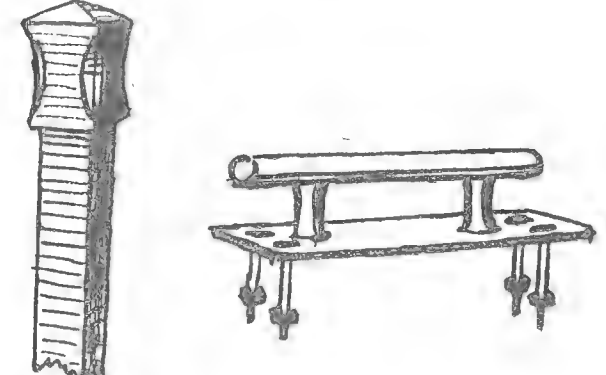
CHAIN PIPE



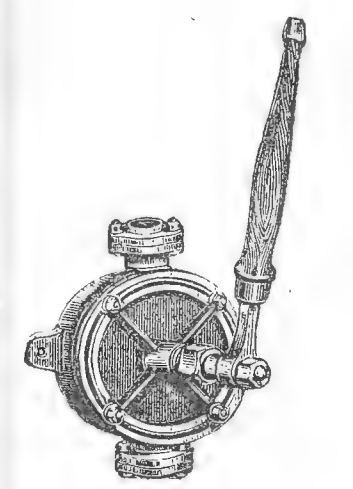
BLAKE'S STOWAWAY ANCHOR




SWIVEL SHEET LEADING BLOCK



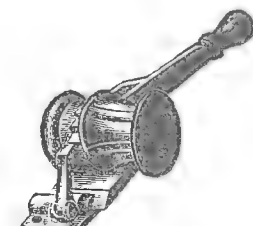
MOORING BOLLARDS



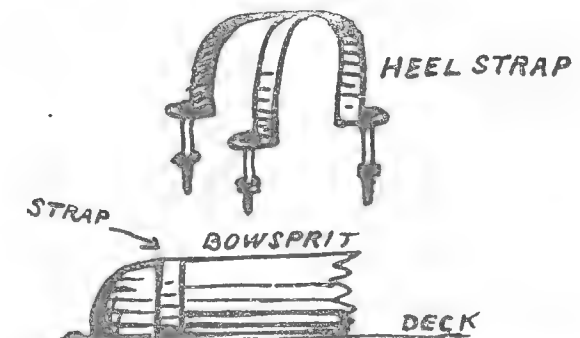
SEMI-ROTARY PUMP



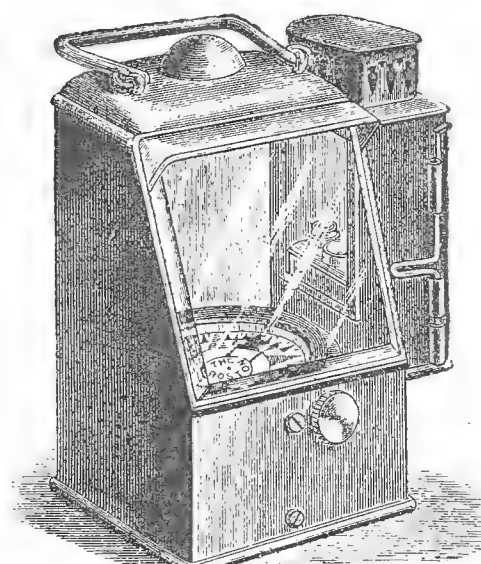
RIGGING SCREW



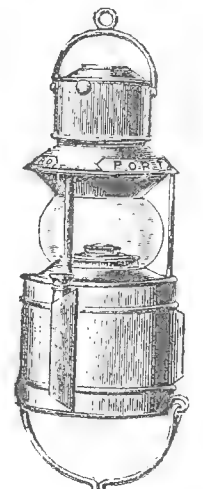
DUFFIN WINCH



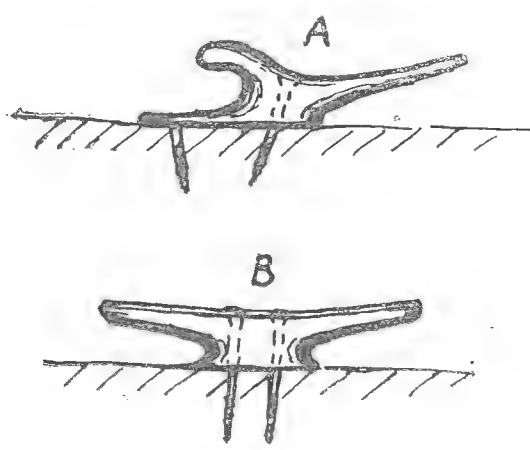
HEEL STRAP
BOWSPRIT
DECK
BOWSPRIT HEEL PLATE, OR STRAP.



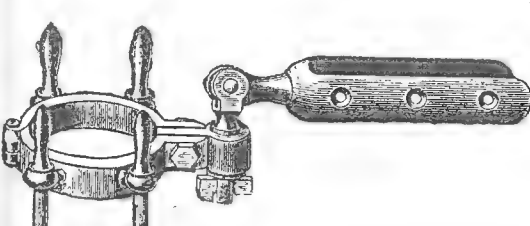
SPIRIT COMPASS & BINACLE



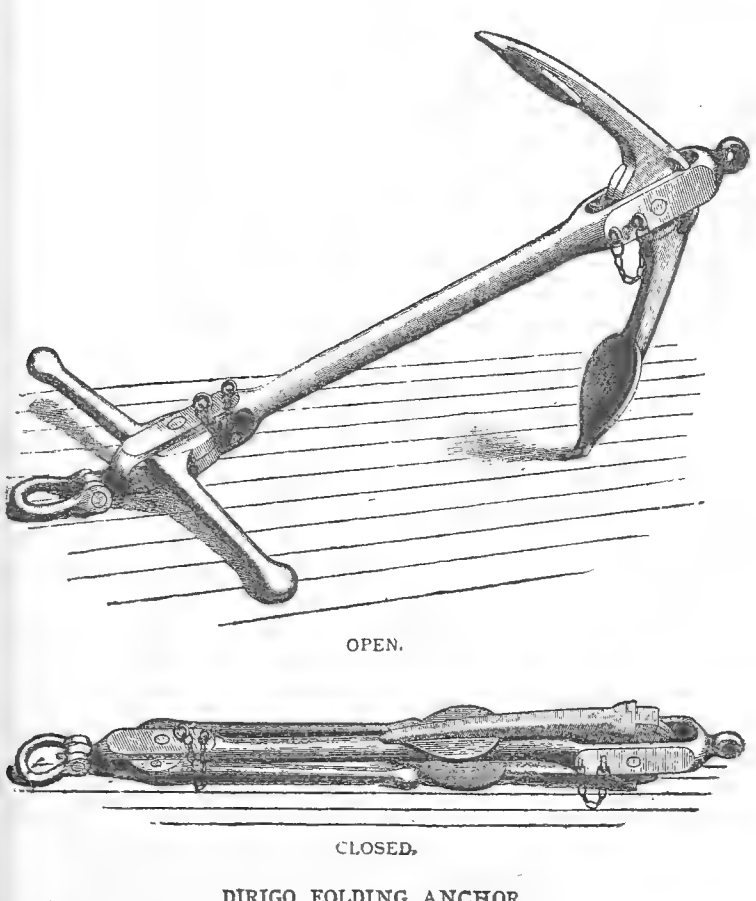
TRICOLOUR LAMP



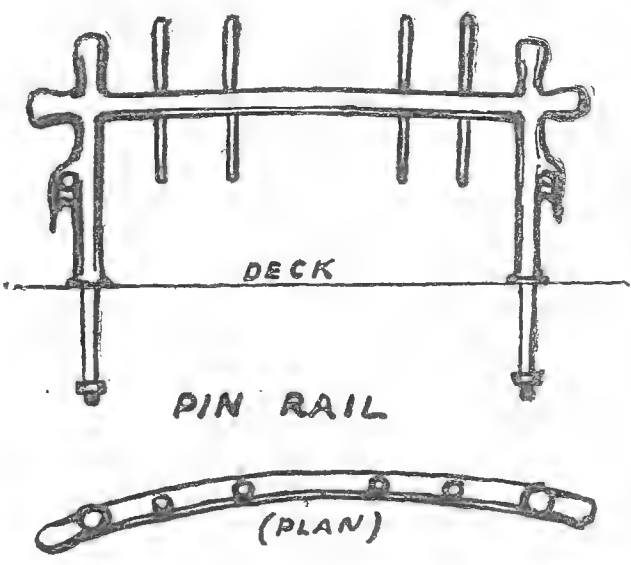
A
B
CLEATS



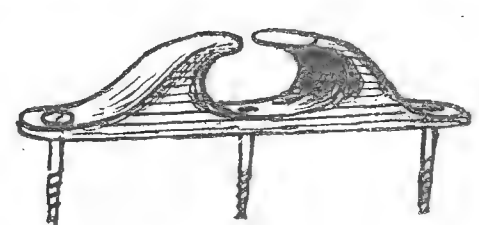
MAST BAND & MAIN BOOM GOOSENECK



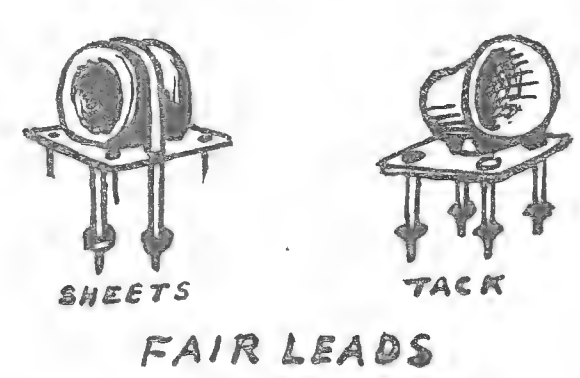
OPEN.
CLOSED.
DIRIGO FOLDING ANCHOR.



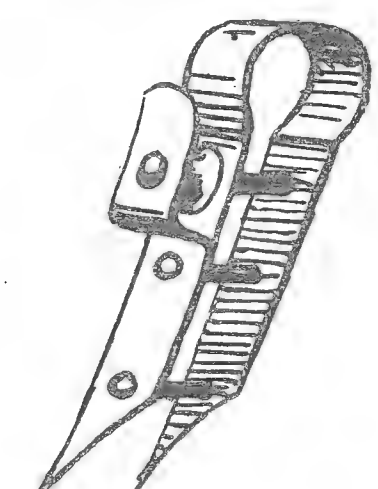
DECK
PIN RAIL
(PLAN)



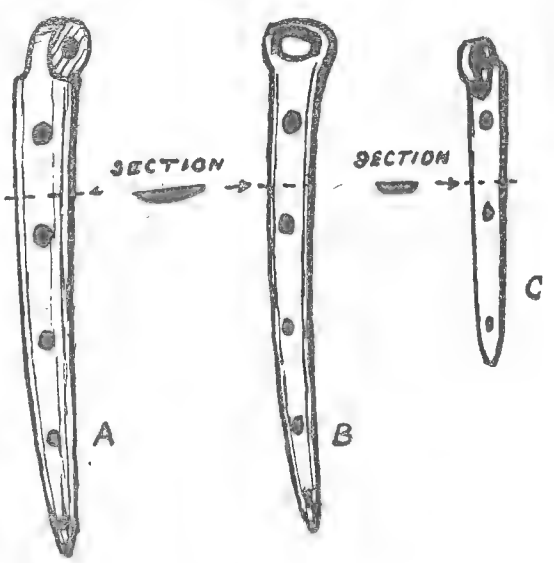
BOW WARP CLEAT OR FAIR LEAD.



SHEETS
TACK
FAIR LEADS



GAMMON IRON & CHAIN SHEAVE



A
B
C
SECTION
SECTION
A-B. SHROUD PLATES.
C. DECK PLATE FOR PURCHASE.

Inland Lake Yachting Association.

Green Lake Y. C. Regatta.

GREEN LAKE, Wis., Sept. 2.—The preliminary local event of the meet of the Inland Lake Yachting Association was the Green Lake Y. C. regatta, which was sailed to-day, bringing out most of the contestants for the interlake championship. The race was really won by Imp, owned by C. D. Peacock, Jr., of Chicago, which led by 6m. 19s., but which was disqualified by the judges, the race being given to Caroline, of Oshkosh, which finished second.

Mr. Peacock protested the decision of the judges, taking it up to the Regatta Committee of the Green Lake Y. C. The latter sustained the decision of the judges. It was Mr. Peacock's defense that the race was started at a different time from that earlier announced, and that he was not notified. He, therefore, towed his boat up to the line instead of sailing up after the preparatory gun. The boat was disqualified for coming to the line under tow after the gun. As a matter of fact, it crossed the line 4m. behind the others.

The wind was light and very fickle, so that it was much a matter of luck, as it frequently is on these inland waters. The starting line was made very short, and at an awkward angle to the first leg, so that the yachts were badly bunched at the start. Meteor, in avoiding a foul, got in irons, and hung there until passed by most of its competitors.

Tegie, Walter Dupee's boat, of Chicago, was first away, followed close by Minnesitka and Meteor. The first leg was under spinnaker, and nearly all the skippers hauled the spinnaker over the stay, using it as a balloon jib. They were almost without exception, however, taken back and handled as spinnakers on the last half of the first leg. The first boat around the mark was Harriet H., of Pistakee Y. C., the next in order being Emanon, Aderyn, Anita and Mahoohoo. Minnesitka and Evelyn were about a quarter of a mile astern of the main bunch.

Coming home, Imp and Caroline stood on starboard tack, well over toward the north shore, where they found better sailing wind. Caroline, however, stood in too far, and although it was given the race, actually ran second to Imp. Caroline is the famous bootjack model, which created such excitement at the Inland Lake regatta at Lake Geneva last year.

Class B.

In Class B there were three entries, Nokomis, of White Bear, Minn., beating all others in any sort of a finish. This class was started 5m. behind Class A, and sailed over a six-mile triangular course, whereas the Class A boats went five miles and return. Of the smaller boats the order was Nokomis, Helen and Flying Fox at the start, but at the turn Helen had fallen back into third place. Nokomis keeping the lead. On the run home Nokomis continued to gain. The wind was light, and the sailing conditions of the day on the whole unsatisfactory. The following are the times:

Class A—Start, 10:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Imp, Chicago, C. D. Peacock.....	1 00 36	3 00 36
Caroline, Oshkosh, F. H. Libby.....	1 06 55	3 06 55
Anita, Neenah, W. L. Davis.....	1 06 40	3 16 40
Tegie, Oconomowoc, W. H. Dupee.....	1 18 56	3 18 56
Algonquin, West Geneva, George Braun.....	1 19 20	3 19 20
Harriet H., Pistakee, H. L. Hertz.....	1 19 24	3 19 24
Lerion, Wawasee, Lilly & Hicks.....	1 19 35	3 19 35
B. & F., Green Lake, McCullough.....	1 19 58	3 19 58
Aderyn, Pine Lake, Brumder.....	1 21 43	3 21 43
Aspirant, Pewaukee, Wollaeger.....	1 22 21	3 22 21
Emanon, Wawasee Racing, Zook.....	1 23 29	3 23 29
Mahoohoo, Lake Geneva, H. H. Porter.....	1 25 35	3 25 35
Henrietta, Delavan, Ed Davis.....	1 30 35	3 30 35
Minnesitka, White Bear, Griggs & Bunn.....	1 32 27	3 32 27
Evelyn, Fox Lake, E. C. McDonald.....	1 35 14	3 35 14
Class B—Start, 10:05.		
Nokomis, White Bear, Clarkson.....	12 45 55	2 36 45
Flying Fox, Fox Lake, Lyford.....	12 48 20	2 48 20
Helen, West Geneva, Paul Veder.....	1 29 00	3 15 00

Inland Lake Races Postponed.

Sept. 3.—The unsatisfactory conditions of yesterday obtained to-day, and prevented the sailing of the first race of the Inland Lake Association. At 9:30 the blue and white flags were hoisted by the judges, and three guns were fired, to indicate the postponement of the race. The time was changed to 2 o'clock in the afternoon, but again a dead calm rendered it necessary to call off the race.

The annual meeting of the Inland Lake Yachting Association was held at 8 o'clock. It was decided to hold the fifth annual regatta at Pewaukee Lake, Wis., in the latter part of August, 1902. Thereafter, commencing in 1903, it was determined to hold the annual regattas permanently at Oshkosh, on Lake Winnebago. These smaller lakes do not seem to offer wind enough to warrant skippers bringing out boats for a regatta which does not start. Lake Winnebago furnishes practical sailing conditions all through the summer, and the decision in making that the headquarters of the Inland Lake Yachting Association is no doubt a wise one.

There was a proposition offered to allow the 20ft. class to carry a loaded centerboard. Referred to the executive committee. Mr. Porter moved the executive committee report next year on a rule compelling all contesting boats to be in the water twelve hours before the first race, and to remain there during the series.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., H. L. Hertz, Pistakee Y. C.; Sec'y-Treas., Ed Rosing, Green Lake Y. C.; Executive Committee—Homer Clark, White Bear Y. C.; George M. Conway, Pewaukee Y. C.; Benjamin Carpenter, Chicago Y. C.

First Championship Race Won by Emanon.

Sept. 4.—Two boats all the way from the Hoosier State, Emanon and Lerion, of Wawasee Lake Y. C., showed their heels to the rest of the tidy fleet which started to-day in the first championship race of the Inland Lake Association. Emanon, the winner, is designed by Jimmie Jones, of Jones & Laborde, of Oshkosh. Lerion is designed and owned by Dr. Hicks.

Once more the unsatisfactory conditions which have obtained during the week came up to mar the beauty of the sport. Green Lake Y. C. last year made all sorts of promises as to the sort of sailing weather it would offer its guests in case the meet was awarded to Green Lake. There seems to have been a misunder-

standing between the club and the weather clerk. To-day the race was called off at 10 o'clock and set forward until 3:30 in the afternoon, at which time they all got away over the six-mile triangular course, sailing it twice around in a breeze fresh enough to allow them to finish well within the time limit.

There was wind enough in the afternoon to try out the boats fairly well, although it was not what one would call heavy weather in the least. The two Indiana boats had it all their own way, Emanon holding it safe almost from the start. Lerion, which finished second, had much to do to get second place until well on the second leg of the course, when it collared and passed its most dangerous rival, Henrietta, formerly owned by William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, and sailed as Avis II. The good showing of the latter boat, which is by no means a new one, shows that these rule-beating racing craft have not so materially improved in the last few years.

B. & F., sailed by Ed Rosing, was first over the line, closely followed by Emanon, Lerion, Harriet H., the whole fleet crowding together so closely at the starting line that they seemed to go off practically in a bunch. Between the winning boat and the tail-end, Algonquin, there is so pronounced a difference as to leave them out of the same class, and since Emanon beat such good ones as Henrietta, Caroline, Harriet H., Anita, etc., from 9 to 10m., it may be seen to have considerable quality in this sort of weather.

Class B.

In Class B the three entries of yesterday came to the line again, and once more Nokomis won. Nokomis had something of a mix-up with Flying Fox on the run to the first buoy, but on the long reach to the third buoy led Flying Fox and finished well ahead of the Fox Lake boat. Nokomis in actual sailing time beat four of the Class A boats—certainly a good performance for the little one. Caroline, the bootjack wonder from Oshkosh, bid fair at first to make trouble in the Class A again. It stood well up to windward and led at the first turn, but was passed by three of its competitors. The following are the times:

Class A—Start, 3:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emanon	5 01 42	1 31 42
Lerion	5 03 59	1 33 59
Henrietta	5 10 15	1 40 15
Caroline	5 11 05	1 41 05
Harriet H.	5 11 12	1 41 12
Anita	5 11 20	1 41 20
B. & F.	5 12 16	1 42 16
Meteor	5 13 31	1 43 31
Aderyn	5 14 17	1 44 17
Minnesitka	5 14 48	1 44 48
Mahoohoo	5 15 22	1 45 22
Tegie	5 16 09	1 46 09
Aspirant	5 18 47	1 48 47
Imp	5 18 53	1 48 53
Evelyn	5 19 31	1 49 31
Algonquin	5 21 09	1 51 09

Class B—Start, 3:35.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Nokomis	5 22 35	1 47 35
Flying Fox	5 24 21	1 49 21
Helen	5 32 40	1 57 40

Second and Third Championship Races.

Sept. 5.—For a wonder the wind freshened to-day and blew a twelve-mile breeze, so that not only one but two of the championship races were sailed.

If the State of Indiana was lucky yesterday, it was surely unlucky to-day. Emanon, winner yesterday, was dismasted, and came back under tow. Lerion, the second Indiana boat, was disqualified for approaching the line from the wrong side after the starting gun had been fired. Lerion forced B. & F. out of its position and was disqualified for these tactics.

Still more exciting was the protest filed by the crew of Minnesitka against Walter Dupee, owner of Tegie. It was charged that Mr. Dupee was carrying professionals in his crew, in violation of the rules. The judges referred the matter to the executive committee, and the latter allowed the protest against one of Mr. Dupee's crew, who was barred for the future.

The course was five miles to windward and return, and in this fresh going Caroline, winner of the Green Lake prize on Monday, and Minnesitka, of White Bear, took first and second places. Aspirant was first over the line, followed by Tegie, Mahoohoo and Caroline. Algonquin, after 10m. of the rough sea, had enough of it, and came back home. Shortly the race was seen to be a fight between Caroline and Minnesitka, respectively of Oshkosh and White Bear. Both these boats kept close in shore to the south, but as they came out toward the middle of the lake Caroline was seen to be picking up. The latter held her port tack until well to weather of the buoy, rounding the latter at 10:57:40. Minnesitka turned the mark at 11:00:40. Tegie, Lerion, Aderyn, Meteor, Henrietta, Anita, and Harriet H. turned the second mark in the order named.

Harriet H. passed Anita and Henrietta, and running close up to the latter boat luffed to keep away, and at that time was caught by a heavy puff of wind and capsized. Howell, one of the crew, went into the water in order to get at the spinnaker boom, and as the boat righted he was left swimming. He was picked up later in a much exhausted condition.

The race of the morning was sailed in fast time, the leader beating out in less than an hour and coming home in 29m. Minnesitka, the plucky White Bear boat, gained nearly a minute on Caroline on the run home.

Class B.

In Class B, as well as in Class A, the fresh weather seemed to cause a shifting of values. Helen, which in the light airs of the earlier part of the week, has been the tail-end, now finished well in the lead, with Flying Fox second, and Nokomis, the winner of the earlier two races in which these boats met, finished third. Nokomis proved better in the windward work. The following were the times:

Class A.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Caroline	11 26 37	1 26 37
Minnesitka	11 28 55	1 28 55
Tegie	11 32 25	1 32 25
Lerion	Disqualified.	
Henrietta	11 39 22	1 39 22
Meteor	11 35 57	1 35 57
Aderyn	11 36 41	1 36 41

Anita	11 40 49	1 40 49
Aspirant	11 41 31	1 41 31
Evelyn	11 41 54	1 41 54
Mahoohoo	11 44 23	1 44 23
B. & F.	11 46 38	1 46 38
Imp	11 47 15	1 47 15
Algonquin	Withdraw.	
Harriet H.	Capsized.	
Emanon	Dismasted.	

Class B.

Helen	11 47 38	1 42 38
Flying Fox	11 47 51	1 42 51
Nokomis	11 51 26	1 46 26

Third Championship Race.

They got off for the third race of the championship series at 3:30 in the afternoon. The wind was still fresh, but had shifted a little bit to the eastward. The course was twice around the six-mile triangle, and the winner of the race was Tegie, which made the phenomenal time of 1:22:26. The bunching of the yachts at the windward buoy made it almost impossible to avoid some sort of foul, but no protest was filed by any of the boats.

At the start Emanon led, followed by Minnesitka and Caroline, and they turned the second buoy in this order. It was at this point that Tegie made her great showing. She had not heretofore shown much quality; but now began to reach in beautiful shape, and running up from sixth place overhauled the three leaders and led half-way down to the third buoy. Tegie was well sailed, carrying but her working jib. Emanon, with her spinnaker used as a balloon jib, and Minnesitka and Caroline, both carrying balloon jibs, were clearly canvassed too heavily forward, and buried their bows badly, whereas Tegie, by the simple maneuver of lessening headsails, was taking to the seas very nicely. Caroline, the half catamaran model, would be picked out as the very boat of all others which could not be capsized. Yet none the less, as she jibed the third buoy she did go over. Her crew handled her beautifully, and in 30s. she was up and under way again, not losing her position in the race. On the second leg Minnesitka split tacks with Tegie and Emanon, and worked into the weather berth. Tegie, however, was eased off and footing it too fast for all of them, and turned the second buoy first, followed by Minnesitka and Emanon.

Emanon passed Minnesitka on the second reach, and came in second. Algonquin capsized and her crew had to be picked up and carried ashore early in the race. Henrietta had the misfortune to rip her mainsail in shaking out a reef, and was obliged to withdraw.

The final race to decide the championship will be sailed to-morrow (Friday) between Emanon, Caroline and Tegie in Class A, the winner to be declared champion. In Class B Nokomis and Helen will sail together. Should Helen win, she will be winner of the series; but should Nokomis win, another race will be necessary.

Class B.

In Class B to-day, in the second race, Helen again won, Nokomis this time running second, and the Fox Lake boat, Flying Fox, dropping back into third place. The following are the times:

Class A, Start, 3:30.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Tegie	4 52 26	1 22 26
Emanon	4 53 58	1 23 58
Minnesitka	4 54 32	1 24 32
Caroline	5 01 46	1 31 46
Aspirant	5 02 52	1 32 52
Aderyn	5 05 18	1 35 18
Evelyn	5 05 33	1 35 33
Harriet H.	5 05 36	1 35 36
Meteor	5 05 50	1 35 50
Anita	5 06 17	1 36 17
Lerion	5 06 19	1 36 19
Mahoohoo	5 06 37	1 36 37
Imp	5 08 29	1 38 29
B. & F.	5 09 24	1 39 24
Algonquin	Capsized.	
Henrietta	Disabled.	

Class B—Start, 3:35.

Helen	5 10 55	1 35 55
Nokomis	5 11 23	1 36 23
Flying Fox	5 11 47	1 36 47

Emanon Wins Championship.

Sept. 6.—Emanon won the championship of the Inland Lake Yachting Association for 1901 this morning in a ten-mile breeze over the course twice, about the six-mile triangle. Caroline, of Oshkosh, finished second. Dupee's Tegie, of Oconomowoc Y. C., winner of yesterday's race, was withdrawn, its owner considering that the executive committee had too much ruffled his feelings by their decision in regard to professionals.

In the start Emanon was over the line 40s. to the good of Caroline, but in the beat to windward Caroline cut into the lead of Emanon by 15s., and showed her superior qualities in windward work. It was the old game between a pointer and a footer, and Emanon, seeing that she must reach fast to win, eased off good and full, and trusted to its superior speed. Thence on Emanon began to gain, and at the end of the first leg led Caroline by a minute. Coming into the windward leg for the second time, Emanon made rather better weather of it than on the first time out. On the second broad reach she still bettered her lead, and finished 2m. 58s. ahead of the bootjack. The race was a close and interesting one. Both boats were built by the same man, Jimmie Jones, and the latter sailed Caroline during this race. Thus, singularly enough, the championship goes to an inland State, where yacht racing would seem to be almost an unknown quantity—Indiana, the home of the Wawasee Y. C.

Class B.

Helen could not repeat her fresh-water performance of yesterday, and finished 15m. 34s. back of Nokomis. Helen was trimmed up pretty close, and might have done better had the wind been fresher. No decision was announced in Class B; therefore, since Nokomis and Helen had won two races each, the tie was to have been sailed at 2:30 to-day, but the wind failed, and the race was carried forward until to-morrow. The following were the times:

Class A—Start, 10:00.

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Emanon	11 47 17	1 47 17
Caroline	11 50 15	1 50 15

Class B—Start, 10:35.

Nokomis	12 26 06	2 21 32
Helen	12 26 06	2 21 06



INDEPENDENCE.

Designed by B. B. Crowninshield for T. W. Lawson.
Photo copyright by T. E. Marr, Boston.

Cadillac—Detroit Race Called Off.

Sept. 5.—Mr. Mark W. Allen, chairman of the regatta committee of the Detroit Y. C., announces that the sweepstakes of that club will be sailed Sept. 9. The special race between Cadillac and Detroit has been called off, since both have sent in their entries for the free-for-all. The committee have increased the prizes from four to six, raising the amount of cash to \$560, which will be awarded as follows: First, \$200; second, \$110; third, \$100; fourth, \$75; fifth, \$50; sixth, \$25.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Sept. 6.—On account of the death of President McKinley, all of the yacht races that were scheduled to be sailed in Massachusetts Bay on Saturday, Sept. 14, were cancelled. Odin B. Roberts, Secretary of the Eastern Y. C. Regatta Committee, sent out the following notice: "In recognition of the death of President McKinley, the Regatta Committee of the Eastern Y. C. cancelled the races set for Saturday, Sept. 14, and cancels the races scheduled for Sept. 28. On account of the approaching end of the racing season, these races will not be postponed, but are finally declared off."

This is but an example of similar notices that were issued by the regatta committees of the Hull-Massachusetts, the Corinthian, the South Boston and many other yacht clubs. Such actions might have been expected, but coming as they did, as official announcements of profound legislation by those in power in the different clubs, the spirit shown has been all the more touching, and is one of the many traits which makes New England proud of her yachtsmen.

There is only one scheduled event in yachting in Massachusetts that will not be cancelled or postponed, and that is the breaking up of Independence. From the time the announcement was made that the yacht would be broken up, there have been many who have doubted whether her owner would stick to his original decision, the thoughts that he would not no doubt being kept alive by a desire to see the boat remain whole; but there is now not the slightest doubt that the yacht which might have been shown the fastest go-footer in the world will be consigned to the junk heap.

Her owner must have some particular use for the metal of which she is constructed, for he has given orders that every scrap must be saved. It is said that with a portion of her plating a massive tablet will be cast, which will be a monument to her memory. But Mr. Lawson must have some particular use for the metal, or he would not be so careful to have it saved.

Since the Fishermen's race for cups donated by Thomas W. Lawson, when Independence went out for her last spin, so that the people of Massachusetts might have one more chance to see her under sail, she has been lying at the Commonwealth dock. Here her running and standing rigging were taken off and later her mast was taken out. On Friday morning she was towed to Lawley's basin and the work of breaking her up was started in earnest. Work was begun below decks, and her hatches and combings taken off. Part of her metal deck fittings have been removed, and the rest will follow in a few days.

It is the programme to strip everything from her, even to the aluminum and steel deck, leaving nothing but the outer skin and its framework of steel. She will then be hauled up in the yard and the rest of the destruction carried on with top mauls. The crew was discharged Friday night, each man receiving a bright \$20 gold piece for conduct money that was promised early in the season.

Since Independence has been at Lawley's basin the wharf has been crowded with sightseers, who have come to take a last look at her while she still resembles a yacht. All day Sunday there was a steady stream of visitors. It is expected that this will be kept up during the rest of the week, as it is not thought that she will be ready to be hauled ashore until the first of next week.

There was something almost pathetic in the sight of this racer lying just inside the basin on Sunday, with everything stripped from her, even to hatch combings, awaiting the final scene in which she will be broken up. Just outside the dock was her tender, the barge Penokee. Where the Penokee has been alive all summer with flitting sailors in white or blue suits, she was deserted, save for her captain and steward. The companionway forward and the hatch aft through which the sailors passed below decks, were locked, and all that remained to make the scene most realistic was perhaps a sign "To let." Independence's big steel spar is lying on the dock near the Penokee. It has been given a new coat of paint, and will undoubtedly be preserved, as will the other spars which have been stowed in the yard.

Thus, in a few weeks what was Independence will be nothing else, practically, except a heap of junk. It is a sad ending of a model which many still believe to be the fastest of any of the go-footers. Many have regretted that she should come to such an end, but there is now no other way out of it. Her owner is determined that she shall exist no longer, and if he desires that she should be destroyed, it is his privilege to have those orders carried out.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Monday, Sept. 9.

Wawa won the cup offered by Mr. William Payne Thompson, which was sailed for on Monday, Sept. 9. The wind was strong from the S.W., and the boats went around Brenton's Reef Lightship and back. The start was made at 3:35 o'clock. The summary:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	4 54 31	1 19 31
Caroline, P. Jones.....	4 55 57	1 30 57
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	4 57 29	1 22 04
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 57 29	1 22 29
Pollywog,.....	4 58 38	1 23 38
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	Withdraw.	

Tuesday, Sept. 10.

BARBARA won the cup offered by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for the 30-footers, on Tuesday, Sept. 10.

The boats sailed over a triangular course, and after a

close race Barbara won by the narrow margin of 18s. Caroline finished second. The start was at 3:25. The times follow:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 30 21	1 05 21
Caroline, Pembroke Jones.....	4 30 39	1 05 39
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	4 32 27	1 07 27
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks.....	4 32 27	1 07 32
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 35 12	1 10 12
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	Withdraw.	

Wednesday, Sept. 11.

Mr. Winthrop Rutherford offered a cup for the 30-footers, which was won by Carolina on Wednesday, Sept. 11. The course was from Brenton's Cove to and around the lightship and back. The wind blew strong from the S.W. The start was at 3:20. The time follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Caroline, P. Jones.....	4 55 20	1 35 20
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	4 56 20	1 36 20
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	4 58 08	1 38 09
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	4 58 55	1 38 55
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 02 30	1 42 30
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	5 02 32	1 42 32

Thursday, Sept. 12.

The 30-footers sailed a pretty race on Thursday, Sept. 12, for a cup offered by Mr. John R. Drexel. The course was to Dyer's Island and return, and the breeze was from the S.W. The race was one of the most interesting of the season, and Hera won by 2s.

The start was at 3:16. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	5 35 31	2 19 31
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	5 35 33	2 19 33
Caroline, P. Jones.....	5 35 50	2 19 50
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	5 37 34	2 21 34
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	5 38 28	2 22 28
Wa Wa, Reginald Brooks.....	Withdraw.	

There was also a special race between Nishe and Sigma. Sigma, Mr. Goelet's boat, is British-built, and was brought over on the steam yacht Nahma. It is very fast for a boat of its size, and only met its match today in a much longer craft of the knockabout class. The course was over a triangle of eight miles. The start was at 3:26. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Sigma, G. Lorillard.....	4 46 44	1 20 44
Nishe, R. W. Goelet.....	4 47 53	1 21 53

The 15-footers also started at 3:26 and raced over a triangle. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Eaglet, W. Grosvenor, Jr.....	4 45 43	1 19 43
Hawk, W. Gammell, Jr.....	4 46 21	1 20 21
Breeze, W. G. Roelker, Jr.....	4 46 37	1 20 37

Friday, Sept. 13.

Carolina won a Newport Y. R. A. cup on Friday, Sept. 13. The wind was S.W. and the course was to Dyer's Island and return. The start was at 3:25 o'clock. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Carolina, P. Jones.....	6 19 28	2 54 28
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	6 21 40	2 56 40
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	6 23 02	2 58 02
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	Withdraw.	
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	Withdraw.	
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	Withdraw.	

Yacht Club Notes.

On Monday, Sept. 2, the annual meeting of the Sachem's Head Y. C. was held, and the following officers were elected to serve for the season of 1902: Com., John Elton Wayland, New York; Vice-Com., Robert C. Mitchell, New York; Secy. and Treas., Robert P. Seward, New York; Flag Capt., Charles R. Clark, Plainville, Conn. The secretary and treasurer reported a most successful season. New additions have been added to the club house on Chimney Corner, affording sleeping accommodations and enlarged restaurant facilities. The club membership has materially increased, over 50 per cent. of the members being yacht owners.

At a meeting of the Governors of the Newport Y. R. A., held on Sept. 7, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Pres., George L. Rives; Vice-Pres., Herman B. Duryea; Secy., Arthur T. Kemp; Treas., Frederick P. Sands; Racing Committee—Herman B. Duryea, A. Cass Canfield, Royal Phelps Carroll, Reginald Brooks, Winthrop Rutherford, Woodbury Kane and Harry O. Havemeyer, Jr. Next season the Association will probably hold a week of racing for all classes, continuing its policy of this year to make Newport a yachting center.

An adjourned meeting of the fourth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at Delmonico's, Beaver street, on Thursday, Sept. 12, with a large attendance of members. The special purpose of the meeting was the election of forty-five members who desired to avail themselves of the provision made by the club to view the races for the America's Cup. The new members are as follows: Lieut. James E. Walker, U. S. N.; Paymaster Samuel McGowan, U. S. N.; W. H. Bennett, Edward Shearson, Arthur B. Claffin, Frank M. Dick, W. L. Ward, Ralph Emerson Forbes, Robert M. Riddle, Chas. J. S. Miller, Robert S. Towne, Robert W. Stuart, Lieut. Stuart, Farron Smith, U. S. N.; Capt. J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N.; August Roesler, Ernest Carter, Lieut. Francis Winslow, U. S. N.; Ensign Herbert G. Sparrow, U. S. N.; Assistant Paymaster T. W. Lentze, U. S. N.; William A. Dick, Edward Lowber Welsh, Frederick H. Stevens, John Smithers, Edward L. Tailer, Richard Charles Velt, Clinton Gilbert, Horatio R. Harper, Lieut. J. M. Poyer, U. S. N.; E. B. Alvord, Walter Dixon Ellis, Lieut. Edward McCauley, U. S. N.; Willard P. Mack, Herbert Barber, Robert B. Seward, Arthur Gibb, Chas. H. Dale, Edward L. Fuller, Mortimer B. Fuller, William H. Jackson, Seneca D. Brown, Richard A. Bachia, Horace Hatch, William H. Hull, John D. Archbold and Lieut. R. de L. Hasbrouck, U. S. N. It was announced that the steam yacht Why Not would convey yacht owners and guests during the Cup races from Pier 1, North River, to the club station at Bay Ridge each race day, leaving at 8:30 o'clock. Those who wish to see the Columbia in the dry dock on Sept. 16, 17 and 18 can go by the Why Not, which will leave the same pier at 1:15

and 3:15 o'clock each afternoon. The stages from Fifty-eighth street and Third avenue, Brooklyn, to the yacht station at Bay Ridge will be run on the days set for the races at intervals of twenty minutes during the morning and in the afternoon return trips will be made after 3 o'clock.

Sec'y J. V. S. Oddie read a letter from Evelyn P. Baldwin, commanding the expedition to the North Pole, thanking the club for being allowed to carry the club burgee. A letter was also read from Lieut.-Col. Burbank, of the United States Artillery Corps at Fort Hancock, tendering to the club members the use of the telegraph and telephone stations at Sandy Hook.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Wallin & Gorman have recently completed a large power launch at their shop on Gravesend Bay for a Port Washington yachtsman, who will use her on Long Island Sound. The boat measures 35ft. over all, 8ft. 6in. beam, and has a draft of 3ft. The forward part of the boat is fitted with a cabin trunk 12ft. long and 6ft. wide, and has 6ft. head room. Aft there is a big cockpit 10ft. long. The cabin is finished in hardwood and will accommodate six people. In construction the frames, stern and sternposts are of oak, with yellow pine planking. The engine will be of ten horse-power, and is expected to develop nine miles an hour speed.

Messrs. Cary Smith & Barbey, who recently received an order for a schooner yacht for the Emperor of Germany, have awarded the contract to the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Company, of Shooter's Island, Staten Island. She is to be completed in time for next year's racing season. The new craft will be 160ft. over all, 120ft. on the water line, 27ft. beam and 15ft. draft, and built of steel. The contract was signed on behalf of the Emperor by the Naval Attaché of the German Embassy at Washington, and the craft will cost in the vicinity of \$150,000. The keel will be laid within a few days.

Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard's sloop yacht Hilgarda, with the owner and a crew of three men aboard, was struck by a squall inside Sandy Hook on the morning of Sept. 8, and her mast was carried away. She was two miles northwest of the Spermaceti Cove life-saving station at the time. The life-saving crew went to the Hilgarda's assistance and towed her in to the mouth of the Shrewsbury River.

Mr. Warren Shepard, the marine artist, is about to have a large cruising ketch built, in which he proposes to cruise through European waters. Mr. Shepard has made several trips on sailing vessels to various parts of the world in search of subjects for his pictures, but has been unable to go to just the places he wanted to, and to this end has designed a yacht which will combine safety, comfort and speed. The ketch will measure 53ft. over all, 14ft. beam, 7ft. 6in. deep, and have a draft of 6ft. 6in. She will be a keel craft, with outside ballast and sheathed with copper. The yacht will have a spoon bow and short counter, with a slight tumble home to her topsides. As the yacht is to be purely a sea-going craft there will be but three openings in her deck. A hatch will lead to her forecabin forward and an immovable skylight built in the top of her cabin trunk, and a companionway from the cockpit to the cabin. The cockpit is to be self-baling. The cabin trunk is to be 16ft. long. Below them are four bunks in the saloon, and forward two, and a toilet room. The pole mainmast will be 50ft. from step to truck. The order to build the yacht will be given to Rigby, at Canarsie.

Mr. A. Homer Skinner, of Fall River, who recently disposed of his auxiliary schooner Penelope, intends building during the coming winter an auxiliary cruising yawl. She will be a centerboard boat 58ft. long over all, 14ft. beam, and will draw 5ft. 6in. with her board up. The auxiliary power consists of a 16 horse-power gasoline motor made by Murray & Tregurtha, of South Boston, Mass.

The following sales have been made through Messrs. Huntington & Seaman's yacht agency: Sloop Alys, W. Barklie Henry, Philadelphia, Pa., to Daniel Bacon, this city; pole mast sloop Marguerite, Chas. G. Lincoln, Hartford, Conn., to Mr. Geo. G. Bell, this city. Seawanhaka knockabout Karma, W. H. Crossman, this city, to Mr. W. Barklie Henry, Philadelphia, Pa.; knockabout Frances, Geo. G. Milne, of New York City, to C. G. Lincoln, Hartford, Conn.; sloop Kittywake, Cleveland H. Dodge, this city, to W. H. Crossman, of New York City.

The Earl of Crawford has bought the auxiliary steam yacht Valhalla, owned by the Comte and Comtesse Boni de Castellane. Valhalla is a three-masted, full-rigged steel ship, the only yacht afloat rigged in that way, and has auxiliary steam engines. She is steel armored, and is 239.6ft. over all, 37.2ft. beam and 20.7ft. in depth. Her mainmast is 125ft. long, and her mainmast 141ft. Valhalla was built in 1892, and has more the appearance of a war vessel than a pleasure craft. Valhalla originally belonged to Mr. Jos. F. Laycock, an English banker, who used her to train boys for the royal navy. It was chartered from him by the Comte and Comtesse de Castellane in July, 1897, for a cruise to Norway and Sweden which proved so pleasant to them and their large party of guests that negotiations were opened for its purchase which were concluded soon after.

The owners of the 30-footers have completed the Newport season's racing for the cup offered by Mr. Almeric Hugh Paget, and the honors rest with Mr. Pembroke Jones' Carolina. The Paget cup must be won by the same boat two seasons in succession. It was offered in 1899, and

that summer Carolina was first. Last year Mr. Reginald Brooks' Wawa made the best record, and this year Carolina again stands ahead, but under the conditions the trophy will be raced for next season as usual.

According to the rule, two points are given for a win and one point for finishing second, the season of racing lasting from July 4 to Sept. 15. The record for the season just closed follows: Mr. Pembroke Jones' Carolina, 67; Mr. Reginald Brooks' Wawa, 47; Mr. Ralph N. Ellis' Hera, 46; Mr. Harry O. Havemeyer, Jr.'s, Esperanza, 28; Mr. Herman B. Duryea's Vaquero III., 19; Mr. Winthrop Rutherford's Barbara, 18, and Mr. John R. Drexel's Racoon, 5.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 18.—Ossining, N. Y.—Shoot and clambake of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Sept. 19-20.—Carthage, Mo.—Peters Cartridge Company tournament, under the auspices of the Carthage Gun Club.
Sept. 20-21.—Titusville, Pa.—First annual tournament of the Titusville Gun Club. H. Pfeiffer, Sec'y.
Sept. 24-26.—Cincinnati, O.—Cincinnati Gun Club's annual handicap target tournament; \$300 added. Charles F. Dreih, Sec'y.
Sept. 25-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Sixth annual tournament of the Dupont Gun Club, for amateurs; targets and live birds. H. S. McDonald, Mgr.
Sept. 26.—Cresson, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Cresson Gun Club. C. Wenderoth, manager.
Oct. 1-4.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual international tournament; three days targets, one live birds; \$300 in money and trophies; distance handicaps.
Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Oct. 2-4.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds; \$300 added. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club; two days targets, last day live birds; \$200 cash and trophies added. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie Gun Club.
Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.
Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.
Oct. 16.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—Shoot under auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. J. G. Ball, Sec'y.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utresh Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Some of the daily papers, concerning the 100-target handicaps at the New York State shoot, have such remarks as the following: "Some of the star professionals kept out of the contest, declaring that when placed at 21yds. they were handicapped in such a way that the target usually beat the gun, making a break doubly hard." No doubt a new and valuable phrase will thus be added to the long list of excuses which explain just how the shooter is not responsible for his own misses, but is fully responsible for his own hits. When we consider that 21yds. was the back mark in the New York State handicaps, and that 22yds. was the back mark in the Grand American Handicap at targets, it will be noted that 21yds. is not extreme. When we further consider that in 1900 Mr. R. O. Heikes broke 91 from the 22yd. mark in the G. A. II. at targets, and that good scores have been made from the 30yd. mark, we may consider that the term "target beating the gun" is to be construed in a Pickwickian sense. The target may beat the gun, but it depends on who is shooting the gun, and this qualification applies to any mark, be the same 14 or 25yds. If the target cannot beat the gun of one shooter at the 21yd. mark, and can beat the gun of another shooter at that mark, the inference is that one shooter can beat the other, and that there is a question of excellence and superiority between the contestants, as well as a question between man, gun and target.

The programme for the Interstate Association's trapshooting tournament, given for the Jefferson County Gun Club, Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2 to 4, inclusive, has target events for the first two days, ten for each day—seven at 10, three at 20 targets, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. Rose system, 5, 3, 2, 1, will govern. The third day is devoted to live birds, of which there are two events—one at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, birds included, 30yds. rise, four moneys, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent., high guns. No. 2 is the Jefferson county handicap, 20 birds, \$15 entrance, birds included, handicaps 25 to 33yds., four moneys, 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent., high guns; \$50 cash added, and the winner of first also receives a trophy valued at \$25. Other events will be arranged to suit contestants. Targets, 2 cents. Guns and ammunition forwarded to Mr. Emile Pragoff, 422 West Main street, Louisville, will be delivered on the shooting grounds free of charge. Address him also for further information. Lunch, free to shooters, will be served on the grounds. No entry will be received after the tenth gun is fired. Grounds open for practice after 2 P. M., on Oct. 1. Reduced railroad rates on all lines entering Louisville, on Oct. 1 to 5, on account of Louisville horse show, held on those dates. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Hotel accommodations engaged for those who desire by Pragoff Brothers, 422 West Main street, Louisville, Ky.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, who, as all shooters are aware, shoots a Winchester repeating gun, narrates a humorous incident of his trip abroad. It seems that in Europe there is a class differing from men at large, inasmuch as they are called noblemen. It was known that Mr. Elliott would shoot a match, he having signified his intention to meet all comers. One of the noblemen expressed a desire to shoot a match with him, but wished to see him shoot first, and he was so favored. Afterward he declared that he would shoot the match if Mr. Elliott would use one hand. Mr. Elliott naively remarked that he did not see how he could handle his pump gun with one hand unless he worked it with his foot.

The Dean Richmond cup, the great trophy of the New York State Association, was won at Interstate Park, Sept. 14, by the Emerald Gun Club three-man team. It and the Jeannette Gun Club tied on 56 out of a possible 60. In the shoot-off, 5 birds per man, the Emeralds killed straight. Mr. J. P. Keenan, of the Emeralds, was the only man to kill straight of the twenty-one contestants. He had been elected unanimously president of the New York State Association a few minutes before the trophy event commenced, so that he proved that not only was he popular personally but that he was also skillful with the scatter gun.

The O. G. C. has issued the following announcement: "The Ossining Gun Club will give another of their very popular Rhode Island clam bakes on Wednesday, Sept. 18, at 3 o'clock P. M., on the club grounds, near trolley power house. Tickets for gentlemen, \$1.50; ladies, \$1. Separate tables will be reserved for parties applying for same not later than the 14th inst. The bake will be first class in every particular. Clay birds will be shot from 10 o'clock A. M., until the bake is opened. For tickets and other particulars, address any of the following committee: C. G. Blandford, chairman; Dr. J. A. Schafmeister, Joseph Willi, Sr."

Mr. E. Hough, writing from the live-bird center, presents some interesting live-bird news in "Western Traps," it being no less than a high-gun contest at 100 live birds for \$100. There are signs that the corn and wheat crops of the live-bird center will be hypothecated; for, outside of a very limited group in this neck of woods, a race at 100 live birds for \$100 per man, is something that would startle the effete dead-bird center, yept the effete East. But how about those big Chicago dead-bird, cold-storage emporiums?

The competition for the trophy emblematic of the championship of Mercer county, between Mr. Comp, the holder, and Mr. Farlee, the challenger, took place on the grounds of the Trenton Shooting Association, at Trenton, N. J., and was shot in a rain storm. Farlee won. Score 42 to 37. Mr. Van Arsdale challenged the winner, and Oct. 9 was considered a good date for the race. Sept. 20 is fixed upon for the Association's cup championship.

In handicapping it is exceedingly difficult to so handicap that every contestant will be a winner. This was done, however, in the merchandise event of the New York State shoot at Interstate Park last week, but there were seventy-five prizes, a greater number of prizes than there were of entries. Also it is still more difficult to so handicap the contestants that they will not miss.

Mr. J. B. Ball writes us as follows: "Grand tournament to be held at Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 22, 23 and 24, during the weeks of the State fair. Twenty-five events, \$5 added money in each event. Money divided Rose system. The shoot will be held under the auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. Write for catalogue. Jas. I. Johnson, president; J. G. Ball, secretary-treasurer."

Mr. H. K. Ellyson, of Richmond, Va., has entered into an engagement with Lafin & Rand Powder Company, of New York, to represent them in their Eastern territory. Mr. Ellyson is not unknown to our readers, his excellent scores at Interstate Park and elsewhere in the recent handicaps distinguishing him as an excellent trap shot.

There is now a New York State Association in fact. It should now give material evidence that it has a mission. Having so earnestly and valiantly striven for game protection in the past, it should now devote some of its energies to the promotion of trapshooting in the future.

The great Indian massacre of targets, at Lake Okoboji, Ia., was a successful event, and is fully described elsewhere in our columns by Mr. F. C. Riehl. A number of new braves have been added to the tribe, the limit to membership having been extended to a maximum of fifty.

Mr. Emile Pragoff, of Louisville, Ky., writes us that the Jefferson County Gun Club adds \$200 in cash and trophies to the Interstate Association's tournament, to be held Oct. 2 to 4, at Louisville, Ky., for the club before mentioned.

Mr. H. S. McDonald, manager, informs us that the Dupont Gun Club, of Omaha, Neb., will hold its sixth annual tournament on Sept. 25, 26 and 27. It is for amateurs. The programme contains both live-bird and amateur events.

In "Western Traps" Mr. E. Hough informs us that the fifteen-man team match between the Chicago Gun Club and the Grand Crossing Gun Club, of Illinois, has been postponed from last Saturday to a later date.

Sept. 14, in a team race between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Westwood Gun Club, of Westwood, N. J., eight men on a side, 25 targets per man. Boiling Springs won. Scores, 155 to 143.

It was rumored that when Mr. J. Brewer was barred from participation in the New York State shoot he looked displeased.

The next New York State shoot will be held at Rochester. No added money is promised.

BERNARD WATERS.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Team Match Postponed.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 14.—Owing to the death of President McKinley, the fifteen-man team match which was to have been shot to-day between Chicago Gun Club and Grand Crossing Gun Club has been postponed to a later date.

Proposed Hot Live-Bird Tournament.

Mr. C. R. Stephens, vice-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, of Moline, Ill., has taken in hand a proposition for a big winter live-bird shoot to be held at Watson's Park, Chicago, some time in the coming month of December. This is much in the nature of John Watson's midwinter shoot, and would take the place of that customary event, or would, rather, amplify that event into one of yet greater importance in the live-bird world. Mr. Stephens has sent out to a great many shooters in different parts of the country the following prospectus, so to speak, of the big shoot, and adds his personal assurance that he hopes and expects to see a big number of the best live-bird shots of America present on the date determined, for the purpose of trying out some of Uncle John Watson's tin-clad birds. Mr. Stephens deserves the utmost credit for his hustling conduct of this campaign.

Mr. Stephens sends out the following answer to candidates, stating handicaps, etc. All in all, it is to be supposed that we shall see a phenomenal live-bird shoot held here in the month of December, and the more the merrier. Chicago is without question the live-bird center of the West, if not of America, and a midwinter shoot in this city is bound to be, this year as heretofore, the live-bird clearing house of the year. Well, anyhow, hats off to Stephens, and may he have to send out many answers to applicants like the following:

"Moline, Ill., Sept. 12.—We want to give the shooting fraternity of this country an opportunity to get up against a real warm proposition, and have decided to pull off the real thing at Watson's Park, Burnside, Chicago, Ill., early in December, 1901; the race to be 100 live pigeons, \$100 entry, birds included at 25 cents each, Watson Park rules, same distance handicap as awarded at the Grand American Handicap of 1901, high-gun division of money, four places for each ten entries. Shooters who were not entered in the Grand American Handicap will be handicapped by special committee selected from among the most popular shooters, who will endeavor to place every man fairly on the mark where he belongs. The range of the distance handicap will be from 25 to 33yds.

"I have talked with some fifty or sixty different shooters about this record-breaking race, and have received from forty-three of them a verbal promise to enter. I want you to consider this matter carefully, use your imagination a heap, and see how it feels to cop off the top end of a \$7,500 purse. Shake it around in your pocket a little, and get all ready to spend it, and then write to me and tell me that if I can get fifty entries you will enter also. This will enable me to judge how the shooters feel about so stiff a game, and as soon as I hear from the 1,800 invitations (like this) I am now mailing I will be in shape to write each one who has signified his intention of joining the game, telling how many have promised to enter, what mark he will shoot from, and ask him to

send in \$25 forfeit for bird money, to insure his presence. In case of sickness preventing an entry attending and competing, we will refund his forfeit, but for no other cause, except in case less than fifty entries are received, in which case all forfeits will be returned and the race declared off.

"Post entries may be made at any time before the last bird is shot at the end of the first round. Fee for post entry will be \$125. "I have made arrangements with Uncle John Watson, of Burnside (you all know him) to carry out this big shoot, he to assume all the responsibility and retain all the profit. All I agree to do is to blow myself for postage and get you all lined up and primed up for the game. This being the case, when the time comes to send in your forfeits, you will make the checks payable to John Watson, and while they will be sent to me, in order that I may conclude from the number received whether the shoot is a go, I will turn them over to John Watson as soon as we receive the required number to cinch a success.

"Now, my dear friends among the shotgun cranks, every one of you would rather go against a good gamble, with the chance for a heap of coin if you win, than to go against ten \$10 shoots, where if you kill straight maybe you get down \$7, \$8 or \$9. Sell your corn, hay, hogs, railroad stock, board of trade margins and any other old thing, dig up one hundred plunks and get busy. I am confident we will hand you the hottest pigeon game ever dealt in this country, and the short-mark men will surely carry off the long end of the coin, for it is on record that the Grand American Handicap was never won from back of the 29yd. mark, and all professionals and other big fellows will shoot at from 30 to 32yds., so all us juveniles need to fear are our neighbors only.

"We will bar no man on earth who is white in color and shoots a 12-gauge gun or smaller. No added handicap will be allowed for smaller bore than 12-gauge, but we will bar 10-gauge guns and soft coal. I am very positive we can find 100 dead game-boys who will buy a stack and play the game. Maybe more. After examining your wallet and consulting your rabbit's foot, write me quick, and tell me if the game is of your liking, and as soon thereafter as possible I will advise you of the number who agree to go in, name your handicap, state day of the shoot, and ask you to dig up the forfeit.

"I am exceedingly anxious to participate in the hair-curling game, else I would not blow myself and my time to try and get us all up together, and I hope to find a whole lot of you just as big a blame fool as I am. Sincerely,

"C. R. STEPHENS."

Louisville Interstate.

Mr. Emil Pragoff, secretary, announces that the Louisville shoot, Oct. 2-4, will be an Interstate Association tournament and managed by Mr. Elmer Shaner. The local club adds \$200 in cash and trophies. This is an event very well worth keeping in mind.

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garden City Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Sept. 14.—The regular monthly handicap shoot of the Garden City Gun Club, held here to-day, was well attended. Straight scores were the rule. The following presents the results:

Regular monthly handicap shoot:
E Steck, 1.....121212122211221-15
Dr Shallenberger, 3.....210121112*2110210-14
Dr Miller, 2.....12112121*22121-15
C Comley, 2.....1211121112222-15
Alabaster, 0.....1212222212112-15
Geo Roll, 1.....2111111*4212111-15
J B Barto, 2.....2211122222211-15
J H Amberg, 1.....222201111021222-13
H Levi, 3.....122222221101211-15
W B Leffingwell, 2.....22122122221122-15
S Young, 2.....01212220221121222-15

Handicap shoot for Great Northern Hotel cup:
E Steck, 1.....12121212221122112222-25
Dr Shallenberger, 5.....210121112*21102102*2211012222-24
Dr Miller, 3.....121112121*221211221121211-25
C Comley, 2.....12111211122222121121-25
Alabaster, 1.....121222221211221121212-25
G Roll, 2.....2111111*1212111122111121-25
J B Barto, 2.....22111222222111222222022-25
J H Amberg, 2.....222201111021222211222212*2-24
H Levi, 4.....122222221101211221122122-24
W B Leffingwell, 3.....2211221222212221102221221-25
S Young, 4.....01212220221121222221112112-25

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Sept. 14.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the third series. The event was shot in a steady, heavy rain. Notwithstanding, the scores were good. Midgley and T. W. Eaton both made 25 straight, and in the shoot-off at 10 targets Midgley won by 1 target, thereby capturing Class A trophy. Class B trophy was won by Dr. Meek on 22, and Class C trophy by C. T. Keck, the one-armed amateur, on 19. Owing to the rain which poured down steadily, all the afternoon, the attendance was the smallest of the season, only twelve shooters putting in an appearance.

DR. J. W. MECK.

[We regret that the manifold copy of the scores sent us was so illegible that we could not decipher it.]

Norwalk vs. Maple City.

NORWALK, O., Sept. 14.—Inclosed find scores of return match between the Maple City Gun Club, of Norwalk, O., and the Fremont, O., Gun Club, shot on the Norwalk grounds Sept. 13.

Each man shot at 25 targets, three expert traps. Norwalk won by the close score of 260 to 253.

Several of the Norwalk boys were decidedly out of form, shooting far below their average. The Maple City Gun Club have recently ordered a magautrap, so as to keep up with the procession, and in a few days will have it in position:

Norwalk Gun Club.

Riley111111111011111111111-24
Black111111011111111111111-22
Rascom111111111111111111110-22
Bailey111111111111111111111-22
Gallup1101111111010111111110-31
Franx111111001111111111111011-20
Hess111111111101011111111010-20
White110110111111010111111101-20
Vail111001111111111111110101-19
Washburn111100110111111111100011-19
Burton11000100101111011111111-18
Call11110101111111111111000-17
Cole01011101111111110101100001-16-260

Fremont Gun Club.

De Witt111111111111111111111-24
Sanford011111111111111111111-21
Inman111010101111111111110-32
Anderson1111110010111111111111-21
Hoak01111111110111001101111-20
Wilbur10011111110101111111110-20
Guthrie1111111111011011111010-20
Smith1010101010111111111111-20
Eisenhour1010101111110111011111-19
Walters10110011111111010001111-18
Christy1111100111010110001111-18
Day010001000101101111111-16
Pearson110010101011111100111000-15-253

Geo. F. Titus.

Millbrook Gun Club.

MILLBROOK, N. Y.—Herewith find the scores made by members of our club, on Saturday, Sept. 7. The main event was the 100-bird race for the county championship. E. J. Foster was the challenger. Mr. Stephenson won easily, and it looks as if he might hold the medal for some time.

In the sweepstakes Mr. S. S. Stephenson carried off most of the honors:

Targets: 25 10 10 10 10 10 25
Tallman 23 10 4 9 7 20 21
Baldwin 13 4 8 3 7 5 13
Gross 15 6 6 9 7 17 14
E Foster 7 20
F Stephenson 9 8 21
G Stephenson 9 9 8 7 10 25
Medal race, 100 birds; F. Stephenson 87, E. Foster 70.

I. TALLMAN.

Montpelier Gun Club.

MONTPELIER, Vt., Sept. 11.—The tournament here to-day under the auspices of the Montpelier Gun Club was a gloomy affair, so far as weather was concerned. In all my experience in trap-shooting I never saw or went through with more disagreeable conditions. The morning dawned with rain at intervals, and under the pall of a black sky, and this continued all day, and to make matters worse a mist and fog hung over the valley in which the grounds are situated, making it extremely difficult to see or gauge the flight of the birds from the swift expert traps set to the Sergeant system. Notwithstanding these distressing and depressing conditions, good nature and cheerfulness reigned supreme while it rained outside. They were a jolly lot of fellows, making the best of miserable surroundings for a day's shooting.

Montpelier is a nice little town, the gem of Vermont, so Montpelier folks think, and I guess they are pretty nearly right. There are a whole lot of go-aheadiveness and steady-going among its citizens and representative men. Its streets, its private residences and public buildings are most attractive. Here, too, are found the New England pie, the baked bean and doughnut in their pristine beauty. Some time there will another shoot here, when the sun is shining.

The attendance at this shoot included men from Champlain, Swanton, Rouse's Point and Barre, and in event No. 9 teams made up from the above places competed for a silver cup trophy, which was won by the Robin Hood men from Swanton. They used for most part the Robin Hood ammunition. The other teams used E. C., L. & R. and Dupont. Mr. Barrett, of Montpelier, won the high average, using Dupont Smokeless.

It would be quite impossible to make personal mention of all the shooters present. I wish, however, to compliment Messrs. Walton and Barrett on their untiring efforts to conduct the tournament to a successful close, and under the depressing weather conditions to be cheerful. I have the pleasure of specially mentioning Mr. Kelton, who acted as referee the entire day, and preserved his temper, for in the uncertain light and through the mists and fog, against a dark green background, it required not only good eyesight and judgment but a whole lot of common sense. Appended are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	15	15	20	10	15	15	20	15	20	15
Colvill	8	11	11	13	8	10	10	9	9	9	9
B Eastman	6	6	9	12	9	9	7	10	10	10	10
Holcombe	6	11	5	15	8	13	7	16	13	10	10
Bennett	8	11	11	13	4	8	12	11	12	8	8
White	6	13	9	15	7	13	13	17	10	8	8
Fort	10	5	14	19	7	13	9	15	14	13	13
W Eastman	9	10	11	12	8	12	13	16	13	13	13
Barrett	10	11	13	18	9	11	14	18	13	15	15
Walton	9	11	9	11	5	13	12	15	9	13	13
Briggs	4	10	7	11	5	7	4	10	12	10	10
Scrivner	4	7	6	6	7	8	9	10	10	10	10
Burroughs	3	4	7	3	5	7	6	6	7	6	7
Bredenburg	6	6	7	11	7	10	6	13	7	10	10
Saddler	4	6	8	8	6	8	9	9	6	9	9
Brown	6	9	12	13	3	9	8	9	9	9	9
Richardson	5	13	12	17	6	9	12	14	10	10	10
Wiseman	8	11	12	10	5	9	12	15	4	12	12
Cummins	4	9	7	11	4	9	9	9	9	9	9
Shepard	7	8	9	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Hicks	5	6	6	15	3	5	5	7	3	3	3
Ward	7	10	8	13	3	10	9	11	7	7	7
B F Payne	6	10	10	14	5	8	12	8	14	14	14
Fraser	4	8	10	9	4	9	6	11	6	6	6
J H Payne	3	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
Stoddard	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dickinson	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Houghton	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Griffin	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Gordon	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11

No. 6 was lunch. No. 9 was team race for Robin Hood international trophy.

DICK SWIVELLER.

Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association.

PALMER, Mass.—Herewith please find the scores of the team shoot of the Massachusetts Amateur Shooting Association for the season of 1901.

The team race was composed of five clubs—Springfield, Quapoag (at Palmer), Union (at Brookfield), Winchendon and Holyoke. Each club held one shoot. Each team was composed of five shooters, and each shooter shot at 25 targets at each shoot. At the end of the third tournament the Union and Holyoke teams dropped out of the race. Springfield, Winchendon and Quapoag finished the shoot at Holyoke. Winchendon won first by a score of 474 out of 625; Springfield second with 469; Quapoag third, with 441.

Not until the last man had shot was Winchendon sure of victory. Commencing the team shoots in Holyoke, Winchendon was but 1 bird ahead. During the five tournaments over 22,000 blue-rocks were thrown from magautraps:

		Springfield.				Total.	Av.
Merritt	22	22	23	22	21	110	.88
Hawes	15	16	31	.62
Edon	16	16	.61
Jordan	17	16	24	18	17	92	.73
Nelson	11	12	17	40	.53
S Shaw	..	21	19	23	23	86	.86
	89	96	93	94	97	469	
Quapoag.							
Wales	14	..	12	..	19	45	.60
Cinclair	21	20	15	15	8	79	.63
W Manchester	20	14	..	18	13	65	.65
Dr Keith	21	19	20	22	22	104	.83
F Shaw	17	19	19	16	22	93	.74
E Manchester	..	24	16	40	.80
Peck	15	..	15	.60
	93	96	82	86	84	441	
Winchendon.							
Plummer	17	19	11	20	22	89	.71
Holman	18	21	15	15	..	69	.69
Lincoln	23	20	21	20	19	103	.82
Clarke	15	20	21	20	19	95	.76
Lawrence	21	19	20	17	20	97	.77
Fain	21	21	.83
	94	99	88	92	101	471	
DR. S. E. KEITH, Sec'y.							

DR. S. E. KEITH, Sec'y.

Walkerville Gun Club Tournament.

WALKERVILLE, Ont.—The Walkerville Gun Club held its fourth annual tournament on Labor Day, Sept. 2. The day was a perfect one for the enjoyment of the sport, and as usual with the Walkerville Gun Club tournaments, there was a large attendance of shooters from points in Ontario and Michigan.

The programme consisted of nine sweepstake events of 140 targets, besides a three-man team race. The silver loving cup offered for high average was won by W. A. Smith, Kingsville, Ont., with a score of 124. The second high average prize, also a silver loving cup, was won by P. C. Wood, Detroit, after shooting off the tie with Husher, of that city. Both scored 122 and then proceeded to shoot off the tie. This proved the most exciting event of the day, as it required four consecutive events of 15 birds each to decide the winner, Wood finally winning by 1 bird. Husher took third prize, \$3.

The team race was won by the Detroit team with 41 out of 45, Walkerville being second with 37. The following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	15
Wood	10	12	17	13	13	18	14	13	122
A Reid	9	12	14	18	13	16	11	13	120
Brodie	5	7	10	15	10	10	11	10	92
Swift	6	7	12	17	6	9	13	11	94
Clark	7	13	13	19	12	13	16	12	116
Mutter	7	13	12	16	12	9	14	11	107
Webster	8	10	3	12	13	9	11	9	86
Payson	9	10	12	3	12	11	11	11	36
Bent	7	12	14	17	12	14	18	11	119
Wear	5	8	6	16	9	11	11	11	66
Allen	7	7	10	17	11	12	11	11	53
Husher	10	13	11	16	15	12	17	14	122
Stanley	8	12	14	16	13	14	11	11	76
Smith	9	13	14	10	14	13	17	13	124
Perdue	7	11	9	14	11	9	14	11	75

Conover	10	14	12	14	13	12	16	14	15	120
Moore	7	8	11	11	10	8	9	11	11	75
Scane	7	7	12	16	11	12	16	11	13	105
Peters	10	11	16	13	9	20	10	11	11	89
Marks	13	15	13	15	20	14	13	11	11	103
Don	10	7	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	17
Black	10	18	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	39
Rush	6	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	30
Morton	6	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	16
Parent	8	14	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	31
Bauslaugh	8	12	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	20
Hitchcock	16	10	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	38
Walsrode	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Rundt	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Dale	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Lex	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

Team Race:

Detroit—Stanley 15, Husher 14, Marks 12; total 41.
Walkerville—A. Reid 13, Clark 12, Mutter 12; total 37.
Kingsville—Conover 13, Smith 10, Perdue 9; total 32.

F. H. Conover attended the shoot as the representative of Dupont Smokeless Powder Company, and was consequently barred from participation in the sweeps. He shot a good race all day.

Joe Marks, Detroit, did good work at one stage of the game, breaking 49 out of 50.

"Rush," whose other name is M. K. Cowan, M. P., one of the best field shots in the country, shot a 6lb. Clabrough, and did not have his usual success at the mud pies.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 11.—A large crowd was on hand to witness the race between Comp. holder, and Farlee, challenger, for the Trenton Shooting Association \$50 silver trophy, representing the championship of Mercer county. J. Pluvius, Esq., must certainly entertain a grudge of some sort against us, or resent the flippant allusions to him made by the secretary, for he never fails to be on hand with choice samples of his wares whenever we get together. If we lived in Kansas it would be just the thing; but as it is, we fail to appreciate the services rendered.

The Mercer county championship race calls for 50 targets per man, unknown. When the men got together the rain was falling in sheets, and the light was very poor. The covered scores kept the shooters and spectators dry. If Comp had landed the trophy to-day it would have become his personal property, but he was not in his usual form, and Farlee won by 42 to 37.

Comp's backers came to the grounds with plenty of the green, but it was covered as soon as offered by Farlee's admirers, who freely offered 10 to 8 on their man, with no takers.

Farlee gained a lead in the first string, which he held through the race.

Van Arsdale challenged the winner, and the match will probably be shot Oct. 9.

Thirty-one guns took part in the other events. The badge contest brought out twenty-four members. The gold badge was won by Wilkes after tying with Thomas, Van Arsdale, Bond, Daly, Farlee and Applegate. The silver badge was captured by Dr. Rowan. Three wins entitle the holder to claim permanent possession.

Sept. 23 brings the city cup championship event upon the carpet. It is open to any resident of the city; entrance, cost of targets only; 25 singles. Three straight wins obtain permanent possession.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	15	15	15	15
Dale	9	11	11	10	10	10	10	10
Bond	8	11	9	14	11	13	12	12
Wilkes	8	11	4	7	10	13	14	14
Harrison	8	6	5	10	5	10	10	10
J R Taylor	7	11	10	11	12	10	10	10
Thomas	7	9	7	12	11	13	10	10
Ellis	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Applegate	7	6	7	8	12	13	8	8
Mickel	7	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Reagan	7	10	6	9	9	9	9	8
Widmann	6	8	7	12	14	12	12	12
Thropp	6	13	7	13	12	12	12	12
Maddock	6	9	4	8	10	12	12	12
Satterthwaite	5	9	5	11	8	10	10	6
Broker	5	10	10	10	10	10	10	7
Jaques	4	12	8	11	10	10	10	6
Daly	4	9	7	7	10	10	10	6
Smith	7	6	8	11	9	10	10	6
Burtis	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	6
Cole	8	12	12	12	12	12	12	4
Dr Pardoe	5	5	7	7	7	7	7	4
Mickel	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	4
W Park	5	10	7	7	7	7	7	4
Farlee	13	11	13	13	10	10	10	4
William	9	8	8	8	8	8	8	4
Jackson	8	10	10	10	10	10	10	4
Sinclair	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	4
Ex-Mayor	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	4
Mark	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	5
Frank	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	5
Carson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	5

Events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, optional sweeps. Event No. 5, badge shoot, 15 to qualify. Event No. 6, gold badge. Event No. 7, ties for gold badge. Event No. 8, silver badge.

Mercer county championship, Trenton Shooting Association \$50 cup, 50 targets per man:

Comp	1101111011001111111110011-19
Farlee	1101110101110101010111-18-37
	1110111111110101010111-21
	110011111111111111010111-21-42

Westwood Gun Club.

Westwood, N. J., Sept. 16.—The Westwood Gun Club held its first annual clam bake at Westwood, N. J., on Saturday, Sept. 14. It was a decided success.

Shooting commenced at 10 A. M., and at 3 P. M. there was a match race between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the Westwood Gun Club. Following are the scores, 25 birds per man:

Boiling Springs—Krebs 23, Collins 20, Oxford 21, Sealey 17, Proctor 17, Van Horn 14, Lenone 21, Huck 22; total 155.

legislative machinery so complete as the needs of the Association. legislative machinery so complete as the needs of the Association demand.

First of all, the State Association must have some State interests; it must have the power to safeguard its interests, and it must have its legislative and executive machinery so complete that if it has an actual existence always. The State Association has but one event at present which has either dignity or interest, the Dean Richmond trophy. The Association should add to this an individual live-bird championship, an individual target championship, and a team target championship. There is a so-called team target championship at present, but there is no trophy to commemorate a victory of it, and while in theory it is a team championship, in practice it is merely a team sweepstake, in which the moneys are divided much as in other sweepstakes, with such prizes as the local club chooses to offer. The State Association should provide a trophy for each championship, to be contested year after year much after the manner of the Dean Richmond trophy, thereby giving itself some good reason for being in existence at all. To keep a proper supervision over its own affairs, the Association should add a programme committee to its other officers, whose duty would be to supervise the programme of the State events, and require the club holding the shoot to live up to the constitution and by-laws of the Association. Furthermore, the by-laws of the Association and the conditions governing the State trophy or trophies should be published in full in the programme of every Association tournament, so that they might be a matter of common knowledge, instead of being, as at present, a matter of vague tradition.

As to the tournament, Mr. Shaner managed it well. As to the handicapping, it was received with a great deal of dissatisfaction. This is quite to be expected, when the narrow lines of self-interest cramp the judgment. It was also noticeable that several contestants who shot badly blamed the handicappers for it, though it is quite probable that the same contestants might have shot badly if there had been no handicaps. It is one of the delightful phases of self-esteem, as exhibited by many shooters, and their skill is of the fine things which change not, but that ragged places in their scores are caused by poor loads, faulty guns, bad targets, stupid handicappers, etc., but most of all the handicappers. It is most noticeable of all the unanimity with which the handicap of the winner is criticised. His handicap is always wrong. Some one has to win, and that is particularly bad for the handicappers, for if it were a competition in which no one could win, then the handicaps would be all right.

In the tournament, 23,105 targets were thrown, and 1,300 birds were trapped.

Tuesday, Sept. 10, First Day.

The number of shooters fell far short of that expected, and far short of what so important a tournament deserved. There were twenty-nine shooters in the open sweepstake events, and 35 in the handicap event. There were 38 in the State sweepstake events. In both State and open events there were five sweepstakes, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance, \$20 added in each State event.

The event of the day was the New Utrecht Gun Club handicap, at 100 targets, unknown angles, entrance \$7, targets included; \$100 added; high guns; small silver cup to first, in addition to first money. This was won by Mr. Harvey McMurchy. He scored 95 from the 15yd. mark. First money was \$68.75. Mr. C. Nauman, of San Francisco, was second, with 90, and his winning was \$55. Mr. Franklin Stearns, of Richmond, Va., was third with 87, and his share was \$41.25. Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, broke 86, and took \$33. Mr. I. Tallman, of Milbrook, N. Y., broke 86 and took \$27.50, he and Hood shooting off for place. Jack Fanning was next and won \$22. Leroy and Ellyson each took \$13.75. There were eight moneys.

Mr. Jack Brewer was barred in some of the earlier events, but was allowed to shoot in the last three sweepstakes and the handicap. On the second day he was barred entirely.

The weather was pleasant, although a hazy atmosphere and a bright light made rather difficult shooting. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	15	15	20
Gates	9	10	9	9	9	Tallman	15	12	13	12	18
Borst	9	12	8	12	10	Hayseed	13	9	10	8	16
Jones	14	10	12	11	11	A. Bedell	12	11	13	14	11
Moore	14	10	13	10	11	Blanford	12	10	9	9	9
Welles	13	12	13	12	15	J. Martin	11	11	8	11	14
Hopkins	6	15	11	12	16	Brigden	10	13	14	9	16
Dudley	14	14	13	14	18	Fulford	14	13	13	17	17
Schorty	12	14	13	13	19	Keller	6	7	10	11	14
Glover	14	15	14	14	20	E. A. Lockwood	8	7	7	9	13
Morley	12	14	11	14	17	Van Allen	13	13	13	17	17
Courtney	12	14	10	9	16	B. Norton	6	8	8	8	8
McMurchy	12	9	10	14	16	Super	7	7	12	12	12
Kelsey	14	14	13	12	14	Brewer	13	13	16	16	16
Wagner	14	14	13	11	16	Saunders	8	8	8	8	8
Banks	15	13	12	15	16	Fessenden	13	13	13	13	13
F. B. Stevenson	12	11	14	10	14	Schneider	15	15	15	15	15
G. G. Stevenson	10	14	9	12	16	Borden	15	15	15	15	15
J. Norton	12	7	13	12	17	Jack	16	16	16	16	16
Byer	9	14	12	13	14	Voss	15	15	15	15	15

Open events:	1	2	3	4	5	Yards.	1st	2d	3d	4th	Total.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	Rise.	25.	25.	25.	25.	100.
Fanning	11	15	13	15	16	21	19	23	23	22	86
Nauman	11	11	12	12	16	18	23	22	23	22	90
Winchester	14	14	13	11	18	20	16	21	19	16	72
Le Roy	13	12	15	14	20	19	21	20	23	20	84
Fulford	15	15	15	15	17	20	21	19	24	18	82
Stearns	13	15	13	15	18	19	20	24	22	21	85
Watson	11	9	12	12	15	17	20	14	19	15	68
Piercy	12	13	14	14	18	18	21	21	20	19	81
Hood	14	13	13	12	16	19	21	20	24	21	86
Cutler	12	14	15	14	15	18	22	17	20	17	76
Kelsey	11	12	13	10	16	19	19	18	21	18	76
Wagner	13	14	13	13	15	19	18	18	21	19	76
Banks	12	14	14	10	15	20	15	21	w	w	77
Glover	15	15	15	13	19	21	21	18	19	19	77
Schorty	11	12	15	14	16	19	19	20	19	20	78
Dudley	13	14	13	12	19	18	19	22	19	21	81
Hayseed	9	8	8	8	8	18	19	22	19	21	81
Lard	14	12	13	15	17	18	20	19	18	13	70
Dr Gardner	15	10	11	13	11	18	20	19	18	13	70
H. S. Welles	13	14	12	12	16	18	20	19	18	13	70
Capt. Money	11	11	11	11	11	18	23	20	20	17	80
Van Allen	12	11	13	12	16	17	23	22	19	21	85
Ellyson	11	11	13	12	13	15	w	w	w	w	85
Elliott	11	15	12	18	21	15	19	18	19	18	74
Brewer	13	12	19	18	19	18	19	18	19	18	74
Super	6	7	14	14	14	18	21	18	19	18	76
Byer	18	21	18	19	18	18	22	19	22	23	86
Tallman	18	22	19	22	23	18	20	22	20	20	82
Morley	18	23	23	24	25	18	23	24	25	25	95
McMurchy	18	16	13	16	14	18	16	13	16	14	59
Courtney	18	15	16	15	17	18	15	16	15	17	63
Brigden	17	21	14	19	19	17	21	14	19	19	73
J. F. Norton	16	17	22	20	17	16	17	22	20	17	81
G. G. Stevenson	16	17	9	17	17	16	17	9	17	17	60
Muench	17	18	14	16	15	17	18	14	16	15	63
F. B. Stevenson	16	16	18	19	18	16	15	18	19	18	71
C. Von Lengerke	17	16	15	15	21	20	16	15	15	21	71
Blanford	16	20	20	20	21	16	20	20	20	21	81
Jack	16	20	20	20	21	16	20	20	20	21	81
J. Martin	16	20	20	20	21	16	20	20	20	21	81
Voss	16	20	20	20	21	16	20	20	20	21	81

Ties on 86: Fanning 12, Hood 23, Tallman 20.

Wednesday, Sept. 11, Second Day.

The weather was pleasant, but unfavorable for good scores. There was a hazy light. A stiff wind blew across the traps from right to left, making high right-quarters and low left-quarters, with erratic flights in other directions. There were sudden jumps and ducks of the targets many times, as the shooters fired, and many targets were lost in consequence. There were no high scores, judging by average standards, but there were good scores, considering the circumstances.

The Brooklyn handicap, at 100 targets, \$7 entrance, targets included, \$100 added, high guns, and the four-man team championship were the main events.

The handicap was won by Mr. L. H. Schortemeier with a score of 89, and first money was \$66. The other winners were: Mr. C. W. Floyd, \$44; Mr. S. M. Van Allen, \$33; Mr. H. McMurchy, \$28.60; Mr. E. D. Fulford, \$26.40; S. Glover, \$22. There were six moneys.

Two clubs entered for the State championship at targets, the New Utrecht and the New York County, the latter winning by a score of 87 to 74. The conditions were four men to a team, 25 targets per man, \$10 entrance. A silver cup went to each con-

testant, and the entrance money was divided into 60 and 40 per cent., first and second respectively. The scores follow:

State events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	Targets:	15	15	15	15	20
McMurchy	13	10	12	15	16	Gates	12	10	9	7	11
Courtney	12	11	12	11	11	Fulford	13	13	13	12	19
Kelsey	13	13	15	11	15	W. B. Moore	9	7	7	7	9
Wagner	12	13	12	13	14	J. Jones	13	12	10	9	14
Banks	14	13	13	12	14	J. Martin	14	12	14	10	17
Hopkins	13	12	12	12	14	Borden	10	11	10	12	11
Dudley	12	11	14	12	16	Borst	9	10	10	10	10
Schorty	13	14	10	14	17	Keller	15	9	13	13	13
Glover	15	13	14	13	17	Durston	8	10	10	10	10
Morley	13	13	11	8	19	Van Allen	14	13	13	11	17
F. B. Stevenson	9	12	11	10	16	Brigden	10	10	10	10	10
G. G. Stevenson	11	12	12	11	13	Nix	6	10	10	10	10
J. F. Norton	11	13	12	11	17	Smull	6	13	13	13	13
Byer	10	10	12	10	14	Bradley	7	11	11	11	11
Tallman	13	15	15	12	14						

Four-man team championship:
New York County Gun Club: Schorty 22, Glover 22, Dudley 23, Van Allen 29; total 87.
New Utrecht Gun Club: Banks 19, Morley 19, F. B. Stevenson 18, Keller 18; total 74.

Open events:	1	2	3	4	5	Yards.	1st	2d	3d	4th	Total.
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	Rise.	25.	25.	25.	25.	100.
Fanning	14	14	11	14	19	20	19	20	19	21	79
Nauman	13	14	9	12	18	19	18	20	21	19	78
Winchester	13	15	12	11	18	18	20	19	23	18	80
Le Roy	12	14	14	13	17	20	16	19	15	20	70
Fulford	15	14	13	14	18	20	23	22	18	20	82
Stearns	14	14	12	13	19	20	18	15	19	20	75
Watson	11	10	9	10	15	16	11	16	w	w	70
Piercy	13	14	10	13	15	17	22	19	21	20	82
Hood	11	14	13	14	18	20	17	22	18	18	75
Cutler	15	13	12	12	17	17	18	21	20	20	79
Kelsey	14	14	11	12	18	18	19	21	19	22	81
Elliott	12	13	13	13	18	19	16	w	w	w	78
Dudley	15	11	13	15	20	17	21	21	21	22	88
Glover	14	15	13	14	20	20	21	24	18	19	82
Schorty	14	13	12	13	18	18	20	24	22	23	89
Capt. Money	13	13	12	9	17	17	18	19	20	21	78
Carrough	12	11	13	10	15	17	18	17	14	w	76
Lord	12	12	14	10	16	16	16	19	20	21	78
Morley	12	12	12	10	10	17	20	21	21	24	86
Van Allen	12	15	13	13	18	19	20	21	23	18	82
Banks	18	18	18	18	18	18	21	20	20	21	82
Ellyson	18	20	20	20	22	18	20	20	22	24	86
McMurchy	18	13	13	14	18	16	18	21	21	21	81
Courtney	18	13	13	14	18	16	18	21	21	21	81
Hopkins	16	18	21	21	21	16	18	21	21	21	81

Ties on 86: Van Allen 20, McMurchy 18.

Ties on 82: Piercy 17, Glover 22, Banks 18, Ellyson 20.

Thursday, Sept. 12, Third Day.

The weather was favorable for shooting, though toward midday rain threatened, and in the early afternoon there was a heavy downpour for a short time, delaying the merchandise and Coney Island Handicap slightly. There were 23 entries in the latter.

There were 47 entries in the merchandise event, and there were 75 prizes on the list. The conditions were 50 targets, high guns, entrance \$4. Prizes to be awarded in the order of their value, as set forth in a list prepared by the management. The first ten prizes were won as follows: C. W. Floyd, Lefever hammerless; F. D. Kelsey, L. C. Smith gun; S. M. Van Allen, Parker gun; I. Tallman, knockabout gun; H. McMurchy, Remington gun; Charles Wagner, Syracuse gun; H. S. Wells, Marlin rifle; Col. A. G. Courtney, Marlin rifle; "Jack," Winchester rifle; F. B. Stevenson, toilet set; Mr. Martin, silver shaving cup.

The weather conditions for good shooting were favorable, there being an even, good light, though the sky was cloudy during the merchandise event. The scores in both the open and State events follow:

New Utrecht Gun Club No. 1.	
Morley	22222022222222222222-19
Banks	2222212220222121202-17
Armstrong	221121202121222222-19-55
New Utrecht Gun Club No. 2.	
F A T.	2211221221122020121-18
Jack	222222222222222222-19
Ferguson	222022222222222222-18-55
Ties:	
Emerald Gun Club.	
Kay	22212-5
Hudson	11122-5
Dudley	22122-5-15
Jeannette Gun Club.	
C Steffens	11121-5
Loeble	22202-4
Greif	22222-5-14

The Indians.

Third Annual Tourney at Lake Okoboji.

For each was here to do his best,
To conquer or defend;
To try conclusions with the rest,
And know no foe nor friend.

THE Indians opened their third annual tourney here Tuesday morning, Sept. 5, under most auspicious circumstances. Of the tribe there appeared three new faces at the score from last week in the persons of Heikes, Bingham and Neal. But there were missing also numbers of the contestants in the amateur shoot. Many had left the park on Sept. 1, to participate in the field shooting, which begins at this time, while some others had gone home, satisfied with four days' work at the traps. However, there were forty shooters in all for the day. Each Indian headed a squad so far as necessary and the game was hurried along at a lively pace, so that eight events were cleaned up before the dinner hour. That capricious will-o'-the-wisp, the wind, was back at its old tricks again, playing merry mischief with the scores of many contestants. Only half a dozen men, in fact, appeared to be in the form that characterized the best work of the previous week. Fred Gilbert shot beautifully, and lost only 4, J. M. Hughes lost 7, H. C. Hirschy dropped 10, Crosby 11. The scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burnside	19	13	16	14	13	18	11	13	14	12	15	19	167
Kline	12	14	17	14	12	18	11	12	17	13	12	17	167
Burns	18	13	15	10	11	13	14	11	12	12	12	14	145
Wittleaf	14	14	18	13	15	18	12	15	19	13	12	20	183
Scott	14	13	19	14	15	19	14	15	20	13	13	17	186
Marshall	13	11	19	15	14	19	12	12	19	14	13	18	182
Geo Hughes	15	14	18	13	14	18	14	15	18	15	12	20	186
J M Hughes	14	15	20	15	14	20	15	18	14	13	20	183	
Shear	14	12	15	14	10	17	13	11	12	10	9	...	
Clark	11	12	17	12	13	17	15	11	18	15	14	16	174
Crosby	15	15	20	14	14	19	15	13	19	14	13	18	189
Townsend	14	13	19	15	12	20	14	14	17	12	14	18	182
Linderman	15	13	19	14	14	20	13	15	19	13	12	19	186
McDonald	12	14	19	14	12	17	15	14	14	15	14	18	178
Neal	11	13	17	14	14	19	14	14	19	12	15	20	182
Riehl	14	11	19	12	12	16	12	12	19	11	13	18	169
S Hinshaw	15	12	19	13	15	17	14	14	15	13	14	19	180
Harker	11	12	19	12	13	16	11	11	18	14	13	18	168
D Tripp	14	11	17	13	13	19	
Windsor	11	13	19	12	13	16	12	8	15	12	9	18	158
E H Tripp	14	14	17	14	10	13	15	12	15	12	12	18	170
Rossbach	9	13	12	12	11	11	8	13	13	12	12	13	139
Rogers	15	12	19	11	15	17	15	10	18	14	13	18	177
Loomis	10	9	14	11	14	16	12	14	13	14	14	18	159
Bingham	14	13	19	11	13	16	11	11	16	14	12	16	166
Gilbert	14	14	20	15	15	20	15	14	19	15	15	20	196
Hirschy	15	13	19	14	14	19	14	15	15	15	14	20	190
E Hinshaw	11	14	16	13	11	19	15	14	18	12	12	16	168
Falkner	13	15	15	14	14	17	13	13	13	12	11	12	161
Heikes	14	15	19	15	15	20	14	15	17	17	13	16	185
Budd	13	14	19	14	14	18	14	12	18	12	15	20	182
Kenning	13	11	10	12	13	18	
Texas	14	13	15	12	13	18	13	10	19	11	12	20	160
Parmelee	14	14	20	14	14	18	14	15	19	14	14	20	190
Head	15	13	17	13	17	10	9	19	15	15	18	174	

Annual Indian Pow Wow.

The annual pow-wow of the Indians was held Tuesday afternoon, a la aborigine, under the spreading shade trees on the south shore of the lake. It was voted to amend the constitution and raise the limit of membership to fifty. Accordingly twenty-one new Indians were admitted to the tribe, the names, addresses and tribal designations being as follows: Chris Gottlieb, Kansas City, Mo., Chief Slob; Frank Harrison, New York, Chief Battle Axe; Leroy Woodard, New York, Chief Dub the Kid; J. L. Head, Peru, Ind., Chief High Temper; Ed Banks, New York, Chief Bunco; Steve Van Allen, Jamaica, L. I., Chief Clam Digger; H. C. Hirschy, Minneapolis, Minn., Chief Little Hatchet; H. E. Getchell, Woonsocket, R. I., Chief Long Hair; Clarence Nauman, San Francisco, Cal., Chief Crazy Horse; Harold Money, St. Louis, Mo., Chief Wampum; J. W. Garrett, Colorado Springs, Colo., Chief Woodpecker; Geo. Macartney, Des Moines, Ia., Chief Big Foot; Stanley Rhodes, Columbus, O., Chief Pipe Stove; H. S. MacDonald, Omaha, Neb., Chief Hoot Mon; Ed Voris, Crawfordville, Ind., Chief Ben Hur; E. E. Shaner, New York, Chief No Hair; F. C. Whitney, Des Moines, Ia., Chief Quick Figure; C. A. Young, Springfield, O., Chief Sparrow; W. Fells, Mechanicsburg, O., Chief Mustang; S. S. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn., Chief All-Aboard; Dick Linderman, Lincoln, Neb., Chief Never Smile; C. R. Stevens, Moline, Ill., Chief Flying Dutchman; Russel Kline, Spirit Lake, Ia., Chief Toboggan.

Officers were re-elected as follows: Tom A. Marshall, Keithsburg, Ill., High Chief; Frank C. Riehl, Alton, Ill., Grand Scribe; C. W. Budd, Des Moines, Ia., Custodian of Wampum.

Wednesday, Sept. 4.

Attendance was the same as upon the first day, with the addition of C. R. Stearns, of Moline, Ill., who came to help out the Illinois contingent. The weather was bright and clear, but that eternal mischief-maker, the wind, was busier than usual, and scores ranged much lower. Crosby and Gilbert tied high for the day with 11 misses. Heikes came next with 14. Linderman and Budd tied for third with 18 lost. Rogers was the only other amateur scoring 90 per cent. The programme was finished by 3:30, 5,700 targets being shot. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burnside	13	14	14	13	15	12	12	17	13	20	17	17	170
Kline	12	12	17	14	14	16	14	10	17	12	14	16	168
Burns	13	10	15	10	13	14	9	11	16	9	11	13	144
Wittleaf	14	15	17	13	12	18	13	12	17	14	12	15	172
Scott	12	14	17	14	15	19	13	14	19	12	17	17	177
Marshall	15	13	14	14	14	17	13	13	18	13	14	16	174
Stoddard	12	11	14	9	10	15	14	12	16	8	12	12	145
Hughes	13	13	17	14	13	18	14	13	17	12	14	16	174
Windsor	13	15	12	13	12	16	12	12	17	13	8	16	159
Clark	12	14	15	12	13	15	14	10	16	12	13	19	165
Crosby	15	14	19	15	14	17	14	15	19	14	15	18	189
Townsend	12	14	16	12	10	18	13	14	17	11	14	15	166
McDonald	14	15	18	13	13	19	14	15	19	15	17	17	176
Neal	11	12	18	12	13	19	12	12	17	13	17	16	169
Linderman	14	14	15	14	15	19	11	15	17	12	14	19	182
Riehl	13	13	20	11	12	18	12	13	17	14	12	15	170
I. Hinshaw	13	13	15	14	14	19	14	12	17	13	15	17	176
Harker	14	13	15	8	13	18	12	14	19	12	15	17	170
Morrell	7	8	17	13	8	13
Tripp	11	13	17	11	13	19	12	11	16	13	14	18	168
Rossbach	11	12	15	8	12	11	12	14	10	12	17	14	146
Rogers	13	11	19	13	15	20	14	15	17	13	14	16	180
Loomis	10	9	16	12	11	18	13	12	14	13	5	12	151
Bingham	11	11	16	13	12	16	11	11	14	13	10	13	156
Heikes	14	13	19	14	13	20	15	14	19	13	12	20	186
Hirschy	14	13	17	14	10	17	14	13	19	13	15	18	177
E Hinshaw	14	10	17	13	15	19	14	13	18	12	14	16	175
Falkner	15	13	19	12	12	18	12	11	18	11	10	17	168
Gilbert	11	15	18	13	15	19	14	14	18	12	15	20	189
Budd	12	14	20	14	13	20	13	15	18	12	13	18	182
Stevens
Texas	13	12	19	12	11	18	9	13	16	12	13	19	167
Parmelee	12	15	15	12	13	20	14	13	18	14	14	19	179

Thursday, Sept. 5.

Attendance was undiminished to-day, and weather conditions were exactly the same as on the preceding two days of the week. Crosby again took the lead, losing only 9 birds. Gilbert and

Linderman came next, Parmelee and Burnside next, while Rogers and Hirschy tied for fourth place. Score:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Burnside	13	13	17	13	15	20	13	14	20	14	20	14	186
Kline	13	13	15	13	12	19	15	13	16	12	15	18	174
Burns	13	12	15	13	10	16	12	12	14	15	14	18	164
Head	19	13	14	19	...
Scott	12	11	17	14	13	17	13	13	19	13	14	17	178
Marshall	13	13	19	13	13	16	13	13	17	15	15	18	176
Geo Hughes	11	12	19	14	13	17	13	12	17	15	15	17	174
J M Hughes	13	8	12	13	13	19	12	15	19	11	15	18	171
Windsor	9	12	13	13	13	11	10	13	10	10	8	13	147
Clark	14	11	17	12	15	18	13	12	19	12	13	18	177
Crosby	15	11	18	14	15	20	14	14	20	15	15	20	191
Townsend	12	15	15	13	14	17	14	11	16	14	15	18	174
McDonald	12	14	17	13	14	19	14	12	18	15	15	18	181
Neal	13	15	17	12	13	15	13	12	16	14	13	17	170
Linderman	15	15	16	15	15	18	15	11	19	14	15	19	187
Riehl	13	12	14	12	13	17	12	12	14	14	12	17	167
Harker	12	14	19	11	15	17	13	13	18	11	12	19	177
Abrams	6	7	9
Bird	14	13	17	13	13	19	8	11	19	15	14	18	177
Frazer	11	12	18	11	9	17	15	12	19	14	14	19	171
Tripp	12	13	16	15	12	17	11	13	17	14	13	18	175
Rossbach	12	14	19	10	11	16	12	12	17	9	12	16	160
Rogers	12	12	13	11	13	20	11	15	19	15	13	19	181
Loomis	10	10	15	10	13	16	10	12	11	11	13	18	152
Heikes	15	15	16	12	14	18	15	15	17	13	20	183	
Herschv	14	12	17	15	15	19	11	15	19	12	12	20	181
E Hinshaw	11	13	18	14	13	18	12	14	16	12	13	19	173
Falkner	12	13	16	14	15	18	12	13	17	15	13	16	174
Gilbert	15	13	19	14	15	17	15	13	20	13	11	19	187
Budd	12	15	18	14	15	20	13	15	20	11	13	16	182
Stevens	12	11	16	8	10	16	11	8	15	9	11	16	145
Texas	15	15	16	10	15	19	14	10	18	13	13	16	171
Parmelee	14	14	18	13	15	18	14	14	20	13	15	18	186
Bingham	14	10	17	9	10	13	10	8	14	10	13	16	149

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 18.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the Ranger Service.

AMONG the completed manuscripts which were left by Rowland E. Robinson was the serial entitled "In the Ranger Service," of which the publication is begun to-day. It has to do with a period of New England and New York history which was full of incident and color; and the story was one to come only from the pen of a writer like Mr. Robinson, who had his sympathy with the times and the people, and that rare insight into nature which makes up so much of the charm of all that he wrote. As was said last week, "In the Ranger Service" is notable for its pure and limpid English; and there is reason for confidence that it will have a warm welcome and will add to Mr. Robinson's fame as a writer.

Adventure in Tropical America.

We shall begin in our issue of Oct. 5 the publication of a series of "Stories of Adventure in Tropical America," by Dr. Francis C. Nicholas. The recent alliances of the United States with its Southern neighbors has had the effect of increasing interest in those countries, and directing attention to them. Because of this these relations of experience there will be of special timeliness. Dr. Nicholas has spent many years in travel and exploration in Tropical America, and his life in the forests and on the mighty rivers, among savage and sometimes hostile and treacherous tribes, has been full of perils and hairbreadth 'scapes. His stories as here told give vivid pictures of rough life in the wilds, and the announcement of them here is an assurance that for weeks to come the FOREST AND STREAM will have in them an attractive feature.

In the Faroe Islands.

In strong contrast with the tropical setting of the stories by Dr. Nicholas are the bleak and chill islands in the northern seas, of which Miss Elizabeth Taylor writes in her sketches of life in the Faroe Islands, whose inhabitants maintain their hold only by a strenuous and unrelenting warring with the elements. The four chapters in hand are a continuation of the first one which we published last summer, and will appear in early issues.

This is to note only a few of the many good things which are in store for the coming weeks—a generous measure of entertaining material which will maintain the FOREST AND STREAM's character as the American sportsman's favorite journal.

THE DOG IN THE FIELD.

THE season of the year is now here when the setter and the pointer possessed of any commendable working abilities afield suddenly are awarded a place on the pinnacles of their owners' most distinguished consideration, in respect to sentimental, utilitarian and monetary values. The owner's indifference of the close season gives place to the most lively interest of the open season. There, indeed, may be a sudden revival of interest in the owner himself, on the part of friends, or friends' friends who own no dogs or guns at any time, and who wish to borrow them only during the open season. Some friendships, torpid during the close season, are subject to fervid revivification sometimes, when dogs and guns are so useful as adjuncts to good sport. It is a season when the useful and the sentimental may be most happily blended; when recreation of the best form may be enjoyed and friendships, neglected, may be renewed, and friendships not neglected may be made stronger. Nor is this new interest manifested on one side only. The dog, observing the significant unearthing of sporting toggery, anticipates the pleasures of forthcoming field work, and displays extra affection toward the person of his master. It has come to a time when in a way there is a certain community of interest between man and dog in the pleasures of upland shooting, in anticipation.

However, few sportsmen consider that, let the pleasures of pursuit and capture be divided ever so equally, there is no equal division in the amount or fatigues of the work. Galloping up and down hill, through cover and open, over ground wet or dry, smooth or rough, with the interests of the gun to observe and ever to keep in mind, the dog has a task which is laborious in its execution and varied in its requirements. He must skillfully beat out the ground as his master walks through it, and, when the birds are found, he must take a subordinate, yet earnest,

part in assisting his master to effect possession of them.

Yet, after a day of such fatiguing labor, the dog may be scantily fed, or fed abundantly on food which he detests, and then left to shirk as best he can for his sleeping quarters. If he is ravenously hungry, he may seem to enjoy a bad supper; but a good supper for a dog is easily provided if a little forethought is exercised concerning it, and the best fed dog, all else being equal, will do the best work. A thoroughly fatigued dog is likely to lie down anywhere, but the seeking for rest should not be construed as an expression of contentment. In the matter of comfort and healthfulness, the tired dog has no judgment. The immediate needs of the moment are all that he considers. If he curls up by the side of a haystack in the early evening, it may be a good selection for the time being; later in the night, if frost or rain set in, no more uncomfortable place could be found.

There is no more pathetic sight in the incidents of field shooting than that of a dog which, muscle sore and wearied when he begins his outdoor rest, wakes tremblingly stiff and unrefreshed in the damp and chill of the morning, and tries to wag his tail and look pleased in his effort to cheerfully greet his master, who has slept comfortably.

Let the sportsman dwell where he may, in his own home or the home of others, in city or country, it is not a difficult task to provide some kind of comfortable sleeping quarters for his canine servant. There is generally abundance of hay everywhere, and with it a most comfortable bed can be quickly made. The side of a stake can readily be made into sleeping quarters by making a bed of hay beside it, then erecting a lean-to over it, all generously covered with hay or straw.

The neglect of the dog, so often an incident of hunting parties, is the result of thoughtlessness, not of intention. A little forethought and prevision are not extravagant returns, however, for the services which the setter and pointer at work render their masters. Some dog cakes, some lean beef, and a place to sleep comfortably, are humble requital in return for strenuous services, aside from the affection and devotion which the dog has for the master he loves. The merciful master should see that his dog suffers not from any neglect, first of all because he is in affection and devotion more than a servant, and, secondly, because, in a day of effort afield, he earns his keep a thousand fold.

SEPTEMBER CHANGES.

SEPTEMBER's sunshine is brilliant and the shorn fields lie warm in its yellow light. Some are green with fresh-grown ragweed, others, later reaped, still show golden stubble and shocks of grain not yet garnered. About their borders, the fences and stone walls are hidden behind veils and traceries of ivy now growing yellow, or Virginia creeper, turning to flame, or clumps of browning blackberry vines, or stiff crimson spikes of sumac. Above the damp spots along the edges of the woods the cardinal flower beckons with its startling scarlet, but search is needed to detect the modest blossoms of the fringed gentian hiding among the ranker growth about them.

Down in the swamp the soft maples have begun to turn, though a touch of frost is needed to bring out their full color, brilliant though short-lived. The undergrowth has matured, and one by one its leaves are letting go their hold, and in the still air twirl slowly to earth, which they touch at last as lightly and noiselessly as a thistle-down which drops on the surface of the placid river. Soft leaves cover the ground, those of by-gone years wet and rotted, while those fresh fallen are still full of moisture and crush noiselessly beneath the foot.

By the river's margin, the yellow wild rice is broken down now by the boats of the rail shooters and the work of the birds that feed upon its abundant seed. The cattails are yellowing, the jewelweed which overhangs the stream has lost its beauty and seems shrunken, and only the docks stand up, stiff and ungraceful as ever.

Now migrating birds begin to fill the air. At night are heard their calls and the whistling of their wings, and by day they are seen loitering on river, in fields and along hedge rows, picking up a living as they move southward on deliberate wing.

Acorns, chestnuts and beechnuts are falling to the ground, and the squirrels are gathering them and hiding them away against the winter time, when the earth shall

be bound in fetters of frost and covered by a mantle of snow.

A little later than this, loose flocks of brown quail will be wandering through the ragweed fields and along the borders of the swamp, feeding on the ripening seeds and trying to decide where they shall make their winter home. Now truly their journeyings will disappoint many a man who has watched a brood from the egg to full growth and strength of wing; for the little family, deserting its summer home, will move off, and when the hard frosts come will have chosen some new domicile, perhaps far away. Food, water and shelter are needed for this winter home, and in the search for this combination the family may wander far. It may be found in the dooryard, or walking along the village streets or crossing its green. Sometimes the birds may fly into the open windows and startle the busy housewife with their roar of wings and impetuous dartings to and fro, in utter disregard of furniture and its arrangement. No one can tell what strange things the quail will do now nor where they will be found.

As with the quail, so with the ruffed grouse, for, indeed, when autumn comes all feathered life seems to be seized with a vague feeling of unrest, which, among most birds, finds its expression in the southward journey, but with gallinaceous birds is confined to this "shifting," which is invariable, and is recognized by most sportsmen.

As the weather grows cooler and the leaves fall, the ruffed grouse families break up into little groups, and each bird sets out on its travels to find a home. While moving about in this search, they are found in most unexpected quarters; in roads, under apple trees in open lots, sometimes among the branches of trees in the village street, or again—moved by what impulse we cannot know—starting on long flights from one piece of woods to another, perhaps in their course to dash themselves against the side of a house, to be picked up dead a little later, and to cause unending speculation among the finders as to what may have caused this eccentric action. There are many sportsmen of long experience and keen habits of observation who believe that at this season of the year the grouse become crazy, for they seem to lose all their proverbial cunning, and act in strange and unnatural ways. Some times when flushed they will leave cover and alight in bare pasture lots, and if started again will again alight in the open, wholly neglecting the shelter of the forest.

During this time, when the quail and the grouse are changing their homes, the sportsman cannot hope for much success in their pursuit, but later, after these homes are chosen and the birds have settled down, his opportunities improve.

In September these birds are often too small to be shot, and within a day or two we have heard of broods of partridges not yet three-fourths grown, and so tame that they might almost be killed with sticks. Nor are all the quail full grown, and in some sections one reason for the scarcity of birds is that the shooting season opens so early that all young birds in a brood may be killed.

A SPRING SHOOTING DEMONSTRATION.

AN ounce of demonstration in practice is worth a ton of theorizing. In his letter to-day, Mr. W. H. Tallett gives us the demonstration. When the Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association were contending last winter for a law to protect their wild duck breeding grounds in spring, they urged as an argument to secure their end the theory that if the summer ducks were given immunity they would breed in New York and multiply for the fall shooting. The law was secured, the immunity was given, and the ducks "did the rest." "Never within the memory of the oldest sportsman," writes Mr. Tallett, "have there been so many of these ducks in this county on the opening day."

This is an ample, complete and unanswerable demonstration of the soundness of the theory advanced by the Jefferson county sportsmen. It is a demonstration for Jefferson county. It is a demonstration for every county in the State which has breeding grounds for wild ducks. It is a demonstration for every State in the Union which has wild duck breeding grounds, and which can muster up enough common sense among its legislators to prohibit spring shooting, and to give the ducks a chance. It is a demonstration also that if a State will not prohibit spring shooting, a single county which is more enlightened than its neighbors may, by dint of the active, determined and persistent effort of its local association, secure to itself the benefit of an anti-spring shooting law.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Gens des Boïs.

C. C. Dow.

UNDER the shadow of Potato Hill in the town of Danvis, or Lincoln, as it is called on the maps, lives Chiveychase Dow, a big-framed, kindly mannered woodsman of the old school. Himself a type that might have stepped directly from the pages of one of Rowland Robinson's books, he had gained, through reading, a wonderful admiration of the author, but though living less than a day's drive away, he had never summoned up courage to call on Mr. Robinson until one day last summer, when it was too late. On his return to his mountain home his grief that he had missed the chance of knowing Mr. Robinson was so great that he broke down and cried. His daughter in relating the fact excused her father by saying: "He's eighty-three now, and perhaps a little childish"; but such an explanation is not needed for those who have met the old man and recognized his simple kindness and brightness of heart.

Mr. Dow is a very modest man, and not given to discussing his hunting achievements. He is probably the best-known bear trapper in Vermont, and one of the best-posted in matters relating to the habits of wild animals. It would take a long acquaintance with him, however, to unlock his store of knowledge, and the following sketch is merely an outline.

Mr. Dow, it should be said, is marvelously preserved for his age. His teeth, hearing and eyesight are all good, and his hair still dark, and that his physical powers have not decayed is indicated by the fact that last summer he cut, split and piled a cord of hardwood from the log in four hours. In stature he is just under six feet and he weighs 180 pounds.

March 15, which was the one hundred and eleventh consecutive day of sleighing for the past winter, I crossed Lake Champlain on the ice to Vermont and traveled east into the Green Mountains on a little spur railroad which struggles bravely upward till brought to a standstill by a bit of landscape which is pretty nearly straight up and down. Under this rock escarpment lies the town of Bristol, celebrated for its maple sugar and woodworking industries. Here I made inquiries for Uncle Chivey Dow, and was told that he was stopping with a married daughter, Mrs. Briggs, two miles and a half further back on the road to Lincoln.

I secured passage for the Briggses with the Lincoln mail carrier. I was wedged in behind a leather mail sack, which made a tight fit in the limited space in the cutter. A sugar snow was falling—big, feathery flakes, gyrating slowly downward. The air was mild, and already some enterprising farmers were at work in their sugar orchards tapping the trees. About a mile out from Bristol the mail carrier looked hard for some minutes at a man in a cutter talking out of the depths of his fur coat to one of the sugar makers. Little besides the man's nose and a curling moustache could be seen, but just as we passed the mail carrier established to his satisfaction the identity of the stranger, and drew up his flea-bitten mare with a jerk. "That's Billy Briggs right now," he announced, and twisting around as far as the mail sack would permit, he called out, "Say, Billy, is Uncle Chivey to home?"

The upper part of the fur coat turned half-way round in our direction, and from the opening under the hat Mr. Briggs asked, "What's that?"

"I've got a man here that wants to see Uncle Chivey."

"What does he want to see him for?"

The mail carrier looked at me inquiringly, and I took up the dialogue.

"I want to have a talk with Mr. Dow about hunting. I understand Uncle Chivey is a great hunter?"

"He is right smart. He's off hunting now."

"When will he be home?"

"Not before night. Better turn around and come up to-morrow. He'll be home then, I'll warrant—so lame he can't walk."

Learning that Uncle Chivey was only out after rabbits, and assuming that he would not be far from the house, I pushed on. The mail carrier left me at the hanging rocks, where the road passes through a narrow gap between two immense boulders, and taking a left-hand forking road I climbed one of the steepest hills that man ever tempted Providence by building a road upon.

From time to time I caught glimpses of the flea-bitten mare toiling up a considerable hill below, in a course nearly parallel to my own, but where she climbed one foot the road I followed ascended two. At the top of the hill was a plateau hugging the base of another rocky, wooded mountain, and here was the house. The door opened, in answer to my knock; and a loose-jointed hound flopped out and cavorted around in an extravagant appeal to be taken hunting.

"No, father hasn't come a-back yet," said Mrs. Briggs. "He won't be home till night—not if I know him."

I inquired the course he had taken when leaving the house, and was directed to a wood road leading up the mountain. When I spoke of following his trail in the snow I noticed that she smiled.

The Trail of a Rabbit Hunter.

It was then 11 o'clock. Refusing an invitation to dinner, I walked out past the barns and across a meadow to a barway into the woods. Briggs or some one had been drawing logs from the mountains, and there was good footing in the hard-beaten sleigh tracks. The road ran through a maple growth skirting a ledge of gray-lichened rock, while far below one could look over the tops of a sea of evergreens and picture the ice-locked brook that tumbled down between this and the neighboring mountain. There was a sugar house under the ledge, with its pile of half-rotten firewood indicating it had not recently been used, and if further proof was wanted that the sugar industry had languished, the tap holes in the maples were grown up and obliterated. In the soft snow were many squirrel tracks, crossing and recrossing to favored trees, and the string of fleur de lis of a walking partridge, ending with the fresh imprint of its wings,

where it had taken flight. Skunk tracks and fox tracks were common, and then I came upon muddy woodchuck tracks, radiating from the hole in the brier thicket, where the 'chuck had passed the coldest third of the year below the frost line.

By and by Uncle Chivey branched off from the road and went higher up the mountain side. I felt sure of the trail because it was punctuated occasionally by the impressions of his gun stock. Up and up it climbed, till I realized the warmth of the day and took off my overcoat. Presently the trail led into a dense thicket of young firs, and I was kept busy mopping my face and neck to remove the perspiration and snow which showered down from the trees.

At first the crust had been sufficiently strong to bear a man's weight, but under the evergreens it began giving way, and letting one down half-way up to the waist. Fortunately I had a broken trail to follow, but I could not help pitying Uncle Chivey wallowing through the deep snow. I had nearly two hours of such traveling before coming up with the object of my search. The trail crossed and recrossed itself, and had it not been for the continued snowfall which enabled me to single out the most recent foot tracks and avoid the detours, I should have been much longer in finding him. For some time I had heard a beagle barking in a thick growth of cedars, interspersed with little open glades, and presently, as I advanced, I caught a glimpse of a brown hunting coat and saw a man, gun at ready, peering under the boughs for a sight of the rabbit.

The rabbit passed safely by in the thick undergrowth, and the old man turned and walked toward me. He shook hands and upon my mentioning his visit to Rowland Robinson's home, he spoke regretfully of his failure to meet the man he had set his heart on knowing. "Procrastination is the thief of time," he remarked, with an accent that made the words seem fresh once more. "I waited for a more convenient season, which didn't come." There was a pause, and Uncle Chivey waited, uncertain what was wanted of him, yet too polite to learn at once. I asked him if he would tell me something of his life.

"Yes," he said. "I was born in Weare, Hillsboro county, N. H., in the month of May, 1818. I moved to Lincoln—my folks did; I moved with them, of course—when I was six years old, in 1824, and I've lived here ever since—hum, excepting there was a couple of years I was in the northern part of Kansas."

Uncle Chivey had taken out his pipe and filled it as he talked, and now he opened his canvas coat and drew the sulphur match down the dry surface of his vest. After a few starting puffs at his well-worn pipe, he continued:

"My name is C. C. Dow. I was named after Chivey Chase. There was a place in Scotland where there was a fight—the clans fit. You know, I think the name sprung from that place. Chivey is spelled with an i—yes, always—the old man was looking over my notebook. "One think about that book of yours, if you lose it you're safe. No one else can read it."

"Yes, I've ketched a few bears—twenty or thirty, perhaps, never did much at it. I've hunted ever since I was pretty small, but it never amounted to much. I got a few blackcats, saple and the like, too, but I never killed a catamount, and never killed a wolf."

Uncle Chivey evidently had a deadly fear of being thought a boaster. He had a way of stating the fact contained in the first part of his sentence, and then trying to hedge by a second, apologetic sentence. To turn the subject from his prowess as a hunter, he wound up with the remark: "But there used to be, fifty or sixty years ago, pretty nice fishing for trout in these rivers."

I brought the subject back again to bears by asking if he had had any luck with his traps last year. "No, I got no bears," said Uncle Chivey, and then, with deadly afterthought, "I set a couple of traps late and caught my neighbor's dog, and I didn't set no traps ag'in."

In the Good Old Days.

I mentioned having seen a map of the town of Lincoln which had marked upon it records of certain bears and deer at various places during the last century. Uncle Chivey had not seen the map, and was interested.

I told him that one of the records were of a woman who killed a deer in 1869 between Lincoln and South Lincoln. Uncle Chivey's face had such a vacant expression that I imagined he had not heard. It struck me that the date was much earlier, and I corrected my statement, putting it back to 1829. At once the old man's face lighted, and he said, emphatically:

"That'll do! I know who it was. It was Esther Hoag. Her folks wasn't home. The dog ketched a deer going through the fence, and she took the axe and knocked it in the head. It happened half a mile from us, but what year I can't just say."

I remarked that the woman had done well to secure the venison.

"Yes, sir," said Uncle Chivey; "wimmen in them days waa'n't afraid of their shadder—wimmen waa'n't. Wimmen didn't have the luxuries they have now," he continued, "but I think they enjoyed themselves as well as they do now. I'm sure they did, for I—" The rabbit was coming our way again, and Uncle Chivey raised his gun to his shooting shoulder, which is his left.

Bear Habits.

Getting back again to bears, in the abstract Uncle Chivey said that he never baited his bear traps, but preferred to set them in the bears' paths. In July and August the male bears are in search of mates, and travel long distances after them. The females with their cubs keep a much more restricted range, and in all his trapping Uncle Chivey has only captured one female bear.

Uncle Chivey says the bears bite their sign trees during the mating season. He has followed their trails four or five miles at a time by the worn ground and bitten trees. At this season the bears are overheated and love to wallow like hogs in the mud. They do not care for clear streams or ponds, but frequent the same mud holes year after year. One bear Uncle Chivey admitted having followed three days after it had broken the trap's chain and gotten free from the clog. The bear had smashed a dog's ribs which came too close, and gave indications of being an ugly customer, but just as the affair promised to develop into a good story, Uncle Chivey recollected himself and gave the credit of the killing to other hunters.

A Gunsmith of the Old School.

Uncle Chivey's gun was a single-barrel, muzzleloading shotgun, with straight, rifle-shaped stock and rifle sights on the barrel. I asked him if it were not an old rifle rebored. He said it was not, that it was a gun made, lock, stock and barrel, by Pat (or Albert) Gove, of Lincoln. "He made it all," he continued, "and can make the best of rifles and shotguns, but nowadays it's cheaper to put on machine-made barrels, so he buys them. He's a very ingenious man; he'll be missed in Lincoln when he's gone."

While talking, Uncle Chivey, who was keeping a strict record of the dog's whereabouts from place to place, from time to time broke through the crust.

"It's been pretty tough going to-day," he remarked on one of these occasions. "I thought I'd a gin half a dollar for a pair of snowshoes. I'll be eighty-three next May if I live, but I can give young men some points in traveling yet." He puffed once or twice on his pipe, and then came the apologetic second sentence for which I had been waiting: "Oh, well, they ain't used to it like I be!"

Uncle Chivey looked up and smiled. "Well, now, if you're through, I guess I'll go and kill a rabbit."

J. B. BURNHAM.

In the Ranger Service.

I.—In Old Connecticut.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

SINCE the infirmities of age have robbed me of the busy activity of life and most of its idle pastimes, I find myself dwelling more among the scenes of youth and prime than in the dullness of these later years. Alack! I am but a useless old man, no longer able to wield axe or rifle, fit for nothing but to dream of the past, and tell my dreams to my grandchildren. Dreams, indeed, they must appear to them who, dwelling in the midst of peace and comfort, can scarcely realize that but a generation stands between these piping times of peace and those troublous days of barbarous warfare that were our continual experience, nor that these fruitful fields were, within the memory of living men, a barren wilderness, howling with the voices of ravenous beasts and more cruel men.

I am no clerk, having been an infrequent handler of the pen. I fashioned my first pot-hooks and trammels in a dame's school, yet it is not without pleasure that I set myself to the task of writing down some of my experience of those days for my grandchildren, well knowing that they will be kind critics when they take account of an old man's good intention, and may the reading lighten for them some tedious hours as the writing may for me. I have so often told them of my childhood in the town in old Connecticut, how I was left an orphan at a tender age and went to live with my uncle, that I need not repeat it again, for the simple tales of childhood that entertained childish ears would prove but dull to maturer minds.

My uncle was a hard, stern man, and though I was comfortably housed, clothed and fed during the years that were spent in his household, I do not pleasantly remember them. He was a just man, according to his light, and treated me as he did his own children, apportioning to us equally our hard tasks and our rare holidays. Those days are the brightest ones in the memory of my earlier years. Then I was given my choice either to join the other boys in their sports, or to behold the military pageant of training day, or to take a boy's noisy part in the bustle of election day. I would go a-fishing in the clear trout brooks or, when I had grown old and strong enough, go hunting with my father's rifle, which, with his love of its use, had fallen to me.

The region had been so long settled that it was held to be quite safe from dangerous savage beasts and from the attacks of Indians, though we often heard frightful rumors of their depredations away to northward on the border of the great wilderness, so that I was free from every risk but of getting lost when I ranged away into the forest in pursuit of small game with the hope of killing a deer, or followed the back trails of the brooks into fastnesses of the hills, to where, I fancied, no human eyes but Indians had ever beheld the sparkle of their downward leap, nor other ears listened to their continued, unchanging music.

My holidays were of more profit to the household than those of my cousins, for while theirs but emptied their pockets of hoarded pennies, mine furnished the table with many a mess of trout, and savory pigeon pot pies, rabbit stews, broiled partridges, and, upon one long-remembered occasion, a grand roast turkey. Yet from my love of such solitary pastime, I got the name of being a solitary, surly fellow, and, for an occasional stolen indulgence on the Lord's day, gained the evil repute of being an ungodly youth.

In the winter we went to school, and a great company of us there was gathered in a log schoolhouse to take our turns of freezing in the corners and of roasting at the huge, wide fireplace, as well as warmings not infrequent with the master's rod and ferule. Though I was not overfond of my books and learned little of them, I did learn one lesson in my school days which much concerns this story, if so plain a narrative be worth the name. It was a pleasant lesson in the earlier chapters, though it cost me grievous heartache before the end was come to. When we were but children, my little school-mate, Mercy Walden, was my best-loved companion, dearer to me than my only sister, who was early separated from me, being sent to live in the distant home of another relative on the death of our parents, so that we saw each other no more than twice during our youth, and on those rare occasions were as shy as strangers. Mercy was a timid little maid, and, having no brother to take her part against rough boys, or what I reckoned worse antagonists, domineering, bigger girls, I, being a stout, resolute youngster for my years, became her champion. Perhaps it was through this relation that I became so fond of her and she of me, that neither of us was so happy as when we were together. As we grew older our attachment suffered no abatement of warmth, though arrived at an age to understand that our love was not that of a brother and sister, and our elders fell into a way of their heads wisely nodding when they saw us together, so that we grew shy and ill at ease in their presence. We began

making plans for the future with the perfect hopefulness which ever lights the path of youth—a path that opens a broad, clear way to every desired object. Alas! it grew rough and steep before we had traveled far along it. It was unfortunate for our ease that Mercy was the daughter of an austere pious man, our parson, and her lover an unrighteous person. No sooner did the nature of our affection become apparent to her family than her father declared war against me, and my pious uncle was no more amicably inclined toward me. An alliance with the minister's family was an exaltation which such as I had no right to aspire to. If any young man of our community was to be so honored it should be my uncle's eldest son, a person of good standing in the church and with tangible prospect of earthly, as well as spiritual, welfare.

I could not but believe Mercy loved me truly, yet she was so conscientious in her duty to her parents, that she would not for a moment listen to me when I urged her to go secretly with me to a distant part of the colony, or, what better suited me, to one of the new settlements to the northward on the Connecticut River, where we might live in peace beyond reach of our kindred, even if in peril of the common enemy. All my pleading, joined to the inclination of love, could not swerve her from filial obedience, even when she was come of age and to the right to choose for herself. Only so far would she go as to meet me in secret of rare evenings and rarer Sunday afternoons, the more delightful meeting times to me because I could then behold her face, so fair and comely that it was a delight to any eyes.

"We must wait," she would say, "till God in His own time softens my father's heart toward you, or in some manner opens the way for us. We must wait and hope."

So she told me for the hundredth time one evening when I met her in our trysting place, which was behind a wall at the foot of the parsonage orchard, where a thicket of sumacs pitched a tent for us, now of green, now of scarlet, till it was struck in chill blasts of November and no longer gave us shelter or hiding.

"I will not wait any longer," I declared. "Come away with me, Mercy, and we will make a home for ourselves in one of the new settlements far up the river, where our people will never find us. Squire Bassett will marry us in spite of your father and my uncle, and then we will take a week's provisions and go up the river in my boat in search of a home. It will be an easy quest, for there is no end of fine land waiting for settlers, and game enough for an Indian's heaven, so the hunters tell me. And such a happy voyage—Mercy, you and I alone together in this pleasant fall weather."

I saw in the dim light such a faraway look in her soft eyes, as if they already beheld the new home in the land of promise, as gave me more hope than ever before that I was about to prevail over her scruples and I beset her with greater earnestness. But she shook her head with slow decision, and held as steadfastly as ever to her resolution.

"You are hard and cruel," I burst out, angrily. "You do not love me as I love you or you would forsake kindred and friends for me! What are your father's pious whims to my love? You will wait and wait and make me wait till my heart breaks, and when I am gone, and they have found some one rich and godly enough to be your mate, they will marry you to him, and that will be the end of it."

"It is you who are cruel, Paul, for you know that I never loved any one but you, and so I never will, but will wait for you. But you will not be patient."

My anger melted away before her gentle upbraiding, and her tender, reproachful eyes beamed with the soft light of love, and I answered:

"Yes, I will wait, Mercy, but I cannot wait here. I cannot bear it. I must be in some stir of life, or in some way busy my hands to dull this heartache and longing. I will go to the army or up into the wilderness and begin making a home for us."

"You must do as seems best to you, Paul," she sighed. "It will be the hardest for the one who stays, but I can bear it, if it is easier for you to go than stay. But do not go to the dreadful war. I shall never have peace for thinking what might befall you."

"The wilderness has its dangers, too," I said. "I might go to sea, but that's as perilous, and I have, of all things, the least liking for it, though I know nothing of it but by hearsay."

"Alas!" she sighed again. "A poor maid knows not which way to turn when she must choose what peril her lover must dare. You must choose for yourself, and may God keep you safe and send you back to me."

"I shall not choose in haste to repent at leisure, and I shall see you before I go to let you know where I go," and with this we parted with never a thought but that we were to meet again, and under such common circumstances as marked our usual meetings.

I turned a little way along my secret path and looked back through its pillared and arched vista to see her standing outside the sumac bower motionless as a carved image, with her hands clasped against her breast, the full harvest moon shedding its light upon her golden hair and half-turned face, and I knew that she was praying for me. Little I bethought me what years of heartache should pass before I again beheld her, nor how my heart should be hardened against her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It stands to reason that the managers of railroads would resent the purloining of game which their shooting patrons may have intrusted to the baggagemen. Such treatment of passengers is not good business. We may be sure that wherever the abuse exists it will be stopped speedily enough, once it has come to the attention of those in authority. The sportsman who has been imposed upon in this way owes it to himself and to others to prevent a repetition of the abuse by reporting it to headquarters.

Notice.

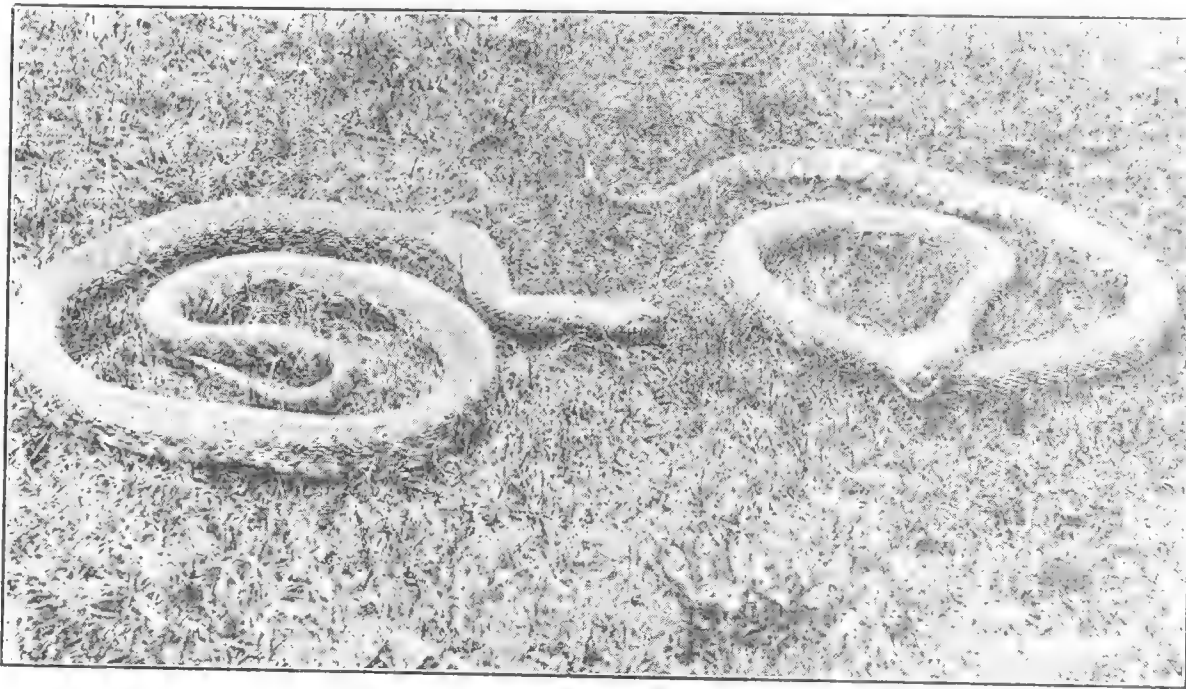
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Carrying on Portages.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice an article in the FOREST AND STREAM of Sept. 7, by Cecil Clay, criticising me because I had so much luggage on the trip through the Maine woods of which I wrote under date of Aug. 31. I am free to admit that I took with me more than was absolutely necessary. He wonders what my idea is of "a heavy back load." Evidently he considers 70 or 80 pounds about a fair amount. I have carried such loads in the woods, and can do it when necessary, but the man who does this or asks his guide to thus make a mule of himself when on a pleasure trip such as I described, when time is of no importance and pleasure everything, has ideas very different from mine. We did not have one-half the weight he imagines, but still thought it best to divide it into ten loads, which could be carried with ease, rather than to make horses of ourselves. Had I been in a hurry, perhaps we would have carried more at a time, but 40 pounds, in my opinion, is a "heavy load" for one on a pleasure trip.

I also notice the article by Mr. Hardy in the issue of Sept. 21. He concludes I must have slept most of the time and allowed persons to walk over me. A reference



A PAIR OF IOWA BULLSNAKES.

to my article will show we were thirteen days on the trip, not eight days, as this gentleman seems to think. We slept only during the hours intended for sleep. I do not know what Mr. Hardy saw in this territory ten years ago; I do know that out of the thirteen days there were eight days we did not see any one, and we were not asleep, either. I did not discover any lakes or new territory and I did not claim to have done so. I was not afraid of getting lost in the woods, though I have been lost on other occasions. I did not spend my time running through the woods to find "natives" from whom I could obtain food, but took plenty with me instead.

I did not make the trip to see how heavy a load I could carry, nor to depend upon the generosity of the people whom I might find along the way to obtain supplies. I went to get rest from business, and took with me ample in the way of provisions and outfit, and spent my time in more pleasant recreation than tramping through the woods in search for lumber camps or "natives" from whom I could get food.

WILLIAM S. REED.

CORNING, N. Y.

Natural History.

The Ways of an Owl.

MR. WALTER B. SAVARY sends these further notes of the captive owl whose ways were described in our issue of Sept. 7:

He fluffs out his feathers when approached, and snaps his bill and hangs to his game with one foot. He never strikes with both feet, but will use both to hold a tough piece of food while tearing it apart. His grip is something fearful. A small chicken or mouse is squashed almost to pulp, but he can let go at will, though stories are told of other birds getting their claws fixed in fish too heavy for them to lift, and being taken under and drowned. Another tells of a darky who climbed to a fish hawk's nest and the mother bird struck into his wool and was brought down by its frightened and unwilling captor. Our bird is very fond of house rats, and takes one quickly, shifting it from his bill to a foot and then flying to his high perch; if he is not hungry he will sit on the rat all day. We have tried to see what he could do in the swallowing line. He bolted the heads of two bantam cocks, then their four shanks, feet and all; the leg bones were broken so they would take the bend of his throat. He ate the Cooper's hawk clean to its bones, and swallowed the shanks—broken—feet, claws and all; this was a feat indeed, and probably the most indigestible food he had ever eaten. Here it may be said, that all bones, hair or feathers are thrown up in a wad or plug after the flesh has separated from them by the stomach's action.

One of the most difficult thing for him to swallow whole is a dead chicken—one about three weeks old. He has to be "worked" to make him do it. Given the chick head first, he will make an effort to bolt it, and must be kept busy by prodding with a small stick, or he will shift the bird to one of his feet and then tear it to bits. If kept at it, he makes some violent contortions with his head, his ear tufts are laid flat, his tongue protrudes and breath comes hard, his eyes glare and slowly the chicken goes down. When it has passed his mandibles he will rest, but it is not over yet. A few more jerks, and only the feet remain sticking out from either side of his bill.

With another effort these disappear, he straightens up, raises his horns and is ready for another. The solemnity with which he opens and shuts his eyes—one at a time—after bolting a refractory mouthful is amusing.

Owls do not drink, and pay little attention to their feathers, never washing or combing them—hawks wash and dress their plumage—hence, our bird does not like soft, mushy food; viscera he rarely eats, and shellfish are usually rejected, but we have coaxed him to eat a lob-worm—one of those big fellows that are found in the clam flats. These worms are elastic, with a leathery skin, ornamented with two rows of tuft-like excrescences along one-third of their length. As the bird swallowed one end a good deal of fluid ran from the other. Our owl hoots once in a while in the evening, and sometimes when he has just taken a chicken while it is yet in his mouth. He occasionally makes a little whistling sound, but is generally quiet, unless approached; then he hisses and snaps his bill.

The horned owl is built for killing, strong and very solid for his alar extent, with prodigious legs and feet for grasping and holding. It can kill any American bird outside of the Raptorial. If they were diurnal these owls would be among the worst enemies to our feathered game, but they are strictly crepuscular, and are not very rapid

fliers, but can sustain a long flight. I saw one this winter that the crows teased until he went up into the air at least 500 feet, and then flew off over Buzzard's Bay out of sight; that is the only time I ever saw an owl go up to a great height.

A year ago I had an owl that was much smaller than the present one, and without ear tufts, except two tiny points which were rarely shown. He could depress the feathers around his head and neck and look quite hawk-like. He had a good spread of wing, and slender legs and feet, with very long, sharp claws.

I filed the points from his talons first thing after I got him home. He was wing-tipped with a shot, but soon recovered, and became quite gentle, and could be handled; would sit on one's hand and eat a variety of food, liked scallops and swallowed rinds, soft parts and all. This bird had the run of the woodhouse, and often came into the kitchen; afterward he was transferred to the barn, and got out somehow and was never seen again.

The mottled owls make very nice pets. They are a little larger-bodied than a robin, and grow very gentle. I had one that would sit on my finger while I scratched his head. He would eat gingerbread and other cooked food and showed no desire to attack anything. I think it likely that these tiny owls may catch insects. They are much easier to keep than the larger varieties, who demand raw meat and are unpleasant to handle.

WALTER B. SAVARY.

A Flock of Loons in Aerial Evolution.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Yesterday morning, at 7 o'clock, I was leaving my home to inspect the farm. As I left the back door my ears were saluted with the plaintive but unmistakable cry of one or more great Northern divers or loons. My house stands two miles from the salt water of Long Island Sound, and two miles from the fresh water of the Housatonic River. Looking upward, in the direction of the sounds, I descried against the background of a clear, blue sky, the forms of five loons, who were describing large circles in a manner similar to our hawks. They seemed to try to preserve about the same distance one from the other, and one seemed distinctly the leader. From time to time the leader (presumably) would let go his cry, and one or two of his companions would answer in more subdued tones. I timed them, and after eight minutes of circling, the leader gave a signal, and they got together and took a Northwest line toward the Housatonic River, preserving a somewhat regular alignment in triangular form with the leader at the apex. My superintendent (a sportsman and naturalist of some note) and my gardener were witnesses of the above occurrence, and would make affidavit that the birds were loons. They were some 1,000 feet in the air.

MORTON GRINNELL, M. D.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 22.

A Pair of Iowa Bullsnares.

NEVADA, Ia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose a photograph of a pair of Iowa bullsnares. The one shown on the left my father caught in the act of robbing an old turkey's nest. My father had missed eggs from the nest several days, and finally caught the old fellow coiled up in the nest with an egg partly swallowed. When he struck the snake with a stick it disgorged the egg, which was returned to the nest and hatched out a turkey. The other snake was killed near by the same day. They measured over 4½ feet in length.

A. A. COLE.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The King of the Forest.

FAR in the North where the pine tree grows,
And the tall spruce covers the land,
Near where the turbulent river flows,
Are moose tracks in the sand.

The hunter comes a bit too late,
And there he bends down low;
He shakes his head, for he must wait
For moose tracks in the snow.

The moose has learned from the years that have passed
That the summer and spring are his own;
But the first fall of snow may be the last
That will quicken him thro' to the bone.

Over the mountain and far beyond
He wanders aimless and free;
He stands by the shore of the forest-bound pond,
And is monarch of all he can see:

The winter comes with ice and snow,
And he's filled with fear and pain;
He longs for the summer; for winter to go,
Till he's tracked by the hunter and slain.

Oh, evergreen forests and hills afar,
Way up 'mid the pine and the spruce,
Long in thy depths, where fit beauties arc,
May wander the antlered moose!

J. SEABURY.

Squirrel Hunt "Episodes."

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The shooting season for all upland game opened in New Hampshire last Sunday, with a pouring rain, which undoubtedly kept all the gunners at home who did not stay there out of respect for the day, but Monday began with a heavy fog here in the Connecticut Valley, clearing at 9, bright, still and warm, which sent my memories back to my boyhood days and awakened a cloud of pleasant reminiscences, which haunt me yet, but are too far in the distance to describe in detail. Your correspondent, Mr. H. Avis, gave us a delightful account of a squirrel hunt, in your columns, a year or two since, which I enjoyed hugely, for it was true to life, to the letter, and I wish I could recall the incidents of some of mine as clearly, for it was my favorite sport, next to trout fishing, for many years, and many a happy day have I spent on the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont, in pursuit of the active, bushy-tailed nut-eaters, sometimes alone, sometimes with companions who have all gone to the happy hunting grounds, except my own sons, who are now engaged too deeply in the cares of business life to have time for shooting, and one old friend, over in Manchester, who, like myself, has "hung up the fiddle and the bow" and placed the old double-barrel in the closet corner, where it will probably rest with the other old muzzle-loaders.

My boyhood memories go back to the days when Andrew Jackson was still President of the United States, when "turkey shoots" such as Rowland Robinson has graphically pictured were the favorite autumn sport in New England, and when "the boys" looked with contempt on a "shotgun," and aspired to pick off their game with a single bullet of the size of a large pea, or weighing sixty or eighty to the pound. So was my first gray squirrel brought down, to say nothing of scores of red ones and chipmunks, on which I practiced before I attempted the larger game. After a few years at this I became the possessor of my first fowling piece, an antiquated flint-lock, and from that rose to percussion caps, on an old family relic, which had been altered over, and became a pretty good shot on all stationary game, though my early rifle practice always hampered me more or less in wing shooting. But, as I said, Monday last brought back the old days, when dressing by candle light and making a hasty breakfast of bread and milk, with whatever else was handy, left on the kitchen table the night before, I started out in the heavy fog at early dawn, climbing the hills so as to be up among the oaks at sunrise when the squirrels were out for their breakfasts, and sometimes taking a lunch in my pocket and making a day of it, or dropping in at some friendly farmhouse for dinner. Of those early days I can recall no distinct memories as to their results, and it is not until 1851, when I returned from England the happy possessor of a 12-gauge double-barrel, that I begin to recall my tramps more clearly. At that time my younger brother, who now sleeps in a Western cemetery, the victim of disease contracted during the Civil War, had grown to man's estate, and was for two seasons my constant companion.

Our favorite route led us from the village up an old, disused road to a long pasture at the base of the hills, at the entrance to which was a big farm gate, overshadowed by two or three huge oaks and butternuts, and here we always expected to get, and usually did get, our first squirrel. Sloping down from this gate toward the river road was a grove of oak, chestnut and butternut, into which we went next, and sitting down on a rock or fallen tree watched for the dropping nuts and swaying branches, telling us of the presence of another of these agile marauders. Sometimes this cover "drew blank," and we then turned our footsteps in the opposite direction, right up the hill toward the sunrise by an old trail, along an old rail fence by the side of a deep ravine, filled with oaks and butternuts, where we were very apt to pick up one or two more, but aiming to reach the crest of the ridge and another old trail, which led down along the back side of it by another old rail fence about the time that the sun broke over another higher ridge further to the east.

These ridges were covered with old oaks and chestnuts, and in the little valley in which we now were were a number of beeches, and the old rail fence was a favorite runway. Further down the valley had been cleared, and a long stretch of open pasture ran away to the south, dotted here and there with huge old chestnut trees, which had escaped the axe. It was an ideal squirrel ground, and

well do I recall the picture as I have sat on the gnarled roots of some old oak and looked down the valley, shimmering in the haze of an Indian summer sun, while I listened for the sound of dropping nuts or watched the tree tops for the swaying branches which marked the spring of the desired game.

Frank Forester scoffed at squirrel shooting. Nothing was game to him which did not wear feathers and require the help of a dog to find it, but although many people employ a dog in squirrel shooting I was not brought up in that way, and preferred to trust to my own skill in woodcraft, and stalk my own game. A favorite method in those young days was to hunt in couples, one armed with a small-bore rifle and one with a shotgun, and the squirrel could not evade us by dodging round a tree, while the rifle would bring him down if he got up so high as to be out of shot, or only showed his head among the branches. As I said before, these days are too far distant to recall the details of any particular tramp, but many a pleasant day have I spent along the old trails, at intervals of many years, first with schoolmates, later with my brother, and twenty years later still with my sons. The old hollow chestnuts and oaks are all gone now, and save a small stretch of the ridge, there are very few large trees left, but some half-dozen years ago I took my gun one afternoon and strolled down over the old route, more for the sake of the reminiscences than with any expectations of finding game, and I was not disappointed, when I found the old rail fence all rotted away, the once well-worn footpath obliterated by a growth of young pines and hemlocks, or obstructed by the decaying limbs of some ancient chestnut, which wind or lightning had brought down across the path. I reached about the usual limit of our old, old morning tramps, and came to the place where formerly grew a giant oak, and where I once shot the largest gray squirrel I ever saw, about as big as a cat, and sat down on a mossy stone, half-hidden by a branching hazel. As I sat there watching the tree tops I heard a rustling in the leaves near me, and looking down there was a squirrel hunting for nuts, not 20 feet from me. My tan-colored coat and drab felt hat were so near the color of the yellowing leaves that he did not notice me, and I sat some minutes watching his graceful movement as he foraged among the leaves. He was too near to shoot at, and I was so much interested in his operations that I lost all desire to kill him. At last I moved my hand to brush away a fly, and he discovered me and was off through the trees like a skyrocket. My thirst for game was over. I shouldered my gun and took the back track for home, emptied both barrels on my way at the knots in a board fence, and have not pulled trigger since, except to send a charge of bird shot this spring after some overneighborly hens, who were scratching up the newly planted seeds in my garden. The old gun rests in the corner of the attic, still in good condition after fifty years' service, but in these days of breechloaders and cartridges is hardly likely to be called into service again.

These "squirrel hunts" were but "episodes," as Kingfisher calls them, in the course of many busy years, and at long distances apart, and it has so happened that my holidays have occurred at periods when the rod was more available than the rifle or smooth-bore, and being "my first love" has been more frequently and more lovingly wielded, but, then, bright, autumn days bring back the old memories, and I hope that their recital may awaken similar ones in others.

VON W.

The Passing of the Ducks.

WE were off on the 8:30 evening train on the Great Northern, pulling out of St. Paul, bound for the Coast. There were others burdened with gun cases, shell boxes and traveling bags, who were by no means going through to the Pacific Ocean, but whose destination was anywhere along the road approximating two hundred miles or so from town.

Some were after chickens and others were after ducks. Because of the notion of our game warden, Fullerton, of appropriating gun, dog and game of the sooner hunter very little previous shooting was done this season, and reports of chickens well grown and plentiful in unbroken coveys made the boys sanguine of great sport. Our station was Dalton, train due about 2:30 A. M.; so we turned into our berths, leaving orders with the porter not to overlook us; when time arrived, that we be called. This injunction to the porter was neither a formal nor a superfluous admonition. Porters ere this have dozed, and men have been carried by.

I remember one case where a porter carried a peppery German going out after "docks and shickens" beyond his station, awakening him about half an hour too late. The whole thing was a tableau. The German, the moment he realized the situation, let loose on the porter with such idiomatic profanity that the negro turned an ashen paleness. The porter had nothing to say, nothing at all to say, because the passenger monopolized the situation. I do not think I ever heard German cussed in real elegant form until that particular morning.

While I was intently, in my dreams, marking a bunch of teal coming low on the lake and up wind, wondering how many would fall to my lot, some one seemed to be tugging at my coat tail, and sure enough our dusky attendant was trying to impress upon me that "next stop is yours, boss; train's late; running like de debil; yer ain't got long to dress afore we're there!"—and we came to our senses and feet the same instant, and were soon on the platform with our dunnage. One of our party, through masterly activity in failing to present his checks at the door of the baggage car—it was a flag station, and no one in charge at the depot to receive baggage—had to resign himself to the fact that his outfit, with the exception of his gun, had gone up the road. But with offers of an extra coat, extra rubber boots, freedom of our shells, etc., we calmed down our irate member, and clambering into the rig were speeded along the prairie road to Bushnell's camp, at Ten-Mile Pass.

A change of apparel and a cup of coffee made us ready to take our stations upon the pass.

With the first streak of dawn a flock of teal could be seen making their way toward the pass, coming up wind. They were high, entirely too much so, yet in their anxiety to warm up their gun barrels some of the boys tried the distance. No. 6 shot as a rule will not do much execu-

tion upon ducks 80 or 90 yards up in the air, and the general rule held in this case. The birds scattered momentarily at this discharge, bunched again, and sped on higher than before.

But teal, canvasback, redhead and now and then a mallard came our way. The birds were native birds, and finding no fusillade awaiting them this spring rested in our near-by lakes, and made their nests and reared their young.

Mark right! An old mallard. Watch him come, craning his neck and smelling out danger. His course has been near the water's surface, but as he nears the pass a glint from a gun barrel or a moving head has warned him, and up, up, he goes. But he has been too late to make his upward course carry him without gunshot, and as he passes our cover the first shot kills him cleanly in midair, and he falls, a confused bundle of neck, wings, legs, body and head, not 20 feet behind us.

A flock of eight blue-winged teal are coming low upon the water, and as they swerve slightly upward Dunn and Nolan each use both barrels in quick succession, and the eight teal fall to earth, some winged and others dead. Our friend from Rockford, to the left of Nolan, had counted on a pair from this flock, but when he got ready to pull his triggers, the birds had already begun their descent to earth, and there was nothing of the flock left to shoot at. Some of our birds fell into the lake back of us—we were shooting on a ridge between two lakes, but the wind at times blew them on shore, making it unnecessary to pick them up from a boat.

A number of times the flock would continue its flight by and beyond the pass, seemingly unharmed, when, without warning, one—sometimes two—of the birds would fold their wings and come tumbling to water a thousand feet out in the lake.

The failure on the part of a gunner to judge of distance means many a wasted shell, and often a crippled duck falling far out of sight and reach.

One man will contend that in duck shooting care should be exercised to take only those shots where it means a clean, out-and-out kill, making it possible to retrieve every bird stopped in midair. Another argues that in duck shooting you take only the sure and safe shots there is absolutely no fun or sport, the fun and excitement concentrating upon the long, doubtful shots, which, when one makes successful, incline him to feel proud of his gun. To watch a crowded and popular pass, easily accessible to all kinds and sorts of gunners, reminds one of the old pigeon-match days, when men and boys with all sorts of guns stood a dozen deep beyond the bounds to finish the missed or crippled pigeons.

To see a solitary mallard approach the pass, unconscious of harm, until just about within gunshot, and then to see that bird climb for the moon, the shots following it as if it had a pack of giant crackers tied to its tail, is indeed a grand sight!

Up, up, it goes, as if having a charmed life, still free and seemingly untouched, when, as a sort of finishing salute, after all the rest have fired both barrels and "pumped fire" after the soaring bird, you hear the boom of the big-gauged, heavy-shotted, black-powder gun, and our fleet-winged bird comes tumbling to earth out of the sky. But by this time the boys have put new shells in, and as that already dead bird falls toward earth he is greeted with, as it were, a volley over his grave, and he is finally picked up by the most agile sprinter, and claimed as his own. To find yourself on such a pass and in such a crowd permits of your at once doing but one thing—going somewhere else. Birds, especially teal, have a way of cutting right close to earth, overtopping the bushes and cover on the pass, and it is under such circumstances that gunners get maimed. A crowded duck pass is interesting to watch from a distance, but a very unsafe spot to patronize. Then, too, the arguments over ownership of fallen birds are apt to be warm and somewhat dangerous when all concerned carry loaded guns in their hands. But we shot in peace at Bushnell's Pass, and when the morning flight was over, strolled up to the house and enjoyed our breakfast.

The birds moved not until after five, when the sport continued until the evening flight was over. The birds showed more wariness, and long before they reached the pass, inclined their flight upward. The shots were long ones, and instead of No. 6 shot, No. 4 were substituted. To have reached some of the wary old greenheads that passed overhead BB shot would not have been heavy enough.

The shooting was confined entirely to native ducks. When the ice begins to form up North, driving down the big ducks and geese, on a blustery, sleety day, one can stand on this pass and shoot until his gun barrels get too warm for comfort, his birds being selected shots for there do the ducks fly low, much less alert to danger than when the air is still and the sun shining brightly in the heavens.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

In New Jersey.

MILHURST, N. J., Sept. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The prospect for gunning through this section was never better. Flocks of quail are much more numerous than in past years. From all places hereabouts I hear this same report, but many of the birds seem to be small yet. It is not much of a pheasant section around here, but to the south of us I learn they are more numerous than the average. Squirrels are very plentiful, seemingly. Perhaps this being a hickory nut year they show up on that account more than last year. Like the quail, very many of them are yet small, no larger than chipmunks, this showing them to be of the second litter. During my thirty years' residence in this State I have never seen rabbits near so plentiful. One can scarcely take a walk in any direction without coming across from one to half a dozen, and I also hear the same report from all sections in this part of the State—the result, undoubtedly, of the law forbidding the tracking of them in the snow, and also of dogs running them out of season.

So, taking it altogether, with us it is to be an A No. 1 gunning season.

A. L. L.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

In the Rockies.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the summer and fall of 1889 I was employed in a timber camp in southern Wyoming, getting out fencing and building timber for the Big Creek Live Stock Company, or, as it was more commonly called, the Hunter Ranch.

One afternoon in early autumn I was about the camp, and my employer, Mr. P., had gone out to hunt for his oxen, which had strayed away—the oxen being the favorite power for "snaking" the timber out to the wagon roads. He came rushing into camp about 3 o'clock, saying he had scared up a monstrous bull elk about eighty rods from camp. We were in need of meat at that time, and the old man was very desirous of getting that elk, as he declared it was a "whopper."

I took my rifle and went with him to the place he had seen it, and there were the tracks, which showed him to be big sure enough. I knew of a point about a mile away where I thought he would pass, from the direction he had started. I therefore told Mr. P. to wait there about ten minutes and then trail it through, while I would watch for him.

After getting to my stand and waiting fifteen minutes, I knew my scheme wasn't working. I went back where I had left the trail, and found it had only gone a few rods until it turned and went in the opposite direction.

I could see where Mr. P. had followed it a very short distance to where it had gone down into a swale or draw, as they are called there, which was covered with grass and weeds, so that it left no trail. By investigating I found that it had turned and followed up the draw, knowing by instinct that it could not be trailed there. I knew that Mr. P.'s inexperience in trailing would land him out of the chase, and I started in to finish it myself, rightly judging that he had gone back to his work.

Crossing to the further side of the draw, I followed up to its head about sixty rods, and in going around above it I found just what I expected, the track of the elk coming up out of the draw. I followed on through the heavy timber, then out into the jack pines, which grew about 10 feet high and very thick. Being uncertain as to how far he would go, I was ready to receive him at any time.

Suddenly he was up and off through the jack pines like a runaway locomotive. I fired the instant he started; then he swung around and went quartering away from me, giving me four more shots before he got out of sight.

After having seen the animal, I did not wonder that the old man was so excited about it, for it looked a monster indeed, with immense antlers. I examined the magazine of my rifle and found I had just one cartridge left.

I soon found drops of blood along its trail, and knew by its actions that it was badly wounded. It took to the heavy timber, and just before I entered the woods I saw a fine buck deer about 100 yards away, standing looking at me. How I did want to take a shot at him, but I was compelled to save my last shot for the elk, or give him up. I went reluctantly on, leaving the buck standing there offering a shot which was tempting indeed. Shortly after coming into the woods I met Mr. P., who had been at work near by, and judging from past experiences, he supposed of course when he heard me shooting that I had killed the elk, and instead of bringing his gun, as I had hoped he would, he brought the axe to help cut it up.

I told him it wasn't ready to cut up yet, and for him to engage himself industriously in keeping dark till I should get in my last shot. I hadn't gone far, when I saw through some alder bushes a bulk of some sort on the bank across a little creek, and thought it looked like an elk. I got on my hands and knees and crawled about 25 yards nearer, when he turned his head, and I saw it was him. And as I had a plain view of his great black neck I took careful aim at the center of that and fired. His head dropped back on the ground, and I knew the shot had broken his neck, and he was ours.

Never before or since have I seen such a magnificent specimen of a big game animal. It was before the rutting season; he was sleek, with his new winter coat of hair, with all the fat he could carry and a magnificent set of antlers, which were perfect in symmetry. As he lay there I almost repented having killed such a noble-looking animal.

In speaking of weights of game, that was a very large elk, and as fat as they can possibly get, and after the forequarters were trimmed very closely and dried for nearly forty-eight hours they weighed exactly 500 pounds, which of course is much above the average weight of elk.

I killed one larger elk, but it was in poor flesh, and of course was not nearly so heavy.

Several years later I, with my father, traveling in the West, visited the old deserted timber camp. I found this spot and the tree on which we had hung the meat, but I went away feeling sorrowful rather than gratified. All the familiar places which had been so dear to me, where the axe had never defaced nature's arrangement, and where the wooded mountain sides had been furrowed with the solid-beaten trails of elk and deer, were now stripped of all serviceable timber and checkered with timber roads, so that nothing looked natural or inviting. The open mountain sides, which had been abundantly covered with tall, rich grass, on which our stock had kept sleek and fat while we were working them, without the use of grain or hay, were now bare and brown, and overrun with cattle. When we see such changes we feel melancholy, and inclined to blame somebody.

Who is to blame? Did I not swing the axe to help deface this beautiful spot? Did I not help to hunt and kill the game and to herd and care for the cattle, which increased and multiplied until all accessible range was necessary for their sustenance? But why lament for that which is inevitable; that which must come in the natural order of things? As civilization and cultivation advance into the remote regions, the wild animal life which required the food, as well as the solitude, for their well being, must give place to the new order of things. The two conditions cannot exist together.

When I beheld for the first time the almost boundless expanse of uninhabited territory of the Rocky Moun-

tains, from the lofty peaks, and considered that this was all ideal game country, well wooded and watered, with abundance of feed, and that a greater portion of it would always remain uninhabited, I thought, "The game supply can never be exhausted here!" A few years of observation made plain the truth to me. All the game that was hunted and killed during the hunting season in the mountains would never have depleted that country of its game, but it was the occupation and settlement of the lower valleys, to which the game was compelled to migrate in winter, that reduced its numbers so fast. Elk and deer were compelled to go into the lower valleys during winter or starve. In doing so they congregated in great bands and thus became an easy prey to all their persecutors, being for the most part in open country; then, as if to hasten their extermination, cattle and sheep were put on their winter range, cleaning up every particle of feed, which left nothing but starvation for the game. No doubt the passing away of the elk in the past fifteen years has been as rapid, or nearly so, as that of the buffalo during any fifteen years of their history; not of course in numbers, but a relative proportion of their original numbers.

Were it not for the deep snows necessitating the big game abandoning the higher altitudes in winter, their condition might remain unchanged for a long time. In this, the great game regions of Maine and New Brunswick have a great advantage over the hunting grounds of the Rocky Mountains, for where the Eastern game live there they get their winter food; where they cannot be disturbed by the inroads of settlers; and long after all public hunting grounds of the Rocky Mountains are depleted of their game, the Eastern hunting grounds, where hunting was done many years before the great West was settled, will still be the hunting grounds of our land.

EMERSON CARNEY.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.

A Spring Shooting Demonstration.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Last winter the sportsmen of Jefferson county secured the passage of the following law:

Section 20a. Web-footed wild fowl shall not be taken in the county of Jefferson from February 1st to August 31st, both inclusive; or taken in the night from sunset until sunrise.

This law was signed by Governor Odell April 6, and, by energetic effort on our part, was extensively advertised, and went into effect immediately, with the result that the birds driven through the rest of the State by the spring shooters, found a safe refuge in our county, and, in a short time, our waters were alive with all species of wild-fowl, from the great, gray goose of Canada to the little blue-wing teal. All through the months of April and May they rested and fed and enjoyed themselves, and became as tame as domesticated fowl.

Imagine yourself in an open boat drifting through an immense flock of that most wary of birds, the Canada goose, the birds simply swimming out of the way of the boat, and so near that you could see their eyes, and not one of them taking refuge in flight. This was a common occurrence on Black River Bay. In all our open waters—the St. Lawrence River, Lake Ontario and our large bays—there were not only large flocks, but acres of wildfowl.

These birds stayed here until June, gradually diminishing in numbers as they left for their nesting places. We have claimed as an argument for the passage of this bill that if the fall ducks or divers were unmolested in our waters in the spring, they would find choice feeding spots, and would return earlier and in larger numbers and stay longer in the fall—a fact which yet remains to be proven. We also claimed that if the summer ducks, the black duck, the mallard, the wood duck, and the teal, were unmolested, they would remain with us and nest and rear their young. That they have done so this year is an undisputed fact, as never within the memory of the oldest sportsman have there been so many of these ducks in this county on the opening day.

On Black River Bay is a marsh consisting of hundreds of acres of wild rice, interspersed with patches of flag quill weed, podalders and bullrushes, with plenty of water to push a sharpie, and it is one of the best feeding spots on Lake Ontario for the black duck and mallard. One mile above, on the Black River, is the village of Dexter, two miles further up the village of Brownville, and four miles more brings one to Watertown, the county seat, a thriving city of 25,000. These three places are connected by trolley. This marsh, being so easy of access, is the favorite hunting ground for this section of the county, and on opening day, Sept. 2, was crowded with shooters, from the small boy with the Zulu and the twenty-rod gun man, to the city shooter with his 400 Greener. The small boy shot blackbirds, the twenty-rod man, when he failed to reach ducks so high in the air that they looked like blackbirds, blamed the load and went to soaking mudhens. Everybody had a good time, and fired his gun at something, and this same fusillade has prevailed ever since the opening day.

Those sportsmen who know the habits of the black duck and its extreme wariness can judge of the number we have, when I say that during this first week over 150 black ducks were killed, and all were killed in broad daylight, as shooting after sunset is prohibited in this county. A few wood duck and mallard and a large number of blue-wing teal were also brought to bag.

Nine miles north of Watertown is Perch Lake, a small lake with an extensive marsh on its northern border. This marsh is not accessible by boat. Its south side is quite heavily timbered. The outlet of this lake is Perch River, a very crooked stream which empties into Black River Bay, nine or ten miles distant. The river winding its way through woods and low, marshy flats, its banks lined with almost impenetrable buck brush, alders and willows, with immense patches of smartweed along its entire length, has always been a favorite resort for the black duck, mallard, wood duck and teal. Upon the south shore of the lake lives Dan Arnold, who, for years, has earned a precarious living by hunting and trapping. His noiseless paddle has guided the silent sharpie down the winding river for three generations of sportsmen, and his most valued possession is an old lifter-action Parker, given him by ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower many years

ago. Uncle Dan says that the black duck, mallard, wood duck and teal have nested along the river and lake by hundreds, and that never in his life has he seen such an abundance of ducks at this time of the year.

Dr. Glen Coe, of this city, formerly a resident of Theresa, N. Y., tells me that the same condition prevails along the Indian River and the many lakes in the vicinity of Theresa and Redwood. From all parts of the county where there are suitable water and nesting places comes the same report of an abundance of ducks.

We have settled for all time the question (in this county, at least), Will the wild duck breed in this State? We can furnish any amount of proof that they will.

There are a few shooters here who contend that night is the proper time to shoot black ducks—that they are night feeders and can only be shot successfully at that time.

My experience has been that in no way can the black duck be driven from a favorite feeding place quicker than by night shooting, and I believe that if night shooting were allowed in this county a large part of the birds which we now have would be driven away from here. This is a question of interest to every sportsman, and I should like to have some of the many readers of FOREST AND STREAM give their experience and their opinion on this subject. On Black River Bay, the black ducks come in every night by the hundreds, at sundown or shortly after, while it is yet daylight. Suppose we shot a half hour later, would they continue to come as they do now? Suppose we shot an hour later, as permitted by law in the rest of the State, would they still continue to come in at sundown, or shortly after? Suppose we should do as we always have done until this year: Have a shooter in every bunch of quillweed, or rushes, and bang away as long as he could see a black blur in the sky, would these ducks still continue to come? Suppose this same condition of things existed all through this country; how long would these birds stay here? Could we shoot day and night, and still retain these birds which our self-denial last spring has given us?

There is another law which has been a dead letter in this county ever since it was enacted, viz., the law which forbids the shooting of wild fowl from any boat propelled otherwise than by hand. We wish to give due notice that we shall use every effort to secure the enforcement of this law in the waters of this county in the future.

This letter is not written for the purpose of inducing the rest of the State to stop the spring shooting of wild fowl. It is a matter of indifference to us. If you do not want the birds, drive them up here. We know a good thing when we have it.

W. H. TALLETT,
President Jefferson County Sportsmen's Association.

WATERTOWN, Sept. 9.

West Virginia.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Sept. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Two gentlemen living near Pleasant Dale, in this county, were killing wild turkeys before the season commenced. They were arrested, and brought before Justice Maloney, who promptly fined them \$25 and costs, which made their turkeys expensive eating. Another man was indicted by the grand jury on last Tuesday for the same offense. On Wednesday last a warrant was sworn out for a man from Mt. Pleasant, Pa., for hunting without a license. He was taken before Squire Maloney, who fined him \$25 and costs, and as he only had killed one squirrel, it was surely an expensive one.

These laws are on our statute books, enacted by our Legislature, and should be enforced or repealed. The Legislature gave our game warden power to appoint deputies, but he has failed to do so. A deputy who would enforce the game and fish law in Hampshire and Hardy counties is sorely needed.

The fishing in the South Branch has been very poor this season. The river has been muddy a greater part of the time, but the fish are not here any more, and it is not surprising, when one thinks of the number fishing and practically no protection or restocking of this once fine black bass stream. The tanneries on the Capon River destroyed it for fishing purposes, and there is one in operation at Petersburg, Grant county, on this stream now, and it is discharging its refuse into a small creek which leads to the river a half mile away. One is being built at Moorefield which will be in operation in the near future; and if they are both allowed to pollute this stream, bass fishing in the South Branch is doomed.

Our wild turkey season opened on last Monday, and Rev. Gibbons killed four at one shot, from a blind, on that day. Several others have been killed since then. The turkey season in this State commences two weeks too early, as the turkeys are entirely too small to shoot. Partridges are plentiful, but squirrels are scarce. The selling of game here causes loss of it to be destroyed. We hope the day will soon come when it will be unlawful to sell game.

J. B. BRADY.

The Old Shotgun.

Now comes the season when the brown quail's call

Pipes in the early morning fresh and cool;

When red and gold the leaves of autumn fall,

And children loiter on their way to school.

I heard a fox squirrel barking before the sun arose,

Out yonder where the woods are sere and brown;

I think he's in that burr-oak tree; no matter, tho', here goes,

I'll take the old shotgun down.

Now comes the sportsman from the city's din,

With dog and gun to wander o'er the hills;

To loiter in the meadows where the flowers have been,

To drink the pure ozone that nature here distills.

And the fever is upon me to mingle in the chase,

With the fellows who have come out from the town;

I in fancy see Dame Nature with a smile upon her face,

As I take the old shotgun down.

The old shotgun my father gave to me!

I've kept it hanging there upon the wall

Through all the summer months, but now I see

That autumn's brought again the Bob White's call:

I heard a fox squirrel barking before the sun arose,

Out yonder where the woods are sere and brown;

I think he's in that burr-oak tree; no matter, tho', here goes,

I'll take the old shotgun down.

MOUND CITY, Kansas.

WM. FELTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Duck Flight.

CHICAGO, Sept. 20.—The ordinary date for the arrival of the first flight of teal at this latitude is Sept. 22. This year the birds made their appearance somewhat earlier than usual, and on Wednesday of this week, Sept. 18, they appeared at different places along the Illinois River. At Hennepin Club Mr. W. W. McFarland in one day bagged 145 teal and wood ducks, one of the largest bags ever made in that club, and the largest of which one has personal knowledge at any point near Chicago for many years. It is impossible to state whether these were Northern birds, or simply the collections of local birds of the adjacent marshes, where the shooting had been more general than on the preserved ground.

The following letter of inquiry as to duck shooting dates is from Mr. Thos. E. Tallmadge, of Chicago:

"I was at Rice Lake, Wis., last October. We did not fish the lake at all, as none of the guides seemed to think that there were fish in it. We, however, secured good duck shooting—wood duck and mallards—as they came there to roost in the evening. What, in your opinion, is the best time in that locality to shoot ducks? We had very warm, wet weather, and on the last day we were there (Oct. 15) occurred a great flight of mallards, which made me think that possibly we were there too early for the best shooting. The ducks were all in large flocks, preparatory, I suppose, to migration. They decoyed easily. As I wish to return this fall to that locality, I would be most obliged for your opinion as to the proper time. What other lakes are good for ducks in Northern Wisconsin?"

The best reply for Mr. Tallmadge is to ask him to read the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM regularly. In these days the duck flight is a spasmodic and somewhat transient affair, more especially in these lower latitudes, and it depends altogether on the state of the weather in the North. Cold storms drive the birds down, and if they find a good marsh, showing good feed and good protection, they drop in there to rest until the cold weather catches them again. Thus localized for the time, they work about more in rough weather. Given a few days of good duck weather, they usually get such a pounding that they get up and leave for some other place. Hence, an available flight is only a matter of a few days.

In the farther North these conditions do not obtain in all regards, as the birds are less disturbed. I have already mentioned an early flight of teal below Chicago. It would seem fair to suppose that the last week of this month and the first week of October would be a good time to visit Rice Lake. As to the locality of this particular Rice Lake, it is difficult to tell, for a county which is located in Wisconsin or Minnesota, and which does not have a half dozen "Rice Lakes" in it, is in rather hard luck, yet, in general terms, it is pretty safe to head for any lake which is named Rice Lake, for the name comes from the wild rice plant, which is the best possible feed the ducks can obtain in the Northern country. Given big beds of wild rice and one is safe to have shooting. The Manitowish River of Wisconsin has such rice beds, and there are lots of ducks in these at this writing.

Out in Minnesota, in the wild rice lakes, near Cabe-kona camp, visitors are killing a dozen birds a day without any trouble. There is no more delightful form of wild fowl shooting than that offered on these wild Northern lakes, such as that which Mr. Tallmadge mentions. Usually there are not so many guns present as prevail at this latitude, the birds work nicely, and are fat and delicious from feeding on this bountiful and beautiful wild grain.

More Ducks.

Sept. 21.—Mr. Chas. Muercke, of Nippersink, on Fox Lake, Ill., came down town to-day in a very much excited frame of mind. He says that the teal are there simply in thousands. He killed 40 day before yesterday and 60 yesterday, and says that any one who came up there right away would have good shooting. The birds come in late in the evening and go out early in the morning, departing to some unknown region during the day.

Carp and Canvas Backs.

A Wisconsin paper, the Fox Lake Representative, predicts a good duck season at Fox Lake, Wis., for the singular reason that the carp have eaten up nearly all the wild celery of Lake Koshkonong, the once famous canvasback water, and that hence the birds will take up with Fox Lake instead, the latter having a good stock of wild celery, and no carp.

If it be indeed true that these pestiferous fish have ruined the feed on the formerly magnificent wild fowl water of Koshkonong, then, indeed, there should be written against the carp one of the bitterest protests ever yet penned. It is well known that the carp have destroyed many and many a good duck marsh in Illinois and Indiana. One recalls very well how Col. C. E. Felton, of this city, was laughed at, in a meeting of the Illinois State Sporting Association, for introducing a resolution against the German carp as a destroyer of duck marshes; yet the passing years have proved the justice of that contention. If these fish have ruined Koshkonong they have done a bad job, indeed, yet they could ascend the Rock River from the Mississippi and reach that water directly.

Plenty of Quail.

Law or no law, Bobwhite holds his own in Illinois. For this fall, at least, there will be as good shooting as we ever had in this State.

Minnesota Congressional Trip.

Congressman Tawney, of Minnesota, who held prominent part in the Congressional expedition two years ago in the interest of the Minnesota National Park, has been in charge of a similar expedition, which was to have started this week for the same country which was formerly visited. Congressman Tawney had more than twenty Senators and Representatives in his party, and there exists no doubt that all of these would have been

delighted and benefited by their journey to what little there is left of the ancient Minnesota wilderness. The death of President McKinley put an end to all present plans for this trip. Col. John S. Cooper, of Chicago, the original parent of the Minnesota National Park, is at present at his country place near Oconomowoc, Wis.

News in the Rockies.

Billy Hofer writes from Gardner, Montana, under date of Sept. 17, telling how the sad news of the national calamity has penetrated into the Rocky Mountains. It is well known that Mr. Hofer guided President Roosevelt on one or two of his hunting trips in the West. The locality to which he refers is probably in the neighborhood of the Two Oceans Pass. He writes as below:

"Have just returned from a trip with a Baltimore party, B. N. Baker and others. Was camped where I had been with Mr. Roosevelt when I heard of the shooting of President McKinley.

"One of the party, E. Stanley Garry, got a cinnamon bear, not as large as yours, that took nine shots to kill, mostly 30-30. It came for them (Collins was Garry's informing guide) from the first shot, putting its head between its hind legs and rolling down hill to within twenty feet of Garry, when it stood up. Then Garry shot it in the head. Quite a number of bear. We did not have time to hunt."

Nearly Across.

Mr. Graham H. Harris, President of the Board of Education of Chicago, is back this week from an extended trip in the West which occupied the greater part of this summer. He did some fishing in the Yellowstone Park, and then headed straight West, and did not stop until he got to the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Harris spent considerable time with the Honoluluans, and says that the country is not without its charms, though the climate he did not like. He says he was so nearly across the Pacific he could see the Filipinos from where he was.

Mysteries of Illinois Game Laws.

We have just seen the wisdom of Judge Trimble, who pleads that Sunday is the same as Saturday; of course, we remember the famous Texas justice of the peace who decided that the liquor law was "unconstitutional"; now we have yet another instance of legal wisdom in the case of Justice D. Browne Armour, of Carroll county, Ill. Mr. E. K. Stedman, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., graphically reports the instance as below:

"On Aug. 7 I arose early and started for a day's fishing. I walked along the shore about a hundred yards, laid my rod by while filling my pipe, had just lighted it and was ready to begin operations, when two gentlemen of sporting tendencies—viz., John Johnson and Henry Ripple—threw a trammel net around the log beside which I was going to drop a line. Then up one side of the bayou and down the other they went, setting their net around every brush pile, log and fallen trunk until they had made a complete canvass of every 'hang out' for game fish. I went home, fishless, disgusted and mad.

"I wrote a letter to our mutual friend, Dr. S. P. Bartlett, of the U. S. Fish Commission, stating the facts. Dr. Bartlett forwarded the letter to President Cohen, of the State Commission, with a kind endorsement, and in a few days Mr. S. D. Sites, a State game warden, introduced himself to me. I went with him to the scene of operations, and we captured two trammel nets, one seine and two hoop nets. We made seven arrests, of which four pleaded guilty, paid their fines and costs, and the other three stood trial.

"Here a funny thing occurred. The lawyers found an amendment had been added to our fish laws which made it permissible to seine anywhere at any time with anything on or in any waters within the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois. The State's attorney and the Justice of the Peace before whom the case was tried said it was so. But out of pure good-heartedness and love for their fellowmen, they made these men who were not guilty of any wrong-doing pay the costs of constable's and justice's fees, and dismissed the case for 'No cause for action.'

"I take great pleasure in stating that this decision was rendered by D. Browne Armour, of Carroll county, Ill., hoping that any members of the bar who do not think such decisions can be made will see wherein they err. W. S. Markley was State's attorney in this wonderful case, and, as I said before, sometimes they do and sometimes they don't convict when it comes to fish laws.

"I wish to say that Mr. Bartlett and Mr. Cohen acted promptly and courteously on my request; that the man sent me, Mr. Sites, was a first-class man in every respect, and performed his duties in a gentlemanly and business-like manner. But what can a man do when he bumps up against such wisdom as that which makes an innocent person pay costs of prosecution in a criminal case, which is dismissed for 'want of cause for action'? I might add that the justice who rendered the decision in the case has been taking a vacation ever since 'without any [apparent] cause for action.'

The same writer is good enough to add some facts regarding the game supply and game laws in this vicinity, which is naturally a very good sporting region, but which seems to be much infested by law-breakers:

"I have noticed two coveys of prairie chickens on our bottom lands during the past month, and there were some ducks here, but they are all gone now. Been gone about two weeks. Ducks are migrating, so I suppose they migrated.

"One day a couple of weeks ago while at Sand Slough, I found a boat with fifty dead snipe and plover and four ducks, also dead, under the seat. I know the number, for fish were not biting well, so I stopped and counted them. No one seemed to own the boat. I waited an hour and nobody came to claim the game. There are about fifty people camped at this place, but none of them knew who had such a boat. They had none of them heard any shooting. Maybe those birds were migrating also—I don't know.

"There has not been any satisfactory hook-and-line fishing around here this season—seines everywhere. I never remember, though, of having noticed as many snipe and plover breeding here as there have been this season. The banks of the lakes and creeks are thick with them.

"And here is another curious thing. I took down the statutes the other day to look at the snipe law, and here is the way it reads:

"It is hereby declared unlawful to hunt, kill, etc., any jacksnipe, Wilson snipe, sand snipe, plover, etc., or any other kind of snipe and plover, etc., * * * between the 25th day of April and the 1st day of September, of each succeeding year."

According to that I can kill them, not this September nor next September. It really places a prohibitive law on snipe and plover, or, at least, that's the way I sense it.

"Lots of quail here, and every farmer has his farm posted, and they mean business, too. If the lawmakers of this grand State can't protect the quail, the farmers can. If our brainy, gifted and eloquent Assemblies won't look out for the game, we will have to ask the farmer to help us out, and I hope that every farm in this county will be posted, and honor each farmer who will stick by it.

"The water in the lakes is very low. There is not much duck food here at present. There may be a flight in late October or early November. I hope so, don't you?"

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Shore Bird Shooting.

THE true sportsman who has a natural love for the gun and the exhilarating pleasure derived from hunting in the upland partridge and woodcock, or on the salt meadows where small bunches of sandpipers in July may be seen, up to the larger sicklebill curlews which fly rapidly south, skirting the clouds in September during a heavy northeast storm; the enthusiast who specially delights in shooting shore birds over decoys and who sits for hours in the blind scanning the four points to catch sight of or to hear the call note of a solitary specimen, will, at times, under the most favorable conditions, be doomed to disappointment, and his patience be well nigh exhausted. The great salt meadows, so-called, lying between Plum Island on the south and Hampton River on the north, over which I have shot a number of years, cover an area of two miles in length and three-quarters in width, bordered on the left by a heavy growth of pines, and on the right by the Atlantic Ocean, with its numerous pond holes thereon, form a grand place for the birds to feed on in their journey from the north.

In July sandpipers and summer yellowlegs will be seen; in August winter yellowlegs, golden plover, and black-breasted, will fly in fairly good numbers; while September brings grass birds and curlews, with straggling wintens, which remain to the last.

These birds are early risers, and are on the wing scurrying and calling from one pond to another long before the gunner in the blind can discern them.

Early morning and evening afford the best shooting, and he is a wise shooter who does not take up his decoys until the sun sinks low and the shades of night appear.

Seldom will it come to the experience of the sportsman to witness a large flight of these birds. The only true flight, as far as number and variety go, occurred on these meadows during the line storm of September, 1884, between the 11th and 14th. This northeast storm commenced at 10 A. M. and at 3 P. M. was a blinding and bewildering tempest of rain. I was alone in the blind, rafts of birds filled the air at all points, including sandpipers, grass birds, yellowlegs and curlews, wheeling like a long column of soldiers in mid-air, completely dazzled by the storm. Bunches of golden plover flew by the blind not over ten feet high, paying not the slightest attention to the call or decoys. All night the storm continued, and at 7 A. M. clouds of grass birds could be seen flying hurriedly south. At 10 the storm broke, the sun came out, and at 11 not a bird was to be seen. I never before or since observed such a sight. The number I killed was eighty-six birds, and the smallest was a grass snipe.

But the sportsman's imagination must not run too high as regards the number he will kill; he should be able to detect readily the kind of birds that approach the decoys, and know how to whistle correctly their call note.

The size of the bag greatly depends on this, besides, of course, knowing what to do and how to shoot when the birds alight.

On the whole, if the birds fly fairly well, a week spent on these meadows is well enjoyed. One will delight in the beautiful scenery, the sound of the surf as it breaks on the beach, the splendor of the sun as it sinks in the horizon and, last, the prevailing stillness as it creeps over the meadow as he journeys homeward from the blind.

JOHN LEARY.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Mass.

Maine Game.

SOME excellent hunting reports are just coming in from Megantic Preserve. Mr. W. R. Buckminster and Mr. J. E. Crawley have made a record there of 84 partridges, 1 bear, 1 buck and 1 doe deer. The partridges were all shot with the rifle; the result of a hunting trip covering a period of three weeks. The birds were all used for the camp table. It is further reported that partridges are very plenty on that preserve. Mr. L. G. Burnham, of Boston, is at the Club House, Megantic Preserve. Partridges are reported plenty about the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake, Me., and at York's Camp, above Rangeley. Dr. E. H. Stevens and Stillman F. Kelley and son, of Cambridge, Mass., have recently returned from a fishing and hunting trip to Carry Ponds, Me. They had good sport, and are much pleased with the location, which is not a new one to Dr. Stevens, by any means. The region is a remarkable one, on the upper Kennebec waters. The ponds, under Old Abram and Saddleback Mountains, are over 2,000 feet above sea level, and take their name Carrying Place—shortened to Carry Ponds—from the fact that they are in the track celebrated in history as traversed by Benedict Arnold, on his way to Canada. There are three or four of these Carrying Place Ponds, and they have long been known to fishermen of the towns below. The march of improvement has put up fine camps there within a few years, and doubtless the trout fishing is doomed, but never the wonderful mountain scenery and exhilarating atmosphere.

SPECIAL.

Game in Baggage Cars.

IN conversation with Mr. Chas. S. Fee, the general passenger agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad, this matter of game losses en route was brought up in a general way. Mr. Fee was unaware of any such practice on the Northern Pacific line.

He held that if such a practice was in vogue on any line, the sportsmen, by failing to report their losses to the proper railroad authorities, were in a measure to blame themselves. The quickest and easiest way to put an end to this state of affairs would be to report, in writing, to the general passenger agent of the road, stating all the circumstances connected with the shortage, giving date, etc. While reporting your loss would not at the time restore the lost birds by any means, yet the result of each sportsman reporting such loss would in time insure immunity from further depredations. If purloining of game was regularly going on it was the easiest thing in the world for the railroad company to stop it in time, provided the sportsmen took the trouble to promptly report their losses in writing.

From those who claimed to have suffered with whom I have talked I would infer that they felt a good deal like the old woman's eel, that didn't mind being skinned because it had gotten used to it. When counting their bag, dumped out upon the kitchen table at home, they have simply shrugged their shoulders and thanked their stars that it had been no worse.

But no first-class road, that spends many thousands of dollars annually advertising its game possibilities to the hunting fraternity, would tolerate such toll taking on the part of its employees if it knew it. And as long as the hunters pocket their losses in silence the powers that be behind the offending roads are innocent of any knowledge, and cannot bring about the desired reform. So, if the remedy for such things is to complain to the authorities of the road, so long will this condition of affairs continue if those who are interested suffer in silence. Railroads are run on system, and the receipt of complaints because of shortage in the count will not go unnoticed, and in the end undoubtedly will bring forth reform along these lines.

The remedy would seem to rest entirely with the hunter. If he does his duty the guilty baggageman next season will have to either shoot or buy his game instead of picking it up from the floor of the baggage car, because the latter opportunity will be taken away from him.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

A Quest of Bear.

Joe Kipp's Bear Outfit.

As threatened some time ago, I got away the first week in May, after my long-lost grizzly, which Joe Kipp, my friend, at Blackfoot, reported to be not far from his place on the Blackfoot reservation. Joe Kipp was to have been with us, also old Joe Brown, formerly of the Hudson Bay service. Joe Kipp got tangled up in a horse round-up and could not get away for the hunt. Joe Brown got a wrong direction from some source or other, missed our camp on the Two Medicine, and for a week wandered around in the St. Mary's country, looking for us. Our party, as it started out, was made up of Madam and her 22, Billy Hofer, Collins Anderson, a young man of the reservation who knows the mountains very well; Abe Craton, the cook, and myself. Old John Monroe and his wife blew in later, and so did Jack Monroe, the best hunter on the reservation, much to our subsequent joy and satisfaction.

Now it has ever been a part of my personal creed that all a man needs in the mountains is a tomato can and three cartridges. How it ever happened that I got caught out with the layout we carried I don't know, though maybe Joe Kipp and the Madam could explain. There was snow in the Badger Creek Cañon, Joe reported, and we would have to go to the Two Medicine country. Hence we could take a wagon just as well as not, and of course if we could take a wagon we could take a whole lot of things, all the comforts of home. They put a cook stove in the wagon, and a wall tent, 14 by 16 feet in size, one of the reservation round-up tents, big as a house. Moreover—oh! shame be it said—they put a feather mattress and two pillows in the bed outfit for the little wall tent. At the start from Chicago Madam had insisted on taking an umbrella, though I pointed out in despair that it was a certain hoodoo, and cited many cases at law to prove the same.

We only got stuck on one hill that day, but we had to camp at the old Bull Corral, three miles below Two Medicine Lake, the first night, six miles from the bait which Collins had put out; at which, just eight days before, he had seen a big grizzly eating, and had hence wired me to hustle on out to the reservation. Our team was played out that first night, and could not ford the river, as we would have been obliged to do three times had we gone up further. Then the river rose. The folks pitched the tent, with its face to the wind. It snowed a foot one morning. It blew. The big round-up tent leaked, because the cowpunchers had in idle moments rainy days shot its roof full of holes, just for the fun of the thing. This was the worst tenderfoot camp I ever did see in my life, to which effect I frankly declared myself. We were four miles from the railroad, and could hear the trains of the Great Northern Railway go by at all hours of the day and night, Midvale station being only four miles away down stream. Now, wasn't that a fine prospect for a long-lost grizzly? I wouldn't have believed it of myself if I hadn't seen it.

But now, here is where the odd part of it began to come in. While the others were making camp that first night Collins and I took a fast ride up to the place where he had seen the grizzly a week before. We got there just before dark. The carcass of the horse was gone!

We searched the little glade over carefully with the glasses before going near the place where the bait was left. At last we saw a little black bunch of something on the snow, and on the backs of snow near by tracks—very large tracks. We descended to the little coulee and examined the spot.

The bear had been there, that was sure enough. It had dragged the body of the horse 50 yards down into the

coulee, and cached it carefully, rooting over it a lot of dirt and grass, as a dog would cover a bone. Then it had come again, and had continued to come at different times until it had eaten that horse up entirely! It had torn apart the frame, split apart the skull, stripped the bones, crushed the leg bones even, and broken up the backbone. Only a few narrow strips of hide were left. It had been a very big, very hungry, and very strong grizzly, which had done this work in the little coulee. All about were evidences of the tremendous size and power of the creature. Its trail lay in the snow. Here was where it had lain down in the snow—a vast imprint. Here were its tracks, deep as a horse's hoof-print, long as a gun stock.

Here had been the chance for my grizzly, an easy chance, and for a splendid bear. How I did curse all umbrellas and feather beds! For, easily enough, I could see that I had forfeited my right to the long-lost bear, which otherwise I should have killed in twenty-four hours after pitching camp.

Well, it was no use. Opportunity does not knock twice at any man's door. I had tried to save a little time by waiting till they sent for me, and the little time had cost me my grizzly. I was madder than any grizzly that ever trod the hills.

There had now been two horses put out after my bear, both under Joe Kipp's advice. The first one was put out early in April, and it was eaten up by coyotes. The second one, which Collins had gotten thus far into the hills over the snow, only after the hardest of hard work, had been placed just where Joe Kipp had said the first grizzlies would come, near a certain high, bare ridge. His judgment was verified perfectly by this mass of tangled hair and bones which made the remnant of the unfortunate cayuse. Now there was still another crippled horse back at the reservation. Two Indians tried a day to get it up to us, but failed. Faithful Collins got on his sagacious little claybank Bucky, and the next day this third offering to the rapacious grizzly was lying at the same spot where the first bear had done his work. After that, it was simply a case of sit down in Camp Tenderfoot, enjoy the wind that blew in at the face of the tent, listen to the little birds sing, and hope, hope as hard as we could. It had been at least three or four days since the bear had eaten the last of the bait, and though of course he might hang around and check up there at some later date, the probabilities were that he would not show up for some days at best, if indeed at all. Those were days in which I made Camp Tenderfoot a desolation, a byword and a reproach, until at last Madam had to take me in hand. "But see, now, you brought an umbrella," I could not help adding always. "You brought an umbrella on a trip for a grizzly bear! We've got a cook stove, and a wall tent, and we're after a grizzly bear! We've got a feather bed, and want a grizzly! Avaunt! Tell it not in Gath! Whisper to me, would any self-respecting grizzly be killed by a duffer who takes a cook stove and a feather bed, and camps with the wind in his face, where he can hear the railroad trains?"

Bear and Beaver Sign.

CAMP WIND-IN-THE-FACE was located directly on the bank of the Two Medicine River, in a little, open glade directly below the mountains, a spot as beautiful as one could ask. We found that the trout would not yet rise to fly or bait, and the country round about seemed to show very little sign of game. We saw some "beaver sticks" which had lodged along the stream near the camp, and discovered that the entire flat opposite to us across the river was occupied by a series of beaver dams. Whether or not one could have done some business in peltry on the other willow flats between our camp and the upper end of Two Medicine Lake was something which we had not time to prove.

The weather was very cloudy, and on one morning it set in to snow, and kept at that industry with a steadiness and precision to be found nowhere except in the Rocky Mountains. We had more than a foot of snow by night, and on the following morning the entire landscape was dazzlingly beautiful in its covering of white. By the means of glasses we could see tracks of some sort of game crossing a little, open park two or three miles up the mountain. On the day previous I had made a solitary pilgrimage some four or five miles up the slopes and back again, and I had found fresh elk sign and also the track of one black bear. On this day Collins and I resolved to make another exploration. We found the snow too wet for successful snowshoeing, but were able to pull and plunge through it in some way until we got high enough up on the mountains to strike the old snowdrifts, where we found the footing was firm enough to allow us to walk directly over the old snow. We had a delightful climb, albeit the wet snow soaked us thoroughly. From a high point, above the timber line, we looked over the surrounding country carefully, but could find no trace of mountain sheep, elk or bear in our vicinity. When we started down through the heavy timber toward camp, a journey of some four or five miles, we ran across the fresh sign of five elk. One of the trails spread out off from the rest, and, following this, we found the trail of a big mountain lion, which was evidently interested in the same business as ourselves. As this elk seemed to be heading up toward the Two Medicine Lake, we did not allow our curiosity to lead us very far, as we were not looking for elk. We did, however, find the trail of a black bear, probably the one I had seen before.

At last, after a week of shilly-shallying around this impossible location, we summed up fortitude enough to move camp. The stream was low enough to be forded without damaging any of our household goods, and Madam, with her escort, was able to get up to the lake without fording the river, which latter she declared a thing absolutely impossible. We, therefore, pitched camp late that day, but in a delightful little glade on the banks of one of the prettiest lakes to be found in the Rockies. Here we found the trout in more amiable mood, and on one day Billy Hofer and Billy Ellsworth, who came up to visit us from Midvale Station, took something like twenty-eight very nice trout, which we found were exceedingly good to eat. Here we were, visited also one morning by old John Monroe and his wife, the same couple whose tepee we found four winters before, located close to where our camp now stood. Old John is getting

pretty feeble, and is no longer able to do much mountain hunting. He said that he had come up the lake to do some fishing, as they were out of meat at his house. He went back with a couple of dozen trout, which our folks caught for him, as well as certain other things which seemed to delight him somewhat. He promised to come up again and help us in the bear campaign, and his counsel we valued very much.

Collins and I were very much disturbed over the fact that no bear came in to eat at our second bait. One morning when we went up we saw a couple of big coyotes eating at the horse, and as coyotes are worth five dollars apiece, Collins thought he would like to take their pelts into camp. I had by this time grown entirely discouraged, and did not think we were going to see any bear, so I consented to the experiment of coyote trapping at our bear bait. We put three steel traps out here, under the tutelage of old John Monroe, who shook his head dubiously over this way of going bear hunting.

"Myself," said he, "s'pose I want 'um bear, I not put trap here. But s'pose bear come, probably he not mind trap. S'pose he smell 'um trap, probably he make some scare. Myself, I do not know."

This we figured out to mean that leaving wolf traps at a bear bait might or might not scare away the bear if he came into that neighborhood. I was so disgusted and desperate by this time that I had given up the bear and was willing to catch a coyote or anything else. In furtherance of this same scheme, Collins and I cut off a fore shoulder of the bait and made a drag of about five miles through the most desperate and tangled forest that one ever went against. We hung up this forequarter upon a sharpened stump about a mile from the falls of the Two Medicine. Into it we threw an abundance of strychnine, and then we only hoped that some coyote or mountain lion would be fool enough to come and mingle with our flesh meats. We did not think it very likely that the bear would trouble the forequarter, and even if it did, I had been told that no such event was ever known as a bear being troubled by eating strychnine, as it seems to agree with them. We had no way of proving this, although we were taking rather unsportsmanlike chances in the matter, for, although the poisoned bait remained on the sapling for three or four days, nothing ever bothered it. Our coyote industry seemed to be as unfortunate as our bear hunt.

Lucky Jack.

"If Jack Monroe would come up here," said Abe Craton, the cook, "you'd see things change mighty quick. He's the luckiest man you ever did see about hunting. It don't make any difference what time of day or night he starts out, he always has meat when he comes back. Now, you mark what I tell you, if Jack comes up here, you'll get something."

Well, one evening Jack himself appeared at the camp, as blond-moustached, smiling and good-natured as ever he was some years ago, when he was on at New York for the Sportsmen's Show. He came driving into our camp a couple of horses which he said he had picked up four miles below on the river. It is needless to say that we fell on his neck and told him that he was our prisoner. Nor, indeed, did he get back home for a week, although he had told his people that he was only going away over night.

And now witness the accuracy of Abe's prophecy. From that moment the luck began to change. On the first morning after his arrival in camp, Jack, Collins and myself lit out bright and early, and started in on a campaign of hard work, which never let up so long as Jack Monroe remained around. The doctrine of good luck and that of hard work are very much alike. Jack Monroe certainly is a worker in the mountains. I never have seen a more indefatigable hunter nor a better mountain climber. He hunts because he loves to hunt, and no man is fit to be called a guide who does not have that same hunting instinct with him. Jack Monroe might be seventy, eighty or a hundred years old, and yet on the last day of his life he would be as eager to go afield as he was when he was a boy.

We now started out on a campaign of drags. We went up to our foreshoulder near the Two Medicine Falls, and cut out a section from the back of the shoulder and made a good, heavy drag. Then we started directly up through the tangled timber toward the foot of the mountain where I first killed my sheep four years ago, and which the boys called after me. How the horses got through is something which I cannot understand, but they patiently plodded along, and we laid a wide trail of scent behind us. When we had gotten up to the foot of the slide rock, still on horseback, we dismounted, and Jack, on foot, started across the cañon which separated us from the foot of Rising Wolf Mountain. He said he wanted to get the drag completed across the mouths of all these cañons, which led down into the valley from back in the mountains. "Then, if any bear comes down in and strikes our drag, he will be sure to follow it around to the bait," said he, in explanation.

I could see that he was covering practically the same territory as that indicated by old John Monroe as the natural traveling range of the bears. When he returned from the slope of Rising Wolf Mountain, he said he had found the trail of a grizzly and two cubs, which had apparently gone on in around the shoulder of Rising Wolf, and up above the upper lake. He also saw the trails of four or five sheep, which had crossed a snow bank not very far up the mountain. Collins that morning saw a white goat on Rising Wolf, and on the day previous Collins and I had seen a very fine big-horn ram upon the mountain on which we were now stopping. All in all, it began to look as though there might be some game in the country.

We three now laboriously completed the wide circle of our drag, following around the skirt of my mountain and crossing over the narrow, knife-backed ridge which marks the pass between the Cut Bank country and the Two Medicine country. Here we could look far down, on either side a sharp declivity. Below us lay black timber, heavy enough and wide enough to hold many bears. This country we crossed on horseback, following an ancient trail which Jack told me was the old Kootenai Indian hunting trail. These Indians used to come on horseback over a pass which lay back of us. Then they followed around the edge of this Two Medicine Valley, crossed the

Cut Bank Pass at the foot of the great lateral moraine which marks the edge of the valley at that place, and so went on down into the prairie country where lay the buffalo and their dear friends, the Piegiens. A little bunch of Kootenais would make trouble for quite a good-sized party of Blackfeet in the old days, and it is said that the presence of the Kootenai war parties added to the reluctance of the plains people to go into the mountains. The Piegiens have never been a race of mountain hunters, and there are only a few of them who care to go into the mountains even to-day.

The ancient trail was an admirably engineered affair, and it led us around some beautiful heights and presented to us some magnificent views. The plucky little plains horses held to it, and the drag still followed us, making a wide trail which he who ran might read, were he bear or coyote. We passed on the high ridge near the Cut Bank Pass and the old camping ground of the Boundary Survey party, or perhaps that of the Geological Survey. It was located in a little flat on top of a beautiful eminence. Near this we crossed the very face of the big mass of half-cemented slide rock which marks the edge of the moraine. Here there had been a landslide which had quite obliterated the trail, yet the horses managed to pick their way across and up the face of this acclivity in a fashion very wonderful to witness. So now at length we gained plenty of elevation and could see entirely over the Two Medicine Valley. In this valley we had laid an irregular semi-circle of trail, leading out from and back to our bear bait, and covering all a distance of perhaps ten or twelve miles. We finished the work of that day by coming in above the bear bait and leaving our drag at the bait.

Curiously enough, we found one of the steel traps at the bait sprung. Also we found tracks in the soft ground—tracks as though some one had put down a piece of mud on the steel trap with his hand. "Here's where old John put his hand when he was setting this trap," said Jack Monroe. "I must study the old man's way of setting steel traps, for he's pretty near headquarters on trapping things."

So much for reading sign when we were off our guard. We now started down through the thick wood toward camp, following the drag which Collins and I had first laid. About a mile and a half down the wood old John Monroe, Collins and myself had built a dead fall for the little black bear which was reputed to be infesting that neighborhood, and which I took to be the same bear whose sign I had seen across the river. We had by this time given up the notion that there would be any bear at our bait, and were resolved to catch this little fellow at any hazard. I would rather see old John Monroe build a dead fall and catch a little black bear any day than to shoot the same little fellow myself. I was, it must be remembered, only looking for grizzly myself. Well, we had not gone half-way down to this dead fall, which, by the way, we found untouched, when we saw bear sign right along the trail of the old drag, and this sign was heading up toward the bait.

"I'll bet a thousand dollars," said Jack Monroe, with the sudden solemnity of conviction, "that it was that bear sprung the steel trap. Now, what shall we do, go back and take up those blasted traps, or go on to camp?"

It was growing late, and we were all very tired, so I told the boys we would go on to camp and let the steel traps take care of themselves. We had before this time reset the trap and hence there still remained the original bait, surrounded with three steel traps and with a ten-mile drag out through the best bear country of that region. I must admit that this was a most tenderfoot performance, to trip to trap coyotes at a bear bait, but no one could be blamed for it except myself, and I had by this time abandoned hope, as before mentioned.

At camp Jack Monroe read to me a long lecture on the virtue of never abandoning the aforesaid hope. "You want to remember that the last day in camp gives you ten times as good a chance as the first day," said he. "You are then just getting acquainted with the country, getting your drags all laid, and, besides, are by then just giving your game a chance to get in on your bait. I'll bet you anything you like that we'll get a bear yet."

I brushed the sad tears from my eyes and told him that I admired him, but that his judgment was pretty blamed poor.

Yet on that very next morning note what happened.

Collins, Jack and I again started out to see what was going on at our bear bait, being now satisfied that there was at least one little black bear in that valley, and devoutly hoping that he would get his back broken in the dead fall and not go fooling around our bear bait, as we did not want to shoot him. We all three went up to our lookout point above the bait on the high hillside, something more than a quarter of a mile away from the horse. Here we sat down and carefully inspected the bait with the field glasses.

"It looks as though there was something had kind of covered up the neck of the horse," said Collins, after a long study of the bait. We all looked, and sure enough there seemed to be a little grass, or something, which seemed to cover the neck of the horse from complete view.

"It may be that blamed little bear," said Jack, but Collins thought that perhaps the coyotes had been kicking around in the grass there again. Nothing seemed to have bothered the steel traps, and, after a careful look, we concluded that there had been nothing at the bait. Collins then mounted his faithful little "Bucky" and started off up through the woods to do some more dragging, it being our deliberate intention to cover that entire country with so many meat trails that no guilty bear could possibly escape.

Jack and I went down to the bait to make a personal inspection of it. To our intense astonishment, we found that the glasses had not shown us the entire truth. There, against the neck of the horse and along its back bone, was a little covering of grass and dirt. There were marks in the moist earth of the little glade as though some big hog had been rooting there, carelessly indifferent. On the side of the horse there were some fresh strips of flesh torn away from the rib. Item, there were three steel pens, every one of them sprung!

"By the great old Harry!" cried Jack Monroe, "He's been here, sure as you're born! Now look at those in-

fernal steel traps! He's sprung every one of them, and like as not pulled his freight to kingdom come."

"And just look at his footprints!" said I, myself, my heart sinking within me and my spleen rising at my own infinite folly as a bear hunter. There in the soft dirt was an imprint as though some elephant or mastodon had passed by. We figured that it was eight inches across the pad. At last, here was our bear! Grizzly, perhaps, but anyhow a big one. And, big or little, grizzly or not, probably a bear now vanished forever!

"Oh, Jack, Jack!" said I, sitting down in very despair. "Why didn't you break off a branch and slug me yesterday when I passed by those beastly steel traps? Why don't you kick me now? Why don't we both go jump in the river? Our bear has been here, and now he has gone, and will never, never, come back again! I surely expect that I am the most infernal idiot that ever came west of the Missouri River."

Jack calmly agreed with me in these details, and then after a while we began to question what was best to be done. Every steel trap had been sprung, and we could not discover any evidence that the bear had even had a toe pinched by the traps. His big foot had apparently covered up the entire No. 3 trap and it had probably snapped under him without hurting him in the least. He had not dug up the traps or thrown them away, and Jack, after balancing the matter in his mind, finally expressed it as his opinion that the bear had not cared any more for those traps than if they had been mosquito bites.

"He'll come back again, sure," said he, in his optimistic fashion. And bearing in mind the indefinite mental attitude of old John Monroe in regard to bears and steel traps, I at last tried to hope that perhaps this bear might be heard from again.

"You see this grass and straw along the horse's side?" said Jack. "Well, that means that this bear had put his brand on this horse. He says, 'This is my meat, and don't you bother it, for I'm coming back again after awhile.' Now the thing for us to do is to get away from here as soon as we can, and to take these blamed steel traps with us."

With a ghastly attempt at humor, I suggested that maybe the bear would miss those traps if he came back, and so become suspicious of our intentions. We, however, pulled up all the traps, cut loose the horsehair wisps with which we had tied them to the carcass, and so, making as little human sign about the place as we could, got to horse again and moved away. We went back up the hill, it being now about 11 o'clock in the morning. Under Jack's instructions, we cut some little evergreen trees and made a sort of blind just at the crest of the hill, or, rather, at a point upon its slope, where one could just see the bait in the little coulee below. The sun was now shining bright and warm, and as we were dressed in comfortable woolen, we suffered no inconvenience from the weather, and, in point of fact, we both lay down and went to sleep. We dozed along for hour after hour, after eating our lunch, taking things generally easy. Presently Collins came back from his quest and we explained to him the situation.

"Oh! that bear won't come back before night" said Collins, "if he comes at all." In this we all agreed with him. We had no idea that, after feeding the night or morning just passed, he would come in again very soon. Collins said he thought he would like to run down to Midvale and get the mail, and as there seemed no prospect of any fun with the bear, I agreed that he do this, and he rode on his way, expecting to meet us at camp after dark, unless we decided to wait until late into the night at the bear bait.

Left alone, Jack and I lay down and resumed our occupation of dozing in the sun. Once in a while one of us would waken, sit up and peer through the evergreen branches at the bait below. In some sort of fashion the afternoon wore on. I think I must have slept pretty nearly an hour the last time, and it was about half-past four in the evening when I was awakened with a sudden wrench at my arm which nearly took that member out of its socket.

"Get up," said Jack, "The bear is there!"

I sat up, rubbing my eyes, which were full of sticks. I could not see anything, and, for a moment could not realize where in the world I was. My sleep-coniused brain could not tell what in the world it was that made Jack Monroe's eyes shine, and what made him so excited.

Without saying anything further, he handed me the glasses and pushed me up close to the space between the evergreen boughs. I looked, and then I saw the cause of Jack's sudden interest in surrounding affairs.

There, far down below us, more than a quarter of a mile away, but plainly visible even to the naked eye, and looming up in startling fashion in the field of the powerful glasses, was the bear! He had come back after all. There he was, ripping away at the carcass of the horse. I could see the long, red hair rolling on his shoulders as he worked, his head down and his fore feet well in front of him.

It was, then, not a grizzly. It was not a gray bear nor a silver-tip bear, and, apparently, not a black bear. Its hide, which I could readily see was a splendid one, was covered with a thick coat of deep, red-brown fur.

"It's a cinnamon," I whispered to Jack. "A cinnamon sure, and maybe he'll give us a scrap."

That was the one thing Jack and I had been longing for all along. We wanted a bear, a big bear, a big grizzly bear, and we wanted him to put up a fight. Jack said he didn't think it was a cinnamon. "It's a brown bear," he whispered, as we turned away.

Now, whatever the scientists might have called this bear on the hoof, or whatever they would have called him after a closer inspection, I cannot say. They tell me that scientists now admit that there is a distinct species to be known as the cinnamon bear. Yet all Western hunters know that, at least in the lower parts of the Rocky ranges, the grizzly bear may be what is known as the cinnamon; that is to say, a long-clawed bear, and may have a deep, red-colored hide. I had not yet had more than one look at the bear through the glasses, and the most I could see was his great, broad back, rolling and waving like a field of wheat in the wind. I could not tell whether or not he had long claws, but I hoped, as I think Jack did also, as we started down the hill on our long stalk, that this fellow might have long claws and that he might charge us and raise all the trouble he blamed

please. By this time we were irritated from lying around and waiting so long without any sport, and now that we had gotten thus close to the bear, we wanted him to do something to even up matters.

"How's your nerve?" whispered Jack, as we started down the hill on the detour which was to bring us into the mouth of the little coulee. I answered by pulling up the rifle and taking a sight or two. I still had to rub my eyes to get the sticks out of them.

Personally, I can answer that going up to a bear at a bait is a very simple matter. One does not get very much excited, or, indeed, very much interested in the matter. He has been waiting around so long that he has lost the capacity for great excitement and simply takes things as they come.

Jack and I made a careful stalk, trying our best to get to a certain little pine tree which we knew would be within seventy-five yards of the bait. Thence, if one were very careful, he might get up behind a bush, and, if everything went well, be then within fifty or sixty yards of his game. This first pine tree was just back of the ridge which crossed the mouth of the coulee at this place. We were never destined to reach even this first point of vantage. We were still on the upper ridge and just coming to the shoulder of the hill which blocked that side of the coulee, when I heard Jack whisper behind me, excitedly: "There he is! Hurry up!"

At the instant my head was down, as I was in the act of crawling along behind the ridge. I glanced up through the thin fringe of grass in front of me, and there I saw the bear. He seemed an enormous sort of thing, as large as a meeting house, or larger. So far from charging us, or making any trouble for us, he was fifty yards away from the bait and walking directly across a big snowdrift on his way through the little opening in the wood, from which there sunk swiftly a deep coulee, once within which he would be out of our sight entirely. There remained perhaps ten yards of open space between the bear and the edge of the wood. He was walking quite rapidly, but not looking around. Perhaps some chance whipping around of the wind up the coulee had carried to him our scent, careful though our approach had been.

Here, then, was the bear, a big bear, a red bear, a cinnamon bear, but in that swift flash of the eye which showed him, there came the sudden and disappointing knowledge of quarters rather sloping and not blocky and square, like those of the grizzly; of a head large and massive enough it is true, yet showing the concave contour, not of Ephraim but of his humbler cousin, the short-toed citizen.

Once, twice, and three times I tried to find sight through the waving grasses, never breathing once during that time and wondering intensely every second whether the bear was going to get into cover before I was able to find the proper sight. When you are shooting a rifle it is no use pulling the trigger until you know the sights are right, and I had sense enough to keep this fact prominently in my consciousness. At last I got the tall forest sight down, got the little ivory bead deep down into the rear sight. It caught a bunch of red fur, caught it somewhere in the middle, leaving abundance of fur on every side of it. They tell you you must shoot your bear through the heart, through the brain, through the shoulder. Any one who has ever killed a bear can tell you just how you ought to do it. Don't pay any attention to these people. They do not know what they are talking about. The way to do is just to shoot him, and shoot him the best way you can under the circumstances. At any rate, that is just what I did with my bear. It was such a bother to get a good sight at all that I didn't trouble myself about shooting him through the brain, or through the shoulder, or anywhere else in particular. There was no time to shoot specified locations on that bear. It was just a case of shooting the bear itself and letting it go at that, with no time left to think it over.

I felt the trigger loosen with a smooth, even pull and naturally was sure that I had hit the bear. Yet, so far from his rolling over and bellowing, and so far from his charging at us open-mouthed and roaring at us with rage and pain, he simply gave a little, crouching squat and tremendous leap, whose swiftness and speed I could not have conceived possible in so large an animal. Then, on the instant, he disappeared under the cover of the trees and was gone over the brow of the coulee! I sprang up and fired a second shot, this time finding the long fore sight of the .30-40 a great inconvenience. I had not time to catch aim and where this shot went I do not know, but I had no notion at the time that it had touched the bear. It was simply sent after him to show that there was no coldness.

Now, again my heart sank within me. I again reviled myself as the most unlucky person in all the world, and one deserving no atom of success. After fate had set aside the coyote-trapping perversity and had at length brought to me my bear, I had now missed him like a rank tenderfoot. Surely luck was against me.

"You hit him," said Jack, to my intense and delighted surprise.

"No, I didn't," said I. "If I had hit him with that bullet, it would have stopped him."

"Well, you hit him all right," said Jack, "anyhow; didn't you see him squat down, and didn't you see him throw his head around toward where the bullet hit him? You needn't worry any, you landed on him all right."

"Then, if I landed on him," said I, "he's our bear. I'll bet you that much. So far as I could tell, I ought to have caught him about midship, and if that bullet ever went through his ribs, we'll come up with him sure."

This much, as we hurried over the ridge down into the coulee and up to the snow bank, on which we could now see the vast footprints of the bear. There was no hair or blood visible—though later on we did find a little piece of hair, cut out by the bullet, and fallen on the snow. We hurriedly followed into the cover, not caring whether or not the bear was dangerous, but simply because we had still lost our bear. Here and there we could see a deep footprint in the hard earth, as deep as a horse would make in running. On one leaf Jack found a little, tiny drop of dark blood, not bigger than the head of a pin. "You hit him," said he again, and with still greater conviction in his tone. We trailed on and on, slowly, getting perhaps fifty yards in the direction lined out. All at once I looked down into the foot of the deep coulee below us. There, seen dimly through a dead

evergreen tree, lay a vast, brown object, so big that I could not believe it was our game. "What is that, Jack?" I asked, pointing down into the coulee.

"By the Lord!" cried Jack. "There he is!"

So now we shook hands, as only two hunters could do under such circumstances, and then plunged on down the steep incline.

There, lying vast and shapeless, inert and soft looking, still gasping and perhaps still dangerous, was our bear. He had run perhaps one hundred and fifty yards, or, rather, had perhaps run fifty yards before he stumbled and fell with his first breath. We later found a vast quantity of blood where he had first fallen, probably blown from his lungs when he first breathed. Thence he had tried to cross along the steep side, had stumbled and staggered, and finally dropped just in the little stream of water which ran down the coulee.

The whole world now seemed changed. So far from this being a vale of tears and an abode of grief and sorrow, we both decided this earth to be a spot of joy and gladness. We jabbered like two school children as we went to work to take care of our meat. Knowing that it would be too late to get the others up from camp, and too dark for any photographing, we decided simply to open the bear and come back the next morning with the others of the party and make some photographs of his bearship.

When we opened the carcass we found evidence enough of the terrible quality of this hollow point, steel-jacketed .30-40 bullet. The shot had entered through the side, rather high up and well back in the flank. It had torn the liver into pieces, cut the entrails, and blown the upper part of the lungs practically into bits. This much we found in our hurried examination of that evening. When, on the following morning, we brought up the entire party, Madame and all, to see the fallen game, we found upon skinning the bear that the wound had been even more serious than we had first supposed. Upon the far side of the carcass, just back of the shoulder, there were two holes, either of which was larger than the first one made by the bullet on its entry. A part of the metal base of the bullet we found within the body of the bear. Two other parts of the bullet had passed on clear through the bear, probably a part of the metal jacket making one hole and the lead of the bullet making the other. One of the ribs was shattered. Two holes were about eight inches apart upon the farther side of the body. Old John Monroe, who came up with us the next morning, gravely assured me that I must have shot the bear twice, as there were two holes. Yet the wound was made with a single charge. Strangest of all, after removing the hide, we came upon a great blood-shot mass of flesh, which lay outside of the ribs. Here the bullet had some explosive effect. The flesh was simply blown into pulp, and one could take his hand and scrape away from the ribs all their covering for a space of eight or ten inches.

It is supposed that these hollow point .30-40s do not go through the game, and Billy Hofer thought that the fact of this bullet having traversed the entire body of so large an animal was due to the fact that it was shot at rather long range. I was about one hundred and twenty-five yards from the bear when I shot it. At thirty, forty, or fifty yards, the bullet probably would not have gone through, and its effect would have been still more terrific.

After studying the nature of this wound, I came to the deliberate conclusion that I was not afraid of the biggest grizzly bear that ever ran the mountains. One of these times I hope to meet him face to face and in the open, and if he ever starts toward me and I have this same gun and same load, he'll be the very worst mussed-up bear that ever was. I do not believe that any bear can stand a single shot from one of these hollow-point bullets at close range, provided that the shot be delivered anywhere within the hollow of the body. It would blow a bear's head to pieces, I imagine. Of course, when a bullet passes through the body of an animal, it lessens the shock very much. It is impossible to suppose that any animal could take the full impact of that blow within its body and then have strength enough left to come on. The only wonder to me was that this bear was able to go so far after being hit so hard. The shot would not ordinarily be called a good one; that is to say, a well-placed one, as it was far back and through the bowels. Yet it was good enough to land the meat with this cartridge, as we now had plenty of proof.

That night we made merry at our camp on Two Medicine Lake. As I have said, John Monroe and his "human" were there, Jack Monroe was there (no relative of John Monroe, it should be remembered, but a pure Anglo-Saxon, albeit as keen a bear hunter as even the old Hudson Bay man); we were all there, and since I had now become more tolerable as a camp associate after killing the bear, there was a sound of revelry by night.

In the morning, when we tried to make some photographs of our bear the weather was not quite so favorable. Rain was falling nearly all the time, and the valley from Rising Wolf to the upper lake was filled with storm after storm. Yet, wonderful to see, and one more of those wonderful things which are continually happening in the Rockies, there was a vast rainbow, not quite perfect but tremendous in its size, reaching from the bottom of the mountain to its top, a glorious, bright-painted rainbow, which swung not in an arch, as does the rainbow of the prairies, but lay like an enormous blanket, flat on the side of Rising Wolf. This was, perhaps the most remarkable spectacle ever afforded us by this mountain, the mountain which is called Mahqueepah, or the Wolf That Stands.

Old John Monroe proved the main beneficiary by our bear hunt. We kept out one ham, which was all we cared to retain of the meat. John and his "woman" deftly butchered the rest of the carcass, and somehow managed to pack it on a couple of horses, with which they forthwith started out for home. I gave the hide to Mrs. Monroe for tanning, and the last I saw of it it was stretched on a big pole frame, nicely grained and promising to make a splendid robe. I found no fault with it except that it was not the hide of a grizzly nor the hide of a bear which died fighting. As to that latter part, I do not believe one is very apt to find any bear in the Rocky Mountains which will make much of a fight these days. They are all busy seeking to take care of their own hides, as, indeed, they have a very good right to do. This

bear hide, when spread out over "Bucky" Collins' all-suffering little cayuse, proved pretty nearly big enough to cover him up. We took it to be about seven feet in length. When stretched on the frame and partly dried, it was as wide across as I could span with my outstretched arms. The feet were peculiarly large on this bear. The track in the snow was as long as the comb of my rifle, which we afterward measured and found to be eight inches. It was eight inches between the eyes and built all round like a hired man. Everybody told me, as everybody has told me since I came back, that I had no right to complain about the success of my bear hunt, and had every reason in the world to be congratulated.

My bear made the fourth which had been killed between the Great Northern Railroad and the British line this spring. A man by the name of McNeil got a splendid silver tip in the St. Mary's country the same week that I killed my bear, but this bear was killed by means of a set gun, which was left at the bait, and not shot in the open by the hunter. Another man by the name of Purdy, whom I met at the Agency before I came away, had two good skins, one a black and one a silver tip, the black bear being larger than the silver tip. He and some friends had shot both these bears, which were bayed up by a dog. The grizzly skin, I think, was not a very large one, not so large as the black bear, and, according to Purdy's story, not six feet in length. These were the only bears I heard of being killed during the season at the time I left. Tom Dawson and a party last fall, while hunting around the upper lake, ran into a bunch of four grizzlies, and of these they killed two very nice ones.

My trip was now nearly at its natural end, for time was growing short. I felt much disappointment at not having landed my grizzly, and hung on like grim death, taking Jack Monroe's advice in regard to the last day of the hunt. Nothing came in again at the bait, and nothing bothered our Hudson Bay dead fall, which we continually hoped would produce the hide of that little black bear which was roaming the wood back of our camp and whose trail we saw nearly every time we came down the mountainside. We waited two more days, and, on the second day, Collins, Jack and I again went up through the woods to see the dead fall. Coming down through the little parks at the edge of the lake to take ship again in the canvas boat in which we had come part of the way on our journey from camp, Jack sat down with his field glasses, and, following his usual custom, began to search the mountainsides for game. He was examining some little open parks or dark-colored slides on the face of the mountain across the lake and about three miles away from us, when all at once he stopped and uttered an exclamation.

"Four bears!" said he, "and all in one bunch! Well, wouldn't that kill you?"

He handed me the glasses and I looked where he indicated. Sure enough, there were four bears—one black bear, or a dark-colored one, and two smaller ones, also dark in color. The fourth bear was as big as all the other three together. He was a yellowish, whitish, pepper and salt color. This I could see distinctly. All at once he turned and ambled off across the open face of the slide, where he had been digging, and then, in a flash, I saw the square, blocky head, the square-cut quarters, the high shoulders and the unmistakable back of the grizzly bear. There he was, the very bear in all likelihood which had eaten up the first horse, and the very bear on whose trail we had been camping thus long!

On the day before, Jack Monroe and I had been over on that part of the mountain and we had trailed a bunch of four bears through the fresh snow clear down to the foot of the lake, just opposite to where we were sitting at that time. We had taken it that these bears were all black bears, although one of them was a very large one. This fourth black bear we now missed, but his place was taken by this big grizzly, on what sort of basis only the bear family itself could have told us. Yet here he was, and he was a grizzly just as sure as we were sitting there.

Under these circumstances, although it was now late in the evening, and although Collins and Jack were in their shirt sleeves, we did not hesitate for an instant. We hurried to the boat, and in spite of the stiff wind, were soon across the lake and on our way up the steep mountain side. Then I saw a specimen of mountain climbing such as I had never before witnessed. If I had not been there, Jack and Collins would have gone clear up without a single pause. It was more than two miles and about forty-five degrees, over all sorts of going, and much of the way over deep, wet snow. I found it imperative to stop and rest very often, and, of course, this delayed the others. Had I been as fast as Jack Monroe, for instance, we would probably have gotten that grizzly, but there are few such sets of lungs and legs as these with which I was now in friendly competition. I do not know how long it was before we got up to the little, open place where we had seen the bears, perhaps an hour.

Here we met with another piece of that bad luck which seemed to hang over me all the way through the trip. We got up above the first slide where we had seen the bears. There were two other little, open spaces or parks on the face of the mountain, all within a quarter of a mile, and we had figured out that, as the bears were feeding toward us, they would probably show up on one of these other open places by the time we got up there. Yet we could not get any trace of them. Losing our way in the dense forest, out of which we could not see the spurs of the mountains in order to range ourselves, we appeared on the first park where we had seen the bears instead of the last one, where we expected to see them. As a matter of fact, we were standing within twenty-five feet of the trail of the bears when we looked down into that first open place. This we did not know, so we swung around and spent an hour and a quarter in traveling over that steep country in the hope of taking up the trail of the bears after they had left the slide. At last we were obliged to come out into the open country ourselves. We saw the great holes which the bears had torn in the soft soil of the earth slides where they had been looking for little roots and pieces of green vegetation. Again we had occasion to admire the tremendous power of these great animals. Here we could see the foot mark of the big bear and note his excavating operations.

I had sized this bear up against a big rock which was located in the middle of the slide. He looked pretty nearly as big as the rock, but when I got to the rock, it seemed so large that I could hardly credit my own vision.

We spread out at this point, fully an hour behind the game, and began to cast around for the trail, there being only patches of snow here and there. At last we found that the bears had gone straight up the mountain instead of along its face. We at length lined out their trail and followed it up until it struck continuous snow along the face of the rocks, just at the edge of the timber line. We had proof enough here of the accuracy of our original conclusion. With this party of bears, three black bears, without peradventure, there was one tremendous grizzly bear. We figured that he had probably driven off the big black bear which was with this same bunch the day previous. He was following along behind the others, sometimes a little at one side. Collins had a foot of rather generous proportions, at least, a number ten. He stepped into the track of the big fellow's hind foot, and there was enough of the bear's footprint showing in the snow in front and behind the rubber overshoe enough to prove that he was a very big grizzly indeed. Where he had struck the snow banks, he plowed through much as a herd of cattle would, or like a steam shovel through a bank of mud.

At last we had located a real grizzly and a good, big one at that. I need not say that we strained every muscle in our attempt to get up with this game. We now did a nice piece of still hunting as I have ever seen, and one so well planned and executed that it deserved success. Under Jack's leadership, he being far and away the best hunter of us all, we did not follow along this trail, but paralleled it, only going into it every half mile or so, and keeping the wind in our favor as much as possible. The trail, as obvious as a pack train could have made it, could be seen at some distance through the woods on the surface of the snow. It wound and zig-zagged and led off on and up, as well as off to the eastward. I do not know whether or not the bears had seen us when we crossed the lake, but thought it very unlikely, as a bear cannot see more than a half or three-quarters of a mile at most, according to the old hunters. The bears did not seem to be alarmed, and we followed them until nearly dark, over the snow banks, through the worst of timber, and at last over a vast blowout of ragged rocks, where the trail could not be seen at all, though we picked it up upon the other side. At the top of this blowout we made our one error, and a fatal one. For perhaps one hundred yards we followed directly along the trail, because the going was better at that place and because the trail was plainer. Fatal mistake! We were then, although we did not know it, less than three hundred yards from the bears. That infant black bear ran up on a little hillock of snow, as we saw by his tell-tale footprints. He turned around, and then he either saw us or smelt us. This news he communicated to the others. There lay the record on the snow. We went along a little way and saw that, instead of walking and playing and rolling around in the snow, as the bears had been doing previously, they had now broken into a long gallop.

"It's all up," said Jack. "It's no use scaring them any more. We'd just as well go back to camp."

So, drenched to the skin, cold and shivering in the cold, night wind in spite of our exertions, we again turned down the hill and reported at camp the last of our story of ill-fortune.

I would not weary the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* with a mere record of personal doings. Our time was now up, and although I much longed to spend a week or ten days more and get that grizzly, as I am satisfied we could have done, I decided that on the second day thereafter we must break camp and start for home. Yet we fought it out to the end as gamely as we could. On the next morning after that long trail in the snow, Jack and I rode forty-five miles among the Indian houses below, until at length we rounded up in the woods, high up on the mountains, with a poor and broken-down cayuse, whose merciful end we made serve us as yet another temptation for the wandering bear. This time we put out our bait far to the east of where we had left the bunch of bears the day before, hoping that they might not have fled far out of the country, and have turned back and continued to feed along the range of mountain where we had seen so much bear sign; namely, that vast, black slope of timber which lies on the northern or upper part of the Two Medicine Lake. We had left two nights and one day as the sum total of time in which we could land our grizzly. While Jack and I were doing this work, the others broke camp and moved down toward the Agency, camping in a little coulee on the high ridge, where there was water and wood. Here, after our long day in the saddle, Jack and I slept.

The next day there came a bitter cold rain, which fell steadily for more than twelve hours, and we did not think it worth while to go up into the mountains under the circumstances. The next morning camp was broken and a start made for home by the wagon outfit. Jack and I rode up to visit our last bait. Nothing had touched it, and so, with a final sinking of the heart, I gave it up and started for the settlements. Collins, whom we sent up to visit the old bait about six miles above and on the lower side of Two Medicine lake, reported that he had seen nothing at the dead horse, but had seen a black bear at the dead fall. He said that he destroyed the dead fall, according to our orders. We laughed at him and told him that he was "seeing things," and asked him why he didn't shoot the bear according to instructions. He declared that he had come down and tried to find us so that I could kill this bear. I had no more use for black bears, and after finding that we were not going to land the big grizzly, whom we had christened "Old Pete," the subsequent proceedings interested me very little.

That same night Madame and I started east for the busy city. Billy Hofer went west to Seattle, and Jack Monroe and Collins resumed their activities among the coyote population. Jack had landed two litters of coyote puppies, 15 in all, worth \$5 apiece. I told him to watch those baits, and if he saw "Old Pete" to kill him sure and send me his hide, for if I couldn't kill him myself, I owed him a grudge for having led us the dance he had for all these many days. I don't think Jack would kill the bear or tell anyone else where the baits

were so that anyone else could kill him. He would rather get someone like myself, who has lost a grizzly, to come out and do the killing than to shoot the old fellow himself.

At Joe Kipp's we learned of everything that had happened in the past two weeks, how Joe Brown had missed us and gone up the St. Mary's and how Joe Kipp himself had been detained by the horse roundup. I do not know how I can sufficiently thank big-hearted Joe Kipp for all his kindness on this trip, which was certainly a busy one and which all my friends tell me was a very lucky one.

Curious and eventful enough all this must have seemed to Madame, who thus made her first visit to the inimitable region of the Rockies. I hear of little items regarding incidents experienced there every day and expect to continue to do so for years to come. Madame's bravery began to rise about the time we were nearly across Dakota. I can truthfully say that she was scared almost to a finish every minute of the time she was up in the mountains. Yet her own experience is proof enough that a lady can go into the Rocky Mountain country with perfect ease, safety and comfort, and can have an experience worth remembering for a life time.

Some little items regarding our outfit and experiences may prove of service to those who intend going on a bear hunt—and I surely hope someone will go out and kill that grizzly of mine, since it is not likely I can get out again after him very soon.

Madame's clothing was made up of wool. In this mountain country the side saddle is unknown, and a woman must ride astride in the only sensible fashion. We, therefore, tabooed the encumbering skirt and made a pair of roomy trousers, fitted close around the ankle and loose above the ankle. These trousers were of heavy cloth, about the weight of a mackinaw. A mackinaw coat of the same pattern as that worn by men and a broad, white hat, with stout shoes and overshoes, made up the rest of the costume, which was found entirely comfortable and serviceable. Madame gained the name of "the Sergeant" around camp, but in time came to glory in the freedom of bifurcated clothes. I do not think any woman can be comfortable climbing about in the mountains with any sort of skirt to hamper her.

As to the bear gun, I found my .30-40, with the hollow point steel jacket, all the bear gun that anyone could ask and the one which I am going to use after this. I do not think these bullets are generally on the market. The packages are marked "Specially loaded." I got them on Billy Hoier's suggestion and sent direct to the factory for them. They certainly made a tremendously destructive load. And yet I found that my gun handled these charges beautifully up to one hundred and one hundred and twenty-five yards, beyond which I did not try them. They are said to be not so accurate at long range as the soft-nosed bullet.

Now, some points as to putting up a bear bait, and these are points learned from bear hunters like old John Monroe and young Jack Monroe, than whom I presume there are no two better bear hunters in America to-day. The ordinary impression is that you can take your bear bait out almost anywhere, kill it in almost any kind of locality, and safely expect that the bear will find it. Let me disabuse the tyro's mind of this impression. There is much to be done in the skillful placing of the bear bait. In the first place, Joe Kipp showed us the long bear ridge where he told us the grizzlies first appeared in the spring. This was very well, though, after the snow has begun to go, I think the bears retire to thicker cover, more especially the black bears. The grizzly bears cross the little open parks and root around in the softest dirt they can find. But I believe that nowadays almost any kind of a bear is apt to remain close to cover and not to show himself in the open any more than he can help.

The first thing, then, in putting out a bear bait, is to get on the range of the bears. Collins had done this admirably with his first bait, though that spot was not so good later in the season as it was at the time he put out his first bait. Moreover, he had been especially fortunate in other regards. He had placed the bait where it could be seen from a considerable distance, and also where it could be approached at close range by the hunter when stalking for his shot. It must be remembered by the novice in bear hunting that he does not stay close to his bait while waiting for his bear, but on the contrary, keeps off a long way and watches the bait with his glasses. Moreover, when approaching his lookout point, the blind, as I may call it, he must very carefully scan all the country around him, especially in the neighborhood of his bait. A bear, when approaching to feed, looks all about him carefully, and sometimes make a circuit or two around the bait to assure himself that there are no enemies about. He may feed for awhile and then go off and lie down a short distance from the bait. Hence, if the hunter shows himself against the sky line, he may scare the bear while he is half a mile away. At both of our baits we had a good lookout ground and a good shooting ground. We found that the first bait was badly located in one vital regard. Supposing that cover of the bears was to be found in the five or six miles of black forest which lies around the Two Medicine Lake, then this bait should have been located four or five miles farther up in the direction of the prevalent wind. As it was, the prevailing winds did not carry the scent of this carcass in the direction of the supposed hiding place of the game. This is a question which should always be regarded by one in putting out a bait.

There are two things which must be kept in mind also from the standpoint of the bear. He must have thick and continuous cover near by the bait, and he must have running water not far away. So you see there are many points to be studied when locating your bear bait.

In approaching a bear, even when it is busily engaged in feeding, the hunter needs to use just as much caution as he does in stalking a sheep, an elk or a deer. To reiterate, I do not believe any of these bears are dangerous in these modern days. The thing to be remembered is, that the bear is a very shy creature, continually on the alert and possessed of a very keen scent. His eye sight is not very good, but his nose is very keen. Hence, in coming up to the bait, one must be sure to stalk up

wind. His bait must be laid out in such a way that this is possible.

Most bear hunters do not disembowel a horse where it is put out as bait, thinking that the odor is stronger when this is not done. Jack Monroe differs from these. He always opens the carcass, saying that this allows the scent of the blood to sweep across the country at once, whereas otherwise one might have to wait for nearly a week before the carcass gave out much odor.

A very important part of this kind of hunting is the drag. This obviates a large part of the necessity for having the wind blow from your bait across the cover. We think that the bear I killed certainly followed in the drag we had laid out before, and we are sure that the little bear which first came in at the bait followed the drag which Collins and I had run the day previous to that. Wolves, we know, will follow this drag, for one drag which Jack and I laid out we found the next morning entirely eaten up by coyotes.

I regret very much to state that many of my illusions regarding the ferocity and dangerous qualities of the grizzly bear have been dispelled. It is a very easy matter with a modern rifle to kill a very big bear with a single shot. Your trouble will not be to kill the bear, but to find him. If, in the shooting, you "have some scares," as John Monroe expresses it, then, indeed, you must be still rather tender about the feet. There is no use whatever in being scared of bears in these scientific times. If you are very close to a grizzly in thick cover, and if you shoot him clumsily, he might come at you and make you trouble. Jack Monroe recounts two such cases in his own life, and he speaks respectfully of the grizzly. Dan Doty, the old Kallispel bear hunter, says that he shot a trapped grizzly three times through the body near the heart before he killed it, and he also has a certain respect for so difficult a proposition. Yet none of these men were tangled up with bears shot through with the hollow-point bullet which I have described. I believe one such shot is enough for the best of them. This conclusion, I must admit, is based upon a very small experience; to wit, that of only one bear. Some time, let us hope, the experience may be more extended.

As to putting out steel traps for coyotes when you are bear hunting, or walking around close to your bait, or touching it, or putting out strychnine for wolves anywhere in the neighborhood—I can only decry these practices as possible to none but the worst sort of a tenderfoot! If luck breaks down such a hedge of folly, then it is simply your good fortune.

As to the prospect for bear, we felt all along that we were in a poor bear country and in a poor game country, for the Two Medicine showed little enough sign. And yet, when we began to go out and work and not stand around and wonder about it, we saw that after all there was some game in the country. We saw signs of one little band of elk, one very good bull. We saw two white goats, one splendid big horn ram, eight ewes and yearlings, to say nothing of much other sign of sheep and elk. The country seemed to be pretty well occupied by little bunches of elk, mostly cows and yearlings. The bears we saw unmistakably proved that one big brown bear and one smaller bear were at the first bait. We repeatedly saw sign of what we took to be these same two bears on the lower side of the lake in the timber back of our camp. It must be remembered that, the first day I went out, I saw the sign of a black bear, and Collins and I saw the same trail, or another one, on the day following. Jack Monroe and I in one of our hunts followed the trail of four bears in one bunch, and on that day we saw three other bear trails, so that we figured there were perhaps seven and certainly six different bears on that mountain side at that time. He also saw a trail of a grizzly and two cubs, as earlier mentioned. On the very next day after that, as I have above recounted, we saw four bears in one bunch, and one of these a splendid grizzly. It is possible that this was the only grizzly in on the Two Medicine this spring. It was a remarkable specimen. Now add all these unmistakable evidences of bears, the two grizzlies and one black bear which were killed in the St. Mary's country, and you have what is probably as good a bear showing as you would be very apt to find in the Rocky Mountains.

It is all a matter of luck and hazard, this bear hunting. Old John Monroe said he liked the Heart Butte range and the Badger Creek country, which was east of where we were, and where we intended to go in originally. Jack Monroe said he didn't care to go into that country at all. Jack Monroe said that he had three horses eaten up slick and clean last summer not far from where we had left our last bait. He thinks this may have been done by black bear. I am perfectly clear in my mind that, had I been able to stay a week or two longer in that little valley, I should have gotten my long-est grizzly. There may be some bear hunter who has likewise lost a bear, and, if so, he may, perhaps, be able to get him right where I was, and get him before the first of July. It is very well worth while keeping in touch with Jack Monroe in regard to these matters. I would not ask a harder man to follow in the hills, on foot or on horseback, nor did I ever see one more unfailingly good-natured. He and Collins Anderson surely put up a pretty strong bear campaign together. I hope that some day—but what is the use of hoping? I suppose I ought to be entirely satisfied with the big robe which one of these days is going to come in from the beloved Blackfoot country and adorn the tepee of Madame, the neophyte.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Long Island Note.

PATCHOGUE, L. I., Sept. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Is it true that wild pigeons are to be found in the eastern part of Long Island? I saw a flock of ten or twelve birds near Shinnecock lighthouse last week, which my man said were passenger pigeons, and I am inclined to think that he knows the species perfectly. I will make further inquiries during the present week, and may learn something definite upon the subject. Shore birds above the size of ringnecks are extremely scarce, although we saw about a dozen lesser yellowlegs in Quonic Bay a fortnight ago. Black ducks have begun to fly westward in very small numbers.

F. H. B.

Good Dogs Wanted.

A NUMBER of subscribers who are preparing for the fall and winter sport ask where they can obtain various breeds of dogs.

Two or three desire to secure good beagles; enough for one or more packs.

One wishes to know where he can find good Scottish terriers, while one desires a bear dog. The dog dealer's harvest time is here.

On New Jersey Meadows.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Sept. 18.—There has been so much rain, with high tides, that there has been very little hay cut on the meadows, so very few bay birds stop over. I am afraid the snipe will be very scarce this season.

HERB.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Mississippi Criticises Vermont.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. J. B. Burnham, a writer of well-established ability in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, has treated your readers to a very interesting narrative of the Vermont League outing, with his accustomed felicity of style, in your Sept. 14 number. I have so often heretofore read the contributions of Mr. Burnham in your pages with entire approbation and much enjoyment, that it is now with feelings of profound regret that I am constrained from a sense of duty to call attention to what appears to be an unwarranted exhibition of imaginative exuberance which occurs in the said latest contribution of Mr. Burnham.

It was natural and proper that he should introduce Tigers and Mountain Lions on the stage of the League's proceedings, in view of President Roosevelt's prominent connection with the affair; but, in his graphic description of the banquet on the Isle La Motte, he exceeds the bounds of forbearance in making "fresh-skinned country girls" a feature of the menu, the cannibalistic implication of which, even recognizing the President's well-known strenuous proclivities, is carrying a joke to unjustifiable length, and ought not to pass without rebuke.

Mr. Burnham may plead that the skinned girls were only introduced to give additional éclat to the occasion, and were used solely as the bearers of chicken pie, etc.; but why they should have been skinned at all, a feature that is further emphasized by their being "fresh skinned," still remains for explanation.

COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

In New England.

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—Mr. Frank N. Ganong and a friend have just returned from a hunting and fishing trip to the Megantic preserve. To say that Mr. Ganong is disappointed hardly expresses his feelings. A busy man, it is hard for him to get away, and, naturally, he prizes his short outings, and hopes for some good results. This time he "struck it rough," as fishermen and hunters often will. They fished Spider Lake all one day, with the result of two little bass. The next day everybody said that they should visit Arnold Pond, where the trout live in thousands, and are only too anxious to be caught, two and three at a cast being the rule. They landed there in good order. They cast and cast, and then cast and cast again, but not a trout would rise. All day they fished, taking two little trout that the guide said were too small to keep. The next day they resolved to try for a deer. They went up on to the Canadian part of the preserve, where the open season begun Sept. 1. They tramped and tramped all day long, but not so much as a glimpse of deer did they see.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Follett, of Newton, are both experts with the rod and reel, and seldom do they take up these implements without some good results. Mr. Louis B. Goodall, a manufacturer, of Sanford, Me., invited them down to his place the other day to enjoy the bass fishing. Mr. Goodall is at the head of the Maine commission that is to arrange for a Maine exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1903, already referred to in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it is he that is urging that Maine make an exhibit there of her woods and water resorts, her hunting and fishing privileges and her summer outing facilities. He says that good progress is being made, and that everybody is pleased with the idea. Mrs. Follett caught seven beautiful bass the first afternoon, from the lake about the dam. The next day it rained in torrents, but Mr. Follett is too much of a fisherman to let that keep him indoors. He went out with a guide below the dam. With a helgramite for bait and a light rod, he would cast as far forward as possible and then draw the bait in slowly. The bass took hold finely. Mr. Follett says that he never had better sport in his life. In a short time he had fourteen handsome bass, from 2½ to 4 pounds. More might have been taken, but Mr. Follett gave some of them slack line, "just to see them shake out the hook." He is much pleased with Sanford for bass fishing and Mr. Goodall for an entertainer. Mr. Goodall has been a great lover of the rod all his days, and he will go to work at a fish and game exhibit at St. Louis with all the enthusiasm of an expert.

Boston, Sept. 23.—Still the late fishermen are at it. Considerable fitting out for the fall fishing has lately been done at the tackle stores, and it is plain that there will be no rest for the trout and landlocked salmon, particularly in Maine waters, till Oct. 1 shall close the season. At the Upper Dam a number of the old-timers are

assembled. Messrs. T. B. Stewart, R. N. Parish and E. S. Osgood are there, and they may be considered as the most earnest and successful trio of fly fishermen to be found in this country, or any other, in the size of the trout taken has anything to do with success. Each has a record of big ones, and a good many of them—up to 7, 8 and 9 pounds, all perfect *Salmo fontinalis*. Other fishermen of note are there, including Mr. J. F. Leech, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Barber, of South Framingham, Mass.; Mr. and Mrs. George P. Bearse, of Lewiston, Me.; Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Reese, of Philadelphia; W. W. Seymour, of New York, and many others. Mr. Seymour is another old-timer, and has taken one of the largest trout so far this season—one of 7½ pounds. Mr. and Mrs. I. O. Crane, of Boston, have visited the Upper Dam for several seasons, and the temptation is too great, both being great lovers of the fly-rod and lure, and they are off for the Upper Dam. It may be noted that the number of trout taken thus far from the Great Pool this season is greater than last, but the size is not up to former seasons. Nothing under 3 pounds goes on record, and every fish recorded must be weighed by Landlord Chadwick, and with the same scales. He will permit of no “buncomb” about the weight of fish on the Upper Dam record. SPECIAL.

A Week's Vacation in Jersey.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Ever since the first warm days of spring we all have wished for the time to come when we could get away from the noise, heat and hustle of the city, and repair to some favored spot in the country with rod and reel and settle down to solid enjoyment with the bass and trout in the lakes and streams of New England or along the shores of old ocean.

Last summer it was my good fortune to spend two weeks at Webster Lake, in New Hampshire with my son for a companion, and while we did not make large catches we laid in a good stock of the health and energy that country affords, and we enjoyed that trip greatly. This year I longed for something different, and a short time ago I had an opportunity to take a rather odd trip for a week with a friend and neighbor.

Leaving this city one Sunday evening we were soon flying shoreward, our destination being Cape May. I fancy I hear some of my readers say, How can any one have any sport at that famous resort? That place is only intended for the people with time on their hands that they do not know what to do with; to idle away on hotel porches or in the surf, with a round of hops and board walk promenades. But we discovered something else there, or rather a short distance seaward, and as the funny man says in the show, “Just listen and I will tell you all about it.” Having a mutual friend in Capt. John Rooney, we had notified him to be on the lookout; we were not to be disappointed, for he was on hand at the station to meet us. A short walk took us to his home, where we passed a very pleasant evening with the jovial captain and his wife. Very early the next morning, breakfast being disposed of, we made our way to the beach, taking along our duffle in a push cart, such as is used by all fishermen along the Jersey coast. At the beach we found the captain's boat, a staunch Seabright, new last season. The captain gave a squint at the horizon, letting his eye travel slowly around until it reached southwest, and said, “By the looks of things, we will try McCreis,” which is a small shoal located southwest from Cape May, about ten miles. There was very little surf, and with a light breeze and an ebb tide we were soon on our way. The breeze died out early, and then it was a white-ash one to the bell buoy, which we reached about 8 o'clock, when we anchored in eight fathoms of water, and proceeded to bait up with menhaden or mossbunker which was a little ripe for sensitive nostrils. Our lines had scarcely reached bottom, when there was a series of sharp tugs, and in a short space of time all hands had all they wanted to attend to. The fight was on in earnest, and the way the Seabright was filling up was all that could be desired. There was the usual demand for the knockout clubs for the dogshark or skate; but the sea bass, flounders and big porgies were getting their work in in spite of them; and after about four hours of good sport and hard work we started in for home with a good, stiff wind. Two of us, the captain's man and friend Pettit, busied themselves cleaning a few fat flounders for supper as we came along.

Now there is something in the dressing and cooking of a flounder that was a revelation to me, and as Capt. Rooney says, it is the only way, and as I have always found him a man of truth, and have tested more than one flounder after his receipt, I have come to the conclusion that he knows what he is talking about. Here is the receipt: First, scale and remove the head, which will also remove the stomach. Then lay the fish with the white side down, and with a sharp knife follow a line down the backbone. Now lift the left hand upper corner of flesh and trim out to side fin, leaving that fin attached to ribs and backbone. Then proceed in the same way with the right side. Then turn the fish over and proceed in the same way with that side. This gives four steaks without a bone. Next prepare an egg and cracker dust batter, and have plenty of hot fat in the kettle, the whole being well seasoned, and you have a dish that will make you wish you had known how to prepare it long ago. The captain's wife can testify that we appreciated her efforts in the culinary line.

After supper we set out to obtain fresh bait for the morrow. This is procured with a small seine, by surrounding a school of mossbunkers, packing them on ice, and all is ready. The next morning we left the beach with a good breeze, and steering south-southeast about twelve miles, where there is an old wreck which had been buoyed with a small stick with a rag fluttering from it. But it was like looking for a needle in a haystack to sight such a small object, and a haze was spreading over the water, almost obscuring everything. But this finally lifted, and we were able to discover the alco-vapor launch Rest-a-While at anchor at the wreck. The wind had died out, and it was flat calm. We rowed up alongside and anchored in about four fathoms, with a shell-and-mud bottom, the ideal home of the bass and flounder. As it was the last of the tide they were not

taking the bait readily, and for about an hour time was passed in loitering and yarn spinning. Then the young flood began to come, and with it the fish. Suddenly there is a sharp tug on the captain's line. “What is it, Cap?”

“A big bass—a monster!”

He is hauling in by liberal reaches. The fish is a long way down, and is doing its best to shake loose. The fish suddenly ceases resistance, and coming near the surface, is seen swimming in large gyrations through the clear water, nearly belly uppermost. It is not a bass by any means, but a shark about 6 feet long and striped like a tiger. As it comes to the surface it is being drawn toward the boat, when suddenly it takes it into its head to seek bottom again, giving a fierce snub to the line, but is eventually brought alongside, and by the aid of the club and gaff is dispatched. In the meantime the boat is filling up with the strange sea creatures, their ungraceful mouths parted and dull eyes staring in the semblance more of sorrow than anger, but decidedly more in anger than with sparrow to begin with. Each new arrival seemed the occasion of protest from those already domiciled there. The sun shines out hot, and as Capt. Hand, of the Rest-a-While, kindly offers us a tow in, we go aboard and proceed to fulfill the launch's name. She takes us in in about two hours, and is withal a very handy boat. This closes the day's work, and we retire to sound and restful sleep.

Our trips up to this time have been accompanied by bright skies and light airs; but on this day we have a change. We are at the wreck early, and in a calm until about noon, where there is a fresh breeze from the north-east, gradually increasing in force until the captain says, “Boys, we must be moving.” Then it is up anchor and make sail, and away we go in a mad race for the shore, with a strong flood tide under us. There is a thick haze that obscures the well-known light and objects ashore, and for a while we are taking chances—also barrels of water over the bows. We are drenched to the skin in a minute, with the wind still freshening. Suddenly the captain shouts, “In with the jib!” But before the order can be executed the jib has carried away, and we fall off in the trough of the sea, which by this time is running high. Finally the jib is secured, and on we plow. We are chilled to the bone, but the boat is making good weather of it, when an extra hard puff strips the mainsail from the mast; and after a deal of slatting and banging, it is secured, and we anchor, while Rooney proceeds to repair damages, which he is able to do, and we proceed under a lugsail. But the haze has not lifted, and we know by the way the tide is carrying us that we must be nearing the Crissy Wick Shoals. Will we clear them? The little skiff is as high in the wind as she will go, with the peak slatting and banging and making a terrible racket. Suddenly the haze that has obscured the light lifts, and we can make it out, also the shore line. We have cleared the shoal by a few lengths; and now as we are nearing shore we down sail and out oars, and go through the surf without our usual caution about getting wet, for we are drenched.

This ends our vacation, and we pack up a large basket of the fish to give to friends who have not been able to get away, and say good-by, hoping to be able to return soon and enjoy it all over again.

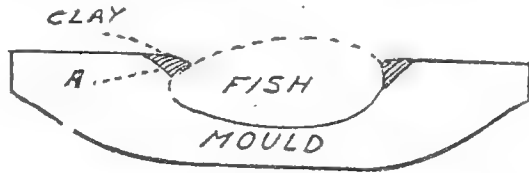
H. L. SHAW.

Plaster Casts of Fish.

I WILL describe as well as I can how to take a cast of a fish in plaster, to show one side only, or what is called a one-piece mould, so that it may be hung against the wall. I have never attempted casting a heap of fish—that is a difficult job, and must be done in gelatine, which I have never handled.

Apparatus required: A pail, a quart basin, a tablespoon, a flat ¾-inch bristle paint brush, a gill of linseed oil, a gill of spirit polish, a piece of ¾-inch board unplanned (about 2 inches longer and 2 inches wider than the fish), some strips of millboard 2 inches wide, some tin tacks and superfine plaster, and some soft clay; get these ready, and work near a tap if possible, as a great deal of water is required, and do not forget to put on a large apron.

First catch your specimen fish, then well oil the surface of the board, using the brush, then place the fish on it, fill up the angle between the fish and the board with clay, slightly raising the head, fill the mouth level with the lips, block up the dorsal and ventral fins, then, when the fish is in the required position, tail the millboard round the outside edge of the board, to form a flange so that the plaster shall not run over, and you are ready for the plaster; then place the pail under the tap and let the water run, about half fill the basin with water, take a spoonful of plaster and shake it into the basin, repeat this four or five times, then pour off the clearest part of the water and stir up the mixture quickly—it should then be about the consistence of cream, not thicker, take a spoonful and pour it quickly over the top of the fish, then blow it about smartly, take another spoonful and blow that into all the crevices, and repeat until the fish is covered with a thin coat; wash the basin out, mix some more plaster, and ladle it over quickly and evenly, and repeat until fish and board are covered to the thickness of about ¾ inch, then flatten the plaster slightly on the top so that it will stand firm when turned over. In about ten minutes it will be sufficiently set, then strip off the cardboard, turn the mould upside down and lift off the board, easing where necessary with a thin knife; you will then have the fish half embedded in plaster; take out the clay, and you should then be able to lift out the fish. If it does not come away easily cut away the plaster a little round the edge, the mould should then look like this:



Now for the cast. When the mould has been made about an hour brush out the inside with soap and water, then brush it over carefully with the polish, which will stop all the pores; then oil it thinly, but carefully, mix

some plaster as at first, and do not forget to blow it well about. When the mould is covered the plaster may be poured out of the basin and spread even with the spoon until it lies about half an inch thick on the mould. Let it set, and then the cast ought to come clean out of the mould; if it catches at the edges, it is because you have not cut away enough at the part marked A in the diagram, cut away a little more of the mould till the overlapping part is released. When the cast is got out successfully it should be touched up with the point of a penknife, and the part corresponding to the clay cut away with a chisel. If it is to be colored, give it a coat of the polish when quite dry, and paint with tube colors thinned with Mac-guillip.

I hope I have made myself sufficiently clear, and that these directions will be of assistance to those of your correspondents who asked for them.—W. T. Lawrence in London Fishing Gazette.

The Illinois Fish Law.

From a letter written by Commissioner Nat. H. Cohen to Seymour Bower, Secretary of the American Fisheries Society.

It may be of interest if I convey to you some idea of the improved situation under which we expect to find ourselves under the operation of the amended law in Illinois. To begin with, the law will now empower the Commissioners to compensate the wardens when on errands of duty. But above all, the new law has an ample provision for the seizure and destruction of such devices for taking fish as are declared by the act to be unlawful. This will have a most salutary effect on all violators of the law. Hitherto it has been a practical impossibility to secure convictions in our river towns. Local sympathy ran almost uniformly with the fishermen, in consequence of which justices, juries and State's attorneys seemed impelled to override evidence, and the result was that the rights of the people were ignored and the statutes practically nullified, so that the destruction of the fish supply went on almost without let or hindrance. This exasperating state of affairs naturally demoralized the warden service. It was useless to send a warden to make an arrest, because the failure to impose and collect a fine merely operated to bring the law still further into contempt. The Commission was, therefore, constrained to abandon prosecutions in localities where conditions such as these existed.

These exigencies inspired the Commission to seek a remedy in the Legislature by having introduced a new measure, the one to which I have already referred as coming into effect July 1, prox., a measure much better calculated to cope with the situation. After convincing the members of the utility of and the necessity for such legislation as the measure asked, but little difficulty was experienced in securing its passage, to take effect as already stated. One of its wisest provisions in my opinion, and the one that will yield the best result, is that which prohibits fishing within 400 feet of any dam between the 15th day of April and the 15th day of June. I mention here a single instance that came under my personal observation, illustrating the destructiveness of the practice which this provision is intended to cure. It was at the Waldron dam, in the Kankakee River, where one rod in a single day took 135 bass, most of them females. Can there be anything in the way of protective legislation more productive of good results in the perpetuation of our game fishes than the positive prohibition of this barbarous method of taking the parent fish while on their journey seeking a place to propagate their young? We are simply endeavoring to bring the law to the assistance of these pretty and useful denizens of the water in their efforts to perpetuate their species for the benefit of mankind. The destruction of game fish by indiscriminate angling from April to June 15 below dams is the fruitful cause of the depletion of many of our inland streams. In a word, it is the paramount evil that has retarded the increase of game fishes in our waters.

Fish leave their winter quarters, ascend the streams early in the spring, and find their progress retarded by various obstructions, dams being the chief and most formidable. Before these obstructions the fish congregate by thousands, unable to proceed further. A few succeed in getting ahead by means of fishways, where such provisions are made; but the great body of them are at the mercy of the unscrupulous angler, who never leaves the spot so long as a poor, helpless, hungry denizen of the water will consent to be landed in his creel. He goes home with his enormous catch, and ignorantly gloats over the destruction of millions of fishes which future generations ought to enjoy. He is unable to see an inch ahead of his nose, and to recognize the fact that he is taking out of the water the multiplied and multiplying progeny of these helpless creatures, the stock which nature is striving to supply for the years to come.

I ought to mention that the stipulated limitation here noted—the sixty days between April 15 and July 15—is a compromise. It was the desire of the Commission to make the limitation cover the entire time from April 1 to July 1, but the opposition was so determined that it was deemed expedient to agree to the sixty-day limitation, rather than incur the risk of having the bill defeated in toto. It is wise to recognize the fact that measures of a drastic character must be brought before the people by degrees.

Another feature of our new law which we regard as of vital importance is the provision which prohibits the taking of bass with any device other than hook and line, thus making the angler the sole beneficiary of this species.

Presumably, if the sportsmen of Illinois could have the opportunity to legislate upon the question of the use of nets or seines, there would be a practically unanimous vote in favor of abolishing their use entirely. But what would be the result of that? In Illinois there are thousands of people who earn their bread almost entirely by taking the coarse fishes that the angler despises. These people would be practically thrown out of employment, and many of the river towns would feel the effects of losing a considerable portion of their population. Thousands of dollars that are invested in tackle and boats would lie and rot on the banks, and vast sums of money that come from Eastern markets in the purchase of these

coarse fishes would cease to pour in, for the fish that refuse to be ensnared by the angler's lure can only be taken by net or seine.

It is evident that the industry in these coarse fishes must be fostered. It is a matter of no small commercial importance. Over 14,000,000 pounds of this class of fish were taken last year within the jurisdiction of Illinois. The laboring man, earning a dollar a day, cannot pay 25 cents a pound for the finer fish taken by the angler. Carp, the much-abused Cyprinoid, that has not had a word of praise from any mortal since its introduction in this continent—vilified by every sporting paper from Maine to California, a nightmare for the angler, and a general all-around Jonah—will yet loom up like a phoenix in the piscatorial horizon as the future cheap food supply for the generations that are to come. Permit me to set down here a little anecdote illustrating my opinion of the carp as a food fish, and showing that the tirade against it is mostly prejudice. Some two years ago my esteemed colleague, Col. S. P. Bartlett, and myself were at Springfield, endeavoring to convince the Legislature that it was necessary for the Fish Commission to have a new boat, because the old one lacked capacity for the accomplishment of the work laid out for the year then ensuing. We thought we were meeting with fair success, until one of the members arose and cried out, in a ponderous voice: "That's the man," pointing to Col. Bartlett, "who introduced those infernal Dutch carp that killed all other fish, and aren't fit for a dog to eat." We supposed we were lost; but the bill was only on its second reading, and we had another chance. Col. Bartlett went to Meredosia for a 20-pound carp, turned it over to the chef at the hotel, and gave instructions to have it well prepared and put on the menu as "red snapper." The instructions were followed, and it came on in artistic manner. When dinner was served, not less than twenty of the members called for "red snapper" from two to three times. After they discovered they had eaten carp our bill passed without a dissenting vote. We never heard anything more in the way of tirade against carp during the session. I give this anecdote to show that it takes a connoisseur at least to distinguish carp when properly prepared. Suppose we grant that it was a mistake to introduce these fishes into our waters, is it not better to take them also under the protection of our laws, to regard them as a real money producer and a source of cheap food for a large class of our people, since all this can be so readily accomplished without detriment to our game fishes?

In a word, now, our new law gives the market fisherman an opportunity to realize his revenues from Aug. 1 to April 1, in the rivers used for commercial navigation only; all other streams and lakes will be left for the angler. With the proper enforcement of the amended law of which I have spoken, there is every reason to expect that the coarse fish will remain abundant in our waters, and that the game fishes will increase from year to year. Thus I trust you will be able to get a faint glimpse of the fact that we are striving to do a good work in Illinois in preserving and enlarging the means which God and nature have placed in our hands for supplying an inexpensive and healthful food for the table of the masses and a dainty for the tables of the rich and the well-to-do. In this important work we shall progress the more the better the people—the source of our authority—understand the methods by which and the ends to which our efforts are directed.

Novel Fishing in Burma.

FISHING nowadays is such a fine art that there is little new or unknown which can be written about it. The following experience, however, seems to me to be so unique, and at the same time such a cute method of outwitting the finny tribe, that I send you an account of the fishing in the hope it may be of interest to your readers.

The scene was laid in Burma, and the methods employed are eminently characteristic of the Burman and his indolent ways.

We, a party of three, had gone off some two miles inland from the river Irrawaddy to look up a small jheel, and see if we could get a few ducks for the benefit of our larder. Arrived at the jheel, we found a fairly deep piece of water, surrounded by thick jungle and khine grass, without a single duck or teal to be seen on it, and, on inquiry from some fishermen who had a small encampment on the borders, we were told that there were none there, the water being evidently too deep to afford the requisite feeding for them. Having come so far we were, however, not to be discouraged, so, after a deal of persuasion, we got three boats and a fisherman each, and proceeded to explore the sides of the lake. The boats were of the ordinary dug-out type, rather larger, perhaps, than usual, and, at first, we took little notice of the peculiar fittings rigged up in each of them; the fisherman poled them along, the water being about 8 or 10 feet deep. After a short while, we found that there was really nothing to shoot, and it was then that we turned our attention to the fishing, and asked the boatmen how they caught their fish. The boats were about 20 feet in length, and each end was stiffened with some mud or sand ballast. On one side, nearly the full length of the boat, was a net stretched on a framework of bamboos, and this stood up at right angles, or nearly so, to the water. On the opposite side was another framework of bamboos, with thin strips of boarding fastened closely to it, the whole framework and covering looking like a huge door floating alongside.

The upper surface of the door was whitewashed, and the whole was so arranged that it could be inclined from the gunwale of the boat to a point about 3 feet under the water, or raised to float on the surface. This, then, was their stock in trade, but how it was to be used to catch fish we could not imagine. But we were soon to see. At our request two of the boats arranged themselves abreast, with their "doors" lowered or inclined downward, toward each other, forming V in the water, and the boats were kept just far enough apart to allow the lower edges of the "doors" to about touch.

In this position they poled them along in about 6 feet of water, and very soon we had a shoal of small fry

boxed up between the boats. When this was the case, the fish never seemed to try and escape at each end of the trap, which they might have done, but proceeded to leap over the white surfaces of the inclined "doors," and, of course, landed in the boats, those which had taken a big enough jump to clear the boat being caught by the net walls on the other gunwale.

It was most surprising. In a short half-hour the whole floor of the canoes were covered, and, sitting in the center as I was, the fish simply showered on me, and pockets and cartridge bag could have been filled where I sat by the simple method of opening them. The fish were nearly all small, like sardines, and very good eating, as we proved next morning, but occasionally a large one got trapped and came flapping in, and there were six in my boat when I got back about ½ pound each. And I was not sorry to get back, for at the rate they came in the boat, which had about 2 inches of freeboard, would soon have been unpleasantly loaded. Such was the result of about half an hour's fishing, as understood by the wily Burman. He simply stands and poles the boat along, and the fish jump in—simplicity itself. I would fancy him smiling at the results obtained by a fly fisherman at home in the same short time.

Afterward we saw the women folk chopping up the evening's catch into small pieces, and, making a sort of bundle of them, inclosed in lengths of coarse grass, and for each of which they said they got eight annas. But the evening air (just about there) was a bit heavy and scent laden, so we left quickly, having seen one of the most ingenious fishing dodges ever invented, and not wanting to gain any further information as to how the fish are turned into that evil-smelling Burmese delicacy called Bala-choung or Nappee.—Correspondence London Fishing Gazette.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Who Can Help Mayor Harrison?

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 20.—Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, wishes some information in regard to the planting of rainbow trout in deep lakes, and since he has been unable to secure answers to his question thus far, he comes to FOREST AND STREAM in further search. I have confidently promised him that no one ever came to this paper yet who did not get what he wanted, and it is to be hoped that readers will advance any information they may have upon the question proposed.

The facts are these: On the property of the Huron Mountain Club, of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, of which Mayor Harrison is a member, there exists a large, deep and cold lake known as Mountain Lake. This lake is between three and four miles long, and 45, 50 or 60 feet in depth over a large part of its extent. In places the granite shores run sharp off into the water. The lake is perhaps spring-fed, or, at least, the temperature in the summer time at a depth of 20 or 30 feet is always low enough to enable a trout to live there. Yet the lake is not settled by the brook trout, which inhabit a little stream which empties into it. It has, indeed, no fish in it excepting perch, suckers, chubs and the like, which abound in considerable numbers. The lake is drained by a small stream which, not far from the foot of the lake, drops in a fall of 45 feet, making it impossible for trout to ascend from Lake Superior, into which, through the medium of the club streams, the lake empties.

The Huron Mountain Club has often discussed the question of stocking this lake. Some have advised the use of the ouananiche, others believe in trying the brook trout yet further. Mayor Harrison has rather entertained the opinion that the rainbow trout would be the proper fish. He thinks the lake is hardly cold enough for brook trout, but that it would be cold enough for rainbow trout. What he wishes to know, therefore, is whether the rainbow trout has been known to flourish in a landlocked lake of this nature; how cold the water of such lake would need to be; how large the rainbow trout would perhaps grow in such surroundings; what have been the results of planting rainbow trout in such lakes? Is the rainbow native to any of the lakes of the Western regions, and if so, what are the conditions of water, habitat, etc., in such locality?

These questions of planting new fishes are interesting ones, and also are very important ones, as must be any attempt to alter the natural fauna of a region. Mayor Harrison thinks that the rainbow trout could not descend over the 45-foot fall and establish itself in the club streams, where it is not wanted. On the other hand, here is this big lake which offers no trout fishing and which might be put to very good advantage, should the experiment of planting prove successful. Now, will the good readers of FOREST AND STREAM, scientific and otherwise, counsel us of their wisdom and experience?

Good Fishing.

By the way, it was Mayor Harrison, as will be remembered, who broke the Huron Mountain record, and also Mr. Hempstead Washburne's heart, by killing a 5¼-pound trout on the main club stream last month. The Mayor had yet another fine fishing experience at the club this summer. Fishing in the backwater of a logging dam, in a pool which seemed to be spring-fed, he ran into a pocket of nice trout, and in two and three-quarter hours caught 168 of them, very many running a half-pound. They came in doubles and trebles time after time. Not needing so many fish, the Mayor returned nearly all the catch to the water. He thinks this is some of the liveliest fishing he ever saw.

To show the extent of trout fishing possible in preserved streams, one may add an item regarding the little stream which flows into Mountain Lake, above mentioned. This stream was planted some years ago, and has been regarded as sacred ground by all the club members, who supposed it was not fished by any one. This summer a trip was made to the stream to see how the trout were getting along. To the surprise of the club members, they found a beaten path on each side of the stream, and learned, among other things, that on the preceding day a lumber jack and his wife had caught 180 trout on this sacred stream, and you can gamble they didn't put any of them back either. The club has been putting up a good

thing for the adjacent residents, who, no doubt, appreciate the circumstances very much.

In speaking of this same club, it might be stated that Hon. Hempstead Washburne is just back from that country, and states that a big, black bear was killed the other day not far from the cottages. Mr. Washburne is some subdued since his trout record was broken, but is consoling himself with starting a shooting club of his own not far from Chicago. He has killed fifty-nine prairie chickens himself on the country which he is thinking of turning into a preserve.

Grayling in Michigan.

The following letter is at hand, from Traverse City, Mich., commenting upon recently published statements regarding the grayling supply in certain streams of Michigan:

"I notice in FOREST AND STREAM of the 14th inst. a letter from Hartford, Mich., stating that there are trout and grayling in the Pine, or South Branch, of the Big Manistee. This is news to me, so far as the grayling are concerned. I have been under the impression that there are no grayling in the Pine. It was once a good grayling stream. Will the gentleman from Hartford please tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM how many grayling he caught in the Pine in 1901? There are a few grayling in the Manistee above Sharon (formerly known as Jam 1). I camped and fished for them in August of this year on this river. I am told that there are a few grayling left in the headwaters of the Pigeon River, some sixteen to eighteen miles from Wolverine, Mich., but I have not fished this part of the Pigeon. There are also a few grayling left in the headwaters or tributary streams of the Au Sable River, I am told, and that is about all there is left of the grayling in Michigan, so far as I can learn. Grayling fishing on Pine River, in the northern part of Lake county, Mich., ended about 1895. There are some fair-sized trout in this stream, and there would be more but for dynamite, lime, etc. This is the great curse of the Michigan streams. Thousands of trout are destroyed each year by illegal methods, and there seems to be no remedy, unless the State is willing to pay deputy fish and game wardens a reasonable sum for their services.

"I have no use for the rainbow trout. They are driving the speckled trout out of the streams of Michigan. They are poor fish for the table. Under 2 pounds they are taken with the fly. Over this weight, say, 2 to 4 pounds, they are mostly taken with bait. Above 5 pounds they are taken with dynamite and spear, with few exceptions. I know where there are rainbows of large size in Michigan waters that can only be caught by illegal methods. A few years ago a rainbow was speared near this place that weighed 10 pounds, and it is probable that more of them could be caught the same way. N. F."

There would seem to be warrant for the belief that the grayling has a ghost of a chance in several of the Michigan streams. I do not doubt that a specimen or so has been seen in the Pine River, and it is known that young grayling have been seen in the upper waters of the Manistee. Three fine, adult specimens were taken by Mr. Geo. Alexander, in a deep and heavy part of the Au Sable River, thirty miles below Grayling, Mich., this spring. As to the Pigeon, one cannot state, but I know one other stream in Michigan, whose name I am not at liberty to give, while last summer and the summer before that very good takes of grayling were made.

As to the rainbow trout, it is likely that the residents of Michigan would quite agree with N. F. It will, no doubt, drive out the speckled trout in any stream in which it is planted. I have several friends who have taken rainbow trout on the fly in weights of 4 and 5 pounds, and it seems quite true that the age and weight of the fish do not prevent its taking the fly to the same extent as in the case of the brook trout. The guides of the Au Sable, for instance, state in general terms that the big rainbows will rise to a fly, but the big brook trout will not. No doubt some very heavy fish are lost by breaking the tackle of the angler, and even a small rainbow is hard to stop; yet it is no doubt true, as N. F. states, that the largest specimens recorded were more apt to have been taken on the pitchfork than on the fly.

Rainbow Against Brook Trout.

As bearing upon the value of the rainbow trout compared with the brook and speckled trout, there may be offered the following communication from a gentleman who writes from Kalamazoo, Mich., and quotes a letter from North Carolina. These statements seem to cover the question pretty fully. When first introduced into Eastern waters the rainbow trout is hailed by the local anglers with joy. It is really a better sporting fish, as seen in the Eastern streams, than the native brook trout, but it does not wear so well in the estimation of the anglers. It is believed that in most cases the latter regret, and commonly too late, the introduction of the rainbow trout, which practically drives out the smaller, but not less desirable, species. The letter referred to reads as follows:

"In the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 17, 1894, there was published a letter from W. M. Brown, of Florence, S. C., in which he says, in reference to the trout streams in the mountains of North Carolina, the following:

"I would, however, sound a warning note to those who love the native brook trout better, but may be tempted to plant rainbow trout among them as an experiment. Let them forbear. Close observation on the Cullasagee River proves that as the rainbows increase in size the native fish decrease in number. In this stream seven years ago it was no trouble to kill a creelful of the beautiful fontinalis in a few hours, but every year since they have been gradually getting scarce and more scarce, until this past summer the creel would not contain ten per cent. of this species. I cannot assign any other reason for this than that the rainbows, being a fiercer, more voracious and much more active fish, are steadily cleaning them out by preying on them."

"My experience and observation with the trout streams of Michigan, south of the Straits of Mackinaw, are about the same as those of Mr. Brown in North Carolina. No one who has had much experience with the rainbows in the streams of Michigan will question their game qualities, but as for eating them, I do not think they are any better than the common sucker from the same stream."

Muscallunge.

Mr. H. G. McCartney stated this week that in the seven days preceding there had been ten muscullunge killed at Kabekona camp, all over 20 pounds, and one weighing 31 pounds.

Lures for Muscullunge.

I happened to find Mr. Caldwell deep in preparations for a muscullunge trip. Mr. Caldwell has had an extended experience in fishing for muscullunge, and usually has pretty good luck. He agrees with me that, although the muscullunge is far less numerous than it once was, we are still in the infancy of our art, so far as angling for it is concerned.

"I am going to try a few new wrinkles on the old boys when I get up there this next week," said Mr. Caldwell. "Here you will see a dozen different spoons, which I have been making purposely for this trip. You will see they are larger than you can buy in the makes of the standard spoons, yet they are of lighter metal. Some of them are cut with a narrow point and others with a broader wing for the spoon. I calculate that these spoon blades will run near the top of the water. Of course the sharper-pointed ones will revolve closer about the shaft of the hook. I think they ought to stir up something, for they will cut a big swath in the water.

"Here is another kind of spoon I have made. It is a propeller-blade spoon, or, rather, two propellers. One runs one way, and the other in the opposite direction at the same time. You will notice that they are of bright metal, and that they are small. I intend to use these above bait, and it is my experience that a small, bright spoon above a bait is a good thing.

"You will observe that I have done away with the triangle and am using instead a tandem made of hooks as large as tarpon hooks. You will also observe that I have painted the shanks of these hooks white. This white tandem of shark hooks has done me good service in the past. I bait my perch or sucker through the mouth on the upper hook, and put the lower one back of the fin. I can use this bait either in trolling or casting.

"Now here is another idea of the same sort. You will note the big, upper hook, or lip hook. To this are wired two long, shanked, big hooks, which are soldered together, at an angle of about 60 degrees. Fastened to the shank of these double hooks is a baiting needle. I take a sucker or wall-eyed pike weighing a pound or two pounds, bait him on the lip hook, and run in the baiting needle under the belly skin. Thus the two big, lower hooks lie directly against the belly of the bait fish. This makes the whole outfit practically weedless, and I can cast it in the weeds or anywhere else. It can be used under a small, bright spoon, as I intend to use it. It is my theory that a muscullunge can eat a 4-pound pike at a bite if he wants to, and hence it is pretty hard to get too big a bait for him.

"Here are some other things," and he threw down a dozen split-tails of the white-tail deer. "I intend to take one of these deer tails and bait it on my double hook tandem, and to use it both for casting and trolling. You will see that it makes a bait nearly a foot long. I have often found this to be a good bait for muscullunge, where other lures fail.

"I think a muscullunge likes a little red in a bait. It seems to stir him up. Yet, all said and done, I have had about as good luck with pork rind as anything else. I use a spoon, with a tandem of big hooks below, and I cut my strip of pork rind at least a foot long, cutting it into two good, long legs at the lower end. This sort of bait has a kind of tremulous wiggle in the water, which seems to stir up musky more than anything else. I agree with you that the muskies are so used to seeing ordinary spoon hooks nowadays that they will not rise to them. You want something to make a wake in the water about as big as steamboats. Now I am going to Tomahawk Lake, where the Fish Commission of Wisconsin operate. Each spring they take in their nets a lot of muscullunge that weigh 30, 40 and 50 pounds. I know they are there, and I am going to see if I can't wake 'em up.

"As showing how stubborn and how fierce a big 'lunge is," continued Mr. Caldwell, "I will tell you what happened to me once, and it happened when Frank Brandis, of Mercer, was rowing me. You know Brandis very well. I had a strike from a small 'lunge, which weighed about 4 pounds, and was starting to pull it out into deep water away from the weed bed, when I saw a big muscullunge strike the hooked fish. It caught the little fellow midway of the body, and at once dived down into the weeds. I waited at least five minutes, all the time telling Brandis to pull out into deep water. He thought I was joking, as he had only seen the little fish. At last we did get out into deep water, and, thinking that I had the big fellow hooked by this time, I began to shorten line. I got him up within 20 feet of the boat, and then I could see that he still had his jaws set on the other fish, and had not taken the hook at all. When he got that close, he opened his mouth and disappeared. This fact, as much as anything else, led me to believe that a big muscullunge needs a big bait. Also, he will strike that big bait right in the middle, and there's where your hooks want to be—good, big ones at that."

It would not be surprising if Mr. Caldwell were on the right track with his muscullunge experiments. What he says about the big fellow holding on to the bait is quite in accordance with pike habits. Sometimes a pike will catch a minnow or a small fish and hold it thus, crosswise, in his mouth for several minutes before he swallows it. English anglers counsel waiting sometimes as long as ten minutes for a pike to "punch" the bait before striking. I believe good English pike anglers could come here and catch our muscullunge with bait. A wait of ten minutes is something unknown in American angling methods, yet I believe if one would use this very large bait in some of our better 'lunge waters he would now and again get a strike. The thing to do then is to turn loose the line and wait ten or fifteen minutes for the muscullunge before striking. Even a bass should be struck on the second run, when one is casting frogs, and the bass is by no means so fierce a fish as the muscullunge. In short, it would seem that one cannot wait too long after the 'lunge has struck the bait. Once he has swallowed it he cannot disgorge it, and he is not apt to reject it if the bait is properly hung.

I once had a little personal experience which leads me

to believe that Mr. Caldwell's idea of a big bait is not far wrong. I was a boy at the time, not more than twelve years of age, and was fishing with my father on the old Skunk River, of Iowa. As I was not a very skillful angler, and as the bait was running low, I was left alone at camp, with the precaution not to use too many of the bass baits. There was a big sucker in the minnow can, a fish which would weigh perhaps half a pound or more, and this I felt at liberty to use. Passing the hook through the mouth and out at the gills, I thrust it through the body below the back fin, and started out to do a little trolling on my own hook. The bait, thus placed on the hook, naturally doubled up into a letter S, and, as it revolved in the water, made a wake about 15 inches across. I walked along the bank, dragging this outfit behind me, and all at once was surprised to see that the gyrations of the dead sucker had ceased. I was using a float, of course, and I could see the red top of this float slowly walking off across the stream. All at once it disappeared, and then occurred to me that I might have on a fish. Boy-like, I threw the pole behind me in the grass, and began to do the hand-over-hand act. The float began to come to me again, showing just below the surface of the water, and the fish, whatever it was, offering no resistance, apparently. I was on a 4-foot cut bank, and, stooping over, I undertook to lift my prey up on to the ground. It would not lift. I strained and tugged, and so all at once there appeared a vast, green form, which, by main strength, I pulled a foot or so up the bank. It heaved, writhed, turned over against the bank, broke the hook and disappeared, leaving a very much scared boy staring into the water. I think this fish was, in all likelihood, a muscullunge, and that it weighed at least 25 or 30 pounds. My father once took a muscullunge in this river which weighed 26 1/4 pounds, and we used to hear of such weights occasionally in the early days. In nearly every instance these fish, when taken on bait, rose to an unusually large bait, trolled somewhat as I have described. My bait was small enough for the fish to swallow readily, yet had I waited a little longer I should have landed my game. He had the hook in his jaws, instead of in his stomach, and hence was in a position to break off the wire. It is one of the pike habits to strike a bait, then to retire to its customary resting ground, where it lies for a time before it swallows the food. If you ever get tangled up with a muscullunge on a big bait, wait, and then keep on waiting. Personally I should think a spoon hook above the bait would be a disadvantage. One could not get the hooks too big. A triangle is not so desirable for bait-fishing.

It is Mr. Caldwell's theory that muscullunge, like bass, lie with their heads pointing toward the shore. He often takes them from around logs and fallen tree tops, and he casts inshore and reels out. He does not think that the fish go to the bars and lie facing out toward deep water until the cold weather of fall sets in. He admits, however, that this is but theory on his part. We may wait with considerable interest the result of his fall experiments. Personally, I fully believe that there are lots of muscullunge yet in Wisconsin, but that we know mighty little about fishing for them. The old spoon hook game would seem to be pretty well played out so far as the big fellows are concerned, though comparatively few persons go after muscullunge with anything but the spoon hook.

Speaking of big baits for muscullunge, Mr. F. N. Wood, of this city, tells me that he once killed a 19-pound 'lunge, from which he took a 2 1/2-pound wall-eyed pike. Many anglers report seeing bass, wall-eyes, etc., gashed by the teeth of the muscullunge.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Day on the Philadelphia.

WEST Roxbury, Mass.—It was a jolly crowd of us—seven in all—that met just before 10 A. M. on the Philadelphia, a small steamer which goes to the fishing grounds just outside Boston Harbor, every morning. We were Jake, a young fellow about fourteen; Uncle Lisha, Charlie, the Boss, Peter, Bill and myself. Lines, bait and a fish chowder are furnished, and the fare is reasonable. It is a good plan to have your own lines and bait, as they are then reliable.

Two pools were made up, and almost everybody on board entered one or both. One was a 25-cent pool; the captor of the largest cod or haddock got two-thirds of the money, and the biggest fish on board brought its owner the other third. The other, a 10-cent pool, was awarded for the biggest fish.

The boat reached the grounds about 12, and then the anchor was dropped and fishing began. Chowder was waiting for those who wanted it. Although everybody on board had fair luck, it was "up to us" to make the best catch.

Hake and silver hake were biting in great style, and a few cod, haddock and pollock made it more interesting. Peter swore Bill was a Jonah, and Bill swore that Peter owned that distinction. Peter vindicated himself, however, when he pulled up a 40-pound skate, the largest fish on board. There were about fifty-five fish in our crowd. Jake had only caught one, for the roll of the boat had given him that funny feeling, and Uncle Lisha only looked on. A 7 1/2-pound pollock got a foul of my line. If I had that fellow on a silk line with rod and reel, instead of a cod line, there would have been some fun. The other fish ranged from 1 to 5 pounds weight.

A 12-pound cod took two-thirds of the 25-cent pool, but Peter was satisfied with a third, and the small pool besides.

The steamer started for the city about 4:30. We took home about twenty-five fish, and gave the rest to paper boys and bootblacks on the wharf, who were glad to get them. Everybody voted it a good day's sport, and went home happy.

MUSHKODASA.

A Fish That Was Loaded.

This is a characteristic anecdote of Crispi in his early years of storm and stress. In 1856 he was at Paris, assisting in the publication of the *Courrier Franco-Italien* and conspiring against Napoleon III. Mazzini used him for propagating his writings in France. One morning the porter came into his editorial room with the announcement, "M. Crispi, a large fish has come for you." The

date was April 6, and Crispi replied at once, "You are six days late, my friend, in trying to fool me." But it was true; there was the magnificent fish, sent from Antwerp, where Crispi knew nobody. When opened in his presence it was found that it was "stuffed" with thousands of Mazzini's leaflets, carefully wrapped in oilcloth. An hour later they were traveling, each in its wrapper, to the four corners of France. Presently the police discovered them, and Crispi was arrested. But nothing could be proved against him, and the then Prefect of the Paris Police, the famous Pietri, exclaimed, "Crispi is worse than his master, Mazzini. He never writes anything."—London Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.**Points and Flushes.**

THE Atlanta Dog Show, to be held in connection with the Southern Interstate Fair, Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 9 to 12, will be superintended by Mr. E. M. Oldham. Spratt's Patent will feed and bench. Entries close Sept. 30. Entry fee \$2. Mr. S. E. Taylor is the secretary.

Canoeing.**American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.**

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.**ATLANTIC DIVISION.**

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

"WELL, you see it was late in September," he began; "September, 1870. A heavy storm broke up above an' come down the river, an' it rained tremenjous for two days—mebbe some of you rec'lect it?"

"I do," replied the Colonel. "There was a regular cloud burst all over Augusta county, and all the streams were flooded."

"It was some years before I came to Staunton," I added, "but I've often heard of it, both in Staunton and along the river. Lewis Creek pretty nearly swept the lower portion of the town, I have been told."

"Yes," replied the Colonel, "it did a great deal of damage in the lower part of the town; the streets were washed and gullied out very badly in many places."

"Commodore," said George, "I've heard you speak of this flood often; perhaps you know something about it."

"Well," I replied, "on our various cruises on this river I've heard a great deal about it. It was probably the most memorable event in the local history of the river valley, even eclipsing the stirring events of the war in some respects, and the people—at least, those who are old enough to recollect it—still talk of it with interest, and at every hamlet or farmhouse along the river you can hear some thrilling story of adventure and escape, or sad tragedy connected with it."

"I haven't never heard much about what it did other places 'en our neighborhood," said Mr. Martin, "but I expect more lives was lost here'n enny one other place on the river."

"Yes," I replied. "You're right. This was probably the most fatal place on the whole river."

"I'd like to hear somethin' about it," Mr. Martin continued, "an' ez you've b'en all along the river, mebbe you kin tell somethin' about its doin's other places."

"Well," I replied, "I can by no means give you anything like a complete history of the flood, but I've picked up a few points about it, here and there. The rise was the greatest ever known in all the traditions of the river—"

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, "nobody hadn't never rec'lected nor heard of sich a rise before—that's why so many houses an' mills was built so close to th' river; nobody never dreamed ther' was any danger. They don't build so close an' low now, no more."

"The rise was very sudden," I resumed. "At Rippe-toes, up on North River, Polk told me teams were fording the river in the forenoon, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon the water was soft, deep on that high bank along the right, and the mill and all the houses were gone."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Lacy. "Why that bank's 30ft. high!"

"Yes, fully that, I should think," replied the Colonel. "The bridge at Port Republic was carried off, and the town more or less flooded, I've heard," said Lacy.

"Yes, so I've understood," I replied. "Over on South River, at Weyer's Cave," I continued, "Len Mohler told me that mills, houses, bridges, etc., went by all the after-

noon, on the flood, and during the night which followed this awful day a house went by, and a woman in the wreck could be heard screaming and praying."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Couldn't they help her in any way?"

"No," I replied; "there was no boat at hand, Len said. The one they had had been carried off by the flood, and even if there had been, it was as much as one's life was worth to venture out on that flood in one, even in daytime, and, at night, simply suicidal."

"That's correct," said George.

"I suppose, of course, the poor creature was drowned?" said Lacy.

"Beyond a doubt," I answered. "At Riverbank the mill was carried off, and Mr. Lambert rescued his family from the second-story window of his house in a boat before the house went also. At Shenandoah, or Milnes, as it was then called, before the name was changed in the palmy days of the 'boom,' the iron works and furnace and the entire village, with the exception of that big brick house surrounded with trees, with the observatory on top, which you all have probably noticed in passing there, were carried away."

"But, Commodore," protested Lacy, "I don't understand! How could that possibly happen? Why, the furnace is a mile inland, and the town is up on the hills so high that the river would flood the whole State before the town could be reached. Noah's flood wouldn't be a circumstance to it."

"That's true," said I, joining in the general laugh that went round at this protest, "but at that time the town wasn't built on the hills, but on the river, and the furnace stood down about where the present rolling mill now stands."

"Oh! that was the way of it, was it?" he replied. "But why did they build so low. I wonder?"

"Well, you see," said Mr. Martin, "they hadn't never been no high water before that carried off houses an' mills, an' people never dreamed o' no danger; an' the furnace was built close to th' river so's to load the pig iron onto the gunalos handy."

"What was the matter with the railroad?" continued Lacy.

"There wasn't no railroad then," Mr. Martin replied.

"That was before the railroad was built," the Colonel added, "and at that time the entire output of the furnace was boated down the river to the railroad at Riverton or Harper's Ferry."

"Was anybody drowned there, I wonder?" Mr. Martin continued.

"I don't know; I have never heard," I replied.

"I think it quite likely," the Colonel added.

"At Riverton," I continued, "the old Manassas Gap Railroad bridge, with its trestlework approaches, was carried out, and the track on that high 'fill' along North Fork washed out almost to the depot, fully half a mile, and the—"

"Great Scott, Commodore!" Lacy protested, "that bridge's 40ft. above the water."

"Yes, perhaps it is," I admitted, "but the rise was 47ft. at that point, as afterward marked and measured on the side of the mill, a couple of hundred yards above the bridge."

"Was the mill carried off?"

"No, but it was damaged to the extent of about \$5,000."

"Was anybody drowned there?" queried Mr. Martin.

"No," I replied, "but there were several narrow escapes. The rise was very rapid. For a while it was at the rate of a foot a minute, and the residence of Mr. Lent—the first house at the foot of the high land, on the right as you go up into the village—was surrounded so quickly that the family were not aware that they were in danger until the house was surrounded and flooded, and they had to be roused in boats from the second-story windows."

"I wonder—" exclaimed Mr. Martin.

"One of the citizens, Capt. Harris," I resumed, "walked down to the river upon a ridge, or eminence, about 8ft. above the water, and stood there a few minutes, watching the rise, and, when he turned to go back, he found that the water had cut him off, and that he was on a small island, but a little above the water. The little island was quickly flooded, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in swimming out."

"That was a close call," said Lacy.

"It surely was," assented Mr. Martin.

"At Blakemore's, four miles above Riverton," I continued, "there were eleven people took refuge in a house there, and only four of them were rescued. Dr. Roy and Mr. Richard Baily, of Front Royal, got in a boat and went to the rescue of the party, and succeeded in reaching the house and getting several of them into the boat. You understand, of course, that in a flood like this, the current rushes in a tremendous sweep right across the lowlands, and houses, mills, trees, etc., stand out like islands in this irresistible sweep of waters, and when you also consider that the water is literally covered with the wrecks of houses, bridges, fences, etc., together with uprooted trees and all sorts of driftwood, logs, etc., it is not only difficult, but highly dangerous, to put out in a boat and attempt to reach one of these houses. Well, when the party left the house in the boat, it was found to be overloaded and unmanageable. They were swept in among the trees which lined the river bank, and, while passing under a large sycamore, some one—doubtless crazed with fear, and undoubtedly ignorant of the management of boats—clutched an overhanging limb and held on, and the boat, of course, swung round across the current, and was swamped. Dr. Roy, Mr. Baily and one other man succeeded in getting into the tree, but the rest of the occupants of the boat were drowned. The three in the tree remained there all night, and were rescued next morning. The people gathered on the banks opposite them, on each side of the river, and built big fires and staid there all night, singing hymns and songs, and shouting to them words of encouragement to keep up their spirits and prevent their going to sleep and falling from the tree into the river. At earliest dawn a boat was manned and sent to their relief, and, after several fruitless attempts, succeeded in getting to them and taking them off, thoroughly chilled and exhausted, and more dead than alive."

"Their experiences was mos' or quite as bad as our'n," said Mr. Martin.

"Yes," I replied, "but tell us about your experience here," I continued. "We want to hear your story, and I've been doing all the talking myself."

"Well, that's all right," Mr. Martin rejoined. "I'd rather hear about what happened to other people any ways, for I know what happened to us heer. You see, it was this way: It was a tremendjus storm, an' hed b'en rainin' a couple o' days stiddy. The river was low, though, an' teams was fordin' an' doin' business at th' mill; wagons loadin' an' unloadin' in spite o' the rain. This bank was high then, and hadn't never b'en overflowed. Th' mill stood right on th' bank, an' they was houses aroun' with people livin' in 'em, like es you see in enny millin' neighborhood. A gunalo lay at th' mill, an' Alf Kite an' a man named Aleshire hed loaded it with 125 bar'ls o' flour to boat down to market. I was workin' then fur ol' Noah Kite, who lived jes' b'low th' mill, an' hed jes' sold th' mill to Jarvis Martin. Well, the river begun risin' an' kem up very fast. Es th' river come up th' gunalo was tied up higher an' higher, but th' people wasn't uneasy. By night th' river was up over th' bank en in th' mill en th' houses, en things was beginnin' to look purty skeery, but still th' people didn't leave. We was gittin' skeered, though, an' I begged ol' Mr. Kite to git out, but he sed he'd lived ther' all his life an' th' river hadn't never reached him afore, an' he guessed th' house would stand, an' he wouldn't go. Ther' was eight of th' Kite famby in th' house—ol' Mr. Kite en Mis' Kite en two daughters, one on 'em married; Erasmus, a grown son, an' three boys, an' a Mr. West, of Richmond was ther'—he was collectin' State bank money, an' hed stopped ther' for th' night; that was nine people in th' house. When they wouldn't go, I waded out myself, but about dark I went back agen, wadin' up to my waist to git ther', an' begged 'em to come out, but they wouldn't go. George Kite, one o' th' boys, about eleven or twelve year ol', sed he'd go, an' I tuk h'm on my back an' kerried him out, an' thet was th' last I seen of any of 'em. Some time in the night, jes' when nobody don' know nor never will know, 'xceptin' 'twas after midnight, th' mill went, an' th' house went, an' they was all drowneded 'xcep' Rasmus, who left th' house afore it went to pieces, an' got off on a floatin' log, from which he clum' on a straw rick, which was found several miles below, in Philip Long's bottom, acrost th' river, from which he was tuk a couple o' days later. Mis' Kite's body was afterwar found in a tree top, down near Long's mill. Th' married daughter an' Eddy Kite an' Mr. West wasn't never found."

"Couldn't the gondola be used?" asked the Colonel, as Mr. M. paused in his narrative. "I should think they might have got aboard that and been saved."

"It was used," Mr. Martin replied, "but it was of mighty little sarvice in such water. It was moved higher an' higher as th' river come up, 'til it was finally made fast just behind th' ol' storehouse th' miller lived in, which by now was full o' people, thinkin' 'twas safer'n the'r own houses. Es night wore on an' th' river kep' a-risin' Alf Kite an' Aleshire dumped th' flour in th' river an—"

"Why didn't they replace the flour in the mill?" Lacy interrupted.

"Th' mill couldn't be reached," was the reply. "With the water comin' down in sech a flood, an' all covered with drift—trees an' houses an' bridges an' mills—it was a awful sight, I tell you! About midnight th' parties in th' house—ther' was 'leven of 'em, men, wimmen an' children; two of 'em was babies in arms—lef' th' house an' got on th' gunalo. Th' water was well up to th' tops o' th' winders, an' they got out by steppin' on th' winder-sill an' squeezin' out between th' top o' the winder an' the end o' th' boat outside. It was pitch dark an' still a-rainin', an' th' huge piles o' drift an' big trees would come a-crashin' ag'in th' house with a noise like thunder, an' a-jarrin' it to its foundations, an' they feared that every knock 'ud be th' last. They hadn't more'n all got on th' boat when th' house toppled over 'n' away they went. If it hed 'a' b'en daytime they might 'a' stood some chance o' runnin' th' river in th' gunalo, an' gittin' out summers, but it was es'black as a black, rainy night cud be, an' all they cud do was to let th' boat go—"

"Why didn't they paddle the boat ashore, I wonder, instead of trying to run the river?" queried Lacy.

"They cudn' do nothin' with it, in such a rush o' water 'xceptin' jus' let it run with th' flood. You see it's some distance acrost that flat to high ground, an' th' water was rushin' an' roarin' down over th' flat th' same as it was out in th' river, 'n' all covered with drift an' trees an' houses floatin' down an' crashin' in among th' trees an' th' mill an' houses, which was standin' like islan's out in th' river, 'n' they cudn' do nothin' 'xcep' jes' drift helpless with th' rush o' water. They maniged to cle'r th' trees along th' bank b'low th' mill, an' git out in th' river, but in a little while th' gunalo struck ag'in a big drift among th' trees. Alf Kite was pitched overboard, an' th' boat went over him, but he kem up on th' other side, an' maniged to git on th' drift. The rest o' th' party hed jest barely time to scramble up on th' drift afore th' gunalo went to pieces like kin'lin' wood. When mornin' come th' people on th' bank—they was down oppsite Long's—tried to rescue them, but 'twas not untill nex' day thet they got off. Aleshire and Jack Stoneberger got drowned here in tryin' to git off."

There was a pause as Mr. Martin finished his tragic narrative.

"How many people, all told, were drowned from here?" Lacy finally asked.

"Well, ther' was ol' Mr. Kite and Mis' Kite and two daughters an' two boys, an' Mr. West, from Mr. Kite's house; an' Jack Stoneberger an' Aleshire from th' gunalo; thet was nine people, all told," he replied.

"That's a terrible story," said the Colonel.

"It is, indeed," said Mr. Martin, impressively, as he rose to leave for the night, "an' one thet no one livin' round heer is apt to furgit soon."

The recital of the tragedy made a deep impression on our minds, and, after sitting in silence for a short while longer, while we finished our smoke, we quietly betook ourselves to our tents and turned in for the night.

The great storm of August, 1893, was a memorable one. Forming in the West India region it swept up along the

Atlantic seaboard with tremendous violence, dealing death and destruction as it hurled itself along the coast. It reached the region of Virginia some time during the night of the 27th, and the good people of that historic old Commonwealth awoke on Monday morning, the 28th, to find it raging in fury. The mountains of the Virginias broke its force to a great extent, and checked its inland progress, but clear out among their remotest fastnesses its presence was felt. It swept in floods and torrents over the Augusta county high lands, converting little brooks and dry runs into raging rivers; carrying away fences and outbuildings, and in which men, women and animals were caught, and in some instances drowned. The streets of Staunton ran like rivers from curb to curb, the water reaching to the hubs of the wheels of vehicles, and the lower parts of the city were inundated, while all day long the storm swept over, and the rain fell, not merely in showers, but in torrents, and in great, blinding sheets of water.

We awoke at 5 o'clock on this memorable morning to find it raining heavily, and, as there was no hurry, the Colonel having arranged the night before with Mr. Martin to have himself and Mary Lou carried over to Stanley, on the railroad, to return from there instead of from Luray, via Massanutton, and a start being out of the question anyhow, we sank back into our snug little cabins again for a delicious morning doze of an hour or so more, and it was after 7 o'clock when we straggled out, one by one, into the shelter of the fly, and it was fully an hour later when we finally sat down to a good, comfortable breakfast of fried bass, bacon, fried potatoes, soft-boiled eggs and coffee.

The weather did not improve as the morning wore on. The storm was more or less intermittent, seeming to come from below, and to sweep up the river valley in relays, occasionally breaking away until the mountains, which swept away close at hand on either side, down the river from us in receding perspective in two long, parallel ranges, became visible, beneath the dense, low-hanging canopy of clouds, which writhed and twisted overhead, again closing in in a dense, drab curtain of rain, with slanting, wavering lines, sweeping up in solemn grandeur, in whose steadily advancing folds the mountains receded from view and were blotted out, and even the dense forest which crowned the bluff on the opposite side of the river loomed up in wavering outlines, vaguely distant and indistinct.

About the middle of the forenoon, Mr. Martin drove his big farm wagon down to the camp, and Mary Lou was lifted up and laid on a comfortable bed of straw. The Colonel bade us good bye all round and climbed up alongside of Mary Lou, and was driven away. The last seen of him, before he was lost to view in a turn of the road, he was standing up in the wagon, behind the driver's seat, with the rain streaming down over his long, black, glistening, rubber coat, and running in streams down its folds and hollows into his shoe tops.

We were sorry, indeed, to lose the Colonel, and his genial, breezy presence was missed by us for many a day, and we felt particularly lonesome after he had left us this dismal, gruesome day.

After the Colonel had gone, I put on my own rubber coat and sou'wester hat, and, picking up the empty coal-oil can, made a pilgrimage through the storm and the mud to Alma, half a mile distant, to mail our letters and procure a fresh supply of coal oil, which, always useful around the camp stove, is absolutely indispensable on a rainy day, and I was well aware that there would be no more meals in camp until that can was filled—at least while the rain lasted.

On my return I found Lacy undergoing a tonsorial operation at the hands of a rather good-looking young fellow, who had strolled up from Alma to see the camp; while George, with his little, double-decked meerschum in his mouth, was sitting idly by, enjoying the performance. He appeared to be a young man of great conversational ability, coupled with a fertile imagination, rich in suggestion and invention, which placed him above the necessity of confining himself to such little details as exact facts in his statements, while his ease and self-possession were only equalled by his nerve. He was exercising these little gifts with great fluency, as I came up and deposited my oil can on the rocks alongside of the camp stove, the while he lathered and scraped away at Lacy's face with careless ease.

He greeted me affably, as I ducked in under the fly out of the rain, and seated myself on my camp stool, after hanging my dripping rubber coat on the aft standard supporting my tent.

"Commodore," exclaimed George, as he removed his pipe from his mouth and blew the smoke in little spirals from his lips—"Commodore, this man says we'd better pull out of here. The river's bound to rise and will flood us out."

"Yes, it will," replied our visitor, as he wiped and closed Lacy's razor, and put it in its case. "The water'll be 10ft. deep all over them fields out there by night."

"How about Martin's distillery there?" asked Lacy, as he towed his face, after removing the remains of the lather from it with his wet boat sponge.

"There won't be any distillery," he replied. "The river'll carry it clean, plumb off."

"Oh, I guess not," I exclaimed, for I had by this time taken the measure of our man. "I have no doubt but that the river will rise several feet, but that land is higher than this, and is fully 20ft. above the present level of the river, and it isn't at all likely to be covered, nor this, either."

"You don't know this river," he continued.

"Well, I'd ought to," I replied. "I've run it often enough to be tolerably familiar with it in most of its aspects."

"Well, you'll see it in a new one before many hours more or I miss my guess. I've seen it rise 20 or 30ft. many a time after a rain like this," he persisted.

"That may be," I answered, "but it will hardly rise 20 or 30ft. to-day, nor to-night."

"Do you see those posts down there in the sand?"

I admitted that they were sufficiently visible.

"Well, sir," he continued, impressively, "right there stood one of the largest and finest flouring mills on the river. It was on just such a day as this—"

"Yes, I've heard that Columbian mill anecdote before," I interrupted, rather abruptly, spoiling his climax. "I've

heard it often, and can tell you all about it, from the time the teams were fording the river in the morning and delivering wheat at the mill, and getting flour, and trading and doing business generally, until Mr. Kite and his family were carried off in their house that night."

"Well, all the same I advise you to pull up and get off this low, flat here," he continued, in a different key. "Down yonder half a mile below the ford the ground's higher, and you'll be safe there."

After our friend's departure—he was in his shirt sleeves like the two or three other natives who had visited us during the morning, and who came and went with an indifference to the storm which surprised us—we sat down to lunch, at the close of which Mr. Martin joined us, in company with one of the men from the still house. Both were in their shirt sleeves, and, of course, wet to the skin, to which fact both were apparently indifferent. They joined us under the shelter of the fly, taking the proffered stools, and sat and smoked and chatted with us for an hour or so.

"Yes," Mr. Martin replied, in answer to a query from Lacy, "I've run this river often in th' ol' flat-boat-in' days. No, I didn't never run a boat; I was a helper. What was that? Well, you see, two men's th' crew of a boat; one stan's at th' bow, an' th' other at th' stern. A great, long sweep's hung at each end, an' th' boat's han'led by these. Th' man at th' bow he runs th' boat. That is, he has th' management of it, an' th' man at the stern's th' helper, an's under th' other man's orders. Yes, we've often run boats when th' water's es low es 'tis now; but it's hard tejus' work, an' it takes twict er three times es long to git through t' Riverton's it does on a better stage. No, we don't like to run in cle'r water; we'd rather hev it a little muddy, so's we can't see th' rocks; they look so clost they bother an' confuse us. You see, we run by th' riffles an' surface signs, an' not by seein' th' rocks. Whenever a rock's clost enough to th' top to bother us it makes a riffle, er break, an' we dodge th' riffle—yes, if we can, fur we don't allays make it in tryin' to dodge 'em in swif' water, an' when a rock's deep enuf b'low not to make no break it's too deep to bother us, an' we don't care to see it, fur seein' it only confuses us. You know in cle'r water th' rocks looks so clost when th' water's reely sevril feet deep on top of 'em."

"Yes, we've often noticed that, and I've often said that for flat-boating, muddy water was probably preferable to clear on that account," I remarked.

"So have I," assented George.

"Nevertheless, I much prefer clear water for a cruise," remarked Lacy. "The river is so much more beautiful, and I like to see the rocks and reefs slide smoothly up stream under me."

"Oh! unquestionably," I exclaimed, "for cruising I infinitely prefer clear water."

"Same here," added George. "There's no fishing when the water is muddy."

"Wal, fur a pleasure trip, like yourn," Mr. Martin assented, "of course cle'r water's better ev'ry day, but it was business with us, an' we didn't want no cle'r water."

"I suppose you boatmen had lots of adventures," suggested Lacy, as he hunched his stool a little further under the fly to escape the drip from its lower edge.

"Oh! yes," he replied, laughing; "we didn't hardly ever make a trip 'ithout gittin' more'n one duckin'. I recleck a good one I got ont, at Bixler's dam. P'raps you know wher' that is; 'bout fifteen er twenty mile b'low th' White House. Yes? Well, we was tryin' to make that shoot. Th' bow man swung his end over to th' shoot an' yelled to me to swing th' stern aroun' into line. I reechd my big sweep aroun' to one side to git a bite on th' water an' jes' then one corner o' th' gunalo struck ag'in the side o' th' shoot, an' she stopped. Th' river was up a little, an' runnin' strong, an' th' force o' th' water swung th' blade o' th' sweep right roun' under th' end o' th' boat, an' lifted me overboard es neat es you please, an' drapped me into th' river roft. astarn o' th' boat afore—"

"Why, couldn't you hold it?" exclaimed Lacy, as we all laughed.

"Hold nothin'!" he replied, as he laughed again at the recollection; "three men couldn't a held that sweep with th' water a-comin' agin it like thet! Th' rain's comin' on harder'n ever," he continued, as he rose, and the two started back to the stillhouse. "We'll hev a wet night of it. You all'd better pack your things and come up to th' house an' stay all night—I'm a-feer'd you're not comfortable here—you'll git wet, sure!"

We thanked him, and assured him that our quarters were both comfortable and weatherproof; with which assurance he was fain to depart.

It was about 2 o'clock, and the more or less intermittent rains of the morning gave place to a hard, steady downpour, which beat fiercely on the fly overhead, and blistered the smooth surface of the river, which now began to be streaked with long lines of muddy water, although, as yet, there were no signs of a rise. Violent gusts of wind accompanied the rain, driving it in fierce, slanting lines, and under the pressure of which the fly rose and fell overhead, and tugged wildly at the restraining lines, which we quickly tightened and made as secure as possible, and before which the tents on the canoes yielded and shook, and swayed from side to side, but stood firm in their places; for nothing short of a hurricane could tear them from their fastenings.

Having by this time exhausted the outside resources of the camp, including each other's society, we betook ourselves to our respective cabins, to lie and read, and doze, as the mood suited us. Hastily raising the flap of my tent, I ducked quickly inside, where I took off my wet canvas shoes and long, woolen stockings, put on dry ones, and ensconced myself snugly in my blankets, which, considering the fact that the steady rain caused the day to be quite chill, as well as dull and cheerless, were very comfortable. After tightly buttoning my tent all round, and extra securing the fastenings at the bottom of the tent to the stout screw-eyes under the gunwales, as an added precaution against the howling blasts of the storm without, which, laden as they were, with great sheets of heavy rain, hurled themselves against the sides of my tent with considerable weight and force, and adjusting my head-rest and pillow, I stretched myself out at full length in my blankets, and lay and read in a sense of delicious comfort, pulling away, meanwhile at a good cigar; the snugness and comfort of my cozy little cabin trebly heightened and enhanced by the pandemonium outside.

My cigar smoked out, my book presently fell from my fingers, and I dropped off into a delicious doze, conscious all the while of the roar of the storm, and the beating of the rain on my tent; much as one sleeps snugly in the berth of a sleeper, to the roar and rattle of the train, awakened and disturbed only by the quietness incidental to the stops at the stations.

Finally I awoke to find it half past five, and, with the supper problem in my mind, I pulled on some dry, heavy clothes, including a pair of stout leather shoes, and stepped out.

Hastily jerking my rubber coat off of the rear end of my tent, and throwing it across my shoulders, I made for the shelter of the fly, and took a look around me at the prospect.

It was still raining fiercely and heavily. Night was fast closing in. Nothing was visible through the fast gathering gloom—no mountains, no hills, no landscape, no clouds—everything enveloped and obscured in the dense, impenetrable leaden gray cloud of rain, which wrapped us around in its heavy folds as it drove before the blasts, wreathing and whirling in vapory masses, or driving in fierce, slanting lines, through which the lofty, tree-clothed bluff across the river loomed up vague and far away, a little darker than the rest of the sky; and the trees around us wandered off indistinctly in the gloom above, as they swayed and tossed their branches in the storm; the air seemed saturated with falling water, as though the storm cloud were driving along right on the ground around us.

I was speedily joined by George and Lacy, who, with rubber coats over shoulders, came scurrying through the rain to me under the partial shelter of the fly, where we proceeded to hold a council of war.

"Well, what do you think?" asked George.

"It looks quite like rain," said Lacy, with a feeble attempt at facetiousness, which proved a failure. It wouldn't do—the subject was too serious, and he couldn't even laugh at his own joke.

"We'll undoubtedly have a rise to-night," said I, "and it won't do to leave the canoes where they are, down there by the river."

"No, that it won't," said George; "and the question is, will they be safe anywhere on this flat? With that gully behind us we will be on an island, if there is anything of a rise."

"I wish we were over there, across the river, on the side of that bluff!" sighed Lacy.

"So do I, with all my heart!" was my earnest reply; "but we're not over there, and we couldn't move over there without getting everything wet in the attempt."

"Couldn't we manage to paddle across there, with the rubber sheets well wrapped around the bedding, and with the tents up?" he continued.

"It can't be done!" said George, decidedly. "In such a storm as this you couldn't keep your bedding dry with the cockpit open, sheet or no sheet, even if you could paddle across with the tents standing, and you—"

"Well, why not paddle across with the tents standing?" Lacy persisted.

"How are you going to see through the front wall?" replied George, conclusively, "even if you could get the boats over without their being capsized by the wind before you could get a quarter of the way across?"

"That's so," admitted Lacy; "and then there's all the camp duffle—the fly, the stove, the cooking things, provisions, etc.—that cannot be carried unless properly packed. I at first thought maybe the things might be piled on the decks and ferried across, but—no, it won't do!" he concluded.

"Here comes Mr. Martin," said George; "we'll see what he thinks of it."

"Well, we'll hev a rise, an' you all's too clost to th' river, down ther," he said, in answer to Lacy's query, as he reached the shelter of the fly, and took off a huge, yellow oiled coat from his shoulders, and shook the water from it. "I come down to see you about it," he continued, "I don't feel easy about you."

"Do you think it will reach the highest point of this island?" I asked.

"No, I don't hardly think it will," was the reply. "This piece of ground ain't never overflowed 'ceptin' in th' highest floods; an' I think it'll be safe enuf ther' if you c'n move yur tents up 'ithout gittin' ever'thing wet."

"That's easily done," said I, as I put my rubber coat on and took a turn up over the highest ground to prospect for a new site for the canoes.

"There's nice ground for them up there, on top of the bank," said I, as I rejoined the group; "and we'll just pick the canoes up and carry them bodily up there, tents and all, just as they stand."

"Can you do that?" asked Mr. Martin, as we all walked down to the boats.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "You notice that the tents are fast all round to the boats, and not to the ground, and all that is to be done is to carry the boats up, tents and all."

"Oh, yes, I see," he replied, admiringly; "I hedn't noticed that before."

The canoes were accordingly picked up, tents and all, just as they stood, without the least disarrangement of anything, and carried, one at a time, up the long, gentle slope, and placed in their new positions for the night, and securely wedged in the sand, with rocks placed under their bilge-keels to render them firm, care being taken to place them in positions as free and open as possible, without limbs or overhanging branches to catch the tops of the tents in case the boats should be afloat before morning. The upstream painters were then made fast to the trees as high above the ground as we could reach.

"How about the fly?" asked George, as we returned to its shelter, after completing our moving.

"Well, I think thet's safe enuf wher' it is," Mr. M. replied, "It's a good deal higher'n wher your boats was, an' is a'most es high es wher they is now. You might put them loose things up a leetle higher"—indicating the camp stove, cooking utensils and other camp impedimenta—all of which were scattered around on the lower side of the fly. They were picked up and carefully placed on higher ground.

"Now I think yer safe enuf!" he said, as he threw the big, yellow oiled coat over his shoulders, and took his departure, and was almost immediately lost to view in the blackness of the stormy night that was closing in around us.

A. C. A. Membership.

THE following have been proposed for membership to the A. C. A.:

Central Division—Oscar J. Steiner, Harris Buchanan, W. F. Benkiser, Ralph Heeren, George W. MacMullen, H. W. Cromer, all members of the Duquesne C. C., and all of Pittsburg, Pa.

Eastern Division—George F. Lewis, of Boston, Mass.

Yachting.

Yachting Fixtures, 1901.

Secretaries and members of race committees will confer a favor by sending notice of errors or omissions in the following list and also of changes which may be made in the future.

SEPTEMBER.

26-28-Oct. 1.—International Races (America's Cup), off Sandy Hook.

WHILE Columbia was being put in the finest possible shape for her coming contest with Shamrock II., Constitution was at Bristol being dismantled, preparatory to being laid up. Some of her sails and spars were utilized on Columbia, but the balance of her gear was placed in the lofts of the Herreshoffs. The steel mast has been removed and there is now nothing left on deck or below. Constitution will be towed to New London, where she will be put in winter quarters. All but two of the crew were discharged, and they were retained as ship keepers. It is stated that in the event of Shamrock II. winning the Cup a challenge will be at once forwarded by the New York Y. C. to the Royal Ulster Y. C. for a series of races to be sailed next year off Belfast. Constitution is to be named as the challenging boat.

MR. W. BUTLER DUNCAN, JR., will represent the New York Y. C. on Shamrock II., and it is said that Mr. Robert Ure will act in a similar capacity for the Royal Ulster Y. C. on board Columbia.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Sept. 22.—Even though the racing season is yet scarcely closed, active preparations are being made for next season's racing throughout New England. While the yachts that have been contesting throughout the summer are being hauled out, their owners are deciding upon improvements or have given orders to different designers to turn out new boats. As the field, particularly in Boston, is very large, there is an immense opportunity of showing some radically different ideas in models that will be seen in the racing arena next season.

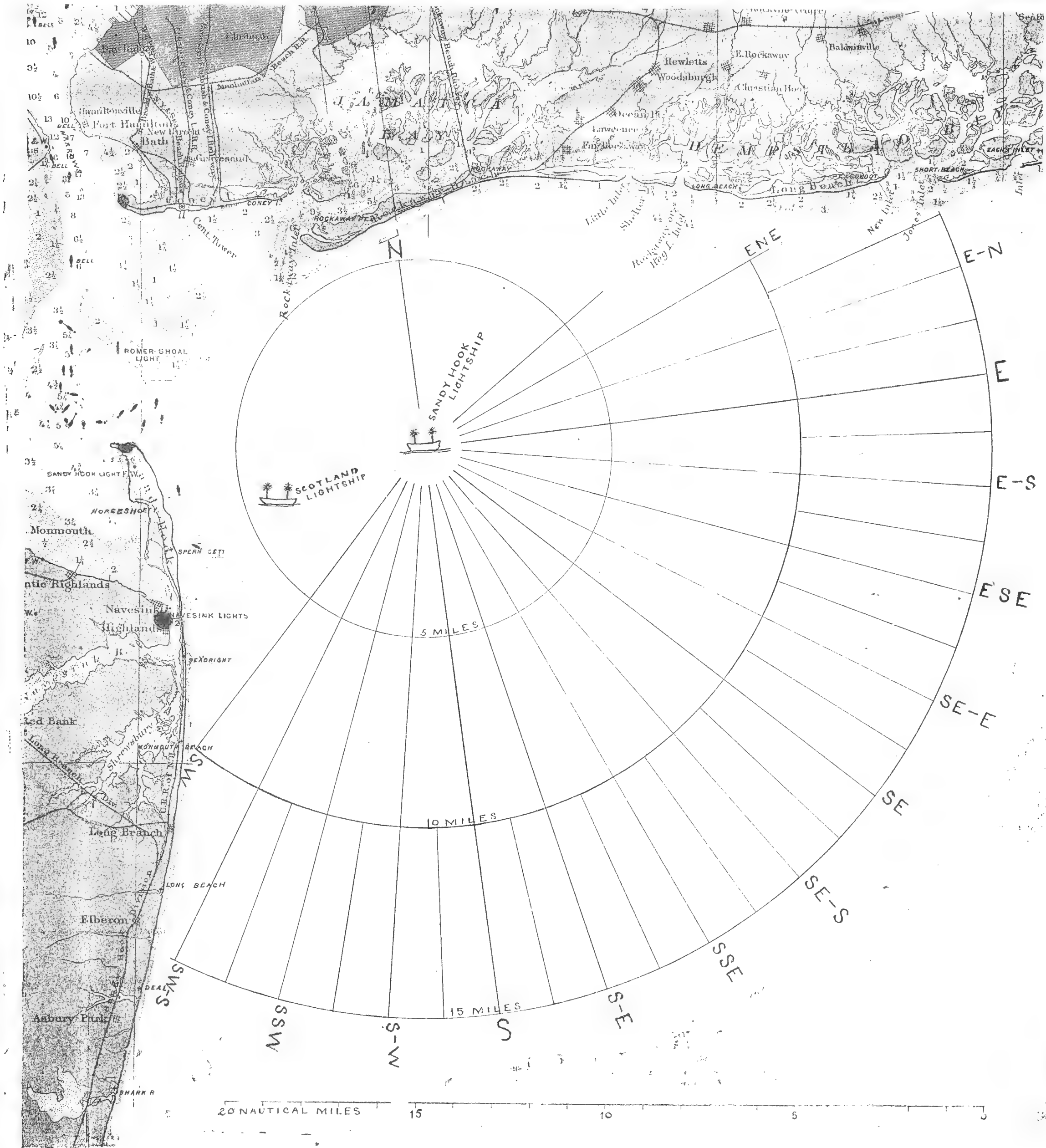
The racing season in Massachusetts Bay, of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and of clubs whose races are not sailed under the rules of the Association, has been very successful, and the result is that there is an increased interest in all directions. There is quite a flock of yacht designers around Boston, and, in consequence of the interest that has been stirred up in the sport, it is likely that all will have a chance to show what they can do next year in the line of speed.

Crowninshield is already well stocked with orders for yachts for next year, for all parts of the world. He has dropped 90-footers for a short time, at least, and has settled down to hard work on all kinds of models. Among the new ones he is working on is a 30-rater for T. L. Parks, of New York. This yacht is to be built under the new and lengthy rating rules of the Seawanhaka Y. C., and will race in Long Island Sound. There is a 21-footer for I. Bergman, of St. Petersburg. This boat will greatly resemble the American raceabout. A small cat is being turned out for Chas. H. Davis, of South Yarmouth. Lines for a 22ft. keel cruiser are being turned out for F. H. Wringe, of California, who summers at Marblehead. The yacht will be sailed in the waters around Marblehead. A 30-rater is being turned out for Rev. Chas. E. Whitcomb, of Hamilton, Ont. This yacht will be yawl-rigged and will measure about 25ft. on the waterline.

Yachtsmen in Massachusetts are now waking up to the fact that, although Independence was unsuccessful in beating the other 90-footers, the showing she made has been very creditable to her designer. He has, no doubt, convinced the majority that the principle of Independence's model is the most speed-producing in the bunch. It was hardly to be expected that Crowninshield, in his first attempt, should master all the little difficulties of balance which his contemporary has found out only after many years of practical demonstration. Independence, however, was coming all the time and showed improvement with every race, and it is much to Crowninshield's credit, even though she did not get over the line in first position once, that he came as close as he did.

Starling Burgess is already rushed with orders, and bids fair to get practical experience enough in a few years to make him a fitting successor to his illustrious father. He is a deep student, and works hard and faithfully to get the most out of a design. He is now at work on the lines of two Y. R. A. 21-footers, one of which is for Sumner H. Foster. Mr. Foster raced Opitsah III. in this class during the past season, and has done much to revive the class. Opitsah III. was third in her class on the season's work, and Mr. Foster is evidently intending, with his usual persistency, to keep at it until he gets one that will top the class. Mr. Burgess will not state for whom the other 21-footer is being designed, but it is strongly suspected that she is for himself. He is also designing two Y. R. A. 25-footers. These, too, are dark horses, although one is thought to be for his uncle, Walter Burgess. Besides these, he is at work on the lines of a 25-footer, a 28-footer and four 19ft. speed launches.

Fred Lawley is another fortunate who has plenty of work cut out to keep him busy all the winter. He has a number of large boats to design, as well as a few for the Y. R. A. classes. The 56ft. schooner which he designed for Mr. Twombly has been completed, and is now ready for rigging. He has also turned out a 102ft. steam yacht, which is now rapidly nearing completion. In Lawley's basin, the new steam yacht Aquilo, owned by W. P. Eno,



NEW YORK BAY AND ADJACENT WATERS.

and built from lines by C. H. Crane, is being fitted out in a rush for the Cup races. She was launched a few weeks ago.

The following is the table of percentages of the yachts in all the classes of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, as compiled by the Secretary, A. T. Bliss. Only races sailed directly under the supervision of the Association are counted in figuring the percentages, and it is assumed that in each class a yacht has started at least half as many times as any yacht in the class. This will account for some of the averages being smaller than the individual percentages might show:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.								
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Pins.	Bks.	Total.	Average.
Flirt	19	7	7	4	1	0	1310	.68 18-19
Calypso	19	10	2	3	3	1	1280	.67 7-19
Chewink	9	1	4	4	0	0	530	.53
Early Dawn....	20	4	3	4	9	0	870	.43 1-2
Areyto	4	1	1	1	0	1	265	.26
Marion	4	0	1	0	3	0	110	.11
Jingo	2	0	1	1	0	0	100	.10
Little Peter ..	5	0	0	1	3	3	80	.08
Tarpon	4	0	0	1	2	1	65	.06 1-2
Cyrilla	2	0	0	0	2	0	30	.03
Class C—25ft. Open Yachts.								
Thordis	6	3	2	1	0	0	465	.77 1-2
Hostess	3	2	0	0	0	1	200	.57 1-7
Hustler	4	1	0	2	1	0	185	.46 1-4
Romance	7	1	2	2	0	2	300	.42 6-7
Widgeon	2	0	1	1	0	0	100	.28 2-3
Theodora	4	0	1	0	3	0	110	.27 1-2
Carrie M.	2	0	1	0	1	0	80	.22 6-7
Acme	1	0	0	1	0	0	35	.10

Class L—21ft. Open Yachts.							
Circe II.	1	1	0	0	0	100	1.00
Bud	1	1	0	0	0	100	1.00
Tacoma	2	1	0	1	0	135	.67 1-2
Cleopatra	2	0	2	0	0	130	.65
Problem	1	0	0	0	1	15	.15
Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.							
*Mildred II....	14	8	4	1	1	1110	.79 4-14
Tabasco III....	8	2	4	0	2	490	.51 11-14
Opitsah III....	16	4	2	7	2	815	.50 15-16
Privateer	13	3	2	1	6	655	.50 5-18
Zaza	7	3	0	2	2	400	.42 1-9
Eaglet	19	0	7	4	7	700	.36 16-19
Harriet	4	1	2	0	1	245	.25 16-19
Coquette	7	0	0	2	4	139	.10 1-3
Rambler	2	0	1	1	0	100	.10 10-19
Freyja	6	0	0	1	4	95	.10
Tarpon	2	0	0	0	2	30	.03
Class T—18ft. Open Yachts.							
*Fantasy	5	5	0	0	0	500	1.00
Plunger	5	3	2	0	0	365	.91 1-4
Lobster	5	1	1	2	0	235	.47
Cathryn	1	0	1	0	0	65	.26
Flip	1	0	1	0	0	65	.26
Hector	4	0	0	2	2	100	.25
Pioneer	3	0	0	1	1	50	.16 2-3
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.							
*Mallilian	10	7	0	2	1	785	.78 1-2
Aspinquid	13	5	3	2	1	780	.60
Bacchante	12	2	4	3	2	575	.47 11-12
Comforter	8	2	1	2	2	335	.45 5-8
Bonito	2	1	1	0	0	165	.25 5-13
Avaya	7	0	2	1	4	235	.32 1-7
Susan	2	1	0	1	0	135	.20 11-13
Nethla	3	0	1	0	2	95	.14 2-3
Miladi	6	0	3	1	1	245	.37 9-13
Oriana	4	0	0	1	3	80	.12 1-2
Barbara	3	0	0	0	3	45	.06 12-13

As I have before stated, the racing season of the Association has been very successful, and the work of the individual yachts most interesting. On this account a lack of space prevents a detailed account of the work of all classes at this time. Therefore, I shall endeavor to give an account of the work of the yachts in each class every week, and thus give all the credit which is their due. Not only will the records of the yachts of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts be treated in this manner, but I will also endeavor to give the results of the season's work of the yachts of yacht clubs whose races have not been sailed under Association rules.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

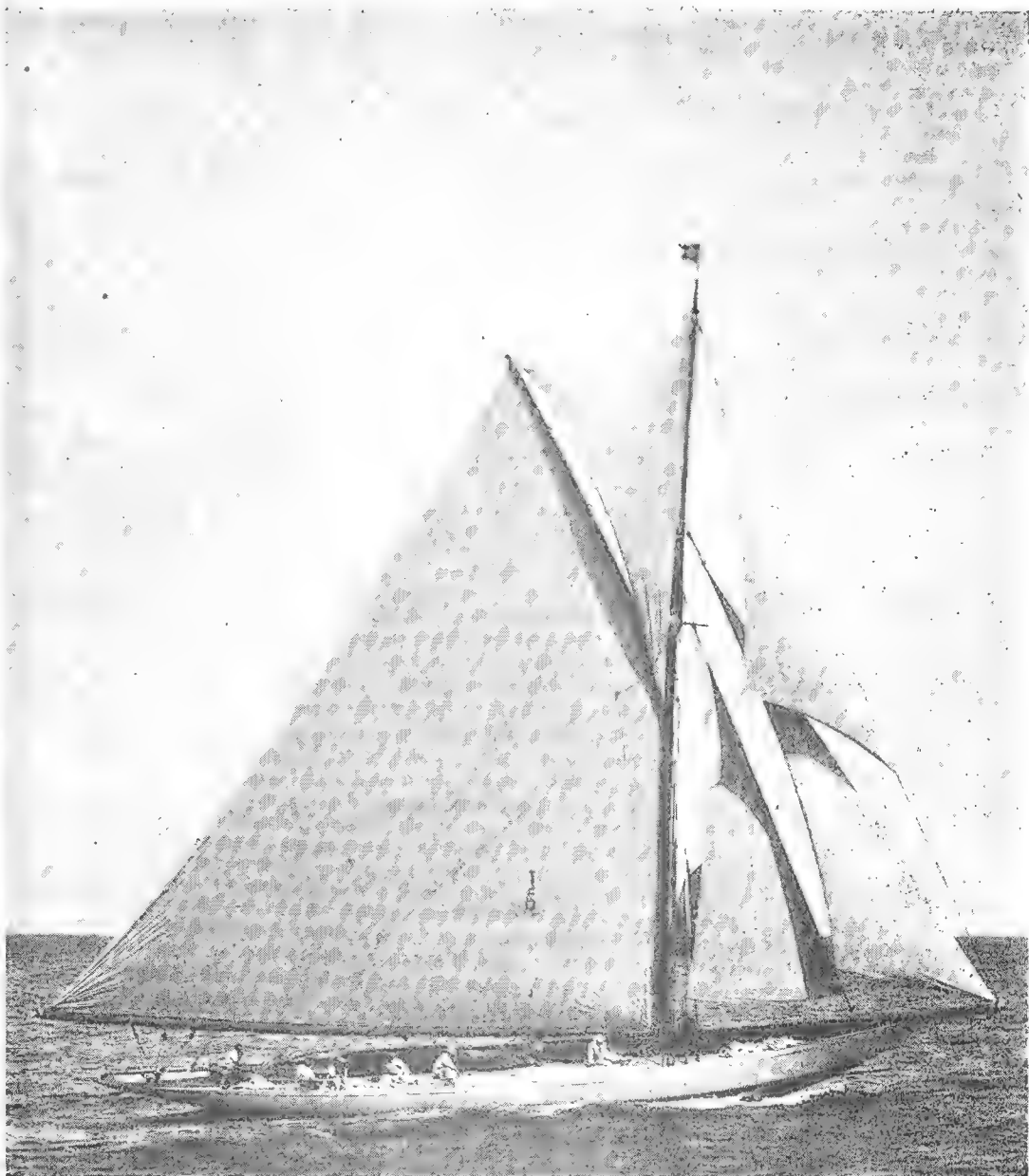
Larchmont Y. C.

LARCHMONT—LONG ISLAND SOUND.

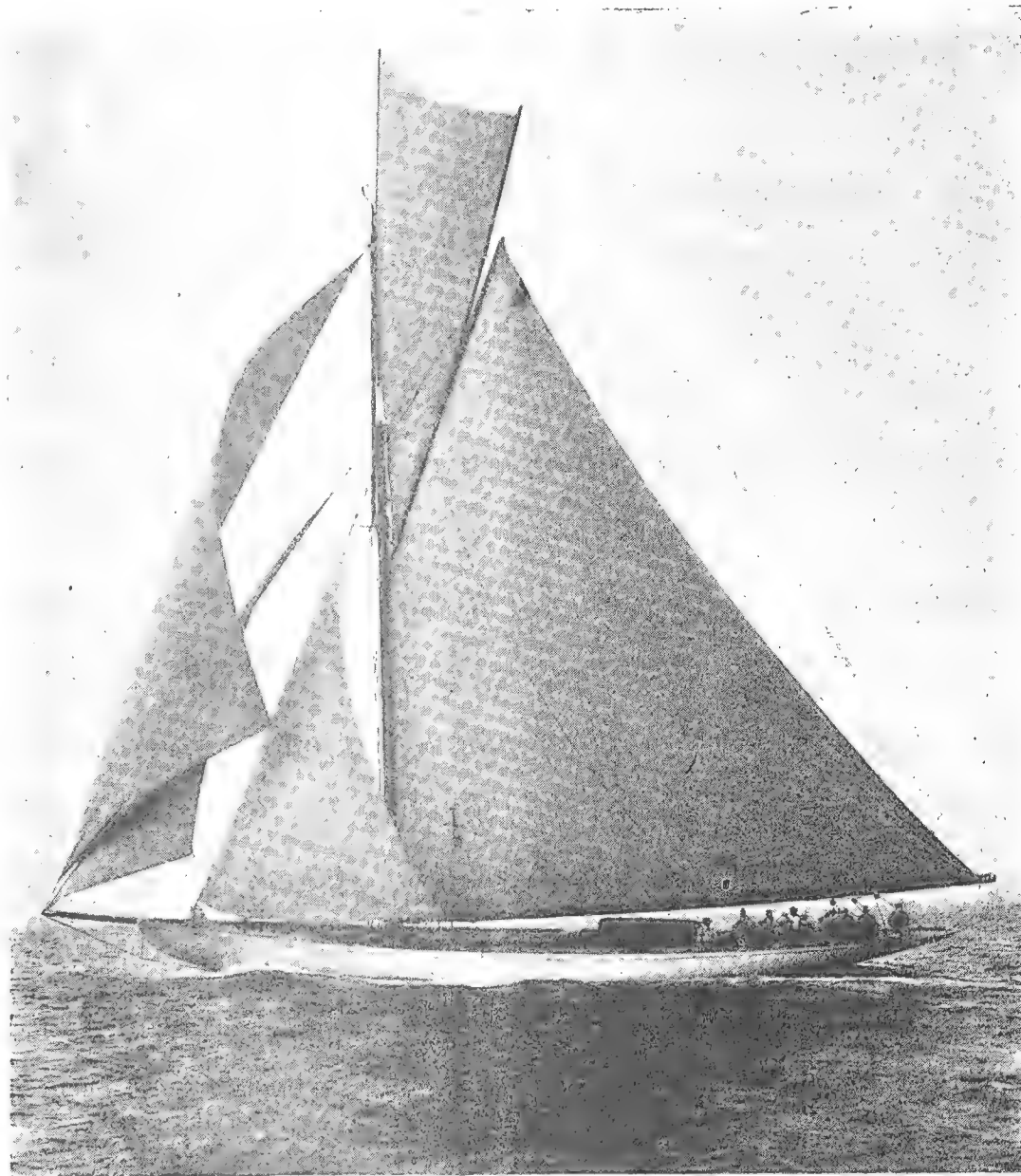
Saturday, Sept. 21.

QUISETTA, Elmina and Muriel sailed a race for the Larchmont cup on Saturday, Sept. 21, and Quisetta won by good handling. The race was to have been sailed on Saturday, Sept. 14, but was postponed a week on account of the death of the President.

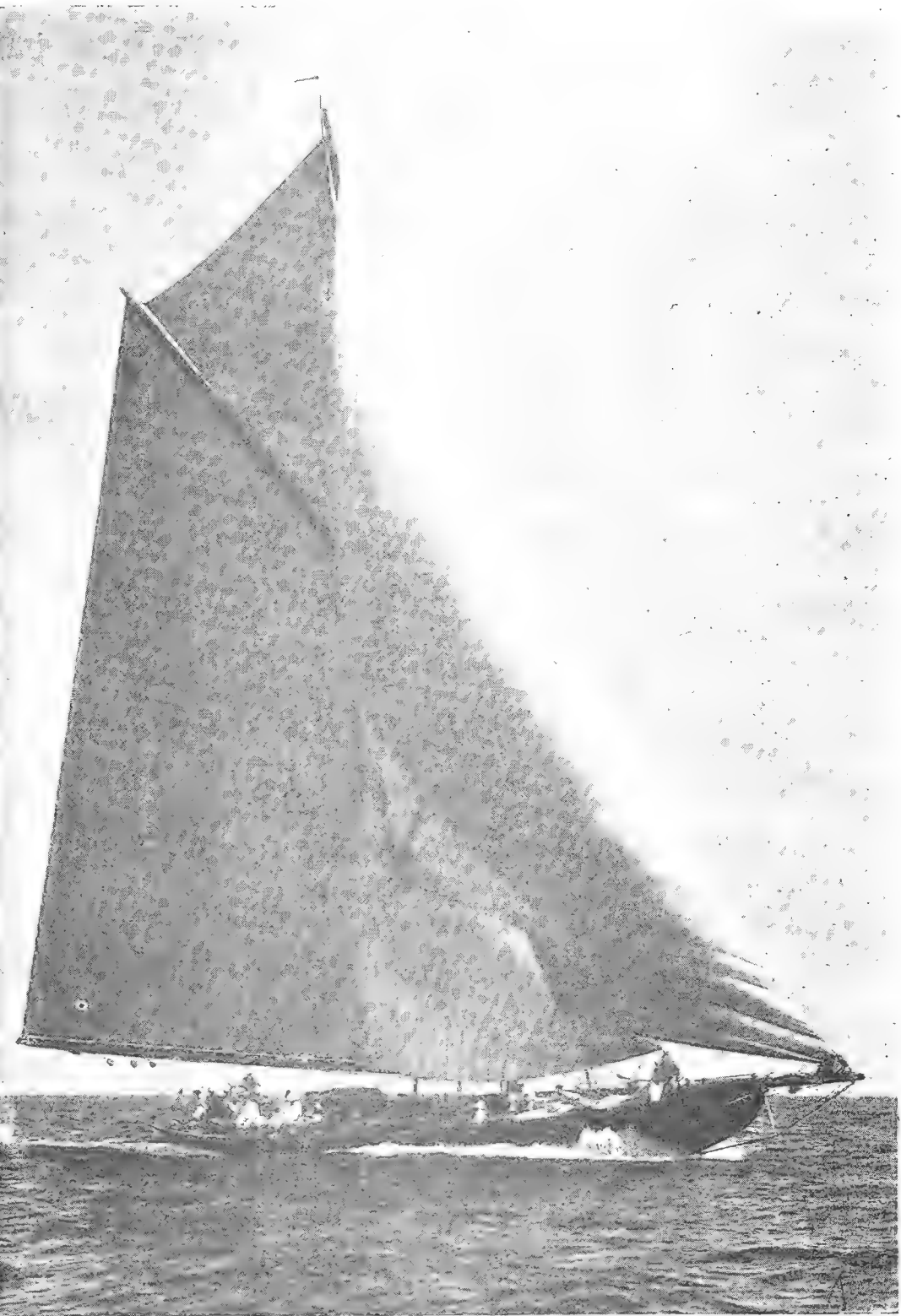
The race was sailed in a light N.W. wind, once around a triangular course. The first leg was E.N.E. 3 miles, the second leg S. 3 3/4 miles and the third leg N.W. 3 3/4 miles. The boats were sent away at 11:35 o'clock, and Quisetta had the best of the start, being first across the line, fol-



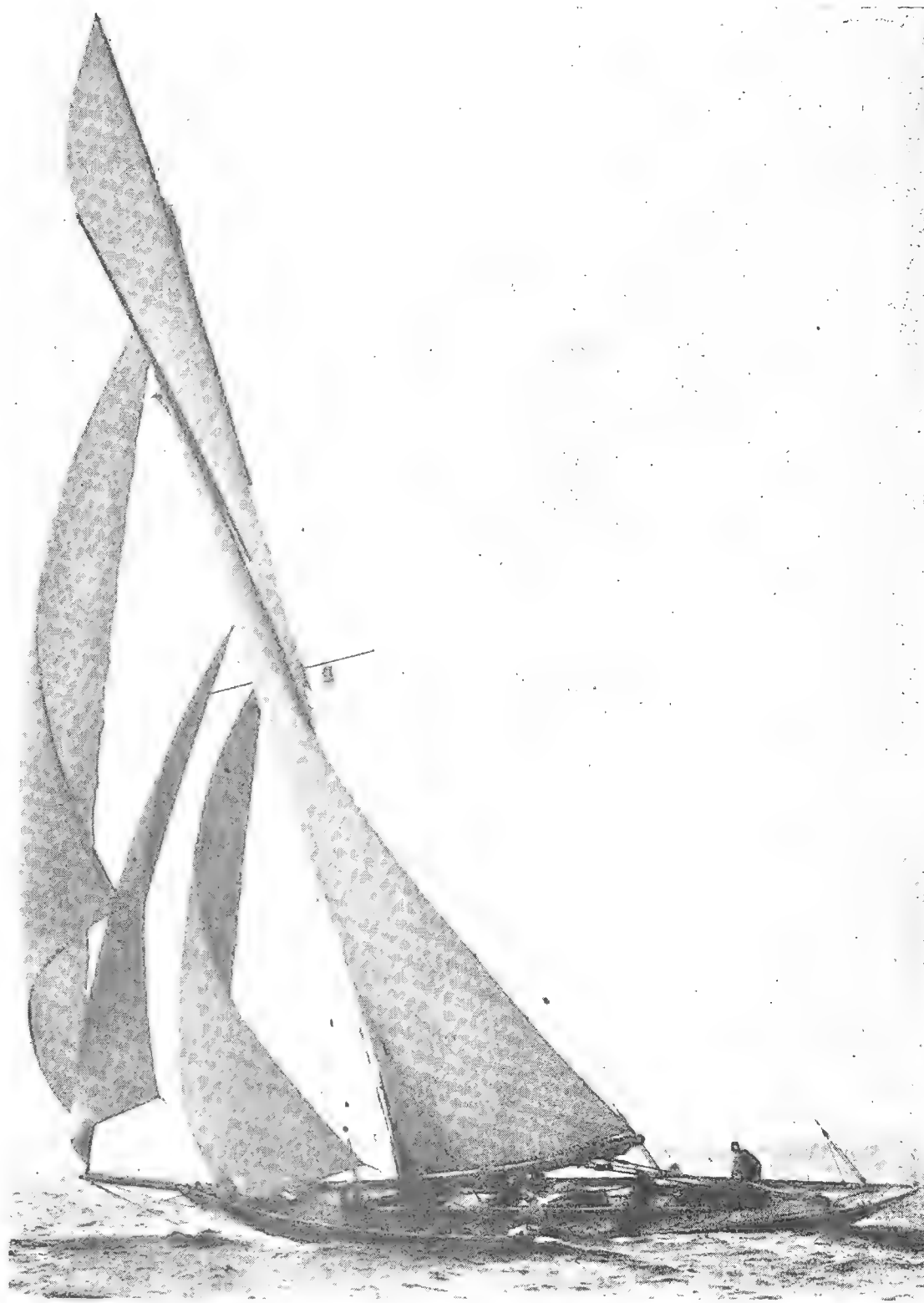
ISOLDE.



SENTA.



EELIN.



HESTER.

THE CLASS OF IMPORTED ENGLISH CUTTERS NOW IN AMERICAN WATERS.

Photos by James Burton, New York.

lowed by Muriel and Elmina in the order named. With booms to starboard, the boats reached to the first mark, and the boats rounded the stake boat in the same order that they started. The times at the first mark were as follows: Quisetta, 11:59:11; Muriel, 12:00:14; Elmina, 12:01:45. It was a run from here to the second mark in Hempstead Harbor, and Quisetta set her spinnaker. Elmina carried her balloon jib topsail and soon passed Quisetta. At the Hempstead mark the times were: Elmina, 1:28:23; Muriel, 1:32:18; Quisetta, 1:37:16. From the Hempstead mark to the finish it was a beat. Elmina stood on the starboard tack to the westward, and the strong tide swept her down toward Execution Light. Muriel was pocketed in Hempstead Harbor, and could not seem to get out. Quisetta, in the meantime, stood to the eastward on the port tack, until she was well up toward Matinico Point, when she went about on the starboard tack and was able to lay her course for the finish line. The summary:

Start, 3:15.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Quisetta, H. F. Lippitt.....	3 17 15	3 42 15
Elmina, F. K. Brewster.....	3 43 03	4 08 02
Muriel, Charles Smithers.....	Withdraw	

Rules Governing the America's Cup Races.

MESSRS. S. NICHOLSON KANE, Chester Griswold and Newbury D. Lawton, who compose the Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C., issued on Saturday, Sept. 21, the sailing instructions that will govern the international Cup races, which begin on Thursday, Sept. 26. The instructions are printed on a four-page circular; the code flags that will be used in signaling are printed in colors around the edge. Mr. E. D. Morgan's private signal and the burgee of the New York Y. C. head the page, while on another is Sir Thomas Lipton's private signal and the burgee of the Royal Ulster Y. C. A chart is also given which shows the courses over which the yachts will sail. The instructions are as follows:

START—Will be made from Sandy Hook Lightship at as near 11 A. M. as will be practicable, the preparatory signal being given fifteen minutes in advance. But always with the understanding that should the direction of the wind prevent laying the course from the lightship, the starting line will be shifted to the nearest available point, and that in this case the preparatory signal will be given about half an hour later than the time set for starting from the lightship.

COURSES—No. 1 (Letter C).—From the starting line to and around a mark fifteen miles to windward or leeward and return, leaving the mark on the starboard hand. No. 2 (Letter D).—From the starting line, ten miles to and around a mark; ten miles to and around a second mark, and ten miles to the finish line, leaving the marks on the outside of the triangle, to port or starboard, according as the vessels are sent around. Starting and finishing lines will be between a point on the committee boat indicated by a white flag and the mainmast of the lightship or other stakeboat if the start is shifted from the lightship. These lines will be at right angles with the outward and home courses respectively. Compass courses (magnetic) will be set before the preparatory signal is given. The signals for Course No. 2 must be read beginning forward.

MARKS—Will be white floats carrying a red ball with horizontal white stripe showing the letters N. Y. Y. C. in blue, and surrounded by a flash cone. The position of each mark will be indicated by a two-masted tug lying about 100 yards beyond and swinging a red ball from the triatic stay. Should a mark be wrecked, its place will be taken by its marking tug, which will display a red flag with diagonal white stripe in addition to the other indications, and in turning the tug the directions for the mark will govern.

STARTING SIGNALS—Preparatory.—A gun will be fired, the club signal lowered and the blue peter set at the fore. Warning.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted. The Start.—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a second red ball hoisted. Handicap Time.—Two minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and both balls will drop. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish, a short blast will be given as each vessel crosses the line.

SPECIAL SIGNALS—C—Assent. D—Negative. P—Preparatory. *Recall.—Three short whistle blasts and the display of private signal. G—Do you assent to postponing race until later in the day? H—Do you assent to calling race off for the day? J—Race postponed for the day. K—Race postponed until later in the day. N—There will be a race to-morrow. R—Race is off. S—The start will be shifted from the lightship. T—Accident.

NIGHT—After dark at the finish line the committee boat (and the stakeboat if the start has been shifted from the lightship) will show four red lights horizontally; the guide vessel will show four white lights in a similar manner—and the second mark on the triangular course will hang two white lights vertically.

FOG—At three-minute intervals the marking tugs will give five short whistle blasts, with two-second intervals between the second and third, and the fourth and fifth; and if the start has been shifted from the lightship, at the finish line the committee boat will strike five strokes upon the bell.

Best three out of five races, each thirty nautical miles in length, over ocean courses, outside of headlands, and with a time limit of five and one-half hours; the first, third and fifth races being fifteen miles to windward or to leeward and return, and the second and fourth around a triangle ten miles to a leg. In every case the outward course shall be laid to windward, if possible, from Sandy Hook Lightship. The races shall be sailed on Thursdays, Saturdays and Tuesdays, commencing on Thursday, Sept. 26. An unfinished race of one kind shall be repeated until decided. The starting line and compass bearings shall be announced as early as practicable, and the vessel laying the course shall be started ten minutes prior to the preparatory signal. In case of serious accident to either vessel prior to the preparatory signal, she shall have sufficient time to effect repairs before being required to start, or if such accident occurs during a race, before the next race is started. Each vessel shall stand by the consequences of any accident happening to her after the preparatory signal, and upon the occurrence of any such accident disabling either vessel, the other shall sail out the race. The committee may postpone the start in case of accident, as stated; if the course cannot be laid from the lightship; if in their opinion the space around the starting line is not sufficiently clear; in case of fog; and if both vessels agree to a postponement, in which case the committee shall determine the time of start. But no race shall be started after 1 P. M.—From the Mutual Agreement.

The committee boat, the Navigator, will display the committee flag, and at the finish she will also display a red ball. The courses will be laid by the Edward Luckenbach. The Buccancer will be the guide vessel, and in running the courses she will display two red balls hung horizontally at the fore. The Unique will serve as an emergency vessel, and should the start be shifted from the lightship, she will serve as stakeboat and, like the committee boat, will display a red ball.

Instructions with regard to the maneuvering area and the methods adopted for preventing interference with the competing vessels, will be announced later.

A special chart for the America's Cup races, on a working scale, with the magnetic courses laid down and prepared from data furnished by the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, has been published by the club, and can be obtained at the club house, 37 West Forty-fourth street, at \$2 each.

The club steamer, the Chester W. Chapin, will leave Pier 19, Fall River Line, foot of Warren street and Hudson River, at 9:15 A. M., and will land there on returning. Details as to tickets, etc., can be obtained from the steamer committee at the club house. Duplicates of this circular can be obtained from the regatta committee at same address.

The steam yacht Varuna, Mr. Eugene Higgins, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at Newport, R. I., from Southampton, England, on Sept. 18. The yacht encountered bad weather throughout the passage. Ten days and fourteen hours was the time it took the yacht to make the trip.

Newport Special Thirties.

NEWPORT, R. I.

Friday, Sept. 20.

THE 30-footers sailed an interesting race on Friday, Sept. 20, for money prizes offered by the owners of the boats. The crews and helmsmen were made up entirely of professionals, no amateurs being allowed on the boats. The course was laid from Brenton's Cove to Dyer's Island and return, a distance of sixteen miles. A stiff N.E. wind prevailed throughout the race, making it a beat out and a run back. The boats were well bunched at the start, and Esperanza got away in the lead. She held first place till the weather mark was nearly reached, when she was overtaken and passed by several of the boats. Wawa rounded the outer mark ahead, and she gradually drew away from the rest of the boats and finished a winner by a good margin. The time was the fastest ever made by these boats over the course—1h. 47m. 20s. The start was 9:46. The summary follows:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Wa Wa, Capt. Knutzen.....	11 43 02	1 47 02
Hera, Capt. Peterson.....	11 45 44	1 49 44
Carolina, Capt. Sam Seaman.....	11 46 06	1 50 06
Raccoon, Capt. E. Carter.....	11 46 14	1 50 14
Esperanza, Capt. James Wilkie.....	11 46 53	1 50 53
Vaquero, Capt. Nic Peterson.....	11 48 27	1 52 27
Barbara, Capt. Morton.....	Withdraw	

The racing between the Newport special thirties closed for the season of 1901 on Saturday, Sept. 21. There never has been a class of one-design boats that has given the general satisfaction from any standpoint that these boats have, and the racing in the class has been very keen ever since the boats were launched. The boats were well built in the first place, and have stood the racking which continuous racing gives a boat in fine shape, and they are fast and able. During this season the boats started sixty times in races; four times they were forced to give up on account of lack of wind. Then there were two races that were not included in the season's average—once when the boats were sailed by mixed crews and once by professionals. This leaves fifty-four races finished, against fifty-eight of last season.

Although Carolina won the Paget cup for points, Wawa is entitled to first place for the season's work. She has thirty-four winning pennants to her credit, against Carolina's thirty-three, and she started in several more races than Carolina. The greatest number of starts was made by Barbara and Esperanza, both fifty.

During the season three boats have changed hands. Dorothy was sold by H. Yale Dolan to Mr. Rutherford, who renamed her Barbara. Mr. Rutherford had previously purchased Pollywog from Mr. Paget, but late in the season he sold her to William G. Roelker, Jr., who changed her name to Breeze, and will race her in the class next season. The record of the boats for the year is as follows:

	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Total.
Wa Wa, R. Brooks.....	46	11	13	10	34
Carolina, P. Jones.....	40	21	9	3	33
Esperanza, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.....	50	4	12	11	27
Hera, R. N. Ellis.....	44	7	10	10	27
Barbara, W. Rutherford.....	50	4	7	8	19
Vaquero III., H. B. Duryea.....	10	6	0	1	7
Raccoon, J. R. Drexel.....	27	1	2	3	6
Pollywog, W. Rutherford.....	9	0	2	1	3
Dorothy II., H. Y. Dolan.....	6	0	1	2	3

The cups were won by the boats as follows:

Carolina—The Walters, Griswold, Havemeyer, two New York Y. C., three Newport Y. R. A., Duryea, Rutherford, Brooks and Paget cups.

Hera—The Rhode Island Y. C., three New York Y. C., Mrs. Jones and Drexel cups.

Wawa—The Ellis, Mrs. Duryea, Thompson and Tournament cups.

Barbara—The New York Y. C., Mrs. Drexel, Vanderbilt and Dolan cups.

Esperanza—The Norrie cup.

Vaquero III.—The Jones cup.

England's Yacht Sailors.

DURING the summer and autumn many of the villages and towns around the Essex coast are entirely without able-bodied men, save, of course, for the presence of such indispensable personages as the clergyman, doctor, and one or two shopkeepers. A typical example is the village of Tollesbury.

Although Tollesbury boasts a population of considerably over a thousand inhabitants, the nearest railway stations, Kelvedon and Maldon, are nearly ten miles away, and from May until toward the end of September, it is simply a village of women and children. This is owing to the fact that all the men, and most of the boys over sixteen years of age, earn their living as yacht hands, and when the summer commences they start every year for a cruise of several months' duration, rarely seeing their homes again until late in the autumn.

By the end of this month the mud flats which lie between Tollesbury and the deep sea will be a forest of masts of pleasure yachts which lie up here for the winter, when the hands are paid off and the men return to their village. During the winter the staple industries of the place are fishing in smacks, oyster dredging and dredging for starfish, which latter are of considerable value for manuring purposes.

Men of Tollesbury were among the crew that Sir Thomas Lipton took across the Atlantic to sail Shamrock I., and several of them will take part in the forthcoming contest.—London Daily Mail.

Colonel Astor's New Steam Yacht.

THE already large fleet of American sea-going yachts is to be strengthened by the addition of a new vessel. Messrs. Gardner & Cox, of New York city, whose steam yachts compare most favorably, both in beauty and utility, with the English-designed boats, have been commissioned by Colonel John Jacob Astor to design and superintend the construction of a steel, twin-screw steam yacht that will take the place of Nourmahal, his present boat. The boat is to be delivered complete to her owner in the spring of 1903, and, when finished, will be one of the finest steam yachts in the world.

The superficial dimensions of Nourmahal, for it is the

intention of Colonel Astor to retain the name by which his old boat was known, are as follows: 227ft. on the waterline, 32ft. beam and will draw about 13ft. of water. The yacht will be built at some yard in the vicinity of New York city, as Colonel Astor, who has considerable knowledge of mechanics, wishes to watch the construction of the hull and machinery of the vessel as the work progresses, so that he may make suggestions and changes if he thinks advisable.

Nourmahal will have two steel decks, and on the main deck there will be a continuous steel house, covered with mahogany. In this deck house, amidships, will be the owner's quarters, which will consist of a stateroom 20ft. square, a large dressing room, private sitting and bath rooms. The dining and breakfast rooms, together with the galley and pantries, will be located in the forward end of the deck house. Aft of these is to be located a music room, the owner's study—a passage will connect these apartments with his living quarters. There will also be on this deck a drawing room, library and three staterooms, with connecting bath rooms.

In the after end of the main deck-house, and directly below, will be eight staterooms, all having connecting bathrooms. The after end of the berth deck will be given up to owner's and guests' maids and valets. The officers' and crew's quarters are to be located in the fore and aft ends of the yacht, while the space through the middle is reserved for the owner's and guests' rooms.

The yacht will be equipped with two sets of four-cylinder, triple-expansion engines of 4,000 horse-power, and steam will be supplied by four Scott boilers.

Elaborate electric lighting, drying and refrigerating plants will be supplied—in fact, she will be complete in every detail when furnished.

Keystone Y. C.

WOODMERE—WOODSBURG BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 14.

THE last regatta of the season of the Keystone Y. C. was held on Saturday, Sept. 14. The course was to windward and return, each leg being five miles in length. There was but a very light wind all day. The start was made at 3:17, and the race was finished by 6:00. The summary:

	First Class—Sloops.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Start.	Finish.		
Dollie	3 27 28	6 03 22	2 35 54	2 31 29
Ellen	3 27 20	5 58 23	2 31 03	2 27 48
Jupiter	3 30 30	3 56 40	2 26 10	2 26 10
	Second Class—Sloops.		Elapsed.	Corrected.
	Start.	Finish.		
Ripple	3 38 40	6 11 08	2 32 38	2 32 28
Grace	3 37 56	6 10 06	2 32 10	2 30 25

The winners were: Jupiter and Grace.

Yacht Club Notes.

At the regular yearly meeting of the Island Heights Y. C., held Saturday evening, Sept. 14, the following officers were elected unanimously to serve the ensuing year: Com., J. Harvey Gillingham; Vice-Com., Edward J. Schoettle; Sec'y, Herbert M. Harlan; Treas., Alexander Rennick; Executive Committee, Robert Shoemaker, Jr., Arthur Letchworth and Charles J. Beck; Trustees, Dr. H. H. Davis, Francis F. Milne, Charles J. Beck, S. Edwin Megargee and M. F. Middleton, Jr.

The annual meeting of the St. Regis Y. C. was held at Paul Smith's, in the Adirondacks, on Saturday, Sept. 14. Officers elected: Com., Anson Phelps Stokes; Vice-Com., Dr. E. L. Trudeau; Sec'y, L. Bayard Smith; Treas., S. J. Drake; Meas., Samuel V. Hoffman; Directors, Dr. Thomas R. French, Edward Penfold and Archibald Rogers.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The steam yacht Aphrodite, Col. Oliver H. Payne, N. Y. Y. C., anchored off the New York Y. C. station, foot of East Twenty-third street, New York city, on the afternoon of Sept. 14. Very bad weather was encountered on the passage from Southampton and Fayal. Aphrodite left New York some two months ago, and has spent most of the time cruising in the Baltic Sea. On Aug. 30 she left Southampton and stopped at Fayal, which port she left on Sept. 6. Gales shifting from S.E. to S.W. were met with, and on Sept. 8 a hurricane was encountered, which lasted twelve hours. The heavy sea that was running frequently broke over the yacht. The chief engineer was knocked down and injured, and two seamen narrowly escaped being washed overboard. The seas flooded the cabins and part of the port rail was smashed.

The schooner yacht Hildegard, owned by Mr. Geo. W. Weld, has been sold to Mr. Edward R. Coleman, through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox.

Those who go to see the America Cup races, when almost every notable steam yacht afloat in American waters will be about, will have the opportunity to become acquainted with one of the rarest flags that has ever entered New York Harbor. The flag flies over the taffrail of Sir Thomas' steam yacht Erin, and it is a very striking one, being that of the British Naval Reserve, with the "Bloody Hand of Ulster," the emblem of the Royal Ulster Y. C., sewed into it. The flag is dark blue. In one corner is the British Union Jack, and in the field, lower down, is the "Bloody Hand," on a small field of white.

Mr. Frederick S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has sold for Mr. Robert E. Smith, of Providence, R. I., the race-about Namquit to Mr. L. K. Merrill, of New York city. Mr. Nock has recently completed designs for a 35ft. open launch for Mr. D. N. Perry, of Wyandotte, Mich., and a soft. cabin launch for Mr. E. A. Russell, of New York city. Both these boats will be built during the coming winter. The 21ft. hunting launch that Mr. Nock designed for his brother, Mr. Leo. F. Nock, which was built by

the Detroit Boat & Oar Co., has arrived in Providence, R. I., and is now at the Mead Gas Engine Co.'s works, where the boat will be equipped with one of that firm's latest-pattern, 8-horse-power, double-cylinder motors.

Mr. Charles H. Fuller, of Pawtucket, R. I., owner of the steam yacht, The Senator, is to have a new boat, which will be built by the George Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, Mass. The yacht was designed by the builders and will be used for cruising in Southern waters. She is to be built of wood, and will be schooner-rigged. The principal dimensions are as follows: 128ft. over all, 103ft. waterline, 16ft. 4in. beam and 6ft. 9in. draft. The yacht will be equipped with triple-expansion engines, which will drive her at a cruising speed of about 12 knots. The deck houses, planksheer, rail, etc., will be of teak, while the interior will be finished in mahogany. The yacht will be named Thetis, and she will carry two launches, one 21ft. long, and the other 16ft. long; she will also be furnished with a 14ft. dinghy.

Mr. Charles P. Tower, who has been identified with American yachting for many years past, and who has been a close student of the history of the sport, has recently written a most interesting story, entitled "The Story of the America's Cup: How It Was Won at Cowes in 1851 and How It Has Been Defended for Half a Century by the New York Yacht Club." It is really the first condensed, yet complete, book that has been published on the subject, and at this time, when international racing is at its height, this book is particularly apropos, and should meet with a ready sale. Copies can be secured from Thompson & Co., 9 Murray street, New York city, for 25 cents.

One of the finest pieces of marine photography that has been seen this year is a picture of Constitution, recently sent out by Edward Smith & Co., the well-known varnish makers. The picture is printed on heavy paper, and is quite suitable for framing.

The schooner-rigged steam yacht Rapidan, owned by R. Hall McCormick, of Chicago, lies a probably total wreck on the Delaware Capes, at a point known as the Mariner's Graveyard. The yacht left New York Monday, Sept. 9, for Cape May. On arrival off that point late on the night of Sept. 10, the weather conditions were such that it was not safe to make an anchorage, and Capt. Staples concluded to make the Breakwater. A thick rain was on and a strong ebb tide cutting the yacht around the point caused the man at the wheel to get the harbor lights twisted, and he ran the yacht on the point, going full speed ahead. She lies well upon shore, with a heavy list and full of water, and the chances of saving her are slim. The yacht was under charter to J. A. Roebling & Son, of New York. H. G. Roebling, president of the company, and Henry L. Shippey, its treasurer, were passengers on the yacht. There were eight others persons aboard, and all were taken off safely with the aid of a surf boat from the Maritime Exchange station on the Breakwater.

The steam yacht Aileen, owned by Richard Stevens, of Castle Point, Hoboken, was picked up seventy miles out at sea, and towed into St. John, N. B., by the S.S. Sahara, on Saturday, Sept. 14. The craft had been cruising along the coast of Nova Scotia, and was on her way from Halifax to Gloucester, when her machinery got out of order. She was picked up by the Sahara Thursday evening. The party cruising in her was landed at Canso.

Goin' Back.

From the Denver Republican.

I've packed my traps and I'm goin' back where the fields are green and broad,
And the colts, with their legs all doubled up, are rollin' on the sod;
They'll smile, I s'pose, when they see me come, and they'll, some of 'em, likely say
They thought I'd forsaken the farm for good the day that I went away—
But let 'em smile—I'm goin' back—I'm sick of the noise and fuss,
Where a couple of dollars count for more than the life of a common cuss;
They'll nobody notice I've went away—if you told 'em they wouldn't care,
But somebody's face'll be full of joy when she greets her boy back there.

I'm goin' back, for I've had my fill—I've saw what there is to see;
The city may still be the place for you, but it's lost its charm for me;
And won't I be lonesome there, you say, with the people so far apart?
Well, mebbey they're few and far between, but each of 'em's got a heart;
There ain't no hundreds of thousands there to push you around, I know,
Not carin' a cent where you're comin' from or where you're tryin' to go—
For the one that's jostled day after day, with never a friend to greet,
There ain't a lonesomer place on earth than the city's crowded street.

I'm goin' back where the dog's asleep on the step by the kitchen door,
With his nose pushed down between his paws—I'm sick of the smoke and roar;
There's money to make where the crowds are thick and they're tryin' to rip things loose—
There's money to get if you've got the grit; but, dang it all, what's the use?
They hustle for dollars all through the day and dream of dollars in bed;
And forgive the gougins a fellow may do as long as he gets ahead—
They hustle and bustle and coop themselves in dark little holes and fret
And honor a person accordin' to the money he's managed to get.

I'm goin' back where the poplars stand in tall rows down the lane,
Where the bobsled's settin' beside the barn, defyin' the sun and rain;
Where the birds are singin' away as though they were hired to fill the air
With a sweetness that nobody ever can know who was never a boy out there;
I'm goin' back where they'll not expect me, to sit in the kitchen when
I'm courtin' the girl I love because I'm workin' for other men—
Where the richest among 'em'll shake my hand, instead of lettin' me see
That they think the money they've got must make them a blamed sight better than me.

I'm going back, and you'll stay here and rush in the same old way,
Goin' to work and then goin' home—the same thing day by day—
And you'll think you're havin' a high old time, and I'll pity you, lookin' back
(From where I whistle across the fields) at you in the same old track!
I'm going back, but the crowds won't know, and they'll still keep rushin' on;
They'll never notice that some one's face is missin' when I am gone—
No, they'll never notice that some one's gone—if they did, they wouldn't care—
But every tree'll be noddin' to me when I turn up the lane back there.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Sept. 25-27.—Omaha, Neb.—Sixth annual tournament of the Dupont Gun Club, for amateurs; targets and live birds. H. S. McDougal, Mgr.
Sept. 26.—Cresson, Pa.—All-day shoot of the Cresson Gun Club. C. Wenderoth, manager.
Oct. 1.—Huntsville, Ala.—Target tournament of the Huntsville Gun Club. Frank Mastin, Sec'y.
Oct. 1-4.—Detroit, Mich.—John Parker's annual international tournament; three days targets, one live birds; \$300 in money and trophies; distance handicaps.
Oct. 2-3.—Greensburg, Ind.—Greensburg Gun Club's tournament.
Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.
Oct. 2-4.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds; \$300 added. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.
Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club; two days targets, last day live birds; \$200 cash and trophies added. Emile Prago, Sec'y.
Oct. 3-5.—Reading, Pa.—South End Gun Club's tournament.
Oct. 8-11.—Davenport, Ia.—Forester Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets.
Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie Gun Club.
Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.
Oct. 12.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Grand opening target shoot of the Florists' Gun Club. Open to all. Guaranteed purses and added money. T. C. Brown, Sec'y.
Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.
Oct. 15-17.—Pella, Ia.—Garden City Gun Club's amateur tournament. A. I. Nassaman, Sec'y.
Oct. 16.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-17.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club.
Oct. 17-18.—Springfield, Ill.—Fall tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.
Oct. 22-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—Shoot under auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. J. G. Ball, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.
Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utreshit Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of John Parker's eleventh annual international shooting tournament, to be held Oct. 1 to 4, inclusive, Rusch House grounds, Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Michigan, announces that the competition is open to all, that there will be handicaps from 16 to 22yds., and that \$200 in cash will be added. There also will be contests for the international live-bird trophy, international two-man teams, international championship, international expert target championship trophies, and four general average trophies. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. The ten target programme events are alike for each day, except event No. 6. There are five events at 15 targets and four at 20, entrance \$1.50 and \$2. On the first day No. 6 is the Peters Cartridge Company's international handicap trophy, handicap, 25 targets, 75 cents entrance. On the second day No. 6 is the King Powder Company's two-man team international handicap trophy, 25 targets, entrance \$1.50 per team. On the third day No. 6 is the Peters Cartridge Company's international expert trophy, everybody at 22yds., 25 targets, 75 cents entrance. The fourth day has a live-bird programme. No. 1 is at 5 birds, \$3; 60 and 40 per cent. No. 2 is at 10 birds, \$7; 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Event 4 is the main event, the Gilman-Barnes international live-bird trophy, value \$150. Handicaps 26 to 32yds.; 25 live birds, entrance \$25; \$50 added; class shooting; 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. Entrance includes price of birds. It is also mentioned that there is excellent bass fishing and duck shooting on the St. Clair Flats. Ship shells, etc., to Joseph A. Marks & Co., 93 Woodward avenue, and they will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. Extra live-bird sweeps every day. Practice shooting Sept. 30. A handsome diamond trophy for best average in programme events. Parker gun for best amateur programme average, and handsome trophy for Michigan shooter who shoots through the programme. Moneys in target events divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. All target trophies become the property of the winners. Address all communications to John Parker, 465 Junction avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of Orange, and Mr. E. I. Vanderveer, the holder, shot a match for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, at Freehold, on Saturday of last week. The first half of the match was in favor of Vanderveer by a score of 21 to 20, but Gardiner broke 24 to 20 in the last half and won by a score of 44 to 41. On the same day and at the same place the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, and the Freehold Gun Club engaged in a four-man team contest, 25 targets per man. The former won by a score of 87 to 72.

At Bay Shore, L. I., a new gun club was recently organized under the title of the Corinthian-Medius Gun Club. The officers are: President, C. E. Coddington; Secretary, L. A. McMullen; Captain, Adolph Mollenhauer. The members are all famous sportsmen, being members of the Corinthian Yacht Club. They have excellent grounds for trapshooting near their yacht property, and intend to forthwith install a set of traps. Their competition will be confined to members only.

The Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, announce a grand opening shoot at targets, on Oct. 12. There will be added money, and guaranteed purses. The competition will be open to all. The secretary is Mr. T. C. Brown, 110 N. 50th St., Philadelphia. The shooting grounds are at Wissinoming station, on the New York division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

From Huntsville, Ala., we have received the following communication from John, Jr.: "An attractive programme for an all-day shoot on Wednesday, Oct. 1, has been arranged, and will be pulled off at the Huntsville Gun Club grounds, under the management of Capt. Geo. P. Turner, president of the Huntsville Gun Club, who will be assisted by Messrs. Wallace, Newman, Waddy, Matthews and Lane. The shoot will begin promptly at 9 o'clock, and will consist of eight events of 15 and 20 bluerocks each, and three matches at swallows. The usual entrance fee will be charged, and the division of the purses will be by the Rose system—in 20 bird events, five moneys; 15-bird events, four moneys; 10-bird events, three moneys. This shoot will be held during the Elks' carnival, and reduced rates can be had from all points to Huntsville on this occasion. Manufacturers' agents can shoot for price of targets only. Ten-bore guns and black powder will be barred. An elegant barbecue will be served on the ground. The bluerocks will be trapped from a magautrap, and will be thrown at 2 cents each. The Huntsville Gun Club grounds are among the most beautiful in the South, and are ten minutes from the city by electric car. All guns and ammunition expressed to Mr. W. W. Newman will be cared for and delivered free of charge. All kinds of loaded shells will be for sale on the grounds. Any one who desires to communicate with the management concerning the details of the shoot should address Capt. Geo. P. Turner, who will gladly render such information upon application. A most cordial invitation is extended to all shooters to be present and participate in the sport. It is believed that the attendance will be large and that a royal good time will be had." We would call the attention of the management to the fact that it is unlawful to shoot swallows in Alabama.

The seventh and last trophy shoot of the Garfield Gun Club's target season was shot last Saturday. Mr. S. Young won in Class A. Mr. A. McGowan won in Class B. Mr. L. Thomas won in Class C. Concerning the shooting of the club, its secretary, Dr. J. W. Meek, writes us as follows: "This event closes the target shooting on our grounds for this season, and after an interval of two weeks the live-bird shooting begins. Oct. 5 we begin our fall season, and shoot on the first and third Saturdays of each month, until May, with extra shoots on holidays. The club has had an unusually prosperous and active season on targets, and the prospects are very promising for a busy winter's work on pigeons."

A popular sportsman of the Pacific Coast, Mr. Phil B. Bekeart, has been sojourning in New York for several days on a business trip in the East. He is distinguished as one of the skillful artists of the scatter gun in San Francisco, besides being a successful representative in a business way of Messrs. Smith & Wesson, Marlin Fire Arms Company, Hunter Arms Company, Bridgeport Gun Implement Company, American E C & Schultze Gunpowder Company, and several other firms.

Fire destroyed the home of Mr. T. W. Morfe, at Interstate Park, on the morning of the 19th inst. The origin of the fire is unknown. Mr. Morfe saved all his furniture. The house was the property of the Interstate Park Association, and probably will be rebuilt in the near future.

The Garden City Gun Club, of Pella, Ia., announces an amateur tournament to be held on Oct. 15, 16 and 17. A. J. Nossaman is the secretary.

The postponed match between teams of the Grand Crossing and Chicago gun clubs will take place on the grounds of the latter, on Sept. 28.

Mr. John Wright announces a merchandise prize target shoot to be held on the grounds of the Brooklyn Gun Club, on Saturday of this week.

BERNARD WATERS.

Trenton Shooting Association.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 21.—Fine weather and a light attendance confronted Mr. J. R. Taylor, who had kindly consented to act the role of Pooh Bah in the absence of Secretary at the week-end shoot to-day. Some of the members were after reed and rail birds, and others were fishing and yachting on the river. Some great strings of black bass have been taken in the last few days, and good bags of reedbirds made, the birds being very plentiful on the marshes just below the city. The fishing in the river just now is for sunfish, grasshoppers being the bait, the size of the fish running very large. Good sport is also had in the ponds and lakes on the outskirts of the town. Some of the best fishing for pike and bass can be had right on our own grounds, Hutchinson's Lake, as pretty a piece of water as will be found anywhere. Next Saturday, 28th inst., the T. S. A. cup shoot for championship of Trenton occurs. Vanarsdale is the present holder, and he says that he intends to hold on to it. The event is open to all residents of Trenton, irrespective of membership in any club, and there will be a good turnout to give Van a run for his money.

One of the best things in the live-bird trap line that the writer has seen is a production of one of our members, Billy Widmann. In the application for a patent that Billy has made, it is called the Widmann electric live-bird trap. The design and electric mechanism are very simple, and the delivery of the bird when called for is instantaneous, and the bird flush with the ground, everything else being out of sight after the trap has been sprung. It will be furnished with either an automatic or individual release. It will be introduced for the first time at the team shoot at the Interstate Fair grounds, Sept. 27. There is no doubt of it being a good thing.

The Interstate Fair Association offers a \$50 silver cup to the winning team, 25 birds per man.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	20	10	10	5	10
Rowan	16	5	9	8	4	6	..	12	6	5	2	6
J R Taylor	20	6	6	9	10	12	5	7	4	9
Gage	11	7	6	7	9	7	..	8	..	7	7	3	8	..
Banks	17	8	7	..	6	..	6	..	9	..	8	..	3	..
Eskay	13	..	8	..	8	12	5	..
Satterthwaite	..	4	4	6	7	2
Smith	..	6	5	2	8	..	7	..	6
G W H	1
O P H	3	4
Swift	5	4	..	12	..	4
Halsey
Maddock	6	10	11	5	8	0	6	..
Daly	6	8	8	4	7	1	5	..
Kelsey	7

As will be seen by above, the shooting was of the in-and-out order. Those holding gun below elbow in event No. 13 found whether their gun fitted them or not.

Events Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6 and 7 were shot over the magautrap. No. 3, five-trap battery, expert rules. No. 8, five on magautrap and 5 expert. No. 9, Sergeant system. Nos. 10 and 11, doubles on the five-trap battery. Nos. 12 and 14, reverse pulls. No. 13, gun below elbow. Note the variety.

G. N. T.

The Dean Richmond Trophy.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—It is being agitated among some of the New York State shooters to have the Dean Richmond trophy shot for on the first day of the tournament, which is held next year at Rochester, N. Y. I think a few suggestions at this early date would be in order, and it might wake up some of the Rip Van Winkles and set them to thinking.

The Dean Richmond event is considered to be the banner event of the New York State shoot, and it also is considered a great honor and glory to the winning team. Then, why not make it worthy of some strife?

I will suggest the following, in hopes of hearing remarks from others:

On the first day of the tournament let each man shoot at 25 live birds (three-man teams; total 75 birds per team), and on the last day of the shoot (same men and teams) shoot at 25 birds each for \$50 per man, \$150 per team; birds could be extra or included—or say, 15 birds per man on first day and 10 birds each on the last day, for \$25 per man, or \$75 per team.

If more than ten teams enter, have the purse divided into three moneys. If under ten teams, divide into two moneys.

I would like to hear opinions of the New York State shooters on this plan, and be prepared for our next meet at Rochester, N. Y., in 1902. I think with a little more of our assistance they will give us a model tournament. No other State has so valuable a trophy for competition.

FALSTAFF.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The St. Louis trapshooting world has developed some decided changes within the past few weeks. To begin with, David S. Elliott, who for three years has been in charge of the Dupont shooting park, and who in that time brought the sport from a very ordinary level to a place which leaves St. Louis to-day second to none in the West as a shooting center, has resigned that charge to accept a very good position on the road with the Winchester Repeating Arms Company. Thousands of friends in St. Louis and vicinity who are sorry to lose Dave at the park join in wishing and predicting for him the utmost success in his new work.

The Dupont people, however, are particularly fortunate in finding immediately such a man to take Dave Elliott's place at St. Louis as Alex D. Mermod. He becomes the manager of the park, with, we venture to say, the unanimous indorsement and pledged support of all trapshooters in the city.

By way of marking the advent of a new manager, the Rawlings Sporting Goods Company has donated a splendid target trophy to be shot for bi-weekly at the park, in alternation with the Dupont live-bird trophy. The badge is a handsome thing, valued at \$75, and will go to the one who wins it oftentimes within one year.

The first contest for this trophy was held Sept. 15, and the honor of the first win went to Dr. Bond, who carried off the prize before a field of twenty-seven contestants.

The Morrissonville, Ill., Gun Club will give its opening tournament Oct. 16-17. It will be open to all but professionals. Shooting according to the Sergeant system; 175 targets per day.

The final shoot-off for absolute possession of the St. Louis Republic cup, which occurs in that city next month, will be an event of much general interest. There is no little speculation as to who will finally capture the splendid trophy, and incidentally some regret that it is now to be permanently retained.

For over fifteen years, the Piasa Gun Club, of Alton, Ill., has maintained an active organization, and few weeks in that time have passed during the trapshooting season when some of the members did not pass a pleasant afternoon over the traps. The club, while having a record unsurpassed perhaps in the State, has given but few public tournaments, but whenever it does undertake anything of this kind, it is gone about in a businesslike way that appeals to the judgment and commands the approval of those who know what a good tournament is. This week the Piasa Club held its fourth open meet, and I am pleased to state that this event has more than sustained the reputation of the past.

The programme called for 185 targets per man each day, with ten regular events and one short race for merchandise prizes, for the benefit of the club. Five dollars was added in each event, and the club hung up in addition \$50 as high average prizes for the two days, divided into seven moneys. Trade representatives were charged \$2.50 each per day extra, and under this arrangement professionals and amateurs shot along very pleasantly together. The Alton grounds are as fine as can be found anywhere, and at this time of year they are at their best. Refreshments, shelter, loaded shells and all the little conveniences of an up-to-date, well-managed shoot, were supplied, and if any did not thoroughly enjoy the occasion it was surely not the fault of the management.

The weather proved perfect for the work on both days, with enough of wind to make the targets dance and keep the boys guessing. Will Crosby again came to the front with a splendid exhibition of his art, and there was no doubt from the first of his winning first place. The detailed scores are appended:

First day, Sept. 20:										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Seeley	11	12	12	15	8	11	12	11	13	13
Howell	12	14	10	15	13	13	13	16	13	16
Riehl	12	18	14	15	12	19	14	19	12	19
Schiess	11	15	10	17	13	16	12	17	14	19
Boa	12	19	12	16	13	16	13	18	15	17
Cadwallader	15	18	14	18	12	19	14	19	14	18
Marshall	15	19	13	19	14	16	15	18	12	17
Clapp	9	18	13	17	14	19	14	17	15	15
Burnside	13	18	15	19	14	15	12	18	12	18
Crosby	15	20	14	20	12	18	15	20	15	19
Todd	12	15	12	14	13	17	11	15	10	19
Robley	11	13	15	14	6	17	10	13	18	18
Spencer	11	13	12	10	17	11	15	13	16	14
Magill	13	12	10	17	11	15	13	16	10	14
Jones	11	14	10	12	10	10	15	16	15	16
Money	14	20	10	18	12	18	13	18	13	19
Hall	13	18	15	19	14	19	13	20	14	17
Geddis	11	13	12	10	17	11	15	13	16	14

Second day, Sept. 21:										
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Howell	14	12	16	11	16	10	15	18	14	14
Cad	17	13	19	15	19	13	20	15	18	14
Hall	18	13	16	12	19	12	18	13	16	13
Riehl	19	13	16	15	18	14	17	14	16	14
Schiess	12	16	12	14	11	14	11	17	13	13
Marshall	18	15	20	13	18	12	18	13	18	14
Burnside	17	13	18	13	17	14	17	12	19	14
Clapp	18	15	15	14	17	14	17	14	18	12
Crosby	20	15	20	15	20	15	19	15	20	15
Robley	14	14	17	13	17	13	10	10	10	10
Spencer	13	11	10	16	10	13	15	15	15	15
Money	17	14	16	15	15	17	11	16	12	12
Boa	13	10	17	15	15	12	16	10	18	14
Geddis	11	13	12	10	17	11	15	13	16	14

Winchester Rod and Gun Club.

WINCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 20.—The first tournament of the Winchester, N. H., Rod and Gun Club came off as advertised, on the 17th. The day was showery, and the light rather poor, but it did not seem to interfere with good scores being made in several of the events. Teams from Fitchburg, Mass., and Bellows Falls, Vt., were present, besides a number of out-of-town shooters.

A \$25 cup was up for a five-man team prize, and was won by Fitchburg by the highest score, I think, made by any amateur team in America this season, 119 out of a possible 125. The high-gun cup also went to Fitchburg, Cutler being the winner. Wilder pushed him hard from start to finish, and finally lost by only 2 birds.

Both visiting clubs are composed of royal good fellows, and we hope to have the pleasure of entertaining them again. The scores follow:

Events:										
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Cutler	8	13	19	8	11	25	14	8	14	18
Donovan	7	11	16	6	11	24	16	12	10	10
Converse	5	10	13	4	14	23	18	7	10	10
Bingham	6	10	11	10	12	22	14	9	11	10
Wilder	8	11	16	6	13	25	17	10	15	17
Gibson	5	13	18	10	23	18	9	11	19	14
Ray	7	12	15	12	21	18	8	13	15	11
Norwood	9	12	18	3	13	22	8	8	17	11
Fassett	10	10	13	9	13	17	15	7	12	16
Underhill	7	8	15	6	10	21	7	15	11	11
E. A. Nelson	11	11	13	10	12	9	11	18	11	7
Dean	10	10	13	9	13	17	15	7	12	16
Gordon	6	10	13	9	13	17	15	7	12	16
Eaton	7	8	15	6	10	21	7	15	11	11
Nash	11	11	13	10	12	9	11	18	11	7
Hill	10	10	13	9	13	17	15	7	12	16
L. Nelson	7	11	16	6	11	24	16	12	10	10
Burbank	6	9	15	7	14	19	10	9	10	10
Swan	7	10	11	7	10	18	8	7	10	10
Dickinson	8	6	16	5	8	20	7	8	12	10
Lesure	9	11	12	4	11	17	8	14	15	12
Russell	13	12	12	12	17	8	12	17	13	8
Curtis	8	11	16	6	11	24	16	12	10	10
D. Wilder	2	10	13	9	13	17	15	7	12	16
C. Nelson	7	11	16	6	11	24	16	12	10	10
Howard	5	7	8	10	12	17	8	8	17	11
Barber	5	8	12	6	11	24	16	12	10	10

The following are the scores of the three teams that shot for the cup:

Fitchburg—Cutler 25, Donovan 24, Converse 23, Bingham 22, Wilder 25; total, 119.

Bellows Falls—Gibson 23, Ray 21, Norwood 22, Fassett 17, Underhill 21; total, 104.

Winchester—Lesure 17, Nelson 22, Burbank 19, Swan 18, Dickinson 20; total, 96.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, S. I., New York.—There were both live bird and target events. The scores:

Thirteen birds, 23yds.										
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
A. A. Duke	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22
G. Bechtel	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Duke	7	8	6	9	8	7	9	8	7	9
Bechtel	6	9	7	9	8	7	9	8	7	9

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Sept. 17.—Two events were shot at the monthly meet of the Emerald Gun Club, to-day, the club event at 10 birds, and one event at 5 birds, \$2 entrance, Rose system of money division. The birds were a fair lot. The light was poor. Dr. O'Connell and Mr. A. A. Schoverling were the only ones who killed straight in the club event. The scores follow:

Club Shoot.										
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
J. C. Henry	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
Dr. Hudson	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
W. Jaeger	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
Dr. O'Connell	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31	31
A. A. Schoverling	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
R. Regan	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
C. Wash	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
J. Moon	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
A. Doncourt	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
W. Sands	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
F. Kall	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
W. Caton	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
T. Short	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
H. Quinn	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
H. Dressel	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
E. J. Roberts	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
J. P. Kay	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
Dr. Hoffman	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
G. B. Hillers	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
F. Lebohner	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28

Jeannette Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Sept. 21.—The monthly shoot of the Jeannette Gun Club was well attended. There were twenty-one contestants in the regular club event. Of these Mr. W. Koeger won in Class A; Mr. H. Lohden won in Class C. The last five on the list came late, and their scores were to count in the miss-and-out prize event:

Club Shoot.										
Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
F. Ehlen	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
C. Meyer	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
W. Kroeger	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
W. Rottman	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
A. Pape	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
M. Rust	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
C. M. Meyer	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
Job. Lott	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30
C. Meyerdiecks	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
A. Lohden	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
F. Kasterns	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
C. N. Brunnie	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
G. E. Loeble	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
C. Steffens	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30
G. Greiff	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30	30
R. L. Parkard	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
W. Sanders	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28
C. Bohling	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
F. Gerdeis	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
A. Schumacher	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
H. Rohlfis	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28	28

Ties on 10:
Koeger 2211211 Greiff 222210
Brunnie 21110 Rohlfis 1120

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 14.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK }

A MAINE "CARNIVAL."

THERE has been going on in Maine what Commissioner Carleton terms "a carnival of moose shooting," and he makes good the characterization by noting ten or more moose killed and presumably left to rot. This is a most disreputable and disgraceful showing. It indicates moral rotteness, which is a much more serious matter than the mere wanton destruction of game. Whether the killing has been done by guides intent upon securing moose heads in advance to sell to ready-made sportsmen, or by visitors from out of the State, there can be no evasion of responsibility for the atrocities by the Maine guides. The system now prevailing requires a non-resident to employ a registered guide when going into the woods. If sportsmen from abroad did the killing they were sportsmen accompanied by guides. No sportsman would dare to kill a moose out of season unless he were assured that his guide would uphold him in the act and conceal the offense. If the Maine guides were as one man in a resolution that moose should not be killed in the close season, they could protect the game perfectly. So long as an unrighteous complicity shall exist between guides and sportsmen to kill game illegally, not all the detective service in Maine can protect the moose.

The proposition to prohibit the carrying of firearms into the woods in the close season has much to commend it. Such a system has proved a success in Europe, under conditions where the prohibition of arms could be made effective. It should be the rule in America, with certain modifications, in all game country. In particular would the working of such a rule be beneficial as to the game fields near large towns. Whether or not it would prove effective in Maine would depend upon the practicability of enforcing it. The moose and deer wilderness is a tremendous territory; something more than the existing machinery would be required to prevent the ingress of visitors with firearms. Maine is no Yellowstone National Park, where soldiers can guard the entrances to it and patrol the trails and camp grounds. But even if not possible of enforcement with absolute thoroughness such a law would at least decrease the number of guns and rifles taken into the woods in the close season, and would thus in a measure accomplish its purpose.

The most effective agency to protect the moose and deer of Maine would be a right sentiment on the part of the guides. Commissioners and guides should be in accord, animated by a common purpose, and working together. If this harmonious spirit is absent, and in its place exist friction and opposition, no system of laws the most stringent can ever protect the game of Maine.

Why are not the Commissioners and the guides working in harmony to make the Maine close season actually closed?

THE SITUATION IN ALASKA.

In almost every bit of news that comes to us from Alaska are allusions to the absence of government there, and to the upsetting by the influx of civilization—so called—of the natural conditions which prevailed prior to the discovery of gold.

We are told now that the Indians about Nome are likely soon to perish, for no other reason than that the white men, trading whisky to them, have kept them drunk during the season when they should be catching fish for their winter support, so that starvation threatens them during the coming season of cold.

These Indians—who are really Eskimo—are a fine, frank, stalwart race, and but a few years ago were little contaminated by the vices of civilization. Contented and happy, they lived their harmless lives under the Arctic circle, as they had always done, seeing no white people except the whalers. When the miners came among the Eskimo their troubles began. The white men took their women, and by tempting them with liquor took from them whatever property they had, and—what was far more important—took from them the energy to do those things that are absolutely essential to their existence. Incidentally they brought them also disease, which, within a year, has swept them away by thousands, and now the miserable remnant is threatened with starvation.

A few years ago Alaska was a game region practically untouched. Among its rough mountains, in the deep recesses of its tangled forests, and upon its far-stretching tundra there existed more game and larger game than anywhere on this continent. The giant moose, the great

kadiak bear, the largest of the caribou, the white sheep and other important and little-known species of big game were found there. But as Alaska became known, as transportation lines were opened and the far North became more readily accessible, there hurried to this distant region not only miners greedy for gold, but hunters, anxious to kill the big game while it was plenty and easy of access; trophy hunters, eager to secure the record head of one or another species of game; head hunters, employed by taxidermists who engaged them to kill and send out all the big heads they could, and meat hunters, willing to earn a livelihood by butchering game for the mining camps. To-day there is being done over again in Alaska precisely what took place thirty years ago along the newly opened line of the Union Pacific Railroad, when hunters took contracts to furnish meat to soldier camps and tie camps for from 2 to 4 cents per pound, and when meat and hides and heads and horns were brought in by wagon loads to the railroad stations and shipped East.

In those days there was practically no government in the West. In these days there is practically no government in Alaska. A Governor there is, a good and sensible man, anxious to do what he can to protect those creatures, whether human or brute, who need protection; but he is without laws, without resources and without men, and is helpless.

Surely it is time that Congress should take up the question of Alaska and handle it with vigor. Here is a territory equivalent in size to one-sixth of the United States which in practice is lawless—except so far as certain communities make laws for themselves—and in which the natural resources of all sorts are a prey to any one who may care to destroy them. The natives, the game, the fur, the fish and the forests, natural resources which are worth many millions of dollars to-day and, properly conserved, should be worth many millions annually for generations to come, are being wasted with a true American disregard for the future.

Is it too much to hope that the new Administration and the Congress which is to meet next winter will take hold of this subject, and try to arrest the shameful waste that is now going on in our northern province?

Among the civilized communities in Alaska there is deep feeling over the injury done them by Congressional neglect. A hundred matters which are so much a part of civilized life as to be taken wholly for granted and hardly to be thought of in older communities do not exist, so far as Alaska is concerned, to the very great hardship of the inhabitants and the serious retardation of the development of the territory.

SNAP SHOTS.

The New York Times last week issued a handsome jubilee number to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of its founding in 1851. The period covered by the Times' historical review was a momentous one for the city and the country; and the story as here told of the events of those years and of the part the Times had in them is of unflagging interest. From the beginning the Times has held a place of dignity and influence in American journalism; it has stood always for those things which make for good order and progress, and to-day it is second to none of its contemporaries in public esteem. However much on occasion we may differ with the Times in its discussion of the questions of the day and political policies, it is impossible not to have the highest respect for it as a clean and high-minded journal, and one of exalted ideals. That a newspaper conducted on the lines of the New York Times should be so prosperous and so powerful is in itself a tribute to the character of the community which gives it support.

The Times has given its readers a fac-simile of the first number, issued on Thursday, Sept. 18, 1851; and to look through the columns is to immerse oneself in the New York of a half-century ago. We may read histories without end, but there is no history written which actually carries us back to the time and the people as does an old newspaper, for here are chronicled not only those larger events with which the historians concern themselves, and the narration of which they tell us constitutes history; but the trifles, the little every-day incidents and happenings which actually make up human life, and which have for us the real human interest the historians miss. The first Times issue, for instance, not only reports the

promised liberation of Kossuth by the Sublime Porte, the visit of the Queen to Scotland and the candidacy of the Prince de Joinville for the Presidency of the French Republic, but it chronicles a big lobster caught at Hull, Mass., weighing twenty-eight pounds; and here is an item, the like of which, we venture to say, might be found in a Times of any September from 1851 down to 1901:

Ezra Robbins was accidentally shot dead with a rifle, by his son-in-law, John Roberts, in Claremont, N. H., on Sunday. The parties were in the woods, gunning.

Last week allusion was made to the fact that at the opening of the shooting season birds are often too small to be shot. An interesting example of this is given in a note from Connecticut, published this week, which tells of the capture there on the opening day, Oct. 1, of young quail still in the down—so small that they could not even fly. As suggested by our correspondent, the killing of the parents of such a brood would, of course, mean the death of all the young. This was, no doubt, a belated second brood, but there is reason to believe that such late broods are of frequent occurrence, and they should receive protection. The Connecticut law is admirable in that the season for all upland game birds opens on the same day, but the date of this opening is too early. The date of New York's opening, Nov. 1, is on many accounts better. It is true that this date—if applied to all upland birds—cuts off a considerable portion of the woodcock season, but, on the other hand, the very best woodcock shooting usually comes between Nov. 1 and Nov. 15. If the season opens Nov. 1, the late broods of ruffed grouse and quail have an opportunity to grow large and strong, and in the present days of woodcock scarcity the loss of a part of the shooting of that bird is not a serious matter. A combination of the laws of New York and Connecticut, as far as upland game birds go, would be very nearly an ideal law. This would make the general season for upland game birds open Nov. 1 and close Dec. 31.

The Richmond County Fish and Game Protective Association, which is concerned with the game covers and game fishing waters of Staten Island, performed a distinct public service last week when its agents took into custody a crew of piratical Italian net fishermen. The netters had been violating the law with extraordinary boldness, shipping their fish to this city. People were afraid to complain of them, for the Italian poacher in this vicinity has a hard name for violence. The waters of Staten Island must be kept clear of the netters of game fish if they are to afford opportunities for the hook and line fisherman; and no one will seriously question that as playgrounds for the people these waters are worth more to Greater New York than they could possibly be if given over to the netters. The city needs them for the enjoyment and use of its citizens who cannot afford to make distant excursions for fishing.

Rev. C. C. Haskell, D. D., of Corry, Pa., author of the "New Theology," writes the New York Evening Post an extraordinary defense of mobs and lynchings, in which he says:

We should remember that law is simply a means to an end. The means is law—the end is justice; precisely as medicine is a means to an end. The means is medicine (it may be quinine), the end is health. Now if we can have justice without law, we have a right to it, precisely as we have a right to health without the quinine.

The Pennsylvania divine's tenets, it appears, are held by the game protective authorities of Illinois. In that State there is no law against killing or possessing quail (except for sale) at any time, but the game wardens are nevertheless arresting and fining the quail killers, and thus are following out in practice Dr. Haskell's system of securing "justice," law or no law. The "justice" is here all for the quail, since the victim who has been robbed of his money under guise of legal proceedings may hardly be said to have had any share in it.

Our Chicago correspondence to-day reports that two Illinois men have paid fines for having had quail in possession, and that for this reason they question the correctness of the *Game Laws in Brief* in its statement of the law. The Illinois law forbids the sale, or possession for sale, of quail killed in the State, and it forbids the export of quail for sale. Other than these restrictions there is no law as to killing quail in Illinois; the *Game Laws in Brief* states the law correctly. If the shooters referred to paid fines for having quail in their possession otherwise than for sale or export for sale, they paid money, which the authorities had no legal right to exact from them.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Ranger Service.

II.—Major Rogers.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

FOR some days succeeding this interview, I went wandering in the most sequestered woods, carrying my rifle, indeed, but with no great zest for game, for I was puzzling myself with the question of what to do. Many were the answers, but no one seemed the best, though of them all, the idea of making a settlement in the Northern wilderness was most to my liking. It promised the surest foundation of a home and the material prosperity that we New Englanders are accused of coveting no less than our spiritual welfare. Having established a home, there would be better chance of persuading Mercy to join me in it, and, as for solitude and hardship that must be endured in gaining it, I was not averse to the one while we two must live apart, and I must face the other, whether I chose the loneliness of the wilderness, either as settler or fur-trapper, or the hazards of war, or any vocation that was open to such as me.

Thus pondering, I roamed the woods without much purpose, half in a dream, out of which I was more than once startled by the fancied sound of Mercy's sweet voice calling me from far away, always distant, no matter how I strove to approach it, till proved outright to be only one of the mysterious voices of the forest that is so often heard, but never traced to its cause, which may be but fancy after all. I returned from these daily excursions with so little to show for them that my aunt viewed me with less favor than ever. I had further proof than her sour looks gave when I overheard her telling my uncle:

"Paul never was good for nothin' but huntin' and fishin', and now he's lost his gift for them, or got too lazy to use it. We must set the good-for-nothin' adrift, Jonathan; we've done our duty in raisin' of him, and there can't be more asked of us."

"Yes," he assented; "I hate to, for he's my brother's boy, but I don't see no other way. He must go and cut his own fodder."

"You shall be saved that trouble, good people," said I to myself, more than ever determined to hasten my departure. Yet I was put upon my mettle to prove that I had not lost the skill in which I took much pride, and so set forth next morning for one more day's hunting before taking leave of my kinsfolk.

The bright, cool September day was all that a hunter could wish and game as plenty, so that when, toward noon, I came out upon the highway where it ran for some distance through the woods, half a dozen fine, fat partridges were hanging at my belt. Caring not enough for more to take the trouble of looking further, I took my way homeward. At a turn of the road a fine cock partridge strutted into it twenty rods before me, just as I noticed hoof-beats close behind me. I whistled, and the bird stopped midway in the path, with head lifted high, ruff and tail full spread. In the same instant the rifle was at my shoulder and the trigger pulled with a quick aim, before the coming horseman should alarm the game, and the proud cock was beating the earth in his death struggle, his neck half-severed at the ruff.

"A right good shot!" said a voice of hearty approval close behind me, and, looking over my shoulder, I saw a tall, swarthy man attentively regarding me as he easily sat on the spirited horse that he now reined close beside me.

"No great of a shot, sir," I answered modestly, filling my horn charger and emptying it into the rifle.

"I'll be bound it's a better one than you often make," he said, in a bantering way, which roused my pride a little, so I pointed to the birds at my belt, each with its head half or quite cut off by balls, and said:

"Here are six more of the same sort."

His eyes fell to them a moment from watching the loading of my rifle, returning to it again till I had rammed down the patched ball, and slipped the rod into the pipes.

"For how many shots?"

"Six," I answered.

"H-m-m." That was his comment in a tone that implied doubt and nettled me somewhat, and having primed my piece, I took more time to regard him. In spite of my pique, I could not help liking his looks.

Though the keen, dark eyes that seemed to be noting everything without dwelling more than a moment on anything, showed that they could blaze with fierce fire on occasion, they shone with a pleasant light now, and his brown, weathered face wore a winning smile. He carried no arms, but was of such a bearing that I was sure the ordinary dress of a traveler poorly disguised a soldier, and no common one at that.

"Let me see you put a bullet in the white spot on the beech tree at the right of the road, the spot at the height of your head, and I'll own you're a marksman," he said, only indicating the direction with a nod, but my eye caught the mark at once, and stepping a little before him, I raised my firelock.

"Look out!" he cried, sharply. "It's an Indian, and if you don't kill him, he'll kill you!" but he did not stir my aim, and I fired as the heelplate was set to my shoulder. "You may be a marksman, but you're no bush fighter, to empty your gun with a stranger in your rear," he said, chuckling a little.

"But you have no arms," I said, rather chafffallen at this, "and we are on even terms now."

"Don't be too sure of that," he said, whipping out a pistol from his pocket and displaying it.

"I'm not afraid of such a popgun," I answered, with more bravery in my tongue than in my heart.

"So? It may be more dangerous than you think," and with the words he blazed away, apparently without aim, at a patch of moss on a near tree trunk, and the dropping shreds of moss proved that the mark was truly hit.

"Well, if I was twice mistaken, I had no reason to be on my guard against you, sir," I said, beginning to reload my rifle.

"There you may be mistaken again," he said, tucking the pistol under his arm, and he poured a charge of pow-

der into his palm, and from that into the barrel, clapped a patched ball atop of it and rammed it home; primed the deadly little weapon, and thrust it back in his pocket, all in less time than I am writing it.

"But let us examine your target; don't forget your bird."

I walked on beside his horse till we came to where the partridge was lying, which I picked up and offered him. "Will you have it for your supper, sir?"

"With all my heart, if you can spare it," and I assured him that I had enough without it.

"Thank you, and it was a neat shot," said he, examining the severed neck and thumping the plump breast. "One good turn calls for another; and will you be good enough to give me a strip of wickopee bark near the beech we just passed?"

There it was, sure enough, though I had not seen it, for all it was on my side of the road, and I could not help remarking how keen his sight was for every trivial object.

"In our trade we have to keep our eyes open to keep the hair on our heads," he said, as he tied the partridge to his saddle-bow with the bark thong. And that wickopee bush might not be such a small thing, either. It would serve to tie your hands if you were my prisoner, as you might have been if I had minded to have you."

"I'm not sure of that," I said.

"Why not, when your gun was empty, and my pistol in my hand, or even now?" He stooped suddenly and snatched the rifle from my shoulder, holding it aloft and smiling down upon me, starting aloof, abashed, and half angry, but not alarmed when I saw no evil intent in his laughing eyes.

"There, take your gun," he said, handing it to me after a moment, "and have better care of it. I was only teaching you a lesson that may serve you some time if you ever take to my trade."

"That I don't think I will," I replied, hotly, "for I doubt if it is an honest one," whereat he laughed and said:

"Well, I have His Majesty's commission to practice it. But here's your target with the bullet nigh the center. A very pretty shot, upon my word. You have a quick eye and a steady hand—gifts that you ought to be using in the service of your king and country, rather than wasting them here." His manner was quite changed and he was speaking very seriously. Then he asked me about my family and affairs, and when I told him that I had no near kin, nor any business, he broke out very earnestly:

"Then enlist in the Rangers. It's a noble service, far better than serving in the regulars, or in the rabble of the militia that you are like to be called into any day. Every man in it has to use his wits, and depend more on himself than on his fellows. It's a Ranger's duty to obey orders, as it is every soldier's, but in active service it is every man for himself, whether the devil takes the hindmost or the foremost. It's a free, noble service, compared with any other soldiering, and the usefulest in all the army, and there's a grand chance of promotion for a smart young fellow like you. Then the pay is fair, and a Ranger has the first chance of gathering booty and taking scalps."

I could not forbear a shudder at the cool way in which he spoke of so barbarous a means of increasing one's gains; and, though I said nothing, I determined it should never be employed by me. With all that he had said, and much more that he continued to say in praise of this service, I was fast becoming persuaded to enter it.

"Is it Rogers' corps of Rangers?" I asked, and he nodded, adding,

"It's the only one of consequence."

"The only one I'd care to join," said I. "I've heard much of that brave leader, and would be prouder to follow him than any other; I'd give much to set eyes on him."

"That you shall do this day, if you'll come to the tavern in the village yonder, for I expect him to dine off this partridge with me."

"Then you shall have another," I cried, loosening a bird from my belt.

"No," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, and an odd smile. "One will be enough. He is a light feeder, like myself. You will come at 2 o'clock? And you will enlist, I am sure. It's a service to make a young fellow's sweetheart proud of him. Bid her good-bye and go on with us in the morning."

With that he put spurs to his horse and clattered down the road out of my sight, leaving me in a daze with the consciousness that I was as good as enlisted; for, somehow, this recruiting officer seemed to have got a hold of me that was not to be shaken off. And why should I not take this chance of making a beginning in life? It was only for my sweetheart's sake that I hesitated, but a little sound reasoning would reconcile her to this choice.

My aunt regarded me with more favor than she had done of late when I brought in the partridges, and said, almost kindly:

"Ah, that's something like, Paul, and will make us a proper good dinner."

"Make the most of 'em, Aunt Becky," said I, setting about cleaning my rifle with uncommon care; "for they're the last I will fetch you; I'm going to leave you."

"Sakes alive!" she cried, in surprise, but not ill-pleased. "And where might you be going?"

"To the army," I answered, as proudly as if I were already a soldier.

"To the army, boy! Sakes alive, you'll be killed. But it's a good thing to serve your king, and we must all die some way."

Making the most of this cold comfort and as cold a bite of the left-over dinner, I made my way to the tavern, where I found my new acquaintance, who pressed me to dine with him, and would not accept my bashful refusals. There were but two plates laid, and between them the smoking, savory partridge, to my hungry eyes looking handsomer in his brown skin than he had in his fine feathers.

"Hasn't Major Rogers come yet?" I asked, and, bowing gravely, he said:

"Permit me to introduce him," and then began to laugh, as I stared stupidly at him, for a moment not comprehending that the noted leader of the Rangers was before me.

Though he was a person of more consequence than

any one I had ever met, he was as companionable as if I were his equal, and soon put me at ease, making intricate inquiry concerning my affairs and entertaining me with accounts of his own adventures, and the tricks of bush-ranging, till I was fully of a mind to take a share of the first and become a learner of the last—a determination which no doubt was promoted by the generous portions of wine that my entertainer plied me with.

The upshot was, that before leaving the tavern I was enlisted in the Rangers and engaged to go to Albany next morning with the Major, and some other recruits who would arrive that evening. I went home considering myself already a hero, and was no doubt as much a patriot as any young fellow who goes a-soldiering out of spite or love, or boy's bravado, and fools himself and others that he does it for the sake of his king or country. Then it was all for the king, God bless him; twenty years after, it was all for the country, the king be damned; and the one cared as much as the other for us poor devils.

At dusk I stole away to the trysting place, hoping to see Mercy again and bid her farewell, but she did not come. I only found a note in a cranny of the wall that was our postoffice, telling me that we were watched, and she knew not when she could meet me, and, ending thus, as I well remember: "God bless you, wherever you go, and whatever betide I will ever be your faithful Mercy."

It was grievous to me, and, I conceived, must be more so to her, that we were deprived of the sad pleasure of saying farewell, yet there was nothing of it now but the cold comfort of written words, whereof I made such use as I could with a pencil and scrap of paper in the dim evening light, telling her of my sudden resolution, that I would let her know where to write to me when I could, making many protestations of eternal love, and bidding her a fond adieu. Of this I made my last deposit in our postoffice, imagining with what tearful eyes it would be read; and, after some vain lingering, and halting often as I went, listening for footsteps that would not come, I returned to the home that was to be mine no longer. When I took respectful leave of my uncle and his family, I could but think how sorry is the parting of kinsfolk when there is no sorrow. It is a pain that one craves for himself, and for them. The only consolation I got of it was the envious looks of my eldest cousin, in whose eyes, as in my own esteem, I was becoming a hero.

III.—A Scout for the Champlain Forts.

I SLUNG my small bundle on my rifle and tramped away to the tavern, where I found three other recruits already arrived. Two of them were young fellows of about my own age, and full of talk of their past, present and prospective affairs; the other, much older, taciturn, between the garrulity of youth and age, and taking to this new venture with the unconcern of a soldier of fortune, as I took him to be. He called himself an Englishman, but his name was Murphy, while he had the speech of a Scotchman.

Next morning we set forth toward Albany at a good pace in charge of Murphy, after Major Rogers had accompanied us a few miles, when he left us, and we saw no more of him till we arrived in the old town of Albany. This was the first town of any importance that I had ever seen, and I was in a daze with all the wonders of it, which I had good opportunity of beholding during the week of our stay, not as yet being under strict discipline, but only required to report at the inn, where our quarters were, at noon and nightfall. It was a strange thing to see houses crowded together like soldiers in the ranks, when there was so much elbow room and breathing space in all the country about, and narrow streets thronged with citizens as well dressed as if for church-going, with not a few of the king's soldiers, whose fine scarlet clothes and mighty airs put us quite out of conceit with our rustic attire and manners.

Murphy was an old soldier, and was hail-fellow-well-met with any of them not above the rank of sergeant.

There was a great horror and indignation concerning the recent massacre at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, where the Frenchmen's Indian allies had fallen like wolves upon the English prisoners of war and butchered them under the eyes of the French commander Montcalm, which had happened but a little while before. There was scarcely more clamor against the perfidy of the Frenchman than against the cowardice of the English general, Webb, who had abandoned the brave Colonel Monroe to his fate, and was now in a great fright for himself, calling for reinforcements from far and near.

Colonial troops were now arriving, and a score of us newly recruited Rangers went forward with a company of them to Fort Edward. On the march I had my first taste of Ranger service, for Murphy had us scouting in front and flank, a squad of greenhorns quite useless to our friends and in more danger of getting lost in the woods or being shot by each other than by the enemy, who were now leagues away at Ticonderoga, licking their chops after the bloody feast at Lake George. But no harm came to us, and Murphy was given a chance to air his military experience, though it had been of quite another sort. He bawled his orders as if he were at the head of a regiment, and we were in no danger of going far astray as long as he held to the route. This was a road cut through the woods broad enough for artillery and army wagons to pass over.

When we came to the fort, I had my first sight of the pomp of war, and a strange thing it was to see all the throng and bustle of a great army hemmed in so close by the solitude of woods, with no outlet from it but the rough thoroughfare over which we had come, that opened its dark gateway into the somber forest to the northward.

We were at once assigned to the quarters occupied by our corps, which consisted now of something more than a hundred men, but were not long permitted to remain there, for our commander, having arrived before us, presently had us paraded and each man equipped with firelock, preferably a rifle, a hatchet or tomahawk, and sixty rounds of ammunition, and soon led us out into the woods to practice our peculiar tactics on an imaginary foe.

We ranged forward in three columns, with scouts thrown out on front and flanks, and the man who spoke above a whisper got himself rated roundly. Those of us who had experience as hunters proved the aptest learners, and I wasn't much behind any comrade of my own age, and when it came to rifle practice, I could

hold my own almost with the older hands. After a few days of this, we were ordered out on a regular scout to William Henry, which even in its desolation continued to disturb General Webb, as well it might, if the ghosts of its murdered garrison could rise before him.

We found nothing to denote any recent presence of the enemy. The silence of desolation and desertion was upon the dismantled fort, that was guarded now but by the new-made graves of the victims of the fearful tragedy, and some few bodies overlooked in the hasty burial, and discovered now, to sicken a young soldier of savage warfare. I was moving apart from my comrades in the edge of the woods, when a crow flapped up suddenly before me, startled, but silent as if he had a secret to keep, and at the next step I came upon the half-naked body of a woman, young and with hair of gold, like my Mercy's. The scalp had been torn from among the disordered locks, and some were clotted over the cruel gash of a tomahawk. I called some comrades and we gave the poor unknown body a decent burial as we could.

Our comrade Murphy went nosing about, very keen for forgotten booty, but keener eyes than his had left scant gleanings. That night we camped inside the walls, and next morning scouted some distance along the lake, but discovered nothing, and so returned to Fort Edward.

Here we were not permitted many hours of idleness, for our busy commander had us out scouting every day in the woods, where we came upon nothing more alarming than the sudden burst of a partridge booming out of a silent thicket beside us, or a startled deer bounding away with long, resounding leaps, while the hateful tell-tale jays loudly proclaimed our whereabouts. Major Rogers seemed to be everywhere at once, instructing, directing, praising, and reprimanding, each one of us in turn, and in every way doing his utmost to make every man of his command perfect in the art of this service, till at last, if we envied the gaily attired regulars of the garrison, their lighter duties of parade and guard mounting, we felt ourselves their superiors in such warfare as we were like to encounter. In return, they despised us for a lot of backwoods bushwhackers, and so there was little love lost between us.

At last, in November, fifty picked men were ordered out on a scout to the northward. Arriving at Fort William Henry, which was yet more desolate with three months' desertion, and there embarking in our batteaux, we went down the lake, whose beauty was so perfect, even in this forlorn autumnal aspect, that I wondered how a blither season could further beautify it. With increased caution we neared the outlet, and in the evening of the second day landed and secreted the boats, and made our camp. We privates were going like men blindfolded, we knew not whither, but now began to guess that it was for an observation of the French forts on Lake Champlain, the more certainly when at early dawn we began marching forward in that direction with particular caution.

Two or three times we heard the firing of great guns forward on our left, and again, much nearer, the report of a musket, which we took to be some hunting party of the enemy. Four of the keenest scouts were sent out on a tour of discovery, and in less than an hour returned, bringing in a Frenchman, whom they had badly wounded in capturing, he having made a desperate fight. The Major asked him many questions, which, as well as the answers being in French, I could make nothing of. When it was attempted to march him along with us, he could not move but by the help of two men, and Major Rogers, being informed of it, said after very short consideration:

"Well, if he cannot go with us he must not be left behind to tell tales. Cutheart and Chamberlain! take charge of the prisoner!"

The two men named stepped to the side of the wounded man, who, faint with pain and loss of blood, sat on a fallen tree. As we moved on in three files, he looked anxiously after us, making an appealing gesture that few saw and none heeded. Chamberlain, a survivor of the William Henry massacre, stood behind him, bending a hard, merciless face upon the helpless man as he drew the hatchet from his belt with a slow, cautious motion.

With a strange fascination I could not keep my eyes from them, and I was glad when intervening trees shut the group from my sight. In the next instant Cutheart and Chamberlain rejoined us.

We began the ascent of a very high mountain, and when we came to the top we saw the French fort they called Carrillon, and we by the name of Ticonderoga or Ticonderoga, lying beneath us like an engineer's plan of a fortification unrolled for our inspection. There were the French soldiers, swarming about the parade like a horde of white ants, along with dusky figures that we took to be Canadians and Indians, and above them all flaunted the banner of France, vexing the soul of English subjects to see it displayed here in His Majesty's own province of New York.

"By George!" cried the Major, "if we but had one of the big guns of Fort Edward up here we could drop a shot in there, and set the French a-humming!"

Indeed, it seemed an easy thing to do, and it is a wonder that none bethought to try it till the fortress had thrice changed owners.

When Major Rogers had reckoned the strength of the garrison, we moved down to the foot of the mountain and encamped, passing a comfortless night, without fires, for fear of discovery by the enemy's Indian scouts. Next morning we went on over a difficult route to the neighborhood of Fort St. Frederic, and going on to a mountain that overlooked the place, got almost as fair a view of it as we had of the other. It stood on the very brink of the Lake Champlain, where it widens at the place called by us Crown Point. There was a lofty citadel or tower within the walls, also a church, and on a point above the fortress was a windmill, serving the purpose of war as well as of peace, with loopholes for muskets and patereros, but now looking very peaceable, the sails flying merrily in the brisk north wind to grind the people corn. Over toward us, on the shore of a great bay lying between us and the fort, there was a populous village of neat houses, regularly built along several streets, with an extent of outlying fields, in some of which cattle were grazing and in others stood stacks of wheat and shacks of corn not yet husked. Out this way

ran a thoroughfare, along which we observed people occasionally passing, making it a likely place to capture a prisoner, as was greatly desired.

So, when the Major had computed the strength of the garrison, he led us down to the low ground, where he posted the main body and took twenty men, I being of the number, to ambush the road. We had not been posted in cover half an hour, when along came a careless Frenchman singing very blythely an outlandish song of Old France, till he was in the midst of us, and we stepped out before and behind him, when his song ended with comical abruptness. I was glad he was taken unharmed, for it was enough to have one ghost continually haunting me, as did that of yesterday's prisoner. While we were busied with securing him, another appeared, coming out from the village; but, perceiving us, stood a moment dumb with amazement, and then, getting simultaneous use of legs and tongue, ran back shouting lustily, and making such speed that we could not overtake him.

Now, being discovered, we fell to firing the grain stacks and killing the cattle till the drums at the fort beating to arms warned us that it was time to make off, which we did with all speed, but without confusion. We heard the alarm guns bellowing behind us at St. Frederic, and the dull thunder of Ticonderoga's answer echoed before us, but we got safely past that dangerous neighborhood and back to our boats, whence the path to Fort Edward was safe and easy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Nantucket.

As you approach Nantucket you see a low line of moorland running east by west for five or six miles. Pretty "tee" gulls are fishing all about the shoaly waters and filling the air with their musical cries. When you round Nantucket light two little jetties run out to meet you and take you in their arms and welcome you into Nantucket Harbor. Arrived there, you immediately fall into a reverie, struck by a subtle influence of the past. You feel you are in contact with a seventeenth-century scene. But you have no time for dreaming now, so, arousing yourself, you go ashore and wander up through old Nantucket. At every step your attention is arrested by something all unfamiliar to your eyes. The decaying wharf, covered with barnacles; the old-time whale-boat and harpoons; the little gray cottage, with the irregular, diamond-paned windows and latch on the door; its larger neighbor, with the platform on the roof which, you are told, was used as a lookout for returning whalers; the primitive well, with the rusty dipper still clinging to the worn-eaten post; the stone steps at the head of the narrow street, worn away by generations of ascending and descending feet; the half-ruined wall, covered with creepers; the tall hollyhocks and blue hydrangeas, the thick ivy hedges and clustering vines—these and similar sights present themselves continually. You drop into the old sea captains' club and find three or four worthies there, smoking their pipes, who arise and receive you with the utmost courtesy. You are asked to sit down, and immediately you are listening to tales ancient the past glories of Nantucket—of the whalers and the battleships that congregated there; of the heroes the island sent forth, especially to the war of 1812 (whose echoes seem to be still ringing in the captains' ears); of the great sperm oil industry and the fabulous wealth of the natives; of thrilling rescues off the coast and of this and of that wonder as long as you care to listen. But perchance you grow surfeited, so take your leave of the captains, with profuse ceremony on their part and a cordial invitation to call again, and continue your exploration.

You have not gone far when, perhaps, you run into the town crier, with his bell and horn, calling attention, with

mention turned up his nose at the fare and, after an indignant protest, took his departure. You visit the museum and see the arrow heads, the wampum and other things belonging to the aboriginal Indians, but not, unfortunately, the two beaver hats for which, with a trifle of money, the island was bought of them.

From the museum to the old mill is not far, so you stroll thither by devious, narrow ways. Here it is—the sole survivor of a number of its kind which ground corn for the great-great-grandfathers of the present generation of Nantucketers. How well put together, though rude, it is. With a little lubrication it is conceivable that it might still grind corn. The old sea captain in



ISLAND ARCHITECTURE.

charge will dilate learnedly on it if you have a mind to listen, but you catch a glimpse of the moors through the open window and are drawn thither as by a magnet. Away they stretch to the east and the west, fascinating in their solitude.

But you are not satisfied with a mere view of the moors; you must cross them; so you take a cicerone and set out. As you proceed you notice that the soil is light and sandy, with great patches of bay scrub, or bracken, here and there. Heather also blooms in spots, but coyly and secretly, and is hard to find. To the west a stretch of low woods is seen, and to the east an expanse of scraggy, stunted firs. This is the only timber visible; yet you are told that at one time the island was covered with oaks. It appears that after these had been all cut down for ship building and other purposes, an enterprising native introduced the Scotch fir, but it never prospered. You pass one or two little farmhouses, and see others in the distance, like lonely sentries, scattered about. A sweet, familiar note falls upon your ear: it is the call of the meadowlark. Occasionally a swallow, or a kingbird, flits across your path, or a little brown denizen of the bracken (species unrecognized), rises at your feet. These, with a solitary crow now and then, are the only birds you hear or see. But this is the summer season. Later on the moors will swarm with plover and the surrounding waters with duck. Now you are nearing the end of your tramp



THE LONELY MOORS.

great clanging and vociferation, to an auction sale or some such matter. He smiles good naturedly, but somewhat compassionately, at your open-eyed wonder, and you pass on.

What is this dilapidated, deserted building? This is the jail of Nantucket. The tradition connected with it is that somebody once lodged there, but objecting to the sheep and cattle forcing their way in, to find shelter at night, he left. And this other large, white, lonely building—what is this? This is the almshouse, and this also has a tradition, which is that the only inmate of which there is any

and the air begins to be filled with a dull, booming sound. Is it distant thunder? You regard your cicerone, and he says "Wait!" You wait, and presently you come upon the brow of the moors and behold the mighty ocean rolling in and forming a miniature Niagara for miles. The moors slope their tawny sides down to the strand, which glimmers almost white in the sunlight; the pretty "tee" gulls float about or suddenly plunge head downward; a ship's sail is discernible on the far horizon and you stand there fascinated, with that grand music of the ocean in your ears.

From where you stand to 'Sconset, as the crow flies, is about eight miles, but not having wings you prefer to return to Nantucket and take the train. To be sure, the train has not wings any more than you, but it will save a long tramp, and by this time probably your legs begin to feel a bit weary. You get aboard then and the little engine gives a little shriek and the little car attached begins to agitate violently and off you go. Up and down, up and down, over the brown moors and through the scraggy firs and by the dismal swamp (where the crows build) for half an hour, and then you reach 'Sconset. You are all excitement, for you have been told that 'Sconset is even more curious than Nantucket. And it proves to be so—in a measure, at least. Here we have the diminutive gray cottage, only still more diminutive and vine-covered—not one, but a whole street of them (which is called Broadway, if you please); the whaleboats, the harpoons, the oilskins, gone sadly out of business for aye; the ships' heads, the old guns, the whales' jaw bones; the prehistoric relics, the immemorial pump and ye ancient mariner. And day and night a sweet peace broods over 'Sconset, only broken by the deep organ lullaby of old ocean. "See Naples and die!" it has been said. You will improve upon this and say, "See 'Sconset and sleep!" Yes, you do not want to die after seeing 'Sconset—you only want to sleep (Oh, the delicious drowsiness of the air!), and then awake and see 'Sconset every day and never care if the bank breaks.

Once more you are back in Nantucket. It is evening, and you go up on the hill by the old mill. The sky is a tender gray and harmonizes perfectly with the little village at your feet and the distant waters. You look toward Polpis and see the headlight begin to gleam; then you turn around and look over the moors: all is silent, vague, mysterious. Till nightfall and long after you remain there under some spell, as it were. When you descend into the village you begin to people its quiet streets with returning fishermen; you see their shining oilskins and lumbering gait and hear their bluff talk and hearty laughter. The little cottage doors open to receive them, there are joyous shouts of welcome and—hark! What is that? It is curfew, as it tolled then and as it tolls now in Nantucket. Unique Nantucket. FRANK MOONAN.

Starving on Trackless Seas.

MARINE peril is a commonplace in the South Sea. It is always so possible to anybody that when it does happen it is scarcely deemed worthy of mention. Certainly the world outside hears little of these things.

A large boat went astray in Samoa and vanished. Weeks later the survivors were brought to Apia barely alive. A few out of all the company had been able to bear the agony of hunger and thirst, and the maddening beat of the sun for their weeks of idle drifting and frantic sailing, none knew whither, none knew where. From the pinched and drawn lips of these survivors this account of their wanderings was extracted.

They had set out gaily as a pleasure party. Their home being in Manu'a, they had made a tour of the archipelago as far as Savaii. Here and there they had tarried for long days of feasting. At Apia they had done their trading for foreign wares which were seldom seen in their distant home. The unrelieved idleness of Samoan life affords opportunity for these prolonged visits, which may extend over several months. These "malangas," as the visiting parties are named, are a great evil; they throw back the community from which they start; they are such a burden upon the communities on which they call for entertainment that the visit may well be regarded as a visitation. They foment discord as they go, they leave famine in their track.

Slowly, by reason of the frequent halts for entertainment and for the chance of a fair wind, this "malanga" had made its way homeward, until nothing remained but the passage of the broad Manu'a Strait. At the east end of Tutuila the voyagers had waited day after day in indolent ease, night after night they had expected the west wind which sometimes and at irregular intervals sets in after sunset in opposition to the easterly trade wind which blows by day. It came at last. The boat, a large whale-boat, built by foreign carpenters in Apia, was hauled into the water and loaded with the goods which the travelers had accumulated at the different villages which they had visited. The boat had ten benches for the accommodation of twice that number of oarsmen when it was necessary to travel with that motive power. For use with a favoring wind it was equipped with three short masts, each of which carried a sail in front and a sail behind; seen from a distance, the boat looked very much like a procession of three single-masted sailboats. The cargo was stowed in the bottom of the boat under the benches of the rowers, an open space at the stern afforded cramped quarters for those members of the party who were not actively engaged at the oars. The provisions were the last thing to be put in before setting out upon the voyage. The village which had been entertaining the visitors gave a supply of cold, cooked food, the remnants of the last day's dinner; for water there was shipped an abundant supply of green coconuts, which might easily be tapped when any one was thirsty.

The visiting party numbered twenty-eight, a few being women and a very few children. Being accustomed to do the same work as men, and having a sufficiency of strength, these women were by no means mere passengers; when necessary they shared the labor at the oar. With luck—that is, if the west wind which had set in just after sunset should continue throughout the night—they might expect to be at dawn either at the reef of their own island or within sight of it, and at such a nearness that it would not be difficult to finish the voyage with the oars. On this theory of their voyage they were sufficiently provisioned; all their experience went to show that they were taking no risk worth thinking about in setting out upon this night trip of only sixty miles. They had no compass with them. That is not the fatal omission which it may appear, for if they had carried a compass there was not a person aboard who knew how to use it. These islanders never use the compass; their cardinal points are the place from which the winds come; at night they can make a limited use of the stars. Their chief reliance as to direction is on the winds, a fairly safe guide by day when the trade wind is blowing, by no means so much to

be depended on when it happens to be the counter-trade by night.

When they started, the wind from the westward and favorable for their destination, was blowing rather fresh. This strength lasted for several miles, but as they gradually drew out of the influence of the land breeze caused by the mass of Tutuila, the wind became much lighter, although it remained favorable, what there was of it. There was enough wind to keep the boat steadily moving toward Manu'a, but the leader of the party recognized that with such a light breeze the morning would show them still far from their destination, and with the prospect of a long row against the strong wind of the day. From time to time some of the men rowed to help the boat on, but such efforts were half-hearted at best and soon relinquished. Mostly they slept huddled in such attitudes as promised the least comfort in the cramping quarters of the boat. Some, waking from their uneasy sleep, sat for a while in talk with the helmsman or the sail tenders. From time to time the wakeful ate what food pleased them in the abundant stock which had been provided. As the night passed on the wind grew steadily weaker, and in the last watch had little more than just enough force to keep the boat from falling into the trough of the long ocean swell.

When dawn broke the last puff of wind expired, and the boat lay in a dead calm. Nowhere was a sign of land, neither of Tutuila, from which they had sailed at the beginning of the night, nor of Tau, for which they were bound. As is usual in the equatorial Pacific, the horizon was hemmed in with light banks of clouds which are dissipated only when the day breeze begins. There was now no wind, and it would be useless labor to row before the land came into sight. They were content, therefore, to lie tossing idly on the sea until the coming of the daily tradewind should blow away the cloudbank and disclose the high peak of the well-known mountain of Tau. Meanwhile they said their morning prayer and prepared to eat. They could have no provision of what was in store for them, the prudence elsewhere called ordinary is something which is absent from their dispositions; they spread out the food and ate as much as they individually desired. No one had any other thought than that they would eat the next meal at home. The broken scraps of bread fruit and taro and cold fish were put away in the food baskets to serve as a luncheon for any who might become hungry at the oar. With the same lack of calculation they drank from their supply of coconuts. Breakfast over, they sat smoking, until the trade wind, coming with clock-like precision, should show the course of such voyaging as yet remained for them.

With the rising of the wind the clouds cleared away and left the horizon visible to the furthest reach of the eye. Nowhere in the whole circuit was there any appearance of land. It was disappointing, but according to their past experiences it was not yet discouraging. Under direction of their leader they set the sails and ran before the wind to the westward. Their own home lay eastward, but there were two reasons for refraining from the attempt to reach it. One was the wind, which was contrary and against which this open boat could make no headway. The other was the great probability of missing such a very small mark in the open ocean. But to the westward the three great islands radiated like the sticks of a fan; there was good reason to hope to sight land and wait to make a fresh start. All that day they sailed before the wind. The outlook was incessant; every eye was alert to be the first to catch the spot on the horizon which would show where the land lay. The hours went by, the boat flew westward, not a sign of any land appeared. When the sun set and the calm set in the lost boatload fell to arguing. They judged that their sailing throughout the day had set them back in the neighborhood of Upolu; on that they were agreed. But some were of the opinion that the land lay to the north, others were as confident that it was to the south; each supported its view by long argument. When the night breeze arose they were still uncertain of their position, therefore their course was equally indeterminate. For part of the night they sailed northward and saw no land. Then the other opinion prevailed, and they sailed south until daybreak and the falling of the wind. Though they did not know it, they had probably returned to the place which at sunset they had left. They had spent the night to no purpose. The evening before they had eaten plentifully of the provision which yet remained in the baskets. This second morning there was little left—scraps of vegetables and odds and ends of fruit. They scraped it all together and divided it among the company; after this breakfast there was nothing left, the baskets were thrown overboard. There now remained to them coconuts sufficient to allow each person one. They were still confident of arriving at some land during the day; they felt no alarm at the giving out of their rations. Even if their voyage should be prolonged yet another day, they were in no danger of famine; among the cargo was a considerable supply of tins of corned beef and salmon.

That day and the night which followed they sailed without purpose. As one or another would suggest his opinion that the land lay in this direction or in that, they quartered the sea back and forth. On the third morning the last coconut was used—the water supply was accordingly used up. This was a hardship in itself; it was made harder by the ration of corned beef which was served out from the cargo, New Zealand packing, which is not only heavily salted, but peppered as well. The only thing to drink was the liquor in the tins of salmon. Accordingly they began to use up the salmon rather than the beef—it served the purpose of food and drink in one.

According to the survivors, who had difficulty in recalling events after the first few days, the fourth day was a particularly hard one. While the liquor of the salmon was fluid, it did not quench the thirst—the flavor of the fish only made them more eager for water. On that day many were sure that they saw land, a tiny speck on the horizon, land north, land south, each clamoring that the boat's course be changed to pursue his own delusion, and sinking back dully as the hours of sailing showed no sign of rescue. After that fourth day everything is vague. There was food but no water; the food was all preserved and therefore added new torture to the maddening thirst. On some days there were showers, when water might be caught in the sails. The canvas was thoroughly soaked with the sea; the rain water caught in it was always brackish. But it was wet and it was water. Above all, it

was cold. It is only in the torrid regions of the earth that one can appreciate how cold the drop of water is when it falls from the high heaven. In these undistinguished days they had given up any attempt at sailing in this direction or in that; the only navigation was to cruise so as to intercept any squall within their horizon which promised the water without which they must die. Once at least there was a whole day of rain; they had for once their fill of water; they bathed in it; they filled every can and other receptacle aboard the boat with provision for the rainless days to come. That rainy day put new life in them; with their thirst allayed they ate with a relish and brought back their strength. But it was only a disappointing revival. They were just as much adrift on the trackless ocean. By morning the scanty treasure of water was putrid. In a few days they had eaten the last can of the meat and the salmon which was aboard.

There were all ages among the castaways, from the feeble with age to the boys and girls. The aged suffered most, if there can be any grades of suffering in a trial which bears with equal force on each one. In those undistinguished days after the food was all gone, a new calamity befell—motherhood visited that boat in the empty sea. It was the mother who told these broken recollections of the dreadful voyage. The aged died, the young died, the suffering was too great for men in the prime of life, yet this woman underwent the same suffering under which the others died. She could not remember much—there was a child; it lived some time; it died because there was no food. As she recalls it the infant was the first to die. They said a prayer over it; while it still lived they sprinkled it with salt spray from the sea; when it died they laid it in the sea and sailed away from the spot with prayer. She was sure of that burial at sea—the first of many. She was almost fierce in making it clear that the infant was buried. The food was all gone; they were all dying of starvation and of thirst, but they buried the body in the sea with a prayer, and then they sailed away as fast as they could.

When the woman told of this first death and sea burial the other survivors became almost frenzied in their denials of what they knew was in the thought, though it was not spoken, the horror which must come to starving voyagers in an open boat. "Tell the lady," they cried; "tell her what we ate. Tell her how we tore up our tapa cloth and chewed the pieces for the arrowroot with which it was gummed together; how we ripped out the boards from the bottom of the boat and chewed the splinters. And tell her how they died one after another, but we said a prayer and buried them in the sea and sailed away." On land once more, they felt the worst horror of it; they reiterated their denials of what they had reason to know would be thought. It was pitiful, their mad denial of the rest of that sad voyage.

Twenty-two days after they had set sail from Tutuila to cross the strait which separated them from home, the boat was tossed over the reef of the island of Atafu and washed ashore. The island of Atafu is in the Tokelau or Union Archipelago, nearly a thousand miles from Samoa toward the north. Its people are a kindred race to the Samoans; perhaps the island was populated in some such way of suffering as this. The islanders of Atafu saw the boat as it came drifting to their island; they thought it one of the derelicts which sometimes come drifting in upon their sea. It seemed to have no one in it; there was no sign of life; but it was a boat, and therefore worth saving. When it was thrown over their reef without damage and was seen to be drifting ashore, they followed it along the beach, and were at hand when it touched the sand. Then they found the dying remnant of the Samoan pleasure party. The boat was an empty shell; everything movable had been thrown overboard. Huddled in the bottom of the boat were eight people. They seemed corpses; not one moved when the boat came to rest. The Atafu islanders hesitated at the ghastly cargo; in their superstition there were some who advised turning the death-boat adrift and avoiding the ill luck which would surely be theirs if they had anything to do with the craft of misfortune. But there were others who coveted the boat and were sure that the native pastor could pray the ill luck out of it. These prevailed in the hasty consultation on the sands; they entered the boat to get rid of the corpses. Then they found a last flickering of life in each one. They lifted them out of the boat and bore them across the sandy to the scanty shade of the pandanus trees at high-water mark. There were eight—six men and two women. All bore the marks of the maddening privations of the voyage; they were little more than skeletons, feebly held together. It was days before they recovered consciousness under the ministrations of the community to which they had drifted. Then the John Williams, missionary yacht, opportunely visited Atafu on its yearly round of the stations of the London Mission Society. There were those aboard who could administer medicines, which hastened the recovery of the victims. They took them aboard the vessel and treated them with skill. They brought them back to Apia, where the best of medical skill was devoted to them. Yet two of the eight were beyond rallying, one of the women and one of the men, were beyond all help—they died in Apia. Yet with almost her last breath, the woman who died, the woman who had suffered so much worse than the others on the voyage, made a pitiful plea that no mistake should be made in the story of the voyage, that it should be believed that as they died in turn they were buried in the sea, and a prayer was said over each as the survivors sailed away from the spot. They knew well what reputation has spread throughout the world as to the habits of South Sea islanders. They would not have it thought that even in such dire necessity could they turn to cannibalism; they tried to make it plain that neither now nor ever before could Samoans be cannibals.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

He killed the noble Mudjokivis,
With the skin he made him mittens,
Made them with the fur side inside;
Made them with the skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the inside skin side outside;
He, to get the cold side outside,
Put the warm side, fur side inside;
That's why he put the fur side inside.
Why he put the skin side outside,
Why he turned them inside outside.

Adventures in Tropical America.

I.—Crossing the Bar.

YEARS ago, when scarcely more than a boy, I was sailing down the coast of Spanish Honduras in a little sloop manned by a crew of rough negroes, and carrying a motley assortment of passengers. As we stood along the coast I saw a succession of low, sandy beaches, a tangled growth of jungle beyond, and then a range of blue mountains in the distance.

After three days under a tropical sun the captain informed us that we had arrived off our destination, the inlet of Brewer's Lagoon, and that he would put about for the shore, reminding us that he did not guarantee a safe entrance, and in case of loss the damage was for our account.

Passengers were ordered below, but the captain allowed me to stay on deck, perhaps because I had taken the tiller for part of the time on the way down, and had gotten along fairly well sailing the boat.

"What will happen to us," I asked, "if the boat runs aground?"

"Do you see those big waves?" the captain replied, in the low, deep voice common to the negroes, but with the most perfect enunciation, and no sign of negro dialect. "There are the shifting sand banks; the channel is never the same; it is always changing; if we ground, the boat will be beaten to pieces; our people will swim ashore, but the sharks will eat white men; you were not made for these countries. Don't talk to me now."

Surely a pleasant prospect. I had sailed many a small boat in rough water, and was not at all afraid of a swim; but, then, the sharks, how awful it would be to feel their great jaws close on a leg, and then be torn to pieces by a company of them attracted by the blood.

"Are there really many sharks?" I asked in a whisper.

"Yes; don't talk," answered the captain. A big negro called Tom, a perfect specimen of health and strength, said to me: "See that swirl in the water over there, and see that thing moving just ahead of the boat. They are gathering all around us. Here dead animals float out to sea; that is why they come."

We were approaching the shore now. Great, muddy waves rose up with a threatening comb, rippled into a foaming line along the top, and then settled down again. I could see no sign of an inlet, but still the little boat kept on, the captain now giving orders in his native tongue, a remnant of African memories used all along the coast. The men stood at their places, and then, swinging the sail full to the wind, the captain stood directly for the shore. For a moment we ran quietly before the wind, then a great sigh seemed to rise up among the waves, and with a trembling and dragging the boat went grinding along the bottom. Behind us came a rolling wave, in which, as it rushed toward us, I pictured thousands of evilly disposed sharks; in another instant the boat went staggering on, then it came down on its side, and seemed to be endeavoring to bury itself in the sand; waves were now breaking all about us, and we were not more than 50 yards from the shore. Once more the boat rose up and staggered forward, came down with a bang, that sent us all on our backs; the next instant a wave dashed over us, and then, with a grinding and dragging, while the men shouted out to each other, the boat seemed to make a final effort and floated gently into quiet water behind the bar. Here a current was running out to sea like a mill race, and it was some time before she could be brought around to the wind and started toward the inlet.

"We disappointed the sharks that time," the captain said, while the men began making vows that they would never come again with such a heavy cargo.

Then all the passengers began talking at once, but I felt little patience to hear them, and, going to the bow of the boat, sat on the guard rail beside Tom, who gave a kind of sympathetic rub up against me, a movement expressive of satisfaction, such as a great dog gives at times, and then said, "You needn't look so white and frightened about it; we would have taken care of you anyway."

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

Field and Camp Comrades.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I note with a great deal of interest the article on "Companions on Hunting and Camping Trips," in your issue of Sept. 14, by "Roxbury," and I quite agree with him in the statement that one should give the matter of companions on these trips due consideration; but he does not tell the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who are the proper companions, our grandfathers and wives excepted. The sportsman is fortunate, indeed, who has a grandfather to accompany him on these trips, or even give wise counsel at home; and, perhaps, still more fortunate to have a wife who enjoys the rod and gun well enough to accompany him to the woods and take part in the chase. But, unfortunately, all sportsmen do not possess grandfathers, or wives who "wander back to camp with scalps" of unknown origin. What will the latter class of sportsmen do?

I desire to congratulate "Roxbury" on his discovery of a new name for buck fever, "squirrel on the gun barrel." This explains to me how he managed to miss so many shots last fall. But he is still after big game, and I have no doubt his efforts will be rewarded some time. Let the readers of "Roxbury's" article ask him, who shot that fine specimen of black bear whose skin adorns his home; also the moose, the horns of which hang on the wall? If he tells you the truth, and I am sure he will, you will readily understand why he thinks wives make excellent companions on hunting trips.

45-70.

Natural History.

Coahoma Has a "Kink" Snake.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have an interesting office companion, who reminds me of a story told by Mr. Horace Kephart several years ago that elicited some comment at the time. Several days ago as I stepped out of the telephone booth in my office, which is immediately on the bank of the Sunflower River, I discovered a snake extended on the floor. He had crawled through an open back door and across the rear room. He is a little over 3 feet long, and belongs to one of the commonest varieties of the constrictors in this Mississippi River bottom country. I don't know his name, species or genus, but in color he is light underneath, with a dark olive ground above, divided into large and regular carpet pattern by a dull orange bordering which crosses the back transversely and is bifurcated on the sides. "Kink" snake would be an appropriate name, as, when extended on the ground in a state of repose, he knots himself into a great number of short kinks. He is also a tree snake, being the most expert climber I am acquainted with among the snake family. In fact, I believe his habitat is essentially arboreal, his food being sought among the branches of trees.

The individual who has taken up his abode in my office seems always ambitious to climb higher in whatever situation he may find himself. The room has a ceiling 14 feet high, and is "hard finished" in yellow pine. There is a moulding at the top of the wainscot 4 feet above the floor, another moulding for hat pegs 2½ feet higher, and a third for suspending picture cords a foot and a half below the ceiling. The mouldings are rounded on the upper edge, except the top one, which has a groove above. The boards on the walls are placed diagonally, above the wainscot, at an angle of 45 degrees. The snake crawls about on the rounded mouldings very cautiously, and



ELK HORN FENCE.

occasionally slips off and flops down on the floor. He makes futile efforts to climb up the smooth face of the walls in the angles of door facings and corner mouldings, and can reach up nearly his length by resting a few inches of his tail on a projection below. He managed to get to the top of a tall door facing through the aid of a transom rod, and then after many efforts succeeded in climbing along the beaded joint between the diagonal wall boards to the top moulding, and on to it, the distance being a little greater than his own length. After crawling around on the top moulding a while, in making an effort to get up to the ceiling, he lost his hold and flopped down on to a table. His repeated falls do not appear to hurt him nor dampen his aspirations to reach the topmost point. A short time ago he got on to the top roll of a wall map, which he found very insecure footing, and was unable to get down from it without falling. I carried a flexible electric light conductor over to the map and attached it. He has crawled up this at a steep angle to the ceiling, where it is suspended, and is now nearly over my head, and appears to be puzzled as to his next move. Yesterday he reposed on top of my desk nearly all day, within 2 or 3 feet of my head.

He is quite an interesting study in his character of an acrobat, exhibiting both great skill and abundant caution when in difficult situations. I have observed that he never retrogresses (to coin a word) in his movements to get out of a tight place, and I suppose his anatomical structure will not permit such movement. When on very insecure footing he occasionally arches a portion of his back and projects his front end forward from the tail "purchase" instead of using his forward feet for progression.

Mr. Kephart's snake (which he killed, and whose ghost is probably still haunting him) performed a great climbing feat after being wounded, but I believe mine is the champion climber to date. I have named him St. Peter.

COAHOMA.

Fences of Elk Horns.

NEW YORK.—Editor Forest and Stream: I inclose you photo of fence made of elk horns, which I took in Livingston, Mont. I found three fences made of elk horns. This fence extends around the house; there are about 140 horns. The owner spoiled the looks of them by painting the horns red and the tips white.

H. W. TREDENICK.

New Snake from Texas.

LAST summer a large and handsome colubrine snake was received at the Zoological Gardens in Philadelphia. It was from Mr. E. Meyenberg, a collector of the Society of Pecos, Texas, and was very different both in color and in the way in which its scales were arranged from any species of genus *Coluber* that had been before collected in the United States. The specimen was captured in the Davis Mountains, fifty miles southwest of Pecos, Texas.

In August, three more specimens were received, two of them living, and an examination of this material has resulted in the description in the Proceeding of Philadelphia Academy of Sciences, by Mr. Arthur Erwin Brown, of a new species, which he calls *Coluber subocularis*. This is a large, handsome snake, between five and six feet long, bright yellowish in color, with two black stripes running down the back from the neck to the tail. These stripes are connected by narrow crossbars of black. The general undercolor is white. A handsome photographic plate, showing the head of the species, illustrates the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Squirrel Episodes.—II.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Sept. 27.—A glance at "Squirrel Episodes," in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, shows me that my pen ran away with my memories, and that I omitted something I meant to say, mainly of interest to the younger generation of sportsmen, who enjoy the pursuit of squirrels.

First, as to the use of dogs, which was considered superfluous; so it is, when the leaves are thick on the trees, for a squirrel once treed and alarmed, will hide in the thick foliage, and be very hard to find afterward. When the leaves and nuts have fallen, and the squirrels are on the ground, looking for their food, a dog is very valuable, to find and tree them; and then it is that a companion is also desirable; for a squirrel cannot well keep on the opposite side of the tree from both gunners at the same time, though he will often elude one.

I well remember treeing one once, when alone, on a tall, dead, branchless pine, standing alone in the edge of an open pasture, near the woods, on a topmost hill. I saw the squirrel run for the tree, but find him I could not; so, seating myself on a convenient stone, I waited to see if his curiosity could lead him to show his head to look at me. After some ten minutes' watching, I heard "thump!" in the dead leaves, on the opposite side of the tree, and some twenty feet from it, and, springing to my feet, there was Master Squirrel, making a blue streak for the woods, and out of shot, before I could bring my gun to bear. I had thoughtlessly sat down on the wrong side of the tree. I spoke of my fondness for stalking them alone, which was true; in these September days, such as are now with us, not even a leaf had fallen, and they were just beginning to turn yellow. I always enjoyed being in the woods alone, and then, it was my delight to saunter along the old, deserted woodroads, or through the open grassy, or stony glades, with their scattered nut trees, looking for "signs," and by this mean the fallen nutshells, or half-eaten acorns, which a gray squirrel scatters profusely. If you spied a large twig which had held half a dozen acorns on it, it was evidence of a "red;" for they cut off the bunches, and come down, pick the nuts up, and store them for winter's use, but the gray one usually eats his in the trees. When "signs" are found, sit down, with your back to a tree, and wait and watch, for there may be a squirrel over your head. I have dropped them so that they struck the ground within twenty feet of me, after a few minutes' patient watching in this way. The great secret in squirrel hunting is to make as little noise, and be as inconspicuous as possible. In my younger days any old clothes answered the purpose for shooting garments, but as I grew older I had a shooting jacket made—the well-known 42d Tartan—and later a green Norfolk jacket, which answered for both trout fishing and early shooting; but for the later months there is nothing like tan-colored duck, with an old, drab felt hat, and a pair of stout, gray or brown trousers. For footwear, it is a mistake to wear too heavy shoes; a light, flexible boot, well greased to keep out fog and frost, with a moderately strong sole, is the best thing I have found.

One of my early companions, an excellent rifle shot, who gave me many lessons, always wore Indian moccasins, although he was a shoemaker himself. He had "a soul above buttons," and did not follow the old Latin maxim of "*ne dator ultra crepidam*," for he left home soon after I did, and the only time I have seen him since, I met him on Broadway, resplendent in blue cloth and brass buttons, as one of the corps of the late "Jim Fisk," when that worthy was running the Old Colony line of steamboats in naval uniform. Another companion, since then, always wore rubber shoes; but my own feet were too tender for such coverings, and I have found that there was "nothing like leather."

My list of old woods comrades ranges from shoemakers to schoolmasters, and to United States Senators, and many a pleasant day, "by field and flood," have I had in the company of a late judge of the United States Circuit Court. So much for companions. Let me return for a moment to the sunny valley, of which I have spoken. On the far side of it, well up the slope, is a farmhouse, where I have always called for apples and cold water, and, occasionally, for luncheon; and back of that was another piece of old woods, now a sheep pasture, where my brother and I have got many a squirrel; and I well remember, on coming out of the woods one morning, dropping a ruffed grouse, which sprang up before us, as he rose to crop a high rail fence, which divided the woods from the open pasture, on his way to another place of shelter.

There was another favorite old wood lot, about as far from the village—three miles—in another direction, and here we often went. This was not cleared till later, and is now growing up to woods again, and my oldest son has never forgotten climbing a tall hemlock, for a squirrel which I had dropped into his summer nest, and

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

which he found dead there, and threw down to me. There were other favorite shooting grounds across the river, in Vermont, but they have nearly all been cleared now, and their green coverings converted into furniture—cupboards and matches.

But I am getting garrulous, and will close with the memory of one more shoot, which is more distinct, as it was a short one. About a mile from the village, in a bee line, a rocky knoll of a dozen acres or so rises abruptly from the side of the highway, with a narrow strip of grassy pasture between. There is a cold spring under a rock, by the wayside, shaded by butternut trees, and the side of the knoll next the road is steep and grassy, with rocks and trees scattered over it, with stunted oaks on top, and sloping away more gently on the other side to a broad fringe of old pines and hemlocks around the base.

Starting one morning at daylight, I entered the pasture at the spring, and was soon climbing the slope. I had not gone very far when a squirrel started to run across a bit of a gully in front of me on a fallen tree, but stopped to look around, and was soon in my pocket. Half way up the hill I found another one scampering across the grass, and he followed the first one. Reaching the top, I dropped one from the top of an oak, but did not kill him, and he got into the hollow butt of the tree; laying down my gun, I found a dead branch for a club, and soon had a smudge of leaves and twigs burning in the hollow, into which he quickly dropped, and was secured, somewhat singed, by a blow of the club.

Waiting a little while, till all was quiet, I went down the knoll by another path, and bagged a fourth one, from the top of a tall oak, where he was breakfasting, and, on reaching the pasture level, struck a path round the knoll, by which I started for home; but I had not gone far, before a fifth squirrel came down from the top through some young white birches, on his way from breakfast to his home in the pines, and he was soon added to the contents of my pockets, and I reached home to a late breakfast, with the material for a squirrel pie for the next day's dinner, very quickly and easily secured.

The skins of that autumn's shooting made my mother a winter cape and muff. VON W.

The Changing Years.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

How many of the readers of this paper, now in middle life, can look back thirty or forty years ago, raise up their hands and honestly affirm that they never shot a blackbird, a robin or a flicker, alias clasp and highholder? For one, I plead guilty. I may to-day watch the robins on my lawn and admire the undulating flight of the flicker among the oaks, and wonder to myself how, as a boy, I could have done it, yet I certainly did do it, and I confess to taking very keen enjoyment in the sport, if I can so term it. Long Island was not in those days a goodly part of Greater New York. The trolley car was in the distance, and what are now thriving streets were then country lanes, along which the robins found shelter, as the winter blasts approached, in the warm cedars.

I must plead guilty to ensconcing myself under the pepperidge or dogwood trees and, with my single gun, bringing many a robin redbreast to bag. How often have I lain along a recently cut oat field, and, awaiting the coming of the flocking blackbirds, got one shot into them upon the stubble, and another as they arose.

And as to the flickers, they were the big game of the boy hunter, a robin or a blackbird counting small as compared with a highholder. They made a great mark on the wing, but were preferably shot at when perched upon the apex of some blasted tree. I have even nailed long bean poles to the topmost branches of an oak and been repaid for my trouble by having its tempting prominence well patronized by the flickers in their flight south. There were always two or three days in October when the flight was on, when the birds were plentiful, and after which but a stray laggard could be picked up here and there.

I certainly to-day would think this kind of shooting out of place, because it is against the law, and the birds in question are not certainly game birds in any sense of the word. For these same reasons I should lay strong injunctions upon my boy against harming a robin or a flicker, although, if my boy killed it, he could with great truth say, "Why, when you were a boy you shot them by the hundred."

I plead guilty to spending, even to-day, a few moments when passing, watching the robins feeding in the mountain ash trees along the street, and thinking how, as a boy, I would creep up within gun shot and lay them low, doing my best to get two or three into line.

All very wrong as I look at things now, but as a boy I simply commenced on such "game." At nightfall, when I returned home with my pockets bulging with flickers, I was as proud as a man with a score of partridge or woodcock would be to-day.

But the days of the single-barrel gun passed, and then came the double gun, and then the hunting of woodcock from July 4 on—when they allowed summer woodcock shooting—and English snipe and quail, and partridge in the fall, and although the shooting of robins and highholders was not against the law, they ceased to be game to me any more.

But before that time I confess to have hunted them from dawn to dark, and never thought of them being anything but legitimate game. I not only shot them, but I confess to enjoying the potpies that were made with them. It was a case of four and twenty black (and other) birds baked in a pie. And while I am about it, I must confess to slaying innumerable cherry pickers, commonly, so called, alias waxwings or yellowthroats. In September they flocked and patronized the wild cherry trees in dense flocks, into which charges of No. 10 shot made great gaps. These birds were as fat as butter, and much about the size of a small sand snipe. I see a few of these same birds to-day feeding upon the mountain ash berries, and as I watch their movements close by, for they are quite tame, I look back and wonder how and why I did it. But the fact stands that I did do it, and that I enjoyed myself in so doing, much as I would to-day in knocking three or four teal or mallards out of a swiftly passing flock.

Certainly times have changed, and we have changed with them. CHARLES CRISTADORO.

When Hazels Turn to Russet Brown.

WHEN hazels turn to russet brown,
And hick'ries lose their hoarded gold,
When autumn leaves in shining showers
Are falling from the maples old;

When through the valley's purple haze
The silver birches softly shine,
And over gray and mossy rocks
The woodbine pours its crimson wine;

When, like the burning bush of old,
The sumac flames along the glen,
And autumn weaves her cloth of gold
By reedy stream and lonely fen;

'Tis then that fancy stirs the heart
With memories of other days,
When boyhood strolled with dog and gun
Along the sunny woodland ways.

I see once more the ancient oaks
Where pigeons sat in lines of blue;
The tangled thicket where, at dusk,
The partridge beat his soft tattoo.

The old rail fences, half obscured,
With bramble vines and bitter sweet,
Where in the morning piped the quail
And rabbits found a safe retreat.

I see again the reedy lakes,
Where in the fall the mallards came
To feed upon the yellow rice
While sunset turned the pools to flame.

Once more, as in the olden days,
I see the glossy chestnuts fall,
While up among the golden leaves,
I hear the squirrel's noisy call.

Oh, for a day amid those woods,
With my old muzzle-loading gun
And hunting dog of various breeds—
I tell you that's the kind of fun!

Who would not give his sordid gain,
With all the weary care and strife,
To feel once more that ecstasy,
Which thrilled his boyhood's glorious life?

HENRY J. SAWE.

The Wilds of Maine.

THE wild region west of Cangomgomoc, and north of Baker Lake, holds many large moose. None but the hardest of sportsmen dare invade this vast solitude, and precious few of them ever see Baker Lake or Chiquasabamtook. This beautiful lake, nine miles in length, lies far west of Churchill. The smoke of the hunter's campfire is seldom seen ascending from its shores. From morn to twilight no sound disturbs the silence of the woods, save the plaintive call of the cow moose, or the weird laugh of the loon. At rare intervals the report of a rifle is heard, borne faintly on the breeze. The owner of the piece seldom appears on the shore of the lake, unless he is a hardy hunter or trapper. Since the Johnson party passed through this region, about 1896, there is no record of any one following in their footsteps. They probably came across from Russell Pond, the source of Russell Brook, that empties into Eagle Lake. The writer has camped near the mouth of the brook, and has been part way up it in pursuit of the speckled. Any party that attempts to reach the headwaters can be assured of having a rocky time of it. There is no good tracking snow in the northwest before November—the best month for the moose, and about the worst for the sportsman. The prospect of getting starved out, or frozen in, confronts a party like grim specters. None but the toughest of sportsmen can live on venison alone any length of time, and do much hunting. Getting frozen in demands prompt action on the part of the guides and party. If the flour is getting low, a move must be made at once. The canoes are almost useless, except on open water, as dragging them through broken ice will ruin them. There is no cause to worry if there is a road or trail to carry out on, but such luxuries are rather scarce in the Bamtook country. There is an old portage road that comes in near the foot of the lake, and trends north; it is probably an old-time relic; in that case it is choked up with fallen timber. The forest growth has almost completely obliterated the traces of ancient lumbering days. There are no camps of any description in the country; if there ever were any they have disappeared long ago and crumbled to dust. At the present day all the lumbering that is done west and north of Allegash Lake is carried on mostly by beavers. The marks of the trapper are often found in the wildest part of the woods. They came into this wilderness long before the old-time lumberman or sportsman gave it a thought. Singly, or in couples, they have penetrated to every section of the forest where fur abounds. An almost Arctic winter shuts them in from the outside world, and, save for an occasional trip to some far-away lumber camp, to exchange venison for flour or pork, they see no human life for months at a stretch. They make the best of guides, as they know the secret of every hidden pond and bog.

To illustrate the light and shade of forest life, let us accompany an adventurous party of sportsmen in their efforts to get in closer touch with nature and moose. Low water is the greatest obstacle they will have to contend with, and, in rarely visited sections of the woods, the streams are choked with fallen trees and other obstructions. Cutting a narrow passage for the canoes, getting down into the brook and clearing it of rocks, heaving aside huge boulders, and frequently being obliged to dig out a channel with the paddles, makes hard and exhausting work for the guides. Nightfall often finds them with only a few miles to their credit. At dawn the attack is renewed, with varying success. Sometimes they are obliged to leave the stream and cut a passage for the canoes through the tangled forest, or else traverse some treacherous bog that threatens to engulf the heavy weights of the party. This is varied by forcing the canoes through almost liquid mud, until not another inch can be gained, then landing the party on convenient tus-

socks, and reaching the timber by using the canoes as a movable bridge. Sometimes this plan will not work. In that case they will have to back out of the pocket and take to the woods. Their gritty attacks on the forces of Nature finally bring them within sight of the promised land, some lonely pond where the moose and deer have found a refuge for years from the sportsman's rifle. The piercing cold of November has no terrors for this hardy band as they track the antlered monarch to his death. Every day is a hunter's feast in more senses than one. They are boys again, and revel in an atmosphere of trout, venison and song, until they have gathered in their full quota of moose. The end comes all too soon. The nights are getting colder. Ice of ominous thickness forms in the camp pail over night; the warning voices of winter, and the guides, bid them depart before they are frozen in. Regretfully they take the hint, and, promising to come again another season and renew their forest joys, they fight their way out to camps and civilization.

Sportsmen of that class worked in ahead of the crowd in Northeast Maine and got the cream of the moose hunting long before the railroad came; they are right at home in the northwest wilderness. Such men can hunt and thrive on what chance supplies; they can glean from the ponds and forests long after the last flipper has disappeared. They will not be driven out by cold or hunger so long as there is a reasonable chance to secure the coveted trophy.

Hidden away in the dim recesses of the forest are many fly places, that are known only to the elect. Wadleigh, Desolation, Mud and Crescent Ponds are right in the heart of the moose country. Mud Pond is a dreary expanse of shoal water and bog. In contrast, Crescent and Johnson Ponds are beautiful gems of the woods in their magnificent setting of hardwood and spruce. All of them are difficult of access, and are seldom visited, except by the wandering trapper. The region to the southwest is much better known than the Bamtook country. The lumberman's axe rang through the wilderness around St. John's Pond and Baker Lake long ago, sounding the death knell of the giant spruce and pine. A vigorous, hardwood growth has now taken the place of the old-time forest.

Baker Lake is situated in the wildest and most inaccessible part of the woods. Surrounded by almost impenetrable forests and bogs, this home of the moose and deer is well guarded from outside intrusion, as it is almost impossible to get a canoe in at low water. There is an old trappers' line, or carry, that runs to the lake from Avery Pond, near Cangomgomoc; no one seems to make any use of it, so any party that attempts to work in here will probably have to hack their way through a tangled forest, with the chances against them. When moose hunting is at its best the approaches to Baker Lake are apt to be at their worst; sometimes the dead water freezes up before the snow comes. A sportsman and his guides were trapped in this manner in the fall of 1899, but not before he had brought down a fine bull moose on Baker stream with his Savage. The North Branch is a terror at low water. The stream is full of gravel bars, large boulders, and other things too numerous to mention. Lugging and dragging are the order of the day, a process ruinous to the canoes and the tempers of the guides. It is about twenty miles up the Branch to Abacotnetic Bog; if the water is low nearly the whole of this distance must be waded. The prospect is enough to cause all but the hardest to wilt. From Abacotnetic Bog sportsmen can get to the lake by way of Baker Brook and Bog; a much longer route is to float down the outlet of St. John's Pond. At low water it is a choice of two evils, with the odds in favor of the Bog route. A hard rain smooths most of the rough places, and sends the sportsman on his way rejoicing.

None but the hardy moose hunter can enjoy life in this vast solitude, with its accompaniments of ice, sleet, and bitter cold. The sportsman must have the endurance of a Leather Stocking to follow the telltale tracks in the snow all day and camp on the trail at night with the temperature close to zero. On such a night some reckless hunters will keep up a racket of chopping and singing, early in the evening, and have an enormous campfire going all night, utterly regardless of the close proximity of the wary game. Not so, the knowing hunter, and his guide. In some protected place they start a small fire, putting on a few sticks at a time, Indian fashion, gathering what chance offers, and doing little or no chopping. They take turns watching the fire, and manage to doze a little; but the intense cold and stinging smoke make sleep a mockery. They hail with delight the first faint streaks of dawn that light up the forest. A hearty meal of venison and flippers, with a scalding dipper of coffee, braces them up wonderfully. They take up the tracks as soon as it is light enough, and follow them to what is often a bitter end for the sportsman. No matter how sharp the hunter plays his points he cannot always ward off misfortune. If the bull is standing in black growth, it will require the keen eyes of a woodsman to pick him out. Saplings deflect the bullet; and, oh! how exasperating it is to catch sight of the wily rogue bounding over fallen timber, with an up and down movement that defies all your calculations. You may plant your soft nose close to a vital spot, and yet fail to bring him down; he may drift far back into the woods to die in some inaccessible swamp or bog. If there is no tracking snow the chances of getting him are uncertain, unless you have the best of Indian guides. But, oh! what fierce delight to see the forest king, at the spiteful crack of smokeless, fall, to rise no more. All the hardships and disappointments are forgotten in the joy of the supreme moment. The wind often plays havoc with the calculations of the sportsman and his guide. The hunter may imagine he is approaching the wary game up against the breeze, when, in reality, the bull has changed his course and is lying up to one side of the trail. The conditions are now reversed; he either catches sight of his pursuers, unobserved, or, what amounts to the same thing, gets their scent, as soon as they work up above him. A crash in the undergrowth may announce his departure, or else he may silently steal away at a gait that laughs at pursuit. Therefore, keep a sharp lookout on both sides of the trail, as well as ahead, unless you want to have something to worry over during the long winter evenings. Such are the lights and shadows of a hunter's life. Some heavy-weight sportsmen and guides cannot travel

last enough; they soon become tired and unsteady in their gait, and in their efforts to follow the pace the bull has set, snap branches underfoot that sound like pistol shots in the stillness of the forest; the catlike, stealthy movements of a well-built light-weight are not to be imitated by the guide built on the model of Hercules.

To retreat from the wild northwest, and parry the attacks of the advance guard of winter, will often task the resources of the sportsman and his guide to the uttermost. To work south from Baker Lake is a tough proposition late in the season. He will find it interesting, if he attempts to carry across the divide between St. John's Pond and the head waters of the West Branch of the Penobscot. The easiest way out is to paddle down the South Branch of the St. Johns to the main river, and work his way north to Seven Islands, about two days' canoeing from Baker Lake. This little settlement is the only speck of civilized life in the whole region. Parties used to be hauled across to Long Lake; if the team has been taken off any length of time the axe will have to be used liberally to clear it of obstructions. Once the lake is reached, it is an easy run past Fort Kent, Frenchville, and other Acadian settlements, to Van Buren, on the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. A party hunting near Crescent Pond can move out by way of Russell Pond and the Forks, unless they have lingered too long; in that case, they had better try the outlet of Chiquasabamtook, which leads into Long Lake. They should take the first good chance that offers to fight their way to the foot of the lake, before they are held up, indefinitely, by furious gales.

Before the last hunter has drifted out of the region the lumbermen have moved into camp, ready to wage a destructive warfare on the hapless forest. There were no cuttings last season west of Allegash Lake. This will not continue long, as they are now firmly established on the edge of the Bamtook country, and are working their way slowly, but surely, into the interior. The east side is being mercilessly stripped of its valuable timber to satisfy the rapacious demands of the saw and pulp mills. Before the railroad came there was tolerably good moose hunting in Northeast Maine, considering the proximity of such large towns as Houlton, Presque Isle and Caribou, with electric lights, waterworks, and all the modern improvements. All the moose that are worth tracking now are mostly found in sly spots, places that sometimes escape the observation of the most experienced hunters. The unwise policy of allowing the undersized bulls to be shot will soon leave nothing in the woods but cows and hunters. It is utterly impossible for the old bulls to recruit their ranks under the present conditions. This arrangement suits most of the camp owners and guides, and helps swell the output at the stations along the line of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. Caribou, for some reason, are extremely scarce west of the Big Lakes, and are gone forever from Northeast Maine; but there is no lack of deer in the Katahdin region, and other points remote from the railroad.

The Acadian settlements are very ancient and interesting. Fort Kent was settled in 1755, by refugees, driven out of Nova Scotia. They conquered the forest on the upper St. John's, and founded peaceful homes; clearings crop out here and there, along the river, getting scarcer the further up you go, until they end at the French settlement at Allegash Falls. The country between the Falls and Big Machias Lake, and south of the Musquacook Lakes, is very wild, and difficult of access. The crowd avoids such places, and overruns the Machias and Katahdin regions, where camps abound. The camps close up to the Big Lakes are too far in to suit the army of easy-going sportsmen, who keep within sound of the locomotive whistle, where, naturally, big moose are seldom seen, except in the imagination of the camp owner and his guides.

Experience goes for much; but luck occasionally has its innings. A ridiculous story was told me by a native of a party of sportsmen who came in, on a shortage of guides, supplied with a couple of cast offs. They struck off into the woods. Luck favored them; a lonely old bull, happening to be wandering about, encountered this party of misfits, who promptly saluted him with a volley of rifle shots, and great was the rejoicing of the tenderfoots over the body of the fallen monarch, winding up the proceedings by lauding their incompetent guides to the skies.

The big bulls of the east side are being rapidly disposed of, as, in fleeing down wind from one party, they are liable, without warning, to run into another above. The Katahdin region holds a few good ones, being a hard country to hunt in. The region to the north is comparatively level, and here the crowd runs riot. There is no doubt that many of the moose, driven desperate by pursuit, have fled into the wilderness west of Chamberlain and Eagle Lakes. Here, for the present, they are safe from the deadly smokeless. It takes at least five days to reach Chiquasabamtook from Moosehead. Baker Lake is nearer and tougher. This, and the lateness of the moose season, with its attendant hardships, bars out all but the bravest of sportsmen. The early part of the season is apt to be disappointing; the traveling is noisy unless rain has set in. By this time the moose have left the water and retired to the ridges, where it takes a crack Indian guide to track them. In Thoreau's day, the Indian was more a creature of the woods than he is at present, and was rapidly exterminating the moose, until the law headed him off. Good Indian trackers must be getting scarce now, and the sportsman that secures one has a prize, provided he can divorce him from fire water. Few or no white men can compete with the Indians on their chosen ground.

The sportsman who lingers late in the Bamtook or Baker Lake country, waiting for a good, tracking snow, takes great risks; in fact, he has often to take them, or go without his moose. The closing days of the hunting season see the whole country in the iron grip of winter. The sportsman must be made of heroic stuff to stand his ground while the streams and ponds between him and the settlements are locked in icy fetters. The deep snows will eventually drive him out of the woods, leaving the trapper in solitary possession.

September moose hunting has long been a thing of the past in Maine. It will now be necessary, in many parts of Canada, to close up this month, and then, to many, the romance of the forest will have disappeared. The votaries

of the birch bark horn will sorrowfully hang up the implement of their calling; all their wild wood life relegated to the past. All gone, no more for them the mystery of the moonlight, the wild challenge from the bog, the far-away reply from the darkened woods, the listening silence. Again and again the searching call lures him to his doom, the moonlight floods the little glade, everything is ready for the sacrifice; nearer and nearer, he comes; then halts, suspicious, on the darkened edge. Pouring water fails to bring him out; we'll try him with the coaxer. Careful, one false note will ruin all. The agonized appeal of the cow, that rises on the still, night air, is followed by a crash, as the maddened bull bursts from the forest into the moonlit space, to find himself cheated. He turns to flee; too late. Struck by the leaden bolt, he staggers for a moment, then drifts away into the darkness beyond, to be found by the tracker, at early dawn, stretched out stark and cold, in the woods he loved so well. A few years more and all the wild, weird charm that hovers about the moose caller's existence will be nothing but a memory of a glorious past, gone forever.

W. C. SQUIER, JR.

RAHWAY, N. J.

A Visit to Mexico.

AFTER a most delightful eight days' trip from the foot of Wall street, New York, on the steamship Niagara, of the Ward Line, we landed at Tampico, Mexico, a quaint, old Mexican city, yet having lots of American enterprise, and, in fact, a little more enterprise than the average Mexican city. As you leave the Gulf of Mexico (approaching Tampico) you enter the mouth of the Pamico River between stone jetties that extend out into the Gulf about a mile from the main land, and which cost the Mexican Government about eight million dollars.

Now you have entered one of the greatest streams for tarpon fishing on the American continent. This royal sport can be had on any part of this river for a distance of about fifty or sixty miles. In fishing for this king of fish, it is not a question of luck to have a strike, but simply a question of a baited hook, and the strike is certain. As you go along the Pamico River you constantly see the tarpon breaking through the water or chasing schools of mullet or jackfish. The few men who have had rigs and know how to catch the tarpon have landed from three to four each day, and some weighing over 240 pounds. There was landed on the day of our arrival one that measured 7 feet 4 inches long, but I could not learn his exact weight.

The city of Tampico is located on the river, seven miles from the Gulf, and boasts of a new custom house that cost several millions of dollars, and would be an ornament as well as a pride for any large seaport in the States. The markets there have during the winter all the summer vegetables and fruits, which are raised principally by American farmers. The farms are located just outside the city. However, we were bound for our friend Cathcart's ranch, the Hacienda Multifluores, located just two miles out of the city, and on the banks of the Tamesa River, a branch of the Pamico.

Disembarking at Tampico, we were welcomed by Cathcart, whose natives relieved us of our baggage. Then to the custom house, where the officials took a short view of our goods, which they passed without finding anything contraband. Then by carriage we were whirled to our friend's ranch in about twenty minutes, and just in time to take a view from the bluff at the large flocks of ducks feeding on the river flats. Then we were summoned to dinner. As we were here for shooting, it was decided that we should go for ducks on the morrow; but we simply could not resist taking our guns down to the boathouse, as there were so many chances of getting a shot in passing, and sure enough on reaching the foot of the bluff we saw a small bunch of five canvasback ducks feeding near the edge of the reeds. Then there was a race, to see who could get within range first. Mr. Scott was first to fire; he killed a big drake, and when they rose he got a duck—a nice pair of canvasbacks.

We arranged to start early the next morning before daylight for the big flats, about three miles away. Our host Cathcart, or Jim, as his friends call him, called us at 3 A. M. We were lighted down the bluff to the boats, where we found three natives looking like statues in the dark. Boarding three canoes, Jim advised us to lie down and take a nap while going to the grounds, but this was impossible, as the phosphorescence on the water was so brilliant that we could see every little fish move, and the water was literally alive with them. The large fish, among which were tarpon, were chasing the small ones in a liquid fire. The sight I shall never forget. All of a sudden one of our friends screamed aloud; there had jumped into our boat a tarpon (a young one, though) about 4 feet in length, but before we could capture this beauty he was back again into the water of liquid fire.

We were now nearing the big flat, and everything was still, except the squall of a flock of parrots passing overhead, on their way to their feeding grounds.

Now on the flats, we were taken into a small ditch that emptied into the river, running through a strip of woodland, and on the other side was a flat for about three miles, dotted here and there with a little island of tall reeds. The flat had from 3 to 6 inches of water on it, and as it was just daylight when we got there, I must confess that the sight was simply indescribable.

There seemed to be about all the ducks, geese and snipe in all the world right there within sight. We were just told to walk right in, and as the mud was soft, we would sink nearly a foot each step, and I tell you it was hard work. Jim placed us each one in a blind—a small island of reeds—and told us not to bother picking up our game until we were through. Well, George and the rest of us were shooting away before we got half-way to the blind, for ducks were flying in every direction. I shot away fifty shells in less than half an hour, and I had ducks all around me. I noticed a couple of gray eagles carry off several ducks, so the next time one of these birds came near I killed him. I did not get any geese, although Jim and George were in their flight and got several. At 8 o'clock Jim came along and suggested that we had better go, and as we were all nearly out of shells and had a big lot of game, we called the natives over and carried the game to our boats. As it was still early, Jim suggested we catch a few calico perch, using the inside of a duck for

bait. We were then soon pulling up fish of a pound or over, and such fun was this; I only wish I had the time to tell you all about it, for it was real game fishing to the limit. After catching a good, heavy string, we started for home, arriving there about 11 in the morning, with game for all the neighborhood. Jim has lots of friends here, and always manages to give away game and fish to prevent them spoiling.

After the memorable and glorious sport of this morning, we were all ready to follow the customs of the country and take a siesta, especially as we were to go out at night shooting after deer and the wild boars or hovelinas that were damaging Jim's crops. After supper we sailed out, Jim leading, with a jack lamp on his head; by his side his faithful night dog, Cohoke, a genuine Virginia hound, and a present from Mr. Scott. This night shooting is very fascinating, as one sees only the animal's eyes. We lit up two deer, but did not get a shot at either, although I have no doubt that Jim could have killed both; but there were too many of us and too much noise, so we did not kill anything.

As the natives talk nothing but Spanish here, we had quite a time making them understand when Jim was not on hand, but they seemed anxious to understand, and are very attentive. We all regretted not having tarpon rigs, for we saw so many of the fish. We tried to buy a tarpon outfit in Tampico, but in vain, so we started to get our things in shape for a big hunt after lion, tiger, deer, turkey, etc.

We arranged to go by wagon and camp out nights, taking two natives, Pancho as guide and Antoine as driver and cook. The roads were very rough, and gave us a chance to get out or dismount, and we were instructed that we would have to kill all the fresh meat we needed. We had when we stopped for dinner eight Mexican pheasant and eleven quail, which our cook Antonio served in his own style. We all insisted that we must have the game cooked in American or United States style, but Jim said, "Let Antonio have his way, and if his style doesn't please we will then have your way of cooking." Antonio just got a stick about 6 feet long, took the bark off, then sharpened both ends; cleaned the birds after picking, opened them up the back, laid them open and stuck the stick through them until his stick was a row of birds. The fire was then hot; he stuck one end of the stick in the ground, slanting the birds over the fire, then reversing by sticking the other end of the stick in the ground, until they were broiled to a turn. You can well imagine the rest, and Antonio was voted an expert on cooking game.

After dinner we were ready for anything, but as Jim said we were eight miles from our hunting ground, we started off, and saw nothing larger than a quail until about 4 o'clock, when Jim, who was riding ahead, came back to the wagon and told us there was a big flock of turkeys in the open fields to the left of the trail, and advised us to sneak down along the edge of the woods opposite the turkeys, then he would drive the wagon into the open so that the turkeys would run into the woods. There was a scramble to get there first. Scott and myself got there, when the turkeys took to the woods. I got them in a line and fired, expecting to kill all three; they took wing, and after we had hunted around, all we found was some turkey feathers. As there were about twenty in the flock, Scott and I came in for a good "roast." I then came to the conclusion that the better way would be to shoot them singly with a rifle. We finally reached our grounds, and Jim started to get camp ready, while Antonio prepared supper. Scott and I heard nothing but talk about the nice, fat turkey for supper that we did not get. But we both made a vow to be on the spot next morning and get turkey or die. After dusk we could hear the coyotes barking all around; finally we fell asleep listening to them.

We were awake before daylight, and glad to get up, as we were stiff and sore. After a dip in the stream and a hurried breakfast, we were off again. Scott and I, each armed with our rifles, started to redeem our reputation for turkeys. Pancho and George were to go for deer. Jim went alone for anything worth shooting. After going a short way we had a shot at a running deer, which we both missed; then we saw a single turkey. I took good aim, got my bird and found him to be a nice, big gobbler. We were then some distance from the open, and went along cautiously. Sure enough, on the edge of the opening near this woods we saw a flock of about twenty turkeys feeding. We planned that Scott was to make a big circle and reach the woods, while I was to wait about ten minutes, then sneak as close as possible for a shot. I waited, then got within 100 yards of them, keeping the last bush there was between them. I got a bunch together, took careful aim and fired; they ran into the woods, leaving one dead on the ground. Scott did not shoot nor appear, so I carried my other dead bird and put him with this one when suddenly I heard a report of a gun, then Scott calling to me to come over. I picked up my two turkeys and found I had quite a load. When I reached Scott I found he had killed a big buck. We concluded that we had better get back to camp, so, leaving the deer, each carried a turkey back, and found Pancho and George already in with two deer, and both good-sized bucks. Jim had not gotten back, so Antonio took the horse and with Scott went after the deer and a coyote I had killed. It was then about 11 o'clock, when in walked Jim, telling us he had killed a big tiger. We took one of the mules, and all hands went along to see it, and after going about three miles we came to one of the largest tigers I have ever seen, and so beautifully marked and perfect, shot right through the heart. Jim told us, "I was going along, not having shot anything; I had had several good shots at deer, but was looking for lion or tiger, when right before me, not 25 yards away, lay the tiger. As soon as he saw me he got up and started to walk away slowly, turning around to look at me every few steps. I raised my rifle, but could not see the spot I wanted until he turned the second time, when I fired at his foreshoulder. He dropped, and after a few kicks lay dead with a .45-90 bullet through his heart. I still held on to him with my rifle until I was sure he was dead."

On our road back to camp we saw a bunch of hovelinas or wild boars. We all fired and killed one and wounded another, and with our shooting the mule took fright and ran away, with the tiger fastened to its back. After a chase we caught him and led him back for the dead hovelina; the wounded one we lost. Finally we arrived at

camp with a tiger over 6 feet long and most beautifully striped. Jim, with our help, spent the rest of the day skinning the tiger, and a good job we made of it, saving all the feet and claws, also the head and tail. As we had all the game the wagon would carry, we voted for an early start for home in the morning, for game will not keep long in that climate. We killed two more turkeys and a lot of pheasants and quail on the way home, where we arrived about 5 P. M. We then kept two natives busy delivering game to all Jim's friends.

This is certainly a great country for game and fish. I hear that there is a taxidermist in Tampico who makes a living mounting tarpon. There is some talk here of forming a club for hunting and fishing, where we could have all the conveniences of the North without much expense. What are needed are good, modern gasoline or naphtha launches and gunning skiffs, so as to get around quickly; also good bird dogs, and fox hounds would be very useful also.

As we are going to visit Mexico City, if I find any gunning or fishing there better than here, I will send you an account of it, although I believe Jim when he says this is the best game and fish country on the American continent. I saw here about all the varieties of ducks found North, also all the snipe family from the Esquimo curlew to the little tilt-up, besides several of the snipe family never seen North, one especially about the size of the sickle bill curlew, but with a bill curved upward instead of down. Of course one can find game here all the year round, but the proper time for hunting here is from November to March, as there are thousands migrate North each spring, returning in the fall.

Boston and Maine.

Boston, Sept. 28.—Mr. Harry B. Moore, of this city, has just returned from a hunting trip to South Dakota, where he has been with Dr. French, for several weeks. Mr. Moore left Dr. French in that part of the country, determined to try the hunting still further. They hunted about 150 miles from Minneapolis, on the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway, in the immediate neighborhood of the Sioux Indians. They had the best of dogs, a good hunting wagon. And such hunting even these adepts had never before experienced. They shot prairie chickens and ducks till they were nearly tired of the sport. These men have hunted in Maine, in the Provinces, in North Carolina and Florida together, and they have never found anything to equal South Dakota. But I am treading on ground that is to be occupied, for Mr. Moore tells me that Dr. French has promised to write an account of this hunting trip for the FOREST AND STREAM.

There are some pretty good reports of partridge shooting in Maine. Portland, Lewiston and Auburn parties go up to Rumford Falls, and from that point go with teams further up into Rumford, Hanover, Andover and to the east up into Mexico, Byron and Roxbury. Rumford Falls reports tell of some nice bags of grouse. Although partridges cannot be legally taken out of Maine, they may be transported from one place to another in the State in open season, if properly tagged with the owner's name. One Rumford Falls hunter came down the line last week with a bag of six, taken in Byron.

Chairman L. T. Carleton, of the Maine Fish and Game Commission, has gone into the woods in the Moosehead region with two of his best game wardens—W. T. Pollard and Frank Perkins. To a daily paper reporter Mr. Carleton said:

"There seems to be a carnival of illegal moose killing all through the northern portion of the State, and we propose to use every effort to put a stop to it. I am here to give the matter my personal attention.

"I won't say that the condition has never been more serious, but I will say that it is serious enough, particularly in the face of the fact that we had come to believe that popular sentiment was rapidly reaching a point where it would be impossible for moose to be killed in large numbers.

"What is more, this work could not be done without the knowledge and assent of some guides. I want to be quoted to that effect. There are some good guides, but there are lots who now have licenses who have got to be weeded out; guides that for a \$5 bill will let a 'sport' do anything.

"At this rate it won't be long before there won't be a deer or moose in our vast forests, any more than there is a caribou to-day. We consider the situation sufficiently alarming to give it our undivided attention for the present. As chairman that duty devolves upon me, and I shall investigate the matter thoroughly.

"A very large number of cases have been brought to our notice; an unusually large number. At Kelley Pond, near Ragged Lake, five deer have been shot and left to rot, and a short distance away, at Barry Brook, is a fine moose. Another moose lies dead at Dole Pond, on the north branch of the Penobscot, and there is another at Prong Pond, near Moosehead Lake. At Moose Brook, right on the shores of this lake, is a dead bull, and there are also dead moose at Eagle and Camcongomo lakes. In addition, among others, there are two dead moose in Washington county, and two more in Aroostook county.

"With our limited appropriation we cannot of course have extended game warden service, and I am convinced that it will be necessary to absolutely prohibit the taking of arms into the woods during the close season. I believe visitors who would not violate the laws are coming to understand this more and more, knowing that it is the only way to protect the game from the lead of vandals, who shoot, for what reasons I cannot tell.

"We have got to put a stop to all illegal killing, wherever it is being carried on, without regard to the persons interested. We have got to stop the use of deer meat in sporting camps during the close season, and we propose to do it. Warrants are already out for several proprietors, which means that we have taken the initiative in this matter, and propose to carry it through."

The above is very important, because it practically acknowledges what many people much interested have for some time known in regard to poaching in Maine. Mr. Carleton also comes down to just what I have for a long time contended through the FOREST AND STREAM and otherwise: that the only way to stop the illegal kill-

ing of game by fishermen and summer visitors is to absolutely prevent the carrying of guns into the woods in close season. If a man were caught with burglars' tools in his possession, and burglary had been committed, he would be the first to be suspected. It is also important because showing that at last the Commissioners are awake to what has been going on year after year, and that they propose to stop it. Mr. Carleton is entirely right about many of his licensed guides, and some of the summer hotel and camp proprietors. I hardly believe that matters in that respect are any worse in the Moosehead region than in many another section of the State. If Mr. Carleton could note, as I have noted for years, the utter carelessness or sang froid with which fishermen, tourists and summer boarders arm themselves with the best of rifles, of deadly caliber, when starting for Maine, when the season is closed on all game, he would be still more confirmed in his opinions as to the amount of illegal killing done, and that the only way to stop it is to deprive the dishonest visitors of the weapons they propose to use.

Sept. 30.—The open season on deer in Maine begins Oct. 1, and a good many hunters are preparing for their early fall shooting. Saturday three gunners passed through the Southern Terminal, on their way to Maine. Each had a dog—a bird dog—and a rifle and a shotgun. They were full of enthusiasm. Their names they did not care to give for publication. If they were successful, they would report their good luck to me. More hunters than usual will early be after the deer, and there comes up again the old fear that hunters may shoot each other. The fatality was terrible last year; may it be less this year. It will be remembered that the State passed a law last winter, intended to reduce the number of these shooting accidents. The principal clause of the law reads: "Whoever, while on a hunting trip or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots or wounds or kills any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by fine not exceeding \$1,000."

Another law also provides that non-resident sportsmen may not hunt game in Maine without being accompanied by registered guides. This law does not apply, however, to camp owners, either by lease or purchase; to owners of timber lands, who may hunt on their own lands without registered guides. Greater restrictions than ever are to be put on the shipping out of game; expert wardens and inspectors will be posted at Bangor and all the other big game-shipping points. The Commissioners are determined to stop the shipping of big game into the Boston market. They made a great stride in that direction last year, and will do better this. Again the Lacey bill makes the receiver of game here liable for game illegally killed or shipped. The marketmen generally refused to receive it last year.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fall Game Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 28.—The shooting season is under full swing by this time, more especially as regards the water fowl. The abundance of game this fall seems to be very general all over the West, for some unknown reason, and we are having our share, or more than our share, of game in this old corner of the world. The teal flight has hung around Fox Lake all the week, but the great bodies of birds, which came down about ten days ago, have broken up and are scattered around over the country. The teal came in this week pretty much all over the Kankakee country, where there is marsh enough left to furnish food. The old club grounds of the Maksawba Club offered very good shooting all through the week. Few of the members went down, as the Indiana license has put a damper on Chicago enthusiasm. Mel Fancher, one of the best-known pushers of the Maksawba Club, has been anxious to have some one come down to have a go at the birds, but is still lonesome.

Jacksnipe have appeared along with the teal all over the better Kankakee marshes. There are a few jacks in and around the edges of the Fox Lake country. The Skokie marshes north of town have a few jacks and plover. Any one wanting plover would better go to the town of Custer, near the Kankakee, or at least this is given out as a hot tip by Dick Turtle, who is supposed to know.

Off for the Dakotas.

Mr. W. H. Mullins, of Salem, Ohio, manufacturer of the celebrated Mullins metal boats, is in town to-day collecting the last items of his outfit for an extended trip in North Dakota. At St. Paul, Minn., he will be joined by Mr. D. C. Shepard, who takes Mr. Mullins to his private shooting lodge, near Devil's Lake, N. Dak. Mr. Shepard writes that he has never, in his experience, seen greater abundance of wild fowl than is in that neighborhood at present. A gentleman, 74 years of age himself, Mr. Shepard, on one of his hunts last fall, bagged nearly sixty birds in one day. He tells Mr. Mullins that this, perhaps, may be his last hunt, and he hopes it will be a good one. Let us hope that Mr. Shepard may hunt very many years more, and that Mr. Mullins may be with him. The latter is looking well and hearty, and expecting very much of his trip. He likewise threatens to go out to my bear ranch and kill a grizzly next spring. Then he has also lost a moose, and a few other things which would seem to bid fair to keep him interested in life for quite a while yet.

Mr. Chas. Antoine will start for the Northwest about the same time as Mr. Mullins. He goes, however, to South Dakota, after chickens, and not ducks. He will make Watertown his headquarters, and expects to have some fun with the big grouse. In this he is quite correct. Chicken shooting in October is a different and sportier affair than the same thing thirty days earlier. He will probably find the birds all packed, and too wild for work with the dog, but there ought to be opportunities enough to give him good fun.

Illinois Quail.

I heard to-day at a gun store that two gentlemen, who, for obvious reasons, wish their names kept private, last week tried to see whether the Illinois game law would work in regard to quail. It worked. They paid about

\$50, and costs apiece, having been caught with quail in their possession. Now they claim that the Woodcraft Magazine is wrong when it says that quail are not protected. They have got another glance at Woodcraft coming. They will find the law correctly stated there. It seems as though the papers could never make it plain to everybody just how this Illinois law stands. If not satisfied with the law, as it is stated in the Woodcraft Magazine, follow the example of these gentlemen; go out and try the law yourself, and see if it doesn't work. Understand, this is in regard to having birds in possession, and under the old construction of the law, which holds that the former law is still in force in regard to some of its effective features.

As to the quail themselves, they don't seem to care a fig about the law. There are more of them this fall than we ever saw in Illinois. Thus my friend, Warren Powell, says, writing from Christian county, "There is the biggest crop of quail I have ever seen. I had very fair chicken shooting several evenings, but the chickens are getting wild now. I tried shooting chickens by moonlight, but did not lay up very much money at it. We are trying to observe Nov. 1 as the opening date for quail down here, and I do not think many of them will be killed before then."

Tom Divine Joins the Gun Brigade.

There comes this week a rather startling and wholly interesting item of Memphis information. Everybody knows Tom Divine—dear old Tom Divine—the best-natured and best-hearted railroad man that ever did live. Everybody knows that Tom is, or was, the claim agent in the South of the Illinois Central Railroad. Everybody would naturally suppose that he would live and die in railroad harness. A few friends have known that Mr. Divine's health has suffered from close application to his business. Now comes the advice that on Oct. 1 Mr. Divine leaves his work with the Illinois Central Railroad and joins the big and able corps of experts who work for the Winchester Repeating Firearms Co. One hardly knows which side to congratulate most. Mr. Divine's work will take him out over the South and among the large and continually growing army of shooters in that section. There could not be a better man in that capacity, and that he will make friends goes without saying. Mr. Divine was for a long time captain of the Memphis Gun Club, and was the moving spirit in the famous Memphis tournaments, than which better conducted or higher class shoots were never given in America. Now, if Mr. Divine can forget there ever was such a thing as a desk, or a telegraph wire, or a lawsuit, and if he will go on a prolonged riot of quail shooting for a month or so, he will get into good shape again; and, after that, everybody south of the Ohio River would better keep his hand on his pocketbook, unless he feels like buying a gun.

Gone West.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss and wife, of Fox Lake, Wis., passed through Chicago this week, en route for the White River country of Colorado, for a big game hunt with friends who are on the inside, and who will surely make the hunt a success.

Gone South.

Mr. W. I. Spears, of Ingram's Mill, Miss., and manager of the big game preserve which extends from that point almost to Byhalia, stopped at the FOREST AND STREAM office this week, on his way home from the field trials in Manitoba. He has been up there for two or three months in the interest of the Avenet kennels, and has gratified his love of the chase by abundant coyote hunting. Mr. Spears is one of the most enthusiastic fox hunters of the South, and he is charmingly located for a gentleman of sporting proclivities, whether he be a lover of the fox hound or the bird dog.

Gone East.

Mr. Alfred Marshall, of this city, has gone to, or will soon start for, Fredericton, New Brunswick, on a trip for moose. Mr. Marshall asked me if I thought he could get a moose out in Minnesota. I told him that in view of the short legal season for moose hunting in that State, I thought he would be safer to go to New Brunswick. He will try to get hold of big Adam Moore, Uncle Henry Braithwaite, or others of the splendid guides who were out at the sportsmen's show here last winter. I advised him to write to Mr. W. T. Chestnut, at Fredericton, as most of the guides are apt to be out in the woods at this time.

As to St. Louis.

Mr. Horace Kephart, that very enthusiastic and well-posted sportsman of St. Louis, is now just recovering from a long and severe illness. Finding that he was going to pieces at his work, he did the sensible thing of taking his wife and going into camp, quitting the city altogether. They camped in the Ozarks for several weeks. Mr. Kephart says that he is feeling much stronger now, and able to go back into the harness. The climate of St. Louis is enough to make anybody want to go to the Ozarks, or somewhere else.

The Elements.

Night and storm and darkness have their might to-day, as they did in the time when the poet wrote of them. On Feb. 27, four duck hunters were struck by lightning while out shooting not far from Ashland, Wis. Two of the party were sons of Prof. Burr, of Beloit College. George Burr was brought to town unconscious. The others were severely stunned, but not fatally hurt.

To cap this freak of the elements comes the story of a party of thirteen men who were drowned by a cloud burst in Texas. The men were out prospecting and hunting, and camped in the dry bed of Alamito Creek, in Presidio county. The cloudburst occurred fifteen miles up the stream from them. A flood of water came down in the night, when all the party were asleep, and every man of them, thirteen in all, met death. The flood was something terrible in its power and destructiveness. In the area of the cloudburst there were gullies cut into the ground fifteen feet deep and thirty feet wide. A cloudburst in Texas, a sandstorm in Arizona, a snowstorm in the Northern Rockies—all these be mighty, and oftentimes fateful things.

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Rhode Island Snares.

RHODE ISLAND hunters are credited by the authorities with being true sportsmen. In fact, they are said to observe the close season laws without complaint or the slightest efforts at evasion. Deputies of the Commissioners keep an eye out for the lawbreakers from about Aug. 1 until the open season begins, but it is seldom that arrests are made. Mr. Penney, referring to the subject the other day, said that during the last year the laws had been violated very little. Two or three weeks ago information reached the Commissioners to the effect that two local markets were selling game birds contrary to law. A search of the establishments revealed nothing to back up the information.

"By enforcing the laws and by stopping the snaring of partridges," said Commissioner Penney, "there need be no fear for the abundance of birds in this State for years to come, and the Commissioners are giving particular attention this year to the snares. We are now on the trail of several old offenders. The snares kill ten times the number of partridges taken by the sportsmen. While we have not received a single authentic report of a shooting this year, the same cannot be said of snaring."

"The snarers operate largely in the towns of Foster, Gloucester and West Greenwich. These fellows make a business of it. The farmers themselves are bitterly opposed to this class, but many are afraid to openly oppose them. Living in somewhat isolated parts of the country, away from police protection, they naturally dread the vengeance of the disreputable snarer. I recollect the instance of one farmer who came to me with information concerning a case of illegal snaring. He implored me to keep his name secret. 'You never can tell what may happen,' said he; 'if you get these fellows down on you, they are just as likely as not to be the cause of a burned barn or poisoned cattle.' Not one Rhode Island farmer in fifty snares on his own grounds. Hunters here, as well as in other parts of the United States, are being educated to a realization of the fact that unless the game laws are enforced, in a short time there will be no more game."—Providence Journal, Sept. 29.

Late Brood of Quail.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This morning as my farmer was mowing a rowen crop he was surprised to see a number of small birds scurrying away just ahead of his machine. Suspecting them to be young quail, and fearing to cut some of their heads off, he stopped his horses, and as he did so both old birds—cock and hen—flew up and off. The young were unable to fly.

The farmer was able to capture one of the young birds by closing his hands over a tuft of grass into which one of the little chaps had run. Its plaintive cries brought the parents at once to the scene, and they made a great deal of fluttering and noise in their anxiety. The little chick slipped through the captor's fingers, however, and was off in the grass again. The birds could not have been more than a few days old.

The season in Connecticut opens to-day, and at once the thought arises, if a shooter should kill the mother bird, would not these twelve or fifteen chicks perish?

Oct. 15 is soon enough to open the season in this State, and Dec. 15 should close it.

MORTON GRINNELL, M. D.

MILFORD, Conn., Oct. 1.

A Connecticut Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Not far from here on the salt meadows there was found last Friday, Sept. 27, the dead body of a full-grown deer. The animal was a buck, just entering the blue, and his antlers had been removed.

I did not see the animal, and therefore could not learn whether there was anything about it that might have shown what killed it. At all events, it was dead, and apparently not very long dead. The carcass, which is said to have weighed about 150 pounds, was brought to Milford, where it was sold to Mr. James L. Miles.

It will be recalled that last autumn two or three deer were seen in and about the towns of Milford and Stratford whose presence was never accounted for, except on the theory that they had escaped from the private park of a lady living on the Hudson River, about thirty miles from New York.

RAMON.

MILFORD, Conn., Sept. 30.

Elk Weight.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Sept. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By the changing of a single letter an elk story may be converted into a "fish story." In the article "In the Rockies" in this week's FOREST AND STREAM, I said regarding the killing of an elk: "In speaking of weights of game, that was a very large elk, and as fat as they can possibly get, and after the four quarters were trimmed very closely, and dried for nearly forty-eight hours, they weighed exactly 500 pounds," etc. In the printing of the article, "four quarters" was spelled "forequarters," which would make a very great difference in the weight of the animal. Kindly make this correction for my sake.

EMERSON CARNEY.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

73

While gunning on Dog's Island, about two miles above Anglesea, N. J., Capt. Samuel Chance found lying on the strand a moss-grown, long-necked and tightly corked bottle. On breaking the bottle it was found to contain \$15 in paper money, with the following words hastily scrawled on a piece of wrapping paper: "The finder, whosoever it may be, will use this money as his own. We are sinking. Death stares us in—". Here the note breaks off, and there is no signature; neither is the name of the vessel given. The bottle had every appearance of having been in the water for a long time.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Study of Fish Diseases.

BY CHARLES G. ATKINS.

A paper read before the American Fisheries Society.

It is not my purpose in this paper to present an exhaustive discussion of the subject, nor even a general summary of the results of investigation in the field. I shall attempt the humbler task of citing a few passages from my own experience, prefaced by some general observations which I trust may commend themselves to your approval.

While for the complete elucidation of the nature of the diseases of fishes, as well as those of the human race, we must call to our assistance the professional microscopist and the professional pathologist, it is not at all necessary that the lay fishculturist should lie on his oars while epidemics or diseases of more limited scope sweep away his charges. It is quite within his province to observe, to record, to experiment, and quite possible thereby to learn very much about these diseases and the means of their avoidance, control or cure. But it is quite essential that any one attempting such studies should adopt the scientific spirit, and the scientific spirit demands the exercise of great earnestness, great alertness, great patience, great perseverance, and, above all, great self-control. And when I say self-control, I mean especially control of the opinion, restraining one's mind from making itself up prematurely—on insufficient data. To put it in more popular language, one must not jump at conclusions.

I may be pardoned for digressing here far enough to say that in the course of a lifetime spent in this pursuit, I have often had occasion to note that the bane of fishculture has been the disposition to jump at conclusions. It is a trait of human nature. Hardly one of us is free from the foible, and hardly one of us but is suffering to-day from the effects of some mistaken conclusion reached in the past by disregarding some pertinent facts that, if not plainly in sight, might have been easily brought to view by a little more of persistence in the search. Private fishculture and public fishculture are suffering from it to-day. There has been too little of the scientific spirit. And science, I beg to remind you, does not consist essentially in a knowledge of the Latin names of fishes or the minute anatomy of an insect. Such things are not to be despised, but they are only aids and means to something of greater importance; and a man may possess either or both of them and yet be less scientific than a humble layman who holds his eyes and his mind open for the acquisition of new facts, and faithfully restrains his opinions from crystallizing on any half-knowledge.

I think that the importance of this subject is generally underestimated. It is not impossible that many fishcultural operations have been brought to naught by the action of unrecognized diseases; nor that definite diseases have been the cause of many of those great fluctuations in the numbers of wild fishes that history has recorded.

Hardly any of the great commercial fishes have escaped fluctuations, either general or local, which have been of great moment to mankind. Not only to the fresh-water and anadromous species, but to those of the ocean, this statement will apply. For instance, the sudden disappearance of the tilefish some years ago from the grounds where it had been abundant, followed after years by its reappearance; the fluctuations of herring on the coast of Sweden; of the bluefish and the menhaden on the coast of New England. Some of these phenomena may be accounted for in other ways, but the tendency of discovery is in the direction of some destructive enemy or disease to account for very sudden decrease of species.

An official report lying before me gives a list of 104 different diseases from which human deaths occurred in the State of Maine during the seven years from 1892 to 1898. Is there any inherent reason why fishes should not have as many diseases as men? Observation has already gone far enough to indicate the probable existence of a very considerable number of diseases among the fishes we cultivate. At the Craig Brook Station of the United States Fish Commission there have been observed perhaps a dozen different diseases affecting salmon and trout, the majority of which still await sufficient study to warrant us in naming them or assigning definite causes. A rough list of them, not pretending to be complete or exact, is as follows:

1. A spot disease of the sac, appearing in the egg or after hatching.
2. A disease appearing when the sac is about half absorbed, characterized by a whitening of the sac, which begins in irregular white blotches—our most serious disease, known locally as the "sac-epidemic"—attacking several species.
3. Another disease of the sac stage, characterized by a strong, upward curvature of the trunk.
4. A disease of the dorsal fin of a salmon in the first summer of its life, in which the fin is eaten away at its edges until more than two-thirds gone, and then heals up perfectly, with no other apparent injury to the fish.
5. A similar disease attacking the fins of young rainbow trout and steelheads, especially the caudal fin, which is completely eaten away, together with the adjacent flesh, until the extremity of the backbone is bare.
6. Fungus on the egg.
7. Fungus on fry two to four months old.
8. Fungus on adult salmon.
9. Monstrous enlargement of the genital organs of salmon in their second year.
10. Trematode parasites on young lake trout.
11. An epidemic attacking salmon two or three months old.
12. An epidemic attacking salmon four or five months old.
13. A sort of epilepsy in which salmon two or three months old have temporarily lost their balance.

One of the most interesting cases was that of the young lake trout attacked by parasites in 1896. These fish had been hatched from eggs received from Northville, and had apparently been thriving until about the middle of July, when there was a slight increase in the mortality.

A week later the rate of mortality had trebled and by Aug. 10 it had increased more than tenfold. At first it was thought possible that the mortality was due to fungus, and the fish were treated with salt. No benefit resulting, the microscope was brought into use, and, behold, the fish were swarming with living, active parasites, which moved about over the fish after the manner of loop worms or leeches, apparently the creature that has been described under the name of *Gyrodactylus elegans*. In hope of destroying the parasite, the salt treatment was continued, but it was found at last that the parasite could endure quite as much salt as the fish itself. Mr. Seagle, at Wytheville, has since discovered that this parasite is readily destroyed, with entire safety to the fish, by a bath consisting of one part common cider vinegar, three parts water. The mortality went on until the sufferers had shrunk from 39,000 July 1 to 10,000 in November, and the survivors were fish of low vitality, of whom probably not one ever grew up.

No unusual mortality occurring among the fishes of other species reared alongside the lake trout, and under the same circumstances, it was a puzzling problem why the *Gyrodactylus* had made such an attack on the lake trout. The theory was at once suggested that the parasites had been imported along with the eggs, and the occurrence of a few specimens on other fishes in neighboring troughs might easily have been accounted for on the supposition of accidental transfer from trough to trough; but the discovery of specimens on wild fish caught in Craig Pond at the head of Craig Brook, more than half a mile distant, with intervening falls of great difficulty, indicated that the parasite was native to our locality, and suggested that something extraordinary in the condition of the lake trout invited the attack. Indeed, it seems not impossible that the fish died from some other cause—some unknown disease—and that the parasites had merely been feeding on the disintegrated tissues. Verily, this is a case in which judgment must be suspended.

The most destructive disease that has ever come under my observation was the sac-epidemic which raged several seasons at Craig Brook, and in 1892 destroyed 99 per cent. of our young Atlantic salmon. I call it "sac-epidemic" because it raged during the sac stage of the fry, and because the most obvious symptoms were connected with the sac. It would appear about midway of the sac-stage, while the sac was still less than half absorbed. In water of constant temperature, such as pure spring water, I imagine that the disease would appear by the first quarter of that stage. Our water is very cold at the time of hatching—about April 1—and gradually warms up, so that the development of the embryo is at first very slow and later comparatively rapid. The fry hatch about April 1, and before the end of April, in epidemic years, the mortality suddenly increases, and it is found that the sacs of the fry are blotched with white. These blotches spread until the sac is nearly all white, especially the apex. When it reaches this stage the fish dies. Other symptoms are apparent listlessness, indifference to light and outside movements, and in consequence a scattering about on the bottom of the trough instead of crowding into the dark corners, as is the normal habit of the fish.

This disease was first observed in 1890, when it carried off 30 per cent. of our fry, including Atlantic salmon, and landlocked salmon, but did not touch Loch Leven trout or Swiss lake trout. It was, however, observed that not all of the Atlantic salmon were attacked (or at any rate suffered noticeably), and in the lots where it did appear its destruction was quite uneven, in some cases barely noticeable and in others wiping the lot completely out.

It is our practice at the Craig Brook Station to preserve a careful record of the character of every salmon handled at spawning time, to keep the spawn taken each day separate from that of every other day, and to keep up the distinction with the fish hatched through the entire season, and, indeed, as long as the fish remain with us. In some cases, as, for instance, a female salmon of remarkably large or remarkably small size, or an unhealthy appearance of fish or eggs, the product of each fish is kept by itself. The position of each family in the hatchery is also noted. When hatching time approaches, the large lots of eggs (or families) are divided up into smaller lots, of one or two thousand each—sometimes larger—and the origin, location and history of each of these minor lots is recorded. When, therefore, one of our fishes dies, or does anything else remarkable, we are able to follow back its record to the day when, as an egg, it rattled into the pan at Dead Brook, and sometimes to the identical mother that dropped the embryo and the identical father that gave the initial impulse of life. These records sometimes appear, even to us, who keep them, as somewhat laborious and fussy, but in this instance of the sac-epidemic of 1890 they have enabled us to draw some very interesting conclusions as to the influence of heredity in this disease.

It happened that the troughs intended for the summer use of these fish were not quite ready when the eggs were laid out in March to hatch, and they were therefore crowded for hatching into a smaller number of troughs which were for the purpose divided into compartments by fine, close-fitting wire screens. The water, passing first over lot A, would nourish in succession lots B, C, D and so on down the trough.

One of the most noticeable results was that the losses were very unevenly distributed in the troughs. For instance, lot A, at the head of the trough, might be half destroyed, lot B totally and lot C almost wholly escape. When all the results were correlated, it was found that the mortality ran in families, some families being utterly destroyed, some suffering moderately, while in others the mortality would be so light as to warrant the conclusion that the epidemic had nothing to do with it.

Now, what shall we say? Did the germs of the disease come to these little fishes from their parents, or did they inherit merely different resisting powers, so that, though all of them were assailed about equally by the disease germs, some of the families had an hereditary ability to ward them off, while others succumbed? The answer to this question must await deeper study than we have yet been able to give.

Among other deductions to be drawn from the same data is one as to the infectiousness of the disease. Infectiousness would cause the lots occupying the lower parts of the troughs to receive the disease from those lying above them; but the record shows that nothing of the sort happened. The rate of mortality of the lower lots was wholly uninfluenced by the condition of those

above. It was, therefore, not an infectious disease, and did not spread from lot to lot.

It was further observed with reference to this disease that the occasion of its first appearance was coincident with a great reduction in the proportion of lake water in the hatchery supply. A coffer dam had been constructed at the outlet of Craig Pond (or lake) which in the spring shut off the lake water and compelled us to use a much larger proportion of spring water. A second attack in 1892 was coincident with a very low stage of Craig Pond and brook, caused by a scanty fall of rain and neglect of storage measures. It therefore seemed reasonable to turn our suspicions in the direction of the spring water. Measures were taken to insure a fuller supply of lake water during the stage following and immediately preceding hatching, and this has been attended with favorable results.

I earnestly recommend all fishculturists to keep complete records, even to the verge of fussiness, so complete and exact that they can be intelligently referred to after the lapse of many years. Besides many other uses, they may serve to solve some of the puzzling problems connected with the diseases of fishes.

Fish and Game in Western Maine.

CORNISH, Me., Sept. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Now that the time has arrived for replacing the rod with the gun or rifle, I am reminded that possibly a brief review of the fishing season in this section may be of interest to some of your readers, especially as I partly promised in an earlier number to report the effects upon the trout fishing of the severe drought of a year ago. At that time nearly all our brooks, even the larger ones, went partially dry, some of them for a distance of more than half their length, and it was naturally inferred that very poor trout fishing must follow. Such, however, I am happy to state, was not the case, as these same streams apparently yielded about their usual quota of trout, or would have but for the frequent rains, which kept the brooks at too high a pitch for good fishing most part of the season. When the streams can hold up against such natural drawbacks, in addition to the terrible annual drains of the rod, it would seem to indicate that with due respect for the law, and a little judicious stocking, there is still a long life for trout fishing, even in overcrowded New England.

Of course, to give anything like a detailed account of the numerous strings of trout taken would be impossible. Dr. W. S. Weeks and Ira Garland, clothier, doubtless excel in point of numbers, principally because they have done most fishing, although this implies no lack of skill on their part, as men better posted on the fine points of this sport it would be hard to find. But to Mr. Wm. C. Ayer undoubtedly belongs the honor of "high line" for a single catch, he taking twenty-one beauties in a few hours on Little River, ranging between 9 and 14 inches, the most of them creeping well up toward the latter figure. The writer, as well as many others, had the pleasure of looking at these, and was so excited thereby that he dug worms by lamplight that evening, rose at daybreak and accompanied Wm. to the same stream—and didn't get a bite in a whole forenoon.

Bass fishing has also been good, both in the rivers and the ponds. Mr. I. N. Richardson, proprietor of the Park Hotel, having been in poor health, has been one of the most ardent followers of this sport, and has taken many fish. Another of our business men who take great pleasure in pond fishing is Mr. Erskine L. Watson, who keeps a good boat and plenty of the best tackle, and annually lands many fine salmon and "red-spot" trout. Last week he showed the writer an 8-pound salmon, taken from a near-by pond.

But naturally every sportsman's interest is now centering in hunting, and no one who makes any pretensions of being a hunter is satisfied with knocking over partridges or squirrels, but is firmly resolved on bagging a deer. It is surprising the number of rifles that have been bought—high class, finely sighted arms—since the coming into our midst of the deer, and the talk on various makes and calibers, hard and soft, nose bullets, smokeless powders, etc., fairly fills the air. Cumberland county, which has been under absolute protection for several years, is to be open for shooting during October, much to the delight of our hunters, as deer are known to be plenty in that county. And in conclusion, I may say, to such of my readers as can be relied on "never to tell," that some are getting their aspirations raised even above deer hunting, as the track of a big bull moose was discovered within four miles of this village not two weeks ago, the old fellow apparently making for the wild region about Sebago Lake.

TEMPLAR.

An Ohio Sportsman's Experience.

Editor Forest and Stream:

An old fishing and hunting companion in northern Ohio, in a letter, gives some of his experiences of last season as follows: "The fishing with me last summer was almost a failure. I was out a few times after bass and had good success every time, but the times were too far apart. Used bait, and did not cast a fly all summer long, neither did I get down to our old stamping ground near Phalanx. I arranged a couple of times to take a trip there with my folding boat, but something would occur that prevented my going.

"I had several good days after the grouse and quail last fall, but had the misfortune to lose my dog by the carelessness of a friend who was hunting with me. My dog had pointed a quail about 40 feet ahead of F., who flushed the bird and let both barrels go, and killed the dog dead in his tracks. It was the most careless and reckless shooting I ever saw, and utterly inexcusable, as the bird when he fired was 10 feet up in the air. The dog was a splendid son of Champion Croxteth. I raised him from a pup, and he was thoroughly broken. He did something that I never saw or heard of a couple of days before his death. I was out with him, and had scattered a covey of quail and was picking up single birds; he pointed one, which I flushed and brought down; the dog was retrieving him, and on his way back he pointed another bird, with the one in his mouth. I watched him a few moments, and it would seem that he got tired of holding the retrieved bird and laid it down. I had only winged

the quail, and, as the dog let go, it started and walked away. It went about 6 feet, when the dog started and got it, and went back and took his point. If that was not using reasoning faculties, what was it? I have now another promising pup, but never expect to have another dog as good as the one that was killed.

"In regard to the trout, U. told me the same story about the one he saw caught and had put back by the darkey, but I always thought it rather 'fishy,' as I have fished up there considerably, and never saw a trout, but still it may be so, as there was a large one of 3 pounds caught last fall up near the bridge over the creek at Allyn's, near H. station. Fred Allyn was catching minnows for a bass trip, and dropping his bait in an eddy this fellow took it. Fred had quite an exciting time, but succeeded in landing him. He sent me the head, which I was going to forward to you, but it was somewhat decomposed, so I did not. It was no doubt one of the German or brown trout. We were very much elated to know for certain that one had been taken, for if there was one there must be more. It was late in the season, and I did not go up, but shall try them when the season next opens and report. If I remember correctly, it was yourself and Collins that planted the trout in that stream in 1890. There must certainly be some in the other branch in the Udal locality, for it always seemed to me it was the best water—more shade and fully as many springs. I shall try up there also. I hope to see you up here again when the season is open, and we will once more 'take a fall' out of the bronze backs.

The foregoing extract was of especial interest to me, and I trust will prove interesting reading to many of the FOREST AND STREAM fraternity. E. S. WHITAKER.

CARTHAGE, O.

Salmon Feeding in Fresh Water.

It is not often that a Blue Book attracts special attention, but that published by the Fishery Board of Scotland relative to the feeding habits of salmon in fresh water, in the year 1898, was certainly one of the exceptions which prove the rule. A most elaborate examination some time after death of a comparatively small number of salmon taken from rivers had been made by certain members of the Scotch College of Physicians, and so far as salmon fishers who have been closely following this subject are concerned it is perhaps hardly necessary to say now that the conclusion arrived at was that salmon could not feed in fresh water because their digestive organs were so absolutely out of order that the assimilation of food was impossible. The subject, which had for years been a matter of discussion among salmon fishers, was eagerly taken up by many who announced that at last this vexed question had been solved. Those writers on angling matters who had been of the opinion that salmon did not feed in fresh water joyfully accepted the conclusion of Dr. Noël Paton and his confrères, while those who had taken the opposite view, had their opinion shaken by the publication of the Blue Book. Looking at the question from a judicial rather than from a scientific standpoint, it seemed to me at the time that, while the observations of those who had been inquiring into the subject were no doubt accurate, the conclusions arrived at were not warranted by the amount of evidence adduced. I ventured to say as much in an article in the Field on the subject, but discussion was avoided by those responsible for the report, on the strange plea that the subject was one only suitable for consideration in a scientific publication. Fortunately, in the interests of everybody concerned, Dr. Kingston Barton made similar experiments to those carried out at Edinburg, and very quickly discovered, as was reported in the Field at the time, that the alleged peculiar condition of the salmon's stomach which had been observed, was, at any rate, in a large number of cases, owing to the fish having been examined a considerable period after death. In other words, the alleged "desquamative catarrh" was due to post-mortem changes, and was also to be found in the stomachs of various sea fish examined some hours after death. Mr. Brown made similar observations.

In the recently issued Blue Book of the Scotch Fishery Board Dr. Lovell Gulland gives the results of some further investigations into the subject which were obviously necessitated by the communications of Dr. Kingston Barton and Mr. Brown. He mentions at the commencement of his paper that when the earlier research was begun there was no idea what would be found, and no arrangement had been made or at that time could be made for having the viscera placed in a preservative at the water side. The salmon more recently examined by Dr. Lovell Gulland number only seven, three having been taken from Newtonhille, five miles from the mouth of the Dee, and four from the upper reaches of the Tay. It is a pity, in view of the importance of the subject, that Dr. Lovell Gulland has not carried his experiments further, but he has come to the conclusion from an examination of the data recently obtained, and from the work of Dr. Kingston Barton (which he has verified) and Mr. Brown, that, to use his own language, "the desquamative catarrh formerly described is certainly not constant in river fish." He is not prepared, however, to admit that it is entirely in the nature of a post-mortem change, on the grounds that it appears to occur with considerable capriciousness, coming on rapidly in some fish, and only after many hours in others, without any traceable relation to the state of the weather or other conditions. It is more prone to occur in river fish, and he thinks it may be associated with a lessened power of resistance from diminished functional activity.

The point is one on which I think anglers can throw some light, for most of us have observed occasionally how certain fish will keep good much longer than others. For instance, a trout caught out of a sewage-polluted stream goes bad very quickly, or, to use the language of the report, the post-mortem change comes on rapidly. On the other hand, a healthy salmon, fresh from the sea, will keep good for a considerable time. It is easy to understand that the same fish, after it has lost its condition in fresh water, will not keep so long. There can hardly be a doubt, as I ventured to suggest once before, that the peculiar condition of the salmon's stomach, which has given rise to so much speculation, is largely owing to the fish being unable to get any considerable

quantity of food in fresh water, while, in addition, changes will occur more quickly in the stomach of a fish long resident in fresh water after it has been killed than in one stronger and healthier just up from the sea.

In the dozen pages of formal report to Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, placed in the commencement of the Blue Book and signed by the chairman and other members of the board, Dr. Gulland's work is thus summarized:

"Entire desquamation of the mucous membrane of the digestive tract is found in organs preserved twenty-four to forty-eight hours after the death of the fish," but they add that "desquamation may also be found in the stomach or intestines of salmon preserved within fifteen minutes of the capture of the fish." This way of putting it is certainly misleading, and it would only have been right to say that a little desquamation was found in one clean fish, but that in the case of two others, in which a small amount of desquamation was found (in the stomach of one and the intestines only of the other), the specimens were suffering from salmon disease, which may have affected them in various ways. In the second fish not diseased there was no desquamation. The report continues: "It is noticeable, however, that the entire digestive tract may be free from the change referred to, and that, therefore, there are fish in the upper waters of our rivers, which, although non-feeders in the proper sense of the term, are nevertheless capable of absorbing nourishment." It is difficult to imagine a more illogical statement than this. When the former Blue Book was published "feeding" was defined as not merely the taking of food into the mouth or stomach, but the assimilation of food. Now it is admitted that there are salmon in the upper waters of our rivers which are capable of absorbing, which I take to be the same word as assimilating, nourishment, and the extraordinary remark is made that the fish are non-feeders in the proper sense of the term. As a matter of fact, the theory of salmon not feeding in fresh water, as set out in the Blue Book, was based mainly on the fact that salmon could not absorb nourishment when in fresh water, owing to the condition of their stomachs, and now it is found that, at any rate, a certain number of salmon can absorb nourishment, the theory is evidently without substantial foundation. It would have been wiser to have admitted the mistake than to place obstacles in the pursuit of knowledge by a vague and contradictory statement. It is very significant that nothing in this report is said as to grilse. In the former Blue Book the particulars of the examination of grilse were excluded, and I have no doubt whatever that when these particulars come to be published, if ever, we shall find that they point to grilse feeding in fresh water. No explanation, too, is given of the 1898 Blue Book theory that kelts become well mended by absorbing unshed ova. It is difficult to imagine a more thoughtless statement on the part of scientific men, for the fact that male kelts have no unshed ova to absorb and yet become well mended was entirely overlooked.

JOHN BICKERDYKE.

Hot Stuff.

HAVE you ever handed your flask to your guide in a spirit of companionship and, after he has sampled your ten-year-old whisky, had him hand the flask back to you with a sort of unrequited air that has sort of kept you guessing until, later on during the trip, you hear him express himself in favor of whisky that you can feel all the way down?

When a boy I made my first trip in the Maine woods, and my father, selecting from his cellar some whisky that had been there for years, filled a flask and read me a lesson on its medicinal value if one came into camp wet and chilled through.

I remember giving some of that smooth old whisky to my guide and having him "josh" me because my father had watered it, he claimed, before he would let me have it. He intimated that there was no life to it, and it felt just like water going down. He missed the fusel oil—and craved for it.

Subsequently I visited Maine again, and as there was quite a party of us, I volunteered to supply the whisky and brandy, knowing that I could, out of my father's cellar, get reliable stuff.

In due course we were off. At the end of the railroad journey a long trip by stage followed. It was in September, the night was cool, almost cold, and as the horses pulled up on the crest of a hill we jumped out to improve our circulation. From my grip I took my flask, and in consideration of the arduous work the driver had had with the horse, handed him the flask. I can see him in the moonlight with his head thrown back and can hear the guggle, guggle of the brandy as it flowed down his throat. Removing the flask from his mouth he gave three or four expressive snorts of approval and with the tears running down his cheeks he expressed himself in the highest words of appreciation for the contents of that flask. He said it was the first real fair and square liquor he had had for months. It just simply made itself felt all the way down, and was his idea of what good liquor should be.

His coughing and tears followed by his commendation made me suspicious, and replacing the bottle I took out the other of whisky and removed our chilled condition.

I quietly investigated in a homeopathic way the contents of that brandy flask and left it severely alone.

I found when I returned home that the bottle from which I had poured the brandy was on the lower or bottom layer in the case. I examined the metal cap of the next bottle and saw it had been tampered with. The other remaining bottles in the case were in perfect condition. I looked at the outside bottom of the case and found that at some time in transit or in the warehouse of the dealer the bottom had been carefully taken off and replaced, and as the brandy, with the exception of these two bottles, had been of a standard quality, it was evident that the contents of the two bottles had been removed, some cheaper substitute filled in and the bottles replaced. It was certainly red-hot stuff, and met the approval of our stage driver, who on our return trip suggested that if I did not mind, he would like a drink out of the same bottle that he had used coming up. And he got it.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.)

Muscallunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 28.—Mr. F. N. Wood, of the Chicago Tribune, this city, has recently returned from a two weeks' fishing trip in Wisconsin. He went to Star Lake, but, contrary to earlier advices, found no fishing there at all. He therefore went further into the woods, and located at High Lake. Mr. Wood is a sort of a lone fisherman, and he more especially cares for black bass. Everybody told him he could not get any black bass in High Lake, because none had ever been seen there. Wise enough to doubt the guides, he determined to prove the matter for himself. The question of bait was all that troubled him. There were no frogs, and he did not care for spoon hooks. No other kind of bait was at hand. What to do he could not at first tell; but one morning he saw a series of ripples on the surface of the water, and, going out to investigate, found the disturbance was made by a school of shiners. The reward of his philosophy was apparent. A tiny fly hook, a piece of fish on the same, a careful following along of the school, and, presto! he had more than forty splendid bass baits in his pail. Then he began to fish for bass in the lake which had no bass in it. Rowing along, slowly, with a nice, fat shiner well down in the water, he at last got a strike, and landed a fine, small-mouth bass. At once he dropped over his anchor, and, to make the story short, he pulled into camp with twenty-nine splendid small-mouth bass. The guides seemed to think it was unprofessional conduct of him to catch bass in a lake where there weren't any.

Mr. Wood sometimes had trouble in catching his shiners when the water was too rough to see them when they were schooling. One day he started out when the waves were running high, and he only had one or two big shiners, with which he began to cast along the edges of the brushes. All at once he saw a great rush and splash, and felt something heavy strike his bait. One may imagine it was difficult for him to row his own boat and get his muscallunge out into deep water, but some way he did, and had a beautiful fight of it. The muscallunge weighed 17 pounds. The guides thought it was unprofessional for him to catch it alone.

At Nixon Lake, about twelve miles from Star Lake, a Mr. Lewis and friend, from Chicago, were having very good luck with the muscallunge at the time Mr. Wood was in. When they came out from the railroad they had eight fish weighing from 12 to 16 pounds.

They reported that on Pickerel Lake one muscallunge had been killed which weighed 35 pounds. On Johnson's Lake another party had 12 muscallunge, 13, 16, 18 pounds, etc. Mr. Wood said that when he first went in the wind was from the east and the fishing poor. Then it came around half a gale from the southwest, and everybody had muscallunge.

Frogs and Big-Mouths.

Friend English, of V., L. & A., said he had sold 25 dozen bait frogs at 10 o'clock this morning. Among other frog buyers who started to-day for the Fox Lake chain were Messrs. F. K. Reilly, C. S. Lawrence and several friends, besides Messrs. Miner, Clements, Hanson, Seipes, Winfield, Babcock, and Rice. These gentlemen like to take a fall out of the big-mouths every week, and they say the bass are still rising. Last week the wind was very high and spoiled the fishing.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Staten Island Netters Hauled In.

PRINCE'S BAY, Staten Island, Sept. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Richmond County Fish and Game Protective Association is responsible for this article. Last Friday morning at about 2 A. M. Mr. Gable Gill and C. V. Tobin, assisted by Mr. Edgar Hicks, made an arrest of five Italians fishing off the "Sods" at the Great Kills. These Italians had been watched, and when the time came they were taken in with their nets and sloop without much trouble. The start was made at the Excelsior Hotel at Giffords, but thinking that the long distance could be accomplished more easily, the game protectors, Messrs. Hicks, Gill and Tobin, went to a man of the name of Sandbeg and asked him to take them out in his gasoline launch. Mr. Sandbeg being a special protector of the oyster grounds, in the vicinity of the Great Kills, and also a deputy sheriff of Richmond county, the game wardens thought that in him they would have an accessory to their good work; but he absolutely refused to give them aid. His only excuse was that he was afraid that the culprits would do him damage—cut his sloop loose or something like that. But how a man can give such an excuse when he is hired to protect oyster grounds owned by private individuals without State aid I cannot understand. Perhaps that is why so many oysters fail to mature ready for market.

Game Protectors Gill and Tobin, assisted by Mr. Edgar Hicks, the State fish and oyster protector, rowed out from the mouth of the Kills to the Sods and caught the five Italians in the act of hauling their net. They were taken in easily at the mouth of an open-faced arrangement that one of the "army of invasion" had in his hand. The culprits were brought ashore, searched and handed over to the proper authorities. Then the people who made the arrest went back and took up the net and confiscated the sloop Shark (a very appropriate name for a craft engaged in such a vocation) and brought them to anchor in the kills. In the net were found about 600 fish, such as we all like—weakfish from three inches long to four pounds in weight, striped bass from four inches to five and six pounds in weight, fluke, flounders, crabs and lots of kingfish about three or four inches long—in fact, the net contained everything that could be mentioned that comes out of the salt water in this vicinity. The net was one of the best that could be made, and will be taken to court for evidence. I shall try and give the outcome of the arrest later on. I hope the League of Salt-Water Fishermen will open their eyes and break up anything that they can find out contrary to law.

It can readily be seen that these Italians have a grave prospect before them. If the law is enforced as it should be, each one should be fined \$25 for the penalty and an

additional fine of \$10 per fish. But we will wait and see what is the outcome of one of the most open-faced violations of our laws. ***

New England Fishing.

The smelt fishermen are having great sport in many directions off Boston harbor. Mr. S. Henry Emery made a trip to Quincy the other day with the result of eight dozen smelt. Though a great trout fisherman, he says that smelt fishing is good. A clerk at the Boston Fish Bureau makes frequent trips down off Boston Light. He says that he fills his fish basket every trip. Hundreds are down there, he says, though all are not good catchers of smelt. Some of them have whisky bottles at hand, and the taking of smelt is secondary. A good fisherman, who is temperate, and is favored by wind and tide, is sure of good success. The fall smelt off Boston harbor, as I along the coast, are large and fine, and the catching of them is growing in popularity. The amount of protection they receive in the close season seems to have added to their numbers; at least, the fishing has been improving of late years.

Still the reports of big trout and salmon, caught in Maine, continue to come in. But it is worthy of note that the big fish have not been as numerous this year as last, while none of the eight, nine and ten-pound monsters of former seasons have been taken. But the number of fish taken is certainly most remarkable, and real lovers of the future of the trout and salmon may well rejoice that the close season is on at last. One may feel certain that the fishing cannot hold out, at the Rangeleys and Moosehead especially, under the destruction of so many fish, unless tremendous restocking is resorted to.

SPECIAL.

The Kennel.

A Simple Matter of Vengeance.

TWICE each year—once in the spring and once in the fall—old Dan Doggett, the veteran hunter, makes the voyage down the river from his solitary cabin on the lake shore, to the nearest settlement, where his miscellaneous stock of skins may be disposed of and supplies for his few and simple wants may be obtained. The trip involves a journey of nearly a hundred miles, and usually occupies four or five days.

It was upon one of these periodical excursions that the initial circumstance occurred, which led to the following adventure.

It was upon one of these periodical excursions that the were swelling and a tender green was beginning to temper the somber hue of the pines. The ice had disappeared from lake and stream, when, one evening, Dan signified his intention of starting next morning for the settlement.

Taking a cargo of skins in the small boat which he had, at some previous time, obtained for the very purpose to which it was now being devoted, he set out early next morning on his solitary journey, leaving me behind to experience for a few days the solitary life which he had led for many years.

After bidding him good-by and wishing him a pleasant and profitable journey, I stood upon the narrow platform of rock which served us for a boat landing and watched him till the measured strokes of his oars had carried him across the lake and into the outlet, whence he waved me a final adieu as he disappeared behind the rising banks of the stream.

During the five days that intervened between the time of Dan's departure and his return, I learned that following the life of a hunter and living the life of a hermit are not by any means one and the same thing. I passed the time in looking after the few traps that at that late season were still out, in short excursions into the forest in pursuit of such game as came in my way, and in fishing in the lake.

In this latter pastime I used Dan's canoe—a dugout affair of the Indian type (and may God confound the genius that invented it) that could cut as many capers as a Texas pony, and execute more deviltry of its own volition than any other inanimate thing in the whole world.

The skill that can successfully maneuver such a craft always excites my admiration; and one of the most essential elements of its successful acquirement is that the novice hold in utter contempt the absolutely certain prospect of being spilled into the water. However, in the hands of an expert, that sort of canoe affords a light, speedy and even safe means of conveyance. As may be rightly surmised from the foregoing observations, my solitary fishing excursions usually terminated in my getting a wet jacket.

As the evening of the fifth day of Dan's absence drew near, I began to look out rather eagerly for his expected return. Night fell before he came, however, and the full moon rose up into the cloudless heavens, flooding the landscape with her subdued brightness, and lighting the rippling surface of the lake with a lambent flame. I had almost become reconciled to the prospect of spending another solitary night, when the welcome sound of the old hunter's loud "Whoo-hoo-o-o!" disturbed the silence and lingered in reverberating echoes among the hills. I looked out across the lake, to see his oars flashing in the moonlight and his boat splitting up the reflected moon beams into ten thousand fiery splinters as it glided rapidly over the surface of the water toward his humble home. From the little landing I hailed him with a shout of welcome as he neared the shore.

"Hello, Kid! How is everything?"

"All right," I shouted back; "but I'm glad to see you home again."

"Git lonesome?"

"Yes, a little."

"Don't like livin' by yerse'f, eh?"

"No, I'd rather have company."

"So 'u'd I; and seein' as how ye hev been talkin' about goin' back to see yer folks, and thinkin' as how ye'd be a up and leavin' Old Dan one of these fine days, I thought as how I'd jist fetch some un back with me to bear me comp'ny when ye're gone. We kin make room in the shanty fer another pardner, can't we, Kid?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," I answered, in what I now know was far from being a cordial tone. Dan observed it, too, for he said, as he stood up in his boat as it slowly approached the landing:

"Look 'e hyar, Kid! Don't ye git the idee that Old Dan wants ye to go. Not a bit of it! We hev sheered each other's comp'ny fer nigh onto two years, and helped each other out of many a tight scrape. Ye hev been a square man and a good friend to me, and I hope I hev not been lackin' toward yerse'f. It'll be a mighty onwelcome day, the day ye go away, and as long as ye hev a mind to stay," said he, stepping out upon the landing and taking my hand in his honest grasp, "yer as welcome to sheer Old Dan's cabin as ye'd be anywhere on earth. Ye're the first pardner I've hed fer twenty year, and the only one I'd hate to do without. I didn't mean I'd got another one to roust ye out, and when ye see who it is I've fetched to bear us comp'ny, ye'll hev a kinder welcome fer him than ye jist now spoke."

I never felt more humbled in my life than when I met this mild and well-deserved rebuke, and heard these earnest words of friendship, every syllable of which had the ring of deep sincerity.

"I beg your pardon, Dan. Indeed I do! Whoever is Dan Doggett's friend is mine, and if any welcome I may offer can add to the generous hospitality he is sure to meet beneath your roof, he shall have it, with all my heart."

"I knowed it, Kid; I knowed it! I was 'jist a-jokin' ye a little—jist fer fun."

"Where is your friend?" I asked, for I was unable to discover a passenger amidst the piled-up bundles in the boat.

"He's right hyar, Kid," said he, stepping back into the boat and feeling among the packages. "Hyar, come out hyar! I want to interduce ye to the Kid. He's got a welcome fer ye as big as his own heart, and that's bigger'n ye are yerse'f," and he dragged something over the side of the boat at the end of a string.

"A dog, by all that's holy!" I exclaimed, when I discovered what it was.

"Pup," said Dan, who laughed immoderately at my astonishment. "Jist a leetle, yaller-speckled dorg pup with a stump tail; and ye were jealous of him, Kid, ye were, by granny!"

"What on earth did you want with a dog?" I asked, disregarding his inordinate merriment.

"Well, Kid, seein' as how I didn't want him, I can't say as how I did."

"How came you to get him if you didn't want him?" I inquired, completely mystified.

"I—I reskied him."

"What?"

"Yes, reskied him. That's it; and had to fetch him along to keep him reskied; but let's git inside. The pup's a-shiverin', fer we hev rid considerable to-day, and he didn't hev much chance to exercise. Come along, Stump," said he, pulling the dog after him. "Ye needn't be skeered, fer they won't nobody hurt ye now, so come along."

When he had dragged his charge through the doorway the firelight revealed the wretchedest specimen of the genus canis that I had ever seen. A fox terrier, with the regulation stump tail, and a starved body covered with scratches and scars, covered in abject terror upon the floor, in a dumb and helpless plea for mercy. I looked first at the pup and then at Dan, wondering how he came by such a dog as that. I knew he had not stolen it, and I was morally certain that he had not bought it. His explanation that he had "reskied him" was no explanation at all.

"Ye see, Kid, it's this-a-way," said Dan, reverting to the very question that perplexed me, "when I was down there to the settlement I see a gang of pesky critters as hed a bar'l turned down on its side with a fox tied in it, and they was a-kickin' the pup in on the varmint and a-holdin' him by a rope around his neck, so's he couldn't defend hisse'f ner git away. It riled me to see a dumb brute treated that-a-way, so I jist took him myse'f and hyar he is, and if he don't git over that pitiful, pleadin' way of his, it'll be because he hes been used too mean to ever fergit it or to hev confidence in human critters any more, and not because he hes anything to fear from us."

He never related any of the particulars attending the transfer of property, but I have a lively imagination of what occurred when he "tuck" Stump from his cruel masters.

Dan's predictions were verified. Kindness completely transformed the little fellow from a pitiful, timid, cowering creature into an admirable conglomeration of friendliness, pugnacity, spunk and fun. As Dan described him: "Jist a valler-spotted handful o' grit, with a stump tail." His self-importance was wonderful to see. He accompanied the old hunter everywhere, whether on the lake or in the woods, and seemed to think that whatever we did was done for his especial benefit. We both, and Dan especially, grew very fond of him. The old hunter enjoyed the dog's cunning tricks, and watched his amusing capers with rare delight.

At every prospect of an encounter, Stump assumed the fox terrier's characteristic attitude of resistance, with legs well braced and wide apart, feet turned well out, head well up to guard against surprise, and his stump tail suggesting an abbreviated exclamation point to intensify his strong emotion. He was always ready to attack any foe, however dangerous, and his indomitable courage finally proved his ruin.

The winter following Stump's advent into the comforts of the hunter's cabin was very severe, and accompanied by an unusual amount of snow, even for that latitude. The wild beasts, driven by hunger, became unusually bold, prowling sometimes to the very door of our cabin in search of food.

One very cold night Dan was awakened by the dog, which jumped upon the bed, licked his sleeping master's face and immediately jumped down again. Dan roused me with a vigorous shake.

"Look at the pup, Kid! Look at the pup! If the varmint outside gits in hyar they'll be a fight as shore as gunner."

There stood Stump in the middle of the floor, in his customary attitude of defiance, the bristles on his back reminding one of a sort of animated scrubbing brush, his drawn up in a snarl that showed his teeth, and his eyes

fastened upon the door.

Old Dan slipped quietly out of bed, took his rifle from the rack, stepped softly to the door, jerked it open and sprang out. Stump was before him, however, and with a snarling imprecation upon the discovered prowler, dashed to the attack. Immediately there followed a terrible growl of anger, a fearful yelp of agony, a muttered imprecation, two rifle shots in quick succession and the encounter was over before I was fairly out of bed. The darkness rendered both shots harmless, and the old hunter soon returned, bearing in his arms the torn and bleeding body of the courageous Stump, already stone dead, as the result of his heroic night attack upon a prowling panther.

The old man's grief over the loss of his little pet was a touching sight, as he stooped down and tenderly stroked the wiry hair and patted the unresponsive head.

"Listen to me, Kid," said he. "The varmint as done this 'ere is just the same as dead a'ready. I'll take the trail in the mornin' and kill the critter afore I come back, if I hev to foller it to Canada!" and I knew from his manner that he meant it, every word.

Examination by daylight revealed the fact that there had been a pair of the prowlers, only one of which had come near the cabin; also that they had gone off in different directions, probably as the result of the firing.

Old Dan took up the trail, which began beside the bloody marks upon the snow. I followed the other, which, after an hour or so, I lost in a swamp, where the deep snow and dense undergrowth rendered further pursuit out of the question. Realizing that my picking up the trail again was very unlikely, I turned off in the direction taken by Dan, and caught him up after a couple of hours' hard walking. Together we followed the tolerably well-defined trail, which, with frequent skips among the tree tops overhead, lay along the general course of the river, and proceeded most of the way along the snow-covered ice to where a deep gorge cleft the river bank on the right. Up this winding gully, which was from 10 to 30 feet wide, between perpendicular walls of rock from 6 to 20 feet high, we followed some two or three hundred yards, to where the trail abruptly terminated beneath an opening about 15 inches in diameter in the rock wall, 8 or 9 feet above the bottom of the ravine.

The snow all about the entrance of the den was beaten down by the panthers' feet, particularly at that point where they sprang to and from the mouth of the cavern. We had found the end of the trail, but our intended victim was beyond our reach.

"What now?" I inquired of Dan.

"Lay by till he comes out," said he, with grim determination, as he clambered up the wall opposite to the den.

We took our station at a point whence the opening in the rock was in plain view. We had not been watching long, when I conceived a plan to capture the panther without the necessity of a long wait in the bitter cold.

"I'm going to the cabin, Dan," said I, "and will be back as soon as possible. If you start home before I come, follow my trail and I will meet you."

It was noon when, very tired, I reached the cabin, but hastily securing a strong piece of half-inch rope, about 15 feet long, I hurried back to where Dan was still patiently waiting for the appearance of the panther. Of one end of the rope I made an easy-running noose, a little smaller in diameter than the hole in the rock. The other end was tied securely to a sapling on the bank, in such a position that the noose, which was held open by a small switch bent to the proper shape, hung close to the wall and directly in front of the opening.

Old Dan expressed his approval, but declared his intention to remain and see "if the the critter 'u'd come out and git hung fer murder." I expressed my willingness to keep him company, and prepared to watch with what patience and fortitude I could summon.

We had not been settled long when an unexpected circumstance occurred. A panther, doubtless the one I had lost in the swamp, unnoticed by us, had crept along the bottom of the gulch, which was hidden from our view, and attempted to gain the entrance to the cavern. We caught sight of the long, lithe body of the monster feline, as it sprang straight for the opening, dextrously inserting its head into the hole at the same instant that its forefeet caught upon the edge, thus putting both feet and its head through the noose, which tightened with increasing tension as the astonished animal endeavored to clamber into its retreat. A moment only it hung thus upon the edge, and then resisted its arrest with all an angry panther's awful fury.

What a spectacle! Such violent contortions were never seen before. The forest rang with the sound of the terrible squalls and angry growls. The feet, which were tightly drawn up under the animal's neck, prevented choking, but every motion of the struggling beast drew the noose so much the tighter.

I raised my rifle to shoot the whirling ball of fury, but Dan restrained me.

"Wait a bit, Kid; wait a bit!"

Presently we heard the low, anxious cry of the mate inside the den. Louder and louder it grew, until, with a scream of anger, a round head and a pair of feet appeared at the hole in an attempt to seize the swinging rope.

"Crack!" went Dan's rifle, and the newcomer sprang out, mortally wounded, and expired in the bottom of the gulch.

"Now, Kid, let him hev it! I've got the varmint as killed my dog."

I fired upon the hanging panther, which died with its head and feet still in the noose. It was a male, and much smaller than the uncommonly large female which Dan had shot, and from which he stripped the skin with a sort of savage pleasure and vengefully threw the carcass up among the rocks.

The greater part of the distance to the cabin was retraced in silence, for I did not wish to disturb the reverie into which the old man had fallen. At last he stopped, looked thoughtfully down at the panther skin and said:

"Kid it were only a little job. It was desper't easy. I wished it hed been harder," and then silently resumed his way.

To this day the visitor to Old Dan's cabin may see two skins—the one a panther's, the other that of a little fox terrier—and it is a matter of principle with the old man that under no circumstances shall the panther's skin be laid on that of his pet. "Because," says Dan, "I can't a-bear to see it that-a-way." VIVAMUS.

Novel Cure for a Gun-Shy Dog.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," runs the old adage, and a worse epithet than gun-shy could scarcely be directed against a game dog. I am aware the disease, if I may so call gun-shyness, is believed incurable; but the manner in which a peasant in my locality ultimately cured a fine setter may possibly encourage the possessors of dogs affected in the same way to "go and do likewise" before destroying their dogs—which is their end almost without exception.

Some years ago a friend, by no means notorious for his generosity, was speaking about shooting, and I observed I shot little, as I had no dog of my own. He told me he could spare one, and would make me a present of the setter any day I should send for him. I thanked him half-heartedly enough, expecting some decrepit animal, useless from old age; but what was my surprise on finding, when the messenger returned, a beautiful young red setter dog of fine appearance. Next day I brought "Grouse" out with me, and he performed well till it came to the firing, when he gave a howl and scampered away across the moor home, fast as his legs could carry him, despite my calls and whistles. Then I suspected the genuineness of my friend's generosity. Next day I tied a long rope to his collar, and all went well till I fired, when he dashed away, dragging me after him, and, finding himself unable to escape, crouched between my legs, howling dismally. I tried everything—tying him to a well-trained dog, beating, coaxing, but to no purpose, so I decided to shoot him.

A few days after a sporting friend of mine came over for a few hours and saw "Grouse;" he was greatly struck with his appearance, and warned me to keep a good eye on him or "he'd steal him." I explained, as I did so little shooting, I had no use for a dog, so he could take him away. It was in great delight truly he took "Grouse," believing, doubtless, the man who would not offer for sale such an attractive animal if he did not require him was surely developing softness of the brain. I had my own prognostications, and was satisfied to await results. A week elapsed, and the post a day or two later brought a letter from my sporting friend, mentioning the setter was the worst case in all his varied experience he had ever met. "Not worth feeding on sawdust and water."

This gentleman had a poor tenant who served as a sort of herd and gamekeeper combined. This man made several attempts to reclaim the animal, but in vain. One day the gentleman and peasant were shooting, and, on a shot being fired, the dog fled across the bog home; my friend, in disgust, asked the man if he knew of any one who would take him, as he did not like shooting the animal. The man replied, rather than shoot him, he would take him himself and try an experiment before the last resource, destruction.

Then commenced the work of regeneration. Finding beating and coaxing were of no avail, this ingenious fellow hit upon a novel plan. When his better half was away he rubbed butter, grease, milk and such like on the barrel of an old gun, which the dog licked off greedily. After a few days of this he put a cap on the nipple, and as the dog licked the barrel, fired. At first he ran and cowed in a corner, but later became more courageous, and ultimately took no notice whatever of the slight explosion. Then the man tied a piece of fried bacon to the barrel, and while the dog ate fired a small charge of powder. At first "Grouse" displayed manifest anxiety and considerable uneasiness, but the bacon was too much for him, and eventually he devoured it, regardless of the noise of the charge fired. More and more powder was daily put in while the dog was being fed in this novel way, and daily the animal's fears grew less and less. Finally the man brought him outside and blazed away at bottles. In a little time his patience was crowned with the most unqualified success. The very instant the man took up the gun the dog barked and frolicked with sheer delight, and would follow him anywhere. Then came the final instructions, and he let the animal understand it was only when he stood game well, and after the bird was shot, the bacon was forthcoming; and his tuition closed by getting the dog to look forward to a feast at home on the final return from a successful day's sport.

About two months later, a shooting party had assembled in the neighborhood, and the man requested "Grouse" should be permitted a chance of distinguishing himself. To his utter astonishment my sporting friend found his working just admirable, and before he left the field the man had disposed of him for £12 to a gentleman of the party, who declares a better dog he has never shot over. I write this in hopes it should meet the eye of one who is possessed of a dog similarly affected, and heartily wish, should he try the efficacy of the remedy this ingenious peasant resorted to in extremity, he may find his efforts crowned with equal success.—London Field.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXIII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

THE storm increased in violence as darkness fell like a pall upon us in a solid wall of blackness, shutting us out in the night and storm from all human aid and companionship. Great blasts came down upon us, before which the fierce, pelting rain flew like hail, and stung and blistered on cheek and hand, and drifted in long, horizontal streaks of light past the open ends of the fly in the rays of the lantern, which hung, swaying and swinging, from the ridge pole, as the fly surged and threshed around overhead, vainly striving to ride off on the wings of the gale.

We addressed ourselves to the difficult task of getting supper. A cold snack could easily have been evolved from the contents of the mess chest, but we felt that something hot and strong was peculiarly needed under such circumstances, and, after a preliminary decoction of this character from a flask of Mr. Martin's apple brandy, we set to work with a will.

George selected the biggest pieces of wood from the

water-soaked pile stored under the futile protection of the mess table and the fly, and reduced them to kindling wood. Lacy shucked half-a-dozen eggs, and cut as many pieces of bacon, while I wrestled with the fire in the camp stove, which was placed close to the mess table and under the shelter of the fly, and, from whose little funnel a long train of sparks went skurrying, in a swift, horizontal streak, out into the blackness, and in the course of fifteen minutes or so, by means of a plentiful supply of George's kindling, liberally encouraged with a continuous application of coal oil, we managed to get up a good supper of bacon and eggs and hot coffee, which was speedily disposed of as we sat, wrapped to the chins in our heavy rubber coats, and huddled around the mess table, while the rain beat in under edges and at the open ends of the fly, in our faces and in our plates and on the table, and ran in little rills down the folds and hollows of our rubber coats, the while the lantern, swinging overhead, cast its feeble, wavering light over the interior of the tent, outside of which the black night shut down over us in an inky pall, with the glittering streaks of rain flying past the ends of our little shelter.

Supper over, our plates, knives, forks and cooking utensils were tossed out into the rain to care for themselves until morning, and each man scuttled off to his tent for the night.

Previous to turning in, I took down the lantern from where it was swinging, up under the ridge pole, and placed it carefully on a broad, flat rock at the lower margin of the fly, where I could see it from my tent, to serve as a beacon during the night. As long as I could see it I would know that all was right. If I missed it I would know that the water was encroaching on the camp. This done and my paddle placed on the after deck of my canoe, where I could reach it, I hastily threw off my rubber coat and hat and hung them on the back end of my tent, quickly threw up my tent flap and scrambled in.

Seating myself—wet clothes, shoes and all—on top of my bed, which was well protected by the stout rubber sheet in which it was folded, I struck a match and lit my candle lamp, after which I arranged things for the night, drew off my wet shoes and garments, put on dry things procured from my clothes bag, crawled into my blankets, lit a cigar, got my book, adjusted my lamp by hooking it over the coaming between the page and my eyes, and prepared to spend the evening.

The cosiness of a well-designed and well-constructed canoe tent cannot be excelled by any other form of tent. If properly planned, well built and waterproofed, and securely put up over the canoe, one may bid defiance to the severest storms. The quarters are a little confined, it is true, and one is unable to stand upright in the tent, and dressing in such quarters is not unlike performing the same operation in a sleeping-car berth, but once ensconced snugly in my blankets I find my little cabin deliciously cosy and comfortable, and the more the storm howls and the rain patters on the sides and roof of the tent, the more the cosiness and comfort seem increased.

I found it peculiarly so this wild, stormy night—in all my experience undoubtedly the wildest and stormiest. The tent rocked and swayed with the blasts, and the windward side bellied far in and out, like the sails of a vessel, as the blasts came at intervals, while the canoe fairly shook and trembled on her sandy bed from the force of the blows. Now and then a few drops of spray flew in at the sheltered ventilator windows, up under the roof at either end, sprinkling my page and my face, but my little lamp burned on as serenely as though in the shelter of a room, and I lay and read and smoked for a couple of hours or so, in comfort and enjoyment exquisite.

Tired of reading, I laid my book on my clothes bag behind my head, slipped my cigar stump out under the edge of my tent, hung my lamp out of the way on the outer edge of the coaming and blew it out, drew the warm, dry blankets well up around my neck and ears and dropped off to sleep, the last sounds that floated through my unheeding consciousness being the rush and roar of the storm as it flew hissing through the trees overhead, and the steady, deep-toned drone of the river, as it came down over the rapids and the big fish dam, at the foot of the Columbia Falls above.

It need scarcely be said that I slept with "one eye open," so to speak, with the threatening river in my mind all night. I woke up several times, at intervals of about half an hour, and drew aside the flap of my tent enough to look out, but my beacon light was still there, glimmering faintly through the sheets of rain like a magnified glow worm. Finally, I went off sound asleep, to wake up with a start of alarm several hours later. I hastily looked out. The rain had ceased, but the wind was blowing heavily, with apparently redoubled violence, roaring and shrieking through the tree tops, which writhed and tossed in the blasts, while my tent shook and swayed with such force that my canoe fairly rocked on her bed of sand. The moon was shining brilliantly, as it scurried down the sky, through the broken, tattered clouds, which, in great, black masses, edged and lined with bright silver, were whirling and tossing across the sky, as they flew before the gale. The bright beams of the moon, and the shadows of the whirling leaves overhead, flickered and tossed in a weird, fantastic manner over the firm, white sand, with a startling resemblance to tossing wavelets, for which, indeed, for a moment I mistook them.

The river roared ominously loud and deep from the falls above, and I hastily slipped on my rubber-soled, canvas pumps and a little knit jersey and stepped out to take an observation.

My beacon light still glimmered feebly in the moonlight, with the lantern globe half-encrusted and obscured with sand. I hastened down to the river. It rolled and surged by in an angry, muddy flood, while the waves lapped restlessly against the sandy shore like a miniature lake beach. Logs, trees, fence rails and other débris shot swiftly by in ugly, black masses of drift, while the restless surface of the water was streaked with long lines of dirty, muddy foam, which glistened and sparkled in the fitful rays of the moon.

The rise was upon us. The water was up over the spring, and just on a level with the sandy shelf upon which our canoes had lain the evening before, and, as I stood upon the spot and looked, a wider surge than usual sent the water in a thin, flat stream out over the spot and, as I stepped hastily back, the shelf disappeared and the waves lapped restlessly over the place.

I stood and gazed with interest upon the quickly rising flood. As I looked the trees seemed to move out from the shore into the river, and rocks, stumps and bushes disappeared beneath the surface as though drawn into the depths by an invisible hand from below.

I walked back to my tent, which was still some 6 or 8ft. above the present level of the river, and looked at my watch. It was 2:30. With the conviction that the water would hardly reach us before morning, I turned in again. Hardly had I composed myself in my blanket and begun to doze when I was startled by a yell of alarm from one of the tents. I hastily thrust my head out and looked. As I did so I caught sight of George's head and shoulders emerging from his tent.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

"I didn't yell," I shouted in reply. "Wasn't it you?"

Just then the yell was repeated—it was from Lacy's tent.

"Hi, there!" he shouted. "The river's all around us! Turn out! Turn out!"

"Turn out yourself!" cried George, as we reached his tent, and, pulling aside the flap, looked in.

"How in thunder can I turn out without getting wet?" he demanded.

"Well, how in thunder do you expect us to turn out without getting wet?" was George's not unreasonable rejoinder.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow, man?" I asked. "There's no water around us! Wake up! You're half asleep yet!"

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, with a laugh, as he roused himself, rubbed his eyes vigorously and looked out. "I woke up and looked out through my tent flap, and the flickering of the moonlight on the white sand through the leaves of the trees looked to me exactly like little waves and ripples, and I thought the water was all around us, and I—"

"Yes, and you lay there and yelled for the Commodore and me to get out in it, and come and tow you safely ashore," said George, sternly.

"There, there," said I, soothingly, "you'd better go to sleep again; you'll be all right in the morning."

George and I took a turn down by the river again, while Lacy resumed his interrupted slumbers. The river had risen over a foot in the fifteen minutes or so that had elapsed since I had inspected it, and was still rising at the same rapid rate. We strolled along up the bank to the foot of the falls. The water was tumbling down over the rocky pitch with a thunderous roar, which filled the trembling air, while the big surges tossed and splashed their ragged foam crests, glittering brightly in the moonlight, high in the air.

We then returned to the camp and inspected what little high land remained, and noted the quickest and easiest way out in our canoes across the gully back of us—through which the water was now running—and across the fields to the highlands beyond, in case the water reached us, and retired to our canoes with the conviction that the rapid rise would in all probability exhaust itself before reaching us in the couple of hours that remained before daylight, but feeling reasonably secure and safe, even if the water did reach us.

We turned out promptly at 4:30 in the morning, to find the river surging and booming along but a few feet away. The lower pins of the fly were still in the water, and my The lower pins of the fly were in the water, and my still glimmering beacon light had but a few inches to spare.

The river was a sight to behold in the dim gray of the early dawn as it rushed swiftly past us in a surging, brick-red flood, covered with foam and drift, and we made all possible haste to dispatch our breakfast, strike our camp and pack our canoes before the rapidly encroaching stream covered the long, narrow strip of sand upon which they lay, now but a few inches above the water.

The task was accomplished none too soon, and, as the first rays of the morning sun began to dispel the mists which floated over the surface of the river, we lifted the bows of our canoes around into the water and launched them with a gentle push, hastily scrambled aboard, and were caught up and hurled swiftly away like bubbles on the swelling bosom of the resistless torrent.

"Just in time!" exclaimed George, as we straightened our boats out into the stream.

We cast a look back. The last vestige of ground had disappeared, and a smooth sheet of muddy, red water flowed rippling around the trunks of the trees over the spot where our canoes had but just lain, while the great wave masses that came pitching and tumbling down over the foot of the falls up the river behind us were ominously suggestive of what lay before us in the turbid, swollen river, down which we were now swiftly shooting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yachting.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Sept. 30.—The racing season of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts having been closed, it now remains to be seen what the association has accomplished and what prospects it has for the future. The season just passed has been one of the most successful, if not the most successful, in the history of the association. For the past three years there has been considerable dissent, and from many sides there have been heard notes of discord in regard to the system of restrictions that has been put upon yachts of from 21 feet to 30 feet waterline.

The season of 1900 was perhaps the hardest for the association. Objections to what were termed arbitrary rules were rife on every hand. The unfortunate circumstance of the famous H. O. class failing to conform to the restrictions that had been put upon 25-footers, and the barring of the boats from racing in that class, was only an incentive to bring out discord that had been lying dormant and had not cropped out before because there was not sufficient ground for supporting the objections.

It was conceded that in Massachusetts Bay, where there are so many yacht clubs that give open races, there should

be some organization which would make rules for all classes, not only for the protection of the smaller clubs that might otherwise be swamped by the larger ones, but also for the protection of the yacht owners themselves, that, under one set of rules for all, they might build yachts that would not be back numbers after one season had passed.

But there was a great grievance expressed by some in regard to the alleged unfairness of the rules and the possible harm they might do to yacht racing. Many attempts were made to have clubs withdraw from the Association, and there was also an attempt to form a new organization. All of these attempts failed, and it must be noted that, from the manner in which the objections were made, there is no doubt that most of the complaints were from those who were desirous of having such conditions prevail as would make them winners at all times and that the attempt at new organization was solely for the personal aggrandizement of its promoters and to make rules that would be advantageous only to them.

Fortunately, there were men who realized that there must be restrictions of some kind upon certain classes, and that there could be no success in such restrictions until they had been thoroughly tried under all conditions, and the result of the controversy, and the determination on the part of the Association to stick to its rules, gave them the necessary assurance that they would be protected in building new boats. The result was that several new boats were built for the 21-foot and 25-foot restricted classes during the winter which raced during the entire season; and that there is yet confidence in the rules of the Association is shown by several orders for new boats for the restricted classes, to be raced next year.

The number of yachts that have been sailing throughout the entire season, too, was much greater this year than it has been for several seasons past. Two years ago the number of yachts that sailed throughout the season was not promising for the future, but the number has steadily increased until this year there was quite a respectable aggregation.

Another feature that has been proved during the past season by practical demonstration has been that the division of the races sailed under Association rules, during the season of 1900, into three circuits was not beneficial. This season the yachts were obliged to sail at all places along the coast where Y. R. A. open races were given. The competition in the two restricted classes that now represent the Association was so brisk that it was necessary for all to take part in as many races as possible. It was said before that the distance was too great to sail from place to place, but it was noticed that this year the yachts found no difficulty in getting to the races, no matter how far they had to go.

There is one more thing that has developed since the season closed that is very significant and is rather an assurance of further success of the Association. For the past two seasons there have been no representative boats in the 30-foot restricted class. In 1899 there were only two 30-footers that raced consistently throughout the entire season, the Meemer and the Ashmet. Since the racing season closed I have heard that there are as many as nine boats which will be built during the winter for this class. With nine new boats racing next season, the class will again be established, but this time more firmly than it has ever been before. The re-establishment of this class is only a forerunner to future possibilities. It is but one step from the 30-footers to the 35-foot class, which has been abandoned by the Association on account of a lack of boats, and the interest thus gained may lead to the establishment of still larger classes.

In classes D and C, which we will take up this week, the percentages are as follows:

Class D—25ft. Cabin Yachts.									
	Starts.	Lsts.	2ds.	3ds.	Fins.	Bks.	Total.	Average.	
Flirt	19	7	7	4	1	0	1310	.68	18-19
Calypso	19	10	2	3	3	1	1280	.67	7-19
Chewink	9	1	4	4	0	0	530	.53	
Early Dawn	20	4	3	4	9	0	870	.43	1-2
Areyto	4	1	1	1	0	1	265	.26	
Marion	4	0	1	0	3	0	110	.11	
Jingo	2	0	1	1	0	0	100	.10	
Little Peter	5	0	0	1	3	1	80	.08	
Tarpon	4	0	0	1	2	1	65	.06	1-2
Cyrella	2	0	0	0	2	0	20	.03	
Class C—25ft. Open Yachts.									
Thordis	6	3	2	1	0	0	465	.77	1-2
Hostess	3	2	0	0	0	1	200	.57	1-7
Hustler	4	1	0	2	1	0	185	.46	1-4
Romance	7	1	2	2	0	2	300	.42	6-7
Widgeon	2	0	1	1	0	0	100	.28	2-3
Theodora	4	0	1	0	3	0	110	.27	1-2
Carrie M.	2	0	1	0	1	0	80	.22	6-7
Aeme	1	0	0	1	0	0	35	.10	

One of these classes—Class D—is governed by the restrictions of scantling and sail area which have been laid down by the Association. Because there was a cry for classes upon which absolutely no restrictions would be placed, other than waterline length, the Association held the other class—Class C—which is open to yachts of all kinds of construction and sail area. It is of interest to note that in the past two seasons eight new boats have been built for the restricted class, while not one has been built for the class which is open to all.

In Class D, which is therefore the more important of the two, the racing has been hot during the entire season. Flirt, Calypso, Chewink and Early Dawn have done the bulk of the racing, but the others have been around often enough to swell the class on race days and to give the four leaders battle royal. The contest has been warmest between last year's champion, Flirt, and the new centerboard, Calypso. It will be noticed that, although Flirt is credited with the largest average percentage, Calypso has taken ten firsts to her seven.

It would really seem, according to this, that Calypso should logically be the champion, and, as a matter of fact, she has beaten Flirt more times than Flirt has beaten her. But it will be noticed that out of nineteen races Flirt has fourteen, which are either firsts or seconds, while Calypso has twelve that are either firsts or seconds, and seven that are further down the line. It has been shown that Calypso has been best in moderate to strong breezes, and that Flirt has always finished near the top of her class, no matter what the breeze. In one race that went to Chewink, with Flirt second, the open race of the Misery Island Club, Calypso really made the fastest time over the course.

It is now claimed that there is too much percentage given to a boat finishing second, and that is a matter which will probably be discussed at length at the winter meetings of the Association. It was this year that the percentage for seconds was changed from 50 to 65. Under the old rules Calypso's percentage would have been 64 4-19 and Flirt's 61 6-19. There is a protest which was decided against Calypso on July 3, which she has appealed to the Executive Committee of the Association, and if this is decided in her favor she will get the championship.

Flirt, which was the champion in her class for the season of 1900, is a keel boat. She was designed by Crowninshield for F. Wright Fabyan and Frank McKee, and was built by Fenton, of Manchester. She is 39ft. 7in. over all, 25ft. waterline, 9ft. 6in. beam and 6ft. 6in. draft.

Calypso, which is a representative centerboard boat, was designed and built by Hanley, of Quincy Point, for A. W. Chesterton. She is 42ft. over all, 24ft. 6in. waterline, 12ft. beam and about 3ft. draft.

Chewink was also designed by Crowninshield, with the special purpose of beating Flirt. She has at times shown rare bursts of speed during the season, but she has not been nearly as steady as the two leaders. She was built by Fenton, of Manchester, for F. G. Macomber, Jr. She is 41ft. 10in. over all, 25ft. waterline, 10ft. 3in. beam and 6ft. 11in. draft.

Early Dawn, which is one of last year's boats, was designed and built by Shiverick for Com. J. E. Doherty, of the Columbia Y. C. She is more of a heavy-weather boat than the others, and is particularly good at reaching. Under certain conditions she can make them all hustle. She is 40ft. over all, 24ft. 8in. on the waterline, about 12ft. beam and 3ft. draft.

In Class C, open 25-footers, the greatest number of races sailed was seven. This class was not provided for at all meetings, and, as a matter of fact, it is generally provided for only by the larger clubs, which are desirous of getting as many entries as possible. It is made up of yachts that have gone over their required length in the classes below, and also those which feel that they have no chance with the restricted boats.

Thordis, the champion in this class, was designed and built in 1896 by Hanley. She is a Cape cat, 33ft. over all, 24ft. on the waterline, 12ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. She is owned by W. U. Foster, of the Winthrop Y. C.

Hostess, the second boat in the class, is well known to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM as the defender of the Quincy cup for two seasons. She was measured out of the 21ft. class and went up one to tackle the open 25-footers. Had she started in this class earlier in the season there is every reason to believe that she would have won. Out of three entries she won two firsts.

Hustler, third boat in the class, is a Cape cat, owned by Robbins and Whittemore. She is about 22ft. on the waterline, and very little more over all. She was designed by C. C. Collins, and built by Howard Linnell, of Dorchester.

Romance, the fourth boat in the class, and which sailed the greatest number of races, is one of the 21-footers of the class which was made famous a decade ago by the advent of the fin-keel. She is a centerboard boat and is owned now, as she was then, by Loring Sears.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Old Mill Y. C.

JAMAICA BAY.

Saturday, Sept. 22.

THERE were fifteen starters in the fall regatta of the Old Mill Y. C., which was held on Sunday, Sept. 22. The boats sailed over the club's triangular course on Jamaica Bay. The starting line was off the mouth of Spring Creek, thence to a mark boat off Little Paul, thence to a mark boat off Little Goffel and back to the starting point. The cabin cats sailed twice over this course, while all other boats covered the course three times. A fresh W. wind held true throughout the race. The preparatory gun was fired at 2:15, and the cabin catboats were sent away 5m. later. The summaries follow:

Cabin Class Cats—Start, 2:20.				
Mignonette	4 07 00	1 47 00	1 47 00	
Diana	4 14 50	1 54 50	1 49 30	
Spray	4 13 10	1 53 10	1 49 30	
Open Cats—20 to 23ft.—Start, 2:25.				
Halcyon	4 14 25	1 49 25	1 49 05	
Pauline B.	4 11 27	1 46 27	1 46 27	
Trebla	4 11 58	1 46 38	1 44 23	
Folly	Disabled.			
Open Cats—16 to 20ft.—Start, 2:30.				
	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected	
Amaranth	4 11 10	1 41 10	1 39 25	
Pepita	4 14 00	1 44 00	1 41 25	
Vision	4 06 15	1 36 15	1 35 20	
So So	Withdrew.			
Sharpies—Start, 2:35.				
Bill Nye	Withdrew.			
Lester	Not timed.			
Alert	4 14 00	1 39 00	1 39 00	
Free	4 15 03	1 40 03	1 40 03	

The winners were Mignonette, Trebla, Vision and Alert.

Corinthian Y. C.

ESSINGTON—DELAWARE RIVER.

Saturday, Sept. 21.

ELEVEN boats entered in the regatta of the Corinthian Y. C. that was held on Saturday, Sept. 21. It was a most unsatisfactory day for a race, as the wind was light and variable, and at times the boats had barely headway enough to stem the tide.

The race of the day was between Karma and Fareeda, the former being one of the Seawanhaka Corinthian one-design knockabouts. The boats made a pretty race up to the last leg, where Fareeda struck a soft spot and Karma drew away from her fast and won by over 3m. The summaries follow:

Half-Raters—Start, 2:35.		
	Finish.	Elapsed.
Mae	4 44 50	1 59 50
Imp	5 05 55	2 20 55
Nora	5 10 12	2 25 12
Tadpole	Not timed.	
Knockabout Class—Start, 2:40.		
Karma	5 17 18	2 37 18
Fareeda	5 20 38	2 40 38
Gaviota	5 21 32	2 41 32
Raccoon	5 26 03	2 46 03
Grilse	5 34 08	2 54 08
25ft. Class—Start, 2:55.		
Merlin	Not timed.	
Seminole	Not timed.	

The America's Cup.

Columbia and Shamrock II.

COLUMBIA and Shamrock II. were measured on Tuesday, Sept. 24, by Mr. John Hyslop, the measurer of the New York Y. C. Shamrock received the finishing touches in the Erie Basin dry dock, and at about 11 o'clock the water began to run into the dock, and she floated clear of the keel blocks. Mr. Hyslop arrived early, and it was decided to measure the challenger's spars before she floated. On board Shamrock were Mr. Watson, Mr. Jameson, and Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., who was to check the measurements for the New York Y. C. Mr. Hyslop first measured the base line—i. e., from a point half way between the jib and the jib topsail stays to the end of the boom. The gaff was next measured, and then a man was sent aloft to hold the tape at the lower side of the sheave of the topsail halyard block, so that the distance from that point to the upper side of the boom could be ascertained. The topmast was the next in order, but as Shamrock has a pole mast, a nice point came up in determining just where the measurement should be taken. Any excess of the gaff over 80 per cent. of the length of the topmast is added to the base line, according to the New York Y. C.'s rule. Early this year the club adopted a rule providing for the measurements of pole masts and determining just what should be the length of the topmast. As Mr. Watson had worked out his sail plan in accordance with this rule, it was adhered to in measuring Shamrock. The rule in question states that the topmast shall be the distance between the under side of the sheave in the topsail halyard block and the under side of the sheave in the throat halyard block. Owing to the arrangement of the throat halyard block on Shamrock, Mr. Watson was able to save considerable, the blocks on the spar being so low that when the sail is hoisted the throat is two blocks. The throat blocks on Columbia are some 4 or 5 ft. higher than Shamrock's are. By this arrangement Shamrock is able to carry a longer gaff without being taxed, and some 3 ft. are saved from being added to the base line, and some 300 sq. ft. of canvas are untaxed.

The spinnaker pole was found to be longer than from the forward side of the mast to the forward point of measurement. It was only a matter of a few inches, and the pole was cut down.

Columbia came off the ways at the Morgan Iron Works at about 11 o'clock, and arrived in tow at Erie Basin at just 1 o'clock. She was warped into the basin and the gate closed. After measuring Shamrock's spars Mr. Hyslop went aboard Columbia, accompanied by Messrs. Watson, Jameson and Duncan. Columbia's waterline was measured with fifty-two men aboard, as was Shamrock, and it was found to measure 89.77 ft. After measuring Columbia's waterline, Messrs. Hyslop, Watson and Duncan went back to Shamrock, while her waterline was measured. The measurements are as follows:

	Columbia.	Shamrock II.
Length on load waterline.....	87.77	89.25
Length from after end of main boom to forward point of measurement.....	182.87	184.03
Length from fore side of mast to forward point of measurement.....	73.86	78.28
Length of spinnaker pole.....	73.30	78.28
Length of gaff.....	64.94	66.17
Length of topmast.....	64.64	68.18
80 per cent. of topmast.....	51.71	54.54
Height from upper side of main boom to topsail halyard block.....	134.74	143.39
Square root of the sail area.....	114.94	118.33
Sailing length.....	102.355	103.79

The difference in the sailing length of the two boats is 1.435 ft. This, figured on the time allowance of the New York Y. C., gives an allowance of 43s. to Columbia in a race over a 30-mile course.

Shamrock measures nearly 6 in. shorter on the waterline than Columbia, her length being 89.25 when floating on an even keel, but she will gain length more rapidly than Columbia when heeled.

Shamrock has 14,027 sq. ft. of sail and Columbia 13,211 sq. ft. of sail, measured according to the rule. Shamrock has 816 sq. ft. more sail than Columbia, but this is offset to a great extent by her waterline being shorter than Columbia's.

Shamrock is longer on the baseline than Columbia. From the forward point of measurement to the end of the boom on Shamrock is 184.03 ft. against 182.87 ft. on Columbia. In the forward triangle—that is, from the fore side of the mast to the forward point of measurement—Shamrock measures 78.28 ft. and Columbia 73.86 ft. The area of the forward triangle on Shamrock is 5,622.38 sq. ft., and on Columbia 4,981.94 sq. ft. This allows Shamrock to carry a larger balloon jib and a larger spinnaker. Shamrock's spinnaker pole is the exact length of the forward base line, while Columbia's is shorter by more than 6 in.

From the forward side of the mast to the end of the boom on Columbia is 109.01 ft., while on Shamrock the distance is 105.75 ft. Subtracting the diameter of the mast from those measurements, we have the length of the boom. Columbia's boom, according to this, is some 3 ft. longer than Shamrock's.

The length of the mast from the upper side of the boom to the topsail halyard block on Shamrock is 143.39 ft., and on Columbia 134.74 ft. Shamrock's baseline is shorter, but her sail plan is 8.65 ft. higher than Columbia's. The area of sail aft of the mast on Shamrock is 8,404.62 sq. ft., and on Columbia is 8,229.16 sq. ft., giving 175.46 sq. ft. in favor of Shamrock. It is in the after triangle where the untaxed sail is, and Shamrock has about 500 sq. ft. more in the after triangle than Columbia.

On Thursday when Columbia rounded the weather mark ahead of Shamrock, the din of whistles of the attending craft was deafening, but on Saturday when Shamrock rounded the mark ahead of Columbia one was impressed by the great quiet that prevailed—perhaps one-quarter of the fleet gave some evidence of their presence. This poor sporting spirit was most un-American, and was the cause of considerable comment. The crew of Shamrock are laboring against heavy odds, and as all men work better when they are receiving some encouragement, Americans should show that they appreciate the pluck and ability of the visitors and give them cordial support.

Sunday was a day of rest for the crews on both Shamrock and Columbia. The men lounged about on the tenders of the racing yachts or went ashore. The fine old

schooner America, that won the America Cup just fifty years ago, has attended the races, and on Sunday Sir Thomas Lipton was the guest of her owner, Mr. Butler Ames. In the afternoon Sir Thomas, together with Mr. and Mrs. William Jameson, Mr. Robert Ure, Com. Hilliard, Mr. George L. Watson and Dr. Reid Mackay, went out for a sail on America. There was a fresh breeze blowing and the old craft was at her best. When America left her anchorage she passed quite close to Shamrock, and she looked almost like a toy boat alongside of the English craft. It gave everybody on board an opportunity to make some interesting comparisons and note the development that has taken place in yacht designing during the last half-century.

The old schooner Columbia, that was one of the boats which defended the Cup in 1871, has also been an attendant of the races. She is now the property of a Philadelphia gentleman, Mr. Joseph De Forest Junkin.

Sir Thomas Lipton and his English friends and associates who are now over here to watch or participate in the races, speak most highly of the manner in which the course has been kept so clear. Capt. Thomas D. Walker and his assistants deserve great credit for the splendid judgment shown in handling the big fleet, but it must be said that the majority of the captains of both the steamers and the yachts, have done their part in assisting the revenue officers in their work. The great number of craft that attend the races are bound to kick up considerable wash, but as both yachts suffer equally in this regard, no complaints are heard. Every detail has been taken care of by the patrol, and nothing has been overlooked. Capt. Walker's squadron is made up of two divisions. In the first division were Gresham, the steam yacht Erin, the steam yachts Colonia, Windom, Algonquin and Dallas, with Mr. August Belmont's high-speed steam yacht Scout to act as despatch boat. The second division was made up of Seminole, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's steam yacht Corsair, in command of Com. Ledyard, N. Y. Y. C.; the steam yacht Kanana, the steam yacht Duquesne, Onondaga and Dexter, with Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's high-speed steam yacht Mirage as scout.

On Thursday, the day of the first race, there were a large number of boats on hand, with sightseers, and it seemed that every available craft on the coast had been brought into service, but on Saturday there were still more boats of every description to be seen, and one wondered where all the boats came from. As a result of the large number of vessels in attendance, there were several trifling collisions, but in addition to these there were two accidents that might have resulted seriously. Sir Thomas Lipton's steam yacht Erin was in collision with the revenue cutter Gresham, and John Jacob Astor's steam yacht Nourmahal collided with the steamer North Star, of the Maine Steamship Company.

Gresham and Erin were some 300 yds. apart just after the competing yachts had rounded the weather mark, and under ordinary circumstances the boats would have kept clear of each other. Erin did not have headway on, her engines having been stopped so that those on board could watch the race. Before Erin could get up headway and turn, the Gresham drifted down on her and struck a glancing blow. The cutter's torpedo tube dented several of Erin's plates just aft of the gangway on the port side. No serious damage was done, and there was no excitement to speak of on either boat.

When in the Swash Channel, bound home from the race, Col. Astor's Nourmahal collided with the North Star, hitting that vessel on the port quarter. Although the blow was a glancing one, it was of sufficient strength to loosen up several of the steamer's plates and make a dent in her side and rip off some 20 ft. of her rail. Nourmahal lost her bowsprit and dented in several bow plates, but further than this she sustained no injury. Nourmahal's bowsprit shrouds fouled a chain on the North Star, and before that vessel's headway could be stopped the yacht was heeled down badly, and the guests on board were well shaken up and frightened.

Mr. E. C. Benedict's steam yacht Oneida ran into the steamer Shinnecock when bound for the city after the race. A hole was stove in the Shinnecock's deck house on the starboard side, just aft of the paddle box. Oneida lost part of her port rail and a launch that was hanging on the davits was crushed. Mr. Joseph Stickney's steam yacht Susquehanna was also in a collision, and lost her bowsprit.

It would be a difficult task to convey an accurate idea of the great numbers of pleasure boats of all descriptions that have followed Columbia and Shamrock over the course. There were hundreds of them, and probably no more beautiful picture could be imagined than that of the gathering of these boats in the vicinity of the starting line. In the matter of steam yachts alone, the cost of which represented many millions, were to be seen the following:

Conqueror, Frederic Vanderbilt; Kismet, J. R. Maxwell; Electra, E. T. Gerry; Sybarite, George J. Gould; Lady Godiva, H. C. Rouse; Bellemere, S. F. Shaw; Aloha, D. W. James; Wacouta, J. J. Hill; Taurus, J. H. Hanan; Clementina, W. Jennings; Marguerita, A. J. Drexel; Nada, Edwin Gould; Vergana, F. H. Benedict; Zara, H. B. Moore; Virginia, Isaac Stern; Saghaya, H. C. Smith; Irene, W. & L. Lewisohn; Colonia, L. G. Bourne; Gundreda, James Ross; Niagara, Howard Gould; Satanella, Perry Belmont; Hope, Guy Norman; Scud, E. Randolph; Catania, R. A. C. Smith; Norman, Frank Tilford; Duquesne, J. G. Butler; Alcedo, D. G. Reed; Viva, Edward Eyre; Gunilda, H. A. Hutchins; Tuscarora, Robert Ballantine; Admiral, P. Fisk; Aileen, W. B. Leeds; Susquehanna, James Stickney; Narada, Henry Walters; Embala, J. T. Williams; Anita, Geo. R. Wilson; Altair, E. D. Trowbridge; Duchess, L. G. Busby; Chetalah, Albert White; Elsa, Miss Eloise Breese; Tilly, Frederic Osgood; Felicia, E. W. Bliss; Hiawatha, Julius Fleischmann; Nahma, Mrs. Robert Goelet; Nourmahal, J. J. Astor; Varena, Eugene Higgins; Sultana, J. R. Drexel; Alvin, Chas. Fletcher; Reva, G. A. Roland; Intrepid, Lloyd Phoenix; Kanawha, H. H. Rogers; Oneida, E. C. Benedict; Nerita, W. E. Cox; Surf, C. K. Billings; White Heather, H. T. Drummond; Sagamore, E. C. Lee; Thistle, J. K. Todd; Marietta, R. N. Carson; Buccaneer, Frank Morrill; Cushana, W. Jennings; Majorie, Mrs. A. S. Van Winkle; Maspeth, C. M. Meyer; May, Alex. Van Reusselaer; Parthenia, A. H. McKee; Reverie, J. B. Thomas; Erl King, A. E. Tower; Josephine, J. E. Widener; Aphrodite, O. H. Payne; Pappoose, T. B. Homer;

American, Archibald Watt; Wild Duck, F. V. Greene; Neaira, C. A. Gould; Nydia, F. L. Lisman; Ituna, A. L. Bigelow; Toinette, E. D. Smithers; Pilgrim, L. C. Burnham; Eugenia, J. B. Herreshoff; Narwhal, Chas. Osgood; Aroc, E. B. Douglas; Mindora, C. H. Merrill; Jathiel, C. M. Pratt; Monaloe, C. C. Borland; Carmen, C. A. Starbuck; Arrow, C. R. Flint; Vedette, M. C. Borden.

First Race—Windward and Leeward.

FIRST DAY—THURSDAY, SEPT. 26.

When the boats reached the lower bay there was a long ground swell, which was produced by the sea that had been kicked up on Wednesday by the strong N.E. breeze that had prevailed on that day. Columbia, with Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Morgan, Col. R. T. Emmett, James Parker, Herbert C. Leeds, A. C. Tower and H. M. McGildowney, who represented the Royal Ulster Y. C., on board, dropped her moorings about 9 o'clock and was taken in tow by the tug Wallace B. Flint. When nearly down to Sandy Hook Lightship the mainsail was hoisted. As soon as this sail was set to the satisfaction of those on board, a medium-sized club topsail was sent up in place and headsails were set in stops, ready to break out. Shamrock left her anchorage some fifteen minutes later, and was towed down the bay after Columbia. Shamrock II.'s mainsail was set and a medium-sized club topsail was sent aloft. On board Shamrock were W. G. Jameson, George L. Watson, Thomas Ratsey, Robert Ure, Com. Hilliard and W. B. Duncan, Jr.

The Regatta Committee, Messrs. S. Nicholson Kane, Chester Griswold and Newbury D. Lawton were on board the ocean-going tug Navigator, with Mr. Æmilus Jarvis, Vice-Com. Sharnan-Crawford, of the Royal Ulster Y. C., and Capt. Rhoades as guests. At 10:30 the signal code flag C was hoisted, announcing that the course would be fifteen miles to windward and return. The wind was E. by N., and the code letters D B V, which were hoisted on the committee boat, signified that the first leg of the course to the weather mark would be E. by N. The tug Edward Luckenbach dropped over a log and started to measure off the course. The committee boat dropped a little to the S. of E. of the lightship, making the starting line. While these preparations were going on, the two contestants were hovering around the line; baby jib topsails had been sent up in stops in both boats. Shamrock looked to be a much larger boat than Columbia, and the English boat's sails seemed to be even darker in color than when she first arrived on this side. The difference in color was very pronounced in comparison to Columbia's cream-white canvas.

At 10:55 the preparatory gun was fired from the committee boat, and the blue peter was hoisted. Both boats were then S. of the starting line. Shamrock stood to the westward, while Columbia soon after rounded the lightship and followed Shamrock. Just before the warning gun Shamrock came up into the wind and stood off on the starboard tack, with Columbia on her weather. Shamrock moved very fast and drew out of Columbia's lee. The warning signal was given at 11:05; the wind at this time had a strength of about ten knots, but seemed to be dropping. Three minutes before the starting signal both boats gybed and came back across the starting line, with Columbia still hanging on Shamrock's weather. Both boats headed off to the south'ard, and Columbia broke out her jib topsail. Columbia was sent around on the starboard tack, followed immediately by Shamrock.

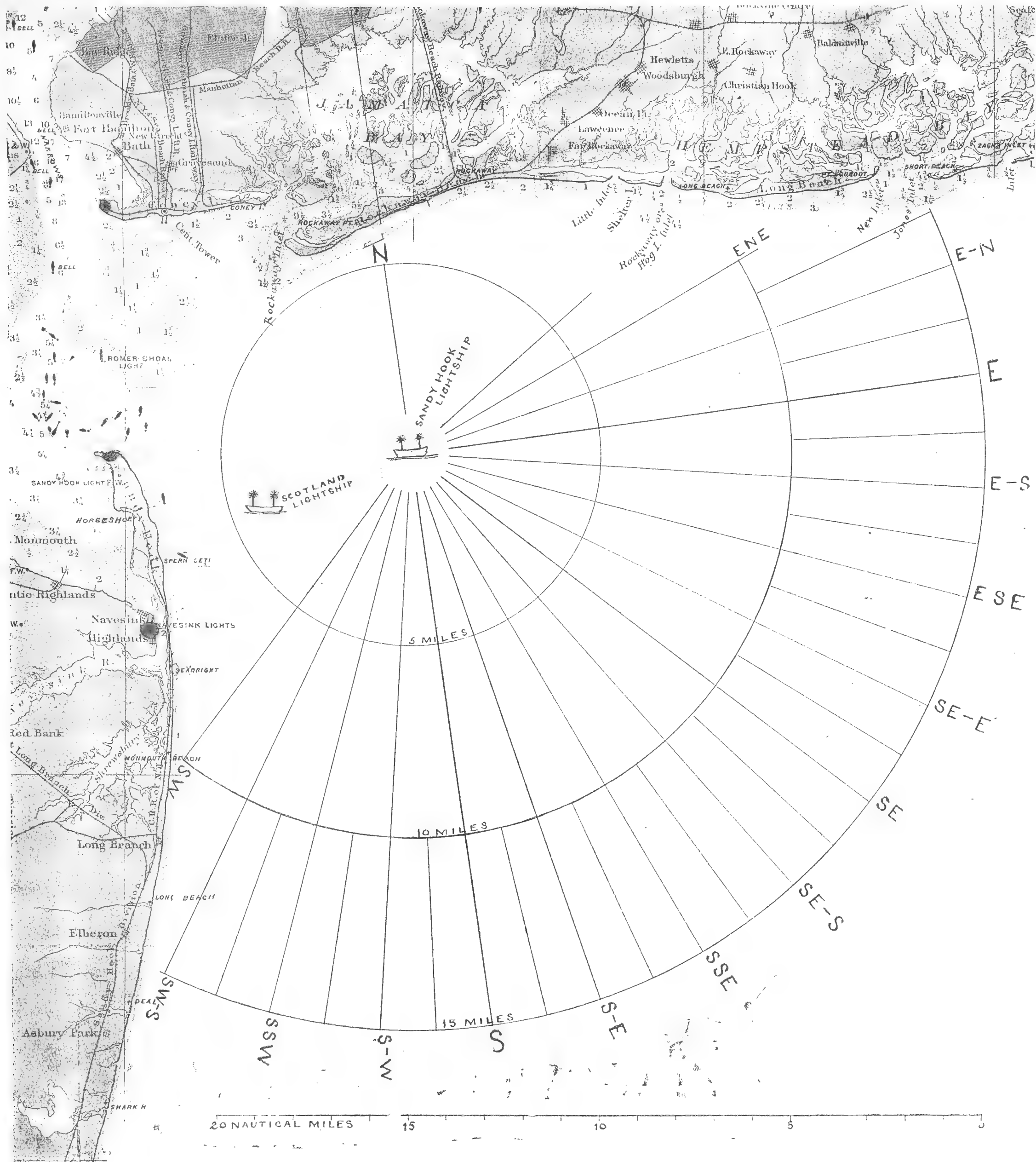
With Columbia to windward both boats were just on the line and in forcing Columbia across before the gun, Capt. Sycamore let his own boat cross. Columbia bore off right on top of Shamrock, and in order to avoid a foul Shamrock was kept off. Having plenty of room, both boats crossed again well up toward the end of the line where the lightship was located. The official times at the starting were:

Columbia11 10 49 Shamrock11 11 01

Columbia was ahead and in the weather berth, and Shamrock was swung about on the port tack, Columbia immediately following. Shamrock was given a good full and began to drive out from Columbia's lee. During the early part of the race and when the wind was fairly fresh, Shamrock did some pretty sailing. She moved faster than Columbia, but did not point as high. Shamrock seemed to wallow in the swell and make more fuss than Columbia, but the spray showed up more clearly against Shamrock's bright topsides than it did against Columbia's white paint. Just before 11:30 Shamrock came about, hoping that she might benefit by the breeze that was permitting Columbia to point so high. Columbia came about before the boats got very close together, and both were heading toward the Long Island shore, Columbia ahead, but Shamrock to windward. The wind was now very shifty and baffling, making it very unsatisfactory racing. Columbia went about on the starboard tack after getting all she could out of the favoring puffs when in toward shore. The boats were again on opposite tacks, but Shamrock also received some beneficial puffs and again overhauled Columbia a little. Columbia crossed Shamrock's bow, having some distance to spare. The wind was getting lighter every minute, and every roll of the sea would throw the wind out of the boats' sails. The favoring slants seemed to reach Columbia first, and she was not slow to take advantage of them. Every time that Columbia would break Shamrock's wind the English boat would be kept off and driven through the defender's lee. Men were sent to leeward on both boats to heel them down a little. The boats see-saved in toward the Long Island shore, first one getting a slant, then the other—Columbia went off hunting breeze, and Shamrock got a favorable puff off the shore, so that just before 1 o'clock Shamrock was able to cross Columbia's bow. Shamrock was now the windward boat and was favored as was Columbia in the early part of the race. The wind was now S.E. by E., which allowed the boats to almost lay their course for the mark. Columbia got a decided slant from the south'ard, and opened up a good lead, which the English boat had had for more than an hour. The bright tin cone on the weather mark now showed up plainly. Columbia took in her baby jib topsail and set her balloon jib topsail in stops well before reaching the mark. The times at the weather mark were:

Columbia03 05 32 Shamrock03 12 47

As Columbia rounded the mark, sheets were eased and her balloon jib was broken out. It had taken her 3h. 54m.



NEW YORK BAY AND ADJACENT WATERS.

438. to cover the fifteen miles to windward, and she had beaten Shamrock to the outer mark 7m. and 38. The jib and staysail were taken in on Columbia and she reached toward the home mark. Shamrock held on to her jib topsail till she rounded the mark, when, after some delay, a reaching jib topsail was set in its place. This proved to be a matter of good judgment, for Columbia was not able to carry her balloon very long, and had to change it for a reaching jib topsail. Reaching staysails were substituted for balloon staysails, and both boats had to sail on a more northerly course to keep their headsails filled. The boats were not making over four miles an hour, and all hope of finishing within the time limit had been given up. Columbia was seven miles or more away from Sandy Hook Lightship when a gun was fired from the committee boat and the signal hoisted announcing that the race had been declared off. Columbia was about three-quarters of a mile ahead of Shamrock when the race was abandoned.

Second Race—Windward and Leeward.

SECOND DAY—SATURDAY, SEPT. 28.

Columbia Wins by 1m. 20s.

Clear weather and a good breeze had been promised for Saturday's race, but the morning was thick with haze, and there was but little air stirring. As the morning wore on, however, the weather cleared and the light air increased to a good sailing breeze.

About 9 o'clock Columbia was towed down the bay, Shamrock also in tow following about a mile behind. No

effort was made to set sails on Columbia, while Shamrock's crew were walking the mainsail up. By 10 o'clock both boats' mainsails had been set and club topsails were being put in place. The wind was E. by S., and shortly before 10:30 the letter C was displayed from the committee boat Navigator, meaning that the course would be the same as on Thursday—fifteen miles to windward and return. The signal letters D C G followed, announcing that the compass course would be E. by S.

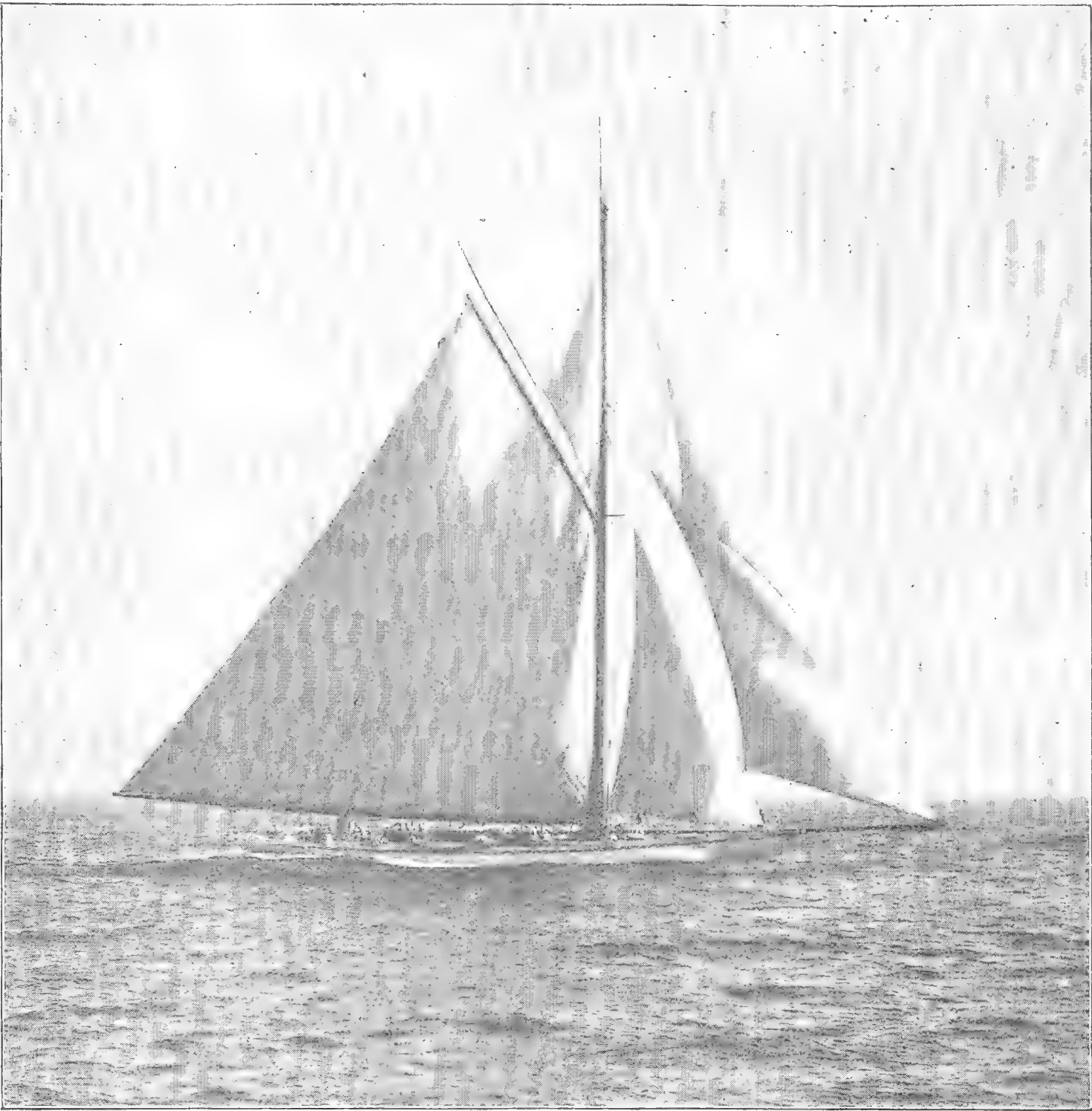
Columbia and Shamrock cast off their tow lines at about the same time. Columbia had her jib and staysail set in addition to her mainsail and club topsail, while Shamrock was jogging along with only one headsail broken out—her jib. The committee boat Navigator had anchored about a quarter of a mile to the W. of S. of Sandy Hook Lightship, and at 10:45 the preparatory gun was heard. At this time both boats were headed W., with Shamrock to windward. Columbia went about on the starboard tack, and Shamrock passed under her lee. Some of the stops broke loose on Shamrock's jib topsail, which was now being hoisted. Shamrock came about and headed for the line, and while she passed astern of the Navigator Columbia was going around the lightship, and stood back on the windward side of the line. Columbia again stood away toward the lightship, and Shamrock came about on the port tack and crossed the line. The boats were now quite close together. Columbia now gybed and followed Shamrock. Columbia's jib topsail had been hoisted in stops. Shamrock was swung on to the starboard tack and passed to windward of Columbia, and headed for the line as the warning gun was heard at 10:55. Columbia

now stood toward the committee boat and broke out her jib topsail. As this was done, she was headed up close to the wind on the port tack, with Shamrock to windward and a little behind. Columbia seemed to draw away from Shamrock fast, and was put about on the starboard tack, Shamrock following suit at once. The boats now stood for the line, and Shamrock was a little ahead. Shamrock passed the committee boat to the westward, while Columbia passed it on the east side. Columbia stood down toward Shamrock, and finding that she would not give way, luffed sharply to avoid a foul. Just as the starting signal was given, Columbia crossed Shamrock's bow and both boats hauled on the wind. Shamrock crossed the line in the weather berth, but Columbia was just far enough ahead to let the wind flow off her mainsail into Shamrock's headsails.

The boats were timed at the start as follows:

Shamrock11 00 14 Columbia11 00 16

To avoid the back draft of Columbia's mainsail, Shamrock was brought about on the port tack. Columbia followed shortly afterward. The breeze now had a strength of about eight knots. The water was smooth, with the exception of the usual long swell. The tide was running out. Shamrock was heading quite as high as Columbia and moving perhaps a trifle faster, and as Columbia was dropping into a position where Shamrock was beginning to back draft her, she was brought about. Columbia's men were lined up on the weather side, and Shamrock, with half her men to leeward, did not heel as much as Columbia. While Shamrock was moving steadily along



COLUMBIA.
Copyright, 1899, by J. C. Hemment.

Columbia was being pinched. When Columbia was brought about the boats were drawing toward each other on opposite tacks; Shamrock was on the starboard tack and had the right of way, and could force Columbia about, which she did. After standing on this way for some time, and while Columbia was doing all possible to get out of a bad berth, alternately luffing and bearing away, but finding these efforts of no avail, Columbia was brought about and again the boats approached each other, Shamrock again having the right of way. Columbia soon came about, and the boats were now closer together than at any time before. Columbia again began to back draft Shamrock, so she was put about on the port tack. Columbia immediately followed. Now that Shamrock was heeled down, she presented easier bow sections to the rolling head sea, and she moved along with apparently as much ease as did Columbia.

At this time Shamrock seemed to be ahead, but Columbia was to windward. The boats held on the port tack for about half an hour, and during this time Columbia was slowly but surely dropping astern. Columbia was finally brought about on the starboard tack, Shamrock following about a minute later. Columbia again took the port tack, and for the third time the boats drew together, with Shamrock still having the right of way. Columbia was forced to tack and both boats headed in toward the Long Island shore. Columbia was sailed very close and again backwinded Shamrock, which boat tacked, followed at once by Columbia. The boats could fetch the mark on this hitch, and although Shamrock was backwinding Columbia, she could not tack on account of the time she would surely lose by such a move. The boats rounded the tug boat, as the mark had met with an accident, leaving it to starboard. Shamrock was pinched well up, and she was able to start sheets and reach down to the mark; in this move she left Columbia fast.

The times taken at the weather mark were:

Shamrock1 25 12	Columbia1 25 53
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Shamrock had gained 39s. on the fifteen-mile beat to windward. Both boats gybed their booms over to port after rounding. Columbia went to leeward of Shamrock, which was the better position, as she could always luff if necessary; when near the finish she could head up and make her competitor luff and then reach down to the finish line with increased speed. Those on Shamrock fearing a luffing match after the boats rounded did not set their spinnaker, but after a few minutes Columbia's spinnaker pole was run forward, dropped into the cup and then trimmed aft, and the sail was sent out in stops. Shamrock followed each move, but did not break out her spinnaker until after Columbia's had been broken out. Balloon jibs were now sent up in stops and broken out. Columbia inch by inch drew by Shamrock, and then the challenger would close up the gap. The boats had fought every inch of the race to the outer mark, and it was now evident that it was to be a fight on the run home. Columbia's sails seemed to draw better than Shamrock's. Her mainsail was trimmed a trifle flatter, so that the wind would flow from that sail into her spinnaker, which sail would in turn flow the wind into her balloon. In this way there was no dead wind in her sails. Columbia rolled more than Shamrock did, frequently dipping the end of her boom in the water. It was evident that Columbia was going to have a hard race, for she did not seem able to get a lead of any consequence on Shamrock before she would begin to overhaul her. For the last half hour of

the race nothing was touched on either boat, and they raced down toward the finish line in the increasing breeze. The times at the finish were:

Columbia3 31 23	Shamrock3 31 58
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The table of the race follows:

Columbia11 00 16	3 31 23	4 31 07	4 30 24
Shamrock11 00 14	3 31 58	4 31 44	4 31 44

Columbia beat Shamrock 37s. actual time and 1m. 20s. corrected time.

The Third Race
The third race, Tuesday, Oct. 1, was unfinished because of lack of wind.

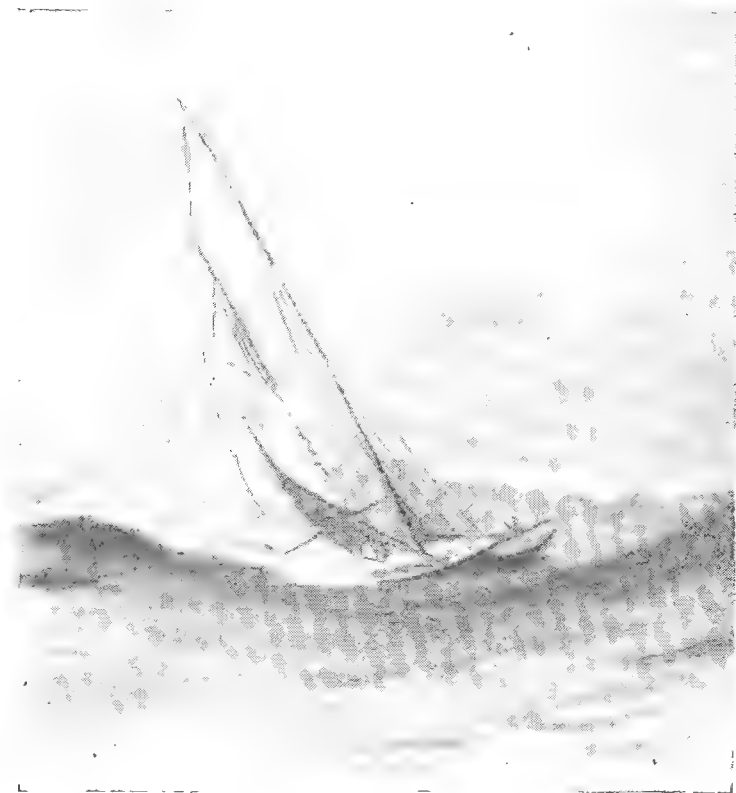
First International Yacht Race.

I READ with great interest, as all who commenced it must have done, the able article by Mr. McDonald in the issue of FOREST AND STREAM of April 20, but when I came to the account of Pearl and her doings, my interest became almost personal; and, when reading further, I came to her race with Brenda, I was fain to do a little reminiscing myself.

The Ancient Mariner, of whom this paper has heard not

a little in connection with Podgers and myself, was by profession, or trade, whichever is the proper term, an engraver of great skill, and an artist of no mean ability with pencil, but, like many others, extremely careless about what became of his sketches after he had made them, and particularly given to the reprehensible habit of leaving them unfinished. For reasons not necessary to particularize, I had, many years ago, constituted myself the lawful custodian of all the old sketch books and loose drawings of his which I could lay my hands on, and only a few years before his death I made him go over the collection I had made, and tell me everything he could remember about them, which was not, unfortunately, as much as could have been desired.

Of all the craft with which he had been identified, there was none of which he spoke with such affection as Brenda. She was about 45ft. over all, rigged like a Boston pilot boat, and the property of a friend of his whose name I have been vainly trying to recall—but I shall come upon it yet. Among these sketches I have spoken of, is one quite large one, which, though unfinished, is remarkably

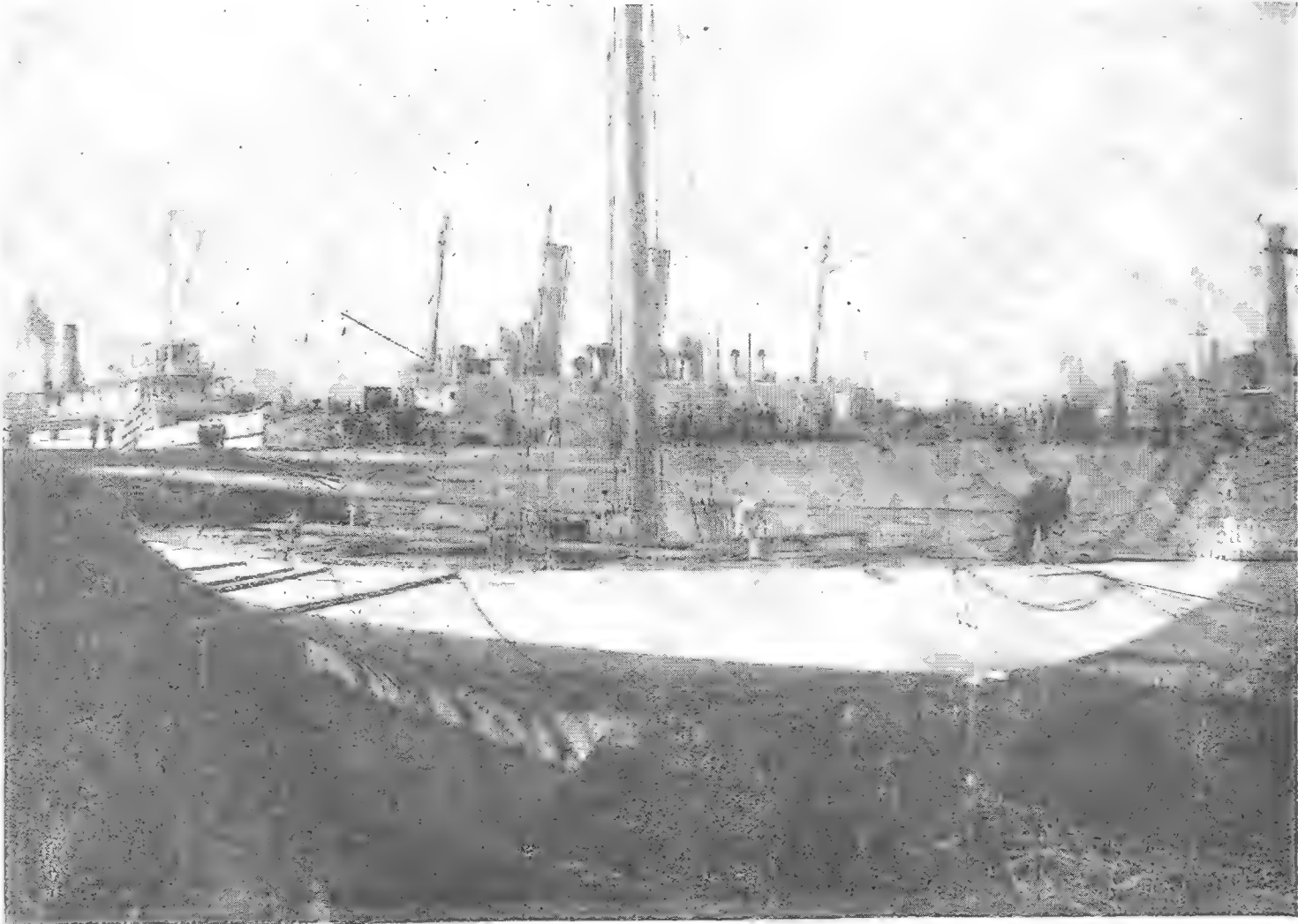


BRENDA IN THE GULF STREAM.

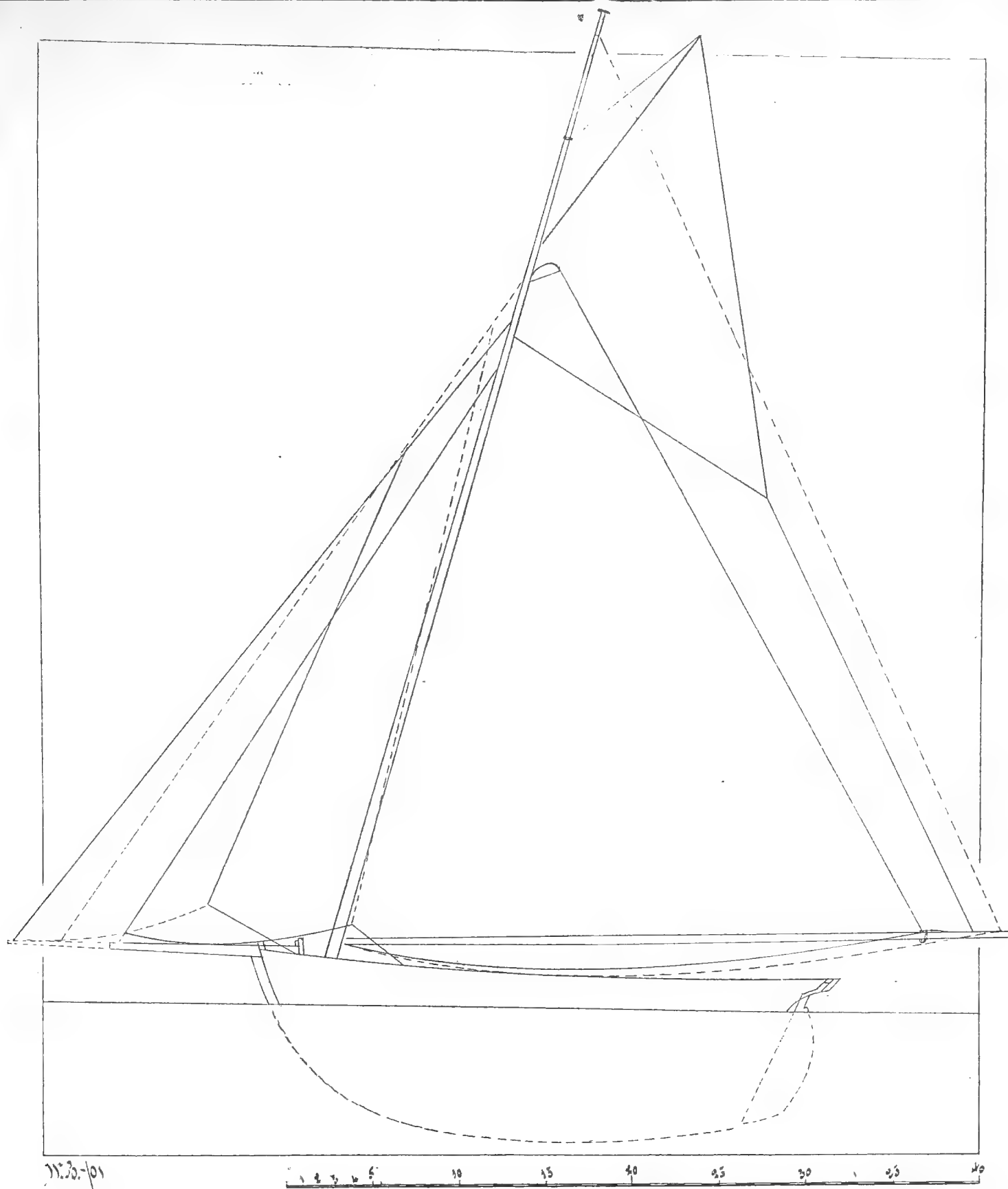
spirited, showing Brenda in a gale in the Gulf Stream in April, 1849. She is running under a double-reefed foresail, the peak lashing of which has just carried away, and the crew of three are preparing to take it in to save it, and set a square sail until the damage can be repaired.

The A. M., at that time a man in the prime of life, was acting as the navigating officer of Brenda. I think, but I am not sure, that there was one paid hand on board the yacht, but the other three were strictly amateurs. They had a rather close call in this Gulf Stream experience, and the A. M. at one time thought that his wife had an excellent chance of realizing on his life insurance policy, but the staunch little schooner weathered the gale and carried them in safety to the Bermudas; and when I look at the map of that section with its liberal, not to say lavish, display of rocks, reefs, banks, breakers and shoals, I am convinced that the A. M. must have been as good a navigator as he was artist, to get safely in and out of such a place.

Here they were made much of, and the flag of the New York Y. C., which she bore, was treated with great courtesy. I think Mr. McDonald has made a slight mistake as to the status of Pearl, as she appears to have been permanently stationed at Hamilton, in the Island of Bermuda. The race took place as he mentions, and was won by Brenda, having been gotten up by the Bermuda Y. C. to do honor to the visitors. The navigating officer of that craft evidently made a good impression, as "Frank Fowks, Vice-President B. R. (?) Y. C." took the trouble



COLUMBIA IN DRY DOCK.
From photo copyrighted by J. C. Hemment.



YACHT PEARL—ROYAL BERMUDA Y. C.
Bearing the flag of the Commodore, Samuel Prescott, Esq.

to make for him a copy of a scale draft of Pearl's sail plan, to which he appended the following legend:

"Yacht Pearl,
"Royal Bermuda Y. C.
"Bearing the flag of the
"Commodore, Samuel Prescott, Esq."

I have made a tracing of the plan, which I send with this article, and which I have followed as exactly as possible, except that the original plan was in pencil, and very faint from age. The legend on the plan states that certain lines are in red, and show the "wager" sail plan, while the lines in black give the ordinary plan; but the plan itself had no red lines, but full lines and broken ones, from which I infer that it was a copy of the original sail draft which had the two sets distinguished in that way. This has led to a little confusion in the jibs in the plan, but I think it quite evident that Mr. Fowks intended to show that under her ordinary rig she carried a moderate jib, but that this was sometimes supplemented by a flying jib, and that the racing jib stay was set at a point about half way between the jib and flying jib stays of the ordinary rig. She evidently shipped a longer bowsprit and boom, as well as mast for racing; and I have made a mistake in drawing the mast above the throat of the top-sail in full lines; it should have been dotted in that portion.

The sheet on which the copy was made was a little small for the purpose, and I have carried the lines out to the junctions, indicating by the light bordering line the size of the original.

One cannot fail to notice the tremendous rake of the mast, as well as its length, and there is no cutting away of the lateral plane to save skin friction; notice also the depth of the forefoot. Unfortunately the beam is not stated. The topsail was one which I have never seen used, yet I have seen it drawn in several plans made by the A. M., and the fancy which he took to the Bermudan rig he never recovered from, and to his dying day was ready to demonstrate its convenience and superiority. My own fondness for that rig arises largely from his teachings.

While at Bermuda the A. M. took some measurements and made a sketch of the sloop Corsair, built in 1807. Her waterline was 22ft., over all 26ft., beam 9ft. and draft 6ft.; her bowsprit was 8ft. outboard, and her mast 42.6ft. above the deck, or, in other words, nearly twice her waterline.

Somewhere, probably in Boston, there ought to be a painting representing Brenda in the Gulf Stream, since the sketch, a photograph of which I inclose, shows unmistakable signs of having been enlarged and used for such a painting, either in oil or water colors. I never thought to ask, but it is highly probable that he either painted such a picture himself for the owner, or loaned the sketch to Lane, who was a marine artist of some note in those days, and who was one of the "gang" who sailed in Brenda when she was in her home waters.

I wonder if the records of the N. Y. Y. C. could throw

any light on this early cruise and "first international yacht race," and, by the way, this sketch would seem to indicate that the Royal Bermuda Y. C. must have been about as old as, if not older, than the N. Y. Y. C., which I had supposed was the first on this continent. ***

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

XIV.—Cabin Fittings for No. 2 Design.

THE most important parts of the interior work are the bulkheads and lining, or ceiling; and all this part of the work must be completed before any of the fittings can be put in.

As stated in a previous chapter, this should be done before the deck is on, as there will then be more light and room to work than there would be after the boat is decked; but the berths and other fittings are better left till the rest of the work is finished.

All bulkheads should be tongued and grooved, and if they are to be perfectly watertight they should also be lined with painted cotton, which should lap over the skin of the boat, about an inch all around, and be held in place by a wood fillet bent around the angle between bulkhead and skin and well screwed to both. This method will insure a perfectly watertight bulkhead, which is otherwise very difficult to obtain.

If there is not a timber exactly at the place where the bulkhead is to be fitted, an extra stout timber should be bent round at that point and well screwed to the skin, forming a ledge or fillet, to which the planking of the bulkhead may be fastened.

The angle between the under side of the deck and the inside of the shelf and planking is the hardest part to fit, and this should be done at each side first, working from the sides to the center, but taking care that the joints in the planks are vertical, and all the beads on the same side. (V-joints and narrow planks look very well in bulkheads and lining in place of the usual bead.)

For a plain job, ordinary $\frac{1}{2}$ in. match board, if picked clear of knots, will do very well; but it is very rough and liable to shrink and go out of shape.

Teak, mahogany, Kauri pine and cedar all make very good bulkheads, the latter being very light, and more suitable for racing boats.

The ordinary bulkheads in the cabin and forecabin are not intended to be watertight, so there is no need to take very much trouble over the fitting of the joints except so far as looks are concerned; but the sides and ends of a watertight cockpit require most careful fitting if leaks are to be avoided, and all joints should be well bedded in red and white lead or thick varnish, and either tongued, rabbeted or fitted with fillets at the back. The main joints between floor and sides and ends should also be covered with angle beads bedded in thick varnish, and the floor should be covered with linoleum. It is best to fit the sides and ends of the cockpit first, and put in the floor afterward; a small drain pipe should be fitted from each of the after-ends of the cockpit floor leading through the planking. If this is of lead, it can easily be fitted tightly into the holes in the cockpit floor and planking, and if a quarter-inch is left projecting at each end it can be turned over with the point of a hammer and screwed or nailed to the wood.

The cabin doors should be properly framed, exactly like an ordinary house door, except that there will be only one panel in each door instead of four, and that the frame will be of hard wood.

The top and bottom rails of the door have a groove plowed on their inner edges to take the panel, which is fitted into the groove before the framing is put together. The panel should be about half the thickness of the framing, which ought not to be less than $\frac{1}{4}$ in. stuff, of a width suitable to the size of the door. The joints between the styles and rails of the framing should be mortice and tenon, but a plain halving is much easier, though not nearly such a good job, as they cannot be wedged up after the panel is in, as the others can.

Rabbeted doorposts and a sill must be fitted to the bulkhead to form a doorway; the doors should open outward and shut against

a strip of rubber in the rabbet on the posts and sill, thus forming a watertight joint. The central joint between the doors can be made watertight in the same way, but in all cases where rubber is used it must be carefully looked after, as it soon perishes at sea.

Watertight doors in the cockpit bulkheads are usually fitted with-out hinges, but with two cleats on the back, shipping inside the doorway. The door is fitted with a rabbet all round it, which overlaps the doorway and is lined with rubber. The cleats on the back of the door are cut slightly tapering, so as to draw the door tightly into place when it is closed, and the other end of the door is forced against the bulkhead by means of a cam-shaped button or a thumb-screw.

The seats in the cockpit should be fitted to lift up and give access to the side lockers, which are very useful for wraps, fenders, etc. The seats must have a ledge running round the inside of the opening, with a groove in it under the joint to carry off any water which may come through. This water-course is also fitted around skylights and hatchways, etc.

When the bulkheads and doors are finished, the floor should be laid. This is usually of lin. spruce or white pine, on lin. by $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. bearers, spaced 1ft. 2in. apart, and resting on the timbers; it should have two middle planks made to take up easily, for access to the keel; they must be cut at least $\frac{1}{2}$ in. too small all around or they will swell and stick when wet. These two planks should be fastened together with ledges, so as to come up in one piece, and two good-sized finger holes should be bored, one at each end. The rest of the flooring can be screwed down after it has had a coat of paint on the under side.

The whole of the inside of the boat should have been well painted with at least three coats of best oil paint before any inside work is done. The lining, or ceiling, of the cabins should be done with 2in. planks of $\frac{3}{4}$ in. cedar or pine, and the edges of the planks should have a bevel, so as to form a V-joint, or else a very small bead worked on the lower edge of each.

There is no need to shape these narrow planks unless the boat is very hard in the bilge, and has a lot of curve in the sides of the cabin. In most cases they can be forced into place easily, and nailed to the inside of the timbers with short, copper nails.

The lining should be carried down the side just below the level of the sofa berths, which will be fitted over the lining.

A space for ventilation between the lining and the planking must always be left at the top. Where the shelf does not come up to the level of the deck, as described previously, there is no occasion for any further ventilation; but if, as in many boats, the shelf is carried right up to the deck, then a space for ventilation must be left. This is done either by piercing holes in the upper plank of the lining, or by keeping a space of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. between it and the under side of the shelf. The former method, if the holes are arranged in ornamental patterns, is the neatest.

The fronts of the sofa berths can be put in in one piece for each side, fastened to cleats screwed to the bulkheads at each end of the cabin and bent to any required curve by struts from each other. The lower edges will have to be fitted to the curve of the boat where a portion of the side shows between them and the sides of the floor at each end of the cabin. This is done in the same way as described for fitting the edge of a plank, except that in this case the whole board is cut off to the correct length, and bent into its place between the bulkheads and pressed down till some part of it touches the side of the boat; this will probably be the forward corner. See that the board is level with the floor of the cabin, and bent to its correct curve, if any, and then take spilings along the lower edge from each timber, starting at the point where the board is furthest from a timber; and taking that distance set off the same distance vertically above each timber on the face of the board. Having set off all the spilings, cut the lower edge to them, remembering to bevel the edge to suit the curve of the boat's side as nearly as possible. When the two boards are correctly fitted to the timbers, skew-nail them to each timber, and screw the ends to the cleats on the bulkheads. If the ends are not fitted against the bulkheads a small frame must be made of two pieces of lin. by 2in. white pine, halved together, one of them vertical and securely fastened to a timber, and the other horizontal and also fastened to the same timber. Both parts are on edge, the horizontal piece giving the width of the berth at that point, and the vertical piece giving the height above the floor, and also being a firm stanchion to fasten the front to. These frames will be required about every 2ft. along each berth, to support the seat, and they may be put in either before or after the fronts are fixed.

The seats or locker tops are usually of lin. white pine, and made in short, movable sections, giving easy access to the lockers below the sofa. The portion of the locker top next the side of the boat must be fitted or scribed in in the same way as the lower edges of the fronts, and when fitted should be screwed down. A strong fillet should be screwed along the inner edge of this fitted piece, and with them, forming a support to the movable pieces of the top, all of which should have large finger holes for lifting.

Teak, mahogany or pitch pine all make good fronts to the berths, and if desired moulding can be fastened with fine nails to the face of the fronts, so as to give the appearance of panels. It should be of some hard wood, giving a good contrast to the wood of the front, and may be about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in thickness.

The front of the sofa berth is usually left about $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the locker top to prevent the cushions slipping off, and if false framing and panelling are used, a carving of the same hard wood must be worked over the joint along the top.

Sideboards, or cupboard, are usually fitted at one or both ends of the berths, and these must be framed in lin. by 2in. white pine before they have the sides and top fitted. Some prefer a door at the front and shelves inside, while others have a lid only on the top. The former is usually the most convenient, as, if the top has a small ledge or rail around it it is very useful as a shelf, and the interior, being divided with shelves (each with a ledge on the front edge), will hold a lot of small odds and ends of provisions, bottles, etc., all easy to get at.

The sides of this cupboard should be made in the same way as the bulkheads, and the front must have a doorway and a framed door on brass hinges.

Note.—All hinges and locks must be entirely of brass, many so-called brass locks having steel springs and pins, and the hinges also have iron pins, which soon rust.

Any amount of ornament may be put into the mouldings and panelling of the berths and sideboards, etc., and there is always something to do in the winter evenings after the boat is laid up in making odds and ends of racks, book-shelves and other knick-knacks for the cabin. There is no need to go into detail as to these various small items, except to say that a pair of net racks, like those in railway carriages, are always useful, also a set of book-shelves, while a tin chart case and the binoculars may each have a small rack out of the way.

A good eight-day clock and aneroid should always be provided and fixed to the bulkhead. Two or more swing candlesticks will be required, and of course the necessary upholstery and bedding "Pantasote" or "Pegamoid," stuffed with "Kapok," is about the best form of cushion for yacht cabins, as the cushions are not affected by sea water, and are also life buoys, while they look like leather and keep soft.

The other interior fittings should include a double wickless paraffin stove by Fletcher and Phillipson, of Dublin, similar to the annexed sketch, and all the cooking utensils and plates, etc., should be of the best enamelled ware.

A large fresh-water tank should be fitted under the cockpit floor with a pipe and stock-cock in the cabin and a filling pipe and screw plug in the floor of the cockpit. If an ordinary bicycle air pump is fitted in the side of the tank, so that it can be worked from the cabin, a pressure of air can be maintained in the tank, and the water may be drawn off at will, even when the tap is above the level of the top of the tank. All that is required is that the draw-off pipe should lead from the bottom of the tank, and that all joints should be airtight, which is easily secured by greasing all the screws well.

Proper lockers and racks should be fitted for the plates, knives and forks, etc., and the cooking utensils; but as every one has his own ideas on these points they are best left to the owner's fancy.

Specification No 1—Dimensions.

L.O.A.=22ft. 0in. D. (hull)=0ft. 8in.
L.W.L.=17ft. 0in. D. (plate)=4ft. 8in.
B.=6ft. 0in.

Scantlings.

Keel.—American elm, 8in. sided amidships; $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. moulded; tapered at ends, as shown.

Stem.—English oak, natural crook; 4in. sided at keel; $2\frac{1}{4}$ in. sided at deck; $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. moulded.

Stern Knee.—English oak, natural crook; $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. sided; 3in. moulded at throat; 1in. moulded at upper end; $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. moulded at rudder case; well fastened to keel and transom.

Transom.—Mahogany, teak or elm, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick.

Timbers.—American elm, $\frac{3}{4}$ in. moulded and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. sided; spaced 5in., center to center. Steamed.

Floor Timbers.—Oak, 1in. sided, and moulded as follows:

No. 1 (from stem). $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. on top of keel, tapered to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. at ends; arms 1ft. from center of keel.

No. 2. Same sizes as No. 1, but with 1ft. 3in. arms.

No. 3. $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. sided and $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. moulded on keel.

No. 4 (fore end of case, into which it is joggled). $1\frac{1}{4}$ in. sided and $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. moulded on keel.

TABLE OF OFFSETS, NO. 1 DESIGN.

Numbers of Sections, etc.	Stem.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Transom
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	
Heights from L.W.L. to deck.....	2 2	2 0½	1 10¼	1 8¾	1 7½	1 5¾	1 4¾	1 4¾	1 4¾	1 4¾	1 5	1 6¾
Heights from L.W.L. to keel.....	0 0½										0 1¾	0 4½
Depths from L.W.L. to keel.....		0 3¼	0 5¾	0 7¾	0 8	0 7¾	0 6¾	0 5	0 2¾			
Heights above L.W.L. on A.....				0 7	0 6			0 1¾				
Depths below L.W.L. on A.....						0 2	0 1¾					
Heights above L.W.L. on B.....			0 3¾						0 1	0 5½		
Depths below L.W.L. on B.....				0 2¼	0 4¾	0 5¾	0 5¾	0 2¾				
Heights above L.W.L. on C.....	1 7¾	0 1¾								0 2¾	0 8	
Depths below L.W.L. on C.....			0 3¾	0 6¼	0 7¾	0 7¾	0 6¾	0 4¾	0 1¾			
Half-breadths on deck.....	1 1¾	1 10¾	2 4¾	2 8¾	2 10¾	2 11¾	2 11¾	2 10¾	2 6¾	2 1	1 6	
Half-breadths on No. 1 W.L.....	0 7¾	1 4¾	2 1¾	2 6¾	2 10¾	2 11¾	2 11¾	2 9	2 4¾	1 8¾	0 8½	
Half-breadths on L.W.L.....		0 10¾	1 8¾	2 3	2 7	2 8¾	2 8¾	2 5¾	1 9¾			
Half-breadths on No. 2 W.L.....			0 11¾	1 8¾	2 2	2 4¾	2 3	1 7¾				

Notes.—All lines and measurements taken outside planking. Sections spaced 2ft. apart, No. 1 section being 2ft. from fore side of stem.

Buttocks.—A is 2ft. 7in. from center line; B is 2ft. from center line, and C is 1ft. 1½in. from center line.

Water Line.—No. 1 is 6in. above L.W.L.; No. 3 is 4in. below L.W.L.

Diagonals.—D1 is an angle of 52° with center line; D2 is 36° with center line.

No. 5 (two half floors at side of case). 1in. sided and 3½in. moulded on keel.

No. 6 (half floors, same as No. 5). 1in. sided and 3½in. moulded on keel.

No. 7 (half floors, same as Nos. 5 and 6). 1in. sided and 3½in. moulded on keel.

No. 8 (aft end of case, same as No. 4). 1in. sided and 3½in. moulded on keel.

No. 9. 1in. sided and 2½in. moulded on keel.

No. 10. 1in. sided and 1½in. moulded on keel.

Note.—Nos. 3 to 10 are all flat on top, and form bearers for the floor boards, so that the length of the arms will be regulated by the width of the flooring.

No. 11. 1in. sided and moulded, with 1ft. 4in. arms, joggled into fore end of rudder case.

Center Case.—Cedar, pine or mahogany, ¾in. thick and 1ft. 10in. wide. Stanchions at ends 1in. thick by 1¾in. wide, rabbeted into ends of case. Inside width of case and slot ¾in. Length of slot, 5ft. 1½in. Length of case over all at keel, 5ft. 6in. Length of top of case, 5ft. 4in.

Sills.—Mahogany, 1in. thick, and moulded to level of tops of floor timbers and curve of keel; the ends of the half-floor timbers are dovetailed into the sills for half their moulded depth.

Case Knees.—One at each end of case on the floor timbers. These are of ¾in. sheet steel, 8in. high and 14in. across the lower arms; they are made by cutting the sheet steel 1in. deeper than the finished size of the knee, and bending the extra inch at the bottom at right angles to the rest of the plate, so that it forms a base resting on the floor timber, the end of the case being well screwed to the center of the upright plate of the knee.

A pair of steel knees to be fitted to take the pin or bolt of the centerplate. They must be fitted over the sills, and should rest on two false floor timbers fitted to the bottom of the boat and level with the top of the keel, so as to form a firm base for the knee to rest on.

The arms of these knees to be 1ft. long, the upper arms being swelled to take the plate bolt, and well screwed to the case and sills, the lower arms being through-fastened through false floor and planking. These knees should be 1in. by ¾in. at angle, tapering to 1in. by 3-16in. at ends of arms.

Planking.—Cedar, mahogany, teak, or Kauri pine, ½in. thick, not less than nine planks a side.

Deck.—Cedar, yellow pine, American spruce or Archangel white pine, ¾in. thick, tongued and grooved, and covered with painted cotton.

Inwale or Shelf.—American elm, mahogany or Oregon pine, 2½in. by 1½in. amidships, tapered at ends, fitted flush with under side of deck.

Beams.—Kauri pine, Oregon pine or oak, 1¾in. moulded by 1in. sided; spaced as shown on construction plan.

Note.—If oak beams are used the scantlings may be reduced to 1½in. by ¾in.

The main beam at the mast is sawn or steamed to shape, and is of oak, 1½in. moulded by 5in. sided.

The beams are only let into the inwales for half their depth, with a dovetail one side only.

Carlines.—Same material as the inwales, 1¾in. by 1½in.

The filling pieces between the fore end of the carlines and the coamings may be of any light, easily worked wood.

Knees.—All hanging and lodging knees and the breast hook to be natural oak crooks, ¾in. thick and of shape shown.

Coamings.—American elm, ¾in. thick; of height and shape shown (add thickness of deck and depth of carline to the heights).

Rudder Case.—Same material as center case, but all scantling to be reduced one-third (¾in. sides, etc.). All details of fixing similar to center case, except that no knees are used.

Flooring.—White pine or spruce, 1in. thick. Shaped at edges to side of boat, with at least two places for baling; the remainder to be screwed to floor frames.

Seats.—Teak or mahogany, 1in. thick, as shown.

Centerplate.—Galvanized iron or brass, ½in. thick to shape shown hung on a ¾in. bolt of same material as the plate; all edges exposed below the keel to be sharpened. The plate to be lifted by a wire pendant and tackle from the mast. The wire to be 1in. circumference, and the tackle to consist of a 3in. double block, shackled to a plate on the after end of the case, and a 3in. treble block spliced into the end of the wire pendant, the wire pendant to receive through a 4in. sheet brass single block at mast.

Rudder.—A steel tube, 1½in. outside diameter, for the stem, split to form a fork on each side of the blade, which is ½in. steel.

Details of head, etc., as shown in previous chapter.

Spars.—Natural-grown Norway spars of the lengths shown on sail plan, and diameters in proportions given in the chapters on spars.

Sails.—Stout union silk or cotton; to sail plan.

Standing Rigging.—Best plow steel wire rope, ¾in. circumference (one pair shrouds, one forestay and one roller wire).

Running Rigging.—Main haliard, best flexible steel wire rope, ¾in. circumference.

Jib tack, best flexible steel wire rope, ¾in. circumference.

Span on gaff or yard, best flexible steel wire rope, ½in. circumference.

Main sheet, 1½in. circumference; best cotton rope.

Jib sheet, spinnaker guys and toppinglifts, 1in. circumference; best yacht Manila.

Main haliard whip, peak haliard, and jib tack whip, 1½in. circumference; best four-strand yacht Manila.

Roller line and clew outhaul on jib, 1in. cable laid flax line.

Fastenings.—Planking and deck, 1½in. by 14in. gauge; copper nails.

Floor frames and knees, 12-gauge copper nails of suitable length.

Plank scarphs, ¾in. by 16-gauge scarph nails.

Keel scarphs, etc., 3-16in. copper rod and stout nails.

Center case, etc., stout brass screws from 4in. to ¾in.

Deck and other fittings, as described in previous chapter.

30 shots off-hand in 6 targets of 5 shots each with .22cal. rifles, on the reduced standard American target. The member having the highest total score to receive a gold medal; all other contestants will receive consolation prizes, awarded according to scores made. Contest to be governed by the club's rules for indoor rifle shooting. Tuesday evening Oct. 8, commencing at 7:30; Wednesday, Oct. 9, from 2 P. M. to 10:30 P. M.; Thursday, Oct. 10, from 2 P. M. to 10:30 P. M.

All Comers' Matches.—Continuous Prize Match—Open to all. Entrance per target of 3 shots each, 35 cents, or 3 targets for \$1. Re-entries unlimited. The best 3 targets of each shooter made during the three days' shooting will count for prizes, of which only one is obtainable by any one competitor. In case of ties the next best single target will count for place. To be shot on the reduced standard American target, having a 1in. bull, with the 7-ring in the black. One hundred dollars in twenty prizes, as follows: First prize, \$20; second, \$15; third, \$10; fourth, \$7; fifth, \$6; sixth, \$5; seventh, \$4; eighth, \$3; ninth, \$2; tenth, \$1; eleventh, \$1; twelfth, \$1; thirteenth, \$1; fourteenth, \$1; fifteenth, \$1; sixteenth, \$1; seventeenth, \$1; eighteenth, \$1; nineteenth, \$1; twentieth, \$1.

Bullseye Match.—Open to all. A bullseye target, consisting of a 3in. carton, will be used in this match. Entrance, \$1. No re-entries. Each contestant is entitled to 3 shots, the best single shot by machine measurement to count. The winner of this match will receive a handsome and valuable trophy, presented by Huebner & Foerster.

Any .22cal. rifle having any sights, except telescopic, will be allowed. In the bullseye match, however, to place all shooters on a more equal footing, the size of aperture in front sight must not be larger than that generally used for ordinary target work. A front aperture having a diameter larger than ¾in. will not be permitted on this target.

All shooting is off-hand at 18yds. distance, and all shots must cut through the ring to count in the next.

Shooters are not permitted to place butt of rifle under coat, vest or suspender.

Targets can be shot on any of the open matches at any time during that prescribed for these matches.

Rifles and ammunition can be procured at the range if desired. As this will be the last tournament to be held in the club's present range, a cordial invitation is extended to all to participate in the same, thus making its success a fitting climax to the many successes achieved by the club in these affairs in the past.

The Savage Arms Company, of Utica, N. Y., have issued a new catalogue, describing and illustrating artistically the various rifles and their furnishings which they manufacture. This catalogue describes their new .22cal. repeater, and announces also that they now manufacture cartridges. The front cover bears a spirited illustration of a mounted Indian, a savage, resplendent in a highly colored costume. The back cover bears a colored illustration of a beautifully engraved Savage rifle. A copy of their catalogue will be sent to him who applies for it.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 2-3.—Greensburg, Ind.—Greensburg Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club. Elmer E. Shaner, Mgr.

Oct. 2-4.—Eau Claire, Wis.—Tournament of the Eau Claire Gun Club; two days targets, one day live birds; \$300 added. E. M. Fish, Sec'y.

Oct. 2-4.—Louisville, Ky.—Tournament of the Jefferson County Gun Club; two days targets, last day live birds; \$200 cash and trophies added. Emile Pragoff, Sec'y.

Oct. 3-5.—Reading, Pa.—South End Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 5.—Frankford, Pa.—Third Grand tournament of the Frankford Gun Club. Howard George, Ass't Sec'y.

Oct. 8-11.—Davenport, Ia.—Forester Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 9.—Clyde, O.—Clyde Gun Club's tournament.

Oct. 9.—Randolph, N. Y.—First amateur tournament of the Randolph Gun Club. Fred L. Sanger, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Erie, Pa.—Tournament of the Erie City Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie City Gun Club. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.

Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.

Oct. 12.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Grand opening target shoot of the Florists' Gun Club. Open to all. Guaranteed purses and added money. T. C. Brown, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.

Oct. 15-16.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club.

Oct. 15-17.—Pella, Ia.—Garden City Gun Club's amateur tournament. A. I. Nassanian, Sec'y.

Oct. 16.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.

Oct. 16-18.—Baltimore, Md.—Fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets; one day live birds. Added money. Open to all.

Oct. 17-18.—Springfield, Ill.—Fall tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.

Oct. 22-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—Shoot under auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. J. G. Ball, Sec'y.

Oct. 22-24.—Des Moines, Ia.—Amateur handicap shoot.

Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utracht Gun Club—Saturdays.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The Frankford Gun Club, of Philadelphia, announces its third grand tournament, to be held on Oct. 5, on the grounds of the club, at Summerdale Station, Frankford Branch of the Reading Railroad. The main event is a twelve-man team contest for the championship of Philadelphia and vicinity, and is open to all organized gun clubs of that section. Entrance free. Targets 1 cent each. The silver cup, emblematic of said championship, and won by the Frankford Gun Club on May 4, will again be put up, subject to challenge within sixty days after Oct. 5. A club may enter more than one team. There are also twelve sweepstake events on the programme, 10 and 15 targets, entrance 50 and 75 cents, and \$1. Sweepstakes, 10 o'clock A. M.; team race, 1:30 P. M.; entries to the latter close at 2 o'clock. Rose system, four moneys, govern. Send entries to Howard George, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.

Last week, on the grounds of the Florists' Gun Club, of Wissinoming, Philadelphia, the Keystone Shooting League and the Baltimore Shooting Association held a ten-man team contest. The former won by the narrow margin of 839 to 838. Each man shot at 100 targets. The scores in detail were: Keystone Shooting League—Ridge 86, Landis 89, Morris 76, Wolstencroft 88, Winchester 91, Sanford 78, Hollowell 83, Anderson 89, Stevenson 83, Ross 76; total 839. Baltimore Shooting Association—Hood 74, Lupus 80, Dupont 80, Hawkins 84, Malone 87, Baughman 86, German 87, Burroughs 87, Storr 87, Bond 86; total 838.

Mr. John S. Wright is actively engaged in completing all the preliminary arrangements of his live-bird shoot, to be held at Interstate Park, Queens, on the 9th inst. The main event has a knockabout gun for first prize, and all surplus entrance money over its value will be divided into 60 and 40 per cent., for second and third places. The conditions are 10 birds, \$7.50 entrance, birds included. Three preliminaries at 5 and 7 birds are on the programme, two of which are class shooting; one, high guns. Shooting commences about 10 o'clock.

The Idaho Daily Statesman, of Sept. 27 recounts some phenomenal shooting exhibited by Capt. Geo. E. Bartlett, who represents the Peters Cartridge Company. While at Boise City, as a guest of the local gun club, he, with .22cal. cartridges, hit pennies and other small objects thrown in the air, and with his repeating shotgun kept a tomato can in the air by the rapidity of hits till the magazine of his gun was exhausted. In a shoot at 25 targets, in one event, he scored 24 out of 25.

The Randolph Gun Club, of Randolph, N. Y., announces its first amateur tournament and sweepstake shoot, to be held on Oct. 9, on bluebirds, thrown Sergeant system. There are ten events on the programme at 10, 15 and 20 targets, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Moneys divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Targets 2 cents, included in entrance. Shooting commences at 9:30 A. M. The management reserves the right to handicap any shooter at any time during the tournament. Mr. Fred L. Sander, Secretary.

The Herald of Sept. 28 published the following: "Cincinnati, O., Friday.—J. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, defeated J. C. Brayles, of Birmingham, Ala., to-day at the Cincinnati Gun Club in a 100-live-bird match at 40yds. The match was divided into three parts, two of 25 birds and one of 50 birds. Elliott won the first, killing 22 to Brayles' 19. Brayles won the second, 23 to 19, and Elliott took the third, killing 46 to Brayles' 45. This record was remarkable at the distance."

Mr. Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, N. J., has challenged Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of Orange, to contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the target championship of New Jersey, and has fulfilled all the conditions required in that respect. Undoubtedly his challenge will be accepted. The match should be one of great interest. They are both exceedingly strong shooters, and very near alike in class, except at such times as one shoots better than the other.

Mr. Herbert Taylor, of St. Louis, a well-known representative of the Dupont Powder Company, and famous in shooting circles, is a visitor in New York at present. He, with Mr. Edward Banks, was fortunate in witnessing the great race between the Columbia and Shamrock II. on Saturday of last week. It is probable that Mr. Taylor will return to St. Louis the last of this week—all too soon to do justice to the few merits of the effete metropolis.

Mr. E. D. Fulford, of Utica, N. Y., earnest of work, big of heart and a skillful shooter of record, was in New York on Monday of this week, en route from Philadelphia to his home. In the latter hamlet, on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League, at Holmesburg Junction, he had installed a set of his famous live-bird traps, after the complete manner of detail in use at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.

At John Wright's shoot, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday of last week, Mr. H. M. Brigham, of the Crescent Athletic Club and New Utrecht Gun Club, made a run of 110 targets straight. Mr. J. F. Sharp, of Salt Lake City, Utah, also performed well, making clean scores of 25 several times. Mr. Bob Schneider, of Schoverling, Daly & Gales, broke 49 out of the last 50 he shot at.

The Eau Claire, Wis., Gun Club has actively promoted the interests of its tournament, which will be held on three days, beginning on Wednesday of this week. A feature of the meeting is a match between Mr. E. M. Fish, secretary of the club, and Mr. L. Fulton, of West Superior, Wis., for the H. C. Hirsch live-bird trophy.

We are informed that the final contest for the Republic cup will not in all probability be shot till some date in November. To make the final competition of more interest, it would add to the cup's prestige and associations if some matches were shot for it in the meantime.

Messrs. D. Bradley and R. A. Welch, of the Carteret Gun Club, leave some day next week for northwestern Nebraska, where they purpose to enjoy a period of prairie chicken and sharp-tail grouse shooting. The birds must rise early and far away to escape these redoubtable shooters.

The Fulton Gun Club, whose grounds are on Crescent street, East New York, will hold a shoot on Oct. 6, commencing at 11 o'clock A. M. For further particulars, address Mr. G. R. Schneider, or Albert A. Schoverling, P. O. box 475, New York.

The nine-man team race between the Page team and the Widmann team, 15 live birds per man, for a silver trophy, donated by the Interstate Fair Association, was won by the former. Score, 109 to 108. The race took place at Trenton, N. J., on Sept. 2.

Mr. John E. Thropp, Jr., challenger, defeated W. F. Vanarsdale, the holder of the silver cup, emblematic of the championship of Trenton, N. J., on Sept. 28, on the grounds of the Trenton Shooting Association, by a score of 21 to 20.

For its fall tournament the Baltimore Shooting Association claims the dates Oct. 16, 17 and 18. Of these, two days will be devoted to targets; one to live birds. There will be added money. The tournament will be open to all.

Oct. 9 has been fixed upon for the county championship contest between Messrs. J. R. Farlee and W. F. Vanarsdale, the challengers. Both gentlemen are members of the Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association.

Mr. A. N. Aitken, the secretary, informs us that the Erie City Rod and Gun Club, of Erie, Pa., will hold a tournament on Oct. 9 and 10, at which \$100 in added money will be a feature of the programme.

At the tournament of the Titusville, Pa., Gun Club, on Sept. 20 and 21, Mr. Harry Kirkover won high average, breaking 293 out of 330 targets shot at.

The dates for the amateur handicap shoot, to be held at Des Moines, Ia., are Oct. 22 to 21.

BERNARD WATERS.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Programme of Iroquois Rifle Club.

THE fourteenth annual tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club will be held on Oct. 7, 8, 9 and 10.

The headquarters and indoor rifle range is at 1717 Jane street, Pittsburgh, S. S., Pa.

The officials of the tournament are: Shooting Masters—O. L. Hertig, A. J. Huebner. Official Scorers—A. F. Hofmeister, B. Kestner. Secretary and Treasurer—L. G. Graul.

The programme is as follows:

Monday, Oct. 7.—Members' Match—Open to members only. At the gallery range, commencing at 3 P. M. Each contestant to fire

Two Eyes in Shooting.

The subjoined article, taken from "Experts on Guns and Shooting," by G. T. Teasdale-Buckell, is of special interest to trapshooters:

In books on shooting, various methods have been given to show how a shooter may find out for himself which eye is the stronger. We do not think any of these are reliable, for this simple reason: We have seen every one of them fail. It does not concern a shooter whether his right or his left eye is the stronger. What he wants to know is whether he constantly uses only one of them for the purpose of alignment. This is most important for him to find out. It is easily discovered, but the strength of the eye, as tested by an oculist, has not always anything to do with the matter. Some people have recommended that a ring or piece of paper with a hole in it should be taken in the hand, and brought into alignment with a spot in the distance; then the eyes should be afterward alternately closed, in order to see which of the two really affected the alignment. This is very well as far as it goes, but there are cases in which the right eye aligns for the right hand, and the left eye for the left hand. These tests fail absolutely then; and the only way is to resort to test with the gun itself. The want of knowledge that it sometimes makes all the difference which hand brings up the object for aligning is very likely to lead to error when the gun is not used.

We do not think the test reliable, even if a change of hand is made, and all objects prove to come up to align from the same eye. Even then it may turn out that the aligning eye is liable to neglect its duty when it is so situated that it cannot see the object aimed at and the other eye can see it. For this reason, we would suggest the following test, and we have found it unailing, in order to see whether either eye can, in all circumstances, be trusted to do the alignment. A bird passing straight overhead cannot be seen by the eye which aligns the rib and the sight at the moment of firing, because the gun will be in advance of the bird and will hide it from the eye of alignment. To a pair of eyes properly trained for shooting this makes not the smallest difference; strange as it appears to all who have not absolutely tested it, the left eye will bring the right eye (if that is the aligning eye), already aligning the rib and the foresight of the gun, into alignment with the game, or any point in front of the game, that may be desired. The left eye, moreover, will measure the distance in advance, and keep the gun on the true line that the game is traveling, quite as well as if the right eye could see the object of aim itself. An easy test of this is as follows: Get another man to face you four or five feet away, tell him to hold a sheet of paper so that he cannot see your right eye, but can only see your left. His right eye will now see your left; your left eye his right. Now bring up a gun or other object to the right shoulder and aim at his right eye, visible to your left eye only. This you will align perfectly accurately with your right, although that eye cannot see the object of aim, but can only see the gun and do the aligning on your side of the paper, while the left eye carries on the process on the other side of the obstruction. Ask your assistant now, without moving his head, to shut his left eye and to remove the paper, and to see whether the object you aim with is in fact exactly upon the center of your right eye—that is, in a line between the right eyes of both. It will be so with any one whose eyes are in the habit of right aligning with both eyes open, and if it should not be so then it is a hundred to one that the left eye does more than its share of work in alignment in the field, and a cure is required. All this kind of correcting work ought to be forthcoming at the shooting schools.

Put shortly, you must learn to accurately align with the right eye that which you can only see with the left. But in the field you have to do much more than this; you have to align with the right eye an imaginary point in front of game that you cannot see with that eye; and this is much more difficult to those unaccustomed to it, and impossible for a one-eyed shooter. You not only have to find that line of flight with the left eye for the use of the right eye, but to keep the foresight in a direct line between the right eye and the line of flight of the game, as well as to measure the distance in front for the right eye to point the gun, and all with the left eye. To a non-shooter it looks impossible on the face of it. To many a good shot who has done it unconsciously every time for twenty years, it has come as news; but to those who have made the theory of shooting, as well as the practice, a thorough study, it must be a commonplace, we imagine.

We should add, for the benefit of those who wish to try the experiment, that, as in all shooting, in order to succeed, the shooter must not look for his sight, but focus the object at which he intends to aim. If he once focuses his sight, the sensation of seeing the game through the gun disappears as if by magic. He must bring his foresight and rib, or the pointer he uses for the experiment, up to intercept his apparent line of sight from the right eye to the object of aim. As we have indicated, there can be no such visible line of sight when the gun is in advance of the coming game, or pointing over the mark on the target, but it appears to be there, and we have to believe the appearance, for whatever the explanation may be, the left eye does, as a matter of fact, assist the right eye to this extraordinary extent.

Here the unconscious work of the left eye comes to the aid of the shooter, who without an analysis would not know that the right eye was incapable of all the work that it appears to be doing. There be those who maintain that a similar action, one to the shooter's detriment, is impossible—that as long as the right eye is in line with the false breech at the rib and the foresight, an unconscious placing of the foresight by the left eye between it and the point of aim is impossible. Having the best of reason to believe that we have done this upon occasion, we cannot agree. Indeed, the proof of the possibility of it is much more easy to understand than the converse where the left eye aligns correctly the foresight for the right eye, and does so whether or not the bead is visible to the left eye.

We never fail while experimenting to align with the right eye just over an object only visible to the left eye, as long as it is only practice. We find we cannot trick ourselves into going wrong, and yet, certain we are that upon occasion, in actual work, looking between the triggers, we have seen our game apparently aligned with the foresight, and yet the left eye has put the foresight on the object between itself and the game—not between the right eye and the game. We believe that the occasions when this has happened have been when the gun has been brought up so awkwardly that the foresight has been under the level of the false breech and the eye, and therefore invisible to the right eye, but clearly seen by the left. Certain it is that it is not difficult to deceive one's own optical intelligence intentionally by bringing up the false breech in this way—align it with an object, then by shutting the right eye, without moving the head from its position of alignment, the foresight can be brought to bear on an object between it and the left eye; and then when the right eye is opened again, the optical illusion, said to be impossible, becomes apparent. This is an aim that will send the shot many feet away to the left of the intended mark.

Probably only accident or ill-health would make a man trained to align with his right eye do such a curious thing as that above described; but the case is quite different with untrained eyes. It is in fact a very frequent fault.

A cure for it was attempted some years ago by a Mr. Gilbert. This consisted of a sight extended down the rib so as to have no bead-like appearance to the left eye, but to resemble a line to that optic; whereas to the right eye it appeared like an ordinary sight. It was a good idea badly explained, and carried out clumsily. Later on Mr. Gilbert designed a guard that screwed on to the left barrel for the purpose of obstructing the sight of the game and the foresight from the left eye. This appears to us to have been exactly what was not wanted.

As we have already explained, the shooting from the left eye and shoulder is preferable to the partial loss of sight of the game you wish to kill, and if the latter, as well as the foresight is to be blocked out from the sight of the left eye, then the object of keeping the left eye open at all when shooting from the right shoulder is absolutely gone. The thumb stall, or a modification of the first Gilbert sight, having an ivory bead, the latter protected from the sight of the left eye by a black metal elongation on the left of the center of the rib, are the two best methods of preventing the left eye occasionally doing injury to right alignment.

It is obvious that for a left alignment the reverse of these arrangements will prevent the right eye from unduly interfering.

There is, however, a very much more frequent cause of missing than this undue use of the wrong eye. We mean that accuracy of aim is well nigh impossible when both eyes are open, unless there is something at the breech end to indicate which is the exact middle of the rib. Flat ribs are excellent, provided there is the indication we speak of; but it is usually absent. Moreover, the breech of a gun comes so near to the eye that it is never as distinctly visible when the game is focused as the foresight is. It makes a very great deal of difference, ten inches or a foot at forty yards, whether the sight has been taken due down the center of the rib or from one corner of it. It used to be the practice of gun makers to let into the false breech a strip of gold or silver, showing the center; but this seems to have gone out. The best position for any such indicator is not near the false breech, but where the back sight of a rifle is put. There it is much more in the focus,

and much more apparent to eyes that are not, and should not be, searching for it.

We do not mean that any sort of rifle back sight should be used, for the shape of the rib can always be made to indicate the middle, provided an absolutely flat rib, extended all the way to the false breech, is not insisted upon. We have sometimes, in the muzzle-loading days particularly, heard good shots profess a liking for guns without ribs, "so that you can look down a regular line at them," said one of them. That was all right, but the external shape of guns was so different. Now they are so much wider in the false breech that, with the eye low enough to align between barrels without a rib, there are some shots that would have to be taken with the game out of sight from either eye. Thus, in making several feet or yards allowance for a bird going to the left, the right false breech would block out the sight of the game from the right eye, and the barrels would obstruct the sight of the left, unless the head were thrown over to make the left eye higher than the right. Even then, if the bird were rising, as well as quartering to the left, there would be a total loss of the sight of it.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I.—Mr. John Wright, the manager, held one of his old-time merchandise shoots on Saturday of last week, and there was quite a good attendance.

The main event was a handicap at 50 targets for a leather shell case. The conditions of this event were \$1 entrance, targets extra. The scores follow:

Prize shoot:	Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Sharp	11111111111111111111-24	2	25
Brigham	11111111111111111111-25	6	25
Blauvelt	11100111111111111111-21	8	25
Waters	11111111111111111111-24	10	25
McKane	11111111111111111111-22	8	25
Wright	01111111111111111111-21	12	25
Schneider	01111111111111111111-20	6	25
Wells	11111111111111111111-24	4	25
Blauvelt	10001111111111111111-21	4	25
Sharp	11111111111111111111-25	2	25
Brigham	11111111111111111111-25	6	25
Waters	11100111111111111111-21	10	25
McKane	11111111111111111111-20	8	24
Wright	00111111111111111111-20	12	25
Schneider	11111111111111111111-22	6	25
Wells	01111111111111111111-21	2	23

Tie shot off, 25 targets:

Sharp	11101111111111111111-23	1	24
Brigham	11111111111111111111-25	3	25
Blauvelt	11111111111111111111-21	4	25
Waters	11111111111111111111-21	5	25
McKane	11111111111111111111-20	4	24
Wright	01001111111111111111-13	6	19

Second tie, 25 targets:

Brigham	11111111111111111111-24	3	25
Blauvelt	11111111111111111111-23	4	25
Waters	11011111111111111111-23	5	25
Wells	01111111111111111111-23	0	23
Schneider	11111111111111111111-25	0	25

Schneider and Wells shot along for practice in this tie.

Match, Brigham vs. Schneider:

Brigham	11111111111111111111-23	3	25
Schneider	10111111111111111111-24	4	25

Schneider broke 49 out of his last 50

Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	25	* 25	15		Targets:	25	* 25	15	
Wells	24	12	22	14	Blauvelt	16			
Sharp	23	17	25	13	Clifton	18	10		
Paterson	21	12	16		Brigham	11			
McKane	18	15	22		Waters	14			
Wright	16	9	13		Schneider	11			

*Ten doubles.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Page Team vs. Widmann Team.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 27.—About 1,000 witnessed the match between the two teams whose scores are appended. Excitement ran high at the finish, it being such a close race. Then all depended on Harper killing his last bird; he failed, although the bird dropped dead out just back of the score, making the Page team winners by 1 bird. The conditions were 15 live birds per man. The prize was a silver trophy. The last two rounds were shot in darkness. W. B. Widmann was manager:

Page Team.	21201101111121-13
Page	022212202202200-10
Kuser	21212100120222-12
Farlee	110021210102102-10
Vanarsdale	122120111211222-14
Emann	21212222122210-14
Reed	11210 022111012-12
Howell	21122220110102-12
Rose	10212212111020-12-109
Sampson	
Widmann Team.	212121222012200-12
Widmann	010222222220120-11
Hendrickson	112021212110122-13
Lamb	2122 212221001-13
Derbell	212120220222122-13
Ridgeway	1111110212210-13
Warner	22020222202222-12
Harrison	120210212112120-12
White	01112111020000-9-108
Harper	
First event, miss-and-out:	22221220
Emann	2111111
Widmann	2222121
Dabell	20
Rose	20
Howell	20
White	20
Second event, 5 birds, \$5 entrance:	22221-5
Widmann	12011-4
B C Kuser	22110-4
Vanarsdale	22110-4
H Harper	22110-4
Hendrickson	22221-5

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 26.—The opening shoot of the season on live birds, held to-day, by the East Side Gun Club, had a light attendance. The best shooting was done by Mr. G. H. Piercy, who was one of the two scratch men. The scores follow:

G H Piercy, 29.....	1222121222-10
W Hassinger, 29.....	122121212-9
E Waldman, 29.....	111012121-8
J Fischer, 27.....	2111001121-8
Dr G Hudson, 27.....	01202211*1-7
J C Henny, 27.....	0021100101-5
F A Seitz, 27.....	0002121200-5

Sweepstakes, 7 birds: Hassinger 6, Piercy 5, Fischer 5, Seitz 5, Waldman 4, Hudson 4.

Ten birds, for birds:

Piercy	*2222*1212-9
Hassinger	*212*22112-8
Seitz	122*112121-9

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 28.—The handsome silver cup, emblematic of the championship of Trenton, was won to-day by member John E. Thropp, Jr. Vanarsdale, the holder, tried hard to retain it, but unfortunately for his chances he started off by missing 3 targets straight, finishing with 20—1 behind the winner, who shot a steady race from start to finish.

To Vanarsdale, however, belongs the credit of making the best average for the day, with Thropp a close second.

Several amusing things occurred during the shooting, one of which was the scoring by a nervous visitor during a team race in getting the men mixed and scoring goose eggs to those who were congratulating themselves that they were doing good work for their side. When they looked at the score sheet after finishing out there was trouble, with capital letters, for that score keeper, and he promptly threw up his engagement.

The next event of importance that is marked for our grounds

is the contest for the \$50 silver trophy, representing the county championship, between Farlee, holder, and W. F. Vanarsdale, challenger, the date being set for Oct. 9. The men are pretty evenly matched and have been aching to get together for some time. Neither side is offering odds, and it is generally conceded that it will be a tight race.

Billy Widmann and his newly invented electric live-bird traps scored a great success at the shoot. The traps proved to be the fastest ever shot over, and they attracted a great deal of attention from the shooting men present. I am trying to get him to donate a set to our grounds for use during the winter season.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	15	19	15	10	15	10	10	25	15
Wilkes	11	9	19	4	13	8	6	20	13
J Thropp	10	9	13	7	11	7	6	21	13
Jaques	10								
J R Taylor	13	9	10	8		9	7	19	
Rowan	10		9	6					18
Burroughs	10					8	8	15	
Vanarsdale		8	14	7		7	9	20	10
Mickie		7		9	19	6	8	19	
Jaques		8			10	8	9	14	
Vanderveer			10				5	9	
Craft					7			17	
Smith					11	6	9	19	11
Norton						7	6	16	13
Elton						6			
Banks						8		16	
Sawyer								7	11
Burtis								3	1
Farlee									16
Page									19
Frank									18
Satterthwaite									20

Events 1 to 5, sweepstakes. Event 6, team race. Event 7, sweep-stake. Event 8, city championship cup. Event 9, sweepstake.

G. N. T.

West Branch Rod and Gun Club.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa.—Herewith please find scores made at the West Branch Rod and Gun Club's first annual two-day tournament, Sept. 20 and 21. The weather was fine, and we had over fifty shooters from all over the State. One feature was the team shoot for the championship of Central Pennsylvania.

Mr. J. S. Fanning and Mr. C. C. Gerow were here, and convinced some of the boys that Lafin & Rand was good powder. Mr. B. Leroy Woodard showed that Dupont would break a few. We think all had a pleasant time, and hope to do better by them next year.

Championship of Central Pennsylvania, team shoot, 25 targets:

West Branch Team No. 1—Lettan 21, Everett 22, Dimick 22, Shibe 23, Pitt 16; total 104.

West Branch Team No. 2—Johnston 20, Talley 21, Piatt 19, P. Flock 14, Pouliott 17; total 91.

Clarence Team—Uzzle 14, Chambers 22, Watson 19, Haines 20, Crissman 12; total 87.

Roaring Branch Team—Sheddins 18, Eversole 17, Brainard 20, Casselberry 14, Lusk 16; total 85.

Ralston Team—Bailey 20, Brand 14, Beach 19, Farrington 13, Kent 20; total 86.

Sept. 20.—Sweepstakes:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Shot	
Targets:	10	10	10	15	15	10	15	10	15	10	25		at. Broke.	
Fanning	10	10	10	14	15	8	12	9	14	15	8		135	125
Leroy	9	9	7	13	14	7	13	10	12	14	6		135	114
Lettan	5	7	6	12	11	6	13	9	11	10	8	21	160	119
Everett	7	10	8	11	12	9	13	9	15	10	8	22	160	134
Dimick	8	4	6	10	10	5	10	4	10	11	9	22	160	100
D S D	8	6	5	9	12	9	7	6	12	14	9		135	97
Shibe	8	7	5	12	11	8	6	6	11	3	23		160	108
Bailey	8	8	8	12	12	8	11	9	10		4	20	145	110
Johnston	6	9	7	13	8	4	9	8	13	12	8	20	160	117
Ely	7	7	6	9					4	6			70	39
Talley	8	6	9	13	12	9	12	9	12	8	21		160	122
Pouliott	3	6	4	14	10	5	9	6	11	12	3	17	160	100
J C Beach	9	8	6	11	12	7	13	6	9		7	19	145	107
Piatt	4	7	3	10	9	7		4	11		4	19	130	78
Ferrar	5	3	5	9		3					2		65	27
C Flock	5	5	7	9	10	6	12	6	10	10	6	14	160	100
Pitt	8	8	8	11	11	9	11	6	12	13	9	16	160	121
Kent	6	8	8	10	12	8					20		95	72
E E Frontz	6	5	7			7		8	14		8		75	55
Mosher	6	7						7	10				55	37
Lusk		5	3	6							16		65	30
Casselberry		6						8	9		7	14	70	43
Eversole		6	6								17		60	35
Brainard		5	7	9	4			5			20		85	50
Brand		6	8	12	4	9	4	12	11	7	14		140	87
Farrington		8	12	10	6	10	5	11	10	5	13		140	90

Sept. 21.—Sweepstakes:												
Events:	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	Shot
Targets:	10	10	10	15	10	15	20	15	10	15	10	Broke.
Fanning	8	7	9	13	10	14	20	15	10	11	10	140
Leroy	7	9	10	14	10	14	17	14	10	15	8	140
Lettan	7	7	5	15	8	12	19	10	8	13	9	140
D S D	8	6	5	12	5	7	12	12	6	9	6	140
Kent	7	8	8	14	9	13	6	..	6	90
Everett	10	9	7	12	9	14	19	12	9	11	4	140
Pitt	9	9	6	13	9	13	18	11	10	12	4	140
Ferrari	5	6	4	..	8	5	..	3	60
Bailey	8	9	8	13	7	55
Prontz	9	9	3	13	10	11	9	12	..	95
Talley	10	8	6	9	5	11	12	90
Dimick	10	9	5	10	10	12	18	10	10	11	4	140
Beach	10	8	..	13	10	13	..	13	6	13	7	140
Bentley	6	5	8	30
Johnston	10	10	6	12	4	14	17	10	8	14	4	140
Wertz	7	10	7	12	8	15	..	14	85
Chambers	9	10	8	14	7	55
Uzzle	10	10	5	7	7	55
Watson	3	4	7	30
Cassellberry	9	7	7	13	10	7	..	6	75
C Flock	8	9	5	11	6	11	16	11	9	9	6	140
Koch	5	8	..	14	5	12	60
Mussina	8	8	11	8	13	15	8	95
Piatt	8	8	7	11	8	12	5	10	5	105
Godcharles	6	..	11	8	11	15	15	8	11	7	120
Shibe	8	..	12	6	10	..	12	6	75
Farrington	10	4	25

ON account of the National Encampment, Union Veteran Legion, at Gettysburg, Pa., Oct. 9 to 11, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets at the rate of one fare for the round trip from all points on its line to Gettysburg. Tickets to be sold and good going Oct. 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, returning, to Oct. 15, inclusive.—Adv.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 15.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK }

ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENTS.

We give to-day the first picture in a new series of the illustration supplements which have come to be a feature of the FOREST AND STREAM. "First Around the Home Mark" is a spirited yachting scene, which goes happily with the illustrations of the America's Cup races. Other supplements of the series will be printed:

Nov. 2.—"The Start." A field scene by Edm. H. Osthaus.

Dec. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Bob White. A portrait of the quail by Edwin Sheppard.

IN CONDITION AND OUT.

THE value of physical exercise is in a general way fully appreciated by all, in so far as it concerns the best health, strength and beauty of the human body, and thereto the best workings of the human mind. Sportsmen, in particular, are sensible of its beneficence.

Any form of diversion which brings the bodily and mental forces into pleasing activity, in a new form and a new environment, differing from those of the regular workaday life, contribute to the recreation and restoration of mind and body.

However different may be the forms of sport, one from another, their good effects to man are alike in kind. Thus, whether one fishes for the alert and cunning trout, casting the fly diligently and deftly to every conceivable point of which line, rod and wrist are capable, or whether one walks sturdily over hill and through valley with gun and dog, or whether one sniffs the bracing sea air from the deck of a yacht, the benefits to the individual are the same—that is to say, diversion of mind into pleasant channels, and exercise of body to its general benefit.

But the average sportsman, he who may be classed as belonging to that large, earnest and desirable group called amateurs, takes his exercise, in practice, in an extremely intermittent way. As a rule, by him sport and business are kept sharply distinct both as to time and practice. When outing time comes there is an unearthing of rods or guns, and when vacation time ends, there is a hurried storing away of them till they are needed again. The two times generally are months apart. There thus is an abrupt transition from business to pleasure, and vice versa.

For this reason, at the commencement of an outing which imposes physical exercise, there is a general loss of skill and physical condition. In the commencement of his outing, the sportsman finds that he is awkward of body, slow of eye and unready in mind. About the time that he has, in his practical work, trained his hand, eye and mind so that rod and fly are manipulated deftly as he desires, or the gun swings promptly as eye, trigger finger and hand work harmoniously in the common purpose to kill the bird, the outing is ended. Starting in thus with a depreciation of skill, there is the added hardship consequent to the unprepared condition of the body for extra effort.

The average sportsman follows a business routine much alike day in and day out from one outing to the next. He takes no preparatory exercise to condition him for the active and prolonged efforts on stream or in field. The consequence is that, in the first few days, whether he walks through field or forest, or fishes from bank or boat, or rides horseback, his muscles are sore, and his efforts for some days thereafter entail much discomfort of body or actual suffering, according to the degree of soreness and weariness. Coincidentally there is a lack of skill to disappoint or disgust him. All the weariness, soreness and loss of skill could in a large measure be guarded against by keeping up physical exercise during the business season.

By daily exercise the dexterity of the hand is maintained, the muscles are kept in condition for prolonged effort, and the eye and mind are kept keen and alert in their decisive judgments. There is thus a general ability of the powers of mind and body to work in part or in whole, as the circumstances may require.

Particularly true is this of the sportsmen who have arrived in the middle years of life and who, when inactive, are prone to accumulate weight.

He whose girth is greater than his shoulder measurement, begins his outing with pains and discomfort that

would end his sport were not the love of it, to him, greater than the fear of pain. It is unwise thus to make business and exercise so distinct and separate. If during the season of business, the sportsman would ride a wheel daily, or practice regularly with dumb bells or clubs, or take long walks, or row, swim, shoot at the traps, etc., the benefits of exercise, to mind and body, would then be constant, the beginning of the outing season would be a season of pleasure instead of one of bodily weariness and pain, and when a man reached middle life, he would not need any pretexts for quitting his favorite sport.

DREDGE AND DYKE.

IN his report on "Sea Coast Marshes of the United States," one of the special reports of the U. S. Geological Survey, Prof. N. S. Shaler estimated that the total reclaimable area of marsh between New York and Portland, Me., probably exceeds 200,000 acres; that the money value of the lands when reclaimed would be \$40,000,000, and that the cost of reclamation would not exceed a fifth of that sum. This means that the lands would be converted from marsh wastes into truck and farm lands. It is a commercial proposition. Lands which will yield a large financial return upon the cost of conversion will not permanently be left to lie idle. And this means that shooting grounds which have been hunted over by generations of American sportsmen will be closed to the gunner of the future. It is a process which has been going on from the beginning all along the Atlantic coast and inland. Some of the most famous shooting grounds of this country, such as the Drowned Lands of New Jersey, have yielded to the dredgers and drainers. There is one comforting thought, however, for the shooter who would not see the wild lands subdued wholly to the dominion of the man with the hoe: Prof. Shaler's estimate of 200,000 acres of reclaimable lands does not include all the shore shooting grounds. After engineers shall have rescued all they can there will still remain many square miles of territory which will defy their skill and remain for generations a field for sport.

THE APPALACHIAN NATIONAL PARK.

THE proposed establishment of the Appalachian National Park, as has been stated in these columns, includes the purchase and setting aside of a mountain area in North Carolina, eastern Tennessee, northern Georgia and northern South Carolina. The two chief considerations upon which the Appalachian Park is asked for are (1) that the preservation of the forests which now cover the mountain area is absolutely essential to maintenance of the water supply for the southeastern United States; (2) that the Great Smokies and the Blue Ridge make up one of the most popular health resorts in the country, and the conditions now giving the region this character should be perpetuated for the benefit of the people of the country at large. On the other hand, there are no insuperable obstacles, no serious complications, no grave objections to the plan. All the several States interested have, through their Legislatures and other authorized representatives, expressed not only their consent to the assumption of control of the proposed forest reserve by the National Government, but they have urged Congress to act in the matter. The timber lands may, for the most part, be acquired for the purpose on reasonable terms, and in the case of particular lands not otherwise to be secured the right of eminent domain may be exercised.

During the last session, President McKinley sent a special message to Congress, recommending its favorable consideration of the report of the Secretary of Agriculture on the park project; and Senator Pritchard introduced a bill to appropriate \$5,000,000 for the purchase of the lands. This bill was favorably reported back to the Senate by the Committee on Agriculture and Forest Reservations, but, like many another measure in both houses of Congress, it failed to receive attention in the closing days of the session.

The Appalachian Park scheme is, therefore, in the position of a national undertaking which is without active opposition and requires for its execution only the attention of Congress. This, we believe, may best be secured for it by following the suggestion of Senator Pritchard, that all the enlightened friends of the plan should make it

their duty to communicate with their Senators and Congressmen, in order that when Congress next assembles and the subject shall come before it, the members may be cognizant of the wide public interest felt in the park, and may therefore be all the more ready to take up the matter and put the plan into execution.

MORE ON AN OLD TOPIC.

THE treatment the gunner from town receives in the country depends very largely upon the gunner himself.

The first rule to assure friendly relations and a pleasant time is a recognition of the rights of the landowner upon whose territory the game is found. If the game is worth having, it is worth asking for.

A half-dollar in silver will go further than much vociferous and lurid argumentation and expostulation.

It does not always work successfully to stand too stubbornly upon one's right to shoot, whether or no.

If shooting privileges were arranged for on the same business basis that is usual when one is negotiating a dinner or a lodging for the night, we should hear less of the irreconcilable conflict between the sportsman and the farmer.

SNAP SHOTS.

The charming sketches of Samoan outdoor life written by Mrs. Llewella Pierce Churchill have been among the popular things published in FOREST AND STREAM, and we have had frequent inquiries for them in a more permanent form. It is a pleasure to know that a selected number of these papers are to be included in a volume which Mrs. Churchill is preparing for the press, and whose title, "Samoa Uma," in English "All Samoa," is significant of its comprehensive scope. It might also be called the real Samoa. Like every other people on the face of the earth, the Samoans are interesting to others only if the barriers of reserve have been broken through, so that they may be seen and described truthfully as they are. Mrs. Churchill enjoyed unusual opportunities to study the real Samoa during the years when her husband, William Churchill, was our consul there, and as her FOREST AND STREAM contributions have abundantly demonstrated, she has a vivacious and graphic way of describing what she sees. The book will have an added interest because of the fact that over the picturesque islanders here described the flag of the United States now floats. The new volume will issue from the press of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

The two notes from two Canadian fishing overseers, respecting the non-resident angling license, demonstrate the ambiguity of the text of the law. Mr. Wood, of Ontario, tells us that the term "temporarily domiciled" is interpreted in that Province as covering visitors who are boarders and who employ local guides and boatmen. This is precisely the interpretation that had formerly prevailed in Nova Scotia; in that Province the practice, in some localities at least, had been to regard visiting anglers lodging in Canada and employing Canadians as exempt from the license requirement; and it was in the sudden change of a new interpretation and a new practice that the injustice lay. Clearly, a regulation which is susceptible of so widely varying interpretation, and which may all of a sudden be resorted to for the imposition of such treatment as that accorded to Mr. Townsend, is not in keeping with the rest of the Canadian fish and game code, which is lucid and readily understood. We repeat what we have said before, that if the Canadian Provinces elect to tax American sportsmen, that is for them to say; but if the intention is to exact a tax, the requirement should be expressed in plain English, to the end that injustice may not be done to the non-resident who is sincerely intent upon complying with all the requirements.

Mr. James Dickson, Ontario Land Surveyor, has written an interesting monograph on the "Game Fields of Ontario," in which he describes the game resources of the Province and discusses in an intelligent way measures for their conservation. He writes from a wide experience, and a careful study of the subject, and has contributed a really valuable paper to the literature of game protection. We quote in our shooting columns his discussion of the settler's plea that he should be permitted to kill game the year around.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Paths.

I DO not speak of paths in any metaphorical way, nor do I intend to branch off into a homily after the introduction is dispatched, for I detest that method; it is so underhanded. I mean to speak of genuine, bona fide paths, such as one is sure to meet when out for a stroll. Almost without exception, the paths in a town are hard, matter-of-fact affairs, and very obviously short cuts; but these same short cuts in the country are quite different. They branch off from the main road with the idea that they are going to show you a shorter way, and at the same time take you away from the sordid road that every one travels. Man, by the aid of the power that distinguishes him from animals, concludes that this path will enable him to gain time. Let him try it and see the results. A straight line is not always the shortest distance between two points. Once entered upon that path, he slackens his speed, and draws a long breath of thankfulness for having escaped the highway. Here the birds do not make him feel embarrassed by stopping their conversation when he draws near, but, instead, they send cheerful messages to each other and sing snatches of dainty arias in such an informal way that he at once feels as if he were one of them. A comfortable spot beside the path invites him in such an hospitable manner that he accepts with pleasure, and then all is lost—that is, all hopes of making quick time by this short cut. Now he can hear the trees talk in their graceful way, and he listens to their low, musical voices, until a bright leaf floats down beside him, and a moving branch betrays the flight of the afternoon.

I met a path of this type the other day, and we immediately became friends. It was a large path, and gave the passer-by the idea that it was a road leading to some gravel pit further in; but appearances are the last things by which to judge paths. This particular one ran in only a few rods, then turned and went parallel to the main road and ended—yes, in the same highway, and not a great distance beyond the other entrance. Of course this was deceit, but it was necessary, if the path was to succeed in its purpose. If there is any one who would condemn it, I say let that person keep to his crushed stone and hard-rolled highways, and leave the pine needle roads alone.

Any one who has studied paths at all knows that well-worn paths are strictly business paths, and are not cheerful ones at all. Stones in this sort of a path are magnified in one's mind at least five times when one is made aware of their presence. Other paths may have large stones, and even branches, in the way, but one never thinks of calling them beastly.

Indeed, a good rule to follow is to shun well-worn paths, and take those which look unpopular; they will repay you. Time was, perhaps, when they were used; but their friends being now gone they have barred their doors, and in the little clearing, their atrium, they have planted snow-drops and other dainty woodland flowers for remembrance sake. After you have gently forced an entrance and come thus far, you take off your hat, tiptoe across the soft, green carpet, and sit down on some rock which is, perchance, the exact counterpart of the one you wearily turned away from back in the road. Here the little flowers nod and smile, and seem to say, "Here we are, blooming for just such as you."

These forgotten paths are the dearest of all; at least, they are to me. They are not forgotten because they are unworthy, but because people are unworthy of them.

It was one of these paths that rendered my summer on a low mountain one to remember with pleasure. It was a mile from the farmhouse to the top, and that meant an hour's climb. On this particular day there was a large party of us to follow the well-worn trail. In descending, a small detachment was a little in advance when we reached a point a third of the way down. Suddenly one of the party stopped. "There is the old, forked tree that was struck by lightning," she said, "and right here there used to be a path that branched off and came out in the sap orchard, back of Hermit John's." Not a word was spoken by the rest of us; it was by tacit agreement that we plunged into the long grass, then fought low, sweeping branches, until there was no fear of the rest of the party catching sight of us and following; then we went more slowly in the half-light of the path, down steep descents, where the brown oak leaves hid the treacherous stones beneath; over tablelands of rock, where moss and pine-needles made safety a subject for immediate consideration; down another steep pitch, where little saplings proved friends in need; then out into a small, leaf-strewn clearing. Our leader turned sharply to the right and eagerly brushed aside the bushes, and there, waiting for our cups of birch bark, was a little spring. Cool and silent it lay there in the shade of the big trees that towered far above it, and oh! so different from its brother spring on the other path, which lay in the sunshine surely half the day and then ran noisily away, chasing a sunbeam that had challenged it to a race! Although this spring had gathered the leaves of last spring around it, and had entreated the low bushes to grow protectingly over it, when it was discovered it freely gave us all it had and accepted our mute thanks in its sad, sorrowful way. The remainder of the path was not difficult, and soon we were out into the lighter green of the maple orchard, and then home.

There is one more kind of path that I want to speak of, and that is the joyous, hurrying path that has a surprise party in store for you somewhere. You probably know just what I mean—a hard fight for a few seconds, then a smooth, velvety stretch, a drive down at terrific speed, only to meet a stony place; now, look out! for here is a sharp turn, and off you go in another direction—oh! the surprise is going to be a grand one—then a hard climb up a cliff of rocks (this is merely to keep you from looking ahead and trying to guess what is coming), for before you realize it you are out on a flat rock, with a beautiful view of the lake stretching blue before you, seemingly stopped only by the rough mountains, with their blurred outlines away over there in the distance. You forget how warm and hard the climb was, as you

stand there gazing at it all, and only remember to assure yourself that you have not paid half as much as you are willing to pay.

Of course, there are many, many kinds of paths that are worthy of mention, but all that one needs remember is that discovery gives in return a feeling of ownership, and a chance acquaintance is always sure to ripen into a genuine feeling of affection.

S. M. A.

Bruin and the Beads.

THE Sault Ste. Marie is a very different place to-day from what it was in 1824 or thereabouts, when old Fort Brady stood, an outpost in the wilderness, amid wild beasts and half-tamed Indians.

No doubt it is improved in the eyes of those who like to see the fair face of Nature seamed with railroads, highways and canals, and her green locks shorn until her poor pate shines bald in the sunlight of civilization; but to those who love the silent spaces of the forests, and lonely water courses, and the virgin surfaces of placid lakes, the contrast between what they see to-day and what imagination pictures of the past, is like the effort to trace the radiant face of the boy in the work-a-day features of the man of middle age.

But there are a few people still living who do not need a stretch of the imagination to picture the conditions that then existed at the Sault, but whose memories recall the old fort and the enveloping forests, where wild creatures lived in peace and plenty, the sad lesson of man's enmity all unlearned, and the red man, his lesson only begun, lingered on in the haunts where his forefathers had trapped and hunted; who recall the noble river that had not yet bent its back, nor put its shoulder to the wheel for man's necessities, and the great, inland sea, whose waters were unruffled, save by Indian canoes and the half-yearly trip of the schooner that plied between Mackinaw and the Fort, bringing the bare necessities of life and news from home to the lonely sentinels of Uncle Sam.

They must have been brave and hardy men, these soldiers and officers at old Fort Brady; and their wives had need of an heroic spark as well, to face the solitude of the long winters, the cold and privations, and the muffled fear of Indians that tugged at their heart strings day and night. Even the children may have caught a spark of the fortitude of their elders, for, in the only two survivors of those far-off days whom I have known, one can trace the steady grasp of soul that comes to those who have faced Nature in her savage fastnesses.

They are old ladies now—the elder over eighty years of age, but the memory of their early youth is clear and distinct in their minds. "Listen," one will say to the other; "do you remember the winter when the schooner was delayed by the storms, and provisions gave out; how the last flitch of bacon was divided up in bits among the married men who had families, and the last potatoes in the last barrel were doled out as if they had been pearls?"

"Yes; and when the roof leaked after the snow melted, how we found our shoes in the morning floating about the floor?"

"And the Indians, too, suffered from famine that winter. They came inside the stockade and danced for the pennies the officers gave them. How fierce and gaunt they looked; and how they lingered near the kitchen sniffing the food, and offering birch bark bags full of pounded maple sugar in exchange for a loaf of bread! But there was little to give them, and we were all hungry that winter till the ship came."

"But we were not always short of food, for, think of the wagons piled high with game that came in to the Fort after a big shoot in the season! Partridge and quail and woodcock, not to mention wild duck, till we grew sick of the very sight of birds, and turned to salt pork and bacon for a relish. And then the venison and the bear's meat! Why, we lived on the very fat of the land; and only vegetables were conspicuous by their absence!"

And then the elder may tell of how her little sister was kidnapped by an Indian. Their father was one of the few officers who spoke some of the Indian dialects, and this particular savage had taken a great fancy to him, and came to pay him visits in his quarters, sitting sometimes for hours motionless and silent, but serene in the consciousness that he was doing the polite thing, according to his code of etiquette. He sat so still that he might easily be taken for a piece of furniture, and on one occasion his host forgot him, and left him alone in the room. The little girl above mentioned, a child of four, toddled in, and the red man, thinking doubtless that politeness need be stretched no further, picked the child up in his arms and slipped, unobserved, out of the Fort, past the sentinel, and into the woods. There was a great to do when the loss of the child was discovered, for the relations of the handful of whites with the hordes of red men were a trifle strained just at that time, and it was feared that any appearance of a lack of confidence might precipitate trouble. The child's distracted mother, however, would hear of no diplomatic delays, but breaking in upon the conference which the officers were holding over the ticklish business, she seized her husband by the arm and hurried him with her across the stretch of forest that lay between the Fort and the wigwams of the Indians. Raising the flap of the friendly Indian's abode, they beheld a sight that reassured them. Half the squaws of the village were clustered about the child, who, all laughter and dimples, and stretching out her little arms to one another, was passed on from squaw to squaw amid much chattering and grunts of delight. The man of the wigwam, meanwhile, sat in a corner smoking his pipe in dignified indifference, while the family pappoose hung from a peg in his birch bark coat-of-mail, staring in beady-eyed wonder at the white intruder.

The child was handed back to her parents after the interchange of many compliments, with a string of gaudy beads about her neck, in token of love and amity.

On the long walk home, through the dark forest, the poor little mother hugged her baby close to her heart, and thought of many grim possibilities. But her adventurous baby was to give her another fright before she left Fort Brady, and the string of Indian beads was at the bottom of it. Some soldiers had trapped a half-grown bear, and had him tethered to a stake in a corner of the clearing, out of sight of the quarters.

Here Bruin sat upon his haunches, or walked in a cir-

cle, the length of his chain, in a very bored frame of mind. He saw no company but an occasional soldier, who held out chunks of raw meat to him on the end of a stick, and he missed the cheerful society of his shaggy brothers and sisters, and his haunts in the woods, and the wild honey and sweet, green twigs that had varied his daily fare.

No wonder that he stood up and grinned his most engaging grin when a pretty little girl of four toddled up to him one day, and, without a thought of fear, sat down beside him on the grass.

Bruin sidled up closer, and sat down, too. The child laughed up in his face, delighted with her new playfellow, and Bruin's smile broadened, and his sy little eyes danced with pleasure. Pretty soon the string of shining beads about her neck attracted his attention, and he caught them deftly in his paw and held them up, and dangled them till they glistened in the sunlight.

The child threw back her head and fairly shouted with glee, and her ringing laughter caught the ear of the orderly, whom the exigencies of life at Fort Brady had promoted to the position of temporary nurse to her little ladyship, and who, missing his charge, had been hunting high and low for her. The sight of the child hobnobbing with a savage, half-grown bear nearly paralyzed the man, but he summoned up presence of mind enough to call out to her that her mother wanted her, and the child trotted off obediently, leaving Bruin in possession of the beads.

Poor Bruin was promptly shot, and in due time eaten, but the little girl kept the beads in remembrance of the pleasant Indians, and of the most agreeable wild animal she had ever met.

M. M.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

IV.—Adventures.

A LETTER from my sweetheart was waiting to comfort me with assurance of her constancy and such well-being as she could enjoy while her lover was so far away, and never once upbraiding me for my sudden choosing and abrupt departure.

It was not long now till we were in the dreariness of winter, but we Rangers had more to sharpen the dull edge of the life than our grand comrades, the regulars, for we were out every proper day practicing the trick of snowshoe travel, wherein was much sport for the old woodsmen to see us learners tripping and floundering in our first lessons, and helpless as turned turtles when we got a headlong tumble that choked our guns with snow. When this was learned, we were given our full share of scouting all about the neighborhood of the post, for this was the season of Indian forays out of Canada. But none came, and we saw no sign of worse enemies than panthers and wolves, whose tracks we often saw, as well as bloody records of their havoc among the yarded deer.

Once, with two comrades to share it, I got a great fright, and again had an adventure that came near enough being my last. In the first case, three of us were scouting on the flank, and having grown careless through continued non-appearance of the enemy, drew together and talked neither loud nor low as we walked abreast, till all at once there came as one sound the crack of a rifle and the whistle of a bullet close above our heads. The man at my right dropped so quickly that I thought he was killed, till he went briskly enough crouching to the cover of a tree, as did we two others with all speed. But then our wits were so scattered we knew not which way to look for our assailant till we saw a thin wisp of powder smoke drifting upward among the branches. The woods were deathly still, and we could hear the hollow tap of the ramrod on the bullet the unseen person was driving home; so by this and the smoke we got his direction. With our pieces cocked, we covered ourselves against it, with barely a corner of an eye out, to catch a glimpse of him. Then a raccoon skin cap cautiously showed half its bigness from behind a great basswood twenty rods off, and all three of us blazed away almost together at sight of it. The next moment stepped forth from the cover of the basswood neither a French courier of the woods nor a painted Waubanakee, but our own commander, twirling his cap on the point of his ramrod as he advanced toward us with his rifle across his arm.

We came out of our cover and stood before him, sheep-faced enough, expecting the round rating or severe punishment we deserved for our lack of vigilance; but he only laughed at us for being fooled by so common a trick into delivering our fire at once, and so giving one man the advantage of three.

"And only one bullet hit my cap," he said, smoothing the rumpled fur and then covering his head. "That's poor shooting when a man's own life depends on his shot."

I was quite sure it was my ball that made the hit, and so I think was he, by the look he gave me; but he said no more, and left us to do our duty vigilantly.

Not long after this, Major Rogers discovered something that made him suspect some movement of the enemy, and I was sent back with a message to the fort. I set forth as soon as it was light enough to travel, which was not very early, the sky being thick, with low clouds, threatening snow. Setting my compass, I went on my course at a brisk rate, the snowshoeing being fair, and my burden only my rifle and one day's rations. About the middle of the forenoon, as I judged, it began snowing, and about the same time I got a fall in crossing an unfrozen mountain brook, and had the misfortune to lose my compass, with my punk, the leathery fungus that woodsmen use for tinder.

For some time I was able to keep my course by the lay of the land, but when I came on to level ground and the snowfall to a thick veil dropped straight as a plummet, with no slant from the wind to guide me, though I judged from the feeling of the still air that it would be southerly if it had motion, I began to get into confusion concerning my route. The snow was falling so thick that trees five yards away were dim as ghosts, and beyond that distance was nothing but a gray veil. I could not see the topmost twig of a hemlock, nor the

moss on the trunks, which some make account of for a guide. With the traveling continually growing more heavy, I wandered blindly on, with the horrible sense that I was lost more and more oppressing me, and was made quite certain of it when I came upon my own tracks not yet filled. How often had I sought the solitude of the woods for comfort and consolation; now how it terrified me with the vastness of its loneliness that offered me nothing but a miserable death! Night came on and I could go no further, nor yet make a camp, for I had no means of lighting a fire, nor even a blanket to wrap myself in, for I had left that behind, thinking there would be no need of it. I ate the last of my rations and set to walking around the body of a great tree to keep myself awake and from freezing. To this round I held the life-long night, casting off my snowshoes for greater ease after a path was beaten, and now and then leaning against the tree out of sheer weariness, often falling into a doze, to awake with a startled sense of peril and then resume my lonely beat.

It was night morning when I fell into a longer spell of napping, from which I was awakened by a sound like dull thunder, and came out of a dream, of which it was a part, in time to realize that it was the booming of a great gun and to get the direction whence it came. I was certain it came from some fort, but not so sure whether from our Fort Edward or the Frenchmen's Ticonderoga. But deeming it better to be captured by Christian, though of a poor sort, than to die of cold and hunger, I made sure of my course, and preserving it by taking range by trees, daylight having come and the snow having slackened to a sprinkle, I pushed forward with all the speed I could muster. An hour or so later the light of an opening shone through the trees, and presently I came out on a broad clearing, in the midst of which was a fortified place. I knew it was not Ticonderoga, for the land was level around it, and the English flag was flying over it, a goodly sight to my eyes; but it was strange and new to me. I approached it and walked around on the rear till I came to the gate, where I was hailed by my only acquaintance among the regulars, the surly Tom Watkins, and lo! the place at once put off its mask of strangeness and took on the familiar guise of Fort Edward.

Before the end of winter another letter came from Mercy that among all its endearments had one passage which gave me a pang of jealousy: "Your cousin, Lot, pursues me with such importunate wooing that I am greatly annoyed. My father is continually urging me to marry him, so that I may be left in safe hands while he goes to labor in a new vineyard up in the border of the wilderness, whither he imagines the voice of the Lord calls him loudly. So, between them, they keep me sorely perplexed, and I almost wish I had gone off into the woods with you, as you desired. Alas! that cannot be now, for a Ranger may not have his wife with him. I wonder that I have heard nothing from you these two months, but pray no evil has befallen you."

I could not believe anything would break her troth, but how could I know how long she might have strength to hold out against the siege of such strong-willed men as her father and my cousin Lot, with not a word from me to support her. I wrote to her at once, getting some comfort out of the hope that my letter would comfort her, but yet continued in a troubled state of mind. There soon was such a stir as took my thoughts in good measure from my own affairs.

V.—Lord Howe

The great General Abercrombie was come with a grand army of regular troops to take the French forts on the lake, and then advance on Canada, the conquest of which was now considered certain. There was a continual bustle of arriving troops, boats and munitions of war. Now with fifes and drums playing the brave, martial airs of old England, battalion after battalion of the British line came pouring like a red flood down the channelled forest road into the open ground; now the soberer color and looser columns of Colonial levies, now lumbering, rumbling trains, with their burden of boats, tents, baggage and provisions, and stepping so proudly to the strange, wild music of the bagpipe that their feet seemingly disdained this lowland soil, came a regiment of tall Highlanders, gay with fluttering plaids and plumed bonnets, a stranger sight than a tribe of painted Indians to us Yankee folks. So the troops came streaming in till the fort and all its neighborhood were overflowing with them, and some made outlet toward William Henry, now roused out of its deathly sleep to new life by all this stir of warlike preparation. There the boats were hauled, where they were to find their employment.

While our forces were gathering at Lake George, the Rangers were kept in active service, some scouting as far as Ticonderoga and bringing back reports that the enemy was strengthening its position there; but we were all certain that he would not be able to withstand the overwhelming force that was moving against him.

I well remember one day when we were practicing with our rifles a handsome young English officer of high rank came and looked on, observing our shooting with great interest. He was very noticeable among his fine comrades for having his hair cut short and for having so served the skirts of his gold-laced coat that they might not hinder his movements in the woods. If this curtailment of his adornments made him an odd figure among the gaily attired throng it also showed his good sense in putting off holiday finery when he was going into the bush. Seeing that I made as good a target as any one, he said to me, "You shoot remarkably well, my friend. Is it due to the gun or to your skill?"

"Mostly to the rifle, sir," said I, "for it is a very good one, and I am well used to it since I was big enough to aim it."

"Let me try a shot with it, if you do not mind," said he very politely; and I loaded the rifle with uncommon care for him. He took careful aim, hitting quite close to the bullseye.

"Faith!" he cried, "I believe it is in the gun! Here, Somers," turning to a haughty young officer who lounged near by, looking on with affected indifference, "try your hand at it." And he, languidly consenting, I took as much pains for him; but he made a very poor shot, and was laughed at by some of his companions.

"I am better used to gentlemen's weapons than common soldiers' tools," said he, very haughtily. "I wonder you don't don the dress of these Rangers, my Lord Howe," looking very contemptuously at the gentleman's shorn skirts.

"Right gladly I would if by doing it I could gain their skill in bush fighting," said the other, without noticing the young gentleman's insulting manner, and went away, after thanking me with a kindly courtesy.

Another day this young nobleman sought me out when I was off duty and began speaking to me in that pleasant, agreeable manner that endeared him to every one he came in contact with.

"My friend," said he, "I notice you are well skilled in woodcraft, and I wish you would impart some of its secrets to me."

"Anything I can give your lordship is quite at your service," I answered, not a little flattered by his attention.

"Well, then, to begin with, how do you keep your course in these woods, which are all of a sameness to me, so that after a little I know not which way I am going?"

"That is something more born to a man than learned," I said. "I have not the gift, but depend much on the compass. Yet something may be got from the lay of the land and the course of the streams. Here all the ridges run north and south; the brooks run to the rivers; the rivers to the lakes; or, south of us, to the great North River. East of the Champlain the steeper side of the hills and mountains is on the west, as you shall see when we have taken the French fort."

"As I doubt not we shall within a week," he said, smiling very brightly and hopefully, yet with a half sigh and a sudden sobering of his countenance, as I remarked at the time, and afterward wondered if he had a premonition of what was to befall him. A few days later his untimely death was mourned by all the army.

Often have I had forebodings of some dire calamity, but it never yet came to me, and it may be mere chance that fits the one to the other.

Seeing that his lordship was waiting for me to say more, I went on: "Something may be gathered from the moss growing most on the north side of trees, and the branches growing longest on the south side; but they are blind guides to me, and of no help in a great snow-storm."

"These things are worth remembering," he said, writing in his memorandum book, and then saying, "A little while ago some one went this way. Can you tell by his trail what he was? I have heard that you Rangers can read such signs marvelously well."

I examined the ground where there was soft mould to help me, and presently answered, "I think, my lord, he was an Indian, lame in the right heel, that he carries a rifle, and is our Stockbridge Indian, John Mohican."

"Right!" he cried in great surprise and delight, "and now, pray, how did you guess all this if you did not see him?"

"I know it was an Indian by the turning in of the moccasin tracks, and that he is lame by the favoring of the right foot, and the heel more than the toe. As for his gun, the print of the heelplate of a rifle is plain to be seen where he set it down."

"That is all very wonderful," said Lord Howe, going to examine the ground, when he wondered yet more.

"Now," said he, after a little, "get you behind yonder tree—a hemlock, do you call it?—and I behind this, and let me see how you would get a shot at me."

So each betook him to his tree, when I tried to get him to expose himself by the old trick of poking my hat from cover; but he was not to be taken in by this. So I began skulking and crawling from tree to tree, and was soon on his flank, having a fair view of him, peeping out very cautiously. Still I went around him until directly behind him and quite near him, when I spoke to him.

"Your lordship would be sorry to be shot in the back."

He faced me, looking greatly astonished, and, as I thought, a good deal chafallen, but laughed it off, saying he should make but a poor bush fighter. Would to God he had taken as much care to cover himself a few days later! It might have changed the whole fortune of that wretched, ill-managed campaign, which came to naught but slaughter of brave men.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Adventures in Tropical America.

II.—Some Brandy and a Little Human Nature.

ONCE, traveling with some rough men on a mining expedition in Central America, the camp went dry—that is, all the spirits had been consumed—in fact, the camp went dry the next day after our arrival. This wasn't my fault, and I was rather well satisfied; but my companions were most unhappy, and the superintendent ordered that I immediately provide the money for a fresh supply. I had all the funds for the expedition, which, in some respects, was fortunate, though I hardly think that expedition would ever have gone to water; yet, except the money had been in my hands, it would never have gone very far.

After thinking for a few moments, I declined to provide more drink, and prepared to face a storm, which came on in good earnest—a wind of words before which I finally weakened. I was still very young then, and had frequently read of the necessity of spirits on an exploring expedition, especially for snake bites, exhaustion, etc.

I decided to go myself to a trading station some miles away, and bring to camp six bottles of cheap liquor—a mixture of alcohol and other things called brandy, which ought to have been more fatal than a snake bite.

Taking two Indians, I started for a long tramp to the trading station. There was little of incident, but much that was beautiful, the influence of which was probably enhanced by the sense of harmony and the satisfaction I had left behind among the members of the expedition. Through dense jungles, the trail led on and on, the Indians never hesitating for an instant, till finally we reached an open savanna, where we stopped to rest, with a beautiful expanse of green before us, containing some square miles of grass, dotted with groups of fine

trees, through which the distant mountains could be seen, a bold outline in beautiful prospective.

Starting on again, we presently came to the traders' camp, where I bought six bottles of brandy, and after resting my men and giving them a feed, started back for camp, each Indian carrying three bottles of the brandy and looking the picture of misery while they trudged along in front of me, endeavoring to get away by themselves. Finally they became worked up into such a state of excitement that for safety I promised to give them each a drink when we got to camp, and after that I could not go fast enough for them.

At sunset we reached camp, and all came crawling around eager for brandy. One bottle was given to the superintendent, who immediately partook liberally himself; and then he began treating all hands, and soon came back for a fresh supply. But I had placed the five remaining bottles in a suitable box, nailed down the lid and put my seal over the cracks, as one does when shipping bullion; then I announced that that brandy was mine, and threatened all the law and prosecution of the courts on any one who dared to break my seal. Then there was a racket, before which I winced and trembled, but would not give in; for, though I was afraid all through, I was mad also, and that helped me out.

It was amusing to see the superintendent look at the impression of my crest on the box, and then turn away doubtfully and consult with the Spaniards; but they seemed to consider that I had the law on my side, and it is remarkable what a little thing will hold men in check. Finally the camp quieted down, and after a cold supper I went to bed. Before I turned in, the cook, a rough fellow named Brown, slapped me on the back and said, "Wal, now, for a kid, that war purty well done," and then he went away laughing. I was very indignant that any one should call me kid, and went to sleep planning how it should be stopped; but that was long ago, and I am not so very old even now.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

Natural History.

Gen. Sherman and the Monkeys.

DURING the term of President Hayes, the directors of the annual Industrial Exhibition of Cincinnati invited him to preside at the opening ceremonies, and the Zoo Board asked him to spend an afternoon at the garden during his stay in the city. Of course I was expected to surpass all my previous displays in the usual parade given on the open day of the exposition. Discarding the usual exhibition of elephants and camels, the zoo was represented by a female leopard and young one. The mother sat alongside her keeper on the back seat of one of the little phaetons used for conveying visitors around the garden, while the youngster lolled in front of them. It required divers night rehearsals before matters worked smoothly, but we finally succeeded in getting the leopards accustomed to their new surroundings, and the ponies trained to hauling such fearful passengers. In order to prevent an escape of the felines, they were fastened by collars and chains, covered with leopard skins, so as to conceal the manner of securing them. Dick, the mulatto boy who drove the phaeton, was the most uneasy party of the lot, but continual repetitions finally cured him of his want of confidence. As I hoped, the zoo's turn-out proved to be the leading feature of the great display, and Dick returned to the garden in a highly elated condition.

The day after the formal opening of the exposition the garden was crowded with visitors, and I was constantly on the move, from one portion of the grounds to another, in order to see that everything went on smoothly and satisfactorily with the throng. Late in the afternoon, while passing the restaurant, I recognized, from newspaper portraits, Generals Sherman and Sheridan, with a party of friends, seated at a table in the corner of the portico enjoying their liquid refreshments. Instantly divining that they had not been recognized by the crowd, and judging that they wished to preserve their incognito, I passed on to another portion of the grounds, and did not mention the fact, until after the closing of the gates, when I enlightened the keeper of the restaurant as to the rank of a portion of his customers during the afternoon. He immediately took me to task for not informing him of the fact, when I retorted by saying that he would have instantly made known their identity to all his acquaintances, who would have crowded around and forced the party to beat a retreat.

The next day was the one appointed for the visit of the President and his family. Of course I made the entrance my headquarters until after his arrival, when he was escorted by several of the directors to the restaurant, where a room had been especially fitted up for his particular accommodation. Remaining at the gate a short time after their departure, in order to assist in handling the crowd, which had followed the Presidential party, I was surprised to see General Sherman alight from a street car, and start for the office to purchase a ticket. Divining his intention, I intercepted him, introduced myself and passed him through the gate so quietly that the throng did not recognize him. After getting inside, he informed me that, having been detained by some friends until it was too late to meet the President at starting, he had jumped on to the car in hopes of overtaking the party before their arrival at the garden. I piloted him up to the restaurant, where we found the President and family just starting on a tour of the grounds, under the guidance of the directors. The General joined them, but in a short time they had all clustered around Mr. Hayes, and left the General to follow in their wake. I immediately stepped up to him with the remark:

"General, if you will deign to accept my pilotage, I flatter myself that you will learn more natural history than by accompanying the President and his guides."

"I accept your kind offer with great pleasure, but have a request to make, and that is to make your calculations to spend a greater portion of our time with the monkeys, as from my earliest recollection they have always been an irresistible attraction to me."

Acting as he wished, we paid flying visits to a greater

portion of the collection before reaching the monkey house. The only stop of any duration was in the carnivora building, where I took the young leopard, which had figured in the parade on the preceding day, from its cage and placed it in the General's arms, who was so delighted with such a novel experience, that he reluctantly allowed it to be returned to its anxious mother. Passing along in front of the aviaries and pheasant yards, we finally reached the monkey house. So soon as we entered the General said:

"I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that monkeys always had a particular fascination for me. During my juvenile days the arrival of an organ grinder and his usual simian attendant in my locality always caused my breathless attendance on the pair until they left the neighborhood, and the height of my boyish desires was to possess one as a pet."

The frank acknowledgement caused me to do my utmost to please him. After passing around in front of the dens, I took him into the keeper's passage behind them, where I took several of the tame ones out of the cages and allowed him to handle them as much as he wished. I also called his attention to many points which would escape the notice of a casual observer. He was particularly interested with the difficulty of determining the sexes of some of the capuchins from a cursory examination, but the animal which seemed to give him the greatest pleasure was a fine specimen of the mandrill, christened Mischief, which came to the door and shook hands with him. Our pleasant time was suddenly interrupted by the advent of my head keeper, with the information that the President and party were awaiting the General at the restaurant, in order to receive a marching salute from a volunteer regiment. These tidings immediately put an end to our séance, and we hurried off in order not to retard the military. On reaching the restaurant, we found the President, family and directors on the upper portico awaiting our arrival in order to give marching orders.

As soon as the military had passed, the President and party started for luncheon, which had been prepared for them on strictly temperance principles, in deference to his views. I said to the General: "As the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina—"

"You have hit the nail squarely on the head, and I surrender at discretion. Let's hurry down and get back to this dry feed as soon as possible."

During the day I had noticed that the General was clad in evening costume, with a plain, linen duster drawn over it, and was puzzled as to the cause, but during the collation I learned from the conversation that he and the President were going direct from the garden to Clifton, a beautiful suburb of Cincinnati, to attend an evening reception. Knowing that President Hayes had a carriage for his special conveyance, I said, in an undertone, to the General:

"Have just found out that you go from here to Clifton, and as that locality is not reached by street cars, you must allow me the pleasure of rigging up a team for your especial conveyance."

"I submit, under one condition, and that is, that I decline using elephants or camels for the trip."

Slipping out of the room without attracting attention, I hurried to the pony stables, where, with the assistance of Dick, the mulatto driver, I rigged out a makeshift four-in-hand Shetland pony team to one of the pigmy phaetons. At the conclusion of the banquet, it was drawn up in front of the restaurant, just behind President Hayes' conveyance, and as General Sherman seated himself in it, he said:

"Mr. Thompson, in bidding you farewell, I have one wish to make, and that is I hope your large family, particularly the monkey branch of it, will obey the old Biblical law of 'increase and multiply.'"

Lifting his hat to the assemblage, he was driven out of the garden by Dick, who was in high feather at handling the reins in front of such a distinguished passenger.

After a lapse of some years, on my return from a European trip, the pilot, who boarded the steamer off Fire Island, brought the news of General Grant's death. A few days subsequent I was standing on Fifth avenue watching the funeral procession, when there was a temporary stoppage of the parade. Awaiting its renewal, I fell into a reverie, when I was suddenly recalled to my senses by the exclamation of "How are the monkeys?"

Instantly recognizing the voice, I hastily bowed in acknowledgement of the recognition, and in a fast receding carriage caught my last glimpse of the rugged, smiling features of General William T. Sherman.

FRANK J. THOMPSON.

The Eskimo and the Auks.

ROBERT STEIN, of the Geologic Survey, writing in the New York Tribune, gives this account of Eskimo bird netting at Cape York, Ellesmere Land:

The scarcity of life on the plateau is in marked contrast with the exuberance of life on the slopes below. Near my tent was a patch of fat, green grass, a foot and more in height, which could readily have been cut with the scythe. Such patches dot the entire southern face of the cape as well as the western. A herd of, say, ten to fifteen goats could easily find food there from the beginning of June to the middle of September. Reindeer used to exist there, but the natives have killed them off. Within five minutes' walk were four snow buntings' nests, and their merry twitter could be heard all day. The raven's metallic note (his love call) rang from the rocks above; the magnificent white burgomaster gulls kept sailing overhead, now and then alighting on a ridge just west of us, and eyeing the fat morsels lying about the tents. On the day the Eskimos moved away some twenty or thirty of these birds swooped down, and gorged themselves on the offal. All these, however, were insignificant in number compared to the little auks, the *Akpadiliasus* of the natives, a bird a little larger than the robin.

Though Cape York is by no means their favorite breeding ground, yet their number even there must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands. From the end of May to the end of August their ceaseless cries give one the impression of a vast poultry farm. Such, in fact, it is to the Eskimos. The method by which they obtain the birds has often been described, but when seen for the first time it fails not to strike one as an extraordinary spec-

tacle. The birds would be practically secure from capture were it not for a foolish habit they have of flying in large flocks, close to the grounds, past the talus slopes, in whose recesses their nests are hidden; then out to sea and back again to where they started, keeping up this circular movement all day long, under certain conditions of weather. This exercise, probably a mere sport, is to many of them the broad road that leadeth to destruction.

Seated at a point where the birds are apt to pass most frequently and closest to the ground is a man with a net of sealskin thongs fastened to a circular hoop about 18 inches in diameter, which is fixed obliquely on a thin, light, wooden handle some 10 feet long. On each side of him he has built a wall about 2 feet high, called *taluten*. A little further away he has set up a stone or two on edge, to invite the birds to settle on them. This is called *nuyahsaun*. Between the two walls he crouches as low as possible, the net thrust forward, and resting on the ground. A flock of birds approaches; at the opportune moment up goes the net, directly in the path of the victim selected; it is entangled in the meshes; before it has time to escape the man has drawn in the net; he twists the poor creature's wings one above the other, presses its heart for a few seconds between his fingers, and with a piteous little chirp its life is ended; it is now only so much meat and skin—a commodity. In this way I have repeatedly seen a man or even a boy catch about 100 birds an hour. I tried it at Cape York, and caught one in the course of an hour. Two weeks ago I tried it on Hakluyt Island, and caught four in half an hour, and let them go. The proper name for the net is *kaglun*, though the Eskimos often talk of catching the birds with the *ipu* (handle). The word for "dimple" sounds so closely alike to *kaglun* that I am not certain whether there is a real difference. Supposing them to be identical, I invite the reader's admiration for the deep philosophy which defines a dimple as "a net to catch unwary birds."

Natural History from the Northwest Coast.

THE last number (21) of "North American Fauna," which is issued by the United States Biological Survey, under the charge of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, contains some interesting natural history notes on two localities on the Northwest coast. The papers treat of the natural history of Queen Charlotte Islands, B. C., and the natural history of the Cook Inlet region, Alaska, and are by Mr. Wilfred H. Osgood, who conducted biological investigations for the Survey on the Northwest coast during the field season of 1900. The results of his work form an important contribution to the natural history of the Northwest coast.

The first paper has to do with the natural history of Queen Charlotte Islands, which it describes as to physiography, flora, fauna, and life zones. This is followed by a bibliography of the region and an annotated list of the mammals and one of the birds. It appears that the life zones of Queen Charlotte Islands are the Canadian and the Hudsonian; the former including all the area below an altitude of 2,500 feet, while points higher than that are Hudsonian. This definition of the zones is determined almost entirely by plant life. Except for the black bear, which is described as a new species (*Ursus [Euarctos] carlottæ*), there appear to be no large mammals native to the island. The Sitka deer has been introduced, but has not yet thoroughly established itself, though individuals have been seen recently. A caribou (*Rangifer dawsoni*) has been described, but Mr. Osgood is inclined to doubt its existence on the island. At the same time there appears to be some evidence of the animal's occurrence, though, as Mr. Osgood says, it is as yet very unsatisfactory. The sea otter, sea lion and fur seal occur now, or used to do so. Four bats are found on the island. Birds are numerous, and one new species and two subspecies are described.

To the average reader much more is known about the Cook Inlet country in Alaska, which region is quite fully described by Mr. Osgood in the same orderly method.

The life zones found here are the Hudsonian and the Arctic-Alpine. All the low country about the inlet and up the mountain sides as far as timber line is Hudsonian, while the higher peaks are Arctic-Alpine. These zones are established by both plant and animal life, and Mr. Osgood says that, "taken as a whole the plant and animal life of Cook Inlet is very closely similar to that of the Yukon Valley, or in more general terms to that of the interior of Alaska. This condition is more noteworthy, since the fauna and flora of the same coast south of Cook Inlet are in marked contrast to those of the interior in the same latitude."

The giant moose, according to report made to Mr. Osgood, has but recently appeared in the Cook Inlet region. The older Indians declare that when they were boys no moose were found there, and even within the memory of white men it is said that the moose has moved westward, now being known as far out on Alaska Peninsula as Katmai. In the Knik district, and on the north shore of the Kenai Peninsula from Kussilof and Fort Kenai to Point Possession, near the mouth of Turnagain, moose are fairly abundant, and here a few Indians hunt them all the year around, selling the meat in the mining camps of Hope and Sunrise.

Caribou (*Rangifer stonei*) are said not to be common on the Kenai Peninsula, but are more abundant on the Sushitna River.

The mountain goat (*Oreamnos kennedyi*) occurs in the district between the headwaters of the Knik and Matanuska River. This, so far as Mr. Osgood is able to learn, is the northernmost point of occurrence of the white goat.

Dall's sheep, formerly common in the mountains on both sides of Turnagainarm, has been driven back by the mining to the interior of the peninsula, where it is abundant.

There are wolves in the Cook Inlet region, some of them black.

Black bears are moderately common, while the Kodiak bear, reported ten years ago to be very abundant, have been greatly reduced in numbers. They vary greatly in

color from "white" to very dark brown. They are said to go into hibernation early in October, but the tracks of one are reported to have been seen as late as the middle of November.

These very interesting papers, in which some new species of birds and mammals are described, are illustrated by a map of Queen Charlotte Islands, and by a number of fine half-tone photographs of characteristic Alaskan scenery, of plants and of skulls of bears and weasels.

In the preparation of the papers Mr. Osgood was assisted by Rev. J. H. Keen, of Queen Charlotte Islands, and by many experts connected with the Survey.

A Photograph of Flying Gulls.

HUDSON, N. Y., Aug. 26.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I inclose snapshot of gulls, by Kerly Jones, Grand Mau-



rice, Minnesota. It appeared to me to be a good subject, and fair picture. G. HILLS.

A Grouse in Town.

SAYRE, Pa., Oct. 2.—One day last week a ruffed grouse was caught by Clarence Daly in the Lehigh Valley Railroad's freight car repair shop at this point. The bird had flown into the shop and taken refuge on the steam pipes, located near the ceiling of the building, and these being hot on this particular day, the perch became unendurable, and at the moment young Daly entered the shop the grouse, confused by the noise and activity of the place, plunged into a mass of debris directly at his feet, and was caught. The bird was fully matured, and aside from scorched feet uninjured. It may be interesting to note in this connection that to reach its point of capture the grouse must have covered a flight of fully a mile across a thickly settled part of town. M. CHILL.

Albino Crows.

At Hurricane, W. Va., last spring, the Wellman boys, of that place, climbed a tree for young crows, and found one as pure and white as a swan. They threw it from the nest, and, in striking the ground, it was killed.

In the same neighborhood another crow, as pure white as the first, made its appearance. It was surrounded by perhaps three hundred other crows in the most intense excitement and making a din which, with their motions in the air, made the scene one of very great interest. It could hardly be decided whether it was a lynching bee or a grand ovation to the wonderful prodigy. While this aerial exhibition was in progress, a man named John Bartram shot at and wounded the albino, which was taken to Col. Wellman's, Cautlettsburg, Ky. E.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held in the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 22, at 8 o'clock, when William Dutcher will give a lecture on "Some Bird Studies in Maine," illustrated with lantern slides. WALTER W. GRANGER,

Secretary American Museum of Natural History.

Its Alluring Charm.

It may be a matter of interest to you that I have been a reader of *FOREST AND STREAM* for over ten years. With the exception of a few copies, which I lost in some way, I have complete files dating from October, 1894, up to June, 1900. After the latter date I conceived the foolish idea that I could get along without it, but on each recurring Friday I instinctively wandered to the book store, where copies were on sale, and glanced over the contents, just for the sake of old times and the delights it once gave me. Leaving, I was aware of a void that I could hardly comprehend. As soon as the next copy arrived I was found at the news stand again, and the first article that caught my eye was "Reminiscences," by Rowland E. Robinson. That settled it. I then and there purchased that copy, and now can hardly wait for each recurring number. I'll never do without it again. "Chained to business," I can't visit the woods and waters as often as I would like to. In this I am not unlike many another unfortunate mortal. *FOREST AND STREAM* comes in here as a consoler. I can at least read what others do, and experience. It also helps one to appreciate and observe more the little things in nature that pass before one from season to season. T. M. S.

The man who will sit patiently at the butt end of a fishing pole for six hours without a bite is liable to fly right off the handle if his collar button doesn't happen to go through the hole the first time.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Quail Season.

In Connecticut.

NEW YORK, Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been out twice for a few hours' tramp after quail since opening day in Connecticut, and have had all the enthusiasm taken out of me by seeing in the course of two half-days more half-grown and quarter-grown and newly hatched quail than I ever saw in a whole season before. The first morning the dogs stood two coveys; the first consisted of the parent birds and a dozen little ones, that could fly with great exertion, perhaps 20 yards; the second consisted of the two old birds and eight or ten young ones, decidedly not half-grown. On the morning of Oct. 3 the dogs found one splendidly grown covey of birds, as large and vigorous as January birds generally are, another half-grown bevy, and, coming home, near the house, I flushed first two old birds that hovered around and chirped, and, finally, by dint of careful searching in front of the dog's nose, found several downy little things that could not run over a few feet, and which took refuge under the dog when I made the latter charge.

It seems ridiculous and shameful to be quail-hunting under these circumstances. What is the use of having the lawful season open earlier than Nov. 1?

CHARLES D. LANIER.

In Pennsylvania.

EASTON, Pa., Oct. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your editorial in reference to the late second broods of quail and the different opening seasons in the different States was of special interest to me, as I had a chance to see an example of this kind on Sept. 22.

The fall-like weather tempted me to give my two setters—an English and an Irish—a run, and so I went back into the country for a mile or two. As I was walking along the boundaries of a weed field I noticed that Bess, the Irish setter, was "acting suspiciously," and she soon swung to point. Her nerves were shortly sorely tested by seeing a quail go fluttering away with that "disabled wing" motion that we all know so well. Hardly had it gotten any distance when its mate arose with a whirr and passed in front of me. I then went toward where she was still pointing, but as nothing was flushed, called her off. Returning home the same way an hour later, the English setter, Rag, pointed in almost the same place, and I walked up, but as nothing arose was on the point of going on, when I saw a little, brown streak making off through the grass. It was not long before I noticed three more hunting hiding places, and I managed to get my hand over one. As I looked at it, not much larger than an overgrown bumble bee, covered with soft down, just the first sign of pin feathers showing where its future wings will be, the thought came to me that in a little over three weeks the protection of the law would be removed from it. Unable to fly by that time sufficiently well to offer any sport to any one, they would soon be all killed off by some one who hunted for the sake of killing.

This is not the first time that I have started quail, close to the open season, that could hardly "top the brush."

Why could not the opening day be the same as for rabbits, etc., Nov. 1? I am sure every sportsman who goes out for sport and not to kill alone, would welcome such a change. I, for one, think the season is both too long and too early.

H. G. MILLER.

A Squirrel Day.

OVING, N. Y., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Several things conspired to make me go squirrel hunting on Sept. 17 last. I had been shut within four walls for a week of hard work. Jack, the beagle, had been on his trolley for the same time, and he begged artistically for one more good hunt. Besides, it was the squirrel season. We are all affected, and hunters most greatly, by conditions which revive memories of former pleasures. Let a hunter pass in sight of a grove of oaks, with the gold of maples and yellow shagbarks intermingled. Even if he be silent, you may guess his thoughts. If he speaks, squirrels will be the theme. That week a maple outside my window began to crimson, and some well-grown hickory nuts on a tree near by began to fall. It was enough. I had to go after squirrels again.

You old-timers know just how I started. I woke with a jump at midnight; again at 2; once more at 3, and of course was sleeping soundly when the roar of that infernal alarm clock broke loose at half-past 4. Some coffee from the oil stove, a search for especially desired articles, which could not be found without opening every door and drawer, the release of Jack, who began whining as soon as he heard me stirring—and we were off.

Going down an old lane toward the lake, a rabbit started out of the weeds, and we had to wait for the breather which Jack insisted on taking. He drove the game through several gardens and corn patches, much to the anger of the house dogs, and presumably their owners. When everything was thoroughly awake in that immediate neighborhood I collared the noise-maker and compelled him to follow, under protest.

It was still dark when I reached my favorite corner, but it was a warm morning, and the grays would be out early. Some writers believe—and I think Burroughs is more than half convinced—that squirrels are nocturnal. However it may be, I had not waited ten minutes, when the crash of a limb attracted attention. A movement on a branch drew a shot, and a fine, gray dropped, while another went sailing through the tops, hardly discernible in the gloom. A hasty crack just as he was poising for a long leap, and I had two.

Next time we'll bring a searchlight, thought I, while returning to the tree of No. 1. There, high up on a dead branch, just visible, was the third.

Then a pipe of contentment followed, while the echoes

died away, and the spirits of the woods came forth from hiding. The call of a plover came out of the meadows in the east, a bunch of crows began to clamor, and I edged along toward the lake, half-expecting to find some black ducks feeding in the shallows. My eye fell on a partly eaten mushroom lying on a stump (do you think it would be safe to use the squirrels as guides to mushrooms?) just as another gray leaped into a tree, over my head. I shot him, Jack pinched him, and he went on the string.

Next the crows aforesaid sent a delegate to scold me. He was promptly folded up by a load of sixes, and then unfolded by Jack.

Then we shifted our base, going carelessly along, when thump! and a splendid squirrel hit the ground behind me. He and the pup started in earnest procession for the nearest hole.

Further on a glimpse of another was had. While waiting for him, that bunch of crows began to assail an old red-tail, whose defiant scream rang through the woods. In a few moments he perched on a dead limb about fifteen rods away. When I fired at him he misjudged the direction, and whirled in a great curve over me. A lucky shot through the leaves brought him crashing to the ground. His stomach contained several skins of those large, green worms that feed on the leaves of the walnut and butternut.

Securing his wings and tail, we went a mile back on the ridge to the corner, where, fifteen years ago, I killed my first gray. As luck would have it, I found another there, and put him on the string, noticing that the pleasure of getting this last one, compared with that of the first, had depreciated at least fifteen times.

Then we came home, feeling quite satisfied and more resigned to another week of the trolley and the four walls.

BENJ. E. BIRGE.

The Kashmir Shikari.

From the Asian.

THERE are few men who have shot in Kashmir to whom the above does not recall recollections of one of the most plausible, pleasant-mannered "frauds" he has ever come across. The "new sahib," or, in other words, one on his first visit to the country, gaining his knowledge by more or less—generally the former—sad experience is the joy and delight of the Kashmir shikari, who looks on him as his lawful prey, a fit subject for all his tricks and petty villainies, though even the old hand does not always escape scot free, up to most dodges though he may be, for to lie and swindle seem born and bred in the native of "the happy valley."

The following is a sketch of what constantly happens:

We read in Orders that "Leave of absence is granted to Lieut. New Sahib, Royal Buccaneers, from April 15 to July 15, to visit Kashmir." Our hero gets together his kit, and, full of keenness, rushes off at the earliest possible date he can persuade his Colonel to let him away. Being quite new to the business, he is full of tips from his friends, from the advantages of a khaki tent and steel cooking pots down to the delights of desiccated soups, and he has probably written to one of the many agents to provide him with a good shikari, with much emphasis on the good, also for a boat to be ordered to await his arrival. Two days in the train and a couple more, our sportsman, amid the clamoring crowd of shikaris, boatmen, coolies, *et hoc genus omne* at Baramoola, where he is met by his shikari, the obsequious Abdullah, all smiles and civility; the boat, too, the servants and stores, all are ready. Could anything be better? Casting off from Baramoola, they are towed along the river side. Meanwhile Abdullah has been interviewed, has explained his plan of campaign against the bears and ibex, advised where to go to and how to get there, and foretold marvelous sport in store, of the big heads he knows of, until our sportsman begins to wonder if he has brought enough cartridges, and how he shall bring back his many trophies.

Now, as likely as not, the countries Mr. Abdullah proposes to visit in some way suit his little game; either the nullah is near his own or a friend's village, or for some reason or other it is to his advantage to go there. So decide beforehand where you mean to go, and stick to it, whatever obstructions may be thrown into your way. Now comes No. 1 swindle. "Sahib, I have a *chota* shikari, also the sahib will require five or six (or more) *naukar* coolies." Now, it is perhaps best for a novice to allow the imposition of a *chota* shikari, though he is really nothing more nor less than the valet and retainer of his highness Abdullah, does a lot of the work he would otherwise have to do, moreover, probably pays that worthy a portion of his wages in return for being employed. Two to four *naukar* coolies—i. e., men employed by the month—you will require, but Abdullah will try to swell the number to the utmost, as they again contribute to his ease and affluence.

Lieut. New Sahib is probably liberal, so Abdullah "does himself well," also tacks on to his regular wages so much per month for his food, also for each of the understrappers; doubtless this is agreed to, but we trust our sahib himself with his own hands pays the men their wages and food allowance.

Srinugger reached, Abdullah has a great innings.

He introduces his friend, the skin-curer, of course—"quite the best in Kashmir; the sahib will send his skins and horns to him for preservation." Now I may state at once that this worthy will attempt to charge his employer the utmost he thinks will be put up with, for on every skin or head you send him he has to pay Mr. Abdullah something pretty handsome; moreover, later on this naturally is an inducement to the last-named individual to persuade his sahib to fire at small heads and half-grown bears, for they all count and represent so many rupees in his pocket. We merely give the skin-curer as an example; the same applies to the dealers in gun and rifle requisites, etc. As a novice, one expects to be bled, and would stand a good deal of it if one got sport in return, but, unfortunately, Abdullah is probably as great a fraud as regards sport as at everything else. He marches his sahib perhaps a week or ten days' march out of Srinugger, persuades him to camp in some nullah years ago shot out and now holding only a few small or very moderate heads, and perhaps a stray bear or two.

All Kashmiris are excellent walkers, and clambering up a mile or two of steep hillside is no great hardship, so the sportsman is daily taken a long pull up to some lofty peak or ridge from which to "telescope" the country for game, which does not exist, or anyhow is scarce; then as soon as the sun gets hot it is remarked that the ibex are now hiding among the rocks for the day, and that the only thing is for the sahib to make himself comfortable and wait till the afternoon, when the game will again be on the move. Meanwhile Abdullah will take the telescope, go a short distance away and watch; perhaps he may be able to find something. This means he gets out of sight, has a "square" feed, then lies on his back snoring till he thinks it is time to see how his master is getting on, returns, saying he has seen nothing, but it is time to move. More hill climbing, then back to camp. New Sahib enters it in his diary as "a blank day."

Perhaps, eventually, a herd of ibex is come across, probably a host of females with perhaps two or three bucks of about 30-inch horns among them, though Abdullah declares them many inches larger. The sahib is only too ready to believe him, besides, being sick of never firing his rifle day after day, so they do a stalk, which Abdullah, probably knowing the ground well, is equal to; the herd is safely approached, and one or more are killed, for New Sahib is a good shot. Great jubilation, and much fulsome flattery from Abdullah—never has he seen a finer shot, never such a good man among the precipices. The sahib, too, is pleased, even though the tape does record the horns much smaller than he expected; it is his first ibex; Abdullah prefers measuring with his hands, or even if he handles the tape that head will be many inches longer than it really is. Much "buck" that evening over the camp-fire, and Abdullah cunningly seizes the opportunity when his employer is in the best of humors to skillfully lead up to how extremely cold the nights are, how much he feels it, having only one blanket, at the same time letting drop casually what excellent ones are made in the neighboring village. Our sportsman has had dinner, is warm and comfortable, thinks of his own ample pile of bedding, and at once tells the wily one to get a blanket and he will pay for it. N. B.—This is a very old "plant;" doubtless Abdullah has any number of blankets in his village thus adroitly "drawn" from his different masters, and though by no means deficient, he purposely has not brought with him more than he actually requires; blankets, clothes, turbans, there is absolutely no limit to his requests if he sees his way to getting them; endless are the "little ways" of the Kashmir shikari, many of them miserably mean dodges to extract goods or money.

Our readers may think we are overstating the case, but we can assure them such is not so, and those who have personal experience of the genus will recognize Abdullah as very typical of the ordinary shikari. Of course, there are a few good men, some excellent as regards sport, marvelous cragsmen, first-rate stalkers, and thorough good sportsmen, but these are few and far between; moreover, they are usually employed by the same man, or his friends, year after year, and the ordinary visitor falls into the clutches of the so-called Kashmir shikari.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Great Teal Season.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 5.—It seems to be without question the greatest fall for teal we have had in this latitude for the past ten years. Everybody has been getting teal, and lots of them, almost every place where there is any water. The flight has been abnormally large and is only now just beginning to scatter and disappear to the southward. The first bluebills and redheads came in at Fox Lake the middle of this week, and the teal are now beginning to be scarce in that vicinity.

From the Point Mouille Club, of Lake Erie, there come this week reports of the heaviest teal shooting known in that famous shooting country for the past seven years. Bags of 100 teal to the gun could have been made by those who cared to make them. It would seem likely that the St. Clair clubs and the Toledo marshes have also been much favored this week by the blue-winged gentry.

Tolleston Club, whose grounds are just over the Indiana line, has had all sorts of shooting in the last few days on teal, and the legal limit of 25 birds a day has been an easy thing; as has, indeed, been the case at many of the better points along the Kankakee.

The old Chillicothe marsh, lower down in Illinois, has turned out good shooting this week on teal, and there should be good stories from the Hennepin Club, also, not to mention Duck Island and other clubs along the Illinois River.

Mayor Harrison and his boon companion, ex-Mayor Hempstead Washburne, left last night for Swan Lake Club, where they expect to meet the teal in good numbers. Another party were to start out on Friday; but they probably started on Friday so they would have a good excuse if they did not bring back any birds. Mr. Washburne, by the way, is keeping his new Goose Lake Club very quiet. He says he does not know whether he has a club or not yet. The preserve is nearly within gun shot of the City Hall, and the grounds are at least a quarter of a mile across. Mr. Washburne got a telegram from the club keeper this week which read, "100 ducks on the lake." That's a good many.

Off for the Northwest.

The Saginaw crowd left Saginaw, Mich., this morning and the private car is due here at 6 o'clock this evening. It will start west from Chicago at 6:15, if all goes well, headed for some point in Dakota not yet determined. The members of the party are as follows: Messrs. E. M. Briggs, Geo. E. Morley, G. D. Seib, C. L. Ring, Farnham Lyon, W. S. Humphrey, T. A. Harvey, Sanford Keeler, W. B. Mershon. Mr. Briggs comes from California and will join the party at Chicago for his annual trip. Mr. Seib comes from New York and will meet the party here. One may well suppose that there is going to be a big time pulled off out in Dakota next week.

Later—The Saginaw crowd pulled out in full numbers, as above, and in fine fettle. They go to Pleasant Lake,

N. D. Congressman Fordney, of Saginaw, accompanied the party as far as St. Paul.

Mr. Walter Dupee, of this city, is talking about taking a trip with his private car, somewhere out in Dakota, provided he can hear of some good goose shooting. If he goes he will be joined by his friend, Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke, of this city. They are thinking about the Turtle Lake country.

Mr. Wade Hampton Yardley, of St. Paul, an all-around outdoor man, is sojourning in Chicago for a day or so. Mr. Chas. Cristadoro, also of St. Paul, and an all-around sportsman, paid this city a visit recently.

Mr. Church, of Elgin, Ill., a member of the Peary relief expedition, has returned to his home, with many trophies and many exciting stories regarding his experiences in the far North, some of which stories we may hope to read in the FOREST AND STREAM one of these days. Mr. Church killed a great many walrus, and he states that he found the .30-40 rifle about the only gun which was reliable on that game. The soft point bullet would not penetrate the heavy layer of blubber, but the full jackets kept on going.

From the Blackfoot Country.

Jack Munroe writes from the Blackfoot reservation that he has been out for a week in the St. Mary's country with Mr. Sexton. They got a couple of fine goats and saw a good many sheep. Mr. Stimson, the partner of Secretary of War Root, is now hunting in the St. Mary's. The weather has been bad. Jack says that he has not heard of any one killing our big grizzly, Old Pete, yet. He was out two weeks on the middle fork of Flathead with a party who got goats. They saw a good deal of elk sign. They were hurried by lack of time. Jack says that any one could get good deer, duck and chicken shooting down the Missouri River. He says that Collins, the hard-working youth who was with us on our bear hunt, is still up in the mountains with a party, where he has been since Aug. 5. Jack says that he could have roped both sheep and goats during the past month, had there been any demand for them from the Sportsmen's Show in Chicago, as there was last year. In order to perform this difficult feat, there must be just snow enough, and not too much. When there is a light crust, through which the sheep will break, but which is strong enough to carry up a dog, a good dog can some times bay up a sheep.

Tips on Deer.

The following are names of some points which might be found worth remembering by any one intending to kill a deer in Wisconsin this fall: Phillips, Fifield, Butternut, Glidden, Penokee, Albertville, Downing, Jewett Mills, Stetsonville, Prentice, and Wooster. Phillips and Fifield are good places to get guides and outfits, and they are both near excellent deer country. Another splendid outfitting place is Ashland, Wis.

"Two Kinds of Deer."

A writer, giving advice on Wisconsin deer shooting, curiously brings up the old idea of the Wisconsin guides that there are two kinds of deer in Wisconsin, one of which is distinguished from the other by being shorter legged, and very much heavier. Of course the blacktail deer is unknown in Wisconsin, and these short-legged deer must be called whitetail deer, just as the others. The writer comments regarding them as below: "There will be noticed two varieties of deer in Wisconsin, which, while some people strenuously contend that they are distinct species, I am convinced are merely variations in the same species. Most deer killed in this region are slim, graceful animals, clean cut and rangy as a thoroughbred horse, standing well up on long, trim legs, but it is not at all unusual for a deer to be killed whose whole appearance is one of aldermanic solidity."

Auction of Moose Heads.

Sam Fullerton, State Warden of Minnesota, this week auctioned off nearly a dozen moose heads, all confiscated from the spoils of illegal shooters. Some were fine specimens.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Some Swamp Experiences.

Editor Forest and Stream:

This is my thirtieth year with a shotgun and rifle, and having shot most of the different animals from Maine to Florida, I have naturally had some rather novel "fights." My first experience was with a two-year-old buck here in North Carolina. I broke both fore legs and my gun at the same time, and, as I had no dog, my knife was the only remedy, aided by a small hickory club. The victory was not to the deer, but I had to borrow a suit of clothes before I could appear at dinner, and it took a large sheet of court plaster to mend my skin about in places.

My next adventure was with a black bear in the Dismal Swamp, near Lake Drummond. I had only a 14-bore muzzleloading shotgun, charged with buckshot. My first barrel broke the right hind leg, my second the under jaw. There was no time to load, even if I had not lost my powder flask, but the bear was in a hurry to embrace me. The briars and undergrowth were so thick I could not walk—in fact, I had been crawling for a mile or more, following nine little rat dogs, which were constantly nipping at the old bear, and persuading me to follow on if I wanted the biggest old she bear in the Dismal Swamp. I had a long knife and a tomahawk-like hatchet, which I had used for blazing trees, so I could find my way out. We had a lively time of it for perhaps ten minutes, which seemed like ten hours, and the bear was dead. Four days in bed and a new suit of clothes settled this fight; but I haven't lost any more bears, and I am perfectly willing to let the other fellow have them all.

These animals were, of course, wounded, and I did not blame them for fighting, but my worst fight was with a North Carolina wild boar, which came for me before I thought of shooting him, and the worst part of it was that powder and ball would not kill him. If I had to tackle them both again, I would prefer the bear. My experience has been that almost any animal will fight if their young is disturbed by man, or if wounded, but, on the other hand, they all prefer to run away, except wild boars.

More anon.

Settlers and Game.

From the "Game Fields of Ontario," by James Dickson.

It is urged by many that the poor settlers in the back country should be permitted to kill deer at all seasons of the year. And without looking into the matter, this sounds reasonable.

As the law is at present, settlers, also Indians in unorganized territories, are not amenable to any of the provisions of the game laws inasmuch as they may kill all they require for their own use or that of their families, but must not otherwise dispose of any. And this privilege is being abused in a manner that no doubt was never contemplated by the Legislature. I have known muskrats and beaver taken under this provision; and when the parties were remonstrated with, they coolly said they had been killed for food. Kill a beaver, destroy a skin worth from \$10 to \$12, for fifty cents' worth of meat. Had the party who trapped them not known where he could dispose of the pelts, those animals would never have been caught.

I submit, and have urged, that the animals that are thus allowed to be taken should be clearly specified in the act, and that they should be restricted to the taking of deer, moose and caribou alone. This is a striking illustration of the wisdom and propriety of hedging around unthinking and improvident persons with such restrictions as will effectually prevent them doing anything the Legislature never contemplated they should do.

As to poor settlers' rights, how many of them, or what percentage of our population ever hunt any at all? There are not 20 per cent. of the settlers in any newly opened townships who ever either fire a shot, handle a steel trap, or set a dead-fall. No doubt there are a number, but they, too, are in a small minority who annually spend ten days or two weeks in the fall of the year in the woods to have a deer hunt and a few days' fishing. But at no other season of the year do those men ever handle either a rifle or shotgun. And not one of such is ever heard complaining that the game laws are too strict. Here let me invite the reader to look around in either town or country and note how small a percentage of the population ever indulge in even this annual outing. I submit that I am well within the mark when I say that not one settler in ten ever hunts any.

Go through any of the townships, even in the heart of the deer and fur country, and ask the first twenty settlers you meet if they kill many deer, and the answer of three-fourths will be "I never shoot any; I have no time for hunting. I find more profitable occupation in improving my farm." Pass through any newly formed settlement, and if you find an ill-fenced, small clearing, with small, dilapidated buildings, a very poor showing of farm implements, but a good, up-to-date rifle, a few rusty steel traps scattered around, with one or two pelts of wild animals nailed on a wall, your approach heralded by a slim-flanked hound or two, not always chained up, and you may rest assured that you have struck the domicile of the poor settler who is so constantly crying out against the stringency of the game laws. At the end of a decade pay another visit to the same locality and you will note the improvements in all the surroundings of the man who devotes his whole time to his farm, while the poor settler, who is ready at all times to abandon axe or cradle for a chance shot at a deer, is still occupying the same tumble-down, primitive, little shack; still uttering bitter invectives against the game laws and all governments in general. I have known some of those to bring down as many as from forty to sixty deer in a single season, but never knew one to produce a large field of fall wheat or any other variety of grain. In this category I do not include the professional trapper, who goes into the woods along with, or a little in advance of, the prospective farmer, with the sole object of living by the fruits of the chase, but only those who style themselves farmers and whose want of success in life proves to a demonstration that farming and hunting are two occupations which, to put it mildly, do not thrive well together. It would prove an unalloyed blessing to all such men and their families if there were not a head of game in the country.

Again, it is being urged, better let the settler kill the deer than have them devoured by wolves. This style of argument is too absurd to be worth discussing, although it may at first sight seem like sound reasoning.

Many deer are no doubt annually destroyed by wolves, but the numbers so made way with are steadily decreasing, as the wolves are undoubtedly growing scarcer each year, and, moreover, lighting a candle at both ends is not the best way to prolong its existence.

The wolf, though a very great rogue, is held responsible for many depredations of which he is not guilty; for numerous crimes committed by the settlers themselves. I have never yet met the man who admitted to ever having killed game out of season or a greater number than the law entitled him to.

A few years ago the writer was sent into one of our remote back townships to do some work. It was in the heart of the deer country, in the month of March. The snow was deep with a heavy crust. The wolves were reported as "killing the deer out of face," to the lasting injury of the poor settlers. I never saw the track of a wolf during the trip; but driving along a main highway one day I saw the newly slaughtered heads of five deer stuck in a row, nose down, in the snow by the side of the road, set up there presumably by the wolves, a casting of the gauge of battle at the feet of the law.

The following day business called me to the home of a settler. His shack stood on the bank of a lake famous for its trout. As I approached the little cabin I was welcomed by the baying of a half-starved hound chained to a stump of a tree. The quantity of deer hair scattered around bore ample testimony to the source of his food supply. The owner, a great, stout, young man, in the prime of life, stood, pipe in mouth, by the side of a hole in the ice, bobbing a short line up and down, fishing for trout—a fair average specimen of the poor settler who is a daily martyr to oppressive game laws, and the wolves. There was abundance of work to be had in a lumber camp within an hour's walk of his home, but he was subject to a chronic attack of illness whenever he essayed to swing an axe or pull a saw, while he invariably enjoyed robust health while either trapping or fishing.

On another occasion I had a professional call into another section of the deer country where there were some

poor, oppressed settlers. Here also the wolves were said to be committing sad ravages. I and my party had snowshoed all day without seeing either a track of a wolf or deer. Toward evening in a small grove of hemlock we came across a dozen or so of old deer beds, but not a single deer. Leading out from among the hemlocks were four depressions or trails in the snow as if a log had been drawn through it. All the trails converged into one, a short distance from the hemlocks, which headed in the direction of a settler's clearing. Need we pause to consider what those trails meant? Here was a small herd completely wiped out by wolves at a season of the year when the hide was utterly worthless, and there was scarcely flesh enough on the bones to hold them together. This is the first instance on record of wolves having drawn the carcasses of deer through the frozen snow to their dens.

A couple of years ago some friends were out on their annual fall hunt; a settler proposed to keep their hounds until the following year. One of the party remarked, "The dogs may not be properly fed." "Oh," replied the settler, "there is no danger of that; we have always plenty of venison to feed the dogs on."

These are only a few specimen cases which might be multiplied to any extent.

Maine Game Grounds.

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—The Maine big game season is on, and it is on in full blast. If the newspaper reports are to be believed, such a season never opened. The papers of that State are emblazoned with staring headlines: "Plenty of Game!" "Deer and Moose More Abundant Than Ever Before!" "Every Hunter Gets His Deer!" "More Partridges Than Ever Before!" etc. All this is very fine. It reads like the patent medicine advertisements—all cures and no failures. I trust that the good readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are not deceived thereby. Thousands will go to Maine this year, as last, and not get a sight of big game, unless they buy it of the guides and local hunters, who will have it "on tap" for them. But there is certainly some good hunting in Maine for the patient and the honest, who desire to shoot their own game, or not have it at all. Thus far, judging from the most reliable reports, the season has opened with an unusual amount of game taken. A Bangor report of Saturday evening says that on Tuesday, the opening day of the season, five deer came through that city on the trains bound west. This was quite a number, and the hunters must have been up early in the morning to have shot their game, dragged it in and shipped it. The same number came on Wednesday, while on Thursday twenty deer arrived. The reports of the season up to Friday night were sixty deer, shipped through Bangor, a gain of sixteen over 1900. Friday was the biggest day, thirty-two deer having been received. Game Warden Neal, on duty at Bangor, is reported to have declared that the season will be the biggest on record for big game. On the other hand, Commissioner L. T. Carleton admits that there may be more moose taken this year, but contends that the number of deer will be less.

A Bingham report is full of enthusiasm. It says that the record for deer shooting so far this season is a very great one. The record closed Saturday evening. In five days twenty-four deer have been shot. The railway trains that day brought about thirty hunters, who scattered over the different stage and other routes into the game country. It will be remembered that Bingham is on the Kennebec, and the present ending of the railroad. There is a vast hunting and fishing region above that point which has gained a good deal of repute within a few years. Rangeley reports are boiling over with adjectives. Many hunters were out at the break of day, Tuesday. Dr. E. S. Hawkes, of Newark, N. J., shot a big deer in the Dead River region, on the opening day. A Mr. Ladd, of Boston, shot two deer at Madrid, the same day. C. N. Prince, of Kittery, Me., shot a big deer at Green's Farm, Coplin, that day. A crowd of hunters have gone into the woods of Rangeley. By the Bemis route a great many hunters have gone into the woods of the Rangeley region, but there are not yet any startling reports of game brought out. There comes a story from the Middle Dam, Richardson Lake, of a young lady of seven summers, out rowing with her guide. The guide left the boat, to cut some twigs on the shore. Out of sight for a moment, he heard the calls of the child, and hurried out, just in time to catch sight of a big, black bear, that had come out of the woods a few rods below, and stood watching the child in the boat. A good deal of hunting has been done for that bear since by the guests, including the child's father.

Partridge hunting has been good there. This partridge hunting has also come very nearly to getting Mr. Andrew Corbin into serious trouble. With two or three other hunters, and a guide or two, he made a day in the vicinity of the Narrows and it was time to return home. Mr. Corbin, who had insisted on hunting alone, did not come in. The others became alarmed, as night was coming on. Remembering the Richard Knight episode at Bemis three years ago, the party became thoroughly alarmed. Searchers went in every direction. The steamer whistle was blown, guns were fired, but it was nearly 11 o'clock at night before the man was found. He had become bewildered, lost his course, and was traveling directly from the lake, when found, though he had done a deal of wandering about. He could hear the steamer whistles and the guns, but could not bring himself to follow in the direction from which the sounds came, since they seemed to him to be entirely wrong. In the direction he was going there could have been no hope of rescue for him for many miles. But Mr. Corbin may congratulate himself on not being the only man who has been lost on the shores of Richardson Lake since the partridge season opened. A few days before the cook at Birch Lodge, Mr. Bayard Thayer's camps, at the head of that lake, went out after partridges. He had been cooking at the camps all summer, but doubtless knew but little about the woods in that section. At night he did not come in. It grew later and later; still he did not come. All were alarmed. Mrs. Thayer is reported to have taken strong measures to have the man found. When it had passed midnight and he neither came in nor responded to any signals that had

been given. She offered a reward of \$100 to the person who should find the man. A strong searching party was at once formed. Steve Morse and W. Mitchel, well-known guides, finally found the lost cook. He was whittling calmly beside a fire that he had kindled. He said he knew that he was lost, and was bound not to stray any further away. He was sure that he would be found some time; was sure that he could not have strayed many miles from camp.

There is nothing like enterprise at the opening of a big game season. This time the Boston markets have eclipsed themselves in this direction. By Saturday night Faneuil Hall Market had six deer from Maine hung up by the heels. That is doing very well, indeed, in four days of open season, considering that it takes at least one day for transportation for even nearer Maine, and then there is the hunting and dragging in—oh, well, there is nothing like having one's agent out. There is nothing in the Maine game laws to prevent a sportsman, returning from Maine, sending his deer directly to Faneuil Hall Market, if he so desires. He may be sure that they will buy it.

The Massachusetts quail season has started in pretty well. Hosts of gunners were out bright and early Tuesday. Many started for their favorite covies Monday, so as to be on hand Tuesday. Mr. J. H. Jones, of Boston, has had a kindly eye on his dog all summer, and has also had in mind two or three broods of quail. He went down to Lynnfield Monday night. Tuesday morning found him in the brush. He shot six quail, one woodcock and one wood duck; considers this making a good beginning. He says: "My dog was wild, and I was worse." A number of Boston partridge hunters have gone to different points in Maine. The region beyond Farmington, in the vicinity of Varnum and Clearwater Ponds, is a favorite resort, and one or two hunting parties are there. In Oxford County, in the neighborhood of Paris and Norway, and farther up the Grand Trunk, to Bethel and Gilead, there is also a large territory of good partridge ground. In the vicinity of Mechanic Falls, Harry Pulsifer shot fifteen woodcock and two partridges in one day last week. Near Sabatis Lake, in Androscoggin County, the gunners are pretty busy, and have secured a great many woodcock and quail. It is reported that the duck are coming into Sabatis Lake earlier than usual this season. A Mr. Fred Meister has shot several black duck already. These birds are expected to reach the lakes near the seacoast later in the season.

Chatham reports say that the week was a good one for the gunners. Old gunners say that it seemed like old times to go out and get a good string of birds at every tide. Mr. Geo. H. Brown made some good bags there Tuesday and Wednesday. A number of gunners went down from Boston Saturday, on hearing the good reports.

Mr. William Garrison Reed telegraphed Saturday, from Arthurette, N. B., that he will be at home, in Boston, on Tuesday, and will bring a fine moose head, a trophy of his hunting trip. Mr. Reed has made several trips to that part of the country, and the above is not his first moose by any means.

SPECIAL.

The Sportsmen's Show.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The eighth annual Sportsmen's Show, held under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, will open Wednesday, March 5, 1902, at Madison Square Garden, New York city, and continue until Wednesday, March 19. It will outrival any preceding show, with no exception. The plan as now arranged promises the most picturesque show and one complete in every feature that appeals to the sportsman and every lover of outdoor sport. One of the many new and attractive features to be presented will be the fly-casting contest. This contest will attract to the show not alone the many thousand fishermen in and around New York city, but also those from a distance, so great is the enthusiasm among the lovers of this sport. There will be also rifle and revolver contests.

The trade exhibits will occupy space on the gallery, the main floor being taken up with exhibits of camps, guides, woodsmen and trappers, live game animals, game birds and game fishes, railroads and hotels from fishing and hunting sections, log cabins and new features of life in the woods.

J. A. H. DRESSEL, Gen. Manager.

New Brunswick Moose.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 30.—Yesterday T. G. Strong and party, of New York, passed through the city from a hunting trip on the Miramichi. The party were delighted with their trip and most enthusiastic over New Brunswick as a field for sportsmen. The deer and moose heads forwarded to New York testified to their luck. Mr. Strong was induced to come to this Province through reading the contributions of the late F. H. Risteen in FOREST AND STREAM.

Wild Rice.

MR. CHARLES GILCHRIST, of Port Hope, Ont., who wrote the other day that a storm had devastated the wild rice fields in his vicinity, from which he had expected to gather a crop for export, sends us an interesting photograph of a bunch of wild rice grown in a pot in a back yard. It shows stalks from 5 to 9 feet high. Mr. J. D. Hallans, the grower, reports that every stalk was well headed with large grains. This shows, as Mr. Gilchrist says, that the rice will grow if properly planted.

New Jersey Game.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Oct. 4.—The black duck are beginning to come. The rains have done little harm to the quail crop, as all the flocks are large. Tide-running weakfish are here in goodly numbers, and are very large.

HERB.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

On Quebec Trout Lakes.

HAVING often seen your notice, "Report your luck to FOREST AND STREAM," I thought I might try my hand with the pen, and hope it will be of interest to some.

The latter part of last May and the first two weeks of June I spent trout fishing in the Province of Quebec, and I can truly say that I had the most enjoyable trip of the kind that I ever took. I believe I am capable of judging what a good trip is, as I began to fish when I was ten years of age, at Bolton, Lake George, with the hotel fisherman, Finckel, and had the pleasure of seeing him take a 6½ pound bass with rod and line—the largest bass I ever saw caught. That was in 1877. Since 1877 I have never missed a year for trout. I fished at Lake George until 1879, then I spent ten years in the Adirondacks, and during which time I fished and hunted in nearly all parts of those woods, but mostly in about Blue Mountain and Raquette Lake region. After this I began making trips to the Maine woods, fishing at the Upper Dam, Rangeley, and some of the ponds about there; then I made a trip in from Moosehead Lake for nearly three weeks. Again I was one of the original members of the Pohoqualme Fish Association of Pennsylvania. So you can see I have had plenty of opportunity to judge, and I believe that Quebec is certainly the fisherman's home. It is hard to compare this vast region with the Rangeleys. The Rangeley Lakes have fine fishing, but, like most places, they are a little uncertain. But when it comes to size, Rangeley is first in the land, I believe. Then I was fishing one year with my friend, Dr. Norton Downs, at Camp Bellevue, Upper Dam. The seven largest fish we took weighed 35 pounds.

If you look at the latest map of the Province of Quebec, you will see straight lines running north and south



WHERE THE BIG ONE GOT AWAY.

to the River St. Lawrence, and at the northern end of each district you will see a blank map with no rivers, mountains, or lakes. It was here that I did my fishing. No surveyor has ever put level here, nor woodsman an axe. It is a country full of game—moose, caribou and trout—with all the fur-bearing animals that Canada is so noted for.

One who likes camping and a rough time can find it here. It is not like most districts I have been in, because you can not come out the other side if you travel for a few days. In Quebec you can travel along as you want, and if you go north, the first house you may see will be at Hudson Bay, or east of that you may see no houses, but come out on the Arctic Ocean. So you see, it is a question of how much time you can spend. You do not have to look for a place to get away from your neighbors; all you have to do is to go, and if you go long enough you will be where there is no danger of being shot, and you will not be coming out on the other side.

My friend, Mr. Zimmerman, who is an enthusiastic fisherman and, like all good fishermen, was looking for a place to fish and have a quiet summer, and regain his loss of energy from too hard work during the winter, stumbled into the woods of Quebec and found the place that I am going to write about. There are lots of just such spots as he found and I dare say better ones, so I hope my readers will not ask me the exact location, but if they desire to see fish will try to find one for themselves. The country is large and full of lakes, rivers and streams. Outside of a few preserves and the salmon streams, one can go for miles and fish until tired, and no one will bother. I am told that as you go down the St. Lawrence River the trout fishing improves, simply because it is never fished. At certain seasons in this part the sea trout come in, and they give fine sport, and it is not much trouble to get permission to fish in salmon streams for them, as they bother salmon fishers very much at times.

When my friend Zim told me of this spot of his I began to wonder how it could be. I had my Rangeley trips in my mind, and this was my standard. He was very quiet about it, and careful not to get my hopes up too high; but finally, after we got started, he told me in a very quiet way of his that he would show me more fish than I ever saw, and as the train moved on he began to show more signs of enthusiasm and was growing younger as we traveled north. We were met by the two guides, Joe, an Indian, quick, straight, bright disposition and as strong as an ox; Philip, a French-Canadian, strong,

short, and of heavy build, and quiet, but always in a good humor. Both were willing to do anything in their power to make us have a good time.

Our home camp was on a beautiful sheet of water, four miles long and nearly half a mile wide, having on one side mountains that, in places, were nearly straight up and down. The spot was particularly favorable, because it was a center for good rivers and lakes, and we could go in different directions and not retrace our steps. My friend Zim certainly used a true sportsman's skill in camping here. It is the most beautiful lake I saw; was alive with fish, and afforded fine camping ground. On a point jutting out into this beautiful lake Zim had had Joe and Philip go in during the winter and build a little log camp, so that we could be comfortable in rain or shine. It was rough, but well built, of logs throughout, and had a fireplace which was our special pride. Here we slept and took our meals, but all cooking was done outside. The first night we took enough trout for supper and breakfast. The next morning we left the home camp and pushed through a chain of lakes, connected by a fine river, with the most beautiful pools and rapids that it has ever been my good fortune to see. The water was boiling, roaring, tumbling along at such a rate that it was impossible to hear ourselves shout at the top of our voices, and in these pools we found trout everywhere. We took lunch by the side of a pool that netted us many fine fish, and one that required great skill to handle big fish in. Zim finally hooked the big one of them all, a good 4½ to 5-pounder, and had him for about five or ten minutes. Joe, Philip and myself stood in quiet water, where every little bit he would run in and jump or make a rush for an old tree top, so we had lots of opportunities to see him. He was so full of fight, and so big, we were afraid to put the net under him until he showed some signs of giving up, as he was well hooked, and it looked like only a question of time before he would be on dry land. I suppose all these things were running through his mind, because he played a trick that looked like a last effort, and saved his life. He ran up the foam to Zim's feet, and got right in the worst of it, and suddenly began doing acrobatic feats for about seventy-five feet down stream, and his last jump brought back an empty hook. I never was so disappointed about a fish, and felt sorry for Zim, to think the fish could get the better of him just when we thought he had him all but on dry land. I hope he will be there next May, and if he is, he wants to look out, because Zim has him marked.

After dinner we pushed on down the river, fishing all good pools, and crossing some fair-sized lakes, and finally made camp for the night on the banks of the river and in front of a fine piece of water, where we took many fine trout. I do not want my readers to think that we were "trout hogs," because we were not; we kept only what fish we wanted to eat; the others were unhooked and returned, unhurt. All our fishing was done with a fly.

One thing that made this trip so interesting was the fact that the guides did not know where to fish any more than we did; they knew the country, but only fished for food when in the woods, or for bait for traps in winter. When we would ask them where to fish they would say, "Fish all over, or, lots fish everywhere." I remember when we were going down the river we found a long, still water, for several miles, and Joe was asked about the fish in some likely looking places, and he would say, "Don't guess no fish, never catchum," but that he would look out. We had not gone far when Joe, whose canoe was first, stopped suddenly, and, pointing to a swirl, said, "Me see big trout jump so!" We loosened our lines and began to cast, and at the first cast Zim hooked and landed two fine trout of about 2 pounds apiece; and I was doing business of the same kind. So here, where we least expected it, we took a fine lot of fish, and then pushed on, as we were in a hurry. After this we began to look about to locate them. My method was to let my flies trail on the water, and if we got a rise, to stop and cast; and it never failed. In this way I found two or three fine places. We traveled along like this through lake and rivers, catching trout at all times and all places right in the heart of a wilderness that was a wilderness. It certainly was a glorious time to be there; the trees were just breaking bud, and while we were watching them from day to day, one could fairly see them swell and break. I have often read of spring in the North coming in with a bound, but this was my first sight of it, and it was glorious. One day we would go down a river, the trees and bushes bare, and in a few days go over the same ground and see it all changed to a beautiful, soft green. Besides the coming of spring, we had the joy of listening to the song birds, as they came along—and such songs and notes I had never heard before—I never knew we had such beautiful songsters in America. This certainly was God's country, and just as He made it, full of beauty and full of life; the birds, animals and fish are undisturbed. Some of these lakes do not see a canoe from year to year; and when we did meet a moose he would look at us as if he were wondering what we were, and where we came from. One day we ran across a cow and bull moose standing in a river, and got within seventy-five feet of them; they looked at us long enough for us to cry their picture three times; but I am sorry to say, that when the picture was developed the view was beautiful, but the moose somehow were not to be seen; we had missed them. This was the chance of a lifetime.

On our way back to the home camp we revisited the river and lakes and took many trout of good size. We were in a hurry, and did not stop long, as we expected to make this trip again. While we were crossing the last lake toward home, I had my flies trailing in the middle of the lake, when suddenly my reel sang out; this gave us the tip for fish. When we got in position I found we were over a long sand bar, about two feet under water, which suddenly went into deep water. On my first cast I hooked two trout, one weighing 2½ pounds, the other about a pound. After this, whenever we went by this point, we always took a few trout of fair size.

When we got back we took it easy for a few days, fishing along the lake shore at such times as we saw fit. Here we would have fine sport at sundown. Zim was more fond of this than any other sport. It was a beautiful time of day, the birds were singing their evening song, the loons were feeding and constantly making the

wood echo with their peculiar cry, and the lake was like a mirror. At this hour, when all was quiet, we could get into the canoe, and presently a trout would jump out in the middle of the lake, and we would make for the spot and cast over the circle that he made; almost instantly he would take the fly, and then would come the fight. In this way twenty or twenty-five fish could easily be taken before dark.

One day we decided to take a trip up another river to a distant lake, where Joe said it was full of trout of the most beautiful coloring, and so it proved to be. It was a rough trip, and no one had been there for two or three years. After passing through our lake we started up a small river, and finally came to Lake Zim, named after my friend by the guides, because, they said, he was the first white man to fish it. Passing through this we again took to the river for about two and a half miles, with a large bog on either side, about one mile wide, known as the big caribou bog. The bog is trodden down with caribou paths and moose runways. I never saw so many caribou signs before. This is where the Indians get their meat for traps, because it is open country and easy to see game. They generally station themselves at a certain point, and wait until the game walks out in plain view, which, I believe, is not often very long. After passing this we came to woods again, and then another carry and some small lakes, without names, and more carries and rivers, until evening, when we reached the lake we started for. Just where to fish we did not know; but it did not take us long to find out, for the fish were all over the pond; the middle was just as good as anywhere, so we drifted along and cast in all directions, landing many fine trout, none over 1 1/4 pounds; but the colors exceeded any that we saw; they were as cold as ice. The frost had not come out of the ground, and we could hardly drive tent poles down; the springs contained a covering of mud ice. The next morning we took a few more fish and started for home. A few days later we made a second trip up this river, when we saw a bull and cow moose standing in the middle of the river, with their heads together, drinking. It was a beautiful spot, a wide stream, with meadow on either side, and a thick forest of spruce trees for a background. You cannot imagine a more beautiful picture than it made, and to think that after accommodating us with three attempts at their photographs, we did not get them in the field. We had everything in our favor, but luck was against us. I have often seen pictures of wild game, but never a better one than this. We lost the one chance in a lifetime to see a bull and cow together in such open country.

A day or so later we made another trip part way down the first river we fished, and had more fine sport, and noticed an increase of game signs. The flies by this time had begun to get pretty bad, and the moose and caribou were coming to water to get rid of them, consequently the meadows and river banks showed fresh signs daily. Fishing as we did, and traveling as fast as we did, we took six hundred fine trout, and how many more we saw I cannot tell you; if we had fished all day, hard, and counted all we could catch, I would not like to say what the score would have been, and I am proud to say that guides and sportsmen had the same spirit about the killing of fish, and that was to kill no more than we could eat.

One of the most pleasant features of this tramp was the cheerful way that Joe and Philip went to work; their one idea was to please us and make us as comfortable as possible. When night came, it was spent about the fire, if we were off in the wood, or in front of a wood fire in the little log camp, telling the usual stories, and Joe was great sport. He would try first in English, then in French and then in Indian, and finally, after a good laugh, Philip would do his best to help him out. Joe's gestures were fine, and his deep, rich voice made it very attractive. When the time came to part we hated to leave our guides, for when men like these live together, as men do in the woods, they become very fond of each other. On this little trip I never heard an impatient or vulgar expression of any kind; it was always the same polite, willing reply. There is one thing that I cannot understand, and that is, how men can go in the woods with such guides, and make fun of them and their work; but it is done, and it is such sportsmen that never have the good will of their men. If sportsmen would remember that a guide's work is one of the greatest possible skill and experience, after years of hard knocks and often narrow escapes, that their ways are better than any suggestion that can be made by a man who spends a few weeks or days a year in the wood, I am sure that there would be fewer complaints. These men, to me, are a part of the woods; it is their home as much as it is the home of the moose, the caribou, and all that belongs there, and I love to see them about. I always look on them as some of my best friends and, after being with them for over twenty-three years, I have yet to make a complaint about my treatment. I have never yet employed one that I would not like to see again, and wish it were possible to have them all together and talk over the good old times far back in the woods. So, brother sportsmen, remember not to make fun of such men, either in the woods or at home, because I am sure they will not be mean to you after you have gone, and especially if you have been fair with them.

F. B. GUMMEY.

Long Island Black Bass.

EAST MORICHES, N. Y., Oct. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We so often hear in your paper of the wonderful catches of black bass in the West that I thought it might interest some of your readers to know that there are some good fish to be taken within easy reach of New York. On Wednesday last Scott Rayer and myself caught five bass and a quantity of yellow perch in the mill pond here. The bass ranged from 1 1/2 to 3 pounds, and the perch many of them 1 pound and over. All were caught trolling with live bait (rillies caught in the bay here), and, with light, split bamboos, afforded good sport.

I may mention that the pond is free, and that boats can be procured from the owner for a nominal fee.

P. S.—Ducks are just beginning to put in an appearance. On opening day one party got eight, the best bag I have heard of.

HV. J. GROWTAGE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Muscullunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 5.—Mr. G. E. Highley, of the American Linseed Works, starts to-night with his friends, Mr. Richards and Mr. E. A. Gilbert, for an extended muscullunge trip along the Manitowish chain of Wisconsin. Mr. Highley is taking along one of the most complete outfits for muscullunge the writer has seen for some time, and I notice that he is partial to big, single hooks, rather than to the triple hook gangs, which, until recently, were almost exclusively used by Western muscullunge anglers. It is no unusual thing now to see a muscullunge angler going out with an outfit not very dissimilar to that for tarpon fishing—long snells of piano wire, big, bronze tarpon hooks, short and stiff rod, with big guides, wide-barreled reel, etc. The conclusion seems to be gaining ground, as stated in these columns, that muscullunge fishing to-day demands a higher art than simple trolling.

Mr. James Keeley, managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, left last night for a muscullunge trip of two or three weeks in Wisconsin. Mr. Keeley goes in at Manitowish, and he has been lucky enough to secure the services of my old trapping friend, Frank Brandis, who is conceded to be one of the best guides in Wisconsin. Brandis has that quality not always found either among guides or other men—absolute honesty and straightforwardness—and hence he is good to tie to. He will take the newspaper man up to muscullunge, if anybody can, and if Mr. Keeley does not have good luck it will be simply because he was unwise enough to start for his fishing trip upon a Friday.

Mr. W. H. Haskell, more commonly known as Bill Haskell, or old Bill Haskell, was another one to tempt fortune by starting on a fishing trip upon the unlucky day. Bill goes to the Boulder and Sand Lake chain, getting off at Woodruff. If he does not get muscullunge, and big ones, or at least if he does not come back telling he has done so, it shall, indeed, go hard. Few anglers there be of this burg who can equal the piscatorial doings of the aforesaid Bill Haskell, as depicted in the recollections of Bill Haskell aforesaid.

By the way, the amiable facility in story telling evinced by the above veteran has occasioned abundant entertainment for the Wishininne Club this week. It seems that Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has been contributing for the past week or so for the columns of the Sunday Tribune some stories regarding men he has fished with, one of whom Bill Haskell was which. The Mayor went on to repeat, in print, some of Bill's fishing stories, including that famous one in which Bill tells how he was once wrecked on an island in the Mississippi River. He managed to save his gun and powder horn—this was in the old muzzleloading days—but lost his boat and everything else, only swimming to shore with difficulty. Thus he had a weapon, but only half the necessary provender for the same, and starvation stared him in the face. "I do not know what would have become of me," said Bill, "if it had not been that as I looked out upon the hurrying waters I saw a small, dark object come floating toward me. I looked more closely, and saw that it was my shot pouch. I seized it and was saved! After that I killed ducks enough to provide me with food until, at length, I was rescued." This story, with variations, is one of Bill's best. The Mayor insinuated that it lacked certain elements of accuracy. In return Bill has brought suit against the Mayor in the Wishininne Court, for \$500,000, and has engaged as his counsel Mr. Graham H. Harris. The trial is set for an early session, and interesting developments are expected to follow.

Pickereel.

The cold, fall weather has set not only the muscullunge but the big pickereel on the feed. A sportsman, visiting at Crystal Lake, about fifty miles from this city, in the upper part of the State, this week caught a fish weighing 22 1/2 pounds. This fish is called a "pickereel," according to the vernacular of this region, though, properly speaking, it is the great Northern pike. This is the largest specimen of the species reported from upper Illinois for several years.

Chicago Nottingham Style.

Mr. James L. Van Uxem to-day told me something about a fashion of bait casting which seems to be gaining ground in this part of the world. It will be borne in mind that Chicago has been justly famous as the mother of the art of bait casting with the short rod and three reels. Not content with perfecting this system of bait casting, Chicago now seems bent upon elaborating another system quite the reverse, and one which would be stigmatized as highly improper, if not immoral, by all practitioners of the art of bait casting, with the free reel. In brief, the bait caster of this new school uses a cane pole, as long as he can secure. He does not have any reel at all, but at about the place where the first guide would come on a casting rod, he has lashed to his cane pole a big agate guide, whose aperture is nearly as large as a lead pencil. Metal trumpet guides of equal caliber are lashed along the rod, and the tip has an agate guide of the same size. The line used is of hard enameled silk, rather larger and stiffer than can be used in bait casting with the reel. The angler uses a big spoon or a big frog, the weight not making much difference. His line he coils in the bottom of the boat, and then, standing up, with a vast sweep of his fishing engine, he hurls out the bait, to a distance of perhaps 100 feet, the line passing out readily through the big guides. The recovery is done hand over hand, and the line is coiled as before. This style of fishing is an elaboration of the ancient art of the cane pole, with a line of its own length tied fast to the tip. This Long Tom-casting, as it might perhaps well be called, is proved to be successful in killing bass. A number of Chicago fishermen practice it. As an art it was first perfected on Fox Lake, and as it is constantly practiced by the Dunnell boys, well-known shooters and fishers of that locality, it was, perhaps, they, who first perfected it. In the brains of anglers there be many schemes. Not every man can handle a free running reel, especially if it costs \$20, but he can cast with the Long Tom—unless the line happens to get caught on the seat board.

"Chicago Fly-Casting" Club.

Mr. N. C. Heston, the amiable secretary of the Chicago Fly-Casting Club, has completed the figuring of the seasonal averages of the club. The long-distance fly average is captured by Mr. A. C. Smith, with the percentage of 95.05. Mr. Smith also takes the medal for delicacy in bait-casting, 96.63 per cent. The re-entry events for Sept. 7 and 8, not earlier made public, are given below, with the average percentages for the season made by members of the club:

	Long-Distance Fly Per Cent.	Obstacle Fly, Per Cent.	Accuracy and Delicacy, Per Cent.	Bait-Casting, Per Cent.	Delicacy Bait Per Cent.	General Average
H. Ainsworth.....	89.19	94.74	93.87	88.4	86	91.30
I. D. Belasco.....	85.14	86.3	89.06	86.83	86.9
L. I. Blackman.....	87.27	79.77	83.52
W. T. Church.....	75.40	79.3	87.41	74.44
H. Greenwood.....	89.14	87.94	91.96	90.7	88.61	89.15
N. C. Heston.....	76.86	92.6	91.33	92.95	92.3	88.88
G. A. Hinterleitner.....	84.95	86.88	85.78
E. R. Letterman.....	75.95	89.37	87.66	86.34
Robertson.....	65.3	65.3
Robinson.....	82.14	82.4	82.2
Salter.....	91.9	90.41	91.4
F. S. Smith.....	88.5	88.5
Scores for full schedule:						
Smith.....	94.24	95.77	93.36	95.26	96.63	95.05
Hascall.....	97.49	94.44	94.14	94.85	93.86	94.95
Peet.....	98.77	95	94.92	90.62	93.75	94.61
Bellows.....	96.41	92.57	94	91.30	91.29	93.11
Perce.....	77.26	89.47	89	90.43	91	87.45

Winning Scores.—Long-distance fly, A. C. Smith, highest general average, 95.05. Accuracy and delicacy fly, A. C. Smith, delicacy bait medal, 96.63.

H. Ainsworth.....	100	94.74	94.46	94.7	..
H. Ainsworth.....	95	..	94.16	82.7	..
I. D. Belasco.....	89.8	..
I. D. Belasco.....	82.3	..
W. T. Church.....	91.16	..	91.46
Bellows.....	101	..	94.56	92	91.26
Bellows.....	105	92.57	95.36	95.5	93.56
M. Fries.....	93.46	..	94.26
H. Greenwood.....	93.26	88.9	91.46
H. Greenwood.....	..	87.94	87.46	92.3	97.46
G. H. Harris.....	94.26
G. H. Harris.....	95.56	..	95.26
H. G. Hascall.....	93.56	..	97.16
H. G. Hascall.....	105	94.44	93.16	97	85.56
N. C. Heston.....	..	92.6	..	95.2	92.16
E. R. Letterman.....	97.5	..
E. R. Letterman.....	97.8	..
F. N. Peet.....	97.46
F. N. Peet.....	93.16	..	98.26
F. N. Peet.....	..	95	92.46	85.3	96.56
E. A. Renwick.....	85	..	88.26	81	91.56
E. A. Renwick.....	85	..	90.26	95.6	95.12
Perce.....	87	89.47	90.56	92.5	95.12
F. H. Second.....	97.46
F. H. Second.....	91.16	..	98.36
A. C. Smith.....	..	95.77	95	97.2	96
G. W. Strell.....	86.9	..
J. E. Strong.....	93.8	..
F. S. Smith.....	93.4	..
F. S. Smith.....	94.8	..

Want an Oil Stove,

Mr. J. Edmond Strong and his friend, Mr. Selz, both of the firm of Selz, Schwab & Co., of this city, leave this week for a canoe trip of a few days in Wisconsin. They intend to do a little fishing and a little shooting and, purpose camping out at night. They will probably run the Flambeau or Chippewa River. They were looking around this week for some kind of a portable oil stove which would do to heat up a tent at night. I told them they could search me. I have never yet run across a small oil stove which did not have an unfortunate way of smoking, and kerosene smoke in a close tent is not conducive to happiness. But why want a kerosene stove? Are there no branches in Gilead? Is Dan shy of all hackmatack, and is ash utterly run out in Beersheba?

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Month at Lake Winnipissaukee.

BOSTON, Sept. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend, Seaver, of East Boston, who owns the cottage at Spring Hensen, Lake Winnipissaukee, being "chained to business" during the first half of August, kindly gave me the keys and told me to make myself at home as soon as I liked. Accordingly, the last day of July saw Mrs. S. and myself, with the necessary female help, take the first train for the desired haven. The groceries and things had been sent on in advance. A couple of hours served to put the house to rights, and we soon settled down for a month's solid enjoyment. The next day the boat house was opened and the cedar lapstreak Henrietta was put into the water, fishing rods set up, and everything was made ready for a journey upon the bass, and any other fish that might come our way.

It was not until Saturday, Aug. 3, that I made my first fishing trip. Mr. J. W. Fitch, a well-known business man, of this city, has a cottage next ours, where, with his family, he put in a long summer, going early and staying late. During July and August he usually divides the time with his son George, one looking after the business end, while the other does the vacation act. It is a capital arrangement, and both seem to enjoy it. On the Saturday referred to Mr. Fitch told me he had discovered a new place for bass, and we took his boat and pulled a good, strong mile directly across from our shore, to Rattlesnake Island. We had grasshoppers and minnows for bait—the former is a favorite with Mr. Fitch, while I preferred the latter. We soon had half a dozen fish of fair size, when they apparently left for other parts of the lake. We pulled the anchor and rowed up to nearly the head of the island, where Mr. Fitch knew of another likely place. And it was here I had an experience such as never fell to my lot before, and I am still speculating as to what I really got hitched to. I have had fish get away from me before now, but I have generally known what kind of a fish it was that refused to come to the net. On this occasion I was using a lancewood fly-rod, with a 6-foot leader, new, and at the end of about 30 feet of line I had a lively minnow. I had about a yard of slack line pulled off the reel, and I patiently waited developments. Presently I observed the slack going through

the guides at a moderate rate, and I pulled off 8 or 10 feet more, and when that had gone I struck, and struck hard. There was no response at the other end of the line, such as I had good reason to expect, and I began immediately to work the reel. I recovered perhaps a dozen feet of line when there was a sudden stop, and before I could think what to do next there was a tremendous pull backward, and when I reeled in my line I found the leader parted in the middle. Of course I am still in the dark as to what kind of a fish I had hold of—had it been a bass or a salmon he would have come to the surface as soon as he could have got there—so I concluded, and that was the judgment of others to whom the incident was related, that it was one of the large lake trout which are plenty in that water. After that experience we did not fish any more that day.

The season all around the lake has been a very successful one—more people than ever before occupied the numerous cottages and camps, and the weather throughout August was delightful; we had plenty of rain, but the showers came mostly in the night. The hotels and boarding houses did a large business. The fishing was good enough for anybody. I did not get any large fish, several of 1½ pounds being the largest that fell to my rod. I did have the pleasure of seeing the biggest and handsomest bass that ever came within my vision—it was a 6-pounder, and was caught by George Fitch, at the place his father had taken me our first day out. As George and a friend were going on a bicycle trip the next day, he gave me the fish, and he was in the pot the same day. A few days after, in the same place, I had caught a number of fair-sized fish, and was reeling in one of about a pound weight; what seemed to be the mate to George's fish followed mine nearly to the surface, when he suddenly turned in toward the shore. As quickly as possible I put on a fresh minnow and cast inshore; I soon saw the fish again, but I could not get him to take hold.

During my stay I heard of quite a number of large bass being taken, the largest being one of 8½ pounds, caught near Centre Harbor. On Aug. 14 Mr. and Mrs. Seaver arrived and the sail was then put on the Henrietta, for Mr. Seaver is an expert yachtsman. My old friend Huse, of Laconia, came down to his cottage several times, and he gave me the pleasing information that his son Walter wanted me to make my next winter's visit to his cottage, on Lake Winnisquam, an invitation Walter verified when I saw him a few days later in Laconia. I was also pleased to meet Ed. Stone, the all-around sportsman; William Wallace, his fishing partner, I did not see; he was busy building a big business block in Bristol. When that job is done they will doubtless get together again, when there will be some fishing, followed by a game of pitch to see who shall clean the fish. We were at the cottage just a month, and never did the time seem to pass so quickly. There were few days when I did not either fish or roam through the fields and pastures gathering all sorts of luscious berries, which were in profusion everywhere. There will be good sport with the gun in that region this fall, as partridges were numerous. It was with reluctance that we began to make the necessary arrangements for leaving the beautiful spot where sits the "Temple Cottage," but on the last day of the month the shutters were put up, we bade adieu to the Fitches, pleasant neighbors, and early in the afternoon were again at home with the complexions of Indians and appetites to match.

WM. B. SMART.

Sport and Etiquette.

I ONCE heard a worthy and learned sportsman-judge read a lecture to a fellow angler upon the enormity and lack of sportsmanship in shooting a muscallonge before landing the fish in the boat. To put a bullet into the head of a spent 'tunge was to him like so much murder. No true angler would stoop to such a thing as shooting his fish; the proper thing to do was to club him; in fact, no other way than clubbing should be used preparatory to hauling a musky into your craft. And yet, for many good and sufficient reasons, one would judge that shooting the fish was better than clubbing. One would judge that clubbing a muscallonge in the water and fast to your line was somewhat of a risky feat unless one is adept with the club as Capt. William tried it. One can imagine a queer state of things, and many lost fish, until long practice made one expert. On the other hand the man with the rifle and revolver might preach his sermon on a true sportsman from his side of the fence, and argue that brutality and the club were synonymous.

Then comes the man who scorns gaff, club and pistol, and prides himself upon landing his fish upon the shingle beach, leaving his boat to do. This man would turn his back upon the gaffer, the clubber and the gunner.

Then again, after a fisherman has cast his lure and set the hook in the salmon, or other gamy denizen of the deep, does the fact that the fish is fast to his line give him license to possess the fish by hook or by crook, or is there a recognized but unwritten law that the fish shall be played until "drowned?" Is it sportsmanlike, with your salmon sulking and but quarter killed, to have the guide lean the boat and gaff the fish before the battle is half over? or having hooked him in a sportsmanlike manner by scientific casting with leader and fly, is one licensed to land his fish "any old way"—as long as he gets him? It is very interesting to hear these points argued pro and con.

The man who never used a worm or bait will scout the man who puts the wriggling worm upon his hook to lure the fickle trout, thinking him no better than the man who drops a pickerel hook, weighted with lead, among the spawning trout and drags them to their death.

Then we go a step further and we find the man who casts his fly and lands his fish, and as quickly returns him to the water, consistently refusing to eat trout either at the camp or one the hotel table. There are such men who carry the idea to that extent. The bait and fly fisherman, and the clubber and the gunner, can argue and argue, yet still be of the same opinion, but one point few will disagree upon, and that is, that the fish be given a fighting chance for his life.

Compare the landing of a two or three pound trout by means of a sapling, a chalk line, a blue steel cod-hook, and a strip of salt pork, with the playing and land-

ing of a similar fish on a five-ounce rod, with suitable accessories! In one case it is mere brute killing force, much like striking the waiting steer in the shambles with the death-dealing hammer. Unless the hook tears loose, or the line or rod break—the latter an unlikely happening—the fish must come. Such work, in a cod or mackerel sense, is fishing pure and simple, and I presume the camp cook, enjoined to have a trout dinner for the crew, anchors his boat at the outlet of the brook into the lake and goes about things in a business-like way. He has a score or more of famished timber-fellers anxious for a change over from beans and pork to satisfy, and the idea of sport or playing a fish never for a moment enters his head. To witness such a slaughter would turn a true sportsman's head, even to the extent of a desire to murder the cook in just such a manner as he was murdering the trout.

Then there is the angler who scorns the orthodox muscallonge, or landlocked salmon lure, and who retains the spoon, but only one of the three hooks. He exclaims in defence of his idea that he wishes to give the fish a chance, and if he cannot land his fish with one hook, then the fish can go his way.

Certainly there is method in this man's madness, if any of you will so call it. The late President Arthur once played a salmon for hours—how many I do not now remember—and when the stubborn fish was lifted with gaff over the side of the boat, and lay gasping upon the boat's bottom, the loosening of the tension of the line and the movement of the jaws of the fish were sufficient to allow the fly hook to drop from its mouth. Had Mr. Arthur been obliged to pry from the upper and lower jaws of that salmon a three-pronged hook, how much comparative satisfaction would there have been between the two situations? He could look at his fly-caught salmon and feel no inward pangs of consciousness accusing him of taking undue and unfair advantage. The fish had a chance for its life, and this is at the bottom of all true sport. The farmer's boy who creeps around the "sloo," within gunshot of the mallard, but who forces the duck to take wing before firing, instead of potting him upon the water, has in him the making of a sportsman. He believes in giving the bird a show. That boy will never be guilty of emptying two barrels into a bunch of quail huddled into a fence corner. When he has grown to the dignity of manhood, you will be very apt to find a fly-rod and a hammerless gun of good make in his possession.

I am inclined to think that the late Mr. Cheney was just such a boy when on the farm. He knew the lurking place of the trout, and the home of the quail and the partridge, and the corn where the woodcock bored, yet to him I'll opine the set line and the snare were unknown.

Every man to his own ideas as regards the various steps and degrees in true sportsmanship. This is as it has been, and always will be.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

San Francisco Fly-Casting Club.

MEDAL contests, series 1901, Saturday, Contest No. 2, re-entry, held at Stow Lake Sept. 28. Wind, none; weather, beautiful:

Event	Event	Event	Event	Event	Event
No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6
Distance,	Accuracy,	Acc %	Del %	Net %	Lure
Feet.	Per cent.				Casting%
Mocker, No. 1..95	89.8	84.8	83.4	84	..
Mocker, No. 2..90	88.8
Cast-off:					
Grant	111½
Muller	107

Judges, Mansfield and Grant; referee, Muller; clerk, Smyth.

Sunday, contest No. 2, re-entry, held at Stow Lake Sept. 29. Wind, southwest; weather, rainy:

Everett	111	82.4	94.8	88.4	91.6	..
B Kenniff	118	86.8	91.4	82.6	86.11	94 10-15
R Kenniff	97 14-15
R Kenniff	94 1-15
Mocker	96	80.8	88.8	80.10	84.9	..
Cast-off:						
C R Kenniff	93 10-15
Brotherton	90 2-15
Golcher	124
Brotherton	112
B Kenniff	121
Mocker	105
Brooks	94.4
Blade	70.8
Muller	85.8
Young	91.4
Grant	110½
Muller	107

Judges, Mansfield and Batt; referee, Brotherton; clerk, Smyth.

The Fountain of Youth.

OUT at my old home in New Jersey we had a famous spring of cold water; a barrel had been let down into the ground for the water, and in this was a huge trout. The fish was exceedingly tame, and we were accustomed, when going for water, to throw in to him bread crumbs and other delicacies, which he would go for with a rush, and on occasion a tremendous strike. One day grandfather came to visit us, a dear, old man, from his farm in Massachusetts. At the dinner table the clear, cold water was the subject of his enthusiastic praises, and he was told of the spring; but no one considered it worth while to say anything about the trout. Later in the day the old man thought he would like a drink of that spring water, so out he went, kneeled down by the barrel, took his hat off, stooped over and rested a hand on either side of the spring, put his mouth down in an easy, satisfied sort of a way to the surface, and had just touched the tip of his nose to the water when there came a whish, flap and splash, and with a double-back-action handspring the old man just saved his nose. If you had been there to see the agility he displayed you would have agreed with the rest of us that there was nothing more potent to make an old man young again than a big trout in a spring. We named that spring right there and then the "Fountain of Youth."

MONTCLAIR.

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Canadian Angling Licenses.

TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of the 19th ult. you publish a letter from Mr. J. B. Townsend, Jr., of Philadelphia, who complains that when on an angling excursion in Nova Scotia he had been unjustly treated by the Fisheries Department of this country. The editorial comment you make on the matter would create the impression that this alleged injustice was the result of regulations in force in all parts of Canada. Now this impression is erroneous, as far as the Province of Ontario is concerned. The laws regulating the fisheries laws are administered by Provincial officials, and all fees from licenses or permits are payable to the Province. We never exact fees from people who come here to fish, and who employ our guides and board at our hotels. If, however, they merely cross a boundary river in their own boats, a fee is demanded, as coming to our waters in that way could not be regarded as a "temporary domicile." Now, we have a Province with an area of 222,000 square miles where all are welcome to fish. The only reserve is the Nipigon, where fees are charged to all anglers, Canadian or foreign, and it is well worth the money demanded.

W. R. WOOD, Fishery Overseer.

Fishery Overseer A. M. Hatfield, of Arcadia, N. S., one of the officials concerned in the Townsend affair, sends us a letter published by him in the Yarmouth Herald, in which he explains as to the purpose of the law: "The law first passed excluded all foreigners, which would be unjust, as there are many who are not British subjects doing business in the country, who are temporarily domiciled, such as consuls, agents, miners and many others who perhaps are doing no business at all, but who would be entitled to the benefit of the exemption clause."

Staten Island Netters.

PRINCE'S BAY, N. Y., Oct. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The five Italians who were caught illegally hauling a net off the "Sods," at Gifford's, on the 27th of last month, were brought to the Court of Special Sessions last week, and the "bunch" was fined \$200. They pleaded guilty, and a strong plea of mercy addressed to the court helped them out somewhat. Their net was destroyed and, take it altogether, it was rather an expensive morning's work for the netters.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

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A cave was discovered in Montgomery county, Kansas, which has been explored to a distance of fourteen miles. No one has been able yet to reach its underground terminus, so it is not known how far into the earth it extends. The party of hunters who made the discovery went into it until they had reached a point fourteen miles from its mouth, as measured by a cyclometer of a bicycle, which they had along. Then further ingress was effectually stopped by a deep and rapid subterranean stream which crossed their path almost at right angles. The cave is about 20 feet wide and 15 feet high. Along the side of and opening into the main hall of the cave are a number of grottos. A chilly wind continually blows from the cave's mouth.

The Kennel.

The Old Black Fox.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Each kind of sport has its peculiar charms. In reading some very interesting accounts of fox hunts in recent numbers of FOREST AND STREAM, which I enjoyed very much, my mind has gone back to an interesting old fox which baffled all his pursuers for several years.

He looked jet black, especially on snow, and was known as the black fox. His range was along Blacklick Creek, in Cambria county, Pa. My brother and John Fyock, who owned two fox hounds as good as could be found, and myself, journeyed ten miles from our home to this section for a week's fox hunt, as there were a number of gray foxes there. We knew nothing of the black fox or his history at that time. We were joined there by two other parties, each of whom had a hound.

The first morning we started out with three of the dogs, the party with the fourth dog belated behind time in appearing at the place of starting. All conditions were most favorable. There had been a deep snow, which was crusted over, so that a man could walk over the top, and about an inch of fresh snow on top. We led our dogs and decided not to let them go unless on the fresh trail of a gray fox, for we did not want any such races as an old red fox was likely to give.

We had only gone a mile, when we struck the fresh-looking track of a gray fox. John let loose one of his dogs, which he could call off at will, to determine how fresh the track was. The dog went down through the woods and into the laurel at a rate that assured us it must be very fresh. One of the dogs—Old Moody—which was the one we were especially cautioned not to let loose until the game was started, broke away from Charley C., who was leading him. Charley made a grab after him and caught his long, slim tail, and held on desperately. Old Moody started down the steep hill, peeling forth his "dinner-horn" notes, eager to join the chase, while Charley slid like a toboggan on top of the snow, affording no little merriment for the rest of us. We knew that if Moody ever got off on the wrong trail and happened to strike a red fox, he was gone for all day, regardless of where it went. In the midst of the excitement we received orders from John to turn everything loose, for the fox was started.

Down the creek they went, making music fit for a

king, and we all scattered out and took our stands to await their return. Presently we heard the dog belonging to the other party, who was behind us, coming down through the woods in full cry, apparently on the same trail, but soon I saw the object of his pursuit, in what appeared to me to be a black fox, passing away below me, but too far away for a good shot. As the other dogs were then coming back up the creek with their fox, I knew it must be another fox. I shot at it, but without any effect other than to quicken its gait. As the three dogs drew near to the one, he left his fox and joined them. After a short run a report from John's gun and a whoop told that the chase was over, and that we had our fox.

Then the mystery of the identity of the other fox began to settle around us. I went to where it had passed in my sight, and instead of the track of a gray fox, there was the long and unusually large track of what appeared to be a red fox. As all fox hunters know, there is a very noticeable difference in their tracks. As I declared it was not a red fox, we put the dogs on the track, and the chase was on again.

We followed after for nearly a mile, till we found them circling back, when we scattered and sought likely places for a shot. In about an hour the dogs had circled around us and gone entirely out of hearing. After waiting quite a while without hearing them, we all got together by signals, and one of the boys reported that the fox had come within a very few steps of him, affording a dead sure shot, and his gun missed fire. No one else had seen it; but he said it was "sure enough" black. We waited until about noon without hearing the dogs, and then started to our headquarters to have dinner and reflect on the unpleasant possibility of losing our dogs. Up to this time we knew nothing of the old fox, and naturally were in a deep mystery, as the color of the fox, which we, of course, still thought must be a very dark gray one, and its track and way of running did not correspond.

We had our dinner and spent the afternoon about the house, always keeping an ear open for the faintest sound from the dogs, fully knowing that they would run till night at least, if the fox did not hole.

Late in the evening, about a half-hour before dark, we heard them away across the creek, coming from the north, and headed for the place where the fox had started in the morning. It was a full mile from the house to a crossing, where we all knew well he would cross the pike. It was evidently not over a mile from where the dogs were to the crossing, but a very rough country. There seemed no possibility of getting there ahead of the fox, but the question with us was whether we could reach the crossing in time to take off the dogs.

I ran to the house, grabbed my old single-barrel, muzzle-loading, shotgun, without waiting for any ammunition and started for the crossing, out the road a half-mile to the pike, then down the pike to the creek, across the creek and up a steep grade for fifty rods. I was just approaching my stand, gasping for breath and wondering if the chase had gone by (for I had been too busy getting there to stop and listen), when the fox came over the brow of the hill 40 yards away. We were both out in an open field, and, of course, saw each other at the same instant. Two jumps took him back out of sight, but with a last, mighty effort, I got in a shot just as his rear end went out of sight. Running up a few steps, where I could look over the top of the hill, I saw him out in the field, only a short distance away, and making very poor time, but as I had no more shots to give him, I could only watch him.

One hind leg was broken, and he seemed generally used up, but not fatally hurt. Before he was out of sight the dogs came to me where the fox had turned, thus giving me an opportunity to call them to me and catch the two leaders.

I was more pleased when I had a firm hold on the dogs than if I had killed two foxes, for we had about given them up for lost and were ready to vote our hunt at an end. I took off my suspenders and with them tied and led the two dogs, while the third followed me. One of them having given out on the trail, was brought home later on a sled.

We started out early the next morning, and took up the trail where I had taken the dogs off, and in a very little while we had the fox up and going. After an exciting chase of an hour the dogs caught it. We all met after the chase at the White mill, a place where several families lived, and there had a change for a good look at the mysterious fox, and also learned from those living there something of its history. It was an old-timer, known to all the people at the mill as the black fox, which had been chased time after time, but always went so far that their dogs would give it up and come home.

We learned from a party who had seen the chase after they left us on the first morning, that they had crossed the pike ten miles from where it started. As the dogs were fast runners and had a run of at least eight hours after it the first day, the distance covered must have been something wonderful. The real color was a mixture of black, gray and red, the black prevailing, so that it looked jet black at a distance on the snow.

We continued our hunt four days, and started and killed a fox each day, making an enjoyable hunt, but the crowning victory was the undoing of the old, black fox, or cross fox, as he might properly be called.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Points and Flushes.

Prof. Edm. H. Osthaus, whose fame as an artist of field scenes whose theme is dog and gun, is equaled by none, was a visitor in New York two or three days, leaving on Monday of this week for the Pan-American Exposition. Later, he contemplates a visit to the field trials, where the small dog and the quail bird are the observed.

Mr. S. C. Bradley, secretary of the Eastern Field Trial Club, leaves for North Carolina on Wednesday of this week, where he will remain till late in December, or until after the field trials of his club are concluded.

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Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXIV.

BY F. R. WEBB.

We had frequently had high waters in our several cruises on this stream, but never before had we had an experience so unique and thrilling as we enjoyed for the next two days, in shooting swiftly down the river on the top of this great flood. The river spread high up among the trees, and out over the tops of the bush-lined banks, which could not be seen, as we skirted swiftly past; generally near one side or the other—seldom in midstream. It spread across, in surging, brick-red flood, from one line of trees to the other—rocks, reefs, falls, fish-dams—everything obliterated and deep down out of sight, below the thick, red surface, with not a ripple or break to mark their locations. The river was, for the most part, smooth—and the surface looked still, and flat, and waveless, but was really continually broken into long lines of smooth, crestless swells, which tossed us gently up and down, with a never-ceasing, gently undulating movement, which gave us a curious, half-seasick sensation.

We seemed but as straws, and felt singularly puny and insignificant in the grasp of the whirling flood, which raced us along at a good seven or eight miles an hour. It was exhilarating—the rate at which we swung along—past trees, bluffs and headlands, around whose bases and through whose overhanging branches the water boiled and surged; but it was awe-inspiring, also; and a curious feeling of utter helplessness took firm hold upon our minds as we were carried irresistibly down.

The usual long falls and rapids were completely obliterated—smoothed over by the flood; which seemed to find one general, level, down-hill grade, over pools, rapids and falls, as it rushed smoothly along.

The water, without apparent cause, frequently broke up from below, in great, boiling, fountain-like, surges, which swung round and round in huge circles, like whirlpools, and in which our light canoes were caught up and spun round, end for end, like teetotums, all efforts to change which circular motion with our paddles proving as puny and futile as, though we were using straws or twigs.

The river would occasionally break up into vast rapids, the like of which we had never before seen or imagined on this stream, whose tremendous waves threw their splashing crests high in air. We took good care to avoid these rapids, as far as possible, by skirting along close in under the bank, when one was sighted, and keeping out of the rough water as much as possible; but when caught in one, as we occasionally were, our canoes rode the tremendous waves with wonderful buoyancy, sweeping from crest to crest with remarkable lightness. The experience was a thrilling one, as a canoe would swing up a great, liquid slope and hang balanced an instant on the brick-red, foaming pinnacle of a huge roller, with bow and stern projecting out of the water; then the bow would dip and the canoe slide down the slope, with an inclination which made her astonished crew feel she was pointed straight for the bottom of the river, while the big wave ahead would rear itself up on end, like a hill, until it seemed about to fall upon his devoted head; the canoe would rise, however, and climb the slope, standing on end until her crew would instinctively grasp the gun-wales with both hands to keep from sliding out behind, while the spray from the splashing crest ran in sheets down over her inclined decks and hatches.

"Do you note," asked Lacy, after, by strenuous efforts, we had dodged one of these rapids—"Do you note how much difference there is in controlling the canoes on this water? Now, for instance, on ordinary water, if you wish to avoid an obstacle, you dip your paddle into the water, the canoe responds easily and quickly, and with a stroke, or turn, you turn aside, or swing the canoe away from or around the obstruction."

"That won't do on this water!" exclaimed George. "The only way to avoid an overhanging tree, or a rapid, or other object here, is to size it up a long way ahead—100 yards or so—and turn your canoe squarely across the stream from it, and paddle hard."

"I have already noticed it," said I; "and have been working on that plan all along."

"So have I," added Lacy. "That was just what I was speaking about."

Great masses of driftwood—floating logs, fence rails, planks, etc., strewed the surface of the river, and we took good care to give these unwelcome neighbors a wide berth. Occasionally whole trees would be encountered, floating along, nearly submerged, their tops trembling and rolling as the lower branches occasionally caught on the submerged rocks and reefs, many feet below.

We passed over the remains of Long's dam with just a slight downward swoop of the canoes, as we went over, but not a wavelet raised its crest below; and the river swept over the steep, rough rapid, just below the dam, as smooth and crestless as over the still pool which follows the rapid.

We landed at the little white house upon the bluff, a mile below Long's, for a drink of water, and to procure some canteloupes, grapes and apples; and, while ashore, we walked down some 100 yards or so to inspect the old stone dam below, fearing that the water might prove rough, but not a ripple marked the spot.

We reached Massanutton, eight miles below our camp, in an hour from the time we started, and landed alongside the ferryboat for mail and supplies, to the immense astonishment of the natives, who gathered in a wondering, warning group on the ferryboat, and on the high bank above—now not much higher than the water—as we re-embarked and pushed off again.

There was a smooth dip of several feet over the dam at Mauk's mill, around the bend a mile below, and the water broke up considerably below the dam, but we passed over, and through the rough water, without wetting our decks. Not a ripple marked the location of the long, rocky "Pig-path" falls.

As we rounded the bend and bore swiftly down on the Bixler dam, several miles below the "Pig-path," the huge waves below the dam could be seen, tossing their splashing crests high in the air, while the whole line of

the dam was marked by a shower of spouting, splashing foam and spray. We paddled briskly over to near the left bank, however, where we knew the dam to be lowest, and where the shooting crests below looked least, and continued on our way down upon the dam.

When close enough to see over the crest into the seething maelstrom below, we made the appalling discovery that the drop over the dam was six or eight feet deep. The water rolled in a long, smooth incline down into this gulf, while below the whole river stood straight up on end, in a wall, reaching across from shore to shore, parallel with, and fully as high, as the dam itself; the crest of the wall being composed of leaping and spouting masses of water, torn and ragged, and throwing their foaming crests of spray many feet in the air. Great jets of muddy water spouted like intermittent fountains high above the wavering crest of the wall, to fall back in a shower of muddy spray, far and wide. It was forty feet from the crest of the dam down the smooth six or eight feet incline, and up to the overhanging, tumbling crest of the watery wall at its foot.

All this we took in during the brief glance vouchsafed us, as we bore swiftly and helplessly down upon it. We were amazed—horrified—but we were in the remorseless clutch of the flood, and there was no possible alternative for us but to go over; so, with hatches tightly closed, and with aprons drawn up to our chins, we headed our canoes straight down the slope, and took the plunge.

I was a little in the lead; my canoe swooped with a dizzying swing down the hill, while I grasped my gun-wales with both hands, and held my apron tightly down at the aft corners of the cockpit, my paddle, meanwhile, balanced across my lap. As my canoe reached the towering wall ahead I firmly closed my mouth and eyes, and held my breath. My canoe buried her sharp nose full in the breast of the wall of water in front, and, with a swish, dived right through. The water rolled in a solid mass a couple of feet deep over my decks and hatches, and passed smoothly off astern, while the light, foamy crest of the wave passed clear over my head, almost carrying away my cork helmet. My arms, shoulders and breast above the apron, as well as my face, were drenched, but I did not ship a pint of water.

As my canoe pitched up and down like a cork on the tumultuous waves below, I turned to have a look at the others. George was pitching up and down a length or two astern of me, and a little to one side, while Lacy was nowhere in sight. An instant later the sharp bow of his canoe broke through the huge wall astern, and was uplifted, so that I got a momentary glimpse along her keel and her black, dripping hull, for half her length, before she shot through and dropped into the red turmoil below, and came, rising and falling, after us.

"Whew!" said Lacy, as he wiped the streaming water from his face; "I took a bucketful of water there!"

"Bucketful! I took a tubful!" exclaimed George, scornfully, as he wrung out his dripping sleeves.

"The next time we run a mill-dam like that," I exclaimed, "we'll land a mile or so above, and walk down and reconnoiter it first! Let's land at the mill and get a drink!"

The canoes were headed quartering up stream and paddled across the river to the side where the mill and the surrounding houses stood—by brisk paddling we managed to make the shore a quarter of a mile below—after which we walked up to the mill and got a drink, and George kodaked the fall over the dam, while we lay on the bank and enjoyed a little rest.

We noted curiously the changed aspect of the familiar valley, as we bowled along swiftly down it. We were now lifted high above all former levels—high enough to look out of the deep, narrow trough of the river, and see over the banks, and get a view of the country through which we were cruising, much as one sees the country when driving along a road; consequently, the various reaches of the river opened to our view new landscapes and bits of scenery not heretofore known. Fields and farms became visible, where only forests—as indicated by the heavy timber along the river banks—were known before. Houses—only heretofore indicated by roofs or chimneys, or even entirely unsuspected—became fully revealed; and we discovered what we really had known before, but hardly realized, and certainly would never have known from the visible indications along the river—that this part of the valley was really a fairly well settled region, instead of the wilderness it had always appeared to be.

George's bugle was brought into frequent and active requisition, and many were the lusty blasts and ear-piercing discords which he delivered himself of, whenever a farmhouse was sighted within audible distance, while the echoes rang again from the deep gorges and rocky slopes of old Massanutton, towering aloft on our left, ever close at hand. The blasts were sure to be answered with an inevitable "Whoo-ee!" from somewhere inland, and people would be observed flocking to windows, and out of doors, and streaming down into door-yards, to gaze, with hands to foreheads, shading eyes, at our little fleet, as we shot swiftly past; the brightly painted canoes, with the little silk pennants fluttering fore and aft in the breeze, presenting bright little bits of color and movement on the great, brick-red expanse of the river, and always attracting attention and comment; and many were the hails and requests to come ashore which we received; while the adolescent population, of both sexes, and all ages, sizes and colors, would invariably flock down to the water's edge on the run, and accompany us along the bank as fast and as far as intervening circumstances in the shape of fences, cliffs and gullies would permit, meantime keeping up a running fire of requests for "mister" to "please play that horn some more!" with frequent queries as to why Lacy and I did not also carry horns.

In a couple of hours more we reached Goode's dam. The Bumgardner Falls and Keyser's Falls, covering the three or four miles above, being smoothed over in the same general level, and varied by the same peculiar, long, crestless swells and vast whirlpool surges which had characterized the river above all the morning.

Profiting by our rough experience at Bixler's, we did not carelessly swoop down on this big, high dam, but made a landing a quarter of a mile above and walked down to reconnoiter.

We found—as we had long ago noted—that making a

landing at this stage was an operation requiring great care, and one both difficult and dangerous, as the banks for the most part were overgrown with overhanging trees, whose drooping branches projected far out into the water, which rushed through them with a force which was certain to swamp a canoe if caught in among them.

We found, to our relief, that while the water rushed over Goode's dam in a horrible flood, which was certain to swamp our canoes in spite of closed hatches and aprons, the water flowed over the famous shoot, up under the left bank, in a long, smooth tongue, which promised us a free, safe passage, so, returning to our canoes and pushing out into the flood again, carefully avoiding the water-logged trees and bushes, we dropped down close along the bank and made the shoot without wetting our decks.

Our old Cedar Point camp ground was a mile below this dam, and, as it was 2 o'clock, we slipped in cautiously among the trees and made a landing here for lunch. Our usual camp ground was some 6 or 8 ft. beneath our keels, as we paddled over it, but the bank rose steeply up behind it in a high bluff, and a good, clear, dry landing was readily found.

"I say," exclaimed Lacy, with his mouth full of ham sandwich, while he shucked a hard-boiled egg to keep the sandwich company, "what's the matter with camping here? There's no rush; we've made a good day's run to-day, and can easily make Riverton by the middle of the afternoon to-morrow on this water, and it has been rather cramped, sitting in the canoes all morning."

"Well, it suits me well enough," said George. "I think it a capital idea, myself," I added. "In fact, it will be hard to find a good camping place for to-night below. All of our old camping places are under water, and I really cannot think of any place else for to-night, and I expect we had better not pass here."

"I think you are right," George assented. "The river's still rising rapidly—it has risen over a foot since we landed here, less than an hour ago," consulting as he spoke a mark he had improvised, in the shape of a stick driven into the ground at the water's edge, which now stood some 3 ft. or more out in the water, which was climbing up it at a rapid rate. "This place is both dry and safe, with this bluff behind us," he continued, as he resumed his seat on his camp stool. "We can put the canoes well up the bank out of reach of the water, and we can tie the up-stream painters to the trees, and even if the water does reach us, which isn't at all likely, we will simply float alongside of the bank until morning."

The canoes were in due time carried well up on the side of the high bluff, which here rises in a steep hill, to the height of a couple of hundred feet or more above the river, and the tents erected over them.

Frankie was still leaking a little, and before making my tent up for the night, I turned her bottom upward, and an examination showed that the little cut I had daubed with asphaltum up at the Columbian Falls camp was still leaking. A good, substantial patch was carefully plastered on in the regular manner, and I experienced no further trouble on this score during the remainder of this cruise.

We were well acquainted here. Mr. Fleming's house—a large, two-story frame structure, quite above the average of farmhouses—occupies a commanding position on the summit of the high bluff. After supper we all went up there, and George borrowed Mr. Fleming's cellar for an hour, while he changed his glass plates and kodak rolls.

"I wonder what's become of the Commodore?" mused George, as we were seated around a little blaze of a camp-fire, enjoying our evening smoke, after returning to our camp.

"Who's the Commodore?" asked Lacy, removing his pipe from his lips and blowing the smoke in a long, spiral curl from one corner of his mouth, which he watched lazily, as he spoke. "I thought there was but one Commodore?"

"So did I," I replied, laughing, "until I found out differently. You see, on our cruise of a couple of years ago George and I camped here; our tents were right down there at the foot of this bluff—"

"Six feet under water," observed George, parenthetically.

"I was sitting there early in the morning starting a fire in the camp stove, and George had climbed the mountain to the house for a bucket of water, when I heard a hail from the other side of the river. It was repeated again and again, but, beyond looking up and observing a group of three or four men on the other side, apparently anxious to get across the river, I paid no particular attention to it, and went on with my breakfast preparations. Finally one hailed, 'Oh, Commodore!' 'Hello!' I answered promptly, dropping the potato I was peeling and springing to my feet, while a gratified feeling of merit recognized in being so widely known crept over my inner consciousness. 'Hello! What's wanted?' I cheerfully hailed in reply. 'Bring the boat over, and set us across,' was the answer. Now it didn't suit me to leave my camp stove and breakfast preparations, but, being willing to oblige, I scrambled down to the water's edge and inspected. One after another, two or three big, heavy, half-sunken, wooden punts lying moored to the trees. 'I can't; they're all locked!' I shouted, after ascertaining this fact by personal examination. 'Well, can't you go up to the house and get the key?' was the somewhat peremptory rejoinder. 'Well, yes, I can, I suppose, but I don't have to,' I replied, as I resumed my seat and my half-peeled potato, not relishing the style of the request, and feeling that, while it was flattering to be so widely known, perhaps there was such a thing as being too well and familiarly known—"

"Yes," said Lacy, "particularly as the house is about 200 yds. away and almost straight up."

"Just at this juncture," I resumed, "an old fellow came down the hill, and without a word to me, or to the waiting men across the river, he stepped into one of the boats, scooped the water out of it with the end of a board, unlocked it and paddled across the river, presently returning with the men. They landed, and, as they passed, stopped to look admiringly at the camp outfit, the stove, cooking utensils, mess table, etc., coming in for a share of their questions and comments, not to mention the pretty, attractive-looking, little tents, which were still standing over the canoes. After the usual questions had been asked, and due answers returned, the men started on up the hill, when one of them suddenly stopped, transfixed. 'Well, I'll be

hanged!' he exclaimed, 'if there ain't the boats under the tents!' It was even so, as closer examination on the part of the entire party proved. I suppose they at first thought we were running the river in one of the heavy, wooden boats moored at our camp—a not unreasonable supposition. The old man who had ferried them across remained after the others had started up the hill. He informed me that he was the man of all work about the place above, and that, from having formerly been to sea, he was familiarly known as the Commodore. He and his wife lived in a little cabin half-way up the hill. He went up and presently returned with the old lady, to whom he showed the wonders of the camp, with a pride and self-complacency in his superior knowledge of boats quite amusing, giving her little bits of second-hand information about the construction or use of this, that or the other thing, which he had obtained from us but a few minutes before, with an air of pride, as though he knew it all himself, and to each and every article shown and explained, from the camp stove to the canoes, the old lady rejoined with an amazed, "Well, u-pun my word an' honor! I never saw anything like that in my life before, and—"

"Did he lift the canoes to show their weight?" asked Lacy, refilling his pipe from a little bag of tobacco, which he took from one of the pockets of his canoe, within reach of which he was sitting.

"Oh, yes!" I replied, laughing. "Of all the exasperating things," said Lacy, throwing the tobacco bag carelessly back into the canoe and striking a match on a rock at his feet, "which camp visitors do" (applying the match to his pipe) "picking up a canoe by one end to feel its weight" (puff, puff) "after you have gotten it carefully balanced and propped for the night" (puff, puff, puff) "is, to me, the most exasperating" (puff, puff). "You have to go to work, and adjust it all over again" (throwing the match away) "and then—"

"Yes," said George, with a laugh, "it is provoking, and there is always danger that the sharp-pointed pieces of wood, under the gunwales at each side, which are stuck in the ground to hold the boat in position, will pierce through the canvas when the canoe is let down again, for it is generally dropped heavily. I once had a hole punched in my boat that way, in one of our cruises. The river is still rising," he continued, as he knocked the ashes out of his little, double-decked meerscham and sauntered over to his tent, and prepared to turn in.

"Yes," I replied, as I stepped down to the water's edge and took a look. "It has risen several feet since we arrived here, but I hardly think it will reach us, and it will be falling by morning."

"How much of a rise has it been, Commodore, do you think?" called Lacy, from within his tent.

"Well, from 16 to 18 ft., I should judge," I replied, as I fixed my lamp ready for reading, and snuggled into my blankets.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yachting.

THE tremendous effort which Sir Thomas Lipton has made on two separate occasions to win the America's Cup has given us something of an insight into this gentleman's character. He has been a most successful merchant, and he attributes his progress in life to his untiring energy and persistency. No such word as fail is to be found in his vocabulary, and he plays as he works, with never a thought of anything except that of winning. His defeat in the second attempt to carry back home with him the much-coveted trophy, instead of discouraging the man, seems to have stimulated his efforts to make a third trial, and it is stated that there is already a possibility of his challenging again. He is certainly the most graceful loser and has shown so much enthusiasm that we could have wished he might have won at least one race.

In the event, however, of Sir Thomas concluding not to make a further attempt, there will be other challengers, it already being rumored that Mr. Peter Donaldson, the well-known Scotch yachtsman, is at the head of a syndicate which stands ready to build a challenger. This would afford that capable designer, Mr. William Fife, Jr., another opportunity to regain his laurels, as Mr. Donaldson has always sailed and thoroughly believes in Fife boats.

Rumor has it also that the Emperor of Germany may forward a challenge, in which case the interest would be intense. A Canadian syndicate is also in the field, so that at this writing it does not seem as though we would be at a loss for challengers, and there is now a possibility of a race during the coming year.

We were much surprised to see the following article in that unusually accurate and splendid publication, Outlook, in its issue of Oct. 5: "It would be hard to imagine a closer race or a more exciting one than that of last Saturday for the Queen's Cup, or, as Americans prefer to call it, America's Cup." The Cup in question was subscribed for by the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron and presented to the schooner America as the prize in a race around the Isle of Wight on Aug. 22, 1851. It is sometimes known as the 100 Guinea Cup.

A sad accident occurred on Thursday to one of the crew of Mrs. Robert Golet's steam yacht Nahma. The man's name was Hector Hewitt. He was at work with several of the men putting the quarter deck awning in place, when he fell overboard and was drowned. It is thought that Hewitt was struck by one of the propellers of the Chester W. Chapin, which was closely following the Nahma, as the body was not seen afterward. Not a moment was lost in the effort to save Hewitt's life. A gig which hung from the davits on Nahma's port quarter was instantly lowered, and in charge of an officer and three men went to the place where the man fell. There was no excitement, and this was due in no small degree to the splendid discipline that is always noticeable on ships that are manned by English crews. The accident brought to light the fact that Hewitt could not swim, and it is a well-known fact that nearly all sailors are deficient in this most important part of their training. Hewitt was twenty-five years old and a native of Essex county, England.

A Summary of the Cup Races for 1901.

THE races for the America's Cup for the season of 1901 are now over, with the splendid record of three straight in favor of the American boat, Columbia. It is not in a boasting spirit that we say three straight, because every race was closely contested over the entire course from start to finish. It is conceded on every hand that never before in the history of yacht racing have there been such splendid contests. The two boats were most evenly matched, and while there was a dissimilarity in their appearances, yet from the fact that but 43s. time allowance had to be conceded by Shamrock, it can be seen that the boats were quite a little alike. It seems astonishing that after many trials during the long period of fifty years American boats have proved themselves better in most every way than anything that Great Britain has produced, and yet, although Shamrock II. is a wonderful craft, Columbia was even better. The contests were closer than ever before, and for that reason were intensely interesting. In no race held during the last half-century was the margin of safety so small as it was in the recent races, for it must be admitted that the Cup was really in danger of being lost.

The first race, or, rather, the first attempt, as the race was unfinished on account of lack of breeze, gave an opportunity to compare the relative speeds of the two boats for the first time. Capt. Barr got the best of the start, which was not altogether surprising, when it is considered that Capt. Sycamore had not been in a race for many weeks, and was therefore a little out of practice. The breeze was fluky and Columbia was favored, and hasty conclusions were reached on all sides to the detriment of Shamrock. These deductions proved wholly inaccurate two days later, when she gave Columbia a severe tussle in a fifteen-mile to windward and leeward race. The result of the first attempt was unsatisfactory, there being no race, although Columbia was well in the lead when the time limit expired. This proved nothing, as the advantages she had gained had been due to her being favored by the fluky breeze that prevailed. On the windward leg of this race Shamrock footed faster than Columbia, but did not point as high, and the extra speed did not offset the leeway she made.

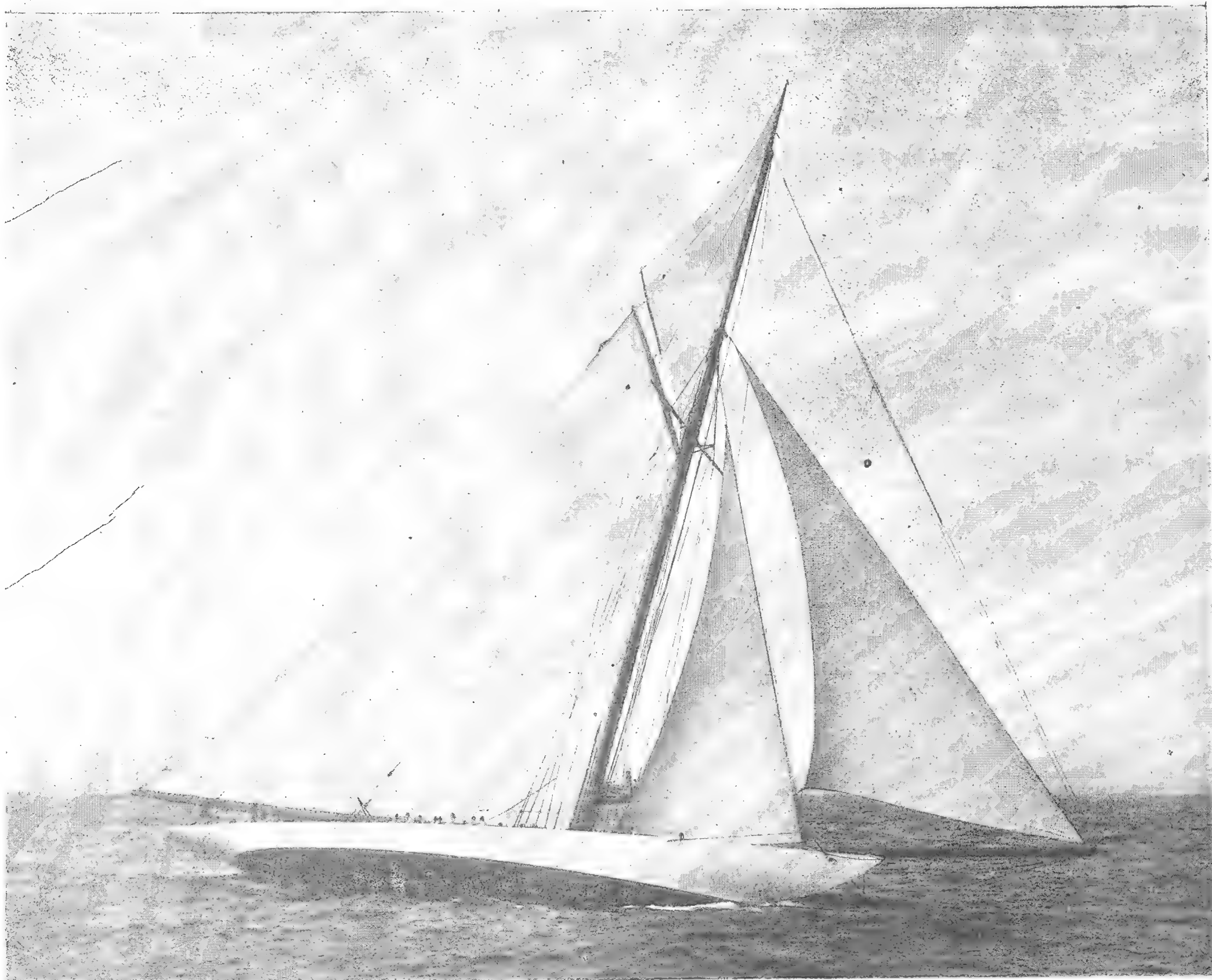
In the race on Saturday, the second time the boats met and in a finished contest, Shamrock's performances won the respect of everybody who witnessed the race. Her windward work was most surprising, and the showing she made going down the wind as disappointing, for it was on this point of sailing that it was thought that she would be far superior to Columbia. This race was indeed a close one. Shamrock got the best of the start and held her lead all the way to the weather mark, beating Columbia to this point by 39s. When Shamrock rounded the outer mark in the lead, it was generally thought that the race was hers, because her larger spread of canvas would naturally take her down the wind fast enough to make the winner. But Capt. Barr had no idea of losing, and he astonished every one, working Columbia to the front and beating his adversary on the run home, and finished a winner by 1m. and 20s. The performances of these boats in the windward leg were the reverse of Thursday, Shamrock pointing higher and footing almost as fast as Columbia. This day's racing demonstrated that there was but little to choose between the two boats on windward work; in fact, Shamrock seemed an almost perfect match for Columbia on every point of sailing.

When the first race was called off by the Regatta Committee, Columbia was in the lead, but on Tuesday, under similar conditions, when that race was abandoned, Shamrock was well in the lead, thus showing of what little value conclusions are when reached under such circumstances.

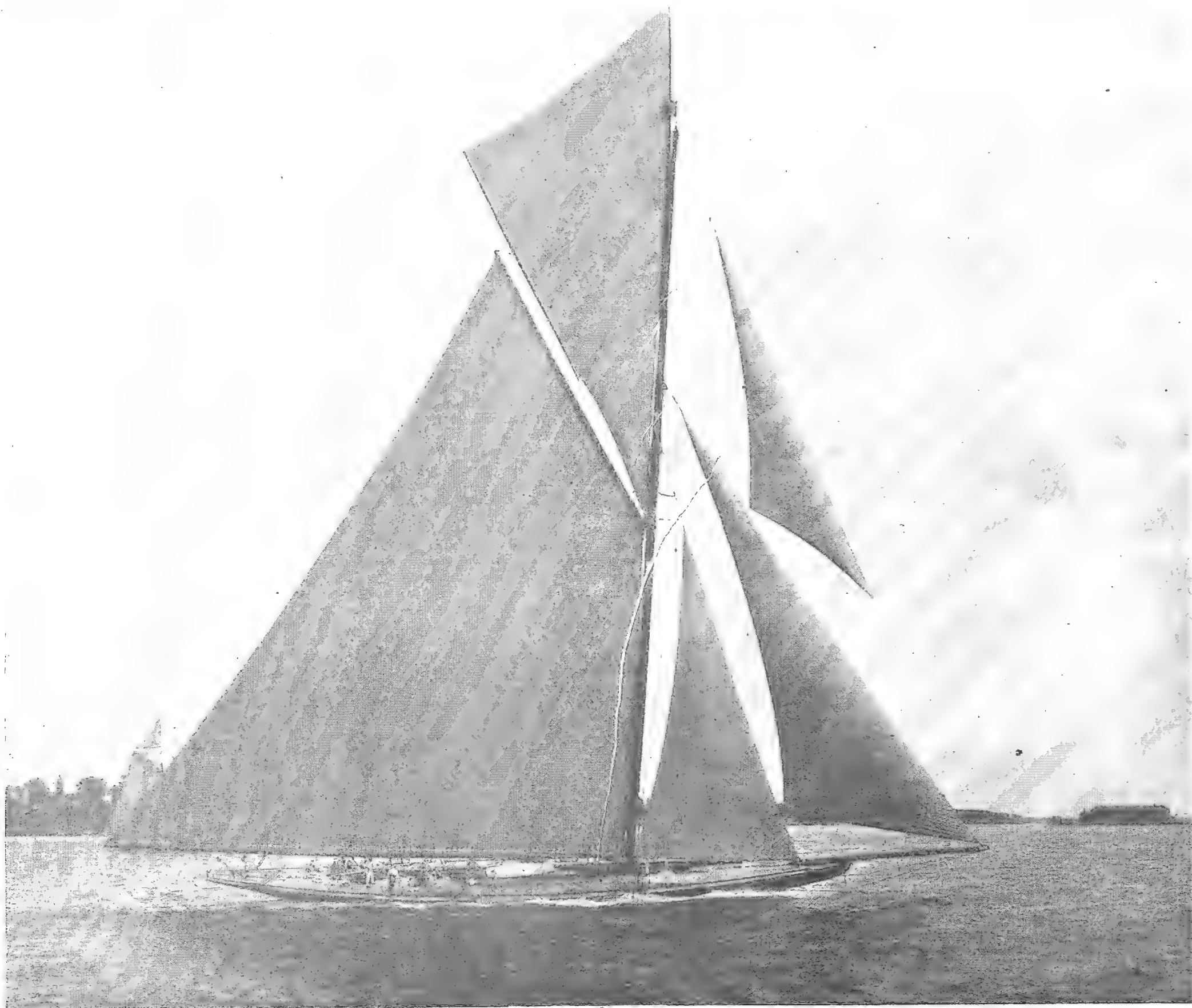
On Thursday, when the second finished race was sailed, the conditions were most satisfactory for the racing of modern boats. A strong, steady breeze prevailed through the entire day, and sent the boats over the triangular course in record time. Columbia, however, proved herself a better boat than Shamrock, to the satisfaction of all. It was a reach to the first mark, and although Columbia got the poorest position at the start, she gained 22s. on this leg. On the second leg, which was also a reach, with the wind on the starboard beam, she gained 30s. From the second mark to the finish line it was a beat, and Columbia started on this leg to leeward, but slowly and surely worked out to windward and into the lead. On this leg Columbia gained 2m., and again finished a winner by 3m. and 35s., showing conclusively that under the existing conditions of wind and sea she was Shamrock's superior.

The race of Friday was the last and deciding one of the series, and was indeed a rare one, the entire credit of which should go to Capt. Barr. Shamrock outfooted Columbia down the wind, and led at the outer mark. It was at this point that Barr displayed his wonderful skill as a skipper. After a long, hard fight he finally worked his boat to the edge of the better breeze along the Jersey shore, and brought Columbia to the front, notwithstanding the fact that Shamrock had crossed the finish line by 2s. in advance of Columbia, the latter winning on time allowance by 41s. The close finish of this race made a fitting ending for the greatest contests that have ever been sailed in defense of any cup. Columbia's uniform success was largely due to the ability of Capt. Charles Barr and to the wisdom of Mr. E. D. Morgan in not interfering with the sailing master's work. A word of praise is also due to Columbia's crew. It has been said that the men were the equals in discipline and seamanship of the crew of Britannia, the cutter formerly owned by the Prince of Wales.

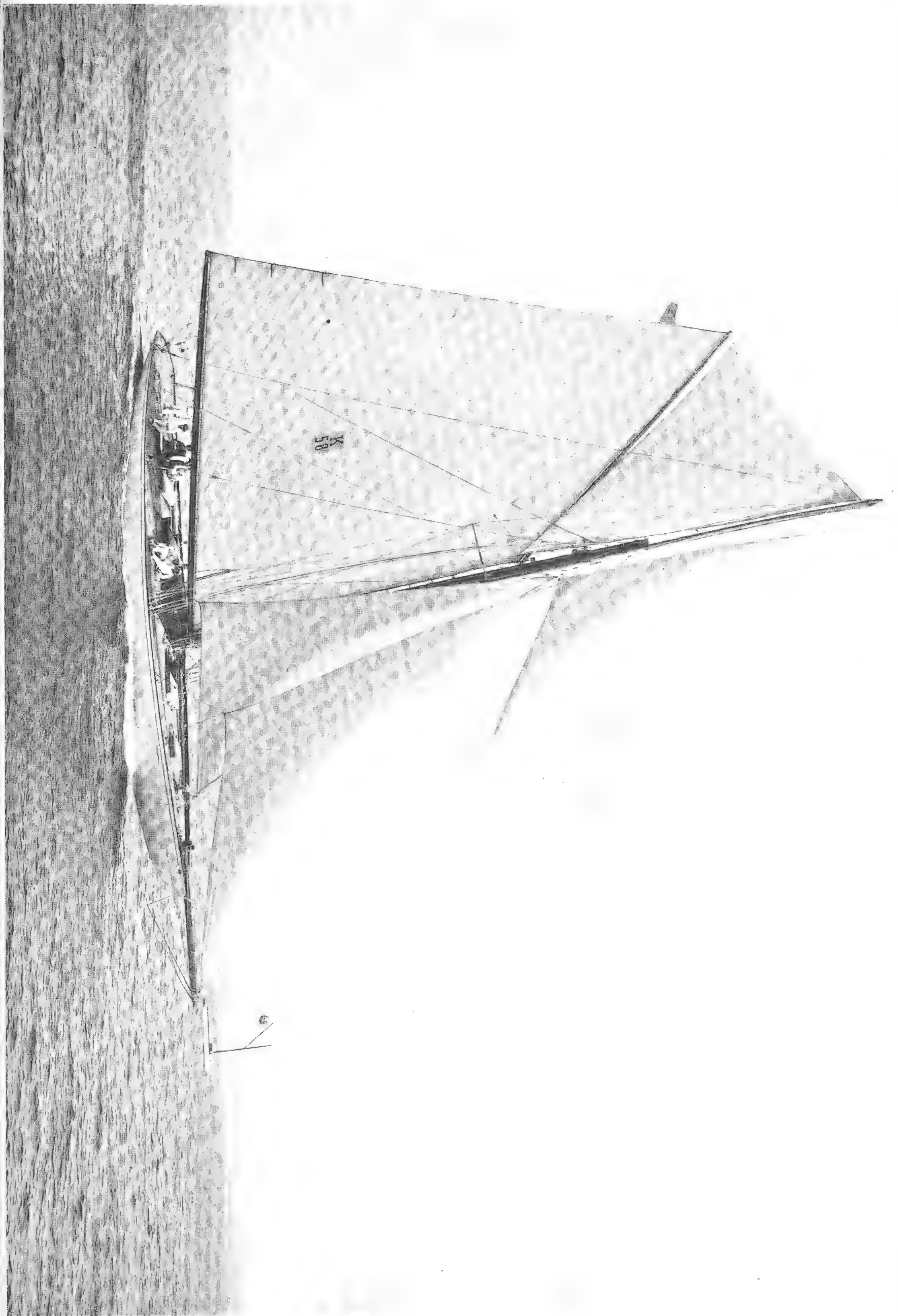
Probably no feature of Shamrock's performances elicited more admiration than did her windward work, which left nothing to be desired. In a strong wind and smooth sea she pointed well and footed very fast. Off the wind, however, the results were disappointing. Her sail area was much greater than that of Columbia, and it is therefore difficult to understand why she did not make a better showing. One thing could have been done that would have helped her very materially, which was that when running her crew should have been placed about the mast instead of way out on her stern, the result being that the boat seemed to drag her stern and to cock up

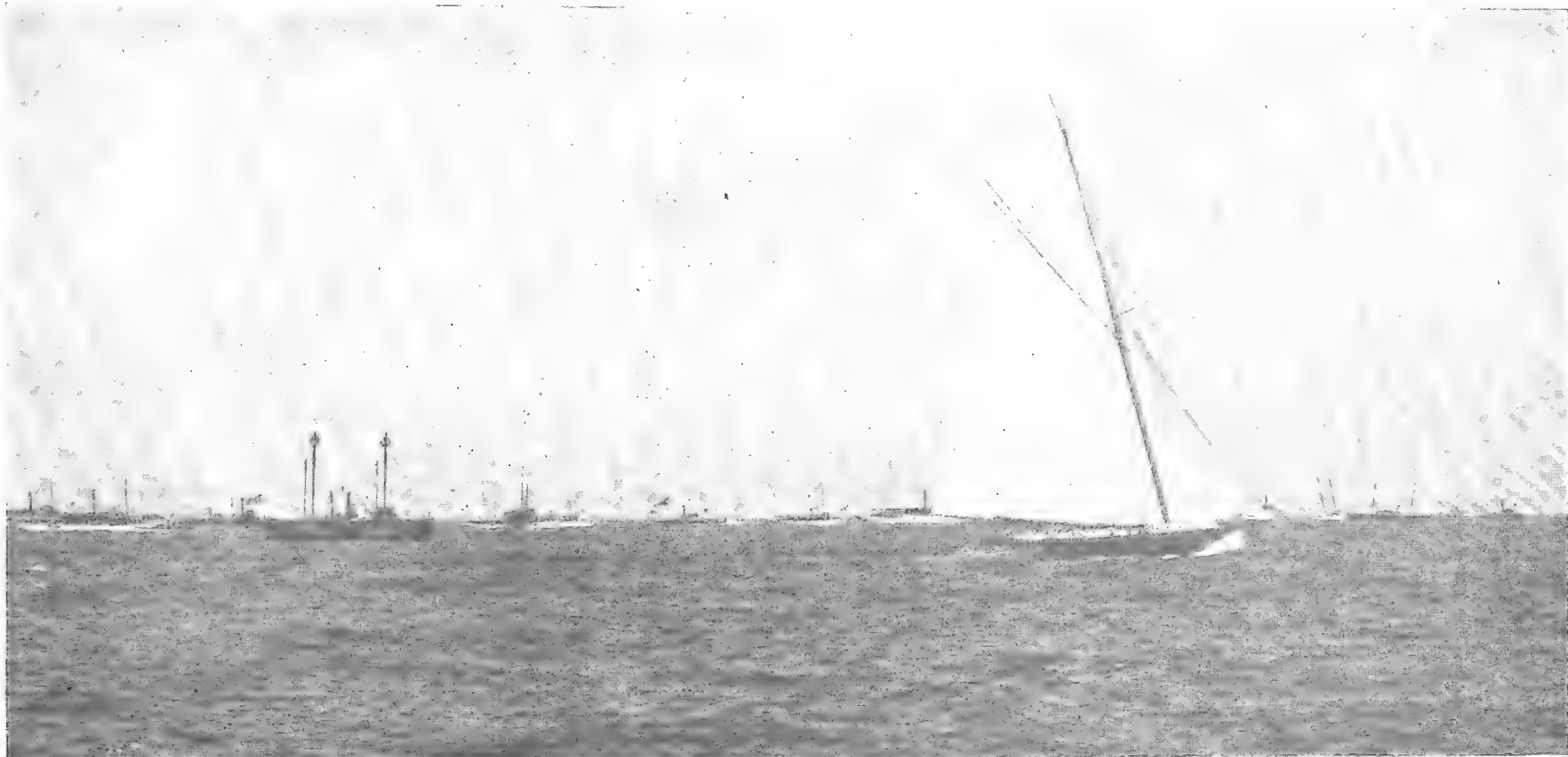


COLUMBIA.



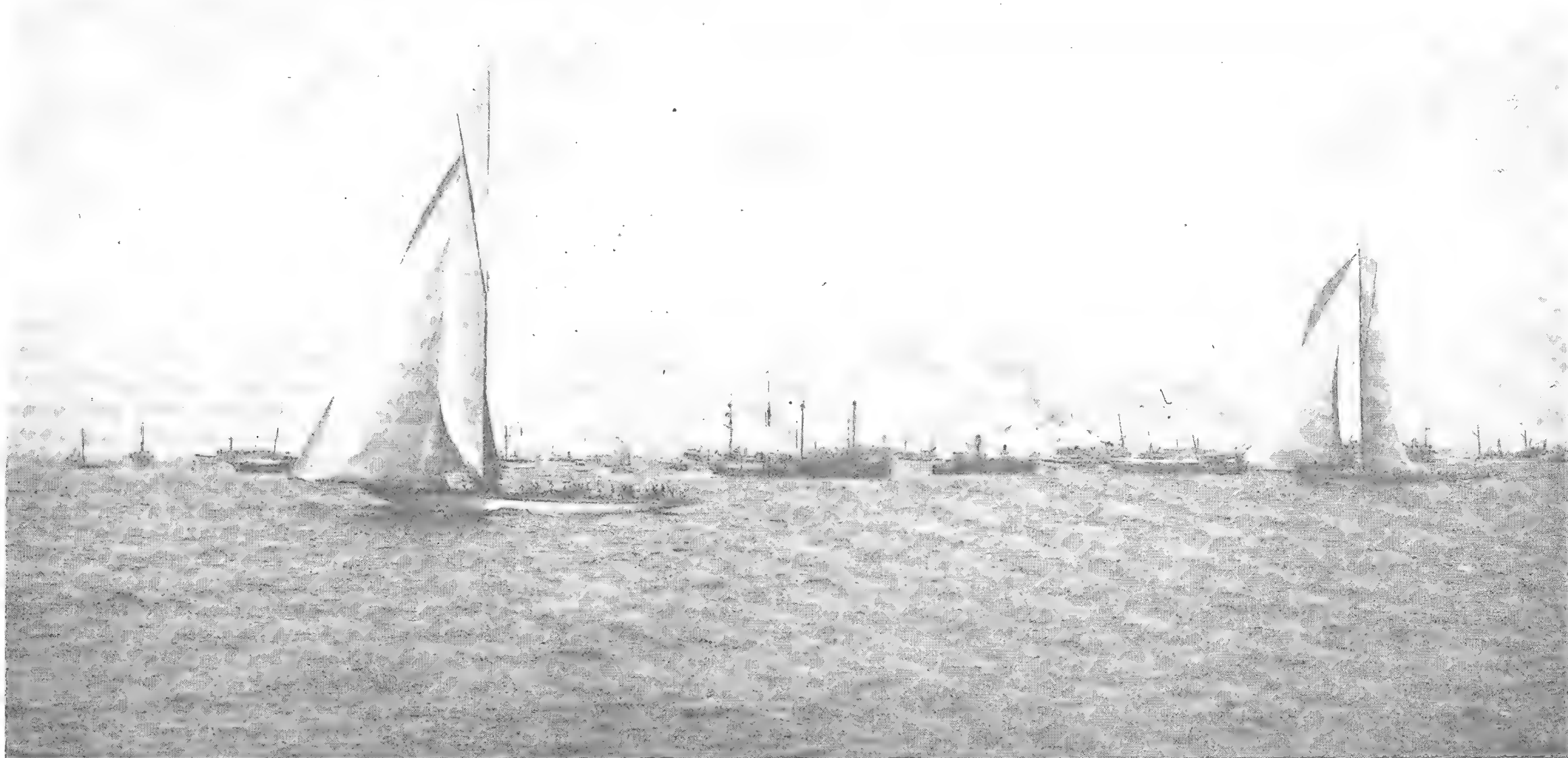
SHAMROCK II.





THE START.

First completed race, Saturday, Sept. 28. Shamrock to windward.



THE FINISH.

First completed race, Saturday, Sept. 28. Columbia wins by 1m, 20s.

Photos copyright by James Burton, New York, 1901.

her bow, thus pushing up a large body of water ahead of her. Another point was the handling of the light sails, which were taken in on more than one occasion long before the rounding of the mark. Her balloonier was taken in several minutes before necessary to do so in the last race. It is never a difficult task to criticise, for it is always understood that the man at the stick acts under impulses that he believes to be the best, and undoubtedly Capt. Sycamore did all that could have been done. He is certainly one of the best racing skippers in the wide world, and while not quite a match for Capt. Barr, yet we believe few men could have made a better showing than he did.

The America's Cup.

Columbia and Shamrock II.

As there was not sufficient wind to enable the yachts to cover the course within the time limit on Thursday, the day of the first race, and on Tuesday, the day of the third race, a repetition of the calm weather experienced during the races in 1899 was feared, and as a result a meeting of the committees representing the New York Y. C. and the Royal Ulster Y. C. was held, and the conditions governing the races were modified as follows:

Strike out clause beginning "The first race shall be sailed on Saturday, Sept. 27, 1901," and substitute the following: "The races shall be sailed on the following dates until the series be completed; namely, Sept. 26, Sept. 28, Oct. 1 and Oct. 3, 1901, and each following day except Sunday; provided, however, that immediately on the conclusion of the race of Oct. 3, and of each subsequent race, the Regatta Committee shall inquire of each

contestant whether he is willing to start the next day, and should either contestant reply in the negative, one day shall intervene before starting the next race. Sunday shall not count as such intervening day."

For the New York Y. C.,

LEWIS CASS LEDYARD, Chairman.

For the Royal Ulster Y. C.,

R. G. SHARMAN-CRAWFORD, Vice-Com.

The accounts of the races, of which Columbia won three straight, are given in detail in another column of this issue. Columbia, which has twice defended the America's Cup, was taken in tow after the deciding race on Friday and brought up to Stapleton, S. I., where she lay with her tender, Park City, for the night. After 8 o'clock on Saturday morning, Columbia, in tow of Park City, started for City Island. Both boats were decorated with bunting. Escorting Columbia was Corsair, Mr. J. P. Morgan's steam yacht, with Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard on board, and leading all was the launch that had been used by Columbia's owner and guests. Every ferry boat, tug, steamer or yacht that passed Columbia on her journey to winter quarters saluted with whistle and siren, while crews, passengers, owners and guests cheered heartily. The whistle on the Park City was kept continually busy answering the salutes. Columbia will be dismantled at once and will be hauled out in the same berth that she occupied before the racing season.

Shamrock was towed to her anchorage inside Sandy Hook after the race on Friday, and on Saturday morning the crew was put to work stripping the boat. Sir Thomas left Erin and came aboard Shamrock II. about 10 o'clock, and after a short chat with Capt. Sycamore, addressed a few words to the crew, thanking them for the excellent work they had done in sailing the boat, and also for the

way they had conducted themselves while in America. The crew heartily cheered Sir Thomas as he left to return to Erin. All those connected with Sir Thomas and the Shamrock were greatly disappointed and depressed over the result of the races. Shamrock II. was taken in tow shortly after noon by the tow boat James A. Lawrence and was brought up to Erie Basin, where she will lie until it is definitely determined just what will be done with her.

The Regatta Committee of the New York Y. C. sent the following letter to the Challenge Committee:

NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1901.—Dear Sir: We have to inform you that the Columbia has won three out of five races from the Shamrock II, in the match of 1901 with the Royal Ulster Y. C. The America's Cup, therefore, remains with the New York Y. C.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
NEWBURY D. LAWTON,
CHESTER GRISWOLD,

Regatta Committee.

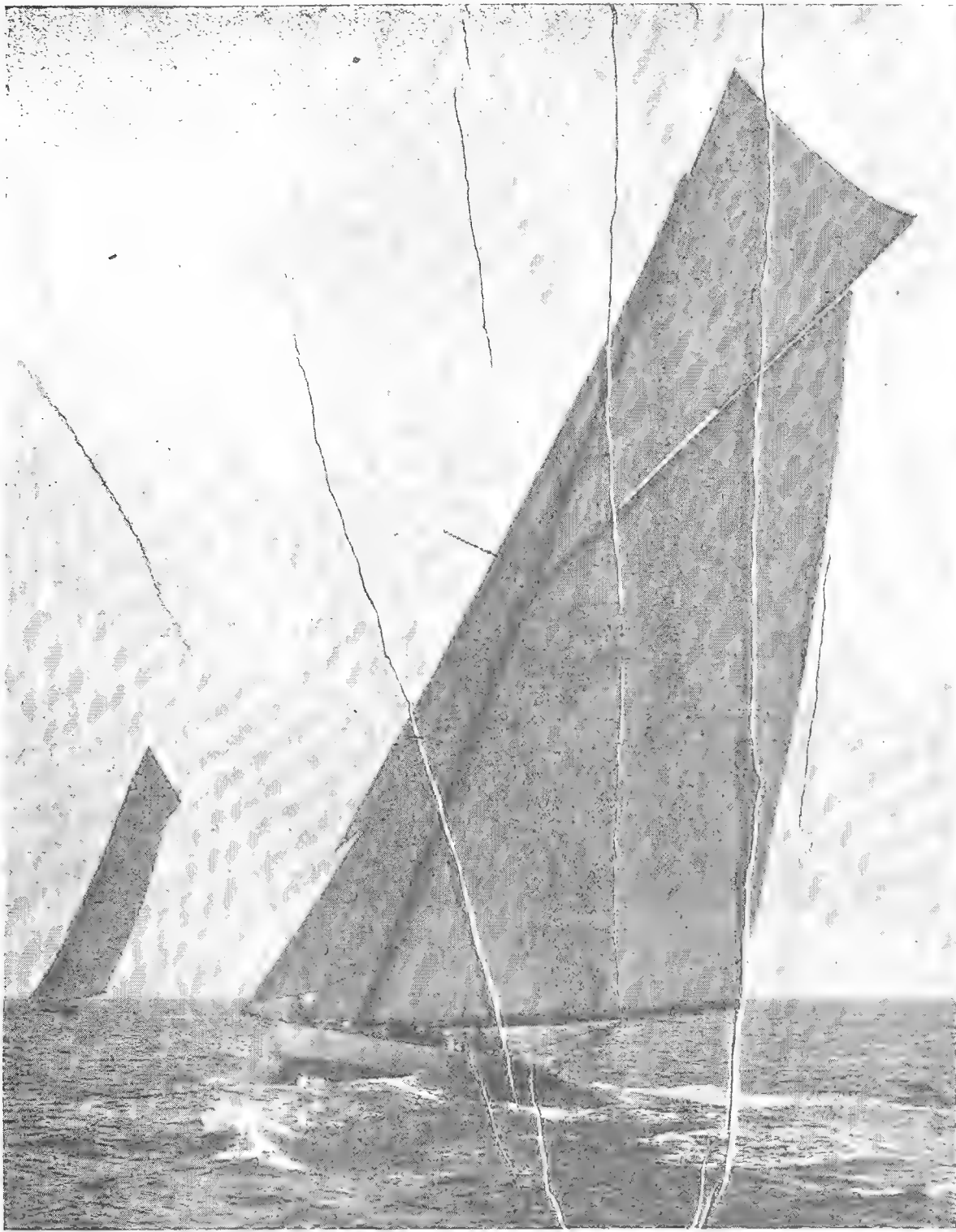
To Com. Lewis Cass Ledyard, N. Y. Y. C., Chairman of Committee on Challenge.

Third Race—Triangular Course.

THIRD RACE—TUESDAY, OCT. 1.

As was briefly stated in our issue of last week, the third race was abandoned owing to there not being sufficient breeze for the boats to finish.

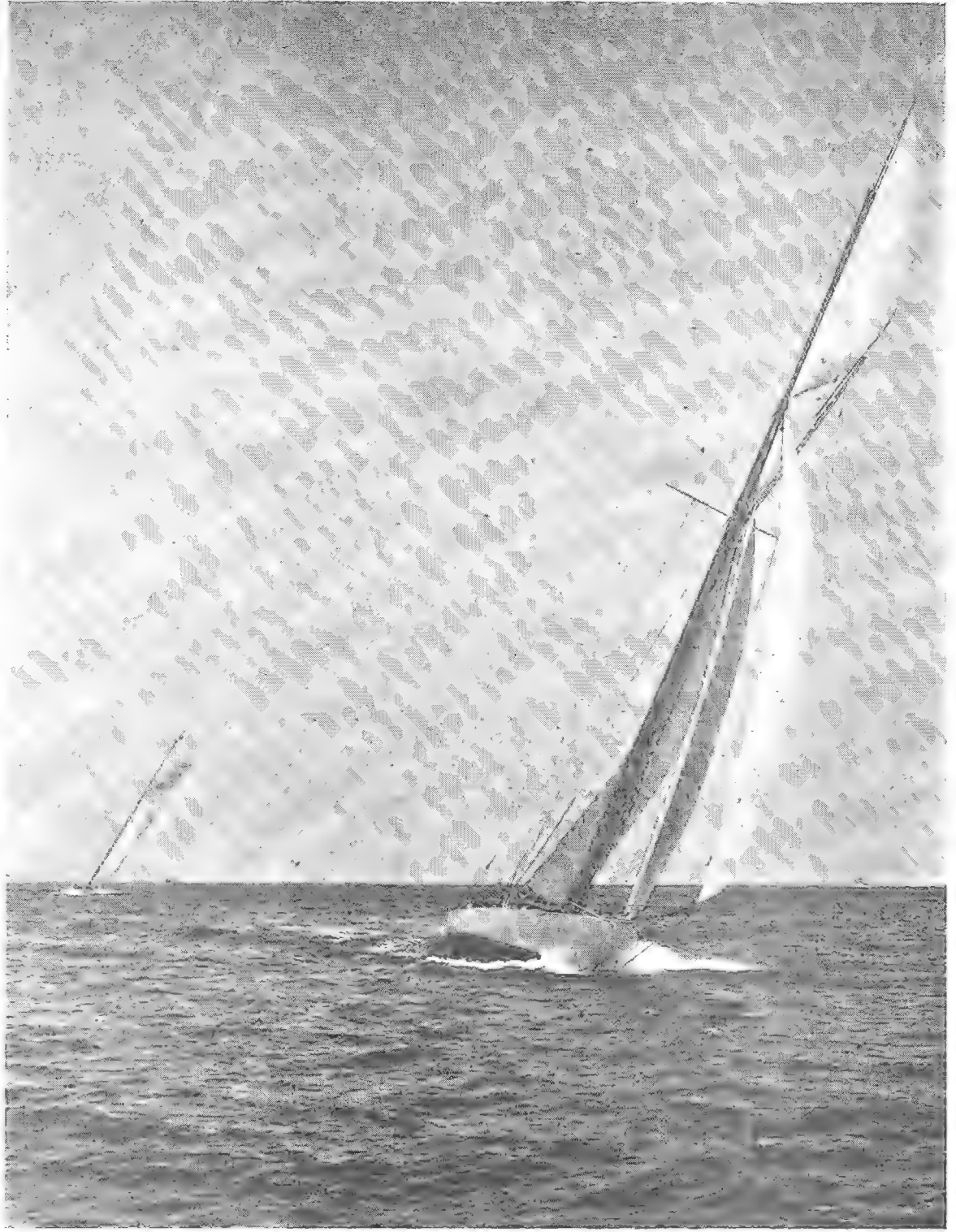
Shortly after 9 o'clock Columbia was taken in tow, bound out for the lightship. No move was made to set her sails until about 10 o'clock, when she was well down by the starting line. On Shamrock her crew set her new mainsail for a sail of lighter weight, that had been substituted for the one used in the race on Saturday. When



THE START.

Second completed race, Thursday, Oct. 3. Shamrock leading.

Photos copyright by James Burton, New York, 1901.



THE FINISH.

Second completed race, Thursday, Oct. 3. Columbia wins by 3m. 35s.

near the lightship Shamrock's club topsail was sent up and Columbia's jack yarder was set a few minutes later. The wind, that earlier in the morning had had some strength, was beginning to drop perceptibly, and the prospect of the boats finishing within the time limit of five and one-half hours was decidedly poor.

At 10:30 three sets of signals were displayed from the committee boat, indicating the compass courses for the three legs of the triangle. These signals read as follows: D, C, B, making the first leg E.; D, F, K, making the second leg S.S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W., and D, G, R, making the third leg N.N.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. The wind at this time was E., and had it held true the first leg of the course would have been a beat to windward, while the boats would have had a broad reach, with the wind well aft of the beam on the second and third legs.

Shamrock and Columbia were moving lazily around the starting line when the preparatory signal was given at 10:45. Shamrock broke out her baby jib topsail soon after the preparatory signal, and Columbia, which was following Shamrock, did the same. The breeze now had a strength of about four knots, and the boats were moving very slowly. At 10:55, just when the warning gun was heard, Columbia jibed over and passed S. of the committee boat. Shamrock, on the port tack, stood off under Columbia's stern, and then went about on the starboard tack, Columbia slowly following. Both boats were now standing down toward the line, but being a little too soon, Columbia went astern of Shamrock, jibed over and stood back now on the port tack. Shamrock, in the meantime, had passed to the eastward of the committee boat, which lay about S.W. from the lightship, and jibed over. Shamrock, now on the starboard tack, passed on the S. side of the committee boat. Columbia at this time was on the port tack, headed toward the southerly end of the line. Shamrock was rounded under the stern of the committee boat and was headed across Columbia's bow. Columbia was brought about as Shamrock was crossing her and the end of Shamrock's boom missed the end of Columbia's bowsprit by a small margin. Both boats were now headed down for the line, and Shamrock was luffed sharply up under the stern of the judge's boat and crossed the line a few seconds ahead of the signal. Three whistles were blown on the committee boat to notify those on the English boat that she had crossed too soon, and Shamrock bore off and after getting back on the westerly side of the line, luffed up and crossed again. This miscalculation of time on Shamrock cost them the best of the start, as well as the windward berth, for as Shamrock bore off Columbia was luffed up and crossed well in the weather berth. The boats were timed at the start as follows:

Columbia11 00 10	Shamrock11 00 22
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Shamrock's skipper gave her a good full in the hope of getting clear wind, while Columbia was being pinched. Shamrock continued to sail as close as she could, and she still had the wind from the E., while Columbia got a southerly slant that permitted her to head up two or three more points than Shamrock could, and for several minutes she made a great gain. The crews on both boats were sent to the lee side, so as to heel the boats down a bit, for there was hardly strength enough in the breeze to heel the boats down to any appreciable extent. After fifteen min-

utes or so the breeze that had helped Columbia began to leave her, and Shamrock felt its influence, for she moved along quite smartly for a time, and then it began to head her, while Columbia was left without any, her headsails hanging limp, and she had barely steerage way. It is often the case in these waters that the breeze, when from the E. and light in the morning, works around to the S., and this is apparently what those on Shamrock were looking for, and it proved a wise move. Columbia was a long distance to windward of Shamrock, and seemed to get a lot of puffs that did not reach Shamrock at all. Shamrock finally went around on the starboard tack, heading in toward Long Island. Shamrock was not kept on this tack long, and was brought back on the port tack in the vain hope of getting some of the breeze that was giving the American boat such a lift.

When Columbia went on the port tack a little later, she seemed to be about half a mile to windward of the English craft. Both boats were heading S., while the mark for which they were to round lay E. from the starting line. About noon both boats got into a soft spot, and lay practically becalmed. After nearly 15m. of this discouraging work Columbia was brought about on the starboard tack, but not gaining anything by this move, she was put back on the port tack again. This tack was held for some 20m., when Columbia was again put on the starboard tack, Shamrock following at once. Just after 1 o'clock the breeze came in from the S.E. with a little more strength to it, and it reached Shamrock first. With the aid of this breeze Shamrock rapidly cut down Columbia's lead. The slant did not reach Columbia for some minutes, and during that time Shamrock had made considerable gain. At 1:15 Columbia was put on the port tack and an effort was made to cross Shamrock's bows. The breeze headed Columbia as soon as she was brought up into the wind, and she was put back on the starboard tack. At 1:30 she set her reaching staysail. Shamrock was well on Columbia's weather, and soon drew out in the lead. Columbia took in her jib topsail, and Shamrock's was also taken in, and reaching jib topsails were set on both boats, although Shamrock's was much larger than Columbia's. The wind permitted both to start sheets and still lay their course for the weather mark. Columbia got a favoring slant and began to draw out of the challenger's lee, but this did not last long, for as soon as it reached Shamrock she pulled ahead again. First one boat and then the other would get a slant and move ahead, only to be overhauled. Shamrock bore down on Columbia and took her wind. To avoid this, the defender tacked under Shamrock's stern, but the breeze headed her and she was brought back on the starboard tack. Columbia had lost considerable by this move, and was now some distance astern. The boats moved down on the mark very slowly. Shamrock rounded first, and although the mark was surrounded by the attending yachts and steamers, few whistles were heard, and one would have hardly known of their presence except for the wash they churned up. The times at this mark were:

Shamrock2 41 36	Columbia2 44 44
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Shamrock's gain on the first leg had been 3m. 20s.

It had been evident for some time past that the race could not be finished within the time limit. Shamrock held on to the sails that she carried on the last part of the

first leg, while the only change that Columbia made was to set a smaller jib topsail. Shamrock now had a little breeze, while Columbia was hardly moving. Columbia now set her baby jib topsail, and Shamrock took in her reaching staysail and set the working staysail. Columbia was certainly working out on Shamrock's weather, while the reaching jib topsail on Shamrock seemed to set her down to leeward, and both boats were several points off their course.

At 3:37 a gun was fired from the Navigator, and the signal letter R was set, meaning that the race had been declared off, for it was not possible for the boats to have finished within the time limit. Shamrock was all of a half-mile ahead when the race was given up.

Fourth Race—Triangular Course.

FOURTH DAY—THURSDAY, OCT. 3.

Columbia wins by 3m. 35s.

In a fresh and crisp northwester, Columbia defeated Shamrock II. and made record time over the thirty-mile triangular course. Navigator, the Regatta Committee's boat, took a position to the N. and E. of the lightship about 10:30. Shamrock and Columbia were taken in tow about 9 o'clock, and proceeded down the bay, the breeze at this time blowing about eight knots an hour, and giving evidence of freshening. The letter D had been displayed from the committee boat, meaning that the course would be a triangular one. Both boats had made sail as they were being towed down the harbor, and when they cast off their tow lines each was under mainsail, club topsail and staysails, and jibs were broken out, while jib topsails remained in stops on the stays. A little after 10:30 three sets of signals were hoisted on the committee boat, showing the compass courses for each leg. They read: D, C, F, E. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.; D, F, M, S.W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., and D, G, S, N.N.W. This made the first two legs of the course reaches, while the third was a dead beat to windward.

The preparatory signal was given at 10:45. The wind at this time was N.N.W., and had a strength of nearly ten knots, the tide being nearly flood and the sea smooth. During the ten minutes that elapsed between the preparatory and warning signals, the boats were running back and forth in the vicinity of the judges' boat, Columbia always being in the weather berth. When the warning gun was heard, both boats were to leeward of the lightship, and they stood across the line, with Shamrock to leeward, but ahead. Shamrock finally bore away and Columbia followed just astern. Shamrock then went on the starboard tack, Columbia following, and both were now standing back toward the line, and they bore around the judges' boat, with Columbia ahead. It was necessary to jibe to fetch the line, and Shamrock was nicely placed in between Columbia and the committee's boat, with the defender under her lee. To get out of this bad place Columbia was brought around just as Shamrock crossed, 13s. after the gun. Columbia was brought back some distance and then headed for the line with great headway on. She was not penalized by this move, for Capt. Barr only took advantage allowed by the 2m. handicap, and was able to cross with clear wind and far more headway on than Shamrock had. This maneuver was worth some seconds to Columbia. Barr, as usual, turned his seeming failure into a successful move. The wind was gaining

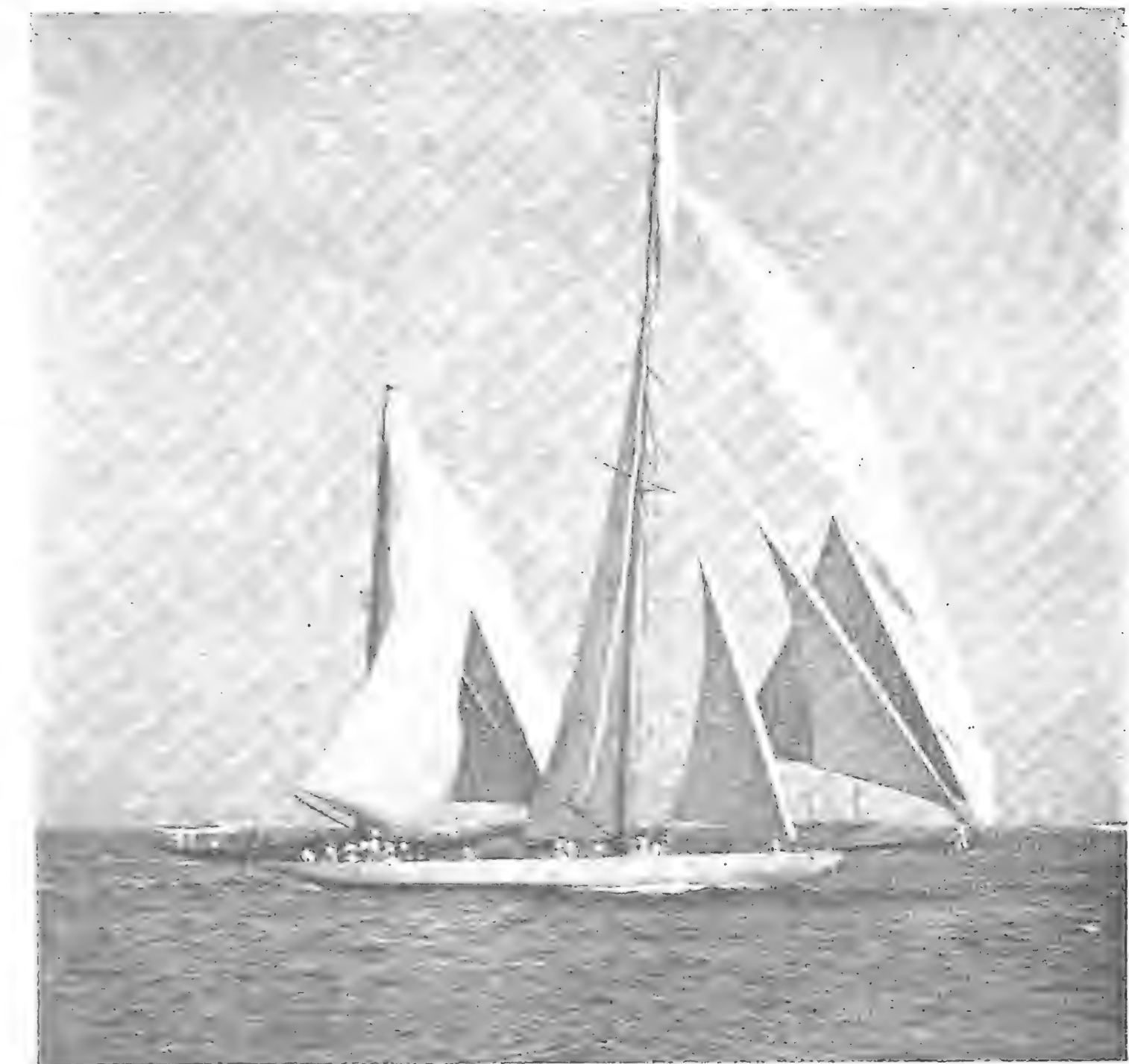
strength all the time. As Columbia crossed the line 1m. and 34s. astern of Shamrock, she broke out a No. 2 jib topsail, which seemed to be quite a bit larger than the one carried on Shamrock. The N.W. wind drew down the bay in hard puffs, and some of them laid the boats down in good shape. Columbia seemed to eat out more than Shamrock in these puffs, and, in consequence, was considerably to windward of the challenger. The defender seemed to be steering a little wild and hard, and to remedy this sheets were eased a little. Shamrock apparently drew away from Columbia slightly, and for a time it looked as though she would be more than able to cover the time allowance she had to give Columbia (43s.) at the first mark. But about 11:30, when the flashing cone on the first mark could be distinguished, Shamrock got very much lighter air, and Columbia, holding a strong breeze, was well heeled down, and was fast overtaking the challenger. Both boats were well to windward of the mark, and eased sheets some more and headed for it. Columbia working up on Shamrock, and carrying a fresh breeze along with her. Shamrock rounded the mark at 11:51:10, and jibing over, stood down for the second mark. Columbia jibed around at 11:51:22, 1m. and 12s. later.

First Leg—Reach—Ten Miles.			
	Start.	First Mark.	Elapsed.
Shamrock	11 00 13	11 51 10	0 50 57
Columbia	11 01 47	11 52 22	0 50 35

On this leg of the course Columbia had gained 22s. After rounding the first mark the wind seemed lighter for a time, but it soon breezed up, and Columbia's sheets had again to be eased to prevent her from steering so erratically. The breeze, which had lightened considerably, now began to blow up fresher than ever, and the racing boats were traveling at a speed that put the best of the excursion steamers and yachts on their mettle and left the others astern. Whitecaps covered the water, but still there was no sea to retard either boat's progress. On the second leg Columbia made a noticeable gain, her big jib topsail helping her materially when the breeze lightened up. At 12:20 the second mark was in sight, and it was now blowing about seventeen or eighteen knots, and if anything, a little less puffy. Both boats were heeled well down, but Shamrock carried her larger rig better than Columbia did hers. The men on jib topsail sheets on both boats were easing them in the hardest of the vicious puffs. Shamrock's skipper decided that his boat would do better without her jib header, and it was taken in, Columbia's being also doused 2m. later. The boats did better with these sails taken in, and it greatly relieved the strain on the masts. The boats were both to weather of their course, and as they neared the second mark sheets were eased and the boats bore off. Shamrock rounded first at 12:45:57, and sheets were flattened down as she luffed around. She stood to the westward on the starboard tack. Columbia rounded at 12:46:39, just 42s. behind.

Second Leg—Reach—Ten Miles.			
	First Mark.	Second Mark.	Elapsed.
Shamrock	11 51 10	12 45 57	0 54 47
Columbia	11 52 22	12 46 39	0 54 17

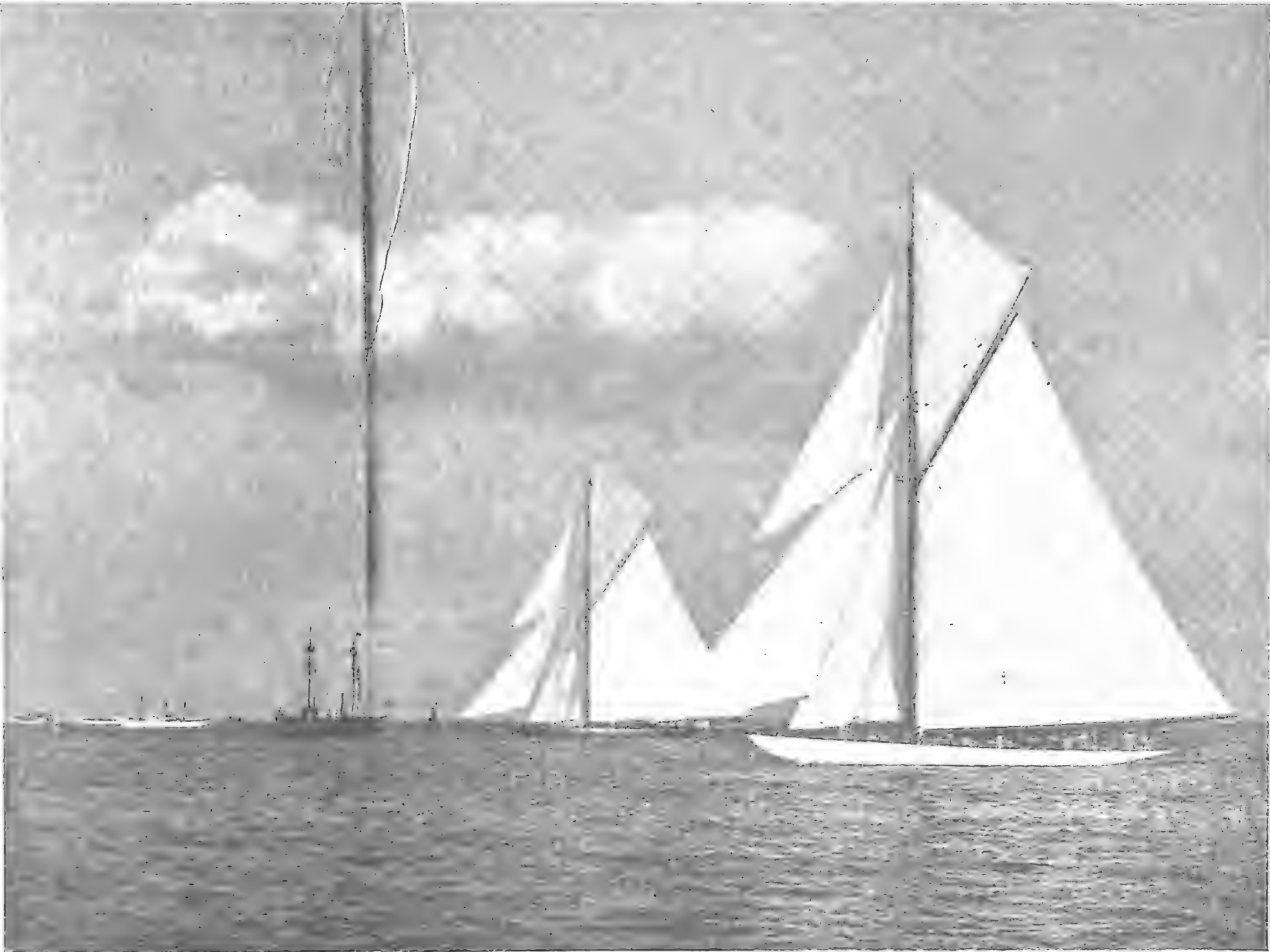
On this leg of the course Columbia had gained 30s. Columbia was put on the port tack as soon as she rounded, and Shamrock followed Columbia shortly afterward. Columbia was given a good full and an effort was made to get her out of the challenger's lee. Both boats



THE START.
Third completed race, Friday, Oct. 4. Columbia ahead.
Photo copyright by James Burton, New York, 1901.

were footing very fast, with a strong breeze and a smooth sea. Lee rails were just about awash, and the crews were lined up on the weather rail. The breeze had let up a bit, and was now blowing about fifteen knots, although nasty knock-downs were seen quite often. Just after 1 o'clock Columbia came about on the starboard tack and passed astern of Shamrock, as that boat tacked. Columbia was again under the challenger's lee quarter, and her skipper tried to get free wind. Columbia footed

faster and pointed higher than the challenger and slowly but surely she worked across his bows and to windward. Shamrock's skipper was doing all possible to prevent this, but was apparently helpless. Shamrock took the port tack and Columbia followed. Columbia was now well to windward and ahead, and the lightship was in plain sight. The large pleasure fleet had assembled around the finish line and Navigator was at a point about N.E. of the lightship. At 1:30 the wind strengthened again. It



THE FINISH.
Third completed race, Friday, Oct. 4. Columbia wins by 41s.
Photo copyright by James Burton, New York, 1901.

was nearly 2 o'clock when Shamrock tacked and Columbia immediately followed. Both boats were not on the starboard tack, headed for the lightship. Columbia was to windward and ahead. In an effort to catch Columbia sheets were eased on Shamrock, and although she picked up a little, Columbia's sheets were also eased and the boats were coming down to the finish line at a high rate of speed, with Columbia well in the lead. She crossed the finish line close to the judges' boat, and luffed sharply. It was a magnificent race, and sightseers of the different steamers cheered themselves hoarse. Columbia crossed at 2:15:05, and Shamrock was timed at 2:16:23. Columbia started 1m. and 34s. behind Shamrock, and passed her and finished 1m. and 18s. ahead. In actual sailing, Shamrock had been beaten 2m. and 52s., and the 43s. time allowance made Columbia the winner by 3m. and 35s.

Third Leg—Beat—Ten Miles.			
	Second Mark.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock	12 45 57.	2 16 23	1 30 26
Columbia	12 46 33	2 15 05	1 28 26

Columbia on this leg of the course had gained 2m.

The summary follows:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	11 01 47	2 15 05	3 13 18	3 12 35
Shamrock	11 00 13	2 16 23	3 16 10	3 16 10

Columbia had beaten Shamrock 2m. 52s. elapsed time, 3m. 35s. corrected time.

Fifth Race—Windward and Leeward.

FIFTH DAY—FRIDAY, OCT. 4.

Columbia wins by 41s.

Those who saw the first two races between Columbia and Shamrock were satisfied that they would never witness closer or more interesting contests than the races sailed by the big fellows on Saturday and Thursday, but the race of Friday eclipsed everything in the history of America's Cup. It was really Shamrock's race, and it was lost through apparent errors in judgment on the part of her skipper and partly through the fickle N.W. wind.

At the time the judges' boat Navigator arrived at the lightship the wind was N.N.W., and had a strength of seven or eight knots an hour. The sea was very smooth. Navigator took her position W.S.W. of the lightship, and soon after signals were hoisted, showing that the course was to be S.S.E. fifteen miles and return. The preparatory signal was given at 10:45. At this time the yachts were maneuvering around the starting line with mainsails, club topsails, jibs and staysails set and jib topsails in stops on the stays. As it was a down-the-wind start, it was evident that each skipper was willing that the other should start first, for under such conditions the rear boat generally has the advantage, being able to run down with clear wind and to blanket the opponent. Both boats used up their 2m. handicap in their anxiety to cross last.

When the warning gun was fired, both boats were on the weather side of the lightship, with Columbia ahead. Both boats were working to windward on the port tack. Columbia went on the starboard tack, while Shamrock took the port tack. Columbia came back on the port tack 2m. before the starting signal, while Shamrock again went on the port tack. Shamrock was now on Columbia's starboard beam. Shamrock filled off on the starboard tack and Columbia followed, the latter boat being ahead. As the starting gun was fired, the yachts were sailing a course parallel to the line, but some distance to windward, with the defender in the lead. Both boats bore off as they heard the gun, and Columbia was on Shamrock's weather bow. The boom on Shamrock was eased off to port, while her spinnaker pole was lowered to starboard, and her balloon jib topsail was broken out. Columbia's spinnaker pole was lowered to starboard; spinnakers were hauled out on both boats, Columbia breaking out her balloon jib topsail just as the handicap gun was fired, and her spinnaker was also broken out. Shamrock's was also drawing when she crossed the line. Columbia crossed 17s. ahead of Shamrock. The times at the start were:

Columbia	11 02 12	Shamrock	11 02 29
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The yachts were timed officially as having started at 11:02:00. This is in accordance with the agreement on this point. The boats are given 2m. in which to cross the line, but in the event of the boats crossing after the 2m. signal, they were to be handicapped the time they took to cross after the gun. So, in this case, Columbia was handicapped 12s. and Shamrock 29s. Columbia was on Shamrock's starboard bow. Jibs and staysails were hoisted in stops on both boats. Shamrock's large rig now showed up to advantage, and it was soon seen that she was crawling up on Columbia. Columbia's spinnaker had been slacked well forward, and her mainsail seemed to be just a trifle flatter than Shamrock's. Columbia's crew was fairly well aft on the starboard side, while Shamrock's men were away aft as far as they could get on the counter. Shamrock pulled up on Columbia slowly, until she was just abeam of her. Here she stayed for a moment, and then she began to draw away from the defender, and in a few moments there was open water between them. Shamrock apparently runs better in a strong breeze, for she showed her ability to beat Columbia in this race, while in the race on Saturday, in a lighter breeze, Columbia got away from the challenger. Columbia was worked into Shamrock's wake, apparently with the hope of cutting off the challenger's wind, but she was unsuccessful in this move, and at noon Shamrock was still drawing away and was about a quarter of a mile ahead. The flukiness of the N.W. breeze now made itself felt, for Shamrock ran into a soft spot, and her light sails hung flat. When the breeze came up again it reached Columbia first, and she carried the fresh breeze down with her and materially closed up the gap between her and Shamrock, but as soon as the breeze reached the challenger she drew away again. Shamrock continued to increase her lead slowly and surely, and when the weather mark was about a quarter of a mile away, the challenger's balloon topsail was taken in and the jib and staysail were broken out. Some of the stops on the latter sail would not break out, and a man was sent down the stay to remedy the trouble. The baby jib topsail was set in stops as soon as the balloon was out of the way. Shamrock's crew is a smart one, and it seems as though her sails were always taken in a long time too soon, particularly where a mark is to be rounded. Shamrock lost a great deal by dousing her balloon so soon, and

Columbia overhauled her at a rate that gave promise of passing her. Mainsails had been flattened and spinnakers had been eased a little on both boats, and some 8m. after Shamrock had taken in hers Columbia took in her balloon jib topsail. The gain she had made by holding on to her balloon was a material one.

When Columbia's balloon jib was being lowered it stuck about a third of the way down the stay, and when the spinnaker pole was slacked forward the spinnaker got against the jib topsail stay and one of the snap hooks caught in the spinnaker. A man was sent down the stay to clear things, and when this was done both the big sails came down on the run. The spinnaker, fortunately, fell on deck, but part of the balloon got in the water, and some time was lost in getting it aboard again. While Columbia was having difficulty with her light sails, Shamrock was rapidly approaching the mark. Her spinnaker pole was allowed to run forward, and that sail was taken inboard rapidly. As Shamrock rounded the mark she luffed and her sheets were well flattened down, and she stood off in the port tack. Columbia on rounding the mark tacked and she stood away on the starboard tack, her sheets having been flattened down as she came about. Shamrock was timed at 12:48:46, and Columbia at 12:49:35.

First Leg—Run—Fifteen Miles.			
	Start.	Turn.	Elapsed.
Shamrock	11 02 00	12 48 46	1 46 46
Columbia	11 02 00	12 49 35	1 47 35

On this leg Shamrock beat Columbia 49s.

After rounding the mark Shamrock took in the jib topsail that she had set in stops before rounding. The wind had freshened, and, as Columbia did not set a jib header those on Shamrock thought they would be better off with theirs on deck. A few minutes after rounding Columbia's headsails were flattened down more, and she was put on the starboard tack after Shamrock. Just after 1 o'clock the wind, which now had a strength of fully ten knots, began to head Shamrock, and she was put about on the port tack. The boats were now drawing toward one another on opposite tacks, Columbia having the right of way, being on the starboard tack. Shamrock crossed the defender's bow easily, and continued on the port tack. It was here that it was thought that a bad error of judgment was made, for Shamrock, instead of holding her course, could have come about in a place where she would have backwinded Columbia, but she did not tack until she was well clear of Columbia, and the American boat had perfectly clear wind. Columbia now ran into a favoring breeze of considerable strength, and being heeled well down was footing fast, while Shamrock was rapidly dropping into her wake. Shamrock soon tacked, and ran out of the breeze that was giving Columbia such a lift. Columbia followed the challenger a little later, but the breeze seemed to favor the defender a little, and she was working well out to windward. Both boats now had a lighter air, and Columbia set her baby jib topsail and broke it out. Shamrock's was broken out just less than a minute later. Columbia had a slightly stronger breeze than Shamrock, and was pointing higher and footing faster. Shamrock made her best gains to windward, when on the port tack, while Columbia did better when on the starboard tack. Shamrock now began to draw away from Columbia, and the latter boat began to drop astern a little, as the English boat was footing faster and pointing higher. Just after 2 o'clock Columbia was put on the starboard tack, and Shamrock followed at once. After about 12m. Columbia was put on the port tack, and the two yachts were drawing together again, with Shamrock on the starboard tack, and she crossed Columbia's bows with plenty of room to spare. Shamrock was again in the lead, and her skipper, instead of coming about at once and having Columbia under his lee, held on some distance and then came about on the port tack. A little over a minute after Shamrock had taken the port tack, Columbia was swung on to the starboard tack, and she crossed through the challenger's wake. The breeze was slowly losing strength, and was variable and shifty, and it was now necessary for the skippers of both boats to keep their respective charges in the place where there was the best breeze. Columbia, after getting headed, was put on the port tack, and Shamrock was soon afterward put on the starboard tack, and again the boats drew together on opposite tacks, but before coming very near each other the challenger tacked, and Columbia about a minute later was put on the starboard tack, and the boats were now headed away from one another, Columbia standing to the westward, where the breeze was stronger and more favorable to her. Columbia tacked to port, and 3m. later was put back on the starboard tack. Shamrock was now headed W., following Columbia, but the American boat had the best of the breeze, and was holding higher and moving faster. It was still any one's race, and it was to be a desperate fight all through. Columbia was put about on the port tack and the boats were headed toward each other. It was very hard to tell which boat was ahead, but Shamrock had the right of way. The challenger proved to be ahead, and the defender was forced about. Every effort was made to get Columbia out of Shamrock's lee, but she did not get clear wind until Shamrock was put on the port tack. Two and one-half minutes later Columbia took the port tack. The tack was a short one, and Columbia was soon back on the starboard tack, and Shamrock followed. The Columbia skipper got all there was out of a favoring breeze while on the starboard tack, and she was then put on the port tack, with Shamrock following at once. Shamrock worked some favoring puff while on the port tack, and then she took the starboard tack and with the right of way again she approached Columbia. It looked for a time as though Columbia would cross the challenger's bow, but she was finally forced to take the starboard tack. Shamrock, after forcing Columbia about, split tacks again, and Columbia was put about in chase of Shamrock. The breeze was now so light that the crews on both boats were kept to leeward, and the boats were making little headway against the head tide. The wind began to head Shamrock and favor Columbia, and from this time on she was never far enough away from the American boat to save her time. Both boats were now heading toward the end of the finish line, where the lightship was located. Columbia was given a good full, and kept off in an effort to get headway enough on to cross the line before Shamrock. Columbia could not tack, for Shamrock was on the starboard tack and would have been right on top of her.

Shamrock was kept going until she had just cleared the lightship, and then she was brought sharply into the wind and shot across the line 2s. ahead of Columbia. As Shamrock crossed Columbia tacked and went over. Shamrock was timed at 3:35:38, and Columbia at 3:35:40.

Second Leg—Beat—Fifteen Miles.			
	Turn.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Shamrock	12 48 46	3 35 38	2 46 52
Columbia	12 49 35	3 35 40	2 46 05

On this leg of the course Columbia gained 47s. The table:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Columbia	11 02 00	3 35 40	4 33 40	4 32 57
Shamrock	11 02 00	3 35 38	4 33 38	4 33 38

On corrected time Columbia beat Shamrock 41s. On actual time Shamrock beat Columbia 2s.

Our Boston Letter.

Comments on the Cup Races.

BOSTON, Oct. 7.—In the light of that recent great event the successful defense of the America's Cup by that phenomenon of yacht-designing skill, Columbia, which has twice responded to the same call, I must ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to ease sheets and bear away from Eastern yachting, for a time, while we look at the cause and effect. For we of the East, although treated by Columbia to a taste of the same medicine she administered to Shamrock II., have been interested in that trophy, not only through patriotic reasons, but also through a profound respect for Columbia's abilities.

It must be truly said that Columbia is a wonder, but, on the other hand, there should be no underrating of the prowess of the yacht from across the seas. She is the nearest approach to a successful challenger that has ever been sent in quest of the cup, but she fell short, and it must be admitted that our designers are still a little farther advanced in the art of producing speed than their contemporaries in Great Britain.

Shamrock is a beautiful boat to look upon. She is a symphony of curves from stem to stern, and from planksheer to the bottom of her keel. It was this abundance of curves, shown when she was first seen in the dry dock, that led me to believe that she would not be successful in her undertaking. They may not have had the effect of making her slower than Columbia, but the methods employed by British and American designers in seeking speed have been diametrically opposite in this direction, and the question of which is the better principle will probably never be definitely settled to the satisfaction of all. The two most eminent designers in the world—both of the same school—disagree on this feature, and each can probably show good reasons for his belief.

Shamrock II. is a yacht that might reasonably be calculated to beat Columbia. She is longer on top, and carries infinitely more sail, but it has been shown that these things are not all that is required. She had a greater draft, thus getting her own lead down lower than Columbia's, and this feature should be calculated to make her stand up well in a breeze. But the combination was in some way misproportioned, for the whole thing was not in harmony. It would seem that she was too stiff, or, rather, that she did not have sufficient life. She is a yacht which requires one breeze and one condition. In a breeze of from 8 to 10 knots, in a smooth sea, she showed at her best. This was where her greater sail plan got in its work. In a breeze of less than 6 knots, she was too stiff to move with Columbia, this undoubtedly because her lead was so low. In the same proportion, when the breeze reached 12 to 15 knots, her great sail plan became a detriment, and she could not take the puffs and sail through them with Columbia. When she did lay out, she was slow to recover. In a steady breeze she would probably have shown up better, for, having got her bearings, and staying there, she would be able to move. It seems that her great draft was responsible for her lack of life, for she was certainly easy enough in her lines to take a heel very quickly.

In the first race to be finished she beat Columbia to the weather mark. This leg was for the most part under conditions that were afterward shown to be her best. She had the best of Columbia at the start, but the white boat made a good fight to get the better position. Three times Columbia split tacks to try and cross her bow, and each time fell short, but she came so close that it was certain there was little difference in the sailing of the yachts in that kind of a chance. It was then, also, that it was shown that either Columbia was faster on the starboard tack than she was on the port, or Shamrock was faster on the port tack than she was on the starboard. It is reasonable to believe that the difference was in Shamrock, for such a thing has never been shown before in Columbia, and it is also more likely that Shamrock, with her many curves, should be the one that was not fair.

The result of that windward leg went long to form the opinion that, in that kind of a chance, Shamrock would not be able to give Columbia 43s. time allowance. The manner in which Columbia held Shamrock on the beat also convinced me that had she started first, in the weather berth, she would have been first at the weather mark. Exactly the same features were shown in races between Columbia and Constitution, where the one which went over the line in the weather position and in the lead would turn the windward mark first.

There was another revelation to be made when that windward mark had been turned. It had been said that Shamrock would show great things at reaching, and there were some who said, unhesitatingly, that she would beat Columbia on this point of sailing. It was inevitable, when they had turned the mark so closely, that a luffing match should follow. They both hauled after they had turned the mark, and this brought them to a point where both were reaching. From the manner in which Columbia at once hauled Shamrock, it was only reasonable to believe that when they should be obliged to sail in this fashion, Columbia would be able to show the same speed again. The jockeying at this point showed Barr to be crafty, indeed, for he employed a trick that is seldom

seen, in trying to induce Sycamore to break out his spinnaker, and he came very near being successful. If the trick had worked, Columbia would have at once been luffed to the position of vantage.

On that leeward leg to the finish line Columbia pulled through Shamrock's lee, or rather, went by her when they were side by side, for Shamrock would have had no windward position unless she were dead astern of Columbia. The breeze had lightened very much when Columbia pulled through, and it was claimed by Shamrock supporters that Columbia was favored by this. She should not have been. They were sailing side by side, and there were no favors in puffs that one received over the other. Shamrock's much greater sail plan, and especially her lofty clubtopsail, much larger than Columbia's, should have been to her advantage, and there was no question as to stability when both were sailing dead before the wind on even keels. That Shamrock did not pull out ahead of Columbia seems to me to be an indication that in those many curves of her underbody there was too much wetted surface. There were too many entrances to the water, and too many places where she left it.

The second race of the series was the most decisive of all. Conditions of wind and water were absolutely in Shamrock's favor all through, or, rather, were such as had been considered would be in Shamrock's favor. Both were handled equally well, with the exception that Barr took the better position at the start, although he did not cross the line first. Throughout the race there was not one single fluke that favored either boat. It was the one race that Shamrock's admirers had been asking for. It was said that she would do best in any breeze over 8 or 9 knots. Everything that was wanted was there, and Columbia beat her on her merits on every point of sailing. This was the greatest race that Columbia has ever sailed, and her greatest victory.

On the third race, I think we can consider ourselves somewhat lucky, but it was a race never to be forgotten. As they were about abreast at the start of a leg dead before the wind, it can hardly be said that there was much advantage, except that Columbia was ahead, a matter of a few feet. When Shamrock had pulled by Columbia, and Columbia afterward held her, and finally gained, a few helpful puffs from astern can be put down as the result. It is true that Columbia was not near enough to break Shamrock's wind, but she was near enough to hold some of it back. It did no good to take in the spinnaker on Shamrock so early, and it did no good to afterward send up a baby jibtopsail and not break it out. Columbia's little mishap, of having her spinnaker catch in her balloon jibtopsail hooks, lost her some time, and also lost her good headway with which to tack around the leeward mark. Both tacked wider of this mark than was good.

The windward leg was the memorable one of the series. Columbia commenced to haul Shamrock after she had settled on the starboard tack inshore. This was seen on Shamrock, and she came across to get the windward position. This was where a serious error of judgment was made on Shamrock, which counted in Columbia's pot of luck. When Shamrock crossed Columbia's bow they were very close. This was made certain from the short space of time afterward that Columbia crossed Shamrock's wake. With Columbia gaining and running toward the better breeze inshore it would have been policy on the part of Shamrock to have tacked on her weather bow, and thus be in a position to blanket her. This was not done. Shamrock headed out and was headed by the breeze, while Columbia was helped, and also ran into a stronger one. When Shamrock had seen the mistake, and tacked after Columbia, she lost ground in both footing and in pointing, and when they tacked offshore again, Columbia was a mile to windward. There is no doubt that she would have caught Shamrock had both kept the original tack inshore, but this big lead can be considered an unintended gift to her.

With Columbia running into the stronger breeze inshore it was thought by some that she should stay on the starboard tack, and get it all, and not tack out after Shamrock, especially when it surely seemed that the breeze was lighter offshore; but I think that Barr was right in going out after Shamrock. If the challenger had received a fluke out there, Barr would have been severely criticised for not taking the course he did. On that long port tack Shamrock did some great sailing and Sycamore lost no opportunity of poking her up farther toward the wind. She gained on Columbia, and when they tacked inshore again, she had the best of the argument, or appeared to.

Then came a piece of sailing that has never been seen in a yacht race before. Barr wanted to get inshore, where he knew there was a stronger breeze. In doing this, and trying to coax Shamrock in after him, he adopted a series of short tacks, the starboard tack, inshore, being held longer than the port tack. Columbia was always kept with her nose the farther inshore of the two, and the result was, that when they got in where the breeze was, she got it first. But there was little difference between them, for in the port tacks that Columbia made to try and cross Shamrock, and in which she fell short, she tacked close enough to backwind the challenger. Shamrock left the Columbia in there to come out for the finish line, and it is said that she did wrong in doing so, but that is open to question. It was hard to tell if Columbia had not turned the tables, and if she had done so, Sycamore would have been justified in trying to get away, as Barr was in getting away from him.

There were two objects in getting inshore, and a good reason for Barr standing on after Shamrock had left him. As the breeze was offshore, the farther in Columbia went the better breeze she would take out, and if the breeze should strengthen she would get it first and would take it out with her. This is what happened. It looked for a time as though it were all over with Columbia, but she was far to windward and took out a better breeze. This was a piece of luck for the defender, but its possibilities were nicely calculated by her skipper. She was almost able to cross Shamrock's bow when the challenger tacked for the line, but failing in this, she did almost as well in throwing Shamrock backwind and stopping her up. Fine judgment was shown in luffing Columbia, and giving all the backwind possible to Sham-

rock. The object now was to get across the line as quickly as possible. It was Columbia's lay to stop Shamrock as much as she could, even though she did not go as fast as she might otherwise have gone.

It was the greatest finish that has ever been seen in American waters, and Columbia did the greatest piece of sailing in the last hour of the windward leg that has ever been witnessed. It was Barr and Columbia that won the race. He had a worthy rival in Sycamore in all the races. It must be said in all fairness that Barr has gained the greater honors, although it must also be said that Shamrock was handled on the whole better than any other challenger. The result stamps Barr as being the cleverest racing skipper in the yachting world to-day.

JOHN B. KILLEN.

Captain Charles Barr.

From the London Yachting World.

WHILE there seems really less chance of our champion being beaten in America this time than ever there was, should it be our fate to have again to accept defeat, the knowledge that one of the chief agencies in administering the blow was "raised" by ourselves, is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—namely, Charles Barr, skipper of Columbia—should tend to soften the bitterness of the experience. If it ever comes that writers of the Smiles kind should draw on the lives of our yachtsmen for illustrations for their pages, that of Charles Barr could not fail to be one of the first to be laid under contribution, for few men in any walk of life have been animated by more honest aspirations, more determination to conquer all obstacles lying between him and his goal, or more tireless tenacity of purpose; moreover, fewer still have reached the very top of their profession from such lowly and unlikely beginnings. A native of Gourock, Barr, in early youth, had such knowledge—no more, no less—of small boats as all boys have whose privilege it is to be reared on the coast. When he was apprenticed, however—in Greenock—to the grocery trade, it seemed as if all he would ever have to do with the sea and ships would be to have a look at them from the beach at holiday times. By a lucky accident his brother John drifted into yachting, and straightway became one of the leading British racing skippers. This success on the part of his brother at once fired the imagination of the young shopman, and soon the counter of a yacht had more attractions for him than that of the grocer's shop. From the very first young Barr became so keenly enamored of the sea that a summer with his brother on the highly successful racing 10-tonner Ulerin so impressed him with the possibilities of his new calling, that instead of going back for the winter to his comfortable shop, he engaged to go flounder trawling on the middle reaches of the Clyde in an 8-ton smack—the wettest, coldest, dirtiest work to which a man can doom himself—so that he might the quicker and the better perfect himself in the difficult art of sailing a cutter-rigged vessel.

Young Barr had not been long on board the smack when it became abundantly apparent that Fate for once wasn't blind when she beguiled this man to the sea. With the exception of himself, the men in the smack were comparatively elderly men, and one bitterly cold winter morning the little boat was caught in a shrieking nor'easterly gale off Portincross, the fishing hamlet on the Ayrshire coast, three or four miles south of Fairlie, that produced the Hogarth's. Millport was the natural harbor to make for, but after many gallant attempts to sail the smack there, it became painfully apparent that there was as much likelihood of her flying to it as sailing to it. By this time the older men had become enfeebled and disheartened, when Barr, who had been working splendidly all along, quietly took the tiller and assumed command in general. Having seen how hopeless it was attempting to beat the boat to a place of safety, he boldly put her before the wind and started to run her to Ardrossan. The boat was only half-decked, and he had an awful time of it to prevent her from pooping the bigger of the seas. Off the entrance to Ardrossan Harbor, in spite of all his skill, she so nearly foundered that he abandoned the idea of trying to make this port, and he headed her for Troon, a harbor lying in a deep ocean bay a few miles further south. Ever the weather was becoming wilder and the outlook more desperate. So well did he know, too, that if he missed this harbor it was all up with them that he set himself to rush her in at all hazards. He did, happily, catch the harbor safely with her, but, as is often the case in desperate and deadly ventures, neither he nor his mates could ever tell very coherently exactly how it was done. The owner of the smack, a fine old Clyde fisherman called John Campbell, never wearied of telling, however, that "there was nae doot whate'er they would a' have been droon't but for young Charlie's pluck an' skill."

The wild baptism of that winter day seemed to make Barr absolutely indifferent to facing the perils of not only the seas around our own shores, but of the Atlantic as well in small boats, and soon after he saved John Campbell's smack and her company he formed one of the crew who took the last of the noted Clyde plank-on-edge 20-tonners (Clara) to America. The passage was a most tedious affair, occupying, as it did, between thirty and forty days. When a skipper was required to take the Fairlie 40-footer Minerva (the hardest nut the Americans were ever set to crack in the way of a racing yacht) to America, Barr was forthcoming, and he took the tiny craft across the Atlantic pretty much as he would have raced her in the landlocked waters of the Clyde; aye, even to giving her the spinnaker whenever the wind was favorable. The Minerva made the passage from Fairlie to Boston in twenty-eight days. As she ran two-thirds of the distance in eleven days there can be no doubt that if she had not got held up for a time in an awful storm (which she swam through like a duck), fifty miles off Cape Cod, she would have made a passage of something like the miraculous order. One gloomy afternoon a huge ship came out of the haze with no sort of warning whatever, and almost sailed over her. On another evening—one of the witching sort—the warm Celtic imagination of the old Loch Ranza navigating officer, Captain Kerr, was set a-working. Barr and his comrades—who were below trying to snatch a bite of food while

Kerr sailed the cutter—were startled by hearing Kerr saying in a most dramatic sort of whisper: "Come abune at aince, lads—the sea serpent's alongside." Hurrying up, without a moment's delay, they did see, by the fast-fading light of the summer night, a long, whipcord-like creature, wriggling in the wake of the cutter; moreover, keeping up with her easily, although she was stepping it out quite smartly. Alas, for the fathoming of this one of old ocean's choicest mysteries, it was found, on examination, that the fabled monster that had visited the Minerva of Fairlie in mid-Atlantic was only her own spinnaker's brace, which had got adrift; but fascinating as this theme of Charles Barr's career is, I must really belay it for the present.

A Correction.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in the account of the races between Columbia and Shamrock, given in your last issue, it is stated that because of her pole mast and of a recently adopted provision in the rules, to apply in cases where there were no hounds in the old acceptance of the term, Shamrock was measured in a way different from Columbia, with the effect of giving her an advantage to the extent of "300 sq. ft. of canvas untaxed."

As this statement would convey inferentially a reflection on the club's methods, you will, I am sure, be willing to correct the misstatement. In both vessels the spreader, which usually and normally rests upon the hounds, was situated above the gaff, and in the ordinary relation to the gaff and topmast, and was the place measured to without, so far as I am aware, advantage or disadvantage to either contestant, and, in strict conformity with the rules as these stood at the date of challenge.

JOHN HYSLOP, Measurer N. Y. Y. C.

[The above letter received as we go to press this week from Mr. John Hyslop, the Measurer of the New York Y. C., was most welcome, as it clears up a point over which there had been some question.—Ed.]

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 23.—There has been a lull in rifle work at our ranges since the big July schuetzen festival. However, yesterday there was a good turnout at Shell Mound. The day was mostly devoted to bullseye shooting. Scores:

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: Edward Goetze 43, William Morken 153, L. N. Ritzau 179, Gefken 258, A. Jungblut 537, Louis Bendel 541, D. B. Faktor 604, N. Ahrens 768, F. Brandt 782.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class—A. Mocker 439. Second champion class—Not won. First class—J. Gefken 405. Second class—Henry Huppert 371. Final, third class—O. von Borstel 512. Best first shot, A. Mocker, 25; best last shot, R. Stettin, 25.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, handicap: M. F. Blasse 190. Gold medal—W. F. Blasse 197; D. B. Faktor 216. Silver medal—M. J. White 190; William Ehrenpfort 195, 175, 174; A. Thode 176, 181, 172; A. B. Dorrell 220. Revolver, handicap—Paul Becker 92, 89; W. F. Blasse 71.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly bullseye shoot: A. Mocker 110, Louis Haake 181, William Ehrenpfort 325, L. Bendel 345, H. Huppert 357, J. Woebeke 456, J. De Wit 460, F. Koch 603, Herman Huber 622, D. B. Faktor 622, William Goetze 672, J. D. Heise 681, A. Schafer 689, H. Zecher 722, H. Lilkeney 777, F. Boeckmann 843, Otto Burmeister 881, August Pape 893, August Jungblut 944, N. Ahrens 1092.

Red Men's Schuetzen Company, monthly bullseye shoot: Capt. Siebe medal, won by William Dressler, 128; second prize, D. Tamke, 548; third prize, Henry Bach, 790; fourth prize, J. A. Mohr and Herman Schult, 1005.

Red Men's Schuetzen Company, monthly medal shoot: Champion class, William Dressler, 411; first class, Capt. Henry Grieb, 384; second class, J. A. Mohr, 365; third class, Herman Schult, 308; fourth class, D. Tamke, 280; best first shot, William Dressler, 25; best last shot, Capt. Henry Grieb, 23.

ROSEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Sept. 15. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the German ring target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 220. Weather, clear; thermometer, 80; wind, 2 to 8 o'clock:

					Honor Target.
Gindele	220	214	209	208 199
Nestler	218	210	209	207 201
Strickmeier	217	216	213	202 201
Speth	214	214	214	198 196
Bruns	211	209	204	202 200
Payne	213	206	206	206 203
Jonscher	205	199	176	169 163
Cekotter	200	190	183	188 180
Roberts	194	194	161
Lux	186	183	181	177 172
Topf	184	183	174	175 170
Troustine	183	177

Strickmeier and Bruns tied for first place on the honor target, but the latter took first by having 25 on the end of his score.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 8-11.—Davenport, Ia.—Forester Gun Club's tournament; live birds and targets.
Oct. 9.—Clyde, O.—Clyde Gun Club's tournament.
Oct. 9.—Randolph, N. Y.—First amateur tournament of the Randolph Gun Club. Fred L. Sanger, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Exeter, N. H.—Target tournament of the Exeter Gun Club. A. S. Langley, Capt.
Oct. 9-10.—Erie, Pa.—Tournament of the Erie City Rod and Gun Club; \$100 added. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-10.—Huntington, Ind.—Tournament of the Erie City Gun Club. A. N. Aitken, Sec'y.
Oct. 9-11.—St. Thomas, Ont.—Tom Donley's fifth annual tournament; live birds and targets.
Oct. 12.—Wissinoming, Pa.—Grand opening target shoot of the Florists' Gun Club. Open to all. Guaranteed purses and added money. T. C. Brown, Sec'y.
Oct. 15-16.—Greenville, O.—Regular annual tournament of the Greenville Shotgun Club. H. A. McCaughery, Sec'y.
Oct. 15-16.—Crawfordsville, Ind.—Tournament of the Crawfordsville Gun Club.
Oct. 15-17.—Pella, Ia.—Garden City Gun Club's amateur tournament. A. I. Nassaman, Sec'y.
Oct. 16.—Mt. Sterling, Ill.—Tournament of the Mt. Sterling Gun Club. J. Breidenbend, Sec'y.
Oct. 16-18.—Baltimore, Md.—Fall tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association; two days targets; one day live birds. Added money. Open to all.

Oct. 17-18.—Springfield, Ill.—Fall tournament of the Illinois Gun Club.
Oct. 22-24.—Raleigh, N. C.—Shoot under auspices of the Raleigh Gun Club. J. G. Ball, Sec'y.
Oct. 22-24.—Des Moines, Ia.—Amateur handicap shoot.
Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.
Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 20.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Shoot given by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who donates a Daly gun; \$20, 20 birds, latter extra; high guns; handicap; all entrance money goes into the purse.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utesht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

The programme of the seventh annual trapshooting tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Oct. 16 to 18, inclusive, is now ready for distribution. There are two days at targets; one at live birds. Added money \$100. Handicaps, at targets, 14 to 20 yds.; at live birds, 25 to 32 yds. Division of moneys: Targets, first day, percentage system, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; second day, Rose system, ratios 8, 5, 3 and 2. The handicap committee members are Messrs. J. C. Hicks, H. T. Ducker and L. German. Grounds will be open for practice and sweeps on Oct. 15. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Shells can be obtained on the grounds. Ship guns and ammunition to Mr. J. R. Malone, 2671 Pennsylvania avenue, and they will be delivered on the grounds. Magautraps and blue-rocks, and a set of traps, Sergeant system, will be used. Hot lunch on the grounds. There are eleven events on each target day, at 15, 20 and 25 targets. There are six events on the third day—one at 7 birds, \$5; one at 15 birds, \$10, and four miss-and-outs. There are ten high averages each day, reverse system, as follows: First, \$3; second, \$3; third, \$4; fourth, \$4; fifth, \$5; sixth, \$5; seventh, \$6; eighth, \$6; ninth, \$7; tenth, \$7.

The grand opening target tournament of the Florists' Gun Club, at Wissinoming, Philadelphia, Oct. 12, is based on a broader principle of equity in the sport than usually obtains. The purpose clearly is not to make superior skill alone the test of the tournament. The inducements appeal to the average class of shooters who like the sport for its own sake, with some incentive in the way of winnings, yet without paying too high entrance for it. The special features are, money for the 50, 60 and 70 per cent. shots; added money for the 50 and 70 per cent. shots; high average money; low average money. There are twelve events on the programme, Rose system and class shooting governing the division of the moneys. Dinner can be obtained on the grounds. Ship shells to V. V. Dorp, care Shannon & Sons, 1020 Market street, Philadelphia. Targets, 1½ cents, included in all entrance fees; entrance 25, 50 and 75 cents and \$1. All sweeps optional, but those shooting for targets only pay 2 cents. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds. T. C. Brown, secretary, 110 North Fifth street.

The programme of the first annual amateur handicap, to be held at Des Moines, Ia., on Oct. 22, 23 and 24, provides two days at targets, one at live birds. The target programme is alike for each day—twelve events, at 15 blue-rocks, \$1.50 entrance, and \$3 added to each event. The third day is devoted to live-bird shooting, the amateur handicap shoot, an event at 25 birds, \$15 entrance, birds included, high guns, handicaps 26 to 31 yds., \$300 guaranteed; trophy \$150 to first; \$90 to second; \$60 to third. All surplus added. All money in the purse in excess of \$300 will be divided in accordance with the number of entries received. Regular entries close on Oct. 19, and must be accompanied by \$5 forfeit. Penalty entries, \$18, up to the time the first man has shot at his second bird. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Dinner on grounds. Grounds open for practice on Oct. 21. Targets, 2 cents; live birds, 25 cents. To those shooting through the programme there are cash prizes for high and low guns. Ship guns and shells to W. R. Milner.

The following communication explains itself: "One of the attractions at Interstate Park, arranged for the near future, is a pigeon shoot that will be held under the management of Mr. S. M. Van Allen, the popular Jamaica expert. The date set for the shoot is Wednesday, Nov. 20, and the conditions will be 20 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, handicap rise. As an attraction, and as a reward of merit, Mr. Van Allen will donate a high-grade Daly gun to the shooter making the highest score in the main event. All the entrance money will go into a purse, from which no deductions will be made, and which will be divided to the high guns in the ratio of about one money to every three entries. The conditions of this shoot are somewhat novel, but Mr. Van Allen's offer is a generous one, and his efforts should be equally generously supported."

The Exeter, N. H. Gun Club announce a target tournament, for which they have fixed dates Oct. 9 and 10. There are ten events each day, at 15 and 20 targets alternately, \$1.50 and \$2 entrance. Rose system, 8, 5, 3 and 2. Shooting commences at 9:30. Dinner served on the club grounds. Expert and magautraps. Guns and ammunition forwarded to A. S. Longley will be delivered on the grounds. No. 8 of the first day will be a five-man team shoot; event open to any club in New Hampshire. Prizes for high guns each day; \$5 to first; \$2 to second, and \$5 to highest general average for the two days.

Mr. H. A. Kerr, who not long since was in charge of the Crescent Athletic Club's shooting grounds, at Bay Ridge, L. I., but more recently of the Highland Golf Links, has been engaged to take charge of the target shooting and related interests at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I. Mr. Kerr is thoroughly proficient in such matters, and is quiet and earnest in his work. Mr. T. W. Morley will continue with the Interstate Park Association, as heretofore.

We learn that the Marlin Fire Arms Company have well under way a new four-story brick addition, about 115 ft. long and about 50 ft. wide, which probably will be completed and ready for occupancy early in 1902, giving about 20,000 square feet of additional floor surface. This will enable them to add correspondingly to their output next season.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) will hold their first shoot of the fall season at their grounds at Rockaway Park, L. I., on the first day of next week. Trains of the L. I. R. R. leave foot of East Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush avenue station at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. Mr. J. H. W. Fleming is the secretary.

The Ideal Manufacturing Company, of New Haven, Conn., announce that their straightline re- and decapper is now perfected, and that they are ready to supply the trade. It possesses many points of excellence, which are explained in minute detail in a circular, which will be sent to those who apply for it.

The Crescent Athletic Club began its winter shooting season at Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week. Mr. Platt Adams, not long since an active shooter about New York, was a visitor, and in smashing the targets showed that he still retained his skill with the scatter gun.

The last tournament of the Interstate Association for 1901, held at

Louisville, Ky., last week, was a distinct success. Mr. L. J. Squier won the high average for the two days at targets (Oct. 2 and 3), though he was closely pressed by Mr. J. D. Gay up to near the finish.

Mr. C. G. Blandford, captain of the Ossining, N. Y. Gun Club, informs us that the club, although less than a year old, numbers ninety-four members. That is a most gratifying showing, and is an example of what good leadership will accomplish in making success.

Mr. Herbert Taylor, who represents the St. Louis branch office of the Dupont and Hazard powder companies, left New York on Friday of last week, after a pleasant sojourn therein, and he expressed himself as being pleased with his short visit.

At the monthly shoot of the John F. Weiler Gun Club, at Allentown, Pa., Oct. 1, Mr. Daudt scored 23 out of 25 targets and won the gold medal for the month. Mr. H. Schlicher scored 21 and won the silver medal for the month.

Mr. Hood Waters, of Baltimore, a famous expert trap shot, has accepted an engagement with the Lafin & Rand Powder Company to represent them. Mr. Waters' popularity and ability assure his success from the outset.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, the famous expert, was in New York on Tuesday of this week, en route to St. Thomas, Ont., to attend Tom Donley's tournament.

The Dixie Gun Club, of Pensacola, Fla., closed its target season this week, owing to the proximity of the open season on game.

Mr. W. R. Crosby won high average at John Parker's tournament, held at Detroit, Mich.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

THE NESSMUK Club, of Alton, Ill., whose annual peregrinations have been for several years recounted in these pages, gave its annual field day outing for 1901 on Sept. 23, to its island preserve in the middle of the Mississippi River, six miles above this city. Since the organizers of the club laid their plans some years ago to maintain a circle of good fellows, who should enjoy frequent communion with nature in her native state, this island has been kept in splendid shape for this idea, and many quiet, happy days are passed by the members in its tranquil retreats. On this occasion some of the numerous yachts belonging to members are put in commission, and all who can possibly get away from the cares of business come aboard for the pleasures of the two-day trip. Camp is pitched strictly a la Nessmuk, and the rules of life in the woods laid down by that authority are closely adhered to and enforced by the older woodsmen, who have by long practice mastered his teachings. Of the magnificent meals served, the flavor of which is enhanced by insatiable appetites, of the innumerable happy incidents of the days and nights, it would require columns to give a detailed account, but suffice it to say that this was the best-attended and happiest convale on the record of the club tomes. Those of the party on this occasion were: H. M. Schweppe, Chief Autocano; F. C. Riehl, Chief Manyquills; Geo. D. Hayden, Chief Bullycook; G. A. McMillen, Chief Mendemtooth; W. Fred Quimby, Chief Consenall; J. G. Melling, Chief Windowface; Eugene Gaskins, Chief Undered; John McAdams, Chief Barksthe-bird; Clark McAdams, Chief Diverdeep; J. M. Pfeifferberger, Chief Nimblefoot; Harry Edwards, Chief Turtlebake; R. L. Smith, Chief Growtobac; Howard Tompkins, Chief Milksthebeef; Drury McMillen, Chief Butchersnake; E. M. Gaddis, Chief Bathem-clothes.

The principal feature of the day was a target shoot for the annual trophy. The honor was won by Capt. Schweppe, who shot a splendid race, in order to appreciate which it must be understood that the competition was at targets, thrown from a single unknown trap as far as it was possible to send them, one man up at a time. The scores were as follows: Schweppe 33 out of possible 35; all others at same number of birds: Riehl 22, C. McAdams 28, Edwards 26, Smith 24, Gaskins 23, McMillen 20, Melling 19, Gaddis 19. The club is in a most flourishing condition, financially; is talking of buying its island preserve, and looks forward to a bright future.

The Illinois Gun Club offers an excellent programme for its annual fall tournament on the 17th and 18th insts. Blue-rocks will be thrown exclusively, there being 210 and 205 each day respectively. Two cents will be charged for targets, and events will be open to amateurs only. Money divisions will be on class system, three in 15, and four in 20 bird events. Secretary Chas. Schuck will cheerfully answer all inquiries.

Several good individual matches at live birds are on the programme for early dates at the Dupont Park range, St. Louis, of which more anon.

Quail shooting promises to be unusually good in Illinois this fall, and all sportsmen are making plans to have their share in the rare sport.

KILLMORE.

Forest and Stream Gun and Rod Club.

ZANESVILLE, O., Oct. 8.—Herewith please find clippings from our daily morning paper. Some of the boys read FOREST AND STREAM and became attached to it, and that is the way the name of our club came about. Sept. 30 about twenty-four enthusiastic sportsmen met at P. McElroy's cigar store for the purpose of forming a gun club. The name Forest and Stream Gun and Rod Club was adopted, and the following officers elected: President, Theo. Barbarow; Vice-President, Charles Hartmeyer; Treasurer, Peter Black; Secretary, Frank Gabele; Captain, George Metzger.

The following well-known trapshooters enrolled as members: Mayor J. L. Holden, H. W. Holmes, Frank Gabele, P. J. Welch, James Carmody, C. W. Morrison, Theo. Barbarow, Harry Miller, C. Bridwell, Charles Hartmeyer, John Hartmeyer, William Dinsmore, H. J. Taylor, Ed McElroy, George Metzger, Frank Brennan, A. E. Ray, Peter Black, Dudley Russell, Lew Hartmeyer, Walter Black, Fred Barrell, Lewis Urban, Herman Mueller.

An invitation from Jake Hartmeyer to shoot at the 'Grey Eagle' for Friday afternoon was received, and the club voted to attend in a body.

The club will hold a shoot on their own grounds next week. The magautrap and experts will be used. All shooters invited.

Oct. 4.—The first shoot of the Forest and Stream Gun and Rod Club was held at the Grey Eagle grounds yesterday and was attended by a large crowd.

The shooting was fast, and some fine scores were made. The feature was Barbarow breaking 43 straight and 49 out of 50. Barrell and Ensign were close second and third, breaking 47 and 46 respectively.

Ed Kemp, being out of form through sickness and lack of practice, shot poorly, but will make amends anon. Competition was strong among the amateurs, Frank Tally going out of his class, winning the amateur prize.

Over 2,000 targets were thrown. The main event was a 50-bird club race, the score of which follows:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Barrell	50	47	.94	Bridwell	50	35	.70
Barbarow	50	49	.98	Kemp	50	34	.68
Ensign	50	46	.92	J. Welsh	50	34	.68
J. Hartmeyer	50	43	.86	Carmody	50	27	.54
Max	50	40	.80	D Worstall	50	26	.52
Warner	50	40	.80	Miller	50	26	.52
Metzger	50	39	.78	C Hartmeyer	50	25	.50
Brennan	50	39	.78	A Worstall	50	25	.50
Ray	50	39	.78	Babele	50	25	.50
Russell	50	38	.76	Fay Talley	50	24	.48
Holmes	50	38	.76	B Hartmeyer	50	24	.48
F. Talley	50	37	.74	P Welsh	50	23	.46
McElroy	50	36	.72				

The next shoot will be held on the club grounds, and a hot fight can be expected. The club votes Jake Hartmeyer as a host: the best ever.

Candy Bridwell got lost in the smoke of his 20-gauge gun.

J. Hartmeyer and George Metzger broke one barrel of birds with an axe.

Barrell is a staving good one, and from McConnellsville, too.

Al Worstall, ex-sheriff, has a glass eye, but it is a good one.

Come again, Al.

Ensign is as good as his name. Forty-six will make some of them go away back and sit down.

Whoop her up for the next shoot.

R. T. GARRETT, Sec'y.

Fort Smith Gun Club.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Oct. 1.—The trapshooting season closed at this place on Sept. 30. The contest for the Peters Cartridge Company's loving cup also came to an end at the same time.

The conditions under which this beautiful trophy was shot for were as follows: Each contestant was required to fire 1,000 or more shots at such distance handicap as was designated by the handicap committee. The handicaps for the most part ranging from 16 to 18 yds., the members of the club were very evenly matched in skill.

Only three members finished out the necessary 1,000 shots, these being Leach, Williams and Boyd, who finished in the order named, though a large number shot up into the hundreds. Indeed, the season was quite a successful one, and it is expected that the next season will be even more interesting.

Leach, shooting from the 18 yd. mark, captured the beautiful trophy, and it was a popular win, as he has probably done more for the sport of trapshooting than any man in the State, with the possible exception of Lloyd, of Pine Bluff, or Litzke, of Little Rock.

Leach's high average for the season, nearly .77 per cent., seems low as compared with tournament scores nowadays, but when it is considered that he shot from the 18 yd. mark, and that the background, or foreground, as some call it, is very trying, being a dense forest of green trees, and that every shot fired during the season was scored, the showing is not discreditable. The thanks of the club are due and are hereby tendered to Geo. Fishback for the use of his beautiful grounds for shooting purposes; to the Peters Cartridge Company for the loving cup which they so generously donated to the club; and to Mr. Chas. Boyd, of the Webber-Seely Company, for his many courtesies and unvarying thoughtfulness.

Following are the scores up to the close of the season, showing the scores of those who finished out the necessary 1,000 shots; and following this the scores of each man who shot in the cup race, with the average of each for the season:

Shot			Shot				
	at.	Broke.	Av.		at.	Broke.	Av.
Leach	1005	773	.769	Oglesby	110	55	.500
Williams	1125	701	.623	McCorkle	50	24	.480
Boyd	1280	746	.583	Boehmer	90	43	.477
Echels	150	108	.720	Singleton	115	54	.460
Webber	315	214	.697	Moulton	25	11	.440
Kirkpatrick	40	27	.675	Theurer	50	20	.400
Kimmons	640	387	.604	Guelinger	50	19	.380
Knott	75	44	.590	Mattlingly	50	19	.380
McKenna	75	43	.573	Daily	150	56	.373
Speer	150	85	.570	Gardner	73	37	.360
Muraney	125	68	.544	Bruce	60	20	.333
Mann	400	216	.540	Bowden	25	2	.080
Littlejohn	75	40	.533	Cox	75	12	.160
Morse	225	120	.533	Gambell	25	0	.000
Coffey	25	13	.520				

LEACH.

Garfield Gun Club.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the first live-pigeon shoot of the series. Fifteen members put in an appearance and enjoyed a delightful afternoon's sport. The weather was pleasant in every way.

The birds were a very good lot, only three failing to fly out of over 300 trapped.

T. W. Eaton carried off the honors of the day by killing his string of 12 straight, and won Class A trophy. A. D. Dorman, a Class B man, was close behind him and won his trophy on 11, while C. J. Wolf captured Class C trophy on 8. The scores:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Dr. Shaw	1122121*2222—11	11221—6
T. W. Eaton	11211112122—12	11200—3
M. H. Wilson	2220210*01—6	11*00—3
C. H. Kehl	21012020201—7	01221*—4
A. McGowan	0011012*1222—8	212121—6
P. McGowan	100*222220121—9	*12222—5
T. Hagerty	100*0201100—4	201002—3
Mrs. Shaw	222001102000—6	*10001—2
*Fahnenhitz	12211021121—12	022111—5
Dr. Meek	2111*211121—11	121211—6
Barnard	21122120210—10	111010—4
M. H. Shaw	11*2101*0212—8	120011—4
Dorman	021221121012—10	121110—5
McGowan	12211021121—11	
Dr. Mathews	121211*12011—10	
J. Wolf	101101120012—8	
C. J. Wolf	12221210200—9	
C. N. Turner	020*20121222—8	
Leete		201222—5
*Visitor		000021—2

J. W. MECK, Sec'y.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Oct. 1.—During the last few days of our club's shooting in the \$100 event it has been held under hard shooting conditions, and last Saturday proved no exception to the rule. The average of scores on the last 100 birds is very much below the class of shooting done at the beginning of the match.

This match was shot off on twelve regular club days at 25 birds each day; members unable to attend were allowed to shoot up at the next meeting; but no man could shoot at more than 50 birds in this match in one day. Handicap distances of 16 to 22 yds. Those breaking 80 per cent. or over went back 1 yd. Those who failed to break 80 per cent. advanced 1 yd. The winners were M. E. Fletcher, first; Dr. Wilson, second; Chas. Brigger, third; John Hunter, fourth; John Bowron, fifth; Ben It, sixth; T. Upton, seventh; Geo. Crawford, eighth.

Scores made Saturday, Sept. 28:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	10	15	10	10	Targets:	10	15	10	10
Fletcher	5	18	Crawford	4	19	5	7
Bowron	7	14	2	7	Upton	6	15	6	3
Dr. Wilson	6	17	Hunt	3	..	2	6
Brigger	10	21	3	7	F. Wilson	4	..
Ben It	5	13	High	3
Hunter	7	17	3	6					

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot, Saturday, Oct. 5. Next Saturday, Oct. 12, will be the first shooting day for the two sets of medals—gold, silver and bronze—which have been offered by the club for Classes A and B, handicaps. It is expected that most of the members will try for these prizes, as they will be handsome, and well worth capturing. We now number ninety-four members, a good showing for a club of less than a year old. A fine club house has been erected, which, with the magautrap, puts us right up to date:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	5p	10	10	10	5p	5p
A. Bedell	9	10	10	6	..	9	5
C. Blandford	9	10	8	8	7	..	8	5	..
W. H. Coleman	9	6	..	5	3	6	..	7	4
W. P. Hall	7	1	9	9
Wm. Clark	3	5	6	4	5	3	3	4	6
H. W. Bissing	4	..	2	4	5	4	2	4
A. T. Emory	5
W. S. Smith	7	3	..

C. G. B.

The Lehigh Rod and Gun Club.

BETHLEHEM, Pa., Oct. 3.—Please find herewith the scores of the monthly club shoot of the Lehigh Rod and Gun Club, of Bethlehem. J. Hahn, known as the old gentleman, was in fine form and shot straight. Also he made a new record for the grounds, breaking 94 out of a possible 100:

Flickinger	010011101111101101110111	-18
Smith	110100111011101111110111	-19
Koch	111110010111111111110111	-21
Heiser	010001100011011111001110	-14
McFadden	011000001001011100111100	-12
Daudt	111111101111101101010111	-20
Hahn	111111111111111111111111	-25

The Interstate Association at Louisville.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Oct. 5.—The closing tournament of the Interstate Association's series for the season of 1901 was held at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club.

The first day's attendance was fine, and included some of the leading amateurs of the country. Forty-seven shot during the day, and of that number twenty shot the entire programme. The day was not one for good scores, as the high wind caused the targets to duck and jump, creating difficult shooting. The straight-away and left-quartering targets were bothersome to quite a number, and the contestant who was slow in his time took chances of a miss. The race for first place was an interesting one. Mr. J. D. Gay won out for the day by breaking 155 targets out of the 165 shot at, an average of .939 per cent.; Mr. L. J. Squier was second with 148, and Mr. J. T. Skelly third with 147.

During the day, counting practice and extra events, 6,200 targets were thrown, and the traps worked well. The shoot began at 9:30 and ended at 5:15, with a half hour intermission for lunch.

The second day's attendance was also good. As on the first day, most of the leading trapshooters of Kentucky took part. Mr. J. D. Gay, who made the best total score the first day, kept up the good work in the first eight events, but in the ninth event Mr. L. J. Squier, who was in second place on the first day, took first honors by breaking 20 straight, while Gay broke only 16, thus giving Squier an advantage of 4 targets. In the last event Squier and Gay each scored 13, which gave Squier the general average for both days.

The third day was devoted to live birds; and a good lot of birds they were, as the scores will show. Many good kills were made during the day. The scores follow:

First Day, Oct. 2.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	138
J. C. Mastin	13	13	17	14	14	15	13	11	16	12	138
A. Meaders	9	10	14	11	10	14	13	12	12	8	113
J. D. Gay	14	14	20	15	14	19	14	15	19	11	155
T. H. Clay	12	8	13	11	11	16	15	13	19	14	132
J. T. Skelly	14	13	19	14	14	15	15	12	18	13	147
A. Stipp	8	12	17	13	13	16	14	11	11	11	118
L. T. Squier	13	15	19	13	15	18	13	13	18	11	148
Ed Trimble	14	13	16	11	11	10	12	11	11	11	136
R. L. Trimble	14	12	20	11	12	17	14	10	15	11	136
A. W. du Bray	13	12	15	10	10	12	9	11	13	13	118
J. Le Compte	11	9	15	12	11	18	12	12	17	8	125
H. Pfeifer	11	10	11	8	10	16	13	5	14	8	119
Brady	11	11	11	8	12	15	13	13	14	11	119
Day	11	13	13	9	17	11	8	17	10	11	141
M. S. Starr	13	12	15	13	10	18	11	12	16	11	141
B. Starr	9	7	14	11	9	14	7	10	16	13	110
J. B. Martin	11	13	18	12	12	18	14	12	20	11	141
C. E. de Long	11	12	16	13	13	16	12	13	17	15	138
C. E. Ellis	8	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
J. O. Ward	13	13	17	12	11	15	14	17	13	13	139
Dale	6	7	14	13	11	12	8	11	11	11	111
G. H. Robertson	11	14	14	10	8	10	10	14	11	11	111
L. Allen	7	9	14	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
W. B. Mackie	13	12	20	13	8	16	13	12	19	15	136
W. B. Allen	13	13	9	12	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
F. Legler	13	13	18	14	11	17	12	14	15	14	141
R. J. Liles	9	12	15	13	13	18	10	12	17	14	133
O. H. Shields	11	11	15	11	13	13	11	12	9	10	116
G. Shields	10	11	12	12	10	14	13	10	17	14	123
Dr. Allen	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
E. B. Norman	12	11	8	11	11	12	11	10	9	9	111
J. A. Robinson	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
E. Prago	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
J. H. Bullitt	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
H. J. Street	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
B. Shaw	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Wilkins	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Fryer	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Booker	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Semple	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Steir	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
W. W. Watts	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Dr. Fallis	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Gilbert	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
S. H. Page	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Kinnaird	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Boyle	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111

Second Day, Oct. 3.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Total.
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	136
A. Meaders	12	10	16	12	12	17	13	9	15	10	126
J. O. Ward	13	13	17	12	11	17	13	12	18	11	137
J. D. Gay	14	15	20	14	11	19	14	12	16	13	148
T. H. Clay	11	12	19	12	14	19	14	14	18	15	148
J. T. Skelly	11	11	12	14	13	18	11	9	16	13	128
C. E. de Long	11	14	18	14	13	17	12	13	18	14	144
L. J. Squier	14	15	20	13	15	20	15	14	20	13	158
Ed Trimble	11	11	12	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
R. Trimble	13	12	17	14	12	20	12	10	18	13	141
A. W. du Bray	9	9	14	7	13	16	7	12	14	12	113
Le Compte	12	14	17	12	11	16	14	8	19	12	135
E. Prago	13	11	16	14	11	15	13	11	16	13	133
W. B. Allen	12	9	19	13	12	14	11	11	11	11	130
R. J. Liles	12	11	17	10	13	18	11	12	12	13	130
W. Watson	12	11	15	11	11	13	15	15	11	11	116
J. V. Day	9	11	19	8	12	16	8	10	12	11	116
F. Legler	13	9	13	13	13	14	11	12	18	13	129
G. Shields	11	11	16	13	12	16	9	12	14	13	127
M. Starr	11	13	18	12	12	15	10	12	16	9	128
B. Starr	13	12	18	13	12	16	11	11	13	13	133
G. Robertson	12	13	19	15	14	11	12	12	19	12	139
Brady	12	13	14	9	11	16	12	13	15	12	127
W. B. Thompson	9	7	17	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
L. Brownie	9	9	14	10	11	11	10	8	11	11	111
J. Robinson	14	12	18	13	17	14	12	17	8	11	138
O. Shields	10	11	11	7	9	6	15	10	10	10	111
Ruckner	6	10	12	10	12	11	11	11	11	11	111
Gribble	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
A. Smith	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Booker	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Wymond	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
S. Page	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
F. Prago	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Fallis	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Fryer	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
E. Howard	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
D. L. Miller	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
P. Howard	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
J. Page	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Chadwick	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Dr. Samuels	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111
Boyle	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	111

Third Day, Oct. 4.

Event No. 1, 7 birds, entrance \$5, four high guns:	2220222-5	2220222-6	2220222-7	2220222-8	2220222-9	2220222-10	2220222-11	2220222-12	2220222-13	2220222-14	2220222-15	2220222-16	2220222-17	2220222-18	2220222-19	2220222-20	2220222-21	2220222-22	2220222-23	2220222-24	2220222-25	2220222-26	2220222-27	2220222-28	2220222-29	2220222-30	2220222-31	2220222-32	2220222-33	2220222-34	2220222-35	2220222-36	2220222-37	2220222-38	2220222-39	2220222-40	2220222-41	2220222-42	2220222-43	2220222-44	2220222-45	2220222-46	2220222-47	2220222-48	2220222-49	2220222-50	2220222-51	2220222-52	2220222-53	2220222-54	2220222-55	2220222-56	2220222-57	2220222-58	2220222-59	2220222-60	2220222-61	2220222-62	2220222-63	2220222-64	2220222-65	2220222-66	2220222-67	2220222-68	2220222-69	2220222-70	2220222-71	2220222-72	2220222-73	2220222-74	2220222-75	2220222-76	2220222-77	2220222-78	2220222-79	2220222-80	2220222-81	2220222-82	2220222-83	2220222-84	2220222-85	2220222-86	2220222-87	2220222-88	2220222-89	2220222-90	2220222-91	2220222-92	2220222-93	2220222-94	2220222-95	2220222-96	2220222-97	2220222-98	2220222-99	2220222-100	2220222-101	2220222-102	2220222-103	2220222-104	2220222-105	2220222-106	2220222-107	2220222-108	2220222-109	2220222-110	2220222-111	2220222-112	2220222-113	2220222-114	2220222-115	2220222-116	2220222-117	2220222-118	2220222-119	2220222-120	2220222-121	2220222-122	2220222-123	2220222-124	2220222-125	2220222-126	2220222-127	2220222-128	2220222-129	2220222-130	2220222-131	2220222-132	2220222-133	2220222-134	2220222-135	2220222-136	2220222-137	2220222-138	2220222-139	2220222-140	2220222-141	2220222-142	2220222-143	2220222-144	2220222-145	2220222-146	2220222-147	2220222-148	2220222-149	2220222-150	2220222-151	2220222-152	2220222-153	2220222-154	2220222-155	2220222-156	2220222-157	2220222-158	2220222-159	2220222-160	2220222-161	2220222-162	2220222-163	2220222-164	2220222-165	2220222-166	2220222-167	2220222-168	2220222-169	2220222-170	2220222-171	2220222-172	2220222-173	2220222-174	2220222-175	2220222-176	2220222-177	2220222-178	2220222-179	2220222-180	2220222-181	2220222-182	2220222-183	2220222-184	2220222-185	2220222-186	2220222-187	2220222-188	2220222-189	2220222-190	2220222
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Irwin	222122212-10	1111112-7	121111212-10
White	0111110121-8	1111201-6	111111111-10
Harding	0222012011-7	111212-7	0121211001-7
Townsend	0222112-6		
Bowen	1210011-5	222202222-9	
A McGowan	2211100-5	112102112-9	
O'Brien		211122112-10	
Sandermeyer		210200*222-6	

No. 4. No. 5. No. 6.

Healey 21222212221212-15 2222220-6 2222112-7

Dwyer 21122011211112-14 0110222-5 2111221-7

Creyk 1222111222222-15

Vietmeyer 1111212112121-14

Malloy 122*2221112*22-12 1222222-7 2022022-5

Irwin 01212121212121-14

White 0122121211121-14 1111111-7 111112-6

Harding 2002111012011-11 2112112-7 2111102-6

McGowan 212211*12202221-13

Thompson 11*101112101-10

O'Brien 0122222-6 2122222-7

Bowen 1012110-5

Cincinnati Gun Club's Tournament.

THE Cincinnati Gun Club's tournament, held on Sept. 24, 25 and 26, was favored with a large attendance of distinguished shooters. The weather was favorable.

First Day, Sept. 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	
W R Crosby, 22.	14	14	12	19	11	13	18	14	14	129
J S Fanning, 21.	11	11	14	19	11	13	18	10	11	121
R O Heikes, 21.	12	14	10	16	12	11	16	15	13	119
Ed Rike, 19.	12	12	13	18	12	9	17	13	11	117
A Gambell, 17.	9	12	13	17	11	13	17	11	13	116
Phil, 19.	12	12	12	15	14	12	17	13	12	119
Squier, 19.	15	14	13	20	14	15	17	13	13	131
Lang, 19.	14	13	14	16	10	13	19	13	15	127
Rhoads, 19.	12	12	14	18	14	14	19	14	13	130
Alkire, 19.	13	14	11	14	13	13	18	13	11	123
Young, 19.	13	15	14	19	12	12	17	14	15	131
Gay, 19.	10	14	13	17	13	14	16	13	12	122
R L Trimble, 19.	14	13	14	19	12	13	18	13	12	128
Elliott, 19.	14	15	11	18	15	15	19	13	12	132
De Long, 19.	13	13	12	13	9	13	15	14	15	117
Courtney, 18.	14	14	14	19	12	13	17	14	12	129
F E Mallory, 18.	14	10	13	16	13	15	17	13	14	125
J F Mallory, 18.	10	13	10	16	12	11	17	12	15	116
J O Ward, 18.	12	15	12	17	13	14	18	12	14	125
Ahlers, 18.	13	13	15	17	12	11	17	12	13	123
T H Clay, 18.	12	12	13	18	12	14	16	15	14	126
Cadwallader, 18.	12	12	13	16	14	14	18	13	13	125
Scott, 18.	10	13	12	17	11	12	19	13	13	120
E C Ward, 18.	13	14	13	19	14	15	17	15	14	135
Buckeye, 17.	10	12	10	11	10	11	17	15	12	109
Livingston, 17.	13	14	14	19	11	14	17	12	15	129
Post, 17.	13	12	15	15	15	14	19	11	10	124
Snow, 17.	13	13	14	18	13	10	18	14	14	127
Gross, 17.	14	13	11	19	10	14	17	12	14	121
Wiggins, 17.	14	14	12	20	15	14	19	10	15	133
Bibbee, 17.	11	10	14	17	9	15	18	15	13	111
Heisler, 17.	10	13	14	15	14	17	17	11	14	121
Meaders, 17.	13	10	13	14	13	12	16	12	10	113
Haswell, 17.	13	11	14	16	13	13	16	9	10	115
Spangler, 17.	12	11	10	12	12	10	13	11	10	104
E M Stout, 17.	15	14	15	18	14	11	18	13	12	130
Cotter, 17.	10	11	10	16	10	11	19	13	13	113
Britton, 17.	14	14	14	17	12	14	17	14	14	130
Bill Nye, 17.	13	14	12	17	11	10	16	13	14	120
Farmer Jones, 16.	12	10	13	14	10	13	13	14	11	110
Nemo, 16.	10	13	13	14	13	12	16	12	11	114
Roll, 16.	14	13	12	18	11	11	16	11	14	129
Du Bray, 16.	13	10	12	15	14	12	16	12	11	115
S F Mallory, 16.	13	11	12	17	14	13	17	13	13	123
Taugney, 16.	9	12	5	14	11	13	8	13	8	98
Foust, 16.	14	14	15	19	15	14	17	13	13	131
Broyles, 16.	14	13	14	16	13	13	19	12	14	128
Daniels, 16.	12	13	12	16	11	12	16	10	10	112
Wallace, 16.	14	12	13	18	13	14	17	13	13	127
Moody, 16.	12	12	13	17	12	12	13	15	11	119
Rex, 16.	14	14	14	16	12	12	18	11	14	128
C Bailey, 16.	12	14	13	18	12	14	20	14	15	132
Barker, 16.	11	13	14	13	14	10	15	12	12	114
Alford, 16.	14	13	10	16	13	14	16	11	11	118
J L Ward, 16.	14	13	12	16	12	14	18	14	13	126
Cox, 16.	14	10	13	17	12	12	18	15	10	121
Coutcher, 16.	11	12	14	16	13	12	15	12	14	108
Voris, 16.	11	10	11	20	12	11	16	13	13	106
Watson, 16.	10	13	13	19	9	12	16	10	14	106
Lay, 16.	11	14	11	17	13	14	17	13	15	125
Fawcett, 16.	9	10	7	12	11	10	12	6	8	85
Frank, 16.	13	11	10	16	12	11	18	11	10	112
Russell, 16.	7	10	9	18	11	12	16	11	11	105
Day, 16.	9	15	12	15	10	14	14	11	11	111
Sample, 16.	11	11	10	17	12	14	17	12	12	116
Snow, 17.	12	15	14	19	15	14	17	13	14	133
Sauls, 16.	13	14	14	17	14	12	17	13	15	131
Nelson, 16.	13	11	12	15	14	9	16	11	12	111
Cope, 16.	12	12	12	18	13	16	12	14	12	122
Goodman, 16.	12	12	10	16	11	12	15	11	13	112
De Gruyter, 16.	12	13	13	14	9	12	17	13	11	114
Hill, 16.	7	11	10	15	12	12	14	10	11	102
Fields, 16.	10	4	8	15	11	8	13	9	11	89
Jones, 16.	10	12	10	15	10	10	14	9	11	101
I H Reid, 17.	10	14	14	16	12	10				76
Vause, 17.	15	12	9	14	11	12	16	10	14	113
McVickers, 17.	13	14	14	17	11	12	18	14	14	127
Geo Stout, 17.	14	12	12	19	14	13	17	14	11	126
Jameson, 17.	12	9	13	17	14	11	15	12	11	114
Williams, 16.	9	12	11	17	11	12	14	14	13	113
Peters, 16.	14	11	13	16	13	11	15	11	10	110
Schlicher, 16.	9	12	12	15	13	15	16	11	12	113
Sperry, 16.	13	13	13	16	15	14	16	11	13	121
Whitecap, 16.	8	6	12	15	11	12	11	11	11	97
Hightower, 14.	9	12	10	15	10	14	13	9	11	103
Stancliff, 14.	12	11	10	16	11	9	16	13	13	111
Newman, 14.	10	13	11							47
J W Bailey, 14.	13	13	13	17						108
J W Stewart, 14.	11	7	12	16	9	8	14	11	10	98
Pooler, 15.	12	14	12	13	10	12	19	12	12	116
Dick, 15.	11	14	14	14	13	13	18	10	15	122
Blunt, 15.	13	13	13	20	10	11	20	14	13	127
Jas Lewis, 14.	13	10	12							100
B Crawford, 14.	13									24
McKeown, 14.	9	10	11	15	11	10	16	10	11	103
C C Fisher, 14.										79
Morris, 16.										61
Jack, 15.										62
Ackley, 15.										31
Herman, 15.										55
Willie, 16.										32
W P Oldham, 16.										29
S Stewart, 16.										30

Second Day, Sept. 25.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	Broke
Trimble, 19.	15	14	14	17	13	15	20	12	15	19	13	167
Britton, 18.	15	14	13	20	14	12	16	14	14	19	15	166
Rhoads, 19.	14	13	13	20	15	12	17	13	14	18	14	163
Foust, 18.	15	14	14	19	12	14	16	13	12	20	14	163
Morris, 18.	14	14	14	17	14	15	17	13	13	16	15	162
Snow, 17.	13	13	13	17	14	13	20	14	13	18	14	162
Young, 20.	14	14	13	19	14	11	18	14	14	16	14	161
Elliott, 20.	15	13	13	17	13	14	20	13	16	14	14	161
Broyles, 16.	12	13	14	19	14	13	19	15	13	16	13	161
Alkire, 19.	12	14	15	16	13	15	18	13	18	14	14	161
Livingston, 17.	12	14	14	16	14	13	18	13	15	18	13	160
De Long, 18.	14	13	15	20	11	11	19	13	15	16	13	160
J O Ward, 18.	12	14	13	20	12	14	18	13	11	19	12	159
Kirby, 18.	13	13	13	17	13	13	17	13	14	19	13	159
F Mallory, 18.	9	11	13	19	14	14	20	13	14	16	14	157
Bibbee, 17.	15	14	12	19	13	13	20	13	14	17	7	157
McVickers, 17.	15	12	14	18	10	13	19	12	13	18	13	157
Lay, 16.	12	14	13	18	14	15	17	12	12	15	14	156
Roll, 16.	12	13	12	17	15	18	14	13	16	13		156
J D Gay, 18.	13	13	15	19	12	14	16	12	12	17	12	155
Buckeye, 16.	12	15	12	18	12	14	16	13	14	16	13	155
Schlicher, 16.	14	13	13	15	12	11	18	14	14	19	12	155
Good, 16.	14	13	13	16	10	14	18	15	14	15	12	155

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 16.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK }

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

NAMES.

WHAT'S in a name? Give a dog a bad name and hang him. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches—and so might be quoted old saws on names to fill a column. The names of fishes and birds and animals sometimes have more effect than we appreciate in determining our attitude toward them. In the East the Mohammedans call the black partridge or common francolin the "Bhugwan tere kudrat," which is their translation of the bird's guttural cry into a verse of the Koran meaning, "O God! great is Thy power!" For this reason the partridge is a common member of the Mohammedan household, and the species has been protected and preserved, whereas in other regions it has become exceedingly scarce.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet; but as for the little beast called by the Abenaki Indians "seganku," Englished into "skunk," it may be said that its very name is against it; there is something in the simple sound of the word that expresses mingled contempt and detestation; it sounds just what it is. There are other names which have this quality of expressing by vowel and consonant the characteristics of the creatures to which they are applied. What more sharp, abrupt, exclamatory cry than that of "Bear!" could frighten women and children in a mountainside berry patch? Even the Latin form, *Ursus*, must have had something of the same adaptation as a cry of alarm. On the other hand, while grizzly means gray, the name "grizzly" certainly embodies more of the grizzly's nature than the tamer appellation of "gray bear" possibly could.

If there are cadence and grace in "gazelle," the name of the "antelope" rapidly repeated aloud has in it something of hoof beats striking the ground that was in the galloping *quadrupedans* of the Latin. "Buffalo" is heavy, with the ponderosity of the humped herd; whereas in "deer" the hunter who has been vouchsafed only an uncertain glimpse of the white flag may fancy that in the name he finds terse expression of the deer's fleeting nature.

A high-sounding name given to a wild animal may elevate it in our esteem if the animal lives up to its name; but unless the name is deserved it not only fails to give any new dignity, but becomes positively ridiculous. The name "mountain lion," for example, should signify some of those qualities which make the lion the king of beasts; but the actual result has been not to make the cougar more formidable because of its leonine name, but to bring into contempt a title worn so shamefully by such a cowardly brute as the cougar is. Incidentally one effect of the name has been to stimulate the art of fiction and the practice of lying, in and of the Rocky Mountains. Many an individual, who, were there no "mountain lions" roaming the woods, might have been content always to tell the sober, prosaic truth about doing a cougar to death with dogs, has waxed imaginative and creative and eloquent in the relation of his parlor adventures with the "mountain lion." The "lion" slayer sets himself up to do stunts as a hero, when the mere "cougar" killer would find no occasion to magnify his native greatness.

As an instance of what a good name worthily bestowed may do for a wild creature, consider the fish which is known to the ichthyologists as *Thunnus thynnus*. The common names are tunny, horse mackerel, great albacore and tuna. It is a widely distributed species, found on all warm coasts, and north to England, Newfoundland, San Francisco and Japan. The name "tunny" is the ancient thunnos of the Greek fishermen two thousand years ago, and from it comes "tuna." Albacore is Portuguese, from the Arabic, meaning "little pig." "Horse mackerel," it need not be said, is English, and there is no poetry in it, no more than in the "little pig" of the Portuguese.

Of all the old names, "tuna" is the most tuneful and pleasing to the ear, and when Mr. C. F. Holder, observing the feats of the fish as a leaper, called it the "leaping tuna," and made it known to the angling world under that suggestive and poetical name, he did what assured for it an attraction and a popularity which as "horse mackerel" it could never have had. The fish is found on the Atlantic coast; one weighing 600 pounds was taken a month or two ago in a pound-net off the Rhode Island shore at Watch Hill; as a "horse mackerel" it was properly a pound-net fish; as a "leaping tuna" hooked by an angler, it would have given the fisherman the sensation of his life. Not until some one shall hook the horse mackerel and bring it to gaff as the leaping tuna will the species take its place in the list of game fish which challenge the skill and the staying power of salt-water fishermen on the Atlantic side of the continent.

THE FIRST MAINE CASE.

MR. CRISTADORO'S sermon on the shooting of human beings for game in the woods is given immediate point by the report which came in the press dispatches from Maine on Tuesday of this week; telling of the shooting of an eighteen-year-old boy for a deer near Houlton. Two hunters were walking along a brook, when they saw what they took to be a deer lying in the dry bed of the stream. It was a human being, but they did not discover this until too late.

This is, we believe, the first case of the kind under the new Maine law, which reads:

Chap. 263, Laws 1901.—Sec. 1. Whoever, while on a hunting trip, or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds, or kills, any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding \$1,000.

The prosecution of the case will be watched with interest. If there is no other way to teach caution in woods shooting, the lesson may be and will be instilled by criminal prosecutions.

Meanwhile, obey the FOREST AND STREAM'S reiterated exhortation—*Don't shoot at a deer until you know that it is a deer.*

LEFT-LEGGEDNESS.

It is a familiar fact that a person lost in the woods or on the prairie wanders around in circles to the right. In an interesting collection of facts and deductions from them, as given in a paper in the October *Woodcraft Magazine*, the reason for a lost man's going to the right is found in the demonstrated fact that the human race is right-handed and left-legged. That is, the left leg is stronger than the right one; and the constant tendency, therefore, because of the greater activity of the left leg and the longer stride taken with it, is to bear to the right. Locomotion is a continuous pedestrian match between the right leg and the left one, and the left is continually getting ahead. As has been said, the left-leggedness complements the right-handedness of the majority of the race; and per contra, it has been demonstrated that left-handed persons are right-legged, and in walking bear to the left. From which may be drawn the useful hint that if a right-handed person and a left-handed person shall yoke up together they will probably steer a straight course through the densest woods or the darkest night; and we commend this suggestion to the thoughtful consideration of Messrs. Avis, Cristadoro, True and others, who are troubled to know whom they shall choose as companions on their outings.

THE PLANK IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE report of the game conditions in Massachusetts at the opening of the shooting season of 1901 is an unanswerable demonstration of the wisdom of the FOREST AND STREAM Platform Plank—The sale of game should be prohibited at all seasons. The Bay State covers are full of game; and they are full of game as a result of the law which forbids the sale of partridge and the taking of partridge for market. So convincingly has this been demonstrated that gunners who were opposed to the anti-sale law have been persuaded and won over to its hearty support.

It must not be overlooked that the Massachusetts law would have been ineffective unless enforced with decision and thoroughness, as it has been by the deputy wardens

under direction of Commissioner Collins and his associates. The Commonwealth has had the benefit of an intelligent Fish and Game Commission, genuinely interested in game protection; and the results attained by the Commission merit recognition and congratulation.

Now that the closing of the market in Massachusetts has worked so advantageously, we take it that there will be no going back to the foolish system of former years, when, with a market always ready to receive snared grouse there were always grouse snarers to supply the demand. The sportsmen of the Commonwealth may be trusted to preserve the law as it is, and to prevent a return to the open grouse market. The trial law was adopted for two years; now let it be made perpetual.

Massachusetts has always been a favorite field of operations for the grouse snarer; and until his occupation was taken away by the anti-sale law, it was the snarer who got the birds. Now the conditions have been reversed; it is the sportsman who gets the birds. The example of Massachusetts has not been lost on the neighboring State. Connecticut has an anti-sale law this year, and a staff of wardens to make it something more than a mere printed law. If the executive force in Connecticut shall do its duty in the efficient way characteristic of Massachusetts the grouse problem will be solved with like happy results. The New York City market is the bane of Connecticut, as of other States near and far; but in time we shall succeed in shutting it up.

DIDYMUS.

It affords us much pleasure to give such an excellent portrait of our long-time friend and contributor, whose pen-name of Didymus has been for more than twenty years a familiar signature in FOREST AND STREAM. The portrait will be welcomed by a host of readers as of one whom they well know. As a sportsman Didymus has enjoyed a wide and varied experience; and we have his half-promise of some reminiscences of the earlier days in the game fields of the East and West, which were then much richer in attractions for the gunner than they are now, or are likely to be again in the time of this generation. As a writer he is always entertaining because he has some very decided notions about what is right and what is wrong in sportsmanship, and he knows well how to express himself with directness and vigor. We shall none of us soon forget how thoroughly he has before now devoted his attention to some shining sham and exposed it so thoroughly as to leave in place of the shamming only the brazen bravado of one who has been found out.

SNAP SHOTS.

In Pennsylvania last winter the bill to amend the game law contained a provision prohibiting the sale of game, and was defeated by the cold storage people, who put up a large amount of money for the purpose. This is only one of numerous instances where wise measures intended for the preservation of game have been thwarted by the market interests, and it illustrates the general principle that when the market shall have been eliminated as a factor, the problem of game preservation will have been greatly simplified. When that time shall come the Legislature intent upon framing laws as to seasons will be free to adopt the dates best adapted to conserve the supply, without regard to whether or no they shall interfere with the business interests of the dealer. The elimination of the market man from the game committee room will be a decided step in advance.

In the corner of the hillside pasture is a gnarled and knotted and leafless apple tree, every branch and twig of whose unkempt state proclaims that it has long since passed out of the care and thought of the owner of the grounds, if, indeed, it ever had any share in them. And high up on a topmost bough is one scrawny little russet, as knotty and gnarled as the tree that bears it. But if you are country bred, you will lay the gun down by the wall and proceed to pelt that apple off the tree. For it is a part of the lore learned in boyhood days that that undersized and homely fruit, which no respectable tree would give bough room, has peculiar sweetness and spice; and when you get it, and bite into it, the tang is what must have been the flavor of those apples of the Norse goddess, which when eaten by the old warriors restored their youth.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In the Philippines.

SURIGAO, Mindanao, P. I., July 26.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Early in May the ship came to take us back to the United States, and I found myself once more in command of a vessel on the high seas. But it was only for a short time, as our destination was Cagayan de Misamis, where the regiment was in process of assembly.

Our first stop was at Oroquita, where a fierce little fight had occurred in the previous summer. I was shown where the insurrecto army had rushed in, early in the morning, armed with bolos, to attack the company of soldiers that had landed there only the day before. I was shown where thirty of them had been killed in one pile, and the mound where over ninety were buried. The Filipinos were so sure of exterminating the Americans that a lot of them got in a building near the quarters occupied by the troops, and when the lieutenant in command threw out a skirmish line, they were penned in and killed.

At this post my force was increased by a company, and we steamed on, reaching Cagayan late in the evening.

In the morning I marched my battalion two miles over a shaded road, between nipa cottages and silent crowds of natives, to the headquarters of the regiment.

In a few days the regiment boarded the Pennsylvania, and we bade good-by to the island of Mindanao. Reaching Manila, a telegram from Judge Taft summoned me to appear before the U. S. Commission at the Palace. There I found that I had been appointed Treasurer of the Province of Curigao, in Mindanao. In view of my strong desire to return to the States, this appointment did not assume the importance my friends tried to impress upon me, but I finally decided to accept, and the next few days were spent in settling up my company affairs and in bidding good-by to the associations comprised in my two years of service.

The long, weary wait for a transport to carry me to my post was enlivened by meeting many old army friends; but after the cool, delightful weather experienced in Mindanao, the heat of Manila seemed oppressive.

After reaching my post, I made a trip, in company with the Governor, to Butuan, one of the towns of the province, to see the natives, and to establish civil government. The ride on the steamer Surigao was delightful, especially when we entered the river Butuan, a noble stream, as broad and carrying more water than the Missouri at Sioux City. At one place a moss-grown monument marks the spot where Magellanes first landed in Mindanao.

At Butuan we were met by the usual brass band and escorted to the tribunal, where we held several powwows. The native Malay is indolent, but he is a past master in the art of office work and methods, and takes rapidly to any new forms in that direction.

Along the upper river are gold fields that no doubt will soon attract the American miner. At Surigao I am interested in some placer diggings, and I had heard so many stories about the native workings that I was anxious to see them at work. There are a number of Chinese stores in Surigao, and a good part of their business is in buying gold from the natives. That the natives could go out from town—men, women and children—and in a few hours' work scraping around the rocks, with their little cocoanut shells and wooden bowls, could come back with one and sometimes two pecos' worth of gold, seemed to me incredible.

I determined to go out and investigate for myself. One morning the "muchacho" brought around two ponies and an American horse, and with my associates B. and L. I rode through the quiet town, past the white monument that marks the memory of a former enterprising Filipino citizen, and over the hill to Tlaya, as the Visayans call the open valley beyond. Here the road wound through fields and past nipa farm houses, with forest-clad hills on either side. I noticed a thick growth in the fields that resembled our red clover, but whenever our horses' feet touched it the leaves folded up like the sensitive plant. Some natives on carabao overtook us. These useful animals appear to travel as well as a horse.

After crossing Cansaran Creek, B. showed us some coal streaks in the bank of the creek, which he thought could be traced to the foothill near by. "By running a shaft down," he said, "about twelve or fifteen feet I believe this vein could be tapped; and if the coal proved of good quality it could be shipped in barges to Surigao, where it would be marketable."

Our course now led up the bed of the stream, and as we proceeded, the boulders became larger and the gravel took on the look of a mining country. Arrived at the camp, we found four sluice boxes in operation, a force of ten or twelve natives being employed in shovelling from the bedrock into the boxes. The foreman was a native Filipino who a few months before was an active insurrecto.

The entire creek had at some time been worked by the natives, and the foreman showed us a large boulder that had evidently been propped up by smaller stones.

The Filipinos have no knowledge of mining as we understand it. They pick little holes in the bank, and when they come to a large rock, burrow around it until they have progressed so far that there is danger of the tunnel caving in, when they abandon the working and go somewhere else.

After dinner, which consisted of rice and meat, with coffee, we went to visit some native workings about 300 yards below our diggings. They were working in a slide about 50 feet above the creek, and when we emerged from the slippery trail that wound through the forest we came suddenly upon fifty people—men, women and children—working like beavers. It was a picturesque scene.

In a cutbank were a dozen holes, and in each hole a native working with a crowbar, loosening the mingled clay and gravel which a boy would scrape up with a cocoanut shell into a basket and carry down to the women in the creek bed, who would take it in a wooden bowl shaped like a gold pan, but not so large, and wash it deftly and quickly, in about a minute, extracting

the pure gold, which looked very pretty against the dark wood. I stood near one woman while she washed a pan and watched the operation. It was all done very quickly. She wobbled the pan two or three times, pushing out with one hand the gravel and stones, and finally disposed of the fine sand with one movement, leaving over fifty cents' worth of gold in the pan. One piece alone was worth thirty cents. I said to her, "Mucho dinero?" She looked up with a smile and said, "Poco."

If one person with half a pan of dirt could take out in one minute fifty cents' worth of gold, the possibilities were great; yet this is done right along. Not only there but in many places in the neighborhood. But they are easily satisfied, and when they have gotten a dollar or two they they go home to town to spend it.

There appears to be about ten miles square of this territory. They are getting on to our idea of sluice boxes, however, and I saw some troughs of palm they had manufactured for the purpose of saving the gold. Along the ridges are many of these pits, and some of their workings look to be a hundred years old.

L. S. K.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

VI.—Abercrombie's Defeat.

Soon the troops began embarking, and as I watched a regiment of Connecticut men marching down to the boats, I caught sight of an acquaintance, no other than Bill Jarvis, the son of our village landlord, and a devil-may-care fellow, fond of jokes and gossip. Being off duty, I ran down to the landing to get speech with him, and got the chance for a few moments while they were waiting their turn.

"How are you, Billy?" I cried, "and what's the news from home?"

He stared at me a minute before he made me out, grown browner and older looking with nine months of soldiering.

"Why, is it you, Paul? Zounds! you look so like a man I didn't know you."

"Well, you see, there's a chance for you, Billy. But what's the news? How are my uncle's folks, and—the minister's?" I blurted out my question.

"Oh, your uncle's well enough now, but he lost a cow last spring, and it nigh about killed him. He pinches the King's head on every sixpence he gets hold on till it hollers; but he's a-buildin' a house for Lot to live in ag'in he gits married."

"Who's Lot going to marry?" I asked, with my heart in my mouth.

"Hain't you heard? Well, that beats all, for I'd ha' thought you'd heard that! The minister's goin' up into the wilderness to Number Four, or thereabouts, to preach the Gospel to the heathen; but his darter hain't a-goin'! She's goin' to marry your cousin Lot."

"It's a lie!" I cried. "She'll never marry Lot."

"I give you the news as I git 'em; I can't make 'em to suit you," said Billy, looking very honest. "Fact on't is, I s'pose they're married, for the day was set afore I come away, and the minister's wife had bespoke marm to make the weddin' cake."

"Forward! March!" came the sharp order, and the regiment moved on, leaving me dazed and sick at heart as I had never been before.

I said I would not believe the miserable story, yet how could I disbelieve it? Jarvis had lived all his life in the neighborhood that he had left within a month, and always kept informed of its affairs; and what reason had he for telling me an untruth? Furthermore, this story tallied with my jealous fears, and with that part of Mercy's letter that had aroused them, where she wrote of her father's call to the settlements. Five months had passed since I heard from her, and it was because she dare not confess how she had broken faith with me. So, with more and more sickening certainty, the conviction grew upon me that she had proved too weak to withstand the strong wills of her father and the favored suitor and their continual entreaty. A year ago I could not have believed it possible; yet now it seemed reasonable enough, though it was breaking my heart. Ah! why could not I have died before I lost my faith in her? Well, there must be a battle soon, and I only hoped that in it my heartache and life might end together.

With my thoughts far away, I must have been the poorest scout in the company of Rangers that went forward in the advance of the embarked army; but the cloud that was upon me could not prevent me admiring the gallant sight when we looked back from the brow of a bold, rocky promontory and beheld the noble pageant of the advancing flotilla, thronging the lake, with countless craft, whose oars rose and fell in measured beats in time with the martial strains of fife and bugle and droning pipes that the echoes mocked with a wild clamor of reverberation, while the brilliant freight of scarlet uniforms, many-colored plaids and fluttering banners and glittering arms quivered in broken reflections down the rippled lake like downward pointing tongues of flame and falling sparks. Surely I never saw so grand a sight as that proud host sweeping onward with the certainty of victory, alas! to such bootless display of valor—to such utter defeat. The startled eagles wheeled above them in ascending flight; then soared away to remote fastnesses.

Arriving that night at the foot of the lake, the army set forth for Ticonderoga next morning, moving in four columns through the wilderness, and had not gone far when a party of our scouts discovered a detachment of the enemy and engaged them. The firing presently brought some of our friends to us, led by Major Putnam, of our own good colony of Connecticut, almost as famous a Ranger as Rogers, and he was accompanied by Lord Howe, who always desired to bear a part in the most perilous service and share danger and hardship with the humblest soldier. We had but a glimpse of him recklessly exposing his gallant, conspicuous figure, for he was a novice in the warfare of the woods.

There was sharp firing in front, and nothing would serve my Lord Howe but to go and see what it was, though our Major Putnam besought him not to do so. Alas! he went, and with him also Putnam, leading a de-

tachment of Rangers, myself among them. It was woeful to see how recklessly his lordship exposed himself, taking no care to keep to cover of trees, and very conspicuous in his bright scarlet coat. Once I saw him step aside to pluck a rare pink posy, look at it an instant and thrust it in the breast of his coat, for he was very curious in all new, strange things he saw—trees, flowers and what-not. I never saw one of those pink flowers but I wished its like had never blossomed, for I doubt not he then caught the eye of the marksman whose bullet the next instant laid him low, the flower of all that brave army, so untimely cut down. It was he who was the real head of our army, for General Abercrombie was a dull man, so like to an old woman that we Provincials ever after called him "Nabby Crombie." Little wonder it was that with such a leader our noble army accomplished so little.

After a time we routed the Frenchmen, but all the columns had fallen into confusion in the maze of woods, so we were withdrawn to our last encampment, where we passed a heavy night, for every soldier grieved the loss of this best-beloved officer, and, viewed in the gloom of the day's mishaps, the path to victory seemed not so clear as it had in the brightness of morning. However, the army was on the move again, betimes, next morning, and after a sharp skirmish with a French outpost on the right and weary marching in the smothering heat of the breathless woods came before the evening to a line of defenses a mile or less to the westward of the Fort Carrillon or Ticonderoga, and stretching across a neck of high ground from one morass to another. The Frenchman had hedged his entrenchments with felled trees, all the branches sharpened and bristling out toward us like the quills of a hedgehog.

General Abercrombie's engineer went forward with our Rangers to spy out the enemy's outworks, and after some examination was of the opinion that they might be carried by storm. This seemed very hazardous to us bush fighters, both officers and men, for the abattis bristled along the front of a strong breastwork that hid all the Frenchers from our sight, save as now and then an officer exposed himself above it, striving to discover what he might of us, where we were harassed by occasional shots from the Indian scouts. One officer often showed himself above the breastwork, very busy here and there, in his shirt sleeves, but otherwise finely clad in gold-laced waistcoat and breeches. I took him to be their general, Marquis de Montcalm, and tried a shot at him, with the remembrance of Fort William Henry bitter in my heart. My bullet went close enough to make him more cautious, and so did us more harm than good, for he went safe through the fight to get his death at Quebec.

What polite, fine gentlemen they were, yet devils all the same, sorting so naturally with those naked, painted friends, their Indian allies, and taking part in all their barbarities, stopping short of roasting and eating their captives! For my part, I could never abide with them, whether of high or low degree; man, woman or child.

After our troops were deployed in front of this barrier there was for a brief space that seemed very long a hush of awful stillness. The yet half-withered leaves of the lopped branches scarcely stirred the sultry air, and we could hear the changing murmur of the distant stream like the ringing of remote bells, and the sweet song of a little bird that alighted on a high prong of the abattis between the silent armies, a strange prelude to the impending tumultuous clamor of battle.

Then came the sharp, sudden word of command, a wild blast of bugles, a crashing volley of musketry, and our columns charged into the smoke clouds upon the abattis, and the French breastwork all along the crest blazed forth a terrific fire from rattling muskets and bellowing cannon, and beneath the lifting smoke we saw our brave ranks go down like grass before the scythe. Rank after rank rushed on, only to be in turn swept down by the fire of the hidden foe. All above the impenetrable barrier of spiked antlers our columns surged against it, only to break or be beaten back like waves against a rocky shore. Here it was the scarlet wave of the British line; there the Colonial troops; elsewhere the wild Highlanders of the Black Watch, that beat vainly against it. The dogged Englishmen and our own brave countrymen still struggled on in the face of hopeless defeat, and the Highlanders, in a fury of rage, strove to chop a passage through the abattis with broadswords till the half of them were killed outright and the wailing pipes called away the torn remnant of the brave regiment.

If we Rangers gained less glory, we had the greater safety and performed more effective service fighting after our own fashion behind trees, and killing more Frenchmen with our careful, infrequent shots than our regular troops with storm of aimless volleys. You may wonder that, with all this opportunity, I did not seek a chance of being killed, but with the sight of such mangled and maiming and havoc of death before me, men writhing in the agony of frightful wounds among gory heaps of slain, I was of a different mind concerning life, and concluded I would rather live with a broken heart than die of a broken head, and was glad enough when we got the order to retreat. But this did not come till a thousand of our brave men lay dead or mangled on the bloody field. Amid the scattering volleys of French bullets that whistled over our heads, I came upon a grievously wounded American soldier, and, stopping to offer such help as I could give, which was but a drink of water, for the poor fellow was at the point of death, I discovered he was no other than poor Billy Jarvis. He revived a little with the draught, and it was plain he recognized me, for he tried to speak, but I could make nothing of his gasping whisper, and with a great sigh his last breath went out. Then I covered his face with his hat and hurried after my company, wondering vaguely in a whirl of thoughts what it was he would have told me if death had not sealed his lips.

The retreat of our army up the lake was a sad contrast to its proud advance. The torn banners drooped over thinned, dispirited ranks and many a sorely wounded man. The sluggish oars beat no martial strains now, for the verdant shores echoed the melancholy wail of the pipes, lamenting the dead clansmen. The reflections of scarlet coats and red banners reminded one not of flickering fire, but dropping blood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shooting at Something in the Wood Adventures in Tropical America.

III.—A Turtle Hunt in the Tropics.

THE crop of deer-shooting accidents—in the sense of a maiming and killing of human beings—is already being harvested. The morning papers record a case where a man up a tree watching for deer had his legs full of buckshot by a man on the ground—presumably watching for deer also.

And, when you think of it, this portends a very serious condition of affairs—for the deer hunters. With the woods full of men, every mother's son of them, armed with a .30-30 smokeless rifle, the only safe thing for a man to do would be to climb a tree—and, if we can believe the report in the morning papers, that haven of refuge is now taken away. Hunters have gotten so alert that they even look into the tree tops for deer. In the recent days of black powder conditions were bad enough, and, unless the innocent hunter used due publicity, accompanied by loud shouting, he was apt to be mistaken for a deer and tagged. The waving of an arm or the flapping of an arm covering of the shooting cap a distance away in the undergrowth became a live, moving deer, and appealed to the deadly bullet. This situation was certainly bad enough as the season's crop of maimings and fatalities clearly proved.

But now is the danger of the situation compounded. There was a limit to the black-powder-propelled ball, but who can tell where the steel-jacketed .30 rifle ball finds its resting place? It is only necessary to run over the files of the daily papers during the deer season to read the story indelibly written in blood. No one is safe in the woods or upon the lake in a deer country infested with hunters armed with the unlimited distance consuming .30-30 smokeless.

How many instances where a rusted, weather-beaten rifle, the tattered remnants of clothing mingled with human bones have been found in the forest after the winter's snows, to tell the tale of the stray bullet. I do not know, but I certainly think the introduction of the small-bore smokeless rifle into the woods has made deer shooting as dangerous for the hunter as the hunted.

How often does a man kill his deer in the woods a hundred yards away? At two hundred yards in the brush or undergrowth how many deer are killed?

If from fifty to one hundred yards is the average distance, then why take an arm into the woods that will kill at perhaps two miles?

On the plains and among the foot hills where three hundred and sometimes four hundred yard shots are made, the smokeless rifle, with its low trajectory, is the right thing in the right place, and results are secured that could not be had from the black-powder rifle.

This shooting at something in the woods that looks like a deer's body by day or a deer's eyes by night will partially cease when such maimings or killings are charged up against the man behind the gun as manslaughter. The plea that "I thought it was a deer" when refused by the coroner and the culprit bound over for trial will bear no weight and prove of no value as an extenuating circumstance.

And in connection with this subject, how strange is it that the buck-fever-smitten hunter, shooting at the real thing with hide and horns, will pump his magazine empty, doing nothing further to the fleeing game than to bark the trees in his wake, and yet let this same Nimrod catch sight through the brush of a spot on the back of a hunter's corduroy coat as big as your hand and ping-g-g, he will send a ball home, hear his game fall, and, running to the spot, have his excited gaze met by a human being rolling in his death throes. There is a fatality about these situations, a sort of dead-shot marksmanship very hard to explain when compared with the skill shown when shooting at the live quarry.

The unknown danger of the woods has kept many from enjoying the pleasure and outing consequent upon a deer hunt. As the season opens in Wisconsin and Minnesota, the number of those killed or maimed by their fellow sportsmen compares favorably with the actual deer killed. The baldest case of accidental shooting I ever heard of was when two hunters had driven in a rig to the timber and had put their horse up in an old, log stable. They had tramped the woods all day and had gotten nothing. Returning to their starting point, as they stepped out into the clearing, they saw ahead of them through the darkness two "balls of fire"—which expression "goes" for a pair of any kind of eyes in the woods at night—and fired. And when they reached the spot they found that their faithful steed had thrust his head outside the stall window in anticipation of an early start for home, and received a bullet squarely between the eyes for his eagerness.

A man to shoot in comfort and safety in the woods during the deer season should either encase himself in impenetrable armor or should carry with him a phonograph tuned up well and charged with the latest rag-time,coon-song music.

Unless you can work your way into the wilderness and there hunt your deer, where you can neither shoot the other fellow nor in turn be shot by him, it would be well to think twice before you tramp through a popular deer country.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Adventures in Tropical America.

III.—A Turtle Hunt in the Tropics.

WHEN one has nothing but corned meat in tins, it is really noticeable with what eagerness one starts on the chase, and when evening came, I was always ready to take my rifle and follow any guide who might be willing to lead the way. This was in Spanish Honduras, on the coast near Cape Gracias. At our camp there was a negro called Big George, who stood six feet four, and knew all the country round about. Frequently, after sunset, he and I would go among the sand dunes looking for deer. We never got anything. Big George said I talked too much, but I am not so sure about that.

One night we determined to follow the beach looking for turtles. It was a beautiful experience; under the intense moonlight the sand looked like a pathway of silver stretching out in the distance, with the ocean and the jungle, one on either hand, each shrouded with the mystery of night; from the ocean the sound of the waves breaking along the shore, and from the jungle the cries of wild animals—wild voices from creatures unseen. Strange surroundings, intensified by the presence of fine semi-naked Indians, who, following one after the other, went like shadows stealing silently along the sand!



DIDYMUS.

On and on we went, our hopes frequently raised, to be followed only by disappointment. Sometimes it was a log glistening in the moonlight; again a patch of shells would so much resemble a turtle that our steps would quicken impulsively. Finally, Big George said it was of no use; the moon was too clear. But just then something unusually bright in the distance caught my attention, and hurrying on, we saw that this time a really large turtle was just before us, resting quietly on the sand. Now all was excitement. Nearer and nearer we crept. The turtle, all unsuspecting, remained quiet; then suddenly its head was raised for an instant only, and it started clumsily for the water. Immediately the Indians were upon it, and for a moment I could not tell which was Indian and which was turtle. In the general confusion one man was sent rolling over and over at a blow from one of the flippers; in an instant he was on it again, and then the struggle was over; the turtle was turned on its back, hauled to a safe place, and we then triumphantly returned to camp.

The next morning four Indians said they would bring the turtle in with ropes if I would loan them. I thought they must be very strong, and rather doubted their ability, but I gave them such things as they wanted, and, taking my rifle, followed, to see what they would do.

After a tramp of about three hours we reached the turtle, finding it unharmed and just as it had been left the night before. The Indians began at once tying up the turtle for the return to camp. I could not help admiring their ingenuity. A rope was tied to each flipper, where the turtle was allowed to crawl back to the water, where the Indians, holding the ropes from the shore, could guide it as they wished. We went toward camp with some enthusiasm at the thought of the supply of fresh meat that was swimming along before us as we walked rapidly over the hard sand.

Presently we came to the mouth of a river, where we all crowded in to a small canoe, one man holding the turtle, and three attempting to paddle. But the turtle was too strong for us, and began at once dragging the canoe down the river toward the breakers on the bar. Here was

danger; around us an ever-increasing company of sharks came, gathering closer; some even brushed against the canoe, rocking it violently, while the efforts of the turtle threatened to upset us every moment, and once in that water there would have been little chance for us. We were now nearing the breakers, and the canoe began to race ominously. I called to the men to cut the ropes and let the turtle go. One seized the hatchet, but at that instant the turtle turned down the coast instead of crossing the bar, and this gave the Indians a chance to reach the other shore, and we soon had the turtle hauled up close by camp. That night he was made into soup, a whole turtle stewed in a great iron pot, and it was good.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

Two Tales and Three Snake Stories

THERE is a notable company of men in Missouri, belonging to the older generation, who may justly be termed paladins of good livens. They are anglers, hunters, travelers, story-tellers, *bon vivants*—real gentlemen of the old school. One of them will travel 500 miles to go a-fishing, and then go as far in the opposite direction to crack a joke. They are a secretive set, for the most part, and yet wherever one goes, and in whatever set of men, in and about St. Louis, he hears vague statements to the effect

that "those old fellows know better how to have a good time than any other set of men in the world." It is said that they have hunting and fishing places somewhere in the Ozarks that are practically permanent camps, no sooner vacated by one crowd than occupied by another. They have their own good time, hide it away in their memories and proceed to have another, and no outsider is any the wiser, unless, as was the case the other day, when the Judge sent for me to go with him out to Blanton's, some one of them becomes reminiscent. Perhaps the talk was started when he showed me six long and narrow silver goblets, said to be the best receptacles for mint juleps ever invented, and the like of which I had heard were possessed by others of that ilk for strictly utilitarian purposes, but which in the present instance were valued solely for their ethnologic interest.

He said that one time, many years ago, three of them, so he had heard, were stopping at a primitive summer hotel in the far North, and had not been there long until the hotelkeeper recognized in them certain sportive proclivities, which only needed encouragement and tutelage. Accordingly, he one day proposed to teach them to play poker, asserting that it was the best game ever invented, and one which they were peculiarly fitted to enjoy.

Thereupon he taught them how to play the game, explaining that two pairs beat one pair, threes beat two pairs, three of one kind and two of another beat two pairs, etc., and directly they were at it with a pretty stiff limit and plenty of chips, and with the hotelkeeper in the game. Pretty soon the hotelkeeper got a big hand and raised the bet, the man next him raised the hotelkeeper and the man in front raised No. 2. Nothing loth, their host raised them back, and this procedure was repeated several times, and then No. 2 raised the limit, when No. 3 "laid down" and the hotelkeeper, thinking his remaining opponent must have "fours," reluctantly gave up also, whereupon No. 2 raked in the chips and threw down his hand, face up, as a beginner often does. There was not as much as a pair in it, and the hotelkeeper exclaimed, "Why, man! You oughtn't to bet that way on that kind of a hand. I ought to have had that pot myself. That hand's no good!"

"Yes it is," vociferated the other, "it beats threes. It's two of one kind and three of another—two reds and three blacks."

The trio were not getting as much chicken as they felt they were paying for, so one day one of them said to the landlord: "I will bet five dollars I can kill four chickens at one shot." This seemed not unlikely, and the landlord declined the wager until one of the others took him aside and said: "See here, you take the bet and we'll draw the shot out of his gun. He's been winning our money at that new game you taught us, and we want to get even with him." And they produced his gun—it was in the days of muzzleloaders—from which they drew the shot. The money was staked, and, when the chickens got rightly bunched, the man blazed away and killed and crippled thirteen. The gun had been loaded with two loads of shot. They had chicken "to burn" for a week.

When we were at Blanton's I asked him to tell his big snake story, and he proceeded to tell two of his own, which he vouched for, and another of Uncle Joe O'Banion's, which, I suppose, Uncle Joe will vouch for.

"When I was a chunk of a boy," he said, "my cousin and I were killing rats one day at their corn crib, and, in doing so, were digging in the earth underneath it with sticks, when we saw the tail of a snake in a hole. One of us took hold of the tail and tried to pull the snake out, but it wouldn't come, and then we both tried it, but couldn't budge it. So my cousin said, 'You hold on to its tail while I go to the house for the mattock, and we'll dig it out.' We dug that snake out and killed it. It was a black snake, and had six full-grown rats inside it, and was 10 feet in length. It was the biggest snake ever killed in this part of the country."

"Now, how long," he continued, "do you suppose a snake can go without eating?"

"Two weeks," I suggested.

"Well, this is what happened with me once. I was 'markin' out' corn, and the plow cut a snake clear in two at about the middle, all but a little piece of skin. I turned a big rock over on it and went on, thinking it would be dead before night. The corn was planted, and when it sprouted and was ready to plow, I came along

DON'T SHOOT

until you SEE your deer—and see that it is a deer and not a man.

there and turned that rock over with my plow, and that snake ran off. It had "assembled" itself and grown together again, and as it wriggled away I saw where it had healed and there was a ridge around it there, raised about a quarter of an inch all around. Mrs. Blanton does not like me to imperil my reputation by repeating this story, but it is true, nevertheless.

"I told it once to Uncle Joe O'Bannion, over at Fredricktown, and he said: 'Well, Thompson, I can tell you a snake story that beats that a mile. Do you know my nephew Jim?'"

"Yes," I said. "I've known him as long as I've known you."

"Well, do you know where the old Johnson farm is?"

"Yes," I said. "I've been on it a hundred times, I reckon."

"Well, Jim and I were riding along the creek down there one time and I saw a cottonmouth moccasin run into a drift, and I says, 'Jim, let's get off our horses and kill that cottonmouth,' and Jim says we couldn't get it out of that drift."

"Yes we can," says I. "You get you a good club and stand across the branch and kill it when it comes out," and I touched a match to the drift, and when it took fire, out crawled the cottonmouth and Jim killed it, and there were ninety-nine little cottonmouths ran out of that snake's mouth."

"When Uncle Joe got through I didn't say anything right away, but after a little I says: 'Uncle Joe, why didn't you make that one hundred?'"

"And he turned to me kind of sad and said: 'Thompson Blanton, do you suppose I would tell a lie for one little snake?'"

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Old Cronies.

You all know them, but I don't think they are found so often as among the ones who enjoy the sports of forest and stream. There is a bond of sympathy between them that they do not understand themselves. They number members of all ages and nations, and even can be found among the animals. I will write of two men I know of middle age. How or when their friendship originated is a mystery, for they are directly opposite in nature—one quick, nervous and inclined to weight; the other, lean, slow, and I do not believe he has nerves.

Living some distance apart, they don't meet more than twice a week, but every two or three days Jack will begin to look toward Joe's and have spells of absent mind, standing with hands crossed, staring into space, until finally the desire cannot be resisted longer, and off he is to Joe's. The meeting is quiet, and they wander off to some shady nook and will sit for an hour without saying a word, seemingly happy in the silent companionship.

Finally, the silence will be broken by a remark on the weather, then their little troubles are told, confidences are exchanged and the troubled looks will vanish, smiles will come and those kind old faces will look years younger. A momentary stop at the house and he comments on the looks of Joe, Jr.—how ugly, etc.—but Joe takes it as meant, knowing if another were to say such, in Jack's presence, there would be war. Back home again with the burden lifted for a few days he goes, only to return for the consolation of that other presence—one's troubles the other shares, thus mutually smoothing life's rough pathway.

When the troubles came thick and fast, many might come and speak words of sympathy, but the silent company of his Old Crony was the balm of his suffering soul. When the end came and she had gone to her rest—the last, long sleep—then it was Joe who saw that everything was done that mortal could do for one so afflicted. Then came words of thanks to all but Joe—not a word for him. The eyes—that beautiful spirit's shrine—then told a story mortal lips cannot express—the thanks of a troubled soul to the one who had tried to bear its burdens.

Thus sharing life's burdens, those old cronies will go through life, and when that grim destroyer comes for one, the other will wait with impatience for the day when again they can exchange confidences on that other shore.

J. H. PIERCE.

Natural History.

Out of Their Latitude.

In the notes just published by the United States Fish Commission, of observations at Wood's Holl, Mass., in 1900, Messrs. George H. Sherwood and Vinal N. Edwards record the occurrence in Massachusetts waters of several fish which belong in more southern latitudes. Among the most interesting are these:

TARPON (*Tarpon atlanticus*).—Mr. H. M. Knowles, of Wakefield, R. I., is authority for the statement that a tarpon 5 feet long, and so slender that it only weighed 30 pounds, was caught in a fish trap near Dutch Island Harbor, Narragansett Bay. Another weighing 80 pounds was taken at Martha's Vineyard, and a smaller one in the Fish Commission trap at Wood's Holl. The northern limit of range of this species is southern New England, but it probably does not breed north of Cuba.

SMOOTH PUFFER (*Lagocephalus laevigatus*).—During 1900 several specimens of this occasional visitor were taken in the vicinity of Wood's Holl. In the fall two adults were caught in a trap at Cedar Tree Neck. The Rhode Island Fish Commission reports three specimens from Narragansett Bay; the largest, taken Oct. 4, at Tiverton, R. I., weighed 10 pounds; the other two were caught the week before at the mouth of the bay. The smooth puffers are common in the South, but very rare north of Cape Hatteras. Their average length is 2 feet. The young, from 2.5 to 4 inches long, were found by the U. S. Fish Commission in the waters of Porto Rico.

FLASHER, TRIPLE-TAIL (*Lobotes surinamensis*).—The Rhode Island Fish Commission has in its possession a specimen of *Lobotes* weighing 6 pounds and measuring 22 inches in length, caught on Sept. 10 in a trap off Prudence Island, Narragansett Bay. This inhabitant of all tropical seas is a very rare visitor in the waters of southern New

England. Not more than six specimens have been recorded from this vicinity in the last twenty years.

Of the additions to the fish fauna in 1900, Dr. Hugh M. Smith writes:

The already surprisingly large fish fauna of the Wood's Holl region was augmented by four Southern species during the fall of 1900. These bring the total number of known species from the vicinity to 243. Following are the species new to the region:

FLYING FISH (*Exocoetus rondeletii*).—This common species of the West Indies and the Mediterranean has been recorded from United States waters only in Florida. A specimen 7.25 inches long was caught in a trap at Menemsha Bight, Oct. 13.

YELLOWTAIL (*Ocyurus chrysurus*).—The normal range of this species is southern Florida to South America. It is an abundant food fish at Key West. On Oct. 4, an example 5.5 inches long was seined in Katama Bay.

PARROT FISH (*Scarus croicensis*).—This is a common West Indian species, the Northern limit of whose known range heretofore has been Key West. Two specimens 3 inches long were taken in Katama Bay, Oct. 20, the water temperature being 57 degrees F.

MUD PARROT FISH (*Sparisoma flavescens*).—This, the commonest species of the genus, is abundant at Key West and throughout the West Indies. It was not known north of Florida until a specimen 6 inches long was found at Wood's Holl on Nov. 13; it had been benumbed by the cold and was picked up on the shore of Buzzard's Bay.

Subtropical fishes, observed during the year, are noted by Dr. Smith as follows: Spanish sardine, squirrel fish, snowy grouper, red grouper, marbled rockfish, yellow-finned grouper, short big-eye, gray snapper, schoolmaster, red snapper, muttonfish, butterfly fish, blue tang, tang, cowfish, scorpion fish.

The season as a whole was unfavorable, and compared with 1899 there was a scarcity of tropical species. No Gulf weed was seen in any of the inshore waters, and there was little wind from the direction of the Gulf Stream. Nevertheless, some rare fishes were found, and a number of species which, until 1899, had been considered very uncommon, were taken in abundance. Most of the collecting was done in Katama Bay, which the previous season's experience had shown to be the most favorable locality in the vicinity of Wood's Holl, and only in this body of water were any of the typical Southern fishes found. Large bluefish and flounders were abundant at the inlet of the bay through the summer, and may have picked up many of the small, gaily colored stragglers from the South.

Caribou in Bronx Park.

SEVEN young caribou were received at the New York Zoological Park last week. They came from Newfoundland. The band consists of five does and two bulls.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that the first caribou ever brought into the United States was for Blooming Grove Park, in 1871, from Antigonish, Nova Scotia, by Charles Hallock. It was carefully crated, fed, and personally attended to by Mr. Hallock, and had a smooth passage, by steamer, to New York. It went up the Erie Railroad to Lackawaxen, and arrived at the park grounds in good order. It was turned into the breeding paddock, a mile square, where it seemed to thrive at first, but, after a few weeks was found dead, manifestly from lack of suitable diet.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The One Incident.

It is the experience of every man, I fancy, to have some particular incident of each hunting trip leave a deeper impression upon the memory than the total of all his other adventures combined. This is the occurrence that marks distinctively a visit to the Maine woods last fall. The story is simple enough, and relates to a deer which I might have shot and did not.

One day I was walking with my guide along an old wood trail on the lookout for moose, when we spied a young buck deer about 50 yards ahead of us in the trail. He probably never had seen man before—at least, he looked at us very curiously and fearlessly. My guide urged me to shoot, but I refused, for the little fellow's trustful tameness impelled me to spare his life, and besides, we were after larger game, which a shot might alarm. I determined, instead, to see how close I could approach, so I walked steadily forward to within 25 yards. At this point a big tree had fallen across the trail with its trunk nearly breast high. I thought to myself that in crossing this obstacle, where more or less of violent effort must be used, certainly, the deer would take alarm and make off. But not a bit of it; he watched me in the noisy process of clambering up and off the trunk with a look of wise amazement, but without any demonstration of fear. As I further advanced he went on browsing, with an air of calm contentment, now and then glancing up at me with his big, brown eyes. He was a beautiful little fellow, with quite the prettiest head and face of any deer I have ever run across. I may remark here, what every deer hunter well knows, that there is a marked individuality in deer, and some have far handsomer heads and faces than others. Not till I had approached to within 25 feet (I afterward measured the distance) did my confiding forest friend show any trepidation. Even then his sense of alarm was not much exercised, for he merely gave a couple of graceful bounds to a mossy bank alongside and stood there watching me as I still continued to approach him. Again I advanced to within 25 feet, when whoof! he must have got my wind, for with bounding leaps, white flag displayed, he madly sped through the woods as if the devil himself were behind him.

Now the Maine laws allow one bull moose and two deer each season to the successful huntsman, but, as a matter of fact, I shot neither my one moose nor either of my deer last fall. There were numerous opportunities

to shoot deer, to be sure, which I always declined, for I was after moose primarily, but no other deer offered me so certain a shot.

I confess I would like to have shot my lawful quota of both moose and deer, but I am far from regretting that I did not shoot this trustful little spike-horn buck in the wood trail. On the contrary, I rejoice to think that I did not betray his simple confidence in my friendly intentions. The memory of his gentleness and beauty will always remain with me as one of the valued recollections of my woods adventures. The fact that I spared his life is a matter of keener gratification and one more heartily cherished than the recollection of the savage joys of many a successful hunt.

W. N. AMORY.

Moose Hunters' Luck.

A gentleman who has hunted big game in Maine every season for several years hands me the following for the *FOREST AND STREAM*. He directs me to cut it down or change it, as it may seem best to do, but it contains so much of truth, well put, that I give it entire.

—SPECIAL.

A love of nature and an appreciation of her forests, fields, mountains, rivers and lakes, coupled with the remaining traits of the savage which are in our composition naturally, seem to be the only essential requisites for acquiring a full measure of enjoyment in hunting, especially big game. That there is an immeasurable amount of the savage in the personality of the white man, subdued by the artificial life we call civilization, is evident the moment he finds himself in the forest, with rifle in hand, facing fair game. His first impulse is to kill. It is as natural for him as it is to breathe, with the only difference that it is not as easy. Man himself is an uncertain instrument; not half as true as the rifle barrel his eye glances over, but the savage in him is given full swing in his desire to kill. But the killing of game, beyond that which he requires for food or trophies, will, at each succeeding hunting trip, be a lesser consideration, till finally he may come to hunting with the camera only. His frequent contact with nature; with the largeness of things out of doors; with her beauty and bounty, her silence and sombreness, forces a broadening and a new view. He wants to know more of the secrets of things in the great woods. Instead of a desire to kill, he now watches and investigates. He spends hours in attempting to successfully snap a camera on a feeding deer, a wading moose or a brood of partridges. His love for the woodfolk will increase in ratio with his success in learning their habits, and their life-taking will no longer seem necessary to his happiness. Finally, for food only will he kill.

Such is the logical and increasing process of evolution in the composition of the intelligent sportsman. It develops by constant contact with nature. While the transformation of a huntsman into a naturalist is by short and slow steps, and impresses generally only the older and more intelligent, it is nevertheless sure. Its influence can already be recognized in the fact that a huntsman's outfit nowadays is not considered complete without a camera. The use of the camera by the ornithologist or naturalist is without limit, and through its agency the killing of the woodfolk is decreasing in the ratio of an increasing spirit of humanity in the development of the sportsman. Twenty years ago but little was known by amateurs of photography, and the pictures they produced were few in number, and more often failures than successes. To-day the camera, in developing and transforming the sportsman into a student of nature, furnishing him pictures of living mammalia, birds, fishes and flowers, conveys the precise knowledge he desires without resorting to individual anatomy.

An increasing respect for, and better enforcement of, the wise game laws of New England, and several of the other States, are to some extent the educational factors which have led to these conditions. The record may or may not show it, but it is generally accepted fact that game law breakers and poachers are not the visiting sportsmen. The receivers of game in Boston markets can best attest to this statement as the true condition of affairs, up to the last fall hunting season at least. The amount of game illegally shipped from Maine, in open and close season, has materially decreased, however, during the past two years, and by reason of the vigilance of the wardens and prompt convictions in the Maine courts. The convictions and sentences of several registered guides for illegal killing last fall seems to have had a very beneficial effect upon all poachers, and very little illegal game in the shape of market shipments is now attempted. Most of the game received in Boston the past open season came in the form of the trophies of returning sportsmen; the game sent into the Boston markets to be sold. To what extent this game was actually killed by the persons bringing it to Boston is a good deal of an open question.

Large bull moose appear to be decreasing in numbers or leaving the country, while young bulls are more numerous than a year ago. Many of the latter were seen the past fall, but were in the spike-horn stage, and were generally unmolested. It has been a rare piece of good luck and a glory to a sportsman in Maine this year to get a moose head worth setting up as a trophy. It is a safe assertion to make that not 10 of the 138 moose shipped through Bangor last season were above fair specimens. One particularly fine head was shipped from Patten in October. A description of the trip made by the party securing this splendid moose demonstrates the element of luck which enters so largely into moose hunting in Maine. The party consisted of three Boston newspaper men and two guides. The itinerary was to remain in the woods till a good specimen of moose was secured. With a suitable tenting outfit and necessary provisions, with a few luxuries, the start was made from Patten at noon, Oct. 13. Very bad roads, by reason of recent heavy rains, prevented the outfit making over twelve miles by nightfall, and it put up at Shinn Pond sporting camps the first night. An early start the following morning made Sebois at midday, where hunting clothes were put on, guns unpacked, and still-hunting for big game was commenced. A twenty-mile tramp northwest, to the Allagash region, through as beautiful a country as there is in Maine, with the anticipation of getting a shot at game every mile of the way,

added zest to the pleasure a sportsman finds under such conditions. By nightfall sufficient game—deer and partridges—was shot and hung up, to be brought into camp by the following tote teams, to furnish fresh meat for some days. Camp was made that night before a roaring fire, the sportsmen rolling themselves in blankets or sleeping bags, and sleeping on the ground, with no house over them other than the trees. The horses were staked, fed and blanketed, and at 9 P. M. every member of the party was comfortably asleep. At daybreak a hot birchwood fire was boiling coffee, frying venison, stewing partridges and baking cream of tartar biscuits in a Dutch oven; all done by the deft fingers of the guides, who are excellent woods cooks. The long tramp of the previous afternoon and the dry, pure air inhaled, seemed as a tonic which stimulated the appetite of each of the party to an extent that is best appreciated by big-game hunters in the woods. After a breakfast satisfying better than more civilized conditions could, the sportsmen and guides resumed the track into the heart of the best moose country in Maine. A suitable clearing for a permanent camp was reached about five miles further northwest. Springs were plenty, their water pure and cold, and a rushing brook, belonging to the headwaters of the Aroostook River, skirted the edge of the small clearing. The tents were raised, a splendid bough bunk built in each, camp-fires started, and every preparation was made for comfort and hunting. Great sport was anticipated, for many deer had been jumped on the way to camp, a couple of cow and calf moose seen, and partridges were more than plenty. Moose work was abundant, and tracks, apparently fresh, were frequently seen. Our party had brought out a moose from the same section in 1898, and again in 1899, neither of which was entirely satisfactory. Consequently they were after moose again, and were willing and anxious to endure any hardship that contained the element of sport, in order to secure a good specimen of the grandest game the hunter is now generally permitted to draw rifle upon.

From the arm of Chamberlain to Little Milinocket Lake is as good a moose country as there is in Maine, and it was this vicinity that our guides settled upon as almost sure to furnish the best sport and game. As ultimate events demonstrated, they were not wrong. About dusk the first night in our permanent camp moose blasts were heard north and south, and the party made plans for the early morning, which was the first day of the open season on moose. Before daybreak breakfast was eaten, and the party separated, one sportsman and a guide going north, and the other going south, both in an endeavor to locate the bull whose blasting was heard the previous evening. After ten hours of constant still-hunting by the entire party it returned to camp at dusk without even a partridge. The next day was a repetition of the first. The third day produced a small doe for food purposes, and while the party was enjoying to the fullest the pleasant weather, the hunters were nevertheless a little crestfallen because of continued bad luck or absence of luck, particularly after the abundant evidence of game noticed on the way in. The fact that fresh tracks, apparently of large bull moose, were found each morning, not a mile from the camp, in no way added to the pleasure of the situation. The tracks were patiently followed each day, and generally led into an impenetrable swamp or had to be abandoned early to give the hunters time to reach camp before dark. After going through such a programme for several days, it was decided to follow up a good fresh if found, and if necessary to camp on the trail of the moose. This opportunity never came, as no fresh tracks could be found till a week later, when a light fall of snow during the night revealed an immense moose track right across the camp clearing. It was immediately trailed, but lost by 10 o'clock, as the sun came out hot, and every vestige of the snow was removed. The trail also soon disappeared, for the sun's heat curled every leaf into a new shape.

Being less than three miles from camp when the trail was lost, the sportsmen decided to return for dinner, and were taking a rest on a blow-down, preparatory to making camp, when a fox was seen and shot at, the bullet taking effect in its hindquarters. It made off, dragging these parts and leaving a good trail in the leaves. The fox was being trailed up and over a little knoll, when all at once, on another knoll not forty rods away, stood the largest and grandest specimen of bull moose seen and killed in Maine the past season. The beast had apparently paid no attention to the rifle report on the fox, for when first seen he was feeding. Not a breath of wind was blowing. The bull had not scented the hunters. Without moving so much as an eyelid they enjoyed the sight of a sportsman's lifetime. There stood this grand animal. With head and antlers uplifted, he was reaching over and bearing down tall young trees for their tender tops, on which these animals feed. Grazing among the leaves for the tenderest shoots, he would sway his mighty antlers from side to side in order to remove from his way the overhanging branches. At intervals he would throw his head back, ears perpendicular, ever on the alert for danger. This monarch of the forest was as grand in his proportions and environments as mind could well picture. Dead moose or those in captivity are not graceful animals, nor pleasing to the eye. They are awry and awkward. A wild moose, in the forest alive, fits in with nature and adds grandeur to a picture that few are ever permitted to enjoy. Ordinarily the keen senses of the animal are more than a match for the skill of the sportsman, and nothing more than a passing glimpse is obtained.

This moose was in fine condition, with a jet black coat, save the usual gray brown about the crown and along his back. He stood side on to the sportsmen, who were well concealed in some low, black growth, and greatly enjoying the sight in silent wonder. Inadvertently one of them eased up a foot. A slight snap of a twig was all sufficient. The moose threw up and turned his head in their direction, like a flash. His ears were up like boat oars, and his dilated nostrils gave a quick sniff, followed by a low blast, which demonstrated a state of nervousness, inquiry or fear. As he was in easy range, with the growth in front sufficiently open for sure shooting, with both hunters ready to draw a bead

on him, a grunting noise was made to start him, it mattered not in which direction. Now assured of danger, he straightened out, extended his nose horizontally, with his back antlers touching his shoulders, and was quickly gaining trotting speed, when a .33-30 bullet slipped into his shoulder and he went down on to his knees. He regained his feet quickly, and made a couple of rods, when a second bullet was placed in his neck, and he went down again. He settled backward, and nearly regained his feet a second time, but a third bullet was lodged in his spine. Then his struggles were over. Examination showed that either of the three shots would have sent him down for good before he could have gone forty rods. He weighed at least 1,050 pounds, as he lay in the woods. After being dressed and five days' shrinkage in transportation, his weight was 800 pounds at the railroad express office. He stood 6 feet 6 inches high at the shoulder; from tip of nose to crown, 30 inches; crown to tail, 7 feet; antler spread, 54 inches, with 23 points, double palmed; length from forward to back line, 3 feet; width of palms, 12 and 11 inches; length of bell, 8 inches. He was apparently six or eight years old, and in the finest possible condition. The color of the antlers is a bright golden yellow, shaded to light brown. It was the evidence of thirty or more guides at Seebois Farm that no better head or larger animal had been taken out of that district in twenty years.

Such is luck in hunting. For three successive seasons these sportsmen had been in quest of a good moose head. They had followed the game for days, only to find a poor specimen, a spike-horn, perhaps. This time they had seen five cows and a calf, and had about given up in disgust, when they walked right up to as fine a bull as they had ever dreamed of, and only a short distance from camp.

Game in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Mass., Oct. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Many sportsmen and others interested in the preservation and increase of game in the old Bay State have been anxiously looking forward to the opening of the shooting season, on the first of October, for the purpose of forming conclusions as to the effect of the new game law, which was enacted last year. It will be remembered by the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* that this law prohibits the sale of partridge and woodcock, and to that extent eliminates the pot-hunter, who caused such destruction to bird life by snaring, and thus decimated game birds to a fearful extent for market purposes.

Reports received from various sections of the State indicate a greater abundance of game birds this fall than has been known for some years, and sportsmen are correspondingly happy. Even those who were bitterly opposed to the law now on the statute books, to which allusion has already been made, have come to see, and have acknowledged, that they were in error, and heartily approve of the continuance of the law. As evidence of this, the following extract from a letter written to the Fish and Game Commission by Deputy John F. Luman, of Palmer, is worthy of being quoted:

"I write to inform you of the success of the first open day on game in this section, and also to let you know that some of the sportsmen have changed their minds considerably from last year, when the law was made tight against the sale of birds. In the section of woods I covered to-day I met no less than seven hunters, and all reported excellent luck. I saw their game, and each had partridge, quail and gray squirrel. I had a few minutes' talk with each of them, and some of those I met were bitter against existing laws one year ago, and said many things about the Commissioners and your humble servant. To-day they acknowledged that they were wrong in their opinion, and said that the Commissioners were doing their duty nobly; they were well pleased with work already done, and hoped that the good work would continue. They all said they had better luck than for five years past, and that all kinds of game were plentiful this season.

"I was in Palmer to-night, when two hunters returned, and each had his game bag filled with game. They said that this section was alive with birds this year, and both said it was due to the Commissioners and their good work in looking after game. They predicted that if game were as closely protected in the next two years as in the past year there would be an abundance of sport for all."

Deputy William N. Prentiss, writing from Milford, makes the following statements regarding game in that vicinity:

"Quail are very plenty. In fact, I never saw as many during the spring and summer, while at the present time there is a covey in every hedge row, and in riding a distance of less than a mile from my house yesterday I flushed three covers of from seven to a dozen. There are more partridges than last year, judging from what I have seen while in the woods at work and looking for hunters.

"There is no doubt the shortened open season, with the markets closed to the hunters, has helped these birds more than anything which has been done for a long time. The woodcock here is only a traveler, there being scarcely any except flight birds."

On Oct. 3 Mr. Luman was in Wilbraham, and wrote that all the hunters he saw had met with good success and reported an abundance of game.

Deputy A. M. Nichols, who was in the extreme southwestern part of the State when the hunting season opened, reports that "there were quite a number of sportsmen out shooting in Monterey and Great Barrington. The sportsmen throughout that section report lots of birds and squirrels."

Similar statements are made from nearly every section of the State, but I will venture to refer to only one more, which tells of the capture of bags of birds in the vicinity of Pittsfield, ranging from twelve to seventeen.

The fact that game is unusually plenty this autumn is a temptation to many to violate the laws, and particularly that which makes Sunday a close season. This is evidenced by the fact that seven arrests were made on the first Sunday in October in two adjoining towns, in the

central part of the State, and in each case a conviction and fine resulted. Except for the fact that the day was so very rough and rainy throughout the greater part of the State that people were kept indoors, it is fair to assume that many other would-be Sunday hunters might have had to face the courts on Monday. The present outlook, however, having in mind the vigorous enforcement of law for the protection of game, is most encouraging, for if the conditions indicated are the result of only year's application of the new game law, it is not difficult to see that its continuance will prove most advantageous to the increase of game in this Commonwealth.

BAY STATE.

Maine Big Game.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—The game season is certainly booming. Reports from Maine mention the taking of a great many deer in many sections. Bangor reports, Saturday evening, note the passing through that city of sixty-three deer on Friday, the largest day of the season thus far. The same reports mention also a feature peculiar to the season—the greater number of women who have gone into the woods to shoot deer. In very many instances they are successful. The first woman to secure a deer this season was Miss Maud McAlpin, of Winn, Me. Mrs. L. W. Rollins shot a deer on Tuesday that weighed 225 pounds. The report says that she shot him at a distance of 150 yards. Mrs. Walter Willey has shot a deer in the vicinity of Norcross. Mrs. Teft, of New York, has made a trip to Stacyville, and brought out two deer. Mrs. Frank L. Marston, of Boston, brought home a deer last week that she shot in the Mooshead region. Mrs. Thomas Nelson, of Brunswick, N. J., has gone out of the Maine woods with a buck deer. She is said to be the champion woman slayer of moose, her record being seven. She was obliged to go out of the woods this season without having secured a moose. The open season on moose, in Maine, begins on Tuesday of this week, Oct. 15, and there are more hunters than usual after them. The more reliable reports say that moose have increased in Maine the past year, while deer have barely held their own. That more deer are being shot this year than last there is no question. Mr. C. H. Heniken, of Boston, tells a good story concerning deer. He came home on Thursday, with his legal quota of deer. He says that he went into the woods with five other men. They made an early start, and by noon they found that they had secured twelve deer—all that the law allows. His idea is that a man could kill twenty deer in a very short time as well as two. The section where he found deer so abundant is not mentioned, but it is up the line of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. Kingfield, Me., reports are very jubilant concerning the number of deer taken. Ten or twelve have already been secured in that town, mostly by local hunters. Several moose have also been seen. Bears are also numerous in that section. Bert Dolbier shot a large black bear last week. Mark Cross and George Kennedy got a bear the other day, and on their way home they saw two others, but failed to get a shot at them. Bingham, Me., reports mention team loads of deer going out almost every day. Fully twenty-five deer have been shot in that section the past week by local gunners, and even more by sportsmen from outside. In one day last week a team load of eight deer came out of the woods, another with six and two or three teams with one, two or three each. Many of these deer were landed at the railroad, to be shipped away. Thomas A. Towne and William Foss, of Bingham, have killed an enormous black bear on Pleasant Ridge Mountain. The monster weighed 597 pounds, "woods dressed." He was 7 feet 10 inches from the tip of his nose to the end of the tail. He measured 30 inches across the breast, and his forearm was 19 inches in girth. It is claimed by the hunters that one shot from a rifle did the business, the missile striking him squarely between the eyes. Mr. Towne is an old hunter and guide, but says that this is the largest bear he has ever seen or heard of. He has a record of nineteen bears shot, besides forty-three caught in traps.

Kineo reports say that over thirty deer have gone from that section since the season opened, killed by visiting sportsmen, besides a good many taken by local hunters. Game Commissioner L. T. Carleton and Judge W. P. Whitehouse, of Augusta, are in the woods at Chesuncook Lake, after deer and moose. Deer are reported plenty in the neighborhood of Skowhegan. Several deer have been taken in the vicinity of Waterville the past week. In the town of Sidney two deer were killed last week. These towns are on the Kennebec, in one of the older farming sections of the State, where a deer twenty years ago would have been unknown and unheard of. The taking of such game, even in the more settled sections of Maine, has set farmers and farmers' boys "crazy." Every man carries a rifle. A gentleman tells me that he met a man ninety-three years old the other day driving along in his wagon in the town of Rumford. In the wagon beside the aged hunter was a rifle. Asked why he carried the weapon, he replied that the boys had seen a deer beside the road he was driving over the day before. "I was a good shot when younger, and that deer will fall in his tracks if I meet him."

Newspaper reports mention a great many partridges in the Rangeley region, the Dead River country, the Bingham vicinity and all over the State of Maine, in fact. It is not easy confirming these reports, since the law is very particular about the transportation of partridges, and the Boston markets dare not sell them. A North Anson report says that partridges have never been as plenty and as tame as this season. Mr. Benjamin Walker, of that town, went down the line of the railroad one morning last week and soon returned, having shot two buck deer. At Solon, five miles further up the Kennebec, a number of deer have been brought in. They have been shot within a couple of miles of the village, and mostly by local gunners.

New Hampshire reports mention partridges plenty, and a good many deer being taken. Eugene C. Coolidge, of Bristol, has shot two deer near Rumney. In the vicinity of the Dorchester lumber camps deer are reported plenty, and Granite State hunters are after them. Good bags of partridges are being obtained by local gunners in the vicinity of Canaan.

Mr. N. G. Manson, of Weston, Mass., came out from his camp—Camp Leatherstocking, head of Richardson Lake—Oct. 1. He has spent many seasons there. He says that he had two days of most remarkable fly-fishing near the close of the season—the best he ever had, in fact. The first day he took trout till he was tired, only stopping because he would kill no more than he could use. He says that the trout were "as nearly alike as peas, weighing about 1¼ pounds each." The next day he repeated the sport, and now he feels well satisfied with his season's fishing.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Michigan Wild Man.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—Crystal Falls, Mich., is enjoying the sensation of a genuine wild man. Two deer hunters of that town, while out hunting this week, met the alleged wild man in the woods near the upper waters of the Deer River, some fourteen miles from Crystal Falls. They state that they were within a few yards of the wild man, and that the latter snarled at them, expressing annoyance and rage, and at once bounded off into the woods, where he soon became invisible. The wild man carried a piece of gun barrel and a tent pole. A posse from Crystal Falls started day before yesterday to look after the fugitive, who is thought to be some person who has been lost in the woods for some time, and has hence gone insane. The stranger gave utterance to one word repeatedly, something sounding like "public, public." It was supposed that perhaps he came from the town of Republic, Mich.

Game Wardens Assaulted.

Three Indiana wardens this week sustained rather severe injuries in the pursuit of their duties. The men, Deputies Wallace Smith, Bid Dunham and Eugene Oldham, were fired upon from ambush by unknown parties. It is supposed that their assailants were of a party of men who had been detected in illegal fishing in the Wabash River, some miles from Logansport, Ind. The deputies attempted to arrest these men, but the latter escaped in the night, and the shooting occurred not long after their escape. It is thought that the matter will not be allowed to end in this manner, and that arrests will follow.

Wild Horses in Utah.

Reports from Kanab, Utah, of yesterday, state that the ranchmen of that territory have united in a big hunt for wild horses, duplicating a hunt of a similar nature which occurred some two years ago. In the former hunt it is stated that 300 mustangs were shot and 1,500 captured. Twenty men, well-mounted and supplied with rifles, are stated to be out this week in the pursuit of the wild animals. The latter are thought to be injurious to the cattle interests, since their numbers endanger the stock-carrying capacity of the open range. For nearly half a century wild horses have been known in this part of the country, and of late years they have multiplied distinctly. The newspaper story goes on to state that one band of horses—about 30 in number—were driven over the brink of a narrow gorge, and 28 were killed by falling on the rocks below. It is difficult to determine what warrant there may be in the ruthless pursuit with fire arms of so noble an animal as the horse. A horse is valuable when alive, but worthless when dead, since it cannot then be deemed a trophy to which any sportsman may refer with pride.

Changes in the West.

The West certainly does present some novel changes in these days. Time was when the Western stage driver was a distinct type. To-day the glory of that type would seem to have departed, or, rather, to have been replaced by a milder and more lovable effulgence. Out in South Dakota there is a stage line between Miller and Westington Springs, a distance of some 40 miles. The stage on this route is driven by a girl not yet out of her teens. There is another young woman who drives stage from Miller to Howell, a distance of 20 miles. It is stated that these young ladies perform their duties with entire satisfaction to everybody concerned. Yet it shore does look as though South Dakota was getting some mild.

The Duke's Bag of Ducks.

The Duke of Cornwall, son of the King of England, who is now touring in America, spent Oct. 6 and 7 shooting ducks on Lake Manitoba, N. W. T., having what was probably the best time he has enjoyed since he disembarked on this side of the water. The royal party set out from York Lodge, seven canoes in all, the Duke of Cornwall being in charge of John Atkinson, a well-known hunter. The Duke had fine sport during the morning, and before 10 o'clock had bagged 52 ducks. He expressed himself as delighted with the quality of the sport which he found.

Game Costs Money in Duluth.

Such is the vigilance and efficiency of executive agent Sam Fullerton and his deputies out in Minnesota that the price of ducks and partridges in most of the largest cities has gone up very sharply. It is illegal to sell this game, but certain lots of it, of course, are offered, not on the open, but on the closed market. Several of the butchers and grocers of Duluth are offering ducks and partridges to their solid and secret customers, but the latter are obliged to put up good, hard coin for their game. The law allows a butcher to have 100 ducks or partridges in his possession, but not to sell them, and Deputy Warden Greene, of Duluth, is besieging everybody to bring him evidence of such sales, which are known to be by no means infrequent, although very difficult to detect. One butcher is stated to have sold 72 ducks in one day. Dealers are reported to pay as high as \$2 a pair for ducks and \$1 a pair for partridges. Nothing like these prices were ever known before, and it is, of course, due to the fact that the merchandise is contraband and sold only under the danger of severe punishment. Meantime, more power to Sam Fullerton.

His First Prairie Chicken.

Mr. A. Poidebard, of West Hoboken, N. J., came West this fall, and, in company with Mr. Charles Antoine, of this city, went out to South Dakota for his first try at a prairie chicken. It was, of course, late in the year for shooting prairie chickens, since the birds were pretty much all packed up and offered very poor sport to the dog, yet the Eastern gentleman and his friend managed during their stay to kill something like 100 birds, mostly by pretty long and vigorous shooting. Mr. Poidebard expresses himself as very much pleased with the quality of this upland sport. The two saw considerable numbers of local ducks, but at the time of their return, a few days ago, the Northern flight had not yet gotten into that country. They heard general reports of great abundance of game, both of grouse and wild fowl.

Illinois Game.

State Warden A. J. Loveday expresses his satisfaction with the state of the game protection in this State so far as he has gone in his administration. He states that considerable numbers of convictions have been had under one or other clauses of the game laws. Three hundred and thirty non-resident licenses have been taken out by shooters who wish to come into this State for their fall shooting. Mr. Lovejoy states that never in his experience have the farmers taken so general an interest in the protection of the quail. Speaking of the much-mooted status of the Illinois game law, he says that he is himself of the belief that quail are protected the year round under the clause protecting "certain wild birds." He states, however, "I am going to allow a shooting season on quail from Nov. 1 to Dec. 20." Now let us lay aside the Illinois quail law, whether right or wrong, whether thus or so, and unite upon these dates of Nov. 1 to Dec. 20. This, as has before been stated in these columns, is practically the policy agreed upon in certain parts of lower Illinois. The tacit agreement of the shooters and farmers of the country will in this way establish a complete protection for our stock of quail, no matter what the law may eventually seem or be proved to be.

Goose Flight On in Dakota.

The regular Northern flight of geese seems to be a few days late out in Dakota. Mr. Mark Cummins, of this city, is just back from a trip to Dawson, N. D., and he says that at the time of his departure the geese were just beginning to come down. He had excellent duck shooting, especially some of the magnificent pass shooting, for which the Dawson district is so famous. One friend of his killed 67 ducks in one day, according to the story, or, perhaps, it was the party who killed 67. The canvasback shooting was very fine.

The Vague Bird.

The vague bird, the jacksnipe, still continues his policy of masterly indefiniteness. Joe Hipper, a Chicago shooter, yesterday killed three dozen jacks. He will not state where he found them, but says it was in Illinois. A few birds have been seen in the upper part of this State, but the scouts who have been out for Chicago gentlemen along the Kankakee for the past week, can locate no satisfactory body of birds. The truth is, the Kankakee bottoms have little water in them this fall, and the shooting is not going to be very satisfactory. I do not think we will have very good jacksnipe shooting anywhere in this district, and, indeed, it is now nearly time for the cessation of that industry.

Change of Flight.

It is an old story, that of the ducks having changed their flight "further West," but this year there would seem to be something in it, except that the flight seems to have changed to the East, instead of the West. It surely is not following the Kankakee and Illinois River system this fall, and it is said that the Mississippi is quite low, so that the flight is not expected to pass down the ancient highway of the wild fowl in any great numbers this fall. Upon the contrary there would seem to be more birds cast of here, on the Great Lakes, than is ordinarily the case, and the wise ones say that the flight this fall passed to the east and not to the west of us.

There are some birds still hanging round Fox Lake, principally marsh ducks, although some redheads and bluebills are in now. No body of canvasbacks has yet appeared on Fox Lake. The present cold rain storm ought to bring some shooting, and the lower marshes of the Illinois River should have a flight now for a few days.

Many Sportsmen Lose Dogs.

Never in the history of Chicago have so many gentlemen lost valuable shooting dogs through the rascality of alleged trainers as has been the case this fall. Mr. Eddy Pope, who last spring sent to a trainer at Wheatfield, Ind., a very valuable setter, to be boarded—the dog was perfectly trained and hence valuable—wired his man a few days before the opening day, Sept. 1, to send the dog up to him at once, as he wanted to take him out West on a shooting trip. He has never heard since from either dog or trainer, but inquiry develops the fact that the man has disappeared. It need not be said that Mr. Pope will never see his dog again.

Mr. H. A. Blair, of this city, is another man who trusted an Indiana trainer, sending out for handling a valuable pointer bitch. Just before the opening of the season he learned that his dog had been "poisoned." There were no witnesses, no proof, and, more especially, no dog.

Mr. F. R. Bissell, of this city, was yet another to venture a valuable hunting dog to the tender mercies of an Indiana dog trainer. What would you expect? The dog turned out to be a good one, but unfortunately it also "picked up poison somewhere," and disappeared from the immediate vicinity of the trainer.

Mr. Otto C. Ely is another Chicagoan to lose a valuable dog. In this case there was a little variation in the story. Mr. Ely's dog had the misfortune to get hanged in a wire fence, and so lost his life. No proof.

Mr. Mark Cummins went a little further south than Indiana, but found that methods were somewhat similar

in that part of Tennessee where he selected his trainer. Mr. Cummins' dog did not get poisoned or hanged, but "ran away."

Several sportsmen in Chicago have expressed themselves bitterly at this sort of imposition, and it would seem, indeed, that there ought to be some sort of protection for men who own valuable bird dogs. Of course there is no protection except in the personal character of the trainer. The only counsel to a sportsman is to be personally acquainted with the man to whom he sends his dog. Another good thing to remember is that customarily it is wisest to send a dog to a handler who has not more than two or three dogs to take care of. A trainer who has twenty or thirty dogs in his charge cannot do justice to them all. In several well-known cases such a trainer has been known to pick out the most promising dog and develop it as rapidly as possible. Such a man knows a wealthy sportsman who needs a good shooting dog. He recommends such and such a dog, at a good figure, guaranteeing that it shall be perfectly broken. A trial shows that the dog is well-broken. The buyer takes the dog and perhaps removes it many hundred miles from the place where it was owned. The little fact that the handler did not own the dog in the first place has in several such instances proved no obstacle to the sale. The owner was told that the dog had "run away" or "been poisoned," or otherwise made subject to a dispensation of Providence.

It would be distinctly unjust to make sweeping charges against the trainers and handlers of this country, many of whom are men of ability, character, intelligence and integrity, yet chapter and verse can be given in the instances above cited, and even these few, by no means all of similar cases, would seem quite sufficient for grounds of uneasiness on the part of those sending out valuable dogs for training or boarding. Any trainer who sells a bird dog left in his charge, or who willfully allows it to become diseased, ought to be exposed before the sporting public and after that left alone severely by everybody.

Planting Wild Rice and Celery.

If Mr. Chas. Gilchrist, of Port Hope, Ont., will publish, or, perhaps, republish, in the FOREST AND STREAM full directions for the planting of wild rice, he will receive gratitude and perhaps something else as much to his advantage. In conversation with several gentlemen to-day, some of them stated they had never been able to make wild rice grow, although they sowed it in shallow water, imitating the natural fall of the seed as closely as possible. One friend suggests that the plant reproduces itself not by the shedding of the grain, but by the dropping of the whole stalk down to the bottom, where it then lies in the mud. If some expert can give dates, methods, etc., for planting this beautiful and useful marsh growth, it will be a favor to very many sportsmen.

Still more difficult seems the wild celery problem, and I know of very many clubs who have spent considerably money, only to meet with failure in their attempts at planting wild celery. Mr. Lou Clarke, of the Hibernian Bank, this city, has recently returned from California, and he says that in that country sportsmen plant wild celery almost as they like. They get the bulbs, or roots, and set them out on a dry flat, just as they would domestic celery. Then they throw up a little 18-inch wall around their flat so planted, turn in the water, after the ancient California fashion of irrigation, and, presto! they have a shallow duck marsh full of wild celery. Mr. Clarke says the operation is perfectly certain and simple. In most of the better known wild celery waters the plant grows at a depth of 6 to 8 feet, and that seems to be the favorite feeding depth of the canvasback, although perhaps it would just as soon dive in a foot of water as in 10 feet, provided that the plant it covets has reached full maturity and development.

Now will certain of the wise ones share with us their wisdom in the matter of wild rice and wild celery?

Poet and Sportsman.

Mr. Ernest McGaffey, of this city, is a poet with much more than a local reputation. His "Songs of the Town" would entitle him to recognition had he done nothing else. In "Poems of Rod and Gun," Mr. McGaffey filed his claims to the brotherhood of sportsmen in no uncertain fashion. Mr. McGaffey is a lawyer and a writer. Incidentally, he this summer received, utterly without solicitation, the appointment by the Mayor of the chairmanship of the Board of Public Improvements, a salaried office of considerable importance. His varied duties Mr. McGaffey has discharged honestly all summer long, and now he says he is going to get him down to the Okaw bottoms of southern Illinois the first of November, and shoot quail for one solid, blissful month. There are all kinds of successes in life, whether in poetry, politics or polemics, but I should consider that a man who finds himself able to go on a thirty-day quail hunt is entitled to be called a glittering and howling success.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Currituck Game.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Oct. 10.—Wild ducks, widgeons, sprigs, black ducks, and teal have arrived in greater numbers than I have seen them before in many years. I saw several large flocks of Canada geese on Sept. 25; I have not seen them so early before in twenty years. Currituck Sound never had such a large crop of wild celery before; so, altogether, our prospects for good sport among the water fowl are excellent. I saw Senator W. H. Bray at Currituck Court House to-day; he says the season has been just right for quail, and they are abundant; his place will be open for sportsmen as usual this season. L. R. White, of Corolla, has added more ground to his place, and will also be open on Nov. 10, our opening day for water fowl. I understand the large tract of land owned by Josephus Banus (the old Palmer Island Club) has been leased to a new club, and will not be opened to the public, as last season. There has been a large flight of winter yellow legs during the past two weeks, and some fine bags have been made.

MORE ANON.

A Misunderstood Dog.

BOSTON, Oct. 12.—The gunners for shore birds are having a good time of it. The recent heavy gales, and slightly cooler weather have been conducive to good flights of birds, and the gunners have been at hand. A reliable Scituate report says that Ed Edison shot forty coot Thursday morning, and a boy of thirteen shot seven the same morning. This is early for so good flights of coot, and the gunners say that it counts well for a good season. Anisquam gunners are already getting some good bags of birds. Shore birds do not seem to come into the Boston markets as much as usual. The marketmen seem to think that they are sold on the spot—at Chatham, Scituate, Marshfield and other points—agents of New York market houses being at hand. Chatham reports mention some big bags of birds since the recent gales. T. S. Tomlinson, of Boston, came up from Chatham on Monday, with a good bag of birds. He remarks that he never had better shooting, but the gunners are thick down there.

H. S. Barker, of Boston, has just returned from a two weeks' shooting trip to Newfoundland. He shot two caribou, the largest bearing 33 points on its antlers. He reports caribou very numerous. His place of encampment was near Howley, at the head of Grand Lake. He believes that Newfoundland is soon to become an excellent hunting ground for sportsmen. Good hunting is reported in the Moluncus region, Maine. P. W. Curtis, E. W. Knight, and Charles E. Brett, of South Paris, Maine, have just returned from a hunting trip there, the result of which was a total of five deer killed. Reports from the Dead River region, are of deer abundant. A Boston party has already brought out three—two bucks and a doe. The close time of five years is off from deer in Androscoggin county, and the slaughter has begun. Two have been shot near Monmouth, and one near Sabatis. Many hunters are after them. Partridges are also reported to be plenty in some parts of the same county. Monmouth gunners have taken a good many. A sad story is told of a clergyman, in that part of the country, who went out the other day, with dog and gun. Partridges were to be his game. He had not gunned much for twenty years, but had suddenly become enthused. He borrowed a bird dog, a valuable spaniel. This dog had been trained to "tree partridges." The dog having done little or no work for the season was wild with delight to be out; soon smelled a partridge, and was off like lightning, with the partridge up a tall tree in the thick woods. The day was hot. The dog leaped and frothed at the mouth; barked, growled and whined, jumping into the air all the time. The sedate clergyman could see nothing in the tree; he had heard nothing. The dog refused to be comforted, but only leaped, barked and frothed the harder. "Is he mad?" the man asked himself. "Another jump toward the tree, accompanied with a howl, and a whine followed. 'Certainly he is mad!'" The gunner drew up the gun and put a charge of shot into the neck of the poor dog, and he was dead in a minute. Just then a partridge flew out of the tree overhead with a big boom. The best that can be said for the man is that he paid honorably for the poor, little, faithful fellow, who lost his life for being too much in earnest. Clergymen, or anybody else for that matter, who believe in mad dogs, should never go hunting with such noble animals.

SPECIAL.

Furs of the Upper Yukon.

CONSUL J. C. MCCOOK writes to the State Department from Dawson City, Sept. 9: Dawson is the central market for a vast extent of fur-bearing country, stretching from the Mackenzie Basin to the coast range and from the Porcupine to the Hootalinqua. In this area, perhaps 1,000 men are engaged in hunting and trapping, exclusive of the Indians; and from Dawson, fully 40,000 peltries are annually exported to the great fur markets of London and New York. The industry yields a revenue every year of nearly \$350,000.

The season is now at hand when the hunters and trappers are moving their outfits to the various rivers and streams where they will winter, and men are leaving town almost daily for their long sojourn amid the "great white silence." In most cases, the work of reaching their destination is of an intensely arduous nature, as they must pole their canoes to the head waters of the swiftest streams, make long portages, and penetrate pathless woods. But no hardships daunt these Yukon trappers, and they well deserve the success they so frequently achieve.

In the local fur market, London quotations govern. These are fixed twice a year—March and August—by a board of principal dealers in that city, and prices are gauged according to that scale in all parts of the world except Russia. The present rates, compared with last year's prices, show an increase on bear, beaver, otter, and mink, and a decrease on silver-gray fox, marten, wolf, and wolverine. On most other peltries, quotations are the same. A wide difference is often noted between the maximum and the minimum figures; this is due to variations in the shade and quality of the fur, and to the time of the year in which the animal was caught. For instance, pelts of bears caught in the spring, just after the hibernating process is over, are worth much more than those secured in the fall, because their fur is soft and thick, instead of harsh and thin. In all pelts, winter fur commands often three times as much as summer fur in price, and in most cases dark-colored fur is worth much more than the lighter varieties.

Local dealers say the pelts in this vicinity are of better quality and obtain higher prices than those taken along the Lower Yukon and on the Alaskan coast. The hair is softer and more glossy in appearance.

In varieties, marten are the most numerous and black fox the scarcest. The latter is the most valuable of all, a good pelt readily bringing \$300; and muskrat is the least costly, being worth only 4 cents.

The favorite rivers among the trappers are the Pelly, White, Stewart and Porcupine, while game hunters prefer the Klondike and Forty Mile, because of their accessibility to a ready market. The Big and Little Salmon, Hootalinqua, Chandelar, and Selwyn rivers are also fre-

quented by many trappers, while a goodly band is scattered along the Yukon itself. The Peel and other streams flowing into the Mackenzie Basin are also considered choice trapping grounds.

The annual production of the different varieties of pelts, their market value, and special facts distinguishing their distribution, are given as follows:

Bear.—Black, silver tip, brown, grizzly, and cinnamon; found all over the country from March to November; number shipped 3,000; price, \$10 to \$25. It takes an exceptionally fine skin to bring more than the maximum figure quoted.

Beaver.—On all streams, but chiefly numerous on White, Pelly, and Stewart rivers; number shipped, 2,500; price, \$3.50 to \$7.

Mink.—On all streams; number shipped, 1,500; price, \$1.50 to \$3.

Marten.—On all streams; number shipped, 25,000 to 30,000; price, \$3.50 to \$12.

Otter.—On Pelly and along the Yukon, most of the pelts coming from below Dawson; number shipped, 200; price, \$4 to \$8.

Foxes.—Red; number shipped, 2,000; price, \$1.25 to \$2.50. Cross; number shipped, 650; price, \$3 to \$10. Silver gray; number shipped, 25 to 40; price \$100 to \$200. Black; number shipped, 5 to 7; price, \$200 to \$300.

Lynx.—Mostly from along the Dalton trail; number shipped, 2,000; price \$1 to \$2.50.

Wolves.—Black and gray, mainly near the mountains; number shipped, 2,000; price, \$1 to \$2.50.

J. C. MCCOOK, Consul.

DAWSON CITY, Sept. 9.

An Experience with Bear.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"A Quest of Bear" in the Sept. 28 number of FOREST AND STREAM, brings to mind an outing of two of us some forty years ago, to the forest in McKean county, Pennsylvania, in pursuit of game animals.

Having hunted in the same locality for two falls before, we had noticed plain and well-beaten trails leading from one laurel thicket to others, and that bear constantly followed those paths; but their capture either on bare ground or snow by still-hunting was next to an impossibility, for they kept constantly under cover of brush or thickets too dense to be approached without giving them ample warning.

Before the next hunting season came around, we purchased a Newhouse bear trap, and with the rest of the baggage taken into camp the following October was a horse, supposed to be more valuable for bear bait than for any other purpose.

The morning after arriving at camp the beast was led out and planted within 50 feet of the trail, and the trap was set with suitable clog attached. Every week thereafter up to January, one or the other of us visited the spot, and as the ground was covered with snow quite a portion of the time we had no difficulty in observing the marked reverence a bear has for horse kind.

Bears had followed the trail nearly every week we were in camp, while not one had left it to examine our bait. On our way home we met an old woodsman, who earnestly inquired how we had made it with the old horse-baiting bear. When told, he said, "I knew you could not get a bear to go near it before next March or April, for they will not taste of it so long as there is any mast or other eatables left in the woods that they can procure."

Shack must be very scarce over the Rocky Mountain range in the western Montana, else Bruin in that section of the country has quite different tastes from those found in the Eastern States.

Now a word or two in regard to bear steak. Having sampled cuts from several different animals of the black bear species, I have only once found a piece but that retained that strong bear odor to such an extent as to make it nauseating to the majority, and that piece was from a cub that had fattened up on chestnut and beech mast; I tried to feed it to my two dogs, but they refused to eat of it, even after I had served it up fried or boiled in suitable shape. They seemed to detest it as much as the bear did the horse bait.

OLD SHICARRY.

Signs of Luck.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 11.—There are many signs observed in the country which are said to predict good or bad luck. Yesterday a neighbor of mine and I went after birds. This man is a first-rate hunter and a good shot. He is the sort of man I like to go with. He has been my companion on all of my hunting and fishing trips of the past few years. We have always had what some of my friends are pleased to call "infernal good luck," whether after birds, deer, bears or big fish. Yesterday was unseasonably hot and hard on both dogs and men. The leaves have not as yet fallen, and it is hard to see a bird or to tell where it goes. We fooled away all the forenoon looking after a large flock of quail, which a neighbor had asked me to try and exterminate, saying that they had eaten up all his peas in a field near his house. Like all New Hampshire quail, they were hard to find, and although we hunted over all the ground in the vicinity of where they were said to be, we never found a sign. About 1 o'clock we both came out where our horse was tied at the roadside; all of us, including the dogs, were hot, tired and somewhat discouraged. My companion said, "Our luck has never failed us before, but I think it will to-day, for I have seen signs which mean bad luck." He said he had seen three squirrels, and they were all running from left to right, and that means bad luck. I had also seen two rabbits, which my dog had started, and they had run the same way (I never shoot either rabbits or squirrels; do not consider either worth killing). It was a question whether or no to give up and go home, but we decided to try a certain cover I knew of. Our luck had always held good, provided we worked hard. Well, we went to this cover, and in a very short time we bagged eighteen woodcock and one grouse. There is nothing like sticking to it in all things, particularly in hunting.

C. M. STARK.

Sunrise on the Bay.

IN darkness and silence, close moored to the edge
Of a low-lying isle, green-covered with sedge,
In our snug, little boats we cosily lay,
And eagerly waited the coming of day.

The splash of an old-wife, just rising for flight,
The whirr of a broadbill, first herald the light.
Hark! The scream of a loon far out in the bay!
The shadows are flitting, 'twill soon be the day.

A gunshot re-echoes from Love-Lady's Isle,
The wild geese are coming, file following file;
The widgeons and redheads fly high in the air,
The sea-fog is lifting, the day will be fair.

Faint outlines of beach and dim islands appear,
Dark forms that were distant look now to be near;
Beyond the white sand dunes weird ships seem to keep
A phantom-like course o'er the shadowy deep.

Yon tall, friendly lighthouse yields but a faint ray,
The dawn is fast breaking, the night steals away;
Low in the far East there's a glow in the sky,
Growing steadily brighter, slow mounting on high.

The fierce god of day his strong arm is bending,
His javelins golden far upward is sending;
Bright o'er the smooth bay a pathway is seen,
In crimson and amber and silvery sheen.

Warmth stirs the cool air; where the still waters glow
Light ripples are forming, and soft breezes blow.
From out the great sea bursts the radiant sun,
Blue and gold arch the skies—glad day is begun!

J. T. EDWARDS.

Game Dealing and Opium Smuggling.

THE Duluth correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press reports that Deputy Game Warden Green, of Duluth, is having all kinds of trouble these days. Some of the butchers of that city are selling ducks and partridges, which is illegal this year, and thus far he has been unable to apprehend any of the offenders. Every day some two or three friends of the game laws give the deputy game warden friendly tips that the illegal traffic is in progress, each unconscious of the fact that the others were giving him the same kind of information. Mr. Green is a very active and efficient deputy game warden and his inability to bring about a conviction worries him. He says:

"The discovery that some of the butchers have ducks and partridges in their possession could undoubtedly be made without difficulty, but the law allows a person to have 100 of either of these birds in his possession. What I need to reach these fellows is information that they have sold the birds. I hope to enlist the friends of the game laws of the city to put a stop to the illegal traffic in game birds in Duluth."

It is said that one butcher of this city recently sold seventy-two ducks in one day. The butchers are very foxy and will not sell a bird to anybody except an old and discreet customer. The birds, under the circumstances, bring fancy prices, almost whatever the butcher may see fit to ask. Dealers are reported to be paying as high as \$2 a pair for ducks, and \$1 a pair for partridges. A hunter who could lay down 100 plump partridges in some quiet spot, to be discovered later by some butcher, probably could get from \$60 to \$75 for them. Nothing like such prices ever prevailed before, and they are due to the illegality of the traffic. The traffic in game birds in Minnesota now offers tempting profits, and in this respect takes its place with opium smuggling and kindred pursuits.

Future Work for the Coroner.

HIGHWOOD, Conn.—Editor Forest and Stream: While driving along one of New Haven's suburban thoroughfares I was mystified to observe a bareheaded boy, of about fifteen, step into the middle of a front yard, place a small, tin can upon his head, peacefully fold his arms across his breast, strike a bow-legged attitude, and fix an expression of Jack-o'-lantern repose across his face. "What ails him?" thought I.

The mystery dissolved when another boy of the same age stepped out, lifted a rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim, fired, and sent the can spinning. Then both grinned like apes, and looked round for applause. The next day I informed the shooter's father of his liability for impending funeral expenses, and of his son's excellent chances of looking through iron grates. A look of parental pride diffused the breadwinner's face, and his answer feased me. He said: "It beats the devil, but Andy's great fer shootin' off a gun!"

Unless some hibernating policeman wakes up long enough to gather in these foolish youngsters, it looks like a future job for the coroner.

W. H. AVIS.

New Hampshire Deer.

I SAW recently in the New York Weekly Tribune (which gave all the game laws) something which may be somewhat misleading. In speaking of deer in New Hampshire, it said "Protected at all times." There was, however, a very small figure attached which explained that the above meant in certain counties. Now, in the lower section of New Hampshire deer (until recently) have been unknown. To-day they are apparently increasing, and are frequently seen. In such sections they are protected (as they should be) at all times. The northern parts of this State—Grafton, Coos and such counties—have open seasons from Oct. 1 to Dec. 15.

C. M. S.

Game in Connecticut.

DANBURY, Conn., Oct. 10.—The hunting season opens too early hereabouts. We have had a late spring, and birds bred later than usual. Partridge and quail are rather small-looking and undeveloped. I killed two grouse and four quail yesterday, and left two beavies of quail entirely, they being too poor-looking fledglings to kill. The season ought to open Nov. 1 and close Dec. 31. I would like to hear from others on the subject.

CHAS. F. BROCKETT.

Black Ducks and Night Shooting. I

CURRITUCK, N. C.—Mr. W. H. Tallett's letter in your issue of Sept. 28 is certainly a very interesting one, and should be seriously considered by all lovers of wildfowl shooting. I am well acquainted with the black duck shooting; have shot them both day and night for thirty years. My experience is that nothing frightens them away from a place half so quickly as night shooting. It is not true that they cannot be shot in the day time. They give fine sport in the day time, especially if it is a little stormy. Nothing decoys better than the black duck when properly protected and not disturbed on its feeding grounds at night. Some of the largest bags of ducks I ever made were black ducks. I shot ninety from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. here at Currituck three years ago. If Mr. Tallett and his Jefferson county friends stick to their present laws, and see that they are enforced, they will have plenty of ducks for many years to come.

MORE ANON.

Maine Game.

BLAKESLEE CAMPS, Me., Oct. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As the trout season closes "in a blaze of glory," the shooting season opens to-morrow in several blazes. Deer were never more plentiful; bear enough and partridge galore. The last party left here by buckboard to-day for Eustis, en route homeward, excepting Messrs. Chas. H. Meigs, of Cleveland, O., and Major George La Rue, who have hung up their rods and tackle and taken out their rifles, the Major uncasing his handsome .45-70 Winchester, so well known in the Maine woods for many years past, while Mr. Meigs is advocating his new .30-30, though his .45-70 companion piece of the Major's is not far out of reach. They have as guide the famous half-breed, Joe St. Ober, and are going up into the Spencer Bog, Tumble Down Mountain, country, as well as the Baker and Rock Pond region, equipped with bear traps and every requisite for a big-game hunt. Their success is a foregone conclusion. The weather conditions are favorable for a fine season.

BLAKES LEE.

Antelope in Wyoming.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Saratoga Sun, of Saratoga, Wyo., of Oct. 3, contains the following: "Thirty antelope a week are being killed in the vicinity of Cheyenne. The animals are unusually numerous this year, but very wild and hard to get a shot at. Parties of hunters are leaving the city daily, and the majority of them return with game."

To me this sounds a little strange if true.

EMERSON CARNEY.

An Oregon Game Country.

KELLOGG, Ore.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is one of the finest game countries I have ever known. We have deer, elk, bear and smaller game. Not far distant from here is a little river where no one lives, where bands of elk roam the year round. The stream is full of trout, and at its head is a small lake full of fish. This place is not far from Winchester Bay; I can hear the sea breakers on the beach.

W. D. MOORE.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Squeteague and Bluefish.

IN the Biological Notes which have just been published by the United States Fish Commissioners, Messrs. Sherwood and Edwards discuss the fluctuations in the supply of squeteague (weakfish) and bluefish, and the relation between the two. They note:

The first squeteague was taken at Cuttyhunk on May 5, and nine days later they reached Woods Hole. Toward the last of May one was caught at Cuttyhunk which weighed 14 pounds. The abundance of squeteague was remarkable. In the Menemsha traps alone 10,000 were taken in a single day—July 31—and, in fact, they were so plenty throughout the season that they ruined their own market, and did not bring enough to pay their shipping bills. Many of the Vineyard fishermen retained the fish in the pockets, waiting for better prices, but a heavy northeast storm tore up the nets in the fall, and most of the summer's catch was lost.

When, a few years ago, a bill to prohibit all net fishing in Buzzard's Bay was presented to the Massachusetts Legislature, one of the strongest arguments of its supporters was that the bay was the natural spawning ground of the food fishes, and therefore their decrease was attributed to excessive trap fishing. A careful study of the records of the movements of squeteague for the last thirty years has revealed some striking facts which have an important bearing on this question. Notwithstanding protective legislation, it is very evident that breeding squeteague have ceased to enter Buzzard's Bay in any considerable numbers; for, while twenty years ago the young could be seined almost anywhere in the vicinity of Woods Hole (at Great Harbor, Hadley Harbor, Nobska Beach, and Quisset), there are now only two localities in Buzzard's Bay and Vineyard Sound where they are found—at Wareham, near the head of the bay, and in Acushnet River, on the New Bedford side. Even in these places their numbers are greatly reduced.

The former abundance of the young was due in all probability to the fact that the adults spawned in the open bay or outside waters, and since the buoyant eggs were subject to the influence of winds and currents, they were carried hither and thither until finally lodged in the protected harbors and inlets. Such conditions would tend to distribute the eggs more or less uniformly along the shores of the bay, and the fry would not be restricted to the present areas. On the other hand, with the remarkable increase of the adults, if they still continued to

spawn in the same places, there would have been a correspondingly large increase of the young.

It may be argued that the spawn is deposited in the same places as formerly, but that the eggs merely drift into the estuaries—Wareham River and Acushnet River. But this does not seem at all probable, since the outward current of these rivers is stronger and longer continued than the inward. A more plausible explanation is that the few adults entering these rivers find conditions favorable, and therefore spawn, while the great majority of the fish seek other localities. The Rhode Island fishermen, who control the sea traps off Seaconnet and Newport, say, that whereas years ago they used to catch plenty of squeteague at the mouth of the bay, very few are ever seen there now. They believe that the fish no longer run in offshore waters, but enter the bays and inlets. Substantiating this is the extraordinary abundance of the fry during the past few years in Narragansett Bay, particularly in its upper part, near Red Bridge and India Point. Even here great numbers of them were killed in 1900 by Peridinium. For two weeks or more in September this small protozoan infested the waters of the upper bay in such numbers that the water was almost a blood-red color, and, as a result, young squeteague, together with fish of several other species, were piled in windrows on the shore. There is but one conclusion to be drawn from the foregoing facts—the squeteague has changed its spawning grounds within a few years, and, judging from the abundance of the young, Narragansett Bay is the more favorable locality at the present time.

The study of the yearly records has also shown that a definite relation exists between the abundance of squeteague and bluefish. Twenty years ago 100 squeteague were considered a remarkable catch, but now it is not uncommon to take 4,000 at a single draft of a trap. On the other hand, twenty years ago bluefish were so plentiful that barrels of them were shipped daily, while in 1900 not over 50 were recorded from the bay or sound. There can be but little doubt that the marvelous increase of the squeteague has been made possible by the disappearance of one of its most dangerous enemies—the savage bluefish.

Simultaneously with this change there has occurred another, equally difficult to explain, in the time of the arrival of the bluefish. Some twenty years ago the fish were sure to be taken in the traps the first or second week in May, while recently they may be as late as the middle of June. The presence of large schools of bluefish off Nantucket and No Man's Land all summer makes it evident that they have not completely deserted our coast; but just why so few come inshore, and why they are so much later in their arrival, is not apparent. In spite of the scarcity of mature fish the young have been very abundant everywhere, and particularly at Katama Bay, where, undoubtedly, they have destroyed many of the rare, bright-colored, southern forms referred to in Biological Notes No. 1. The rate of growth of the young, as found in Katama Bay, in 1900, is as follows: July 27, 3 inches; Aug. 8, 3 to 5 inches; Aug. 29, 5 to 7 inches; Sept. 24, 7 to 9 inches; Oct. 3, 8 to 11 inches.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing Season Not Yet Ended.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—We are having weather much cooler than prevailed during September, it is true, but none the less mild for this date in the fall, and still too mild to offer good shooting in this latitude for wild fowl, and many of our sportsmen are still sticking to the rod and reel rather than to the dog and gun. Some good takes of pickerel and bass were made in the Lauderdale chain of lakes last week by F. N. Peet and friends, of this city. They state that the big pickerel are just beginning to strike, and believe that the fishing there will be good until cold weather sets in.

Muscallunge fishing in the Minoqua chain of lakes of Wisconsin has been exceedingly good during the past ten days. One party came out with 19 muscallunge, taken during a stay of less than a week. They state that they had magnificent sport.

Wishininne Muscallunge Luncheon.

Mr. Jack O'Neill, of this city, returned this week from a muscallunge trip in Wisconsin and gave a grand fish banquet to Mayor Carter H. Harrison, and to his friends of the Wishininne Club. There were thirteen at table, all good men, and true. The Mayor came in, and in his eagerness to display a new umbrella, which he had purchased, opened the latter in the room, which act is also notoriously a sure hoodoo. None the less, nothing fateful happened except to the muscallunge which Mr. O'Neill had presented as the chief feature of this occasion. This fish weighed 25 pounds, and it was served at the club table, unbroken, and in full length. It surely made a magnificent appearance, as it lay on the large plank upon which it was served. There was fish enough for even the hearty appetites of the Wishinannes, and enough for one or two stragglers who came in later in the game.

Mr. O'Neill, when called upon by the Mayor to make a few remarks, stated that his capture of this fish was somewhat singular. He had promised to send the Mayor a muscallunge, and on this morning, when he started out with his guide, he said, "I just want to catch one good muscallunge this morning, and I want it to weigh exactly 25 pounds, because I want to send it to Mayor Harrison, down in Chicago." In less than three minutes after he had uttered this remark he had a good, solid strike. The fish was heavy and loggy, acting very dull, and it was brought to the side of the boat and gaffed in about 15 minutes after it first struck. Weighed on the hand scale in the boat, it weighed exactly 25 pounds. This satisfied Mr. O'Neill, and he at once rowed for the hotel, and as soon as possible took the train home with his trophy.

This was the first general meeting of the Wishinannes for the fall, and is the predecessor of several club sessions which will be pulled off during the cold season, when golf, fishing and shooting are not so possible as they have been of late. It is to be observed that a certain esprit marked this first fall gathering. Mr. J. V. Clarke, president of the Hibernian Bank, was detected

in the act of whispering to his brother, also of the bank. The two were promptly fined for talking shop during lunch time, this latter being one of the offenses against the immutable Wishininne laws. Mr. Graham H. Harris, undertaking to talk politics, was also fined, as was Bill Haskell for starting to repeat a muscallunge story which had been told at an earlier date. The session was marked by great business energy, as well as distinct activity, in passing of plates for the second helping of muscallunge.

By the way, as comparing the muscallunge and his cousin, the white-spotted Great Northern pike, it may be said that the flesh of this fish was delicate, white and firm, unmarked by any small bones, and distinctly sweeter and more palatable than that of any pickerel or Great Northern pike which any one present had ever eaten.

The Season's Angling Record.

Speaking of angling records, it seems to me that all sorts of records in that line, for big catches, delicacy, accuracy, or anything else, are fairly to be called broken by the season's performance of Mr. Harry Miner, manager of the Crescent Iron Works, of Chicago. Earlier in the season, when I was mentioning the names of gentlemen who had gone out fishing, I found Mr. Miner's name in the lists so often that I finally cut it out, as not having news value any longer. Now—for such a strange thing is news—it does have a very distinct news value. Mr. Miner was not news after the middle of the summer, but he has been steadily getting newsier for the last 30 days.

To-day, Saturday, is a very cold, bleak, rainy day, and in prowling around the sources of information in such matters, I can discover the name of only one man who has gone fishing for bass this afternoon. The name is that of Mr. Harry Miner. Investigation shows that Mr. Miner has not missed a single week since the ice went out, but as regularly as Saturday rolls around has taken his little basket of frogs and his casting rod, and likewise taken the train for Lake Villa, Ill. His order is for three dozen small bait frogs every Saturday morning, the season through. He begins when the ice goes out and stops when the ice comes in. He has outfished all Chicago, and the record surely goes to him.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sturgeon Hatching in the Lake Champlain Basin.*

BY LIVINGSTON STONE.

(Read before the American Fisheries Society.)

SOMEWHAT of the mystery formerly surrounding the taking and fertilizing of sturgeon eggs on a large scale has been removed, only to be replaced by the appearance of difficulties which seem even now to be almost insurmountable. Only three years ago it was a mystery why the net fishermen, while they caught plenty of parent sturgeon with eggs in all stages of maturity, never caught any with wholly ripe eggs in them. Now that we know the reason of this to be that ripe sturgeons caught in nets, throw all their eggs in their efforts to liberate themselves, the difficulty arises of securing the parent fish before they throw their eggs.

We adopted various devices this spring to accomplish this object. We set trap nets in the two rivers and also in the lake, but the sturgeon would not go into the trap nets. We set gill nets in various places in both the Lamoille and the Missisquoi rivers, and we had these nets overhauled every hour, night and day. We also overhauled and examined all the parent sturgeon in the pens every day, but somehow most of the ripe fish eluded us in one way or another before their eggs could be secured. In some instances, even when we had a night guard on duty, parent fish caught at night by the fishermen, and put in confinement, were stolen before morning, the high price paid for caviar sturgeon (i. e., female sturgeon with nearly ripe eggs in them) being a sufficient incentive to poachers to incur unusual risks in stealing them. At other times ripe fish gilled at night and safely conveyed to the pens by the fishermen would spawn in confinement before morning, thus eluding the spawn takers. At another time—this was on May 13—a large, ripe, female sturgeon of nearly a hundred pounds in weight was found in our Missisquoi River pens. There were three able-bodied men present to handle the fish besides the writer, who stood by, ready with the spawning pan. The fish was no sooner lifted from the dip net by the men on the stripping platform than with two terrible blows with the tail right and left, she sent her eggs flying across the platform to the distance of a rod or two, in the meantime struggling so violently that it required the combined efforts of the three men to hold her. Finally having subsided to a degree of comparative quietness, the few remaining eggs in her—perhaps 20,000—were taken, but though these were successfully hatched, the stripping of the fish was, of course, a failure, as not more than 4 per cent. of the eggs were taken. At still another time, three large female sturgeon, supposed to be fully ripe, were caught. On holding the fish up by the tail, the eggs sagged in the abdomen as with a fully ripe salmon, and in order to ensure our not losing these eggs, as others had been previously lost, two of these fish were knocked in the head and instantly killed, when, to the great dismay of the spawn takers, the eggs were found after all not to be sufficiently mature to be fertilized. To avoid a repetition of this risk, the third fish, which appeared to be the least ripe of all, was put in confinement to ensure the further ripening of her eggs. This fish spawned that very night.

The above instances illustrate how elusive and disappointing the sturgeon were, when an attempt was made to get their eggs, and how many difficulties presented themselves, even after their mysterious character had been removed.

The difficulties did not prove wholly insurmountable, however. All the fishing for spawning sturgeon had been

*The operations referred to in this paper were conducted under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission by the writer, very ably assisted by Mr. Myron Green, in northwestern Vermont, in the Missisquoi River and the Lamoille River, tributaries of Lake Champlain, and in the lake itself.

done this year on the Missisquoi with nets. On the Lamoille we encountered something different. Near the south bank of that river, about four miles from its mouth and half a mile from the West Milton Post Office, Vermont, is a place known to the residents of that neighborhood as the "Sturgeon Hole." Here the main body of the river rushes through a rocky gorge not over 20 or 30 feet wide, with precipitous walls of solid rock on each side. Just below the gorge is a hole about 45 feet deep, apparently shaped somewhat like a boat, in which the spawning sturgeon collect, usually very soon after their appearance at the mouth of the river, but most probably when the water reaches the right temperature for spawning. The water is too deep to spear the fish here, and nets cannot be used, but the sturgeon are taken by twitching them up with hooks. We watched this hole night and day, after the appearance of the sturgeon at the mouth of the river, and obtained many breeders from the "Hole" after they had begun to collect in it, twenty-seven being caught on May 22, the temperature of the water being 68 degrees F. These were all, or nearly all, ripe males, but on the afternoon of May 23 two entirely ripe females were hooked up. The fish not struggling violently at first, the men stopped the flow of eggs by stuffing their handkerchiefs into the vent. The fish were then towed across the river, where the males had been secured, and were instantly killed by being knocked in the head. Their eggs were taken and treated like pike-perch eggs, as to impregnating, mixing with milt, rinsing, etc.

In the meantime a rude hatchery had been constructed on the north bank of the Lamoille, with a battery of twenty-two jars, a short distance from the sturgeon hole. The eggs now obtained were all placed in jars, where they appeared to do finely. The next day the writer took a few thousand over to the hatchery at Swanton, where they subsequently hatched out without difficulty. The remainder were left at the temporary hatchery on the Lamoille. The hatching water for our battery here was obtained from a spring brook which rose, I think, about a mile to the north. Before locating the hatchery at this point, Mr. Green and the writer had many discussions as to whether the water in the brook might not get too cold for the sturgeon eggs. There was no other supply obtainable, however, with the limited means at our disposal. It was "Hobson's choice"—take that or nothing—so we took the hatching water from the brook. For a time, the weather remained fairly warm, and the eggs did well. It was found on examination of the eggs, when the form of the fish first appeared in the embryo, that nearly 90 per cent. of the eggs were impregnated. Then there came a frost one morning, and the water dropped to 50 degrees F. The next night there came another frost, and the water fell to 45 degrees F., and then the sturgeon eggs all died. It was a bitter disappointment. We had struggled against great discouragements, and now we thought we were on the eve of a great success, instead of which we were on the eve of a great failure.

A consignment of eggs which had been in the meantime sent to Cape Vincent Station met with the same fate, the water of the St. Lawrence used at this station being also comparatively cold at this season.

We afterward discovered a spawning ground of the sturgeon on the shore of Lake Champlain, a short distance south of the mouth of the Lamoille. Here is a well-protected bay, with a beach sloping very gradually out to deep water. In the shallow waters of this bay, in water not over 3 feet deep, strange to say, the sturgeon come to spawn in the month of June. Here we found them spawning in plain sight from the shore. We set trap nets and gill nets here, and caught many ripe males and several ripe females the first week in June, but did not succeed in collecting any impregnated egg.

I may add here that the sturgeon eggs that we took averaged 850 to the fluid ounce. They are apparently amorphous as to shape, and of a dull and dirty color, but this appearance is given them by a cobwebby film which surrounds each egg. This film can be easily separated from the eggs by squeezing the egg out of it with the fingers, and the egg is then seen to be spherical, clear and crystalline, like other fish eggs, and not very different in size from whitefish eggs, though, perhaps, somewhat larger.

The eggs come very easily from the parent fish when they are ripe. They are somewhat glutinous, but if taken from a freshly caught fish, they are no more so than pike-perch eggs, and if treated as pike-perch eggs are when taken, they will give no trouble in sticking together, and will easily hatch out 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. of healthy fry.

The eggs taken to the Swanton hatchery hatched in seven days in an average temperature of 65 degrees F. Their mobility was so much less than that of pike-perch eggs that it took a stream of water running through a 3/8-inch rubber tube with about a 6-foot pressure to keep them in motion in the hatching jars. The young fry are hardy and very active, but if they are to be confined in tanks or troughs, the screening must be very tight, as they can work themselves through an extremely small crevice.

Allow me to state in conclusion, as I have already done in my annual report to the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, that the following points in regard to lake sturgeon and sturgeon hatching may be considered as pretty well established:

(1) The lake sturgeon go up the tributary rivers of Lake Champlain to spawn. They ascend different rivers at different times, the time for each river appearing to be determined by the temperature of the water. The river that the spawning sturgeon of Lake Champlain first ascend is the Missisquoi, in the extreme northwestern corner of Vermont. They go up this river very soon after the pike-perch have finished spawning in the river, which is usually the latter part of April. The largest number of ripe fish appeared about May 13. The spawning sturgeon were all out of the river by May 20.

The Lake Champlain sturgeon ascend the Lamoille, a Vermont river which flows into the lake about thirty miles south of the Missisquoi, somewhat later. This year their first appearance at the mouth of this river was about the middle of May, and they collected in the "Sturgeon Hole" in the greatest numbers for spawning on May 23. They had all left the river by the end of May.

(2) The lake sturgeon spawn in the shallow waters of the lake in June. At least, there is a spawning bed in the shallow water of the bay just south of the mouth of

the Lamoille, where the sturgeon come to deposit their eggs. Parent fish collect in this bay to spawn about two weeks later than they are found in the greatest numbers in the "Sturgeon Hole" of the Lamoille. The largest number of ripe ones was observed on June 4. By June 15 all had left the spawning grounds of the bay.

(3) As far as we have observed, the lake sturgeon will not spawn until the water reaches a temperature of 60 degrees F. In our experience, on both lake and river, we have never found sturgeon spawning in colder water than this. We are consequently led to believe that they require water at or above 60 degrees F., though, of course, this must be accepted only as an inference.

(4) The lake sturgeon spawn at various periods later than they do in the bay just mentioned, as is evidenced by the fact that we caught parent fish in June with eggs that would not have been ripe for a fortnight, and others with eggs that would not have ripened for a month or longer.

(5) The parent sturgeon do not seem to ripen their eggs well in confinement, unless they are very nearly ripe when captured. We found that the eggs of the fish that we kept in our pens caked together and otherwise became very poor if the fish were too long confined, and the eggs would probably not have been susceptible to impregnation even if they had ripened enough to be extruded from the fish. This point must not be accepted yet as conclusive, for it is quite probable, I think, that means will be found eventually for keeping sturgeon in captivity without injuring their eggs till they are ready to spawn.

(6) The spawning season at the various spawning grounds of the lake sturgeon is very short. They are doubtless spawning somewhere all summer, but at any specified spawning ground I do not believe that they are in the act of spawning over three or four days. I have set wide limits in this paper to the period that the spawning sturgeon remain on their spawning beds, in order to be on the safe side, but I think that on a more thorough investigation these limits will be very much narrowed.

(7) Unless some device has been adopted for forcibly retaining the eggs in the parent sturgeon, it seems to be almost useless to attempt to strip a ripe fish after it has once been lifted out of the water alive. A few seconds of time and a few powerful strokes of the tail are sufficient to throw all their eggs to the four winds. If the eggs are ripe it must be ascertained before the fish is taken from the water, or the instant it is lifted from the water. The vent can then be plugged, the fish put in a strait jacket and the eggs taken without difficulty. We adopted various ways of "plugging" the parent sturgeon, but after all the most effective way was to stuff a handkerchief instantly into the vent, and keep it there. If this is done quickly enough it will be a success. If something of the kind is not done, or if the ripe sturgeon is given any time to struggle, if only for a few seconds, the eggs will be lost.

(8) The eggs of the lake sturgeon, once they are taken, are easily impregnated. It has frequently, in fact almost always happened, that when a struggling female has been found, or when the females have been ripened in confinement, ripe males for fertilizing the eggs could not be found. On the other hand, if the ripe females are captured during the three or four days during which they are collected on the spawning beds, ripe males will be found in abundance. When we caught the ripe females in the Lamoille "Sturgeon Hole," we could have taken a quart of milt from the males if it had been necessary.

(9) The eggs of the lake sturgeon are easily hatched. Any of the hatching jars in use for pike-perch and whitefish are suitable for the purpose. Run a stream of water through the jars with sufficient pressure to keep the eggs in healthy motion, and they will hatch without trouble and without much loss. It is highly probable that 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. of sturgeon eggs taken under favorable conditions will be hatched in the future.

Enemies of the Fishculturist.

DEPARTMENT OF FISHERIES AND GAME, Boston, Mass., Oct. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All who have engaged in the work of fishculture have learned sooner or later that "it is not all beer and skittles" to breed and rear fish. That this is true has been shown by the experience of the superintendents of our fish hatcheries at Sutton and Hadley, in this State.

One day not long ago, while Supt. Wm. A. Tripp was engaged in the attempt to sink a well some little distance from the hatchery at Hadley, and on the opposite side of the building from the pond wherein the brood trout are kept, he chanced to turn in the direction of the pond and saw a large fish hawk just rising from the water with a trout in its claws. The bird had evidently taken advantage of its opportunity, when the superintendent was further away from the pond than usual, to secure for itself a good meal of spotted trout. How many times it had previously done the same thing we do not know. Anyhow, the depredation was considered of sufficient importance for the Commission to promptly supply Mr. Tripp with a double-barreled gun to defend his charges from similar depredations in the future. Undoubtedly that fish hawk will find it unhealthy to venture near the fish pond hereafter.

In one of the small rearing pools, where Mr. Tripp had been endeavoring to raise some trout fingerlings, he noticed that the young fish grew less and less from day to day, but as there were no dead fish on the bottom of the pool he was at a loss to account for the gradual diminution. On two occasions he drew the water nearly out of the pool in the endeavor to discover the cause, but he could find no trace of anything which would give him a clue. But as the trout continued to disappear, he finally drew the pool down for the third time and covered the bottom of it with fine, white sand, thinking that might possibly aid him in securing information which he had previously failed to obtain. He was correct in this conclusion, for the sand led to the discovery of two eels, which were dragged from the mud in the bottom of the pool. One was 16 inches long, and the other 2 feet, or more in length. The discovery of these solved the problem of the disappearance of trout.

While no eels have been seen at Sutton, and fish hawks have apparently not attempted the capture of trout there,

the fish are nevertheless subject to attacks from other enemies, despite the watchful care of Supt. Arthur Merrill.

One day recently, while Commissioner Delano and I were at the hatchery, a kingfisher, which evidently had a longing eye on the young trout in a near-by pool, was caught in a trap which had been set for it.

On the same day a Mr. Wilson, of Worcester, who was out to the hatchery for the purpose of securing some frogs for scientific purposes, succeeded in killing a water snake about 42 inches long and approximately 5 inches in circumference. This snake was killed in immediate proximity to the rearing ponds, near the hatchery, where the young trout are being raised for breeders. When opened, the snake was found to have four trout in its stomach, each ranging from 5 to 7 inches in length. Two of them were Loch Leven trout, one 6½ inches and one 7 inches long, and the other two were brook trout.

Mr. Merrill says that "formerly many of these snakes were killed about the upper ponds, but this year they have been less plentiful there, and not one has been killed. Their absence may account in part for the increased number of fingerlings in those ponds."

From the foregoing it is evident that one who hopes for success in fishculture must not only be skillful in his profession, but must also be on the alert to "see snakes" and other enemies of his finny proteges, and to dispose of them, too, when they are poachers in forbidden waters.

J. W. COLLINS.

Piscatorial Poetics.

OUR own inexhaustible Izaak has declared that "Angling is somewhat like poetry: men are to be born so." Few will be found to have the hardihood to dispute or to deny this; it is a gem of thought, crystallized into a sparkling sentence which will remain a classic quotation as long as our language shall endure. At the same time, it opens a field for speculation as to the extent to which a kinship may be found to exist linking anglers to poets or poets to anglers—the angler to poetry or the poet to angling. Much traveling to and fro on the ocean of English literature would seem to lead one to the conclusion that after all there is not very much true sympathy between the two, and that the combination in one person is only rarely to be found, in spite of the fact that contemplation is by common consent regarded as a characteristic of both. Of course our poets, great and small, have often found fine food for pretty similes in various incidents of the gentle craft, and as a rule have dealt skillfully with them. But, on the other hand, it can hardly be maintained that fishers who have sought to sing the praises of angling have achieved any very signal successes. Many piscatorial enthusiasts will doubtless condemn this as too sweeping a generalization, and will perhaps quote instances by which they hope to disprove it, but it will nevertheless be found to be true in the main.

Shakespeare, naturally, in this, as in almost everything, stands first among poets who have brought into play piscatorial pictures, similes, or illustrations to aid in the poetical presentment of an idea. Thus in "Antony and Cleopatra" (Act II., scene 5), the "Serpent of Old Nile" is made by him to say:

Give me mine angle—we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, "Ah, ha! You're caught!"

And again, the good gentlewoman, Ursula, in "Much Ado About Nothing," enters into the spirit of Hero's scheme regarding Beatrice, saying:

The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;
So angle we for Beatrice.

Choice samples, these, of how what I take leave to say is, in its essence, an unpoetical sport, can be poetically treated. In Pope's lines on "Windsor Forest" there is a charming and vivid little sketch of the angler:

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapors breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.

Some of the victims of his wiles are thus tersely described:

Our plenteous streams a varied race supply,
The bright-eyed perch, with fins of Tyrian dye;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropt with gold;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains,
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Thomson, whose "Seasons" are somewhat out of season in these days, and are certainly less read than they deserve to be, gives in "Spring" a pretty description of trout fishing, concluding:

But should you lure
From his dark haunt—beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees—the monarch of the brook,
Behooves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,
With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the furthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old, secure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;

Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

In contrast to these impartial attitudes, Byron seems to have indulged an almost savage dislike of anglers and a lofty scorn of their craft. Thus, in the 106th stanza of Canto XIII. of "Don Juan," among the amusements of the guests at a country house-party, he mentions:

* * *Angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.

Adding, in a note:

It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches us how to sew up frogs and break their legs, by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling—the cruelest, the coldest and stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single bite is worth, to him, more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishing have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, etc., are more humane and useful—but angling! No angler can be a good man.

After this furious fling, he gives the following quotation:

"One of the best men I ever knew—as humane, delicate-minded, generous and excellent a creature as any in the world, was an angler. True, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagance of I. Walton."

Byron then says:

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS. Audi alteram partem—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

It was scarcely necessary for Byron to give this word on the other side—his intemperate outburst carries its own self-refutation.

William Basse, a poet little known save for his clever four-line epitaph on Shakespeare (of whom he was almost a contemporary) furnishes us with one of the best pieces of piscatorial praise. Two verses will suffice to show the quaint quality of his "Angler's Song":

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is, alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess.
My hand alone my work can do,
So I can fish and study, too.
* * * * *
The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here
Blest fishers were: and fish the last
Food was that He on earth did taste.
I therefore strive to follow those
Whom He to follow Him hath chose.

Something of the divine afflatus mingles with the spirit of the true sportsman in the universally known song "The Angler," written by John Chalkhill, who was so happy as to be an "acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser." The first verse will suffice to remind readers of this most famous song:

Oh! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any;
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys;
Only this
Lawful is,
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

Allusions to fishing are of course to be found in classic authors. The subject did not escape the comprehensive mind of the stately Virgil, in the first book of whose "Georgics" we read:

Atque alius latum funda jam verberat amnem,
Alta petens, pelagoque alius trahit humida lina;

which Dryden renders thus:

And casting nets were spread in shallow brooks,
Drags in the deep, and baits were hung on hooks;

though doubtless the genial contributor of "Jottings by the Way" prefers Thomas May's version:

Drag nets were made to fish within the deep
And casting nets did river bottoms sweep.

The reader who has accompanied me thus far in these perhaps rather flighty excursions into the works of the more serious-minded poets will perhaps welcome now a specimen or two from those verse-makers who have dealt with the subject of angling in a lighter vein.

In "The Sportsman's Vocal Cabinet," compiled by Charles Armiger, of Melton Mowbray, and published seventy years ago, there is a whimsical ditty, in which angling is brought into comparison with most of the principal callings in life. It is too long for reproduction here, but the first and last verses may be given. It begins:

Of all the recreations which
Attend on human nature,
There's none that's of so high a pitch
Or is of such a stature,
As is the subtle angler's life
In all men's approbation;
For angling tricks do daily mix
In every occupation.

It touches all classes of humanity in turn, from Adam and Eve (for whom Satan went a-fishing, proving himself the first angler!), making comparison with physicians, lawyers, divines, merchants and stock brokers, and even a counterpart of Hans Breitmann's immortal "maiden mid nodings on," and then concludes:

Thus have I made my angler's trade
To stand above defiance,

For, like the mathematic art,
It runs through every science.
If with my angling song I can
To mirth and pleasure seize you,
I'll bait my hook with wit again,
And angle still to please you.

Only some half-dozen others of the numerous songs in the above collection are of any real merit. The one beginning "How happy is the angler's life" shows skill in its composition, as the second and fifth verses will show:

At morning, if the sky be fair,
We leave our couch in quiet,
And selfish fools to die by care,
And wanton rakes by riot.
With bliss supreme we reach the stream,
The busy bleak or perch we seek,
The dace or speckled trout so sleek,
Or else the stately bream.

* * * * *
But if we find the inmates shy
And cautious past enduring,
Full many a skillful trick we try
To draw them to our luring.
For fish, like men, full nine in ten,
Have very strange vagaries,
They'll leap on high to catch the fly,
Then sink to where fresh fare is.

In Richard Alfred Millikin's famous song, "The Groves of Blarney," which has been styled by an enthusiastic critic the "national Irish poem," the fourth stanza concludes thus:

'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches
All standing in order for to guard the flood!

"Comely eels in the verdant mud" is surely—to drag in an old "chestnut"—an "elegant" expression not to be surpassed even by Father Prout himself.

Devotees of sea angling, too, have had a share of attention, as well as their brethren of lake and stream. John Lander, the Cork solicitor, to whom the song, "The Praise of Kinsale," is ascribed, though written as if from "Paddy Farrell of Kinsale to his friend at Mal-low," in true Hibernian style, sings:

To do the theme justice exceeds my poor powers,
Then expect but a round and unvarnished tale,
To hook in the aid of poetical flowers
Is not in my line while I sing of Kinsale.

* * * * *
We've a choice set of books for the student who wise is,
The eel of true science to seize by the tail;
At all seasons a skate you can have where no ice is,
Or a sinecure plaice you may get at Kinsale.

These are two of the ten lively quatrains of which the song consists. The answer of "Thady Mullowny, of Mallow" (by the same author), is so full of fun as to deserve quoting entire, but dread of the editorial blue pencil makes me cut it down to the first three verses, which run thus:

Dear Paddy—I got your poetic epistle,
Along with the hake that you sent by the mail;
But what could bewitch you to sing, or to whistle,
In strains so melodious the praise of Kinsale?

In all baits you're well skilled, you cod-dragging curmudgeon,
To hook every fish, from a sprat to a whale;
But your lines shan't catch me—by my soul, I'm no gudgeon
To flounder or starve in the streets of Kinsale.

I know your design is, as usual—sell-fish;
For, catch what you will, my old boy, I'll be bail,
You'll jolt off to Cork your best hake and best shellfish,
And leave barely a claw for the town of Kinsale.

I have now, I think, given sufficient pointers to those readers of the Gazette who may care to follow up this fishing in books for matters of interest to the brethren of the rod and line, and net. If the bulk of the verse cannot lay claim to being classed as poetry, it flows with freedom and is well flavored with fun.—Rodwell Hookham in the London Fishing Gazette.

Rainbow Trout in North Carolina.

HIGHLANDS, N. C., Oct. 10.—I send you a photo of a rainbow trout two years old, caught in one of my ponds here by a young lady in September, 1889, two years after the fingerlings were planted. This shows the amazing growth of these fish under exceptionally favorable circumstances. At the present time some of these fish are enormously large, but none of them has been taken for some years past of large size, as they break the tackle whenever hooked. But schools of them are occasionally seen lying at the bottom when the sunlight is favorable, and in the evening, at times, the surface of the water is broken by their splashing, as they come up for flies. I am very suspicious that they are feeding on the young fontinalis, which are scarce in the pond where they are, but plentiful in another a few miles up the stream. I sent you a photo of a pair of the *Iridei* six or seven years ago, with a 2-foot rule beside them, showing that the larger of the pair was 22 inches long and 7 inches across the side at the larger part. This must have been eight years ago—or ten perhaps. With this growth I am curious to know precisely the size of the oldest now, but get no nearer than an estimate of one I hooked four years ago, which was fully 10 inches across the body, and I should judge 30 inches in length. He broke my tackle when half out of the water. I am curious to know the full size of the fish at full maturity.

The poachers here spear these fish by torch light, having given up the habit of "hooking" them any other way. Any of the friends of FOREST AND STREAM are hereby given cordial invitations to get some of these fish, so that I can send you some snap shots of them. My fishing days, I am sorry to say, are now in remembrance, rather than presence and anticipation.

HENRY STEWART.

Canadian Angling Licenses.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have just read the communications from Messrs. Wood and Hatfield, in regard to Canadian angling licenses, as published in your issue of Oct. 12. While I have no wish to trespass too far upon the valuable space of your columns, or to multiply literature in regard to my unpleasant experience, I must, nevertheless, comment briefly upon the communication of Mr. W. R. Wood, the fishery overseer from Toronto, and in so doing substantiate your editorial comment, as contained in your issue of the 19th ult. As a matter of fact, the "alleged injustice," as Mr. Wood terms it, was directly at the instance of the Dominion officers, and in diametrical opposition to the construction placed upon the law by the Provincial officials, whose instructions to their deputies were in entire accord with the interpretation of the law which, according to Mr. Wood, prevails in the Province of Ontario. If, therefore, the appellate courts sustain the present contention of the Dominion Government, and hold that, while we employed Canadian guides and boatmen, our action in fishing without a license was in violation of the law, such decision will apply to the entire Dominion of Canada, and Mr. Wood will be compelled to exact the payment of license fees from all of those whom, under this construction of the law, he now pronounces exempt.

As regards the letter of Mr. Hatfield, to which you also refer, I cannot but feel grateful to you for your failure to publish the same in full. I have no wish to deny the right of free speech to any one in connection with this matter, but Mr. Hatfield's communication, which I have read in its entirety, is so full of misstatements that its publication might have easily prejudiced the minds of any of those who take an interest in the present discussion. I might add that we are momentarily expecting a decision upon the appeals taken in these cases, the same having been argued in the county court on the first instant. It is somewhat interesting to note in this connection that the gentleman who sat as committing magistrate now appears in the role of attorney for the prosecution in the argument of the appeals.

J. B. TOWNSEND, JR.

West Virginia.

ROMNEY, W. Va., Oct. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* W. P. Hubbard, of Wheeling, caught a 5¼-pound bass at the Roxs recently, and I noticed an article in a Cumberland paper which reported a 10-pound bass caught at Old Fields, which I very much doubt, as there is no authentic account of a bass weighing over 7¼ pounds caught out of the South Branch. Geo. R. Taylor, of Wheeling, bought one that was caught in a fish and eel pot a year or so ago that weighed 7 pounds. Mr. Taylor caught one a couple of weeks ago that weighed nearly 4½ pounds. He has this fish, with two others, in a box to keep to take home with him, and some parties stole the fish one night. It is supposed that the carp have destroyed the bass in this stream.

Can some one tell what it will cost to put fish ladders in a dam across the river? There are two dams across this river, near Springfield, and it is required by law to have a way for fish to get over them. This they have never complied with, and when we get our deputy warden we want to have him enforce this provision of the game and fish law. Capt. E. F. Smith, State game warden, paid Romney a visit recently, and said he would appoint a deputy here soon. It is badly needed, and he cannot appoint one too soon. Our deer season opens Oct. 15, and there are a good many deer in close proximity to this town. A good many wild turkeys have been killed here this season. The partridges and rabbits are thick, and some few pheasants. Non-resident hunters have to take out a State license.

J. B. BRADY.

Fish Commission Papers.

FROM the United States Fish Commission we have received the following advance extracts from the Bulletin for 1900:
The Brachyura and Macrura of Porto Rico. By Mary J. Rathbun.
The Stomatopoda of Porto Rico. By Robert Payne Bigelow.
The Polychaetous Annelids of Porto Rico. By Aaron L. Treadwell.
Cirripedia Collected near Porto Rico by the Fish Hawk Expedition of 1898-99. By Maurice A. Bigelow.
Report on Porto Rican Isopoda. By H. T. Moore.
Descriptions of Two New Leeches from Porto Rico. By J. Percy Moore.
The Echinoderms of Porto Rico. By Hubert Lyman Clark.
The Anomuran Collections made by the Fish Hawk Expedition to Nova Scotia. By James E. Benedict.
The French Sardine Industry. By Hugh M. Smith.
The Egg Development of the Conger Eel. By Carl H. Eigenmann.
Biological Notes, No. 2. Contributions from the Biological Laboratory of the U. S. Fish Commission, Wood's Holl.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

75

While W. H. Fitzgerald, of Bridgeport, Conn., was hunting in the woods one mile west of Flat Rock Church, he discovered dishes and cooking utensils, which are supposed to have been left there by a fugitive, Sam Pine. There was a tin pail hanging on a crocheted stick, under which a fire had been built. The interior of the pail was covered with grease, showing that meat had been cooked in it. Six loaves of home-made bread lay about, all different in shape; and there were utensils, dishes and packages of groceries. The utensils were of various styles and were apparently stolen from different farmhouses in the vicinity.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 8-11.—Danbury, Conn.—Danbury Agricultural Society's annual show.
Oct. 9-12.—Atlanta, Ga.—Atlanta Kennel Club's second annual show.
Nov. 27-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's third annual show.
Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.
1902.
Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 14.—Seattle, Wash.—Pacific Northwest Field Trial Club's second annual trials, at Whidby Island. F. R. Atkins, Sec'y.
Oct. 29.—Seneca, O.—Monongahela Game Association's seventh annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
Nov. 4.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Portland, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's third annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. M. Chapin, Sec'y. Pine Meadow, Conn.
Nov. 19.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's third annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.
Nov. 19.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's trials. R. Baughn, Sec'y. Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's annual field trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-third annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y. Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 25.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Nov. —Paris, Mo.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials follow M. F. T. A. trials.
Dec. 2.—Glasgow, Mo.—Western Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. C. W. Buttle, Sec'y.
Dec. 4-7.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.
Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

BEAGLE TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Roslyn, L. I.—National Beagle Club's twelfth annual trials.—G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.
Nov. 5.—Watertown, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's inaugural trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Nov. 11.—Lexington, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's annual trials.
Nov. 12.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.
1902.
Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

Brunswick Fur Club.

CONCERNING the thirteenth annual trials of the Brunswick Fur Club, the secretary, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin, of Roxbury, Mass., has issued the following circular letter: The Brunswick Fur Club cordially invites you to be present at its thirteenth annual foxhound trials, to be held at Barre, Mass., during the week of Oct. 21.

The club will make its headquarters at Hotel Barre, where the rates will be \$1.50 and \$2 per day, the latter charge being made for single rooms.

The Derby, open to all foxhounds whelped on or after January 1, 1900, will be run on Tuesday, Oct. 22. Entry fee, \$2.00. The winner will hold the R. D. Perry cup for one year and will receive a silver cup. Entries close on Monday, Oct. 21, at 10 P. M.

The All-Age Stake, open to all foxhounds, will be run on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 23, 24 and 25. The entry fee will be \$3, and entries will close on Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 10 P. M.

The first prize winners in the hunting, trailing, speed and driving, endurance and tongue classes will each receive a silver cup. The hound making the highest general average in all classes will hold the American Field Cup for one year, and will receive a silver cup. The Pope Memorial Cup will be held for one year by the hound showing the best combination of trailing, speed and driving. In addition to these prizes, all winners in the various classes will receive the club's diploma.

The trials will be judged by Messrs. Geo. B. Appleby, C. J. Prouty, J. H. Van Dorn, Eugene Brooks and Bradford S. Turpin.

Comfortable accommodations will be given the hounds. Saddle horses will be furnished at \$2 per day and board. Applications for horses must be made to Mr. L. W. Campbell, Woonsocket, R. I., not later than Oct. 15.

These trials are open to the world, and all lovers of the chase are invited to be present and enter their hounds.

President, Mr. O. F. Joslin; vice-presidents, Mr. A. B. F. Kinney, Mr. R. D. Perry; master of hounds, Mr. R. D. Perry; secretary, Mr. Bradford S. Turpin; treasurer, Mr. L. W. Campbell; executive committee, Mr. O. F. Joslin, Dr. L. Pope, Jr., Dr. A. C. Heffenger, Mr. Randolph Crompton, Mr. L. O. Dennison.

"Training the Hunting Dog."

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—B. Waters, Esq., care of FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Co., 346 Broadway, New York. Dear Sir: Some time ago I gave one of the large booksellers of the city a carte blanche order to supply me with any book about dogs. I have, in consequence, accumulated quite a library on this special subject. Your previous work I consider the only book of any value for modern methods of training, and I have re-read it many times. Your new book, "Training the Hunting Dog," I think a distinct improvement, but would advise a beginner to have both. Yours truly,

JAMES B. BAKER.

Points and Flushes.

In a communication to FOREST AND STREAM, Mr. G. Mifflin Wharton, secretary of the National Beagle Club, conveys the information that the headquarters of the club, during its forthcoming trials, beginning Nov. 4, will be at Jöhren's Hotel, Mineola, L. I. The annual meeting will be held there at 8 P. M. on the first day of the trials,

Philadelphia Dog Show.

THE following are the judges at the Philadelphia Show, Nov. 27 to 30. Entries closing Nov. 11, all communications should be addressed to Marcel A. Viti, Secretary, Witherspoon Building:

Mr. Charles H. Mason—Bloodhounds, mastiffs, Great Danes, St. Bernards, deerhounds, greyhounds, wolfhounds, English setters, chow chows, poodles, whippets, variety class.

Mr. Edward Wain—Foxhounds.

Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt—Pointers and dachshunds.

Dr. G. G. Davis—Irish setters and Gordon setters.

Mr. H. K. Bloodgood—Sporting spaniels.

Mr. Thomas H. Terry—Collies.

Mr. John Caswell—Beagles.

Mr. William C. Codman—Bull dogs, French bull dogs, Boston terriers and black and tan terriers.

—Airedale terriers.

Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper—Bull terriers.

Mr. William P. Fraser—Fox terriers.

Mr. James Watson—Irish terriers.

Mr. Charles W. Rodman, Jr.—Welsh terriers.

Dr. M. H. Cryer—Scottish terriers, Skye terriers, Bedlington terriers, Dandie Dinmont terriers, pugs, Pomeranians, Yorkshire and other toy terriers and toy spaniels.

Dr. C. J. Marshall, veterinary surgeon; Dr. E. Loveland, superintendent.

Canoeing.

OWING to the unusual press of matter in our issue of last week, due to the elaborate report of the Cup races, we were obliged to omit two most important communications from Mr. Herman Dudley Murphy. We publish in full the letters referred to, and trust that the A. C. A. will not be embarrassed in its action at its next meeting of the Executive Committee.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXV.

BY F. R. WEBB.

When morning dawned we noted the fact that the river had fallen a couple of feet in the night, and was going down as rapidly as it had risen—a fact which we had predicted the day before. It was still 3 or 4 ft. higher than it was when we arrived at Cedar Point, so we gave ourselves no uneasiness on the score of there not being water enough for us to reach Riverton on.

This was one of our supply points, so to speak; so, while the boys were cleaning up, and packing the little furniture, I climbed the bluff to the house, and presently returned with a fresh supply of five dozen biscuits, some butter, lard, eggs, potatoes, etc., all of which had been spoken for the night before.

We found the task of launching and boarding our canoes a difficult and disagreeable one, as the receding waters had left a deposit of thick, slimy, slippery ooze and mud over some 5 or 6 ft. of sloping shore margin:



"We found a little tongue of water putting out into the turmoil below."

and considerable scrambling and balancing on projecting rocks and roots was necessary before we succeeded in getting on board.

The task was finally accomplished, however, and at an early hour we paddled cautiously out of the little cove on to the broad bosom of the swiftly rushing, though rapidly receding, flood, and were soon bowling merrily along down the river again, in the bright rays of the morning sun.

This section of the river, embracing the six miles from the bend at the head of Keyser's Falls to the massive cliffs at the end of the reach above the Golden Rocks, is the curious twist of the river from which the S or emblem of the Shenandoah Canoe Club is taken, and which—carefully enlarged from the chart of the river—is embroidered in white silk, or floss, on the pointed, little red silk pennants that fly from the aft ends of the cockpits of each canoe. Cedar Point is right in the point of the lower bend, so that, in our morning's start, we were nearly half way through the S.

Our experience all day was quite similar to that of the day before. Rocks, rapids, falls, fish-dams—all more or less smoothed over in one general down-hill level by the flood.

We encountered very few rapids, and the only particularly rough water we had to run was at the Golden Rocks, where the river pours down a steep, narrow defile, always swift and more or less rough; and to-day it was appallingly rough, with the water pitching and surging down the incline, and the vast waves spouting their foaming plumes high in the air.

We surveyed the pitch as well as we could, from above—for there was no chance to land and reconnoiter, owing to the bushes and overhanging trees lining the low, sub-

merged banks—and slipped along down the left side, skirting the bushes as closely as we dared, until we reached the rapid, into which we were drawn, and through which we were shot, in less time than it takes to tell it. The rapid was fortunately short, for our experience here was fully as rough as at the Bixler dam.

The Golden Rocks is a massive, imposing precipice, rising squarely from the water, a couple of hundred feet or so; its crest crowned with a frowsy mat of bushes and dwarfed evergreen trees. A great, coppery yellow stain, extending half way down its face from above—the lower edge of which follows the curious convolutions of the broken and twisted strata—gives it its name. A ravine, coming down from the mountains to the river just above, through which rushes and brawls a small creek, which throws itself headlong into the river, is spanned by one of those gigantic, spidery iron viaducts for which the Norfolk & Western road is famous along this Shenandoah Valley line. The massive cliff stands squarely across the river, at the foot of the short, steep rapid before mentioned, and turns the stream abruptly at a right angle to the left; and, to-day, the rush of vast, spouting waves piled high up against the face of the cliff, breaking against the solid wall in brick-red clouds of spray.

As we emerged, dripping, from the rapid, we found ourselves in a huge whirlpool, which rushed round and round, in a dizzying swing, in the inner angle of the bend, the complete circuit of which we were compelled to make before we could succeed, by desperately hard work with our puny paddles, in escaping from the imminent danger of being drawn back into the awful tail of the rapid, and hurled against the face of the cliff, and could get our boats out into the steady, downward flow of the river again.

"Do you notice," said Lacy, as he balanced his paddle across his lap, a couple of hours below the Golden Rocks—"Do you notice that, although the river is higher to-day than it was yesterday, it doesn't seem to run as fast? Our progress is most perceptibly slower than it was yesterday."

"Yes," I replied; "a falling stream runs slower than a rising one."

"I notice another curious point, also," said George, as he brought his canoe alongside, and we drifted swiftly along in midstream, gunwale to gunwale. "It is this: we've been coming steadily along on top of this rise, keeping right along with the water, which certainly has not run ahead of us; yet all day yesterday the river rose steadily under us, getting higher and higher all the time, while to-day, with the same rate of progress, the water is falling as steadily out from under us. Now there's the Hazard mill-dam, which we shot just around the bend there, above: it is not much higher than a good-sized fish-dam, and is built in the same loose, irregular manner; yet, to-day, there was quite a fall over it, while yesterday, or early this morning, not a ripple would have marked it. The water has fallen several feet under us since we left our Cedar Point camp, yet we have been going steadily right along with it. Now how do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it," I replied. "I have been noticing it myself yesterday and to-day, and have often noticed it before, although on not so remarkable a scale. The river seems to swell and rise as the flood comes down, and, instead of our going steadily ahead with the water, in the advance of the flood, as we seem to do, it undoubtedly swells and rises under us, and lifts us up. The same thing is noticeable exactly, on a falling stream, only reversed; the river settles and sinks under us as we run with the water."

"It is very curious," mused Lacy, "but none the less true."

We landed at Milford for a drink of water, paddling our canoes directly over our old '88 camp ground, and over the cornfield, nearly to the foot of the great 200 ft. iron viaduct spanning Overall's creek, but found our spring 10 ft. under water. We followed the lead of a frowsy little ten-year-old girl, whose only garment seemed to be a ragged and dirty calico gown, and who staggered along under the burden of a lump, heavy baby, half as big as herself, for 200 or 300 yds, when we came to a fine, large spring in the bank of the creek, around which was planted a colony of wash tubs, at each of which, working vigorously away, rubbing up and down over the terraced washboards, stood a slatternly, sun-bonneted woman, as ragged, frowsy and unkempt as the child.

"The refining presence of woman, lovely woman, makes itself felt, even in such out-of-the-way places," remarked Lacy, as we turned our backs on the domestic scene, and returned, past the mean-looking houses of the little hamlet, to our canoes, which we found left an entire length inland by the receding waters, in a flat bed of sticky, slimy ooze, and which were only launched and boarded again by means of convenient fence rails, borrowed for the purpose, and thrown out over the mud alongside, to serve as gangplanks.

A furious, heavy, splashing rapid, in the narrow defile around the bend below, was easily skirted close to the right bank, and we bowled merrily along for the next ten miles, until we reached old man Foster's dilapidated little place, where we landed, in a diminutive cove at the mouth of a small run; and, taking the mess chest and our camp stools with us, we followed the run to its source, in a fine spring, 100 yds. up the ravine from the river, for our noonday lunch, smoke and rest.

Returning, an hour later, we found the cove quite inland, and the canoes stranded high and dry in the mud and ooze, some little distance from the river. This time there was no help for it, and we had to wade in, up to our ankles, in the slimy mud, and lift, carry and slide the canoes out into the river again; after which the cruise was resumed, with feet dangling over the sides into the water, to free them from the obnoxious, sticky compound.

The vast expanse of McCoy's Falls was like a lake, through which the current dallied with perceptibly slackened speed, and here and there in its extent, the huge reefs made their presence known by kicking up considerable rough water. The old stone dam and short, steep rapid below, however, were literally out of sight; their location only indicated by a huge, crestless drop in the

surface, many feet in extent, down which we swung smoothly.

"I notice that the river is getting down, now, so that the reefs and falls are beginning to show," said Lacy, an hour later, after we had run half a mile of quite rough water, our spray-splashed decks indicating how we had been liberally sprinkled with the wave crests.

"Yes," said George. "To my mind the most disagreeable stage of the Shenandoah is when it is about 2 or 3 ft. above low water mark. Then the rapids and falls are disagreeably rough. The water will be down to that point by morning, and we will be well out of it by remaining at Riverton for a couple of days, until the river runs down to a moderate low water stage."

"That's my opinion," I replied. "A foot above low water is a very nice cruising stage, and by two or three days it will get down to that. I don't want any more '86 experience in mine, Lacy," I continued, addressing my remarks to Lacy, who was not in that cruise. "We ran the entire river on just such a stage as George describes—some 2 or 3 ft. above low water—and it was a very rough, disagreeable cruise."

"I should say so!" added George.

"I move, then, that we lie by at Riverton until the river runs down," said Lacy.

"That is exactly the intention," I answered.

We landed a quarter of a mile above the Blakemore dam, and, on walking down to inspect it, found it simply horrible—the water having fallen just enough to make the pitch one of the wildest and roughest. We, however, found a little tongue of water putting out into the wild turmoil of waves below, close up under the left bank, and but 2 yds. in breadth, down which we shot, and which while incomparably smoother than the dam, buried us deeply in the foaming wave-spouts below.

Around the bend, below the dam, the towers and pinnacles of the Randolph-Macon Academy at Front Royal loomed up imposingly from the river, and several carriage loads of ladies and children, driving along the shady road by the river bank, who stopped from time to time, to gaze curiously at our little flag-bedecked flotilla as we shot easily along, keeping pace with them as their horses trotted along the road, were indications that the big summer hotel at that place was well peopled.

In a short time, around a bend or two below, the large, white mill at Riverton loomed up into view, alongside of which the big, iron road bridge and the two railroad bridges appeared to close the river vista in an inextricable, spidery maze of wooden trusses and arched iron spans; and in a few minutes more we paddled by the massive iron, boiler-like piers of the road bridge, which stretched its narrow length overhead like a huge ribbon—skirting close in to the left bank, for we were perilously near to the big gft. dam, just below, whose booming was like deep-toned thunder—and effected a landing among the bunch of skiffs and rowboats moored at the bank—most of them with bows high up on the slimy, muddy bank and sterns submerged in the brick-red water.

We moored our canoes to these boats, and scrambled up their steeply sloping floors to the bank above, where we were warmly greeted by our friend, Dr. Blackwell, who, happening to drop down to view the condition of the river—for the Doctor is an enthusiastic riverman—chanced to be on hand just in time to greet us as we landed.

It was 5 o'clock when we drew our canoes up the bank and located them for the night, in position on our old camp ground, where they had often lain before—strung out in a row on the little grass plot between the road and the river, under the shade of the great sycamores—and put up our camp and began our supper preparations. We had had an easy day's run, and were not fatigued, but were fully as hungry as usual; and when, about 6 o'clock, we sat down to a good, hot supper of fried bacon, cheese omelette and hot coffee, it need hardly be said that it was eaten with that keen relish only imparted by a free, open, out-of-door life, like ours.

Riverton, as well as Front Royal, is quite a summer resort; and there are always visitors here from abroad, to whom our camps have always proved interesting, and this one was no exception. Quite a party of ladies and children were on the ground almost as soon as we were, and the process of making up our camp was quite interesting to them. Every one is more or less familiar with the appearance of an ordinary camp, with its well-known wall tents, but a well-constructed canoe camp is something unique and pretty.

As we were to be here for two or three days the dining fly—which is not usually put up at a one-night stand, unless the weather is threatening—was erected over the mess table, at one end of the camp, and the camp stove and kitchen paraphernalia were located close at hand.

From our mail, received here, we learned how general and destructive the great storm had been, as we had also learned, on our way down, how severe it had been all along the river, and how sudden and heavy the flood in the river had been. Dr. Blackwell spent the evening with us, round our little blaze of a campfire, and, to our surprise, he informed us that he had built two canoes without designs, patterns, models or other assistance than the points received last year from inspecting our canoes while we were in camp here, together with what we had told him regarding their construction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Canoe Sailing Race on Mystic Lake.

A RACE was held on Oct. 5 for the Winchester Boat Club's sailing challenge trophy. The following boats were entered: Bug, Paul Butler; Bee, H. D. Murphy; Wasp, F. F. Dorsey, in the second class; and Myra, C. Patch; Drift, F. Abbot; Widgeon, Wm. McLean; Fly, L. S. Drake; V., Wm. Hyde; October, M. P. Ford; Uncle Sam, C. Bell, in the novice class.

The wind was very light and fluky. The novices having 13m. time allowance, were started at 3:30, and seniors at 3:43.

In the heat to the first mark the seniors overhauled the novices, and at the finish of the first round the fleet was well spread out over the 1¼-mile triangle. Toward the close of the race the wind flattened down and a drifting match was finished in the following order: Bee, Bug, Uncle Sam and Drift.

The racing between Bee and Bug on the first two rounds was very close, and they were both closely followed by Uncle Sam, H. D. Murphy's canoe, built for English racing, but outside the A. C. A. limits.

Races will be held on Saturdays, weather permitting, until Dec. 1, inclusive.

The official times were as follows:

	Start.	1st Round.	2d Round.	3d Round.	Finish.
Bug, P. Butler.....	3 43 42	4 06 02	4 30 42	5 00 22	5 35 55
Bee, H. Murphy.....	3 43 40	4 06 03	4 30 42	4 58 51	5 30 21
Wasp, F. Dorsey.....	3 43 15	4 06 10	4 35 11	5 08 52	5 41 31
Uncle Sam, C. Bell.....	3 32 15	4 06 01	4 33 10	5 05 09	5 41 31
Myra, C. Patch.....	3 31 02	4 08 00	4 40 55	5 13 29	5 41 31
V., W. Hyde.....	3 30 01	4 07 25	4 41 22	5 13 29	5 41 31
Widgeon, W. McLean.....	3 30 08	4 06 50	4 35 10	5 08 34	5 41 31
Drift, F. Abbot.....	3 31 04	4 07 10	4 31 55	5 06 22	5 42 10
Fly, L. S. Drake.....	Did not start.				
October, M. Ford.....	3 30 04	4 08 15	4 49 06	5 30 55	5 41 31

HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY.

Communications.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As the Executive Committee meeting of the A. C. A. approaches, the time for attempting to solve the problem of the sailing canoe ripens. There have been many wishes expressed in the past few years for a more stable craft, which would require a less acrobatic performance of its skipper, and permit of cruising under sail with more comfort than in our 16 x 30 ft. sliding-seat canoe.

It is only natural that all who are fond of the latter type should wish to retain it, and I should very strongly oppose any attempt to do away with it, but I realize that there is coming a time when I can no longer jump back and forth from my canoe to the end of a 5 ft. slide, though I hope it is many years off. I am sure that even when that time does come, I shall want to sail some small, fast boat, and, if possible, still race at the A. C. A. meets. This past summer in England I was introduced to the Royal C. C. cruises, and I felt that therein lies the solution of our troubles. It is a healthy type of boat, so well defined by their rule that it is impossible to build a racing machine under the specifications, and of speed just about equal under average conditions with our 16 x 30 ft. canoes. The two classes, cruiser and racer, sail together in the same races, and it is impossible to say which is the speedier. The cruiser is sailed without a slide; carries generally a centerboard weighing about 100 lbs., and about 140 ft. of sail in a sloop rig. The R. C. C. rating rule—waterline length multiplied by sail area, divided by 6,000—not to exceed .03, gives an opportunity for development of design and experiment, and the stable, roomy hull, a sense of security and comfort not experienced in a 16 x 30 racer. Moreover, these cruisers will carry two, and several times at the R. C. C. meet at Langston Harbor trips were made across to Ryde or Bournemouth on the Isle of Wight with ladies. I believe only one of these cruisers capsized during the two weeks, and that carried an extremely light centerboard. I have been so convinced that the adoption of this class here in America would keep many men in the A. C. A. who now drift into half-racers and larger boats that I shall offer the following amendment at the executive committee meeting:

To amend the racing regulations by striking out the present clause in Rule I., under the title "Cruising Class," and substituting the following: A cruising canoe shall be sharp at each end, with no transom or flat stern; any metal keel, centerplate or ballast shall be detachable from her. Dimensions—Maximum.—Length over all shall not exceed 17 ft.; beam not over 42 in. No seat shall be extended beyond the side of the canoe. Fixed draft, including keel, or drop keel when hauled up, shall not exceed 14 in. Extreme length of mast, added to boom, shall not exceed twice the waterline length; in respect of a mast such length of spar will be measured from the waterline to extreme top of mast. Dimensions—Minimum.—The depth inside from deck to skin (to be taken at any distance within 3 ft. from mid over all length and at not less than 10 in. out from middle line) shall not be less than 12 in. Depth outside from top of deck at middle line to under side of keel (taken anywhere up to 2 ft. from either end of canoe) shall not be less than 12 in.

Construction.—There shall be a sleeping compartment between two fixed complete transverse bulkheads of wood, which are to be not less than 5 ft. 6 in. nor more than 8 ft. apart, and not more than 5 ft. from mid over all length, and of such compartment a length of 3 ft. on the flooring shall be clear of centerplate case, and shall extend from side to side of the canoe. To such position of the compartment there shall be a direct hatchway above it of not less than 16 in. in width extending 3 ft. in depth, and any bucket well or covering of any kind fitted in or over such hatchway or any part of such hatchway shall be detachable from the canoe. To each compartment, forward or aft, of the above-mentioned bulkheads, there shall be a door or hatchway of not less than 80 sq. in. opening.

Scantling.—The substance of the skin or planking shall not be less than ¼ in., and of the deck shall not be less than 3-16 in. in its finished state; and the substance of the bulkheads shall not be less than ¾ in. in its finished state.

Rudder.—When an under-body rudder is fitted, it shall be liftable through the body of the canoe until it is above the lower edge of the keel, at such place, and also removable from the canoe.

Rating.—The rating of the canoe—length of L.W.L. multiplied by sail area, divided by 6,000—shall not exceed .03.

Sails.—The certificate of rating shall be given in respect of one type of rig or suit of sails only; and under such certified sails or sail only shall a canoe be qualified to compete, except that a smaller suit may be used. Only one certificate of rating shall be granted to be held at a time by any canoe.

All sailing races of the A. C. A. shall be open to both classes of canoe.

In the prospect that several members of the Royal C. C. may come to our meet next year and bring over some of these cruisers, I hope that the class may be adopted.

Mr. F. C. Kendall-Howard, who was one of the challengers for the R. C. C. sailing challenge cup this year, is coming to America next year to race, and has ordered a 16 by 30 racing canoe, designed by Mr. Linton Hope, who designed the China, which made such a wonderful showing this year. Mr. Howard is a fine sailor, and as he intends to sail at the meet and also challenge for the N. Y. C. C. international cup, his advent will be a spur to all racing canoeists.

HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Having been appointed to draw up rules to govern the use of the A. C. A. Island in the St. Lawrence, I beg to present to you the following suggested rules. You will kindly peruse the same, make any additions and alterations you consider necessary and return the same to me at an early date, that the report may be presented to the Board of Governors at their next meeting, to be held in Boston, Oct. 28, 1901.

J. H. MCKENDRICK, A. C. A. 633.

A.—The island shall be officially known as 1, Yekawetha, pronounced Ya-kaw-wa-tha—Mohawk for the "Paddling Place." 2, Mecaw Island—Northern, Eastern, Central, Atlantic and Western. 3, Sugar Island—its present name.

B.—No member shall be permitted to erect any building on the island.

C.—No member shall be permitted to cut any trees on the island.

D.—Members shall be permitted to use the island for camping purposes at all times on registering with the overseer, who shall forthwith notify the purser to whom the member belongs. Register—Name, A. C. A., number, home address, club, date of arrival, date of leaving.

E.—Members may invite friends to camp with them. The names of visitors shall be registered, and if such visitors remain more than two nights on the island, the member introducing him shall pay a fee of \$1 each to the overseer. All such fees shall be expended in improving the island.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In accordance with Article 12 of the constitution of the American Canoe Association, I beg herewith to publish in general terms to be voted upon by the Executive Committee at as early a day as possible the following amendment to Article VI., Section 5, of the constitution:

After the word "appropriated," in the sixth line, insert "they shall hold, as trustees, all of the permanent property, both real and personal, of the Association, and shall make such rules and regulations for the care and government of the same as they shall from time to time deem necessary. They shall have full charge of such permanent property and are empowered to take such action as they shall deem expedient to care for and protect the same."

I will have the above amendment proposed at the next meeting of the executive committee, or as soon thereafter as possible.

ROBERT J. WILKIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

At the executive committee meeting I intend to offer the following amendment to the last article of the racing regulations:

A canoe built under the A. C. A. rules prior to Oct. 1, 1900, shall be permitted to enter all races of any A. C. A. meet, unless alterations of cockpit or bulkheads are made, in which case such alterations must conform to the dimensions and limitations of Rule I.

H. D. MURPHY.

A. C. A. Membership.

Central Division—A. H. Johnston, F. F. Newcomb, W. F. Stafford, Buffalo, N. Y.; Frank S. Baker, Rome, N. Y.; Harris Buchanan, W. F. Benkiser, H. W. Cramer, Ralph Heeren, Geo. W. MacMullen, Oscar J. Steiner, Marius I. Steiner, Pittsburg, Pa.; Percy R. Morgan, Walter Hayes, Harry N. Kraft, Harris S. Williams, John E. Selkirk, Albert H. Jung, E. D. McCarthy, Buffalo, C. C.; I. B. Rouse, Irving Rouse, Rochester, N. Y.

Yachting.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—Since the records of the yachts of the 25 ft. restricted class of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts were given in this column, a change has taken place which alters the positions of the two leaders—Calypso and Flirt. Last Thursday evening the judges of the Columbia Y. C.'s race of July 3 gave a new hearing on the protest of Chewink vs. Calypso, in which considerable new evidence was put in. The judges reversed their previous decision, and awarded the first place to Calypso.

This protest was decided last July, and was appealed to the Yacht Racing Association, which refused to act, as it was a question of fact, and referred it back to the club, and, upon the introduction of new evidence, the club gave a new hearing. The principal new evidence was from Marion and Early Dawn, neither of which was represented at the first meeting. This decision gave Calypso 72 12-19 per cent., and reduced Flirt's percentage to 67 17-19, making Calypso champion of the restricted 25 ft. class for the season of 1901.

There is no doubt that this decision will be pleasing to many New England yachtsmen, who have watched the performances of the boats during the racing season, and have felt that the championship should go to Calypso. Not only has she beaten Flirt more times than the keel boat has beaten her, in Association races, but she has beaten Flirt a majority of the races that have been sailed outside of Association rules. The question of the value to be attached to second place in a race still remains unsettled, however, and will undoubtedly come in for considerable attention during the winter.

It has been announced that the October meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will be held next Thursday evening, at which several proposed amendments to the rules will come up for discussion. Among them will be the question of percentage, it being recommended in the circular announcing the meeting that the old table of percentages be used. It is by no means settled that the amendment will go through, for there are many who still insist that the general showing of a yacht should count more than the number of first prizes she wins, or, at least, as much.

In the 21ft. classes of the Association the percentages of the yachts for the season are as follows:

Class L—21ft. Open Yachts.									
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Fins.	Bks.	Total.	Average.	
Circe II.....	1	1	0	0	0	0	100	1.00	
Bud	1	1	0	0	0	0	100	1.00	
Cleopatra	2	0	2	0	0	0	130	.65	
Tacoma	2	1	0	1	0	0	135	.67 1-2	
Problem	1	0	0	0	1	0	15	.15	

Class S—21ft. Cabin Yachts.									
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Fins.	Bks.	Total.	Average.	
Mildred II.....	14	8	4	1	1	0	1110	.79 4-14	
Tabasco III.....	8	2	4	0	2	0	490	.51 11-14	
Opitsah III.....	16	4	2	7	2	1	815	.50 15-16	
Privateer	13	3	2	1	6	1	655	.50 5-18	
Zaza	7	3	0	2	2	0	400	.42 1-9	
Eaglet	19	0	7	4	7	1	700	.36 16-19	
Harriet	4	1	2	0	1	0	245	.25 16-19	
Coquette	7	0	0	2	4	1	130	.10 1-3	
Ramblers	2	0	1	1	0	0	100	.10 10-19	
Freyja	6	0	0	1	4	1	95	.10	
Tarpon	2	0	0	0	2	0	30	.03	

On account of demands of yacht owners for a class of 21-footers which would be entirely unrestricted except as to waterline length, the Association provided Class L, but with the exception of those skimming dishes which were built to compete for the Quincy cup, there have been no new boats built for this class since 1897. On the other hand, there has always been a chance to get a race in the restricted class. The number of yachts in the class fell off for a few years, but with the assurance that one set of restrictions would be maintained, thus giving the yacht owners protection, there came a renewed interest, and several new boats were built last winter.

It is not often that there is a respectable showing of yachts in the unrestricted class of 21-footers, and it sometimes happens that the class fails to qualify in the necessary number of races to allow a championship. This is what happened this year. Tacoma and Cleopatra sailed two races each, and the other yachts which could qualify on waterline length sailed but one race each. Unless there should be a decided tendency toward revival this winter, it looks as though this class would go out of existence very soon.

Circe II., which shows 100 per cent. for one race, was built from designs of Crowninshield to compete for the Quincy cup in 1899. She is of the skimming-dish type, about 37ft. over all. She is owned by Mr. Fred L. Pigeon, of the Annisquam Y. C. Bud is well known to yachtsman as the champion of the class in 1898. She, too, is a skimming dish, and was designed by John and Sam Small. She is schooner rigged and carries the greater proportion of her sail in her mainsail. In fact, she is only a schooner in what the most technical definition of the word might imply. Her rig is simply to obtain a shorter waterline measurement while still carrying a great spread of sail. Tacoma was also designed by Small Bros., and is also a skimming dish. She is several years old, and was, at one time, the fastest boat in her class. Cleopatra was built for Melbourne MacDowell, and was famous for her races a few years ago in Duxbury Bay and also in the races of the Association. She is now owned by F. F. Crane, of the Quincy Y. C.

In the restricted class of 21-footers the racing has been good throughout the year, and interest has been kept up constantly on account of the uncertainty of what the next race would develop. Several new boats have been built for the class, and the lot are pretty evenly matched. Most of the boats that were built this season are keels, and it is interesting to note that Mildred II., which is a centerboard, gets the championship. This is even a better class than the knockabouts. It is much faster and there is considerable more to the boats. They carry a fair amount of sail, but the spread is by no means great.

Mildred II., champion of the class, is a fine type of the centerboard boat. She was designed and built by Shiverick, of Kingston, for S. P. Moses, of the Quincy Y. C. She is 34ft. over all, 9ft. 10in. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. She greatly resembles Calypso, champion of the 25-footers.

Tabasco III. is one of the new keel boats. She was designed by Fred Lawley and built by the Lawley Corporation for Vice-Com. H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C. She is 36ft. over all, 8ft. 10in. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft. She did not come out until after the other boats had been well tuned up, but has shown promise of great speed. She is a good, all-around boat.

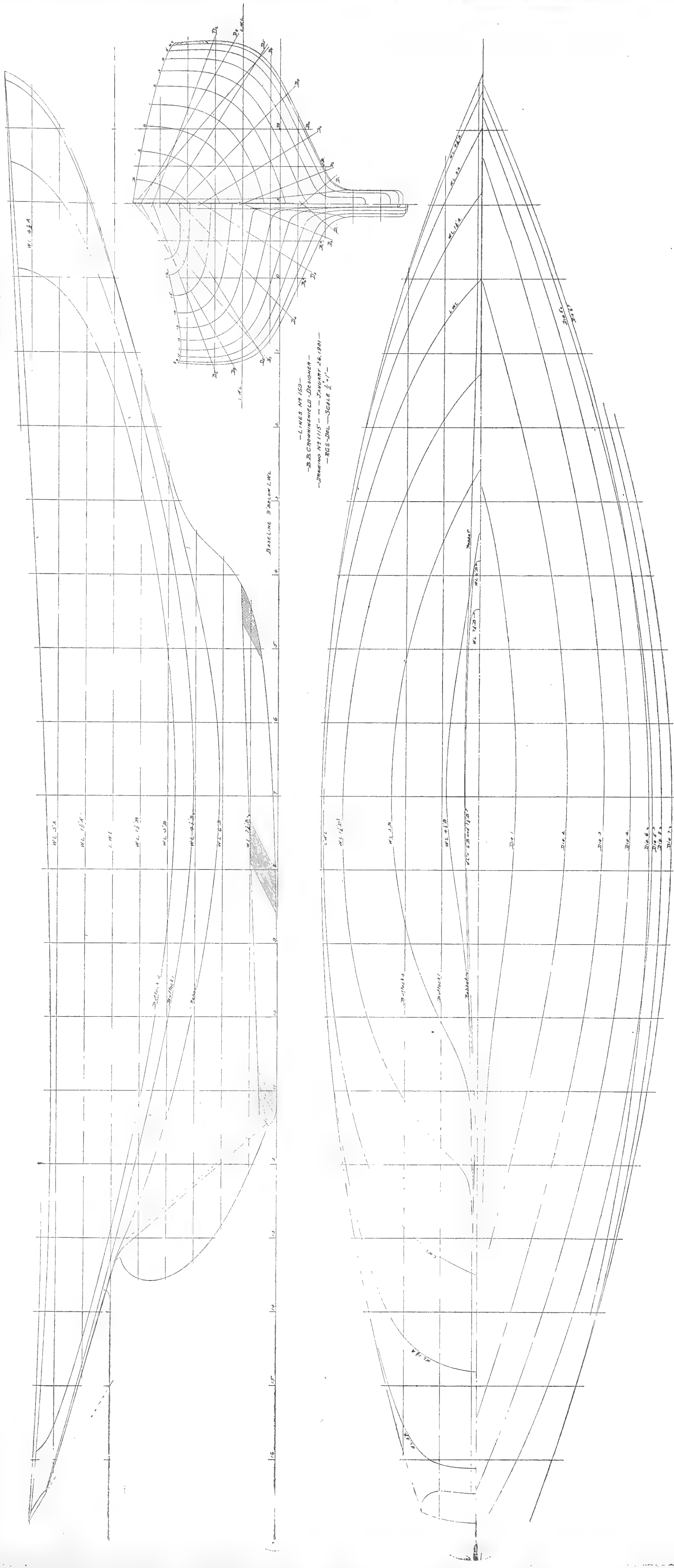
Opitsah III., which comes third on the list, is another new keel boat. She was designed by Crowninshield and built by Jansen, of Gloucester, for Mr. Sumner H. Foster, of the Corinthian Y. C. She is 35ft. 9in. over all, 8ft. 1in. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft. Her model has all the characteristics of the 90-footer Independence. She is very flat floored, with a minimum of dead rise, and her bilges turn very quickly. She is fast under all conditions, and in the early races showed up very well.

Privateer is a well-known boat, having been raced for several seasons. She is a shoal boat of the centerboard type, and was designed and built by Hanley. She is now owned by John MacConnel, Jr., of the Winthrop Y. C. She made a great showing against the newer boats, especially in the races of the South Shore.

Zaza is also a wide shoal boat of the centerboard type. She is about 35ft. over all, and looks more the skimming dish than any other boat in the class. She showed up well in the first races of the season, but was not raced often enough to make a strong bid for the championship.

Eaglet is a new boat, designed by Starling Burgess, and built by Lawley. She is a keel boat of moderate dimensions and shows more dead rise than the other keel boats in the class. She did not get tuned up early enough to make the showing that was expected of her, but when she did get started, she showed good speed. Unfortunately, her best records were made in races outside of the Association.

JOHN B. KILLEN.



The Cruising Schooner Clarissa.

THE popularity of the schooner rig for boats above 35ft. waterline length is plainly shown by the large number of boats of this type that are built every year. At the request of several of our correspondents for plans of schooners from 45 to 55ft. waterline length, we have secured from Mr. B. B. Crowninshield the complete plans of two boats which are rigged as schooners. One is 46ft. long on the waterline, and the other (the plans of which appear in this issue) is 54ft. long on the waterline. Both these boats are fine, healthy craft, with no extreme features and have made ideal cruisers.

A glance at the plans will show that the boat illustrated is devoid of abnormal features, which are too often seen in the so-called cruising yacht. The plentiful freeboard and well-balanced overhangs give the boat a powerful appearance, and the flush deck, which materially strengthens her, adds considerably to her good looks. The good beam and the deck, with the exception of the companionway and skylights, is free from obstructions and gives excellent opportunity to move around comfortably and handle the sails. The rig, while large, is not excessively so, and the boat is able to carry it without reefing through almost any weather that is experienced during the summer along our coast.

Although the cabin plan was laid out to meet special requirements, still the arrangement is excellent, and every bit of room is utilized. The companionway leads from the cockpit to a roomy steerage, which is a splendid idea, for here oilskins can be left when wet and no dampness be carried into the main cabin. In bad weather the companion slide could be left open and the charts could be spread out on the table on the port side of the steerage and referred to as occasion required. Underneath the chart table are drawers, where the charts can be kept flat. A Pullman folding berth over the chart table gives a spare bunk. In front of the chart drawers is a wide transom, and in the after end of the steerage are two large hanging lockers. On the starboard side of the companionway is a large stateroom. This room is lighted by a skylight. Under the wide berth are drawers. A transom runs along in front of the berth, and in the after end of the stateroom are two good-sized lockers. This room is also furnished with a bureau and a stationary wash basin.

The main cabin is 13ft. long, and runs the full width of the boat. There are two berths on each side, with transoms in front. The mainmast, although it runs through this cabin, is of no particular objection, as it is so near the forward end that it is not in the way. A large skylight gives ample light and ventilation. There is a sideboard on the port side of the main cabin. Forward on the starboard side is the owner's stateroom, a large room for a boat of this size. This stateroom is furnished very much the same as the after stateroom, with bureau, clothes locker and set wash basin. Opposite this room on the port side is a bath room, completely fitted with porcelain bath tub, set wash basin and closet. The passageway which leads to the galley and the owner's room is lighted by a skylight. The galley is of good size, and is properly lighted and ventilated, conditions which are invariably overlooked on boats of moderate size. There is a large ice chest in the forward end of the galley on the port side; aft of this are dish racks, etc., and the space for the stove. A wooden sink is placed on the starboard side against the partition, which divides the captain's stateroom from the galley. The captain's stateroom has a full-length berth, hanging locker, etc. Forward of the galley and the captain's room is the forecabin, which is large and comfortable and gives good accommodation for the crew. In the after end of the forecabin on the port side is a water closet for the crew.

Clarissa was designed for Mr. William F. Mayo, of Boston, and was built by Rice Brothers, of East Boothbay, Me. The boat is splendidly built, and with reasonable care will last for an indefinite period.

Her principal dimensions are as follows:

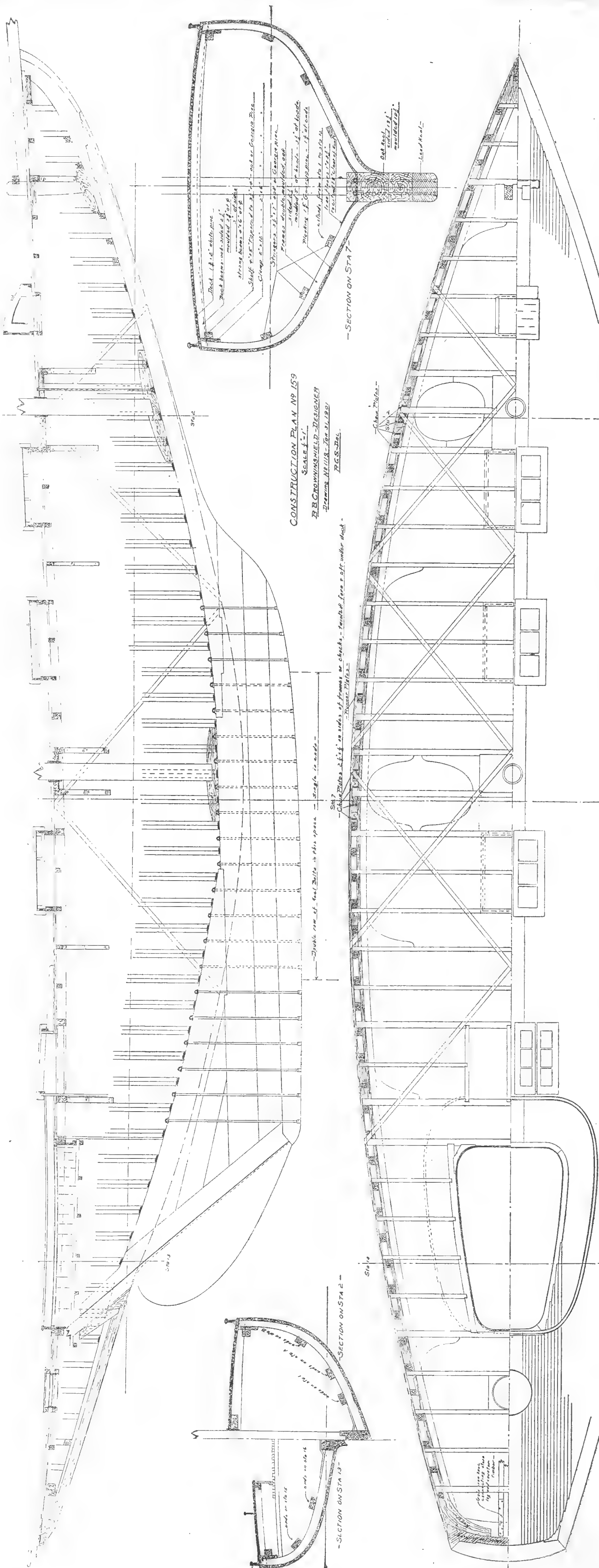
Length over all.....	78ft. 5¼in.
Waterline	54ft.
Overhang, forward.....	11ft.
Aft	13ft. 5¼in.
Freeboard, stem.....	6ft.
Taff rail	4ft. 3 in.
Least	3ft. 4 in.
Draft, extreme	9ft.
To rabbet	6ft.
Area L.W.L. plane.....	684.4 sq. ft.
Amidship section	59.7 sq. ft.
Displacement	111,270lbs.
Ballast, outside	24,157lbs.
Beam, L.W.L.....	16ft. 11½in.
Extreme	17ft. 2½in.
C.G. outside ballast aft of C.B.....	1ft. 5 in.
Pounds per inch at L.W.L.....	3,650
Area lateral plane of hull.....	326.6 sq. ft.
Rudder	22.8 sq. ft.

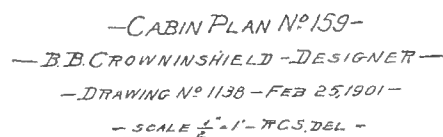
Total lateral plane.....	349.4 sq. ft.
Total wetted surface.....	1,401 sq. ft.
Area sails (four lower).....	2,887 sq. ft.

Ratio displacement cu. ft. to L.W.L.....	.011
Sail area to wetted surface.....	2.07
Length to beam at L.W.L.....	3.18
Overhangs to L.W.L.....	.453
Rudder to balance lateral plane....	.07
(Stem to C.B.) to L.W.L.....	.52
(Stem to C.L.R. hull) to L.W.L....	.56
(C.E. to C.L.R. hull) to L.W.L....	.041
Displacement (cu. ft.) to L.W.L.....	.539
(C.E. + B.P.) to L.W.L.....	.02

The plans and description of the 46ft. schooner will appear in a later issue.

John Curtin, one of the most famous sailmakers in this country, was buried in Hoboken, N. J., on Oct. 1. Fifty years ago Mr. Curtin purchased the famous sloop Maria from Com. John Stevens, and when she did not prove as fast as the schooner America she was used in the fruit trade, running between New York and Cuban ports. On one of her trips she was lost at sea, and nothing was again seen of the boat or her crew.





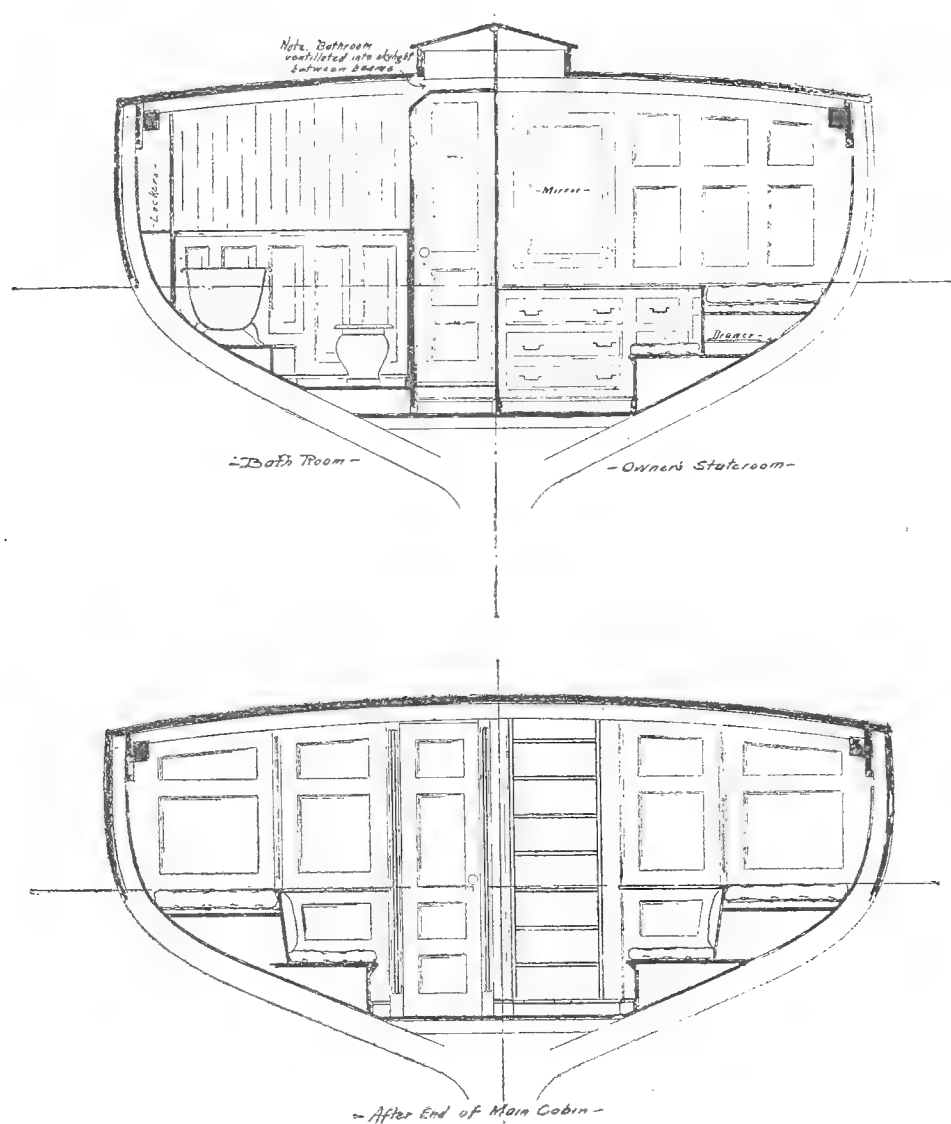
- Forward End of Main Cabin -

- Linen Door -
with -
Mirror Panel -

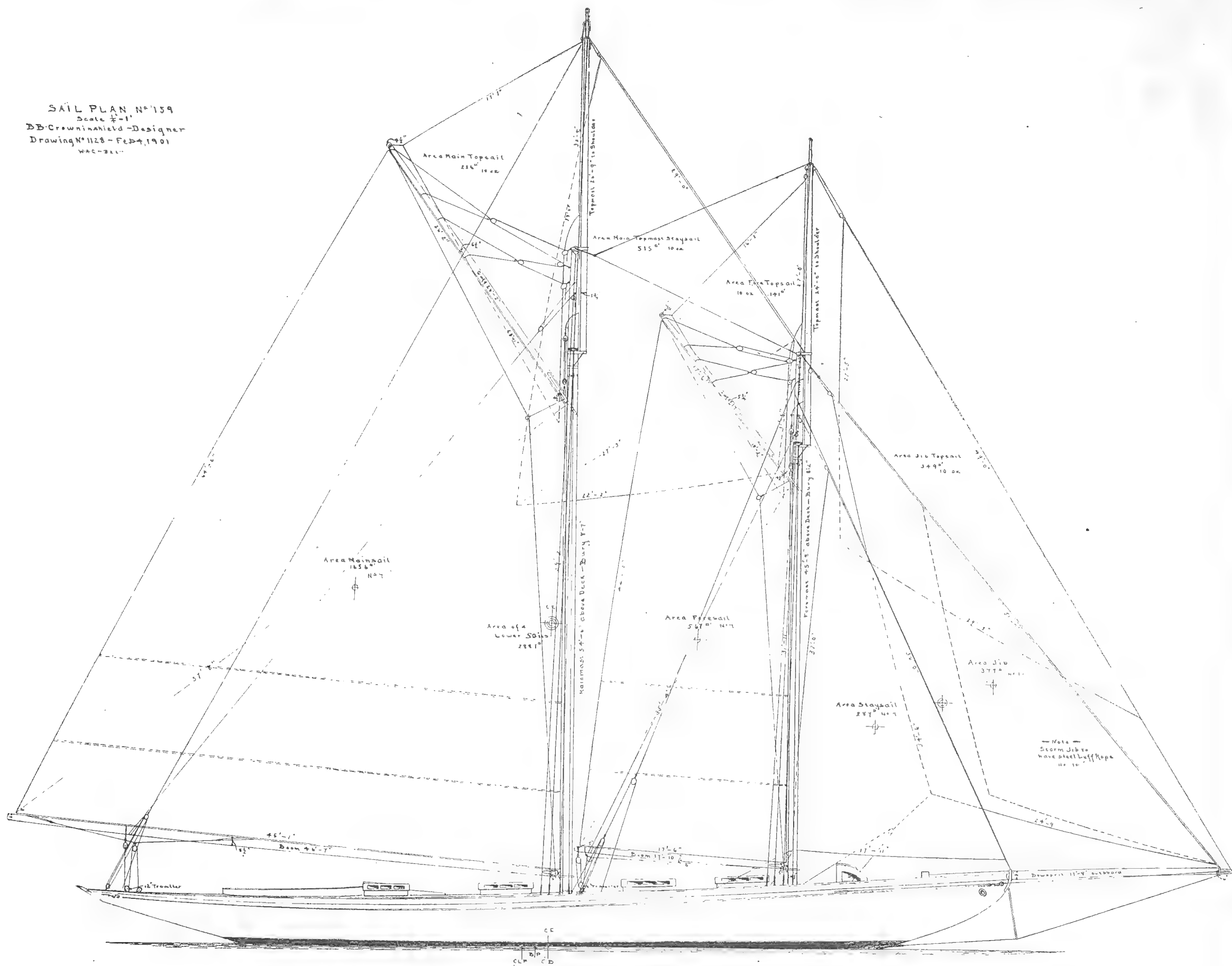
- Dinner -

- After Stateroom -

- Captain's Room and
Portion of Galley -



The most important business transacted was the instruction to the Construction Committee to frame a new



CLARISSA—SAIL PLAN.

set of rules governing the classes of yachts. It is the opinion of the delegates that the yachts should have greater living space aboard, and should not be mere racing machines. The committee will report at a special meeting, to be held at Buffalo probably next month.

The Union also took up the case of Arthur Pettie and James Gore, Detroit yachtsmen, who were said to be professionals, sustaining the protests against both. Pettie was one of the crew of the Cadillac in her races against the Canada. Action was taken, however, whereby Pettie may be reinstated within a year.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: J. Frank Monck, Hamilton, Chairman; John R. Rathbone, Detroit, re-elected Sec'y and Treas. The next annual meeting will be held at Hamilton.

At the annual meeting of the Keystone Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., John A. Wells; Vice-Com., Frederick K. Walsh; Rec. Sec'y, Dr. E. C. Smith; Fin. Sec'y, Gilbert Baldwin; Treas., J. Robert Laws, Jr.; Meas., Charles A. Schiffmacher. For the Board of Governors for two years the following were elected: John A. Wells, J. Robert Laws, Jr., Gilbert Baldwin and Justice William H. E. Jay.

The Shinnecock Bay Y. C. has filed a certificate with the Secretary of State, at Albany, setting forth that it has been granted leave by the courts to change its corporate name to the Shinnecock Y. C.

At the annual meeting of the Sag Harbor Y. C. resolutions and racing rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound were adopted, and the club will apply for membership in that body. The following officers were chosen: Com., James Herman Aldrich, of New York; Vice-Com., Addison F. Young, Sag Harbor; Sec'y, John H. Hunt, Sag Harbor; Treas., Julien A. Udell, Sag Harbor; Regatta Committee, George Kiernan, J. H. Aldrich, Herbert L. La Mont and J. A. Udall.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Frank Jay Gould, N. Y. Y. C., has commissioned the Gas Engine and Power Co., and Seabury & Co., of Morris Heights, N. Y., to design and build for him a modern, steel steam yacht. The yacht will be 190ft. over all, 22ft. beam, and will draw 10ft. There will be two deck houses—one forward and one aft. In the forward house there are a smoking and dining room, captain's stateroom, and the steward's pantry. The after house will be used as a music room, and a piano and an organ will be placed in this apartment. A staircase leads from the music room below, where the owner's quarters are lo-

cated, which consist of two large, connecting staterooms, handsomely furnished with brass bedsteads and the usual bureaus and clothes presses. Toilet rooms adjoin both these staterooms. Aft of the owner's rooms leads a passage, with the guest rooms opening from it. Each stateroom has a connecting bath. All the cabinet work and other fittings in the cabins will be plain and simple. Special attention has been given to the lighting and ventilating of the rooms below decks, so that any odor arising from the bilge or machinery will not be noticed. Electric fans are placed in all the staterooms.

The officers' staterooms and the crew's quarters are forward, and aft of these is the gallery, which is connected with the pantry in the deck house by a dumb waiter. The boiler and engine space is aft of the galley. The coal bunkers have a capacity of 100 tons. Ten thousand gallons of water can be carried in the tanks.

The machinery consists of a Seabury triple expansion engine and two Seabury water tube boilers, which will drive the yacht at a speed of about 17 or 18 miles. The yacht will be heated by steam and lighted throughout by electricity. A 20ft. mahogany launch, a 21ft. launch, a 20ft. gig and a 20ft. cutter will be carried on davits. She will be ready for delivery about April 15, 1902.

The Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding and Repairing Co., of Shooter's Island, S. I., have a large amount of yacht work on hand. On Oct. 3 the keel of the new schooner that they are building for the Emperor of Germany, from designs made by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey, was laid. Mr. Alessandro Fabbri is having built at this yard an auxiliary schooner. She will be 77ft. on the waterline, and was designed by Messrs. A. Cary Smith & Barbey. Mr. Theodore E. Ferris, the well-known designer, who has been associated with the Townsend & Downey Co. for some time past, has designed a cruising schooner that will be 110ft. on the waterline, for Mr. Gibson Fahnestock. This vessel will also be built by the Townsend & Downey Co.

Word has been received from abroad that King Edward has purchased the cutter Britannia (formerly owned by him) from Sir Richard Bulkeley, her present owner.

The outlook for good yacht racing at Bar Harbor next season is excellent. A number of knockabouts will be built this winter, and will be added to the already large class of these boats. The interest during the past season has not been quite as keen as heretofore, and, although good racing has been had, both at the Bar Harbor Y. C. and the Mt. Desert Y. R. A., still, there was hardly as much life in the contests as there was the year

previous. Under the new condition Bar Harbor will find itself with a large knockabout fleet, and the races will have a dozen or more entries. W. L. Greene, Edgar Scott, A. Y. Stewart, Harry Thorndike, and J. M. Sears, Jr., will make over their knockabouts to conform to the rules of the 30ft. class, while new knockabouts for this class will probably be built by the following gentlemen: W. G. Ladd, C. B. Newbold, V. Everett Macy, H. H. Sands, E. G. Fabbri, J. C. Mercer Biddle, F. R. E. Pinchot, W. B. Trevor, W. C. Allison and General Morrell. It was voted that the next season the races shall be begun July 12, and continue twice a week to and including Sept. 13.

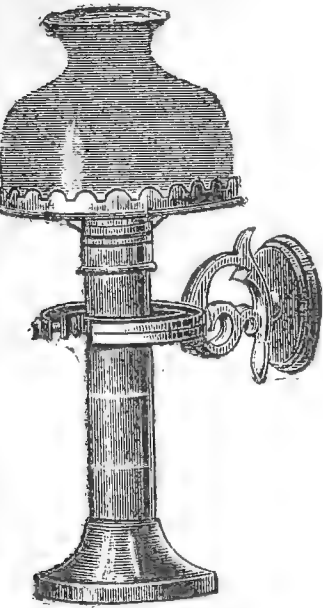
Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has finished the plans of a 30ft. launch for Mr. D. N. Perry, of Wyandotte, Mich.; a 21ft. waterline knockabout for a New Haven yachtsman, whose name is withheld, and a knockabout 35ft. over all, 2ft. on the waterline, 8ft. beam, and 5ft. draft, that will carry 540 sq. ft. of sail, for Mr. Arthur L. Douglas, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Nock has recently sold the raceabout Baby-Roger for Mr. Frederick A. Chase, of Providence, R. I., to Mr. Geo. Boehm, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and the raceabout Mystic for Mr. Fred E. Field, of Providence, R. I., to Mr. Sanford L. Hotchkiss, of New Haven, Conn.

The schooner yacht Fleur-de-Lis, Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, N. Y. Y. C., arrived at New York on Oct. 6, twenty-eight days out from Gibraltar. The owner and his two daughters were on board, and they have been cruising in the Mediterranean for the past six months.

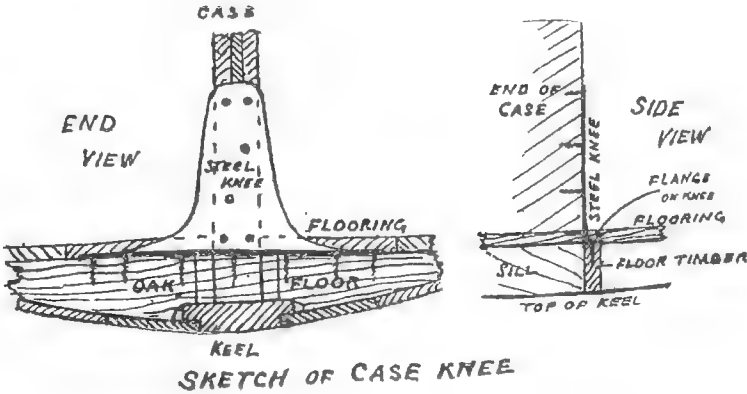
The schooner yacht Intrepid has been purchased by Mr. Edward Bell, N. Y. Y. C.

The W. & A. Fletcher Co., of Hoboken, N. J., is building a twin screw, steel, steam yacht for Messrs. W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, of Boston, from designs made by Mr. J. Beavor Webb. The yacht will be 162ft. on the waterline, 20ft. over all, and 24ft. 6in. beam. She will be fitted with triple-expansion engines, of 1,200 horse power, and Yarrow water tube boilers. Fifteen knots speed is guaranteed. The yacht will be ready to turn over to the owners about May 1, 1902.

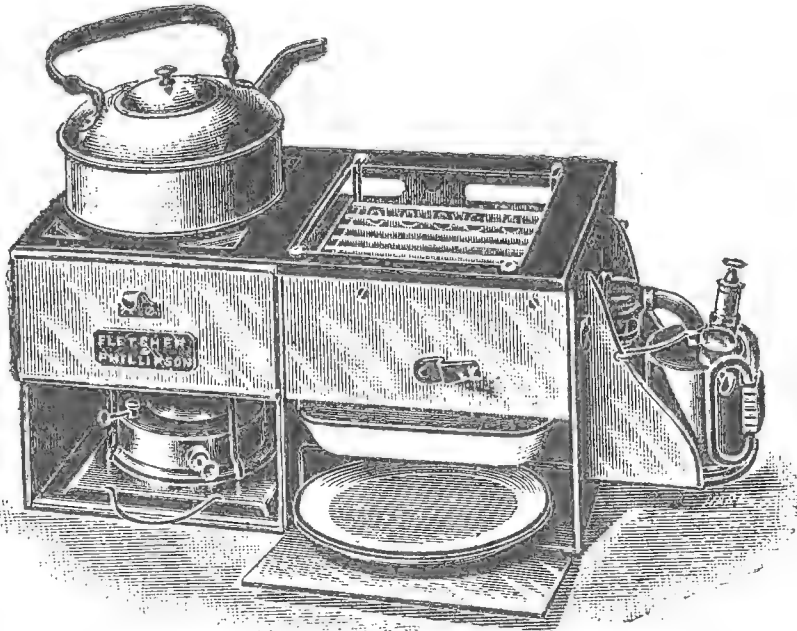
Mr. A. L. Barber, N. Y. Y. C., is having built by Messrs. Ramage & Ferguson, of Leith, a large, ocean-going, steel steam yacht. She will have an over-all length of 300ft. It was originally intended to furnish the yacht with two sets of triple-expansion engines, but work



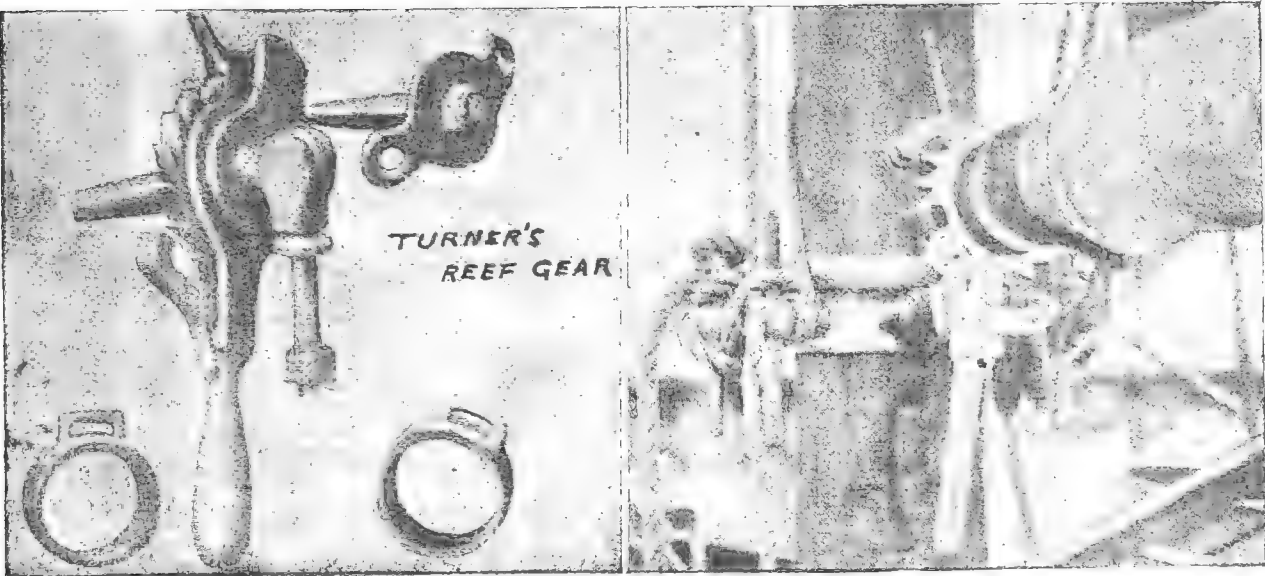
SWING CANDLE-LAMP.
See Chapter XIV.



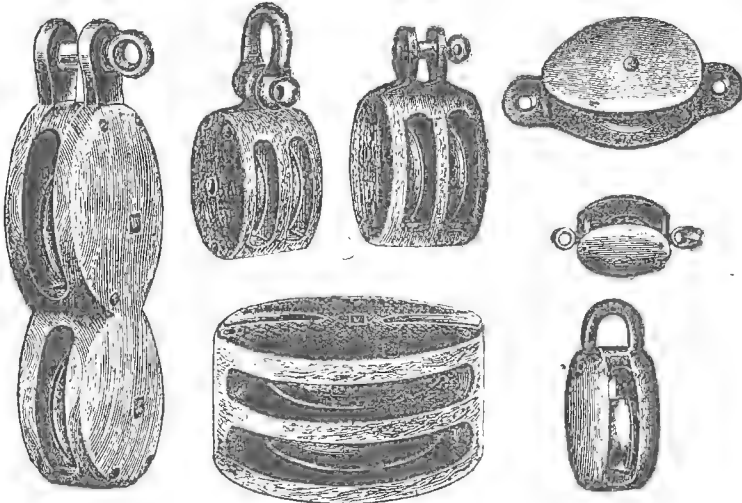
SKETCH OF CASE KNEE



STOVE.
See Chapter XIV.



See Chapter XIII.



VARIOUS BLOCKS.
See Chapter XIII.

has been stopped to allow of arrangements being made to supply the yacht with Parsons' turbine engines instead. If this idea is carried out, the yacht will be the only one of the kind afloat.

✻ ✻ ✻

The auxiliary ketch Cero that was damaged by fire and sunk in Greenport Harbor, L. I., has been raised and will be repaired. The accident happened on the afternoon of Oct. 11, when the tanks containing the oil for the engine caught fire and an explosion followed. Two of the crew were blown into the water, and the other two jumped to avoid being burnt. The boat was flooded and allowed to sink to prevent her from being entirely destroyed.

✻ ✻ ✻

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales through their agency:
Schooner yacht Priscilla, Robert J. W. Koons, to F. R. Hoisington, both of Philadelphia, Pa.
Knockabout Ruby, Geo. E. Edwards, of this city, to Chas. Longstreth, of Philadelphia, Pa.
Alco-vapor launch Medea, Chas. A. Van Iderstine, of Long Island City, to Mr. Thomas Lindsey, of New Rochelle, N. Y.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Specification—No. 2 Design.

Four Tons T. M. Fast Cruiser of 24 Linear Rating.

ALL materials used to be of best quality, and all timber to be sound, free from sap, and well seasoned.

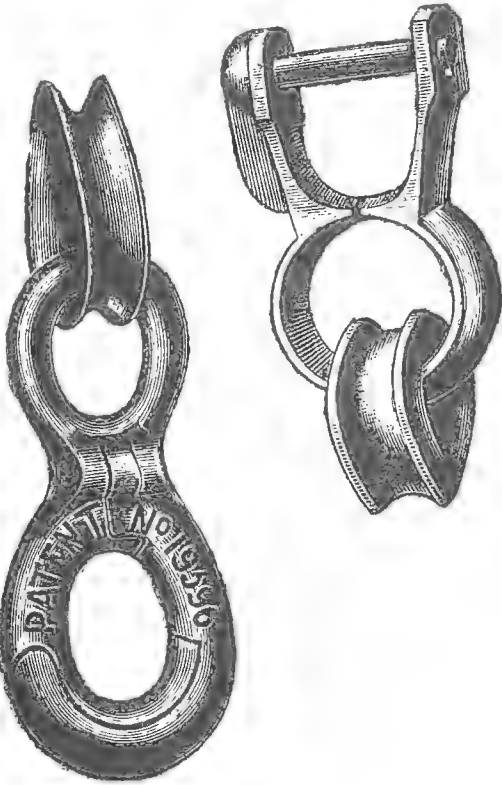
Dimensions.

L.O.A.	21.50	Draft	3.70
L.W.L.	22.50	Sail area	615.00
L.B.P. for tonnage	26.00	Displacement, tons	2.85
Beam, extreme	6.00	Weight of lead keel, tons	1.25

Scantlings, Etc.

Keel.—Moulded 3in. amidships, and as shown at scarp; sided 8½in. amidships.
Stem.—Moulded 2½in. at head; sided 2¼in. at head.
Sternpost.—Moulded at heel 6½in., and at deck 2¾in.; sided 1½in. aft and 2in. on fore edge.
Counterframe.—Moulded at inner end 2½in., and at outer end 2in.; sided at inner end 5½in., and at outer end 3in.
Deadwood.—Moulded amidships 8½in.; sided to fit keel and sternpost.
Archboard or Transom.—One inch thick, of shape shown, and steamed or sawn to curve.
Timbers.—One inch by 1in.; steamed; spaced 6½in., center to center.
Floors.—Wrought iron; thickness at throat ¾in., and 3-16in. at ends; width at throat 1in., and ¾in. at ends; spaced at the stations shown on construction plan; the arms to run up to the bilge.
Shelf.—2½in. by 1¼in., through-fastened at each timber.
Stringer.—3in. by 1in., through-fastened at each timber.
Beams.—Moulded 2in. and sided 1in.; main beams sided 2in.
Carlines.—Moulded and sided 2in.; beams and carlines to be dovetailed to each other and into shelf.
Breasthook.—Oak crooks, 1in. by 2½in. at throat, to 1in. by ¾in. at ends; 9in. arms.
Knees.—Oak crooks, ¾in. by 2½in. at throat, to ¾in. by ¾in. at ends; one pair hanging knees at main beam in wake of mast; one pair lodging knees at main beam in wake of mast; one pair lodging knees at quarters from shelf to archboard.
Planking.—¾in. cedar or kauri pine; all planking to be through-fastened on both edges, at every timber and floor frame; widths not to exceed 6in., except at garboards; caulked with cotton and stopped.
Deck.—¾in. kauri pine in 2½in. widths, tapered fore and aft; secret nailed and caulked with cotton and paved with Jeffrey's marine glue; the covering board and center plank to be of teak.
Cockpit.—¾in. teak sides and seats, with lockers under; ¾in. pine floor; sides and floor to be made watertight, and a drainpipe fitted in floor; the floor bearers to be of 1¼in. by 2in. white pine.
Companion and Hatches.—To be in teak, carefully fitted and made watertight; all hinges and locks to be entirely of brass.

Cabin Top.—To be of ½in. pine, with ½in. by ¾in. bent timbers instead of beams, spaced as shown; the coamings to be of ¾in. teak; the whole of the arched top to be covered with painted canvas.
Rudder and Trunk.—The rudder to be of oak, with a stem of 1¼in. galvanized steel tube, split below trunk to receive the oak mainpiece; a strap joint and heel bearing of gun metal of the usual form; the rudder trunk to be of kauri pine 1in. thick, with a center piece 1½in. thick.
Tiller.—Wrought steel, of shape shown, ¾in. square, in section at rudder head, and fitted to it with a square, and a brass rudder cap nut; also an engraved deck plate forming a bearing.
Lead Keel.—To be cast to shape shown, and to be fastened with Bull's metal bolts at stations shown; the end bolts to be ¾in. diameter, and the others ¾in.; the bolts to pass through keel and wrought iron floors; any excess weight to be sawn off the ends, so as to keep the weight in the same fore and aft position.
Main Cabin.—To be lined with ¾in. pine or cedar, and fitted as shown, with two sofa berths, with lockers under and teak fronts;



BLAKE'S PATENT HOOK. JIB SHEET SHACKLE.
See Chapter XIII.

the doors to be framed in teak and fitted with hooks; a teak companion ladder and teak collapsible table to be provided; two swing candles to be fitted; floor of ¾in. white pine on 1¼ by 2in. bearers.
W.C.—To consist of a moveable pail, with handles and a fixed seat frame, with lid of teak.
Forecastle.—Entered by hinged door with hook from cabin; floor and lockers to be of ¾in. pine.
Galley.—A double Primus stove with set of cooking utensils.
Deck Fittings.—Binnacle to be fitted at fore-end of cockpit, with spirit compass; jib and mainsheet horses, fair leads, etc., at foot of mast; chain pipe, bollards, shroud plates and all usual iron work on deck and on spars, to be fitted and of good quality. All usual sheet leads and cleats to be fitted as required, including a stout iron cable lead, on side of stem, as shown, and all necessary eyebolts, etc.; also four gunmetal warp leads, one on each bow and one on each quarter.
Pump.—A brass flush deck pump and suction pipe, discharging into cockpit.
Tank.—A galvanized iron water tank, to be fitted under floor with filling plug in deck, and brass draw-off pump or air pump.
Lamps.—A set of side and anchor lamps in brass, with screens, to be fitted.
Ground Tackle.—One 20lb. Nicholson pattern anchor, galvanized; one 12lb. Derigo pattern anchor, galvanized; 20-fathom, 1¼in. galvanized, close-link, steel chain (tested), with usual shackles and swivels; one 20-fathom, 1¼in. warp of hemp or manila.
Spars.—A complete set to the dimensions given of clear, grown spars with the exception of gaff, roller, topsail yard and jockey-rod, which are of bamboo.
Block.—A complete set of best ash blocks (patent sheaves to halliards and sheets).
Standard Rigging.—Of best galvanized steel wire of suitable size,

properly turned in and served with best quality rigging screws of gunmetal.
Running Rigging.—Of best yacht manila, four-strand.
Sails.—As shown on sail plan, of stout union silk.
Fastenings.—All fastenings to be of copper, yellow metal or brass screws.
Galvanizing.—All ironwork to be well galvanized, and of good quality.
Painting.—The whole of the woodwork and spars to receive four coats of best paint or yacht varnish, and to be properly stopped and rubbed down after each coat. The bottom to be coated with Blake's Algicide, copper color. A gold line, in a hollow moulding, to be worked round the vessel, below the covering board.
Upholstery, Bedding, etc.—The sofas and backs in the main cabin to be properly upholstered in Pegamoid or Pantasote, and stuffed with Kapok. Two colored blankets, pillows and bolsters to each berth.

Part II.—Chapter I.—Rigging.

Rope, Blocks, Etc., and Fitting Rigging.

All rigging should be of the best quality obtainable; and it is very false economy to save a few shillings by using second-rate rope or wire. The latter especially should be good, many a spar being lost through the breaking of bad wire.
The best wire rope in the market will only cost a few shillings more for the whole outfit than the commonest rubbish. This difference in quality is especially noticeable in the hard steel wire known as plow steel, and used for all standing rigging. Messrs. Bullivant, of 72 Mark lane, E. C., are the first wire rope makers in the country, and their wire can usually be obtained from any good yacht fitter, and if required in any quantity, direct from the makers. A good, flexible steel rope should be of very fine wire and nearly as soft to the touch as hemp rope of the same size. There should be no sharp ends when it is passed through the fingers, and it should be bright and silky, flying back to its original shape immediately on being released after being bent.
The plow steel should also regain its shape to some extent, but not so much as the flexible wire, and it should be very much stiffer, and composed of coarser wire.
If the wire bends easily and stays in the shape to which it has been bent, it is usually iron, or very inferior steel, which is even worse than good iron. Never use copper wire rope for any purpose; it will stretch like India rubber and then break with very little weight.
Phosphor bronze wire rope is excellent for centerplate tackles, as it is not affected by sea water; its strength is about 80 per cent. as compared with flexible steel, and its durability under water is infinitely greater, but unfortunately it is not easily obtainable. The Phosphor Bronze Company, of 87 Sumner street, S. E., would no doubt supply the wire if a large quantity were required; but it is not yet in general use.
All wire rope will last much longer if it is soaked in linseed oil or well varnished, and all splices should be thoroughly varnished and parcelled with varnish calico before serving.
Never take a wire rope over a small sheave; the diameter of the sheave for flexible wire should be at least ten times the diameter of the wire, while for plow steel the sheave should be not less than fifteen times the diameter of the wire; even larger sheaves are better, but are usually made too wide in the score.
In choosing running rigging, a soft, silky, manila should be selected, free from loose fibers and thick places in the strands. It should be a creamy white in color and have little or no spring in it. Four-strand rope is usually used for yacht work, as it is smaller in diameter for a given strength and therefore neater. It is also less liable to kink than three-strand.
Hemp rope, except for bolt ropes of sails and warps, is seldom used on yachts, as it is very hard, especially when wet. It should be picked with as fine a thread and as smooth as possible.
Cotton rope is used a good deal in small boats for sheets, where they are often held in the hand instead of being belayed, as it is much softer than manila. Really good cotton rope is very hard to get, most of it being laid up badly, and either kinking when wet or getting too hard. Never get cable-laid cotton, as it is very hard and quite useless for sheets. It may be easily distinguished from the proper hawser-laid rope by the fact that in all cable-laid rope the strands are each of them a hawser-laid rope, and three of them are laid up together, forming one cable-laid rope. In the hawser-laid rope, used for all running rigging, the strands are composed of a number of threads or yarns and not of regularly laid up smaller strands. When splicing cotton or wire, always whip or bind the ends of every strand, and also the rope itself at the point where the splice is to commence. This is not so important with either manila or hemp.
On very small boats and sailing canoes a very fine, strong line of cable-laid flax is largely used. It does not stretch much, and is about twice as strong as small manila or cotton, but it is 2s. 6d. a pound, while cotton is 1s. 6d. and manila 10d. to 1s.
In addition to the foregoing kinds of rope, a smaller sort of hemp line called houseline is used for lacing sails, etc., and for serving ropes and splices, a still smaller kind of tarred hemp called marline is required, while sewing twine, either tarred or waxed, is used for whipping the ends of all the ropes and various other small jobs.

TABLE OF OFFSETS, NO. 2 DESIGN.

Number of Sections, etc.	Stem.	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5	No. 6	No. 7	No. 8	No. 9	No. 10	No. 11	No. 12	No. 13	Trans'm
	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.	Ft. In.
Heights from L.W.L. to covering board.....	2 2	2 0 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 11	1 9 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 8 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 4 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 4	1 3 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 3 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 3 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 3 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 5 $\frac{3}{4}$
Heights from L.W.L. to under side keel.....	0 9	0 0	0 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 1 $\frac{3}{4}$
Depths from L.W.L. to under side keel.....	0 0	0 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 3 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 11	2 9	3 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 7	0 0
Heights from L.W.L. to A, buttock.....	0 4 $\frac{5}{8}$	0 7 $\frac{1}{4}$
Depths from L.W.L. to A, buttock.....	0 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 5 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Heights from L.W.L. to B, buttock.....	1 3 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 1 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 2 $\frac{3}{8}$
Depths from L.W.L. to B, buttock.....	0 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 2 $\frac{3}{4}$	0 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Heights from L.W.L. to C, buttock.....	1 0	0 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 2	0 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Depths from L.W.L. to C, buttock.....	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 2 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Half-breadths on deck.....	0 1	0 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 4 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 8 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 10 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 11 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 11 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 11 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 9 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 7 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 3 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 10 $\frac{3}{4}$	1 3 $\frac{1}{4}$
Half-breadths on L.W.L.....	0 0	0 11 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 9	2 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 8	2 10	2 10 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 9 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 11 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 0
Half-breadths on 2 W.L.....	0 5 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 0	2 5 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 8	2 8 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 7	2 1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 0 $\frac{3}{8}$
Half-breadths on 3 W.L.....	0 9 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 0 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 0 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Half-breadths on 4 W.L.....	0 2 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 0	1 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 9 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 8 $\frac{3}{8}$	1 3 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Half-breadths on 5 W.L.....	0 5	0 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 1 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 0	0 7 $\frac{5}{8}$	0 2 $\frac{3}{8}$
Half-breadths on 6 W.L.....	0 0 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 5 $\frac{1}{8}$	0 7 $\frac{7}{8}$	0 7 $\frac{7}{8}$	0 4 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 1 $\frac{3}{8}$
Half-breadths on 7 W.L.....	0 2 $\frac{5}{8}$	0 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 1
Half-breadths on 8 W.L.....	0 0 $\frac{7}{8}$	0 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 4 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 2 $\frac{5}{8}$
Half-breadths on I. diagonal.....	0 8	1 5 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 1 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 8 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 1 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 4 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	3 4	2 11 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 6	1 11 $\frac{1}{8}$	1 4 $\frac{3}{4}$
Half-breadths on II. diagonal.....	0 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 4 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 0	2 6 $\frac{5}{8}$	3 0	3 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 5 $\frac{3}{8}$	3 5 $\frac{1}{4}$	3 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 11 $\frac{1}{8}$	2 6 $\frac{3}{8}$	2 0 $\frac{5}{8}$	1 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 9 $\frac{3}{4}$
Half-breadths on III. diagonal.....	0 3 $\frac{1}{4}$	0 11	1 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 1 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 6	2 9	2 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 9 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 7 $\frac{1}{4}$	2 3	1 9	1 2 $\frac{7}{8}$	0 7 $\frac{3}{4}$
Half-breadths on IV. diagonal.....	0 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0 9	1 2	1 5	1 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 6 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 3 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 10 $\frac{3}{8}$	0 2 $\frac{3}{4}$

Notes.—All dimensions are given in feet and inches. Sections are spaced 2ft. 3in. apart, No. 1 being 1ft. 4in. aft of stem head. Waterlines are spaced 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. apart. Buttocks—A is 2ft. 6in. from center line; B is 1ft. 10in., and C is 1ft. Diagonals—I. is at an angle of 51 degrees with center line; II. is 38 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees; III. is 28 degrees, and IV. is 34 $\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. All lines are outside planking.

Blocks For No. 1 Design.

Peak Halliard.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single, rope strop, patent sheave at masthead.
 Throat Halliard.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single sheet metal block, patent sheave for wire at masthead. One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single, rope strop, patent sheave, spliced into lower end of wire halliard.
 Topping Lifts.—Two 1in. cheek sheaves on masthead, one each side. One 2in. single, rope strop, sized in bight of topping lifts.
 Main Sheet.—Five 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single, three-rope strops, and two internal bound shackle lugs—all patent sheaves.
 Fore Tackle.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single, rope strop, patent sheave, spliced in end of wire tack.
 Fore Sheet.—One 2in. single, rope strop, on aft end of upper boom. One 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cheek sheave on fore end of lower boom, starboard side.
 Foresail Clew, Outhaul.—One 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. sheave in aft end of upper boom, as near the end as possible. One bullseye in clew of jib. One 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cheek sheave on fore end of upper boom, port side.
 Centerplate.—One 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single sheet metal block for wire on mast thwart, patent sheave. Two 3in. double internal bound shackle lugs, patent sheaves.

Blocks For No. 2 Design.

Topsail Halliard.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. patent sheave in masthead.
 Spinnaker Halliard.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single rope strop.
 Peak Halliard.—One 3in. single metal block, patent sheave, for wire. One 3in. single rope strop, spliced in end of wire halliard.
 Throat Halliard.—One 3in. single sheet metal block, patent sheave, for wire. One 3in. single rope strop, spliced in end of wire halliard.
 Throat Purchase.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. double rope strop, spliced in end of manila whip. One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single internal bound with shackle lugs and becket.
 Topsail Sheet.—One 1in. cheek sheave on gaff end. One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single rope strop at jaws of gaff.
 Topping Lift.—Two 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cheek sheaves on masthead, one each side. One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single rope strop, seized in bight of topping lifts.
 Main Sheet.—Five 3in. singles, patent sheaves, three-rope strops and two internal bound with shackle lugs.
 Fore Tack.—One metal bullseye on bowsprit. One 3in. single rope strop, patent sheave, spliced in end of wire tack. One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single rope strop, spliced in end of whip.
 Fore Sheet.—One 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. single rope strop on aft end of upper boom. One 1in. cheek sheave on fore end of lower boom, starboard side.
 Foresail Clew, Outhaul.—One 2in. single rope strop in clew of sail. One 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. sheave in aft end of upper boom. One 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. sheave in fore end of upper boom, port side.
 Runners.—Two bullseye fairleads on deck for hauling parts. No blocks required.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Iroquois Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 12.—The fourteenth annual indoor tournament of the Iroquois Rifle Club was held Oct. 7, 8, 9 and 10. A members' match was on the programme for the first day, each contestant firing 30 shots in 6 targets of 5 shots on the reduced standard American target at 54ft. The first prize, a gold medal, was won by L. P. Ittel, with a score of 279 out of a possible 300. The shooting in general was below the average. The scores:

L. P. Ittel.....	41	47	47	47	49	48-279
O. L. Hertig.....	45	40	42	45	48	43-263
A. Hofer.....	33	41	42	42	47	42-252
H. Sperling.....	41	39	44	42	44	35-245
P. Paulsen.....	34	40	45	35	45	43-242
R. Rahm.....	42	30	43	42	42	41-240
L. B. Fleming.....	37	43	42	35	37	37-231
A. J. Huebner.....	34	38	41	43	40	34-230
H. B. Pierce.....	29	43	43	40	34	40-229
R. Hoffman.....	36	36	38	34	41	44-229
W. Riebling.....	33	40	43	38	35	38-227
G. Sperling.....	42	32	42	42	37	32-227
A. F. Hofmeister.....	34	38	42	39	34	38-225
C. C. Hofmeister.....	37	40	36	29	37	40-219
L. Kuehnhausen, Jr.....	35	36	41	38	31	34-215
H. L. Born.....	25	26	35	43	37	36-202
B. Kestner.....	32	32	30	40	35	33-202
J. H. Dimling.....	37	33	35	29	34	34-202
K. W. Zoeller.....	28	30	35	39	37	32-201
U. Altenburger.....	29	33	35	36	36	31-200
L. Kaufman.....	21	23	28	27	20	21-140
C. G. Grubb.....	15	14	14	21	19	37-120

The last three days of the tournament were devoted to the all-comers' matches, with two events on the programme—the continuous prize match and the bullseye match. In the continuous match, first prize was won by L. P. Ittel, with a possible score of 90 to his credit. The conditions of this match were 3 shots per target (reduced standard American); re-entries were unlimited, the best three targets of each shooter counting for prizes; ties were decided by the next best target made by each shooter. Thirty-three contestants took part in this match, and twenty cash prizes,

ranging from \$20 to \$1, were distributed among the following marksmen, the scores being as follows:

L. P. Ittel.....	30	30	30-90	H. B. Pierce.....	30	27	26-83
H. Sperling.....	30	30	28-88	H. L. Born.....	30	28	25-83
A. Hofer.....	30	29	29-88	B. Kestner.....	27	27	27-81
R. Rahm.....	30	29	28-87	W. C. Galbreath.....	28	26	26-80
A. J. Huebner.....	30	29	28-87	I. W. Hill.....	28	26	26-80
C. C. Hofmeister.....	29	29	28-86	P. Paulsen.....	27	27	26-80
A. F. Hofmeister.....	28	28	28-84	G. H. Soles.....	28	25	24-77
W. Riebling.....	28	28	28-84	T. H. Ewing.....	26	26	25-77
J. A. Wilkinson.....	29	28	27-84	L. Kuehnhausen, Jr.....	27	27	22-77
O. L. Hertig.....	29	28	26-83	U. Altenburger.....	27	26	23-76

In the bullseye match George Huebner won the prize, consisting of \$25 cash, by making the best shot on a 3in. bullseye cartoon, which was used in this event. His shot was a perfect center, the machine used in measuring these shots not registering any degrees. Thirty-two shooters took part in this contest, the following being the first twenty in the match. The figures beside each name indicate the number of degrees each man's shot was from the center:

George Huebner 0, H. L. Born 5 $\frac{1}{2}$, J. H. Dimling 6, U. Altenburger 11 $\frac{1}{2}$, L. P. Ittel 14, Val Fisher 16, L. G. Graul 17, W. Riebling 17 $\frac{1}{2}$, K. W. Zoeller 18 $\frac{1}{2}$, Dr. C. M. Schafer 21, L. Kuehnhausen, Jr., 34 $\frac{1}{2}$, H. B. Pierce 31 $\frac{1}{2}$, C. C. Hofmeister 36 $\frac{1}{2}$, A. F. Hofmeister 42, Harry Sperling 43, R. Rahm 43, A. J. Huebner 48, M. Bedell 53, G. H. Soles 61, Robert J. Smith 61 $\frac{1}{2}$.

N. G. GRAUL, Sec'y.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

OCT. 6.—At the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot a very bad light prevented high scores. Dorrell led with rifle; Young with pistol; Hovey in Creedmoor match; Brannagan in .22cal. rifle, and Dr. Twist and Hoffman tied for first place with the revolver. Scores, Columbia target, off-hand:

Rifle: A. B. Dorrell, 47, 53, 55, 59, 59; F. O. Young, 52, 56, 59, 60, 65; G. M. Barley, 60, 64; E. A. Allen, 70, 128, 150.

Military and repeating rifle match: Ed Hovey, 45, 45, 44, 44, 44; E. A. Allen, 44, 43; Dr. Twist, 43.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 35, 40, 45, 45, 44, 45, 45, 45; Dr. Twist, 48, 52, 59, 61, 61; F. S. Washburn, 51; H. A. Baker, 56, 66, 68, 82, 86; W. G. Hoffman, 63; E. A. Allen, 75, 77, 99, 104.

Revolver, 50yds.: Dr. Twist, 59, 80, 95, 96, 99; W. Hoffman, 59, 71; F. S. Washburn, 68, 76; Dr. Hunsaker, 69, 72, 77, 85.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds.: A. J. Brannagan, 24; Hoffman, 26, 27, 28, 31; H. A. Baker, 46, 47; A. Scott, 47; A. H. Cady, 38, 47, 37; C. L. Gimmel, 49, 70, 71; Dr. Twist, 34.

Our vice-president, A. H. Pape, went to the Schuetzen Club prize shoot to-day and got everything in sight, except honorary, and was second in that match. He got best five tickets, \$5 premium, on ring, 73, 71, 71, 68, 68, and beat five on honorary, 70, 70, 70, 69, 69, \$5 premium; first prize, \$40, ring (73) and champion goblet for best average on ring and honorary, ten scores; \$50 silver set on his 70 honorary ticket. Used his Pope rifle and King's S.S. and Smokeless powders—Young's combination.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 29.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot was postponed to Sept. 29, out of respect to our martyred President. The Olympic and Union gun clubs also postponed their shoots. The Schuetzen clubs shot as usual. Pope led with the rifle, but Dorrell made it very interesting for him, both doing phenomenal shooting. Pape, with his rifle, ran one point ahead of the best ten scores with pistol for this year, with a total of 370, or 3.7in. ring average. This is marvelous shooting. Allen tied Hovey in the military match, and beat him by Creedmoor settlement of ties, having the best last shot. He walked home on air, and all hands congratulated him. Becker was high with the revolver, and only 3 points away from club record; and Washburn took first honors in the pistol match.

Dr. Hunsaker and Trego went deer hunting, and Young to the country, while Brannagan went after the first flight of ducks. Hunsaker got two deer and Trego one. Brannagan bagged thirteen ducks.

Scores, Columbia target, off-hand:
 Rifle, 200yds.: A. H. Pape, 38, 40, 46, 50, 61, 62, 64; A. B. Dorrell, 42, 43, 55, 58, 62, 69, 73; Dr. Twist, 44, 58, 80, 93, 94; G. Mannel, 66, 77, 83; G. M. Barley, 72; F. S. Washburn, 85; E. A. Allen, repeater, 151, 153.

Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: E. A. Allen, 47, 45, 44; E. Hovey, 47, 44, 44, 44, 43, 43.

Three-shot rifle match: Dorrell, 15, 22, 24; A. H. Pape, 18, 20.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. S. Washburn, 40, 52, 54, 59; W. G. Hoffman, 46, 52, 60; G. Mannel, 64, 65, 67, 75; Dr. Twist, 56, 65; P. Sanchez, 97, 103, 112.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds.: W. G. Hoffman 28, C. L. Gimmel 62.

F. O. YOUNG, Rec. Sec'y.

Elite Schuetzen Corps.

BROOKLYN, L. I.—At a regular shoot of the Elite Schuetzen Corps, of Brooklyn, of which the captain is Gebhard Krauss, the following scores were made at Cypress Hills Park, on Oct. 4:

Following scores were made at Cypress Hills Park, on Oct. 4:										
I. Martin.....	20	23	24	20	21	19	24	20	21	20-212
	24	18	24	22	20	19	22	19	19	25-212
L. Zoellner.....	21	22	19	14	22	24	22	21	23	21-209
	24	21	21	19	20	19	20	20	19	24-207
G. Krauss.....	20	21	21	23	23	17	23	21	12	22-203
	17	21	22	18	20	25	15	18	20	22-198
C. Engert.....	20	18	20	24	23	19	22	23	15	14-193
	20	17	18	14	23	17	21	22	25	20-197
Dr. F. A. Schlitz.....	13	20	18	13	19	20	12	21	16	16-168
	14	13	16	17	22	18	10	15	23	20-162
O. Spangenberg.....	17	10	8	16	16	15	14	18	18	18-150
	14	13	11	12	12	19	16	14	17	16-144

stand? You're discharged,"—Fishing Gazette.

John Parker's Tournament.

THERE was a generous representation of the great shooters, among whom were Messrs. Crosby, Elliott, Courtney, Heikes, Fanning and many others, as the list of names in connection with the scores appended will show. The tournament took place at Detroit, Mich., on Oct. 1, 2, 3 and 4.

The main event of the first day was the contest for the Peters Cartridge Company's international handicap trophy, an event at 25 targets. Mr. Charles Caleb, of Flint, won this event with a straight score. This event is No. 6 in the scores.

Oct. 1, First Day.

The live-bird shooting was commenced about 3 o'clock, as soon as the target events were finished. The most exciting race was a sweepstakes event, in which eleven were entered. Six of these—Heikes, Dennis, Crosby, Elliott, Fanning and Longfellow—shot in great form, and not one of them had missed when the event was called off. They had then shot at 14 birds each, while the other five had dropped out by one. The pigeons were not at all lively, however. To offset this the six cracks went back to the 30yd. mark before they were through, but even then they couldn't miss, and so divided the money. Scores at targets:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20
Crosby, 22	11	12	17	14	18	23	14	16	9	20
Elliott, 20	13	15	18	12	17	17	12	14	12	17
Heikes, 20	13	13	19	14	17	22	12	18	13	20
Fanning, 20	11	13	15	12	15	21	11	19	9	19
Phil, 20	11	13	17	13	14	21	10	13	13	16
Courtney, 18	13	14	18	11	13	21	12	16	9	13
Fort, 18	10	12	17	10	17	18	10	16	11	13
Cotter, 18	13	11	15	8	18	18	14	11	12	17
Snow, 18	11	11	16	13	18	22	13	13	13	16
Caleb, 18	11	15	17	15	16	25	13	18	14	18
Woods, 18	14	13	18	13	15	22	11	18	13	18
Bates, 18	12	13	17	10	18	18	12	15	11	19
Dr Allen, 16	12	15	19	11	17	19	9	15	12	17
Frank, 16	7	12	13	12	13	24	10	18	13	15
Price, 16	12	11	9	14	13	15	6	17	9	14
Scane, 16	14	12	15	11	18	24	12	12	11	17
Waruf, 16	13	9	17	13	18	20	12	17	10	17
Vermilyea, 16	13	13	16	14	14	21	10	17	12	16
Longfellow, 16	9	12	12	11	17	20	11	16	13	17
Albans, 16	11	10	14	9
Reilly, 16	11	6	13	10
Dennis, 18	13	12	20	14	17	21	13	20	12	16
King, 16	13	11	16	13	15	20	12	15	11	15
Hallman, 16	12	8	12
Sutherland, 16	10	10
Alexander, 16	9	7	14
Cox, 16	12	12	13	15	15	16	12	15	14	15
Rike, 16	10	10	15	12	15	23	13	18	13	15
Kirby, 16	13	10	15	13	15	23	12	18	12	16
Scott, 16	12	11	17	14	17	23	13	19	13	17
Toll, 16	13	10	17	9	16	18	9	15	9	16
Hitchcock, 16	9
Parker, 18	16	..	13	18	14	20
Husher, 16	12	15	13	15
Johnson, 14	10
Clark, 16	12	19	10	19

Oct. 2, Second Day.

There was a strong wind blowing, which had the effect of making erratic flights and consequently more difficult shooting. Nevertheless, while the shooting as a whole fell down somewhat in percentages as compared with that of yesterday, there were a number of excellent individual scores.

The King Powder Company two-man team trophy contest was the main event of the day. It was won by Charles Caleb, of Flint, and Thos. Laing, of Findlay, O., who broke 23 targets each. Heikes made the best score of the event, 24. The teams and their scores were as follows: Heikes and Crosby, 44; Caleb and Laing, 46; Elliott and Phil, 36; Courtney and Parker, 38; Rike and Cox, 42; Waruf and Snow, 32; Toll and Fort, 40; Wood and Scott, 45; Fanning and Bates, 40; Weise and King, 30; Allen and Kirby, 39; Longfellow and Vermilyea, 35; Frank and Klein, 35; Marks and Stanley, 36.

Live Bird Shoot.

The live-bird shooting was better than on the first day. The biggest sweepstakes was between nine marksmen, and Parker, Marks and Bates divided the money after shooting 14 birds straight. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20
Woods, 18	11	12	18	14	17	23	14	19	14	14
Scott, 18	12	12	16	13	18	22	10	16	13	20
Snow, 18	14	13	19	12	16	19	10	16	13	16
Waruf, 18	12	10	14	13	20	13	14	16	11	18
Parker, 18	10	14	17	8	17	16	10	12	10	16
Caleb, 20	11	11	19	11	15	23	14	17	11	16
Crosby, 20	15	13	16	14	17	20	13	16	15	17
Heikes, 20	14	12	14	13	18	24	9	17	13	18
Frank, 16	12	14	18	12	16	19	11	13	11	15
Cotter, 16	12	9	16	10	18	..	10	13	14	17
Longfellow, 16	14	11	17	9	17	18	14	13	15	15
Fort, 16	11	10	14	6	20	19	11	16	11	14
Vermilyea, 16	14	12	17	13	18	17	10	18	12	17
Cox, 16	12	14	19	14	16	22	14	10	14	16
Laing, 16	15	14	18	12	20	23	12	15	15	18
Price, 16	13	11	19	11	19	..	11	14	11	16
Scane, 16	13	12	16	9	17	..	10	16	13	12
Clark, 16	12	13	17	15	19	..	12	16	13	17
Hallman, 16	8	8	16	10	..	9	..
Courtney, 18	14	13	18	11	19	22	11	12	14	17
Phil, 18	12	13	19	15	18	19	13	15	12	18
Rike, 18	15	14	19	13	18	20	12	15	11	17
Elliott, 18	14	9	18	12	17	17	14	19	14	19
Kirby, 18	12	11	12	10	19	20	9	17	13	18
Bates, 18	14	14	17	12	20	18	12	13	12	18
Fanning, 18	15	13	16	13	16	22	15	17	12	17
Dr Allen, 18	13	10	18	9	18	19	10	14	9	16
Carpenter, 16	11	12	19	14	16	..	9	12	13	14
King, 16	17	13	11	16	12	19
Toll, 16	21	11	18	12	12
Marks, 18	18	11	17	14	14
Stanley, 16	18	13	17	13	18

Oct. 3, Third Day.

The Peters Cartridge Company international expert trophy contest, No. 6 on the programme, was the main event of to-day. Each contestant stood at 22yds. Mr. Stanley Rhoads, of Columbus, O., who shot under the name of Rose, won on a score of 23. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	15	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	20
Crosby	14	14	13	12	19	22	14	19	15	16
Lang	13	9	20	14	20	13	18	11	18	18
Woods	14	11	15	12	16	19	13	16	13	15
Phil	13	11	19	9	14	17	11	12	14	14
Rike	9	11	16	11	18	14	12	17	13	18
Elliott	13	13	20	13	18	20	13	18	12	18
Vermilyea	12	13	14	13	18	20	15	20	10	14
Caleb	15	12	18	11	17	22	12	18	13	17
Scott	12	12	16	14	19	17	14	17	12	17
Thomas	11	12	15	13	17	20	13	16	15	13
Cox	12	11	17	12	17	15	14	11	14	15
Snow	14	11	18	13	17	..	15	12	11	17
Heikes	14	11	14	14	18	18	13	14	13	13
Rose	15	15	19	15	18	23	14	17	15	19
Bates	13	12	13	14	17	..	13	16
Dr Allen	14	10	16	12	17	14	14	16	12	17
Longfellow	14	9	8	8	20	18	14	11	13	17
Clark	15	9	16	9	14	15	15	13	13	13
Kirby	14	13	18	14	20	17	13	19	13	16
Cotter	14	12	19	13	16	..	14	16	11	18
Rix	13	15	13	14	14	16	15	14	13	17
Toll	12	11	19	12	13	15	11	15	10	16
Fort	12	12	19	13	20	21	12	13	13	19
Scane	14	10	18	13	16	..	12	16	12	17
Price	13	12	14	13	19	..	12	14	8	14
Petite	8	4	17	8	17	13	10	14	12	..
King	12	10	15	7	16	17
Fanning	12	13	20	14	18	21	13	15	12	16
Osmun	17	8	19	15	18	11	12	18
Finletter	12	14	17	13	17
Edwards	15	12	16	11	17

Oct. 4, Fourth Day.

The fourth day was one of increasing interest, the chief live-bird event of the tournament, the contest for the Gilman & Barnes trophy, being on the programme. This was won by Mr. Harry L. King, of Cincinnati, O., who had a keen struggle at the finish with the great champion, Mr. J. A. R. Elliott. The conditions in events Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4 were as follows:

Event 1, 5 live birds, entrance \$3, divided 60 and 40 per cent.
Event 2, 7 live birds, entrance \$5, divided 50, 30 and 20 per cent.
Event 3, 10 live birds, entrance \$7, divided 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.
Event 4, Gilman & Barnes' international live-bird trophy, value \$150; handicaps 26 to 32yds.; 25 live birds, entrance \$25; \$50 added; divided 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; class shooting; entrance includes price of birds.

The birds were a good lot.
Mr. Chas. Caleb, of Flint, won the trophy and gun for the amateur average of the tournament. This trophy was donated by Mr. Joseph A. Marks. The gun was donated by Parker Brothers.
Mr. W. R. Crosby, of O'Fallon, Ill., won the diamond trophy for the best average of the tournament. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4
Birds:	5	7	10	15
Ideal, 28	4	5	10	8
Caleb, 28	5	6	9	14
Finletter, 29	4	6	6	13
Bates, 31	4	6	10	14
Woods, 29	4	6	10	14
Ray, 26	3	6	9	14
Mercier, 28	5	3	8	9
Girtz, 27	5	4	10	..
Scane, 27	5	5	9	14
Pastorius, 27	3	7	3	..
McCarthy, 27	5	6
Thomas, 29	5	7	9	14
Fanning, 31	5	7	9	15
Elliott, 32	5	7	9	15
Roads, 30	5	7	10	14

The scores in the shoot-off were as follows, starting after the regular shoot of 15 birds and ending with the thirty-sixth bird:

Targets:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Marks	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Elliott	11	11	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Fanning
King

The Florists' Gun Club.

WISSINOMING, Pa., Oct. 12.—The grand opening tournament of the Florists' Gun Club, of Philadelphia, at flying targets, held to-day, was a distinct success. A total of seventy-six shooters participated in the competition. At great expense, the club had remodelled and refitted the old grounds and equipment, making all the details admirably complete.

There was added money for the 50 to 70 per cent. shooters, and high and low average money. There were twelve events on the programme, at 10, 15 and 20 targets. Rose system, class shooting, with different ratios and liberal divisions to a degree that he who could not win something was a poor shoot indeed. Targets, at 1½ cents, were included in all entrances, the latter varying from 25 cents to \$1.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10	15	10
Sanford	10	9	15	8	15	10	14	9	17	8	15	8

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 37.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE Methodist Episcopal Church of Clockville, N. Y., we are told, has organized a side-hunt to raise funds for the church's support. The two sides are to be captained by two of the prettiest and most popular young women of the village, and each one of the fair captains has chosen "seventy-five of the crack shots of the neighborhood." If there are actually one hundred and fifty crack shots in Clockville, they should have sense enough to discourage side-hunting. The truth probably is that the town has no such regiment of wonderful shooters, but just the average awkward squad that annually musters for a side-hunt, so that the devastation wrought by the Clockville shooting anniversary will not amount to so much after all. The side-hunt is something that should be prohibited by law. It is a foolish institution, because it results in the killing of both useful and useless creatures for no good purpose.

The fame of the California tuna fishing has gone around the world, and the anglers of other lands have been prompted to endeavor deeds of prowess with the great fish of the sea. We reprint from the Nineteenth Century Mr. W. H. Grenfell's extremely interesting account of the tuna, or, as it is there known, the tunny, in the Mediterranean, and his own quest of it as an angler's fish. His failure, as appears from the narration, was to be ascribed only to the inopportune season of the year. In a more fitting time the Mediterranean fish, now doomed to the death character of the "matanza," may have a place in the annals of the angler's art, along with his relatives of the California coast.

The tuna of Santa Catalina Island is an excellent example of the pecuniary value of a game fish properly advertised. The stories of tuna fishing published in FOREST AND STREAM at once turned the attention of anglers everywhere to the fish, and the result in dollars and cents expended for railroad and steamboat fares, board at hotels, guide and boat hire, tackle, photographs of big fish and their captors, and other things, has been immense. To the question, Does good fishing pay? the tuna of Santa Catalina Island is an irrefutable answer in the affirmative. But the tuna is not the only game fish that pays. Every other one does, or would, if it were given the chance. Consider the Lake Champlain bass, of which Mr. Van Cleef writes to-day. If, instead of jigging the fish from the spawning beds and permitting the net fishermen to capture them for market, the game were kept for anglers, the advantage to the community at large would be much more considerable than it ever can be under existing conditions.

The newspaper report commented upon by Mr. Van Cleef is erroneous in so far as it refers to licenses for seines in Lake Champlain granted by the New York Commission, for while the Commission is empowered to grant such licenses, it has very wisely refused to issue them. The legalized netting is practiced in the waters of Vermont and Canada, and while it is sanctioned by the authorities of both, we believe that all concerned are agreed as to the wisdom of banishing the nets entirely. The reason that Vermont permits netting in its waters is that netting is legalized by the Canadians, and so long as the Canadians persist in netting the people of Vermont are human enough to be unwilling to stand by and see the fish go without getting their share. At the meeting of the North American Association last winter an agreement was made between the Canadian and Vermont officials to abolish net fishing in the lake. Up to the present time this has not been done, and the failure to accomplish it on the part of the Canadians is understood to be because of political complications. The true interest of all those living on Lake Champlain demands an absolute prohibition of the netting of game fish. We trust that the subject may be agitated until such a system of protection shall prevail.

The game reports from every section of the country indicate that the past breeding season has been one of exceptional prolificness. The prairie chicken, the ruffed grouse, the quail and the woodcock alike have shown relative increase of numbers in many widely extending covers. There is here sufficient cause for the planning of where to go; the inspecting of dogs, whether owned by one's self, or to be bought or borrowed; the refurnishing

of guns, airing of old shooting toggery, and broodings over the kinds and quantities of ammunition to take afield. These in turn beget long, grave and oft-repeated conversations with some brother sportsman, the arranging of the outing with others, inquiries for still others who have been lost in the swirl of the world's activity; in short, a general taking up and readjusting of the broken, lost or neglected threads of the web and woof of one's sportsmanship.

In the season of abundance the sportsman is at his best. At such juncture he does not hesitate for a moment to tell his brother sportsmen where the best covers and coveys are to be found, excepting those which he has reserved for himself and friends. And yet, even in seasons when there is a dearth of game, he is equally unselfish, for then he is more inclined to lend his gun or his dog. In matters of generosity, the sportsman is thus in a class by himself. Whether game is scarce or plentiful, his generosity in respect to his brethren is ever in action. Ardent of temperament, ever considerate of the pleasure of his fellows, even to his own loss, and unswerving in his belief and loyalty in the sport dear to his heart, he is above any fluctuations of character or action on account of numbers of birds or their absence. Nevertheless, it may be conceded without any prejudice to the character of sportsmanship in general that in a season of general abundance the shooter or the fisherman will be more openly and frankly in communication in respect to the good places where most game or fish abound than he will be in seasons of great dearth. This peculiarity is no index whatever to a change in his character, although it may be taken as a very good index concerning the status of the game supply. In a season of dearth, if a sportsman only knows of one good place by hearsay, he is not apt to impose a hardship on his friends by suggesting that they investigate the one good place before he can report upon it from personal examination made by himself. In a season of abundance, if he should happen to err in his advice, the contiguous abundance affords means of ready readjustments. The season of abundance thus, besides the sport afforded directly to the individual in testing his equipment and skill against the elusive birds, provides him opportunity to give full play to those benevolent and brotherly traits for which the craft has a world-wide fame.

In default of a quail season fixed by law in Illinois, State Game Commissioner Lovejoy has designated the period extending from Nov. 1 to Dec. 20 as the open season for quail shooting. These are the dates which were named in the former law. While the Commissioner is, of course, without any authority to fix open and close seasons, his designation of these dates may be accepted, and we trust that they will be accepted, by the sportsmen of Illinois as binding, not in law, but in honor. Indeed we think that it would have been far wiser for Commissioner Lovejoy if, when he found that the Legislature had by a blunder omitted quail from the list of protected birds, instead of getting that disingenuous opinion from the Attorney-General, he had accepted the situation and appealed to the good sense and sportsmanship of the shooters of Illinois to refrain from shooting quail except within the period stated. Some more birds might have been killed, it is true, but both the Commissioner and the Attorney-General would have stood higher in popular esteem as officials who themselves have a becoming respect for law.

From many sources come added reports of an unusually immature quail crop this season. The birds are small and unfit to be killed. This may be accounted for in a measure at least by the extraordinary conditions of wet weather which prevailed over a large extent of territory during the breeding season. On the other hand, as we have said before, the wiser course would be to extend the close season through October.

A Philadelphia sportsman who killed a moose on Quaker Brook bog, in the Chesuncook Lake region of Maine, on the night of Oct. 11, four days before the season opened, was visited in his camp on the next day by Commissioner Carleton; the moose was dug up out of the mud where it had been buried for concealment, and

the Philadelphia man settled for his fun by paying over the fine of \$500 and surrendering the head. Thus Nemesis camped on the trail and descended swift and sure. It was one of the record performances of expeditious punishment of wrongdoing in the heart of the woods.

Our Boston correspondence this week records that there have already been three fatal shooting casualties in the Maine woods this year—human beings shot down for game; but we have yet to hear of any enforcement of the law which makes the killing of a man for game a crime. The law reads:

Chap. 263, Laws 1901.—Sec. 1. Whoever, while on a hunting trip, or in the pursuit of wild game or game birds, negligently or carelessly shoots and wounds, or kills, any human being, shall be punished by imprisonment not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding \$1,000.

It is of vastly greater importance to punish the slayers of men than the close season moose killers, and to be most useful for warning the punishment of the man killer should be quite as speedy as that of the moose killer. The Maine authorities cannot afford to go on any longer treating this man killing as accidental and something to be deplored, but condoned. Let the law of 1901 be enforced.

It was on an elevated railway train. She was recalling with a companion some happy days they had spent in the Rocky Mountains with a pack train, and she was so interested and so enthusiastic in the recollection of it all that the other passengers could not help but hear, as she described the climb above timber line and the gathering around the camp-fire at night, until reaching her station she left the car with the exclamation, "I'd like to do it all over again, but not unless we had an awfully congenial company." That was her summing up of the discussion we have had from time to time in these columns about companions for an outing—they must be "awfully congenial."

Sportsmen who return with game trophies from the Maine woods via Bangor complain that some of the wardens encountered on the trains at that point are altogether too zealous in their capacity as drummers for a Bangor taxidermist. The warden-drummer suggests to the owner of a game head that the most convenient and cheapest plan is to leave the trophy to be done by the Bangor firm; and if the owner assents, everything is made as smooth as possible. If, however, there is any demur, the warden-drummer insists upon the most rigid investigation, and makes it as unpleasant as he can for the sportsman. We have been told of one case where the conduct of the warden-drummer was so annoying that its effect was to turn the victim of it to other game fields.

That "Walk Down South" undertaken by Mr. Spears is something unique in our chronicles of outings. It demonstrates for one thing that he who is intent upon getting back to first principles need not seek the remote wilderness; it lies all about us at our doors. To carry out such an enterprise as here undertaken one needs to have in addition to his pack basket and other accoutrements a goodly stock of pluck, grit, resolution and fortitude; and the reading of this first chapter will abundantly demonstrate that our correspondent possesses all of these. We have in hand further chapters relating to the progress of Mr. Spears toward a warmer zone, and as these shall follow in due course, his plucky tramp will be watched with great interest.

Of all the hours of days in the woods, those which hold a place most gratefully and most vividly in our memories are the ones which reflect the blaze of the camp-fire at night. The entire day may have been filled with enjoyment—the early breakfast, the tramp on the trail, sighting the game, and the true-aimed shot, but the particular scene to which we recur most fondly in after years is that of the evening gathering about the camp-fire.

Ex-President Cleveland has published a defense of fishermen. The natural comment is that fishermen are not in need of any defense; they are conscious of their own rectitude, and can well afford to let the world scoff and call them lazy and mendacious.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Walk Down South.—I.

For a good many years I have wished to make a long bicycle or foot trip somewhere on the North American continent. The desire was only increased when I went from New York to Buffalo on my bicycle, in 1897. At last I saw my way clear to a journey around the Great Lakes, on foot, and made my preparations accordingly, but at the last moment—within two days of the start—I discovered that I would be obliged to deposit a large share of my available cash as a guarantee that I would take my camera, and other duffle out of Canada at the port of entry. This was a difficulty greater than the necessity of paying \$25 for the privilege of hunting in any of the provinces; so I changed my plan entirely. I started south instead of north, and now, after nine days of travel I find that I did more wisely under the necessity than I foresaw during the depression naturally attendant upon an apparently complete wrecking of my designs.

On the morning of Friday, Oct. 4, 1901, I left Northwood, N. Y., in a buggy, took the train at Prospect, and went to Utica. I carried a packbasket of the ordinary Adirondack design, holding "just a little over three pecks," as the maker told me.

In Utica, I went to the gun store and bought a .32 caliber, rim-fire Remington rifle, single shot. I got this rifle because I have always used that action, and one can do better with a familiar weapon than with a strange one. It was not exactly what I wanted. My old .32 was a heavier gun, and when I had it bored out to take a .38-40 it did excellent and sure work. The one I have now can never be bored out. The barrel is too thin; still, it is a take down and can be fitted into my pack, if desired.

After a dinner, I took the trolley to New Hartford, four miles from Utica, got into my harness and started up the long hill that leads out of the village to the southwest, the course upon which I had decided. I had not gone far when I realized that I had a too heavy pack, and yet I have not seen my way clear to throwing away more than six ounces of what I have; in fact, I have added 5½ pounds to the weight, although I have eaten several pounds of the contents. From this circumstance I think that the outfit is about perfect for my needs. I will give a list of my things, with their weight:

Pork, 8oz.; baking powder, 4oz.; oatmeal, 8oz.; flour, 2lb.; beans, 1lb. 8oz.; salt, 4oz.; butter, 1lb.; molasses, 1lb. 4oz.; 2 pails, 1lb. 8oz. (granite ware, 2½ and 1½qt.); cup, knife, fork, 2 spoons, plate, 8oz.; fryingpan, 1lb. 2oz.; hatchet, 1lb. 8oz.; sweater, 1lb.; 2 suits light underwear (woolen), 1lb. 12oz.; 1 pair heavy woolen drawers, 12oz.; 3 pairs socks, 1 pair stockings, 1lb. 4oz.; pair long trousers, 2lb.; sewing kit, 4oz.; tent, 5lb. 4oz.; blue print, 1lb.; camera, 5lb.; camera plate holder, 3lb. 12oz.; hypo, 8oz.; trays to develop and fix in, 8 oz.; 2 2oz. bottles (developer), 5oz.; printing frame, 1lb.; 6 dozen cut film (4 by 5), 1lb. 2oz.; 1 dozen plates, 12oz.; dark room lamp, 1lb.; pepsin, Jamaica ginger, vaseline, half pint whisky, 1lb. 4oz.; cartridges, three boxes, over 1lb.; basket, 3lb.; rifle case, 6oz.; writing paper, ink, string, 1lb. 8oz.—in all about 48lbs., without the rifle. It will be seen that 15lbs. consists of photographing materials, over 10lbs. of which is absolutely necessary for making pictures.

I sat down at the top of the hill, just out of New Hartford, and, looking around. It was not a promising country for the camper. The farms looked prosperous, and such wood lots as I could see were thin and of second growth. It seemed especially dreary when it was considered that there was little rifle shooting at game to be had short of forty miles, so I had been told at the gun store. However, after a breathing spell, I started on, and at last raised the grade to Paris Hill; but I did not enter the village. A little patch of woods on top of a knoll looked to be the only possible camping place thereabouts. I went to it, and looked over the ground.

It was nearly sun down. The wind was coming colder and colder every minute, and it swept under the sapling growth in a way that sent the chills through me, for I had sweated under the pack. Twice I circled round the half acre or so of tree growth, and then saw down in the hollow, half a mile away, a better-looking place.

I shouldered the pack again and vainly tried to climb a barbed wire fence with it on. I had to take it off, lift it over, and then crawl under myself. The exertion took my breath. The hollow reached (after three more fences), it proved to be better than it looked. A little brook ran among the thickets of small hemlock and second growth beeches.

My tent is of home manufacture. It is a rubber blanket 6 feet long by 3 feet 10 inches wide. This serves as a top. I cut four poles, and one of these—a five-foot one—I tied to two saplings, horizontally above the ground, about 5 feet up. The other three poles I laid from this one to the ground, so that I had the framework of a lean-to camp. I spread the rubber blanket on top of the three poles and tied it taut with string run through corner eyelets. It sloped at an angle of about 40 degrees.

To the two side poles I then made the sides fast. The sides are right angle triangles, made of cotton factory drilling, painted with boiled linseed oil. About every 18 inches on the sides are sewed loops, in each of which a piece of chalk line, 1 foot or more long, is tied. If the poles are set just right, the sides hang plumb when tied to their places. But when I tied the fish lines to the poles the bottoms of the sides were clear of the ground. The poles were too high. However, I did not remedy the defect. I was tired and hungry, and it was getting late. I learned better later on.

The rear of the blanket came down to about 15 inches of the ground. This space, which, in a spruce bark camp is filled with a log, I stopped up with a strip of cloth, oiled, like the sides, about 4 feet long and supplied with loops for tying, on the corners and in the middle of the sides.

The tent faced a big elm tree. It was pitched in a thicket of small hemlocks. The ground sloped away from the tree and, consequently, the fire was higher than my feet and my feet higher than my head, when I came to lie down for the night; but this defect was not apparent when I started my fire, with dry hemlock twigs, kindled it with dry hemlock branches, and fed it with some green maple and beech sapling wood, which I cut with my hatchet. I carried in a lot of fallen branches, up to the size of my arm, and a few dry blocks of wood, which had been left when log ends were cut off.

The fire was warm and cheerful. It flared up delightfully. I put on the three-pint granite ware pail, for which I have a cover, swinging it from a pole. The water in it

it rose 40 yards away, and flew faster than any I ever saw before; even the chipmunks fled wildly.

After awhile I began to get tired; then hungry, and at 10 o'clock I was discouraged. The State line was a long way off—so far that I doubted if I could reach it. At noon I was heart sick; my shoe brace irritated my left foot, and my head thumped. Not even apples, of which I had all I could eat, could revive me. I stopped beside a brook, and, as it looked like rain, put up the rubber blanket on the hillside, and built a fire of dead wood, and boiled some water for beef tea. My courage came back as I drank. A red squirrel came out of a hole in a nearby walnut, but was back in again before I could get my rifle. I ate some bread and drank two cups of the tea, and made ready to start on again. I glanced up the brook, and, on the end of a hemlock stub limb, saw a red squirrel eyeing me. I shot, and it flew back, end over end, and came down in some briars. A glance showed the butternut tree squirrel to be poised over its home entrance. I fired at it, and this one tumbled down, and landed in the brook. I saw it was alive yet, and ran to head it off. But the little beast, though shot through the center of the body with a .32 ball, as I could see, got into a ground hole. The other squirrel, too, was gone, though it bled. My double had changed to a fluke.

At Oriskany Falls I stopped to write some postal cards. Three fine-looking hounds were near the post-office, among other dogs, and these showed great interest in me, barking loudly. I was told that birds were very wild thereabouts, and that fox-hunting was the leading sport. The memory of my cold night in camp caused me to add a 5½ pound blanket to my outfit, and I have not once regretted this added weight.

Just above Solisville I decided to stop for the night. I went down the sand pit road to the railroad track, where there was a good spring, and prepared to pitch my tent on the hillside, where there was a little shelf. I made some pancakes first—cup of flour, three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, baking powder, butter, salt and water—and ate them with relish. Butter and molasses went well on them. A glance at the sky, after I was through eating, caused a severe look in that direction. Long threads and streamers of gray clouds were reaching over the land, and some thicker clouds obscured the sun in the west. I promptly recollected an old house down toward Oriskany Falls, a few rods on the main road. I went to it at once, pack and all.

The building had been a dwelling, and there was a cellar under it, an orchard around it, and a good, shingled roof over it. But it had some hop boxes, a cutter, a pair of bobs and, in one end, a mow of hay. It was just the place I needed. At dusk I rolled up in the blanket, drew the rubber blanket over all, and snuggled down to sleep. Before morning it poured down in sheets of rain, and I

shuddered to think of myself on that hillside, with the water gathering in a pool on the shelf where my bed was to have been.

About 9 o'clock in the morning I awakened, finally. I saw a mouse in the hay, and, with some misgivings, looked at my pack. Sure enough, the rodents had been in it. They had gnawed into the flour sack and eaten some of the bread crusts. Neither the oatmeal nor the beans had been disturbed. As I carry my flour, beans and oatmeal in cloth sacks, it was easy to patch the hole in the flour sack. But I had learned to hang my basket to a beam, when in barns, especially.

I ate a couple of fine, large apples, and some pancakes for breakfast, about 11 o'clock, cooking between show-ers, a few rods from the house, by a fence.

The rain and sore feet kept me from moving on. That afternoon I boiled what was left of my beef lunch and the blue jay. A couple of spoonfuls of oatmeal in the broth, with a little salt, made a fine and nourishing food. At dusk I got a pail of water, around by the railroad, and was asleep with the crows.

It cleared during the night, and grew cold. I had reason to be thankful for the blankets then. Not even hay could have kept me warm, with the ice forming on my water pail.

For breakfast I reboiled the blue jay and beef, and added more oatmeal and an apple. The result was nourishing, but to my taste not very good.

I started at 7:40 o'clock A. M., and in a few minutes passed through Solisville. A boy told me that I was 12 miles from Eaton, which seemed a long way, then, as I had hoped it was not more than 7 or 8 by the map. But at Bouckville, two miles beyond, I learned that Eaton was only 4 or 4½ miles further. The long distance had made me tired to think of it. But the short one made me buoyant. I started on a 3-mile-an-hour clip.

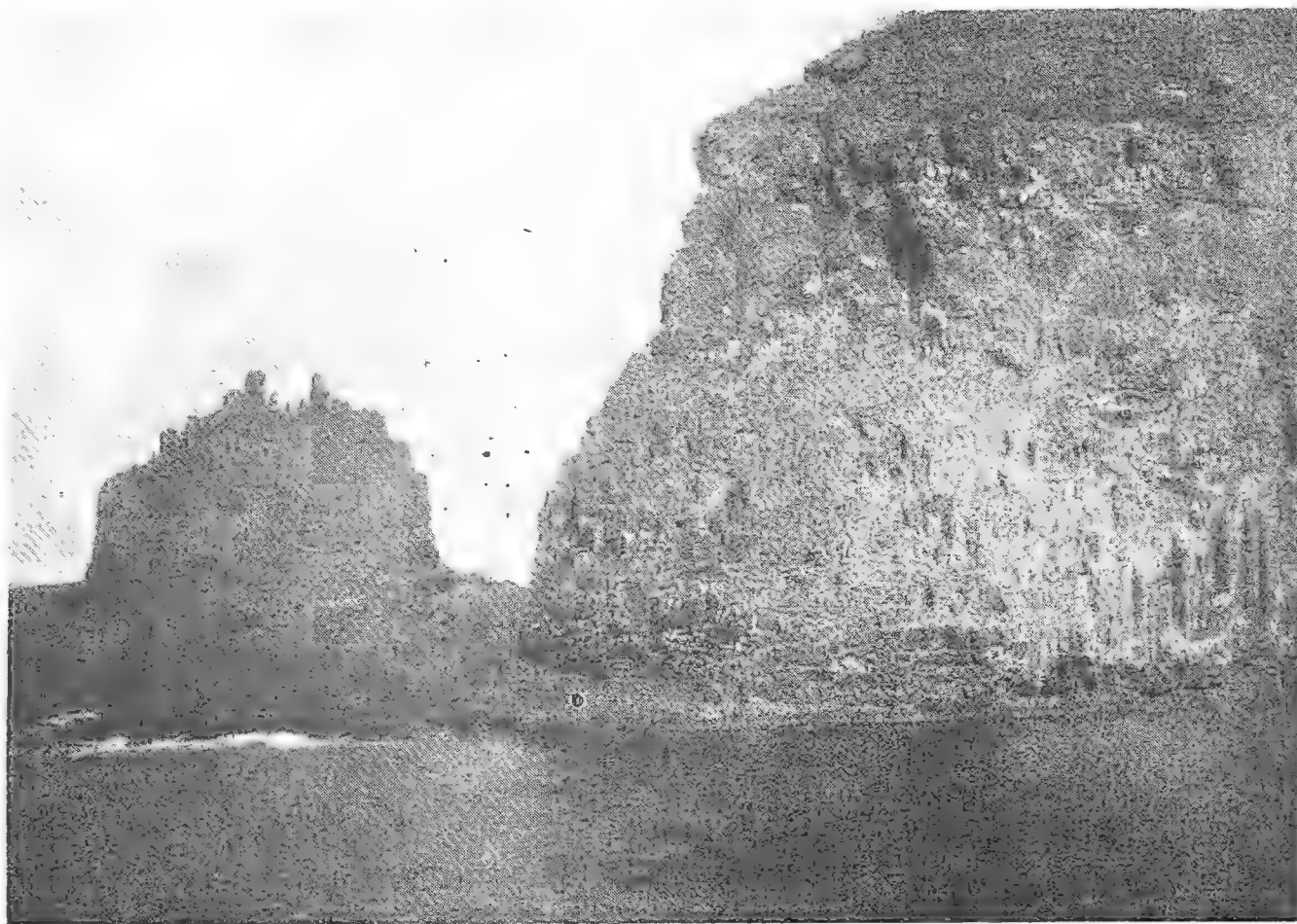
Now and then I met a wagon or rig. Greetings were always passed. At Bouckville my pack basket was recognized as of the backwoods variety: "Where's yer deer?" was the hail. Mostly, however, it was supposed that I was "sellin' sumthin'."

About two miles from Eaton, say at 10 o'clock, I saw an old man and his wife painfully digging potatoes from a half-acre patch.

"How de do," they said, with nods; and I replied with a "How de do," and a nod.

"Ye ain't looking' for work, air ye?" the old man asked.

"No-o," I answered; "I hadn't calculated to."



THE BIRD CLIFFS OF MYGGENOES, FAROE ISLANDS.

soon boiled and a cupful, with extract of beef and salt in it, brightened the aspect of things quite as much as the fire did the thicket. Bread and butter, with some roast beef, made a substantial meal, the need of which I was too tired to feel till I began to eat and drink.

The last glow of the day was scarcely gone when I changed all my clothes, and put on my thick woollens—my sweater and my long trousers—I walk in bicycle knickerbockers. With my rifle in its case, out of the dew, my fire flaring under a new pile of wood, and the wind swaying the sides of my tent gently, I lay down on a bed of hemlock boughs, and soon fell asleep. It was after 7 o'clock.

Suddenly, I awakened with a start. A great, cold wave had swept down my back from my neck. The fire had burned to coals, the heat of which went up the tree instead of coming down the slope into my tent. I fixed the fire again and huddled over it, for I was chilled through. In the interval I prepared for breakfast. I put a cupful of beans to soak in the small pail. After awhile I was able to go to sleep again. I was awakened again and again by the cold, and each time I thought of the woolen shirt, which I had forgotten to put into my pack. It would not have been enough to keep me warm that night, but it would have helped. I took down one side of the tent, and that partly covered me, and I slept longer than before. Still, I was miserable.

At daybreak I put the beans to boiling, with a slab of salt pork, and then tried to shoot a red squirrel I could hear chattering near the camp. I saw it running once, but did not get a shot. It was wilder than some deer I have seen. After a while the beans were almost done, and I began to eat. Something was the matter, but I ate all but a spoonful, and washed the pail in hot water. I remembered then I had not poured off a couple of boilings of water; so the beans were rank to the taste. They were filling and I started out about 7:30 o'clock, feeling pretty good.

I took a course nearly west, overland. I crossed barbed wire, split rail and board fences; passed through stubble corn, oats, pasture, meadow and wood lots. I had tried the rifle on a fence post the day before, at 20 feet. I missed the post. But the sights were out of line. I remedied that, and the second shot was a nail driver. Now I wanted to "bleed the rifle." The chance came in a wood near the Oriskany creek watershed. A flock of bluejays came in range, and I shot one at 20 yards. I skinned and dressed it for supper, and traveled on, down into the Oriskany Creek valley. Once I saw a partridge;

"Well, what'll ye take to help dig these 'taters out here?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"If you don't, who does?" was his next question.

"Mebbe you do?" I asked, insinuatingly.

"Well, now, I'll give ye five shillings to work from now to dark."

That meant two "house meals" and, perhaps, a bed for the night.

"All right," I replied; "but I never dug potatoes in my life."

He hesitated a moment, rubbed the small of his back with a gesture I soon understood; and then I put my pack in the hop house and went to work. It wasn't easy, nor did I make much progress at first. I had to stop and see the proper stroke; and then to learn where to throw the tops back of me and not in front of him in his row. There was a place to put the potatoes—in the hill previously dug. But in five minutes I was going ahead without instructions. For twenty hills he kept up with me, even leading at times; then I hit the right swing for me. After that I did about a third more hills than he did. I judged from the way he looked at me that he was not displeased with my work. Noon came with a big dinner, including apple pie. Then to hoe again. At 4:30 we stopped digging and began to pick up. Even at this I could do more than he and his wife, and I was glad of that—but if he had been 50 years younger I would have been far behind.

That night he said that he would give me an even dollar to stay till noon the next day. I stayed; and the bed was large, soft and comfortable. I did not awaken once all that night. At 6 o'clock we were up; at 7:30 the barn chores had been tended to, breakfast eaten, and I went at the patch again. While I hoed, the old man put out horses, fed pigs and did other things, including smoking by the kitchen stove.

By and by a neighboring farmer drove by.

"Be they rotted much?" he asked.

"No," I said.

"What kind are they?"

"I don't know."

"Are you workin' reg'lar for Mr. Johnston?"

"No; my job's up at noon to-day."

"Don't you want a regular job as farm hand?" he asked.

"I never worked on a farm in my life," I answered.

"What!" he said, looking at the potatoes that were turned out that morning.

Then Mr. Johnston came up and took up the thread of the talk, and I finished the patch; and helped sort and carry twenty-odd bushels to the cellar bins. The rest, the old man, his wife and daughter thought they could manage, so I ate my dinner, received a silver dollar and at 1 o'clock started on again.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In the Faroe Islands.

II.—Myggenoes.*

I MIGHT have waited at Bó for several weeks for the right kind of weather in which to go to Myggenoes, but fortune smiled upon me. After only two days of Western storm and fog, the wind changed to the northeast; the men of B. took counsel together, looked at the glass, consulted the almanac, watched the surf line on the outer islands, and decided that it was "Myggenoes six-man weather," and I could go with the turn of the tide.

Never, not even in Venice during my first ride in a gondola, have I felt so much like a personage as when I started in a large eight-oared boat with six sturdy men, half the adult population of Bó. All were clad in golden-brown, homespun coats and mixed brown and gray knee breeches; these have a row of brass buttons on the outer leg seam, but are always left unbuttoned, and display a bright, striped pair of garters and long, soft, brown stockings. On the feet are moccasins of sheep skin, bound around the ankles with thongs of knitted white wool; on their heads the Faroe "ligoa," or long, soft cap, of hand-woven cloth, dark blue with red stripes, or stripes of black and blue. This has a soft, gathered crown which droops over the ear or rests on the brow. The men had that calm, far-seeing look in their blue eyes that one sees often in sailors and prairie dwellers, and full, fair beards. After the manner of Faroe folk, all talked together and all the time.

I noted with satisfaction their powerful sweep at the long oars, and the perfect time they kept. But the big waves soon reduced me to a humble frame of mind, and I clutched tight hold of the gunwale, and would gladly have exchanged my state for a flat-bottomed boat on a pond. Once under the cliffs of an island, there was a conflict of wind and tide called a "roost," a battering kind of squall beat down upon us from the summit, and the men called out to me that I was not to be afraid, and that it would soon be over. Then out into the open sea we passed with beautiful views of the mountains and precipices of Vaagöe, their bare rocks glowing in the afternoon sun. The first Myggenoeses we met were hundreds of puffins floating on the waves and watching us with the utmost unconcern; then, as we reached them, in a twinkling, up flashed their little red feet, and not a puffin was to be seen.

It was not so long before we reached the eastern promontory of Myggenoes, but we had to go to the extreme western end, and in all that way there was not one place where a shipwrecked man could land and climb the cliffs. A cruel-looking coast it was, of brown, red and ash-gray trap rock, from 150 to 1,300 feet in height, capped and wreathed with the cloud mists. Thousands of auks, gulls and guillemots, puffins, kittiwakes and cormorants flashed back and forth, looking in the far distance like motes in a sunbeam.

At last we reached the western end of the island, and made apparently for the face of a cliff; but it opened to a wide rift, with jagged ledges on either side, over which the surf was surging and falling back with an ugly, sucking sound. A line of green water lay between, and in we went on that line. There was no surf that day, and

the wind was northeast, so we could come close to the rocks. Then one of my men took me out, gripped my hand fast and slowly towed me upward over the seaweed-covered rocks, then the bare ones, then to rocky slopes, where the boats in summer are kept, then to higher ones to the winter boat houses, then to steps hewn from the solid rock, and so to the village path. I have never seen a more desolate place, or one which showed so forcibly the height and might of the winter seas.

Myggenoes Village, as I found, is not a cheerful place. It has perhaps 150 inhabitants, and there are no houses elsewhere on the island. Around the rocky bed of a brook the cabins are built, and sticks and stones and bones lie about in confusion. There is no attempt at gardening and grass plots. The summer is cold and short, the winds are strong; potatoes barely grow, and are small and soggy; the few little patches of barley never fully ripen. But wherever the ground is drained and cleared of stones, there the grass grows thick and long; the one sweet and gracious thing in Myggenoes—fragrant as sweet clover and adorned with pink catch-fly, daisies and saxifrage. Good grass and puffins are the compensations which Mother Nature bestows upon her Myggenoes children.

I am staying with Herr Abrahamsen, one of the chief men of the village. The first evening after my arrival he and his brother Paol went with me to see the nearest bird cliffs; first to neighboring outfields, where thousands of puffins have their nests in burrows between great boulders, and in grassy hummocks. Others live in grassy ledges on the cliffs, and in dangerous, grassy slopes, and a rope is necessary with which to reach their nests. I pointed to a hole, and asked Herr Paol if he thought there was a nest in it. "We will soon see," he replied, and lying down flat he inserted a long arm. A puffin was at home. I heard Herr Paol's exclamation as he was bitten, and an instant later he wriggled up, holding a struggling bird, the prettiest thing, with snow-white breast, clean, little, shining feet, and a big bill, which was a "symphony" of violets and green-blues and soft reds. I admired it much, and stroked its back, and was about to ask Herr Paol to put it back, when he wrung its neck before my horrified eyes. Of course I knew it is a puffin's fate to have its neck wrung, and I think I ate that one next day, and will probably eat thirty or forty more before I leave; but there is a sentiment about one's first puffin.

Then we went to see the homes of the "havhest" or gray gulls, climbing a long, steep, grassy slope, where Herr Paol thoughtfully walked below me so I could step by the side of his big feet; and we lay down and put our heads over a sharply sliced-off cliff and looked over and down ledges where the beautiful gray and white birds sat on their nests. The fog was milling up from the sea I don't know how far below, and the sun struggling through the clouds turned it into a glory of fantastic wreaths. Then to the guillemot and "rita" or kittiwake cliffs, where hundreds of guillemots sat bolt upright in rows like china figures on a chimney piece. The dainty little kittiwakes were nesting above them and making an astonishing noise, quite at variance with their pretty looks and manners. "He makes as much noise as a rita of the rocks," is an expressive Faroe proverb, applied to a noisy, talkative man. Having taken a general survey of the neighboring bird cliffs, so I could know where and how to go another day, we all returned to the village, and I went to sleep under a feather puff containing ten pounds of puffin feathers, and had the most awful dreams of rolling down grassy slopes and going plop into the sea; of sitting on narrow ledges that crumbled and gave way beneath my weight; of catching at things that snapped in my hands, and having boulders whiz past my ears. Indeed every night I fall off of something in my dreams, and have come to dread these inevitable nightly adventures. After a week on Myggenoes, one longs to be on a flat and flowery Western prairie and walk miles and miles in a straight line. I told my fears and dreams one day to an old sea dog of a Myggenoeser who was sitting on a cliff, and he assented sadly, and I found afterward that I had better have confided in any other man, for this one had had one son killed on the cliffs a fortnight before, and another drowned at sea in April.

A fine set of men are the Myggenoesers; hardy, athletic, brave, skilled cliff men, daring boatmen, proud and reserved to strangers, cheerful and very talkative among themselves. Their power of speech was a marvel to me; they had known each other intimately all their lives, are often weeks in the summer time and months in the winter time without one new idea coming from the outside world, and yet the stream of words can flow unceasingly for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. It was, to me, one of the wonders of Myggenoes.

The young girls, who work out of doors a good deal, are bright and healthy, but most of the married women look worn and sad. Their anxiety about the men must weigh upon them. Storms are sudden and violent; the coast and the landing dangerous. Boats have gone out for a day's fishing, have been obliged to take refuge in Bó or Sorvag, and for weeks and sometimes months the women did not know if their men folk were alive or dead. Not long ago a boat's crew of men stayed three months and a half in Sorvag before possible weather came, and the standard of a man of Myggenoes regarding the weather is not yours or mine. Bodies of men drowned in these waters are seldom found. But last spring when a boat was lost the fishing net drifted to the Vaagöe shore to tell the tale.

There is a little church here painted white, and sodded with turf on the roof. Service is held thrice a year, between April and October. A winter visit is not to be expected. Last autumn a young Myggenoeser was so inconsiderate as to plan to be married in November, so the pastor ventured to go. But a great storm arose, the boat was crushed in landing, and the occupants had a narrow escape. As for the dead, the people sing a psalm or two at their graves, and there they lie until the pastor's next visit, when a funeral sermon is preached in the churchyard. A desolate place, even in June, is that graveyard. No attention whatever is paid to the graves; there are no flowers, no grass, no headstones—only little posts with the numbers of their record in

the church books. Over all, and growing high above the churchyard wall, is a horribly rank growth of Angelica, and a bare spot, where it has been cut away, marks a new-made grave. Every Sunday the people meet in the church, and Herr Abrahamsen reads a sermon, and the people sing the psalms. These sermons are appointed to last two years. At the end of that time it is supposed that the first sermons have been forgotten, and Herr Abrahamsen begins over again. Bare floors, bare bench seats, a little white-covered altar, a beautiful antique brass basin, of fine repoussée work, large enough to hold triplets, two contribution boxes with handles, marked respectively, "For the school," and "For the poor of the land"—this is all the church contains. In the entry I saw a little shovel with long, carved handle, which the pastor uses in the burial service, casting earth on the graves three times, and saying, "From earth art thou come; to earth shalt thou go; from earth shalt thou rise again."

The school house is close to the church. We are having the June holidays of two weeks' duration, to enable the children to help in drying and bearing the peat. But if it is a stormy day, from my window I see the school master (who keeps bachelor's hall above the school room) open the casement and toot on a nondescript tooter. Then, since the children cannot work, they must go to school and study. What would our young Americans think of such an arrangement?

In August they will have another two weeks of these so-called holidays, when hay-making begins.

As I stand by the churchyard gate I can see the small boys and girls climbing and descending the hills with the peat racks on their shoulders; their chattering sounds like a chorus of titlarks. They will grow up and emulate the conversational powers of their forbears. They are sturdy little men and women, and as they wear the same costume as the grown-ups, I am often deceived while watching the fjelds, thinking that a little boy not far away is a grown man at a greater distance. I would gladly spend much time on the peat moors, but there ranges a bull—an ungracious animal, quick to note and disapprove a "fremmed folk" or stranger. It is silly to be afraid of Faroe bulls, so my Faroe friends tell me, and then they forget me in talk among themselves.

"Do you remember that time Sigmund was chased to the edge of that precipice, and hung on as long as he could and then dropped?"

"Was he killed?" I gasp.

"No, not quite; he did live, but he was pretty badly smashed." And then they go on, "Was it last year that man was killed on Fuglöe?"

"No; you're thinking of that case on Kunöe; Fuglöe's was year before last," etc.

It was a beautiful, calm morning at 8 o'clock to-day, and eight boats went to sea for fishing. Then in about two hours a great surfi arose; no wind, but probably the after effects of a storm at sea. Back came the boats, hurrying to get to shore before it grew too strong; but it was too quick for them, and they retreated to the open sea beyond the reefs of the rift. And there, while waiting for a lull, the men sang the home-coming song. I could hear their voices rising above the roar of the sea:

"Praise be to God,

Father in Heaven,

Who all things has created,

And praise His Son forevermore,

Who saves us all from danger;

And praise be to the Holy Ghost,

Who gives us of His Grace;

This praise has been before all time,

And shall be without end,

God us His mercy send!"

Then the first boat charged in, neared the rocks, found it could not land, whirled back to the lea of a cliff; there watched the waves and rushed in once more. Men on shore were waiting to help, the crew sprang out, all seized the boat, some being carried from their feet and dragged in the water, and it was swept on and over a ledge into a pool just as a mighty wave crashed down. One after another of the boats came in, the surf increasing, all on shore helping, watching the seas and giving the signal when to dash for the rocks. Then the women came trooping down with hot coffee, and the men sat down quietly, drenched as they were, and cleaned the fish they had caught. ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

Brigands and Their Ways.

THE abduction of Miss Ellen M. Stone, the American missionary, by brigands for a ransom, has turned the attention of the entire civilized world to the brigands and their ways. The following account of Greek brigands, written by a ransomed captive, gives an insight into brigandage as practiced throughout the East.

With the green leaves of spring, the brigands, who have been skulking in holes and corners all the winter, begin their season. The difficulties of movement in winter, the facility with which their steps might be traced in the snow, or their camps upon a bare hillside detected by the smoke, are over. Wood cutters, charcoal burners, herdsmen, and shepherds, who keep to the lower grounds in winter, now commence to spread over the hills in pursuit of their several callings, and become available as confederates and purveyors. For the next eight months the marauding bands have it all their own way on the mountains—not, as in former days, in small parties of five or six, indifferently armed, but numbering thirty, sixty or a hundred, armed with the best modern weapons. They sweep over the country, requisitioning the villages for provisions and money, and carrying off and holding to ransom any one whom they may ascertain to have the means of buying his life at their hands.

The connection of political ends with the savage excesses of brigandages must always be kept in mind. It was under the guise of supporting insurrection that filibustering parties landed on the coast and ravaged the district lying around Mount Olympus in 1878, distributed arms and ammunition among the peasantry, forced them from their homes, and finally left the worst of their numbers to form the nuclei of the bands which now devastate the country.

*For first paper see issue of March 2, 1901.

The impunity with which brigandage is carried on, and the consequent demoralization of the country, render easy the task of recruiting for the ranks of the various bodies. To organize a band is a process somewhat similar to shipping a crew for a voyage. It is bruited round that such and such a captain proposes to take the field and needs recruits; and among those who respond, if the chief is famous, not all are novices. Members of one band go over to another, according to their fancy. Accurate accounts of expenditure are kept, and a portion of all loot being put aside for expenses, each member is entitled to his share from this general fund on quitting. In dividing their booty a part is put aside for this expense fund, then the captain takes one-tenth, and the remainder is shared. Jealousies therefore exist among the chiefs, who do not care to see perhaps their best men joining a more popular captain. Brigands can never act without their spies and confederates, who obtain all the requisite information, leaving the enterprise itself to be carried out by the band. Implacable in their vengeance on any confederate who may betray them, they command what services they require. Frequently the non-compliance with the demand to be supplied with provisions has been visited with the most condign punishment.

It is one of their unalterable rules that no prisoner must be recaptured alive. This law it was that caused the massacre of the unfortunate Englishmen at Oropos, who were murdered as they tired and so became unable to keep up with the retreating band when troops were in pursuit. Therefore, in the captive's own interest, pursuit should be suspended pending the negotiations for ransom. Another of the unwritten laws by which they are inexorably guided, and which always lean toward ferocity and bloodshed, is that no captive must escape without satisfying the demands of the band. The following story, told me under circumstances which gave it thrilling interest, will show how pitilessly this law is carried out:

An unfortunate doctor, returning to his home at Yarina, fell into the hands of the brigand band under Catarakis. On being asked his means, he said he had £200 out at interest in Constantinople, and £180 which he was waiting to convey to his home when a safe opportunity occurred. The brigands agreed to take the £180, and the man with whom the doctor had been traveling, and from whom his horses were hired, was sent to bring the money. Time passed, the doctor treated several wounded members of the band and earned their gratitude, but the ransom arrived not. At last a message came from the trusted envoy, saying that he had been robbed of the money on the road. A meeting of the band was held, and the execution of the law decided. I asked the narrator of this tale whether they had no compassion for one who had done so much for them. He replied: "Some of us wished to spare him, but the captain would not hear of it." I asked him how the law had been executed. Nothing, I learned, was said to the doctor; but, on passing a deep ravine, his attention was drawn to something down below. As he looked he was struck from behind and fell on the rocks.

In September, 1879, the famous chief Niko perpetrated a crime as hideous as that which a civilized world has always declared Ed. About went too far in imagining. Niko entered a village, and, in the absence of the father, carried off two little girls, aged eleven and seven respectively. The father made up and sent a sum of money, which Niko accepted as ransom for one child. The wishes of the band were to release the younger, and three times the lots were drawn, each time in favor of the elder, who was accordingly released. A further demand was made on the father, which he would not meet, and, at the expiration of the time allowed, he received an intimation that he would find his child at a place named. The poor, little thing lay there dead, with its throat cut and a bunch of wild flowers still grasped in its hand.

After capturing a prisoner, the band will march for some days in different directions, with a view to baffling pursuit; and then the captive, being confided to a trustworthy guard, is taken to a place tolerably secure and utterly unknown to the other members, excepting the chief and one man, who brings the supplies. Thus the capture of any of the outposts, on which duty the remainder of the band are employed, would be useless as a means of discovering the captive. Supplies are obtained from confederates, and are brought long distances.

No band is complete without its tame sheep, one of a jet black color being preferred, as not easily visible at night. This animal, taken from the flock when young, and brought up among the brigands, becomes much attached to them. I have been told of cases where the instinct of the sheep has given intimation of the presence of troops in ambush or approaching. But its chief use is to take charge of and lead the sheep carried off for provisions. The brigands will sometimes seize twenty to thirty at a time, herding them in some remote valley high up in the mountains, and consuming them as required, thus rendering themselves independent of supplies from below.

The favorite weapon of the day among the brigands is the Gras rifle; but it can only be obtained of deserters from the Greek army. Other weapons with which they are armed are the Milonas or condemned Greek rifle, and some few have Martinis. Besides the rifles they carry a short sword or yataghan, a hanger or smaller weapon of the same kind, a revolver, and an assortment of knives—as they avoid eating their food with the knife used for murder. Their ammunition is worn in bandoliers on their chests, and slung around them. Every man carries a wallet containing cleaning things for his rifle, perhaps for himself, needles and thread, and odds and ends. There are also some spare wallets to contain the general property.

The fustanella or plaited kilt is usually worn, and before being put on it is soaked in oil, which makes it of the neutral color required, and renders it less pliable to retain parasites. A large cape with a capote or hood, and made of wool and goat's hair, completes their equipment. Some are foppishly inclined, and adorn themselves with most gorgeous gold-embroidered garments, while others cover themselves with silver ornaments, of which a man will wear some thirty pounds' worth on his person.

Flint and steel are carried by all; and they are very clever at making fires—one especially without smoke. Very dry wood is necessary for this purpose; it is care-

fully split, and the pieces laid crossways on each other, something in the fashion of the altars in "old saints;" light is applied on the top, and the sticks burn downward, giving out much heat, but no smoke.

Strong drinks being avoided when on business, brigands become great connoisseurs of water, preferring streams that run through beech forests to those where oak or pine leaves drop into the current. They also have their favorite springs, on the merits of which they descant as some people do of wine.

Though many of them are ignorant savages, others are not wanting in education. It is common among them to read and write their native Greek, and several speak other languages. The chief Niko has learned to read and write since he took to the life of a brigand, and in summer he carries a small selection of books about with him; in winter his library is limited to a school edition of the life of Alexander the Great, and a manuscript of some of the miracles of old saints. Superstitious as all the class they belong to, these ruffians hold the Church in considerable veneration. They never omit to cross themselves at their meals, though their conversation is mingled with the most hideous blasphemies. When one of their number is killed, or too badly wounded to keep up with the band, his head is cut off and carried away, partly with a view to escape identification, and partly that they may be enabled to bury it within the precincts of the church yard, a custom they invariably endeavor to carry out.

Natural History.

Bird and Fish Migration.

In every age and clime, and before the extent of their annual pilgrimage was known or surmised, men marveled at the recurring flight of the winged wanderers of the tenuous air. They came and went; none beheld them, nor knew whither they sailed; naught of farewell did they give, but silently floated away into viewless space. With a knowledge of the wanderings of the feathered host, greater has become the marvel and deeper the mystery of their far-stretching flight, yet the journey of the plumed caravans, however worthy of the admiring praise bestowed in prose and verse, falls far short, in long-suffering privation, hardship and danger, of that imposed upon the migrants of the deep.

We cannot lift the veil that shrouds the abyss of waters; we only know that, somewhere from out its mysterious depths, there emerges, at regular intervals, a marine courser of graceful lines, which, with arrowy speed, plunges into the rushing current of our Northern rivers. This creature, cast in elegant mould, stirs the admiration of its supreme enemy, not so much by its symmetry of form, beauty of armor, or savor of flesh, as by its self-imposed privation and sacrifice, its dauntless energy, its magnificent physical prowess.

The kingly salmon, fresh from the ocean's boundless pasturage, and nourished into condition fit for the terrible ordeal that awaits it, is a vital engine of wondrous power. Man's utmost cunning cannot shape a device that will move, or even lie, in the water as it will, nor can his subtle mind explain the dynamic relation of its various postures with the resulting motion. Up, through a plunging, watery avalanche, its lithe and supple body cleaves its way; or, with the tenuous and mobile element as an unstable base, it is flung, in lofty arc, through the incumbent air. Yet these, and other impressive exhibitions of force, are effected by thin and delicate membranes, of action as diverse as the shifting pinions that the skill of the mariner adapts to the zephyr's kiss, the breeze's strain, or the tempest's rending blast.

In shapely curves, gently tapering toward either extremity of the body, are masses of muscle, braced and supported by a flexible framework of ribs and spinal column, that, with pliant lateral sweeps, urge it forward with amazing power. These masses of flesh are divisible into flakes, that, for the most part, may be considered as separate intercostal muscles, constricting the ribs, and effecting bodily flexures varying in degree. At the outset of the salmon's fluvial journey, upon quitting the ocean's brine, these flakes are separated by films of fat, not only serving as a lubricant to the intervening muscles, but also as a fuel, and furnishing, with other deposits, a store of energy to the organic engine that, in its far wanderings, knows no source of supply save the fruitful mother of waters from whose bosom it departs. For the finny migrant, in its arduous pilgrimage, the end of which, with many colonies, is death to each and every individual, finds, or at least seeks, no sustenance in the alien element to which, in all-absorbing parental anxiety, it is irresistibly impelled.

This abstinence is the seeming outcome of a stern and inflexible evolutionary process, remorseless to the individual, but kindly to the race, which it seeks to conserve. In the formation and growth of the migratory instinct, especially when involving the attainment of remote spawning places, it is obvious that a seasonable arrival would be oftenest affected by such fish as hastened most to their destination. Delay would hazard the full development of the spawn, and its enforced deposit in barren places; or, if cast in suitable localities, the resulting progeny, in competition with earlier and more vigorous hatchlings, would be the weaker in the struggle for existence, and thus afford fewer survivals. Moreover, the departure of the young fish is taken at a definite period, and such as lacked a proper degree of development, if joining the main body, would soonest succumb to the hardships and dangers of the long seaward journey. If remaining behind, and undertaking later the descent of their natal stream, their lesser number, and, perhaps, a more unpropitious, but certainly a more untimely season, would inure to their greater disadvantage. Such influences, exerted generation after generation, and, with pitiless operation, ever sifting out the laggards and conserving the expeditious, would necessarily tend to develop a race in which the breeding impulse would be-

¹The abundance and size of North Pacific fish is amazing. Cod, herring, halibut, salmon, etc., average greater weight than those of the Atlantic. Salmon have been caught exceeding 100 pounds.

come paramount, extinguishing both the desire and the capacity for food, and followed to exhaustion and death.

With the king or quinnat salmon, and probably with all species, both in the Atlantic and the Pacific, a modification of the alimentary organs seems to be effected upon the entry of the fish into fresh water. The gullet contracts and the stomach shrinks, so that the retention, or even the swallowing, of food would be difficult. At the Pacific breeding stations the streams are barricaded so as to arrest the ascent of the salmon, and thus to hold them pending the requirements of the hatchery. A relentless impulse, bred in their dull brains through the winnowing ages, chains the struggling fish to their place below the barrier, where, for weeks and even for months they blindly breast the river's current, its steady flow yielding them no rest, nor bearing them appreciable sustenance. From three to five months is the usual period of detention, and, when it is considered that, through all that time, the fish, unenriched and unrefreshed, are engaged night and day in holding their ground, the feat may be regarded as one with scarce a parallel in animal nature.

Its accomplishment, however, involves a fearful drain upon the physical powers, for, from the moment that the armored pilgrim emerges from the brine, he, to all appearance, subsists upon his own substance, consumes his own flesh and blood. The vital current that, in rich and abundant flow, strengthened every muscle and steeled every nerve, slowly and steadily diminishes, and at last almost disappears. Day by day, the inter-muscular layer of fat diminish, and finally vanish, the rosy hue of the wasting flesh turns to a dirty white, and even the scale fall away and appear to be absorbed into the body. Into the alimentary furnace of this wonderful organic engine is everything apparently cast that will feed the flickering flame of life, until the worn and ravaged encasement, like a dismantled hulk, drifts, without guidance or impulse, at the mercy of the descending waters.

The finny caravan, at the outset of its fateful pilgrimage to the cradle of its race, breasts the ocean in a massive host, the burdened females, with anxious care for the promise of the future, proceeding behind a vanguard of the largest and strongest of their brethren. In their armor's silvery sheen, no joint unloosened, no plate displaced; in their gay coloring, flashing with rainbow hues in the swelling curves of their shapely forms, as, with buoyant grace and eager bound, they course the sparkling waves, those knightly pioneers betoken a fullness of preparation for their mission of hardship, danger and death. Sad, indeed, is the contrast presented later, when, with thinned ranks, and frames battered, distorted and emaciated, they feebly and ineffectively seek to return to the far-off fountain of their strength.

Keeping close to the coast, perhaps as a partial protection against a multitude of enemies, the approach of the embattled array is discernible at a distance, their dense ranks surging forward over the heaving ocean. So assiduously do they seek the cover of the land that, when encountering a deep bay, they have been observed to follow its indented curves in preference to taking a straight course across its mouth. Watchful of marine animals, but unwary of other dangers that enmesh their shoreward path, they speed along, and only as they near their destined estuary do they become otherwise circumspect. Carefully reconnoitering, they suspend their advance, perhaps with a view of effecting a satisfactory identification; perhaps to determine the presence of dangers feared, but unseen. After this preliminary halt they enter the estuary's confines, and where the ocean's brine mingles with the alien element to which they shrink from committing themselves, a longer halt is made. Here, upon the border between fruitful and barren waters, they may tarry week or more, gaily disporting themselves in a medium that lends to beauty of form every grace of motion. Their vacant brains cannot be prescient of coming privation and suffering; they cannot linger because mindful of the tragedy to which their present joys form only a mocking overture. Perhaps they await a proper adjustment of the temperature of the effluent waters; perhaps a due development of their quickening burden; but, more likely, a adaptation to an unaccustomed element. Day by day, however, their parental anxieties deepen and soon common and an overwhelming impulse urges them forward into a valley of death whose rushing waters become the fruitful nursery of a new life.

Sometimes to wondering, sometimes to incredulous ears, there have been borne tales of the finny wealth of Alaskan waters; but, as a matter of exact information, it may be mentioned that upon Aug. 2, 1889, the canner nets at the entrance of Karluk River took in, by actual count, 153,000 salmon of an average weight of 20 pounds. That was the number of quinnat, or king salmon, yielded in one day, by a little island river but a score of miles in breadth at its mouth, and scarce as many miles in length. From the single fact that instanced, it will easily be inferred that, in vastness of number, in orderliness of movement, and in absorption of purpose, the fluvial advance of these finny hosts forms a deeply impressive spectacle. Against the river's ebb there flows a counter but a living tide that, filling its bed from bank to bank, surges upward in dense and compact array, seeking, with fervid resolve, to attain the life-giving upper reaches of the opposing stream. These are gravelly beds, in shallow waters, whose rapid flow and limited depth admit to the deposited germs an abundance of air and sunshine that quickens them into active life. Within these beds the parent fish scoop hollows that receive the ova, while they then cover with gravel; but the accomplishment of the unquenchable aim that, through weeks or months of toilsome endeavor, has sustained them, seems to bring no abatement of parental concern. Little, very little, can they now do to further the development of their precious brood, rocked in bright and sparkling waters, whose every motion bears to the loosely covered germs the need of vitalizing oxygen. Nevertheless, though thus kindly nurtured, the anxious parents seem loth to qu-

²"It is said that the incoming mass of salmon so choke some of the smaller streams as to cause them to overflow their banks." Atkinson's Travels on Amoor River in "Cruise of the Marchesa F. H. Guillemard, 1886, says that thousands perished in the Kachkatkan rivers by being forced upon the banks. These small streams are doubtless overcrowded by reason of their accessibility, and thus many are driven to spawn in the upper tributaries of large rivers.

their cradled offspring, and their deeply sunken eyes watch, with perhaps anxious solicitude, the place of burial. But the glad day of resurrection is not for them; their fins, worn white and ragged and crippled by a fungus growth, feebly hold them against the current. Gradually they succumb, and, though borne downward, it is with heads turned toward their buried brood, save occasionally, in some mad flurry, they may rush a short distance with the hurrying stream. Parasites invade their gills, and thus, with impeded respiration and enfeebled body, the end draws near; a violent thrashing of the water, perhaps a dart into the air, and it is only another dead fish floating down to the distant and all-receiving sea.

At all distances exceeding 500 miles, it seems certain that none of the fish regain the ocean alive, and that within such distance the survivors form but a small portion of the original host. It follows that in the upper waters of the Columbia, whose remoter spawning beds are far beyond that limit, that the finny pilgrims immolate themselves to the last individual. This great river was not always known as now; its former and more impressive designation, when it traversed an unknown wilderness, is embalmed in Bryant's lines:

"Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashing.

The poet's language implies that, even within a few years of its discovery, it was known to be a turbulent stream, and such it is to-day. From its remote source to near its mouth, its course is marked by a swift current; its navigable reaches broken by fierce rapids, impassable to vessels. Vainly, however, is the might of the furious river exerted against the indomitable salmon, that, with masterful strength and activity, overcome each and all of the varied oppositions of the shouting waters. If confronted with a foaming rapid, where the chafed and angry flood, in mazy whirls, darts hither and yon, the fearless adventurers, undismayed by the mad riot of confused and opposing currents, fling themselves into the fray.

There is in all creatures whose habits confront them with peculiar exigencies a wonderful adaptation thereto, the mode of accomplishment being often inscrutable. The chamois of the Alps, the Rocky Mountain goat, and the argali, if suddenly facing an unlooked-for danger, will plunge down a precipice and, alighting upon a narrow ledge, will again and again repeat the startling performance, until reaching the bottom. Here is a wonderful correlation of propulsive and restraining effort, an accurate and instantaneous adjustment of momentum to weight, accomplished with certainty of result, though under stress of sudden alarm. If the animal puts too much effort in his leap, he will overshoot his little mark, and fall headlong; but landing, he must at once arrest his momentum, preparatory to another bound, else his impaired balance would entail disaster. With his precarious footing and narrow lodgment, he automatically determines the amount of restraining force, exerting it gradually, and then expanding it into another propulsive movement, of like mathematical accuracy, he bounds downward like a rubber ball. An expert gymnast, by frequent experimental effort, might ascertain the precise degree of force necessary to perform a single step of the series mentioned; but the chamois, in fear and discomposure, at all the different stages of descent, varies its expenditure of energy with a nicety of precision that would seem to imply powers of perception almost verging upon a distinct sense.

Some such apprehension or sense, if sense it be, must seemingly be attributed to the royal salmon, who, in the turmoil and tumult of wildly seething waters, discerns ways and means of progress, not open to our scrutiny, or, perhaps, to our understanding, even if revealed to our wishful eyes. With careful venture, the finny acrobat slowly climbs the water steps, and, in his advance, nurses his strength by tarrying in every pool, or reach of slackened water; even the depths of a boiling cauldron may afford him needed rest, for, amid the roar and riot, his occult sense perhaps reveals the neighborhood of hidden waters of comparative quietude.

Within two hundred miles of the Columbia's mouth there are two effective obstructions to navigation, the first known as the Cascades; the second, forty miles beyond, the Dalles, through which latter the river, narrowed by vertical walls, rushes with tumultuous speed. In each of these dangerous reaches, perhaps many salmon meet with grievous injury, for skill and adaptiveness may not guard against every manifestation of wildly erratic waters. Beyond are yet other rapids, and, with the passage of all, there follow foaming cataracts, whose vertical plunge confronts the toiling wayfarers with loud-voiced defiance; but the wasted, yet undaunted, band assail the barrier. Again and again, in graceful vault, they hurl themselves against the water's thundering front; if beaten back, bruised and lacerated by jagged rocks, the assault is renewed until exhaustion, defeat, or success, crown their endeavor. Thus struggling onward and upward, ever battling with the varied outbursts of the contending stream, they attain, at last, its shallows, where, if the depth be insufficient to float their worn bodies, they force

themselves along upon their sides, or, with straining effort, hop along until deeper water is attained. Now do they near the bourne of their long and arduous pilgrimage; beyond is their natal bed, the very cradle, where rocking waters ushered them into existence. "As a bird that wandereth from her nest," so does the attenuated pilgrim from the far-off sea know the place, the identical spot, of his birth, and he regains it but to die."

Among the various tributaries of the Columbia it is difficult to determine the furthest attainment of the salmon; they ascend to the Bitter Root Mountains, far up in Idaho, to Spokane Falls, Lower and Upper Kettle Falls, and, perhaps, beyond, for the extreme limit attained in the days of departed abundance is not now known, but was probably not far from a thousand miles of toilsome ascent.

Against the mighty ocean that thunders upon the Western coast of our hemisphere there is uplifted a mountainous wall that, with varying elevation, stretches from the border of the South to that of the North polar zone. Nearing the latter, it no longer opposes its soaring peaks to the retreating sea, but, with drooping crest and diminishing base, loses itself in wide wastes of frozen soil, to which an Arctic summer lends a passing flush of green. Across these barren tundras there winds a flood of waters, gathered from the landward slope of the snowclad Rockies; a rolling tide that forms our Continent's largest Western outflow. This river is the Yukon, that in length and in volume exceeds the lordly Columbia, and, also, in the wealth and in the range of its salmon. From its remote beginning in the Pelly Lakes, to where it meets the embrace of the welcoming sea, the eager river hastens over an oft-vexed and troubled course of 2,300 miles. Between these far distant points, and through the long, intervening stretch of fiercely opposing waters, do the toilers of the widely Sundered sea struggle to accomplish the supreme end of their brief and unthinking lives.

In ascending a large river, having a number of tributaries, the first of the arriving shoals are usually those that strike for the remotest waters. Next may follow those bound for a lower and a nearer tributary, and, so, in due order, the various "runs," as they are called, make their successive appearance, and it may be some months before the last of the mailed legions crosses the bar of its fateful Rubicon. In the Sacramento the first "run" ascends leisurely, perhaps averaging but two or three miles a day, reaching the head waters, near Mount Shasta, in five or six months. In the Columbia the movement is more rapid, and in the Yukon it is the speediest of all. To effect the deposition of the spawn by the first of November, the seasonable period, requires, of course, an expedition of movement corresponding to the remoteness of the destination, and thus the Yukon salmon need to be far more active than their brethren of the Sacramento, who probably prolong the daily sestas that they take in quiet pools. In the Yukon the run begins in June and lasts but five weeks, so that in about four months the head water fish attain their far distant bourne. It would almost appear as though these timely voyagers possessed an itinerary of the route, the fish of one river knowing that a daily jaunt of two or three miles would suffice; the others, that they must set for themselves a task five or six times as great. It would seem, however, to be probable that each school of fish starts with an inherited impulse to perform the daily average that the distance calls for: it being, moreover, evident that the fish conserve their strength to the utmost, and extend their journey to the full limit of the time that is required. This nicety of adjustment is the accomplishment of the race, not of individuals. For thousands of years the route has probably been traversed, and those of each generation whose effort was most economical and most timely, were those that maintained their species, but for those that dallied, or blindly stumbled into divergent paths, the penalty was that of the Mosaic law. "Ye shall sow your seed in vain."

In his descent of the Yukon the explorer, Schwatka, found its current impetuous and rapid, much of his downward drift being accomplished at the rate of four miles an hour. In what he styles the "Grand Cañon of the Yukon," the river enters a chasm, with vertical walls, between which it is compressed to a tenth of its former width. Through this narrow cleft the tortured stream rushes in a foaming, billowy mass, its angry roar, reverberated from the inclosing walls, being thundered afar; but the salmon, braving the wrath of the maddened waters, penetrate the gorge and emerge upon the smoother reaches beyond. Other rapids are passed; other dread obstacles overcome; day by day the implacable current's wearing flow is mastered; many droop and

⁹ Well-ascertained fact.—U. S. Fish. Bull., 1893, p. 99.

¹⁰ Lord, in his "Naturalist in British Columbia," p. 74, says that he has seen fifty salmon in the air at one time, struggling to surmount Upper Kettle Falls, which, except at highest flood, were impassable. After every futile effort they would take refuge in comparatively still water, behind a rock, or in a hollow, to rest before renewing the attempt.

The height of a salmon's leap, as officially determined by the Norwegian Government, is 16 feet. Swainson, Chap. IV., "Habits of Animals," says on the Irish river Liffey there is a 19-foot fall that has been cleared by salmon. In Labrador 10-pound fish have been observed to vault 18 feet, presumed to need a preliminary velocity of twenty-three miles an hour. It is not unlikely that the giant salmon of the Pacific, with sufficient water to exert their full energy, could exceed these leaps; but such fish as probably cleared both Lower and Upper Kettle Falls will never do so again, for they have been practically exterminated.

¹¹ Warburton's "Through the Sub-Arctic Forest," p. 175.

¹² Those who have followed Schwatka have not been so moderate in their estimates. N. A. Beddo, president of Yukon Trans. Co., and contractor for carrying the mail, is quoted as saying that for 500 miles the Yukon current averages eight miles an hour. A letter from a corporal in the Can. Mtd. Police states that below the rapids it averages at least seven miles an hour.—London Times, Aug. 17, 1897.

¹³ Various voyagers differently describe the cañon as from 30 to 60 feet wide, but join in saying that the terrible velocity of the current heaps its waters in the middle, where it is much higher than at the sides. One correspondent (N. Y. Sun, July 25, 1897) says he shot through this "hell of waters" three-quarters of a mile in two minutes ten seconds. Another (Leslie's Weekly, New York, Jan. 20, 1898) accomplished it in two minutes twenty seconds. A third (Cosmopolitan Mag., September, 1897) says two minutes twenty-nine seconds; but the poet Joaquin Miller bears off the palm with a passage of one minute forty-five seconds, or about twenty-six miles an hour.—N. Y. Journal, Aug. 30, 1897.

How long it takes the salmon to overcome these rapids is an interesting speculation. Among the other rapids are the White Horse, known as the Miner's Grave, and which are described as being more dangerous than those of the cañon.

downward drift, but the dwindling caravan struggles unflinchingly on, a trail of death behind, but before the goal of a dawning life.

The brief Arctic summer is past; the awakened winter, with a grasp of his icy hand, has closed the gateway of the far-flowing river; then, firmly fettering each successive bend and branch, follows southward in the wake of the ascending fish. For the remoter voyagers, those that have attained the upper waters, there can now be no retreat, but of that no suggestion can find lodgment in their barren brains. The followers of the Prophet that journey to his tomb over deserts whitened by the bones of generations of predecessors have not a tithe of the purpose that sustains these hurrying, witless pilgrims. The utmost fervor of religious zeal is not comparable to the tyranny of a remorseless instinct that lashes its straining victims to their doom. The salmon of the head waters may be regarded simply as an exquisitely devised automaton, sensible of but one end, one purpose, the attainment of its place of oviposit; to that consummation it devotes the last spark of its energy, and then ceases to exist.

The river's source attained, the bourne that becomes at once a cradle and a tomb, it is but a portion of the wasted remnant that fully accomplish the object of their being. Yet they linger, ghastly reminders of departed strength and ravaged grace, until, one by one, they are borne down in the swirl of the stream, and thus, with the uncertain foundation of the coming, the present generation passes away. Still, the Frost King, careering wide, is sweeping down from the North; but a few days and the breath of his desolation will fall upon the land. Then this brawling stream will be still and dumb, and these tiny caskets of an incipient life lie beneath thick armor of ice and deep drapery of snow; for, eve by eve, the waning sun droops lower in the south. It sinks, and nature, hushed in sheeted sleep, awaits the distant day when the returning orb, with brighter glow and wakening call, shall deeply stir her latent life. Its fetters riven, the pulseless stream will lift its voice again, and, with wild tumult and exulting rush, speed to its furthest bound. Such joyous resurrection may not be that of the embosomed germs; these may be whelmed beneath the wilful torrent's changing bed; but, if undisturbed, may then be nurtured into life. Doubtful is this apparent boon to the tiny creatures flung into a pool of perils, for they escape the freshest to become the prey of a multitude of enemies, of both fin and feather. Comparatively few survive; it may even happen that none reach the far-distant sea, and then vain was the parental toil and travail, and barren the long pilgrimage, with its strain of suffering and death.

Upon arriving at the mouth of the great river, whose tumultuous course they may have followed for over two thousand miles, the young salmon of the head waters find themselves confronted with the chill obscurity of the Arctic Ocean. Without halt or hesitation, unguided and undirected, save by a mysterious impulse, the tiny voyagers plunge into the far-stretching gloom, and, holding no doubtful or uncertain course, attain their destined goal. That goal is certainly not in the frozen sea, but must be in the distant Pacific, whose vivifying waters abound with the sustenance whereupon the pigny starveling may develop into the giant salmon. The accomplishment of this marine journey, through, probably, nearly a thousand miles of shadowy depths, by young, tender and untutored fledglings, to whom every foot of the long way is unknown, or, at least, strange, is the most bewildering incident of a most marvelous pilgrimage. The feathered voyager that, with wanton wing, speeds through the upper deep, carols gaily as the green world glides beneath him, but the finny migrant has no panoramic view, he toils in darkness his allotted and unerring way.

For twenty-six hundred miles or more the salmon ascend the Amoor River, a great stream flowing into the Okhotsk Sea, which is frozen over for nearly half the year, and thus their progeny need, when emerging thereupon, to traverse its length and gain the ocean beyond, the same adverse conditions, in equal or in greater degree, opposing the issuing salmon of most of the Kamchatka rivers, as well as those of Russia that empty into the Arctic Sea.

That the migrating salmon project their uncharted course with absolute certainty and directness, can only be inferred, not indubitably proved; but from the mass of collateral evidence may be cited that of the former migration of the Ontario salmon. Seventy years ago, not only all of the hundred and odd tributaries of the St. Lawrence, but every affluent of Lake Ontario, affording reproductive facilities, abounded with salmon.¹⁴ From the far-distant sea, each of the numerous ascending colonies fought its way through the many swift rapids of the great lacustrine river, and, traversing Ontario's broad expanse, attained its natal stream. At the western extremity of the lake are three rivers—the Credit, the Humber and the Rouge—all in the vicinity of Toronto, each, in its day, containing an abundance of salmon. In the initial voyage of their lives, the young fish, upon quitting the parent river for the remote ocean, encountered in the waters of the inland sea a problem of navigation substantially as difficult as that facing the emergent migrants of rivers discharging into the great deep. Two hundred and fifty miles away was the great lake's effluent, fifteen miles broad, with a sluggish and scarcely perceptible current, and thither the finny travelers pursued their uninstructed but, probably, undeviating way. At the base of an escarpment, extending along the northern lake bottom, the water attains its greatest depth, 600 feet, and it is most likely that over these depths the seaward course was projected. Similarly, it is recorded that the salmon were formerly plentiful in Otter Creek, Vermont, a stream emptying upon the easterly shore of Lake Champlain. In this case, as in the other, the seaward bound fish, upon meeting the still waters of the broad lake, had no longer a current to follow; they, however, turned to the north, descended the lake's distant affluent, followed it to the St. Lawrence, and upon reaching the great gulf of the latter river, still held their course for the ocean, and,

¹⁴ It has been definitely ascertained with respect to English salmon that about one-half of the hatching goes to sea the first year, nearly one-half the second year, and the small remainder the third year. It is also confidently believed that the adult fish only ascend the streams every second year, and the same habits are probably incident to all salmon, being protective acquisitions of obviously great value to the race.

³ When a barrier is reached, salmon charge it repeatedly and persistently without regard to the injuries they sustain.—U. S. Fish. Bull., 1892. As evidence of their dauntless purpose, it is related that at the hatchery upon the McCloud River, Cal., a stout, wooden barrier was assailed by them so violently as to enable a few to force a passage. Over a hundred a minute were counted hurling themselves through the air and striking the structure with a great shock.

—U. S. Fish. Com. Report, 1878, p. 745.

⁴ A trout will zigzag up a vertical fall so swiftly that the eye can only follow with difficulty his movement; but if a fin happen to project beyond the edge of the cascade he drops to its base. A salmon, by reason of his greater size, cannot resort to the same tactics. A vertical fall of water, of sufficient thickness and breadth to immerse his body, and give it freedom of scope of motion, is very rare, and such fall could probably be more easily leaped than swam. The water at the foot of a vertical fall of 16 feet should attain a velocity of eleven miles an hour; but, if there be a sufficient depth of water, the fall can be approached with a rush and a bound that may enable the fish to clear it. Unless with such deep water, the salmon cannot gain the requisite impetus, and in acquiring it he exerts his utmost energy, his tail vibrating with exceeding rapidity.

⁵ At Lower Kettle Falls there is a vertical descent of 10 feet, followed by 20 or 30 feet of a boiling, seething rapid. Here the salmon have been observed to dart out of the water like an arrow, sometimes sustaining themselves for 20 feet in the air, then dropping into the seething cauldron at the base. Sometimes he strikes the vertical portion, but rarely impinges near the crest, and "then, with every muscle strung to its utmost tension, his body quivering in every inch of its length, he fights the descending current."—U. S. Fish. Bull., 1895, p. 253.

doubtless, somewhere within its depths, found the accustomed abiding place of their species. Again; the shad hatched in the Connecticut River, upon arriving at the Sound, follow the river's effluent waters to the westward, then, doubling upon their course, make for the eastern entrance to the Sound, and, entering the ocean, strike for the deeps beyond the edge of the continental plateau.²³

It may be urged, in explanation of these mysteriously infallible movements of migrating fish, that they result from the operation of an inherited memory; that, at various points of the untraveled route before them, the finny pilgrims encounter certain features, a distinctive formation of sea bottom, marine currents, or local water temperatures that awaken dormant impulses and induce the habitual ancestral action associated with such impressions. It cannot, however, be assumed that fish in their ocean journeys are guided by local features. Tagged salmon have been found 500 miles or more from their native rivers, and in their wanderings doubtless far exceed that distance. In the ocean absolute darkness prevails at a depth of 200 fathoms, and great obscurity at less than a fourth of that distance. The bottom characteristics cannot, therefore, discerned; moreover, the range of the piscine eye is very limited. Furthermore, salmon, and many other fish, cannot, by reason of the pressure exerted, descend to great depths, like herring and other deep sea fish, having, apparently, no special organic provision to that end. Nor can a fish, upon entering a marine current, determine the fact, for every surrounding object partakes of the motion. Local variations of temperature are, of course, inconstant; but a final argument against the guidance of the finny migrant by these various deductions is that they involve a degree of intelligence that cannot be predicated of such lowly creatures;²⁴ the accomplishment being, to all appearances, that of an unreasoning instinct. This argument also operates against the assumption that the direction sense is due to a perception of the magnetic current that points the needle to the pole, for the determination thereby of a remote locality, deviously approached, implies constant inference and comparison. Without a knowledge of the latitude and longitude, such determination, even by an intelligent and experienced navigator, is exceedingly difficult; for, with all the aids of modern science, it took Pribylov eighteen years to discover the breeding islands of the North Pacific fur seal that now bear his name. Even then his prolonged and diligent search was only rewarded by the accidental hearing of the assembled seal herd's tremendous roaring, that was borne to his ears through the impenetrable mist. Fogs are almost continuous during the breeding season, but the seal, however remote his wandering, however thick the veil that overhangs the unvaried expanse, directs his certain course to a particular spot upon a particular island. With the requisite development of their young, the herd quit the grounds, and journey southward, in mid ocean, the outgoing and incoming routes describing a wide ellipse of probably five or six thousand miles. This annual migration has been performed for ages, and the dumb voyager's infallible chart is certainly not projected by the aid of magnetic currents, for the needle's direction changes from year to year; it is, moreover, different at the same time in different places, and the human navigator needs to make allowance therefor.

Innumerable instances might be given of various animals, large and small, being carried long distances, by devious routes, sometimes inclosed in boxes, bags, etc., but in all cases under circumstances affording the imprisoned creature no opportunity of topographical observation; yet it, when released at an unwelcome destination, was enabled to take a direct course to its accustomed abode.²⁵ In these many familiar cases, the perception of the remote locality so readily attained must be distinct and clear, and, although no visual image is projected, the bourn is sought with the same confidence and reached with the same certainty as though seen. Evidently, therefore, there is some mysterious sense in operation taking cognizance of some equally mysterious property of matter.²⁶ The constitution of the latter is unknown to us; but we do know, however, that to the six forms of energy with which we were previously acquainted, we have lately added three, viz., the Roentgen, the Hertz and the Becquerel rays. It is not impossible, indeed, that the manifestations of energy may be as varied as those of elementary matter, and that the latter are simply centers of

the former. Sir William Crookes, President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and, also, of the Society of Psychical Research, after stating, in a recent address to the two bodies mentioned, that knowledge may enter the mind without being communicated in any hitherto known or recognized way, sustains Faraday's view of the matter, namely, that it is not only penetrable in the mass, but that each ultimate atom is also mutually penetrable; that, so to say, while retaining its center of force, it extends through all space; in other words, certain impulses are indefinitely propagated outward from material particles that thus become substantially in touch with one another.

Our visual impression of an object, or sense, is impressed upon only a tiny portion of our organism, receiving certain radiations dispersed from the exterior of the thing viewed; but it is conceivable that every particle of the object seen is also dispersing radiations, of which the sensory apparatus, as a whole, may take cognizance. These unknown material impulses may be simultaneously projected upon the brain and upon every nerve of the body, and the receptiveness of such impressions may be dependent upon the volition of the individual, just as by listening or watching we may be enabled to hear or perceive. Such amplified area of sensibility should greatly extend its range of operation; therefore, extravagant as it may appear, a fully developed impressibility might become sensible of an object thousands of miles away, and it is seemingly only upon such theory that the phenomena of the direction sense can be adequately explained.

With the "light tenants of the sky," that voyage the thin and transparent air, these phenomena are seemingly less mysterious. Equally, however, with the travelers of the dark corridors of the sea, their performances are irreconcilable with any theory of inherited memory, or impartment of knowledge from older to younger birds. For the latter often form the vanguard of the migrating host. While the journeys of birds of passage may not exceed in extent those of the sperm whale, or of large marine fish, the attainment of their remote bourn, guided by the same unerring impulse, is equally assured. Among the most striking of these feathered pilgrimages is that of the Kuaka, a sort of snipe that summers in North Siberia. Leaving New Zealand in April, the departing flocks assemble in vast numbers at Cape Reinga, the end of the tongue of land forming the extreme northerly point of the island. From thence, at the close of the southern summer, they set out upon their 8,000-mile voyage over Norfolk, New Caledonia and other islands; thereby attaining the east coast of China, much of which they follow to their far home laved by the icy waters of the Arctic Sea. The Knot (*Tringa Islandica*) is an Arctic bird that also wanders to the remote south from far beyond the 82d parallel, having, probably, its breeding ground in the vicinity of the North Pole. There, secure beyond an icy rampart, against which the might of our civilization has been vainly flung, the young of these wide wanderers are cradled into existence. Then, gaining size and strength upon probably abundant stores of food, they set out in a few months upon a wondrous journey, whose ultimate verge almost attains the opposite polar zone. For New Zealand, Australia and South Africa is the remote bourn of these aerial couriers, whose tireless beat of wing in the far heights of our upper atmosphere sweep beneath them, in a moving panorama, the upper and nether lobes of the Eastern Hemisphere. Its wings apparently fixed and motionless, the wandering albatross sails the Southern seas with wonderful ease and grace, now rising high, now skimming the crests of the waves; but, with all its unceasing changes of movement and direction, it never loses touch with a lone little island,²⁷ in that watery desert, and be it a thousand of miles away, it betakes itself thither at nesting time.

Of the very few birds that breed in the Antarctic, one is the Wilson's petrel, which nests on Desolation Island. In the southern winter it comes north, and is one of the commonest birds observed in the Atlantic by summer voyagers. This errant bird's existence may be said to be a perennial summer; for, with that season's waning warmth, it quits the Northern Hemisphere, and hastens to trans-equatorial seas, where, under another sky, but an unchanged clime, it swiftly skirts the austral waves. The bold, little navigator, uncharted and uncompassed, roams, in hardy confidence, the wide ocean at will, no doubt oppressing, no hesitation halting, the unwearied beat of its wing. With the dawn of parental solicitude, it bears its course to its barren island, and there, in the solitude and silence of the great South Sea, it rears in security its tender brood.

A. H. GOURAUD.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

²⁷ Campbell Island, lat., 52.53; long., 169.8.

The other day a reporter called upon a man prominent in politics who had particular reason just then to be exasperated at the newspaper this reporter represented. Sending in his card, the reporter waited in the ante-room until a small office boy beckoned him to step inside. The politician sat at his desk, his hands gripping the arms of his chair and his eyes staring straight ahead with the stern, fixed expression for which the man is noted. The reporter asked a question, but the politician took no heed. The question was repeated. Then the politician sprang to his feet. "Jim," he called, and a muscular clerk rushed in from the outer room. Then slowly, and in tones of icy distinctness, "I want you to bring my rifle." The last word came in a sort of burst, apparently of anger. The use of a rifle to repel the attacks of reporters was a new idea to this one, and he scarcely knew whether to stand his ground or fly for his life. But the politician, in his suavest tones, solved the problem. "Excuse me for keeping you waiting," he said. "I was a trifle preoccupied. I'm getting ready to go to the Adirondacks to-morrow. Now, what can I do for you?"—New York Evening Post.

Books Received.

Highways and Byways in the Lake District. By A. G. Bradley. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. New York. The Macmillan Company. Price \$2.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Memories.

In reminiscent mood—after reading a copy of your ever-welcome paper—I venture to write as memory dictates. I am almost the last one of a group of men whose shooting haunts during the later 60's and through the 70's comprised the waters of Long Island Sound, the Great South Bay, and the swamps and uplands between. Shivering in floats for broadbills on Little Neck Bay, or coot shooting from a string of boats on "the Sound," or poling in the early morning through the creeks to duck and snipe points on the Great South Bay; tramping the swamps and swales for summer woodcock—under the old law, now, happily, repealed—or following the whistle of his wings, with a snap shot, as he rose among the alders or chestnut sprouts on an autumnal hillside.

Just here I will tell the story of a market-shooter, R., who sometimes went with us, and seemed to know exactly where to find the birds, whether by his nose or instinct I never knew. F., one of our party, had often wished to see a woodcock on the ground, so one July day (they being out together), the dog pointed, and R. looking cautiously over a bush saw the bird, and, while looking, saw others, until he counted five. Motioning F. to look over his shoulder, to see the birds, he said: "Mr. F., if you can get two when they flush, we will get all five." Drawing his ramrod, he leaned forward, killing one bird with it; as they rose, F. killed two and R. shot the others. F. was a good shot, while R. was deadly, and is a most truthful man.

October days would find us among the ragweeds and buckwheat fields, following the dogs, as with switching tails and high heads they quartered their field up wind in a canter. What a picture rises before me as memory brings back the scene—our dogs backing and drawing on their mate—the envied finder of a bevy of quail, who, stiff as a stake, awaits our coming. How we hurry up, and, as the birds flush with whirring wings, the sharp reports, the falling brown bodies and feathers floating down wind tell the story. August found us on Hempstead Plains after grass plover, sitting in an old wagon, driving in ever-diminishing circles, about the sitting birds, who restlessly watched and more often got up at long range, straining our guns to down them. Perhaps some old sport may remember Conk Vandewater's. What pleasant trips we made to his old tavern, how we demolished the hot waffles, and, oh! such fried eels; and then, while some, smoking and toasting before the great wood fire, arranged with the baymen for a duck shoot in the early morning, others would sing, dance breakdowns, play draw, and, alas, drink whisky. Then to bed and sleep, only to be called before daylight to go "in the bay." Tough Old Tony, a high old sport, on being called one cold, March morning, grumbled about having been restless and feverish—perhaps it was whisky—saying the bed was so short and his room so small, that when he woke his feet were out of the window, covered with sleet.

Sometimes we would go to Billy Chadwick's on Barnegat Beach; what a place that was for all kinds of water fowl! Heavy flights of bay snipe of every kind entered the bay through a slough near the house, while numberless geese and redheads passed the blinds on Northwest Point.

But, alas, all this is but a memory now! I can no longer tramp all day through the brush and scrub, nor stand the cold and wet in a float or blind. A short walk and a shot or two, over—I must say—as good a dog as I ever saw, suffices, while about an hour's fishing sends me home with an aching back. But I ought not to grumble, having had my share, and so I must reconcile myself to the mild sport that a little shooting and fishing plant on Barnegat Bay affords me.

Two hundred acres of upland, woods and meadow comprises my domain. On a slight elevation, well shaded and close to the meadow, stands a plain, little, rectangular house, with large, paned windows on every side, and this is what I see from them: Far to the south looms up Barnegat light; to the east a creek leads from my door to a large oyster pond, which empties into Barnegat Bay, whose waters, blue as the sky above, wash the ocean beach, along which a coasting steamer throbs and puffs, a line of smoke trailing behind her. The bay is now filled with oyster boats, drifting about with loose sheets and shaking sails like a great flock of sea gulls. I once counted sixty. Overhead a fish hawk poises, suddenly he drops to the water with a splash, and seldom fails to strike and land his fish. Landward lies a swamp where tall pines and oaks are mingled with holly trees, whose leaves glisten and glow with berries red as blood. Shooting? Yes, a little, and fishing, too. A few quail, an occasional bunch of duck, some English snipe, now and then an upland plover, squirrels, rabbits and sometimes good flights of bay birds. One afternoon last August, seeing that birds were flying, I took a chair and a few decoys, locating in a bunch of sage bushes, not over five minutes' walk from the house. I shot five curlew, and twenty-six big and little yellowlegs, bagging fourteen the next morning. Weakfish abound, while at times a run of striped bass affords fine sport.

How tame all this would seem to the deer hunter or fly-fisher of the North Woods, and yet I have known some of them who could not, to save their lives, down a quail or fall woodcock in the open, much less in cover. I remember one good fellow, who used to go with us; he could tell a good story, play draw and talk shoot; but, oh my! how he could miss birds and disgust dogs! Deserting us, he took to the North Woods, whence he wrote beautiful letters, telling of his exploits, how moose; deer and partridge fell to his unerring rifle, at the same time pitying us of the "scatter-gun" fraternity. "I guess them moose, deer and partridge were settin' or sleepin' or mebbe his guide held 'em," said Old Tony. And now having spun my yarn, I will say good night! F.

²² In Oswego county, N. Y., are three neighboring streams—Salmon River, Deer and Grindstone creeks—each having formerly a distinct type of salmon.

²³ The ocean voyages of large fish are equally mysterious. Many of the swordfish spawning in the Mediterranean cross the Atlantic and summer on the southern New England coast. The swordfish is also seen occasionally in New Zealand waters. The Mediterranean tunny, or albacore, also visits the New England coast to feed upon the menhaden, and there can be little doubt that some fish, like birds, are world wanderers.

²⁴ Only in birds and mammals, but not yet in fishes and reptiles, the inner ends of the nerves of vision become connected with the great cortex of the brain by an immense number of nerve fibres, and therefore it is only a creature so endowed that understands what it sees, and interprets it in connection with previous experience.—"Brain Structure," Krapotkin, XIX Cent., July, 1897.

²⁵ In Axon's "Field Naturalist," p. 3, it is stated that some crabs were caught at the Lizard, in the English Channel, and taken to Falmouth, twelve miles distant, in a box, after being branded with the owner's mark, where upon arriving, the box was broken and many of the escaped crabs were found, three days later, at the Lizard, to reach which involved a devious course in harbor and channel waters.

²⁶ In ascending a Scotch stream called the Oykel, the young salmon meet a terraced cascade, upon each stage of which is a pot hole, emptying itself in a vertical fall. Although never having made the leap before, the salmon, without a moment's hesitation dart confidently into the air, and fall headforemost into the hitherto invisible basin. Had they been the daily habit of resting in these watery chambers, they could not perform the leap with greater precision or grace.—Blackwood's Mag., Vol. 54, p. 80.

A Scotch fisherman had a pet gull that, except during its annual migratory absence, he fed daily. During one of these absences he moved to South street, Arbroath, and there, some time later, his returning pet found him out. In view of the fact that gulls wander far out to sea, and their direction sense is probably very acute, this story is credible. See London Spectator, July 9, 1898. Livingstone, in his "Travels in South Africa," Chap. XIV., p. 278, after dwelling upon the cognizance by wild animals of dangers not perceivable by their ordinary sense, asks, "Have they a guardian spirit over them?"

From the ocelli of marine creatures, little spots, sensible only of light and darkness, to the graduated telescopic vision of certain birds, there is every degree of visual perception. If there are mysterious material emanations, cognizable by a separate sense, the latter would probably be evolved in degree of efficiency corresponding to the exigencies of the case, and perhaps the perfection of attainment is very rare.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Chicago Men in Minnesota Toils.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—One of the most interesting and in some of its bearings one of the most important arrests made under the game laws for a long time was that which took place within the past week at St. Paul, Minn. The facts are these: Messrs. Harry B. Clow and A. B. Eaton, both of Chicago, went out to Bradley, S. D., for some prairie chicken shooting. It is understood, or supposed, that they complied fully with the laws of South Dakota with reference to license, licensed guides, etc. They packed fifty-six prairie chickens in two trunks, inclosing in one of the trunks their two shotguns, one of which, owned by Mr. Clow, is a Greener gun valued at \$400. They checked their trunks straight through Minneapolis, not tagging their packages as containing game, and not accompanying the same, but apparently leaving them to take their course in the hands of the railway authorities at Minneapolis transfer station. At Minneapolis, in some way best understood by himself, Deputy Warden S. E. Johnson gained a suspicion that the trunks contained game, and, as they were not openly tagged in accordance with the requirements of the Lacey act, he felt himself at liberty to open the trunks by force, and did so, breaking the lock of one trunk, the other lock being sprung by a locksmith. He found in the two trunks fifty-six prairie chickens. There was no name attached to the baggage in any way, and no one to aid in the seizure of the game. Later, after the game had been sent to cold storage and the trunks and their contents taken to the office of State Agent S. F. Fullerton, friends of the travelers gave their names, after the name of Mr. Clow had been discovered printed upon his gun case. As soon as the shooters discovered what had become of their goods and chattels, they raised a considerable outcry, and enlisted the services of local friends in securing possession of their property. Had it not been for the officious nature of the local friends, Mr. Fullerton might have been willing to let the property go through, on the supposition that the violation of the law was through ignorance, although that itself is no excuse for a violation of the law. However, the Chicago gentlemen seem to have placed their case in the hands of Mr. S. H. Findlay, of Minneapolis. Mr. Findlay went to the father of Mr. F. C. Hale, the attorney of the Fish Commission. He did not see Mr. F. C. Hale himself, but consulted with his father, who is also an attorney. The latter gentleman, however, volunteered the information that the trunks could not be held under the law. At once Mr. Findlay wrote rather an impertinent letter to Agent Fullerton, stating that he had been so advised by Mr. Hale. This aroused the fighting blood in Fullerton, and he decided to fire attorney, friends and all if the facts were as stated to him in regard to the opinion. Mr. F. C. Hale finally discovered the real fact, namely, that he had not expressed any opinion to the effect that the seizure was illegal.

The whole matter was unfortunate, so far as the interests of the Chicago men were concerned, for Agent Fullerton thereafter stood strictly on the letter of the law, and also stood on the trunks. Meantime the two Chicago men, who seemed very much aggrieved, began to move heaven and earth and to bring all kinds of pressure to bear upon the energetic hustler who is handling the protective matters in Minnesota. On Tuesday the writer saw the confiscated articles of these gentlemen among other interesting outfits collected by the State Game Commission of Minnesota. Mr. Clow's gun is a very good one—too good to inclose carelessly in a shipment of game through so dangerous a territory as that of St. Paul or Minneapolis.

Deputy Johnson, who made this important seizure, at first thought the trunks contained Minnesota game. He then looked up the Dakota law, and held the game by virtue of the Lacey act. Mr. Clow is quoted in a Chicago paper to have stated that one trunk contained twenty-two birds and the other twenty-three. They would seem to have multiplied, at least, to some extent, for there were fifty-six in the two trunks, most of them being packed in one trunk. It is stated by Mr. Clow and Mr. Eaton that Deputy Warden Lewis, of Bradley, checked the trunks through to Chicago himself. It was stated by the clerical force of Executive Agent Fullerton's office last Tuesday to the writer that the birds would probably be sold and the proceeds of the sale returned to the Game Commission of South Dakota. The disposal of the guns and other material will be a matter for later consideration.

While one cannot blame the Chicago sportsmen for disliking to lose their personal outfit, yet there cannot fail the warning that the laws are planned for every one and are plain to all, and that it is no longer safe to take chances in the hope that everything will go through all right. Warden Fullerton is a man who knows the law perfectly well, and he is the best warden that stands on leather to-day. It is no use trying bluff him or scare him. The way to do with him is to do what is right—that is to say, to observe the game laws strictly. This is not the first instance in which game coming through from Dakota has been seized, nor is it the first instance in which the Minnesota Commission has confiscated outfits employed or connected with the illegal handling of game. Chicago papers did not in all regards report this matter correctly, but the facts given herewith are taken from the office of the Executive Agent of the State of Minnesota in person.

Auction of Confiscated Goods.

The auction held last week by Agent Fullerton at St. Paul, offering for sale a lot of material confiscated from lawbreakers of the State of Minnesota, did not prove to be much of a success so far as the disposition of the collection of moose heads was concerned. There was a job lot of firearms of all sorts, some twenty-five or thirty kinds in all, and, strange to say, these brought better prices at auction than they would have commanded at first hand in sporting goods stores. There was one old, single-barrel Zulu gun which sold for \$6—double what it would have cost new. In the collection there was one flintlock musket—something of a curiosity in its way and worthy of preservation. The moose heads, some of which were good specimens, were held for prices ranging from \$40 to \$150, and the Commission saw fit to retain these, pending better propositions.

The Minnesota Fish and Game Commission has secured between sixty and seventy convictions this season, has confiscated some thirty guns, six or eight dogs (few of them good ones), and some hundreds of dozens of birds, not to mention considerable amounts of moose meat and venison. They have pulled pretty much all the swell restaurants of St. Paul, including Carling, Newman, Magee, etc. Mr. J. E. Platt, a big commission dealer of Minneapolis, is up now for a big case. The State Commission is prosecuting him for alleged violations of the law, the fines connected with which would amount to several thousands of dollars if inflicted as permissible by the statute.

The Non-Resident License.

One feature of the game laws of our Northwestern States deserving of special attention is that of the non-resident license. Here is an instance: A well-known shooter of Chicago, in company with certain friends, went out to Ortonville, Minn., for a prairie chicken trip last month. They had very good success, and to-day the Chicago man was very enthusiastic over that section of the country. I asked him if he had taken out a non-resident license, and he said, "No, it was not necessary. We owned the town. The town marshal and the leading citizens went out with us." When told that since he was a resident of Illinois the non-resident law of Minnesota would apply against him, he said that had he been caught up by any of the authorities he would have at once purchased his shooting license. Now this is a little error which might as well be corrected here as anywhere else. It is not enough to get your license after you find you have need for it. The license must be with the shooter and should be taken out before he begins his shooting trip. Had things not gone fortunately for him—perhaps they would not have been so fortunate had Agent Fullerton got wind of it—he might have been subjected to an expense greater than that of the original \$25. We might all just as well make up our minds to it. This non-resident license has come to stay. It is a game law, and one which in many ways is a good one, and as such it should be observed by all of us. This is the second party of whom I have heard who went into Minnesota and who did not pay any non-resident license. I do not doubt there were many others, as Minnesota is a big State. Yet the experience of the two Chicago men who lost their trunks so unexpectedly may serve as a gentle hint to others who perhaps ignore, or evade, or compromise with the laws on the dangerous ground of Minnesota.

The Warden and the License.

Still another instance of the growing vigilance of the wardens of the Northwestern country is related to-day by Mr. C. E. Willard, who has been spending part of the summer at Oconomowoc and doing a little shooting at odd times this fall. He killed a few partridges and a few plover from day to day, and one day he was accosted by a pleasant-looking stranger, who asked him if he had a shooting license. This was the first time that Charlie had ever thought of the license matter, but he realized how serious might be the situation. Evading the question and securing the promise of the stranger to call on him at the farmhouse later, Mr. Willard hastened to a Justice of the Peace and got a license as quickly as he could. A few days later, while shooting, he was accosted by the same stranger, who announced then that he was a game warden. One may imagine with what joy Mr. Willard was able to reach into his pocket and pull out the coveted slip of paper!

Fish Scales and Hickory Nuts.

Now here is one more proof of the fact that this country is no longer the land of the free, and that the game laws are becoming odiously active. Mr. Willard put up a box of hickory nuts which he wanted to send to the loved ones at home here in Chicago from his place near Oconomowoc. He had something like a bushel of the nuts in the only box he could find, and, as it chanced, could discover no board handy to make a top to the box, excepting a piece on which the hired man had been cleaning fish. Thinking this would serve at a pinch, he nailed it on, clean side up, and shipped his hickory nuts by express forthwith. The nuts got as far as Milwaukee Union Station, and then the vigilant eye or nose of some warden, perhaps Valentine Laeth, detected the ancient and fish-like smell. It would have been a pleasure to have seen the eagerness of the warden as he tore open this box, and perhaps as pleasurable to have witnessed his consternation when he pulled off the fishy board and discovered underneath an illegal shipment of Wisconsin's finny wealth, but only a painful or so of innocent hickory nuts, such as used to be known at the fireside in the days of our forefathers.

Northwestern Game.

Now all this business about supervigilant wardens and exacting game laws and un-American non-resident laws has one corollary, which is not in the least so unsatisfactory. The same shooter who this year went from Chicago to Ortonville, Minn., has been going to that country for fifteen years, and he says that there were more chickens there this year than there were fifteen years ago. The same story is repeated in regard to almost every game locality of the noble State of Minnesota. There are more ducks and more chickens, three or four to one as an average all over that State, than there were ten years ago. To what should be attributed this increase of the game supply? True, there are such things as good game years and bad game years, but, after all, is it not a possible thing that the watchfulness of the Minnesota wardens has had much to do with the increase in the game birds of that Commonwealth?

Specifying as to localities, the general tenor is that Hallock, Kittson county, Minn., is one of the best localities for all-around shooting—geese, ducks, grouse and snipe. This information was volunteered by employees of the State Warden's office. Mr. Fullerton himself is not only a warden, but a sportsman, and was absent four days this week on a scouting and hunting trip of his own to a locality which is not mentioned.

One notable feature of the increased game supply in the upper part of the Northwest is the great increase of quail. Every one says that quail are very abundant all over lower

Minnesota, and I was advised that the quail belt extends as far as 100 miles north of the Twin Cities.

In Wisconsin the game supply seems to be at least up to the average this year so far as can be told, and we are going to have a good fall in Illinois. Telegrams to-day from the Hennepin Club to Mr. J. V. Clarke, of this city, state that the ducks are in on the Illinois River marshes, and request members to come promptly. Similar advices are at hand from Swan Lake Club, lower down on the Illinois River.

As to the jacksnipe, there was a good body in two days ago at the lower end of Calumet Lake, just below Chicago. During the middle of this week, near Romeo, on the Desplaines Bottoms, Billy Cutler, of Evanston, had two very fine bags of snipe—seventy one day and forty the next. There are a few snipe also to the north of us, around Fox Lake.

Western Men in the East.

Dr. D. W. Greene and J. R. King, of Dayton, O., have returned from a successful hunt on the Miramichi River of New Brunswick. Dr. Greene killed a fine moose and a caribou, both in one day, and Mr. King also was fortunate enough to get a good moose.

N. F. Depauw, of New Albany, Ind., is another Western man to make a trip to New Brunswick this fall. He got a good moose head.

Quail.

All kinds of quail in Illinois this fall. Remember Neoga on the Illinois Central. Effingham, just below Neoga, is another good point.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

The Maine Season.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—The Maine moose season is on. Faneuil Hall Market, this city, had a fine moose on exhibition Friday, though the season opened on Tuesday. It was said to have been killed by a fortunate hunter, who shot the animal near Greenville, about 6 o'clock Tuesday morning, the opening day. Thursday eight moose passed through Bangor. Moose are reported much more plenty in the Rangeley and Dead River regions than last year, while deer are not as plenty. The record of the first sixteen days of the game season shows eight shooting accidents, of which five have proved fatal. Sportsmen are positively afraid to go into the woods this year. Hunting is growing more and more popular with women. Among those fortunate enough to secure deer may be noted Mrs. William McKay, of The Forks, Me., who shot a large, white deer in that section a few days ago. Mrs. Cole, of Boston, shot a deer in the Dead River region last week. Miss Eva Whittier, of Boston, is out of the woods in the country north of Sherman, Aroostook county, with a buck and a doe of her own shooting. Deer are very plenty in that country. Miss Trask, of Boston, has shot a deer in the Moosehead region. Mrs. J. B. Garland, of Worcester, has shot a deer in the Roach River region, where she has been hunting with her husband. Mrs. P. H. Plaisted, of Waterville, has shot a fine buck deer in the Moxie region. E. S. Farmer and niece, of Arlington, have just returned from a hunting trip to the Milnochet region. They brought home two deer, one a particularly fine buck with a good head, which is to be mounted. A party of railroad men from Lexington and vicinity have gone into the Maine woods after big game. In the party are W. H. Green, of Lynn; O. M. Gove, Dr. Gibbons and Thomas Anderson, of Lexington. They are in the Moosehead region.

Really the hunting season is particularly a dangerous time in Maine, even for those who do not go out with guns and have no idea of hunting. It is related that the other day a man, who had been to the hospital at Lewiston, to have a wound dressed, was returning to his home at Mechanic Falls. A piece of metal was included in his bandages, to keep his wound in place, the wound being in his side. Sitting in a passenger car, at a station, he suddenly felt something strike the piece of metal. Examination showed it to be a rifle bullet. It had passed completely through both sides of a freight car that stood by on a siding, before passing through the passenger car and hitting the metal in the bandage. It is suggested that the bullet must have killed the man but for the fact that its force was spent by going through the box car before it entered the passenger car. Hunters were known to be in the vicinity at the time, and the stray bullet is attributed to their careless shooting.

The coot shooters are having good sport along the South Shore, at Scituate and Brant Rock. Last week was the best of the season. Gunners who are accustomed to the sport and know the ropes, find it easy to make bags of twenty and up to twenty-five and thirty birds in a day. There is considerable rivalry as to being high line among the coot shooters at this point. Annisquam gunners have been having good sport. Still, some better flights are looked for in November. At Biddeford Pool and further down the Maine coast the coot gunners are having good success. O. H. Smith, of Boston, is back from a week's trip after coot. Good bags of birds were made each day. They sailed down as far as Fort Popham some days and back in the evening. At Chatham birds have been plenty for the week, but there have been but few gunners, giving those that were on hand an excellent chance. The late flight of yellowlegs came along early in the week, and some good scores were made. Duck shooting is expected to begin early at that point, and gunners for the present week should be prepared for that sport.

There are still a few beaver left in Maine. Game Warden Houston, of Caribou, passed through Bangor on Thursday, with three live beaver. He was taking them to the Central Park, New York Zoo.

Still the smelt fishermen are having good sport along the South Shore. At Hingham, Quincy, Weymouth and many other points the sport is good, with the smelt large. It is gratifying to those who have had the protection of smelt in hand to note the amount of wholesome rod and line sport that has grown up, whereas, formerly about all the smelt were netted, and the stock exhausted. F. A. Rein, of Boston, goes down almost every week, and his catches include from ten to forty dozen in a day. He

always takes some fishing friend—never but one at a time—and fortunate is the fisherman who gets the advantage of Mr. Rein's experience.

SPECIAL.

A. B. F. KINNEY, the first Worcester sportsman to return home from the big-game regions of Maine since the opening of the hunting season, traveled with Mrs. Kinney through the Megantic Preserve, so arranging his trip as to reach Moosehead Lake in time to have a week of trout fishing before the law went on trout and off deer. "I never had any finer fly-fishing in my life," declared Mr. Kinney, enthusiastically to a Telegram reporter, "than I found in the Roach River at Moosehead. I never fish with anything but flies, and found the sport superb. I took out as many trout as I could use, without the slightest difficulty, and landed an exceptionally big one on Monday morning, Sept. 30, the last day of the trout season."

"The next morning I went out in search, not of trout, but of deer, and had been gone only a little while when I saw exactly the kind of a deer that I wanted to bring home. This was the only deer I attempted to shoot, for I wanted to bring home only one, and the deer that first came within my range was in every way satisfactory. Some of the sportsmen at the hotel shot several during the time I was there, and what deer they did not care for themselves were used as venison at the hotel, where there were nearly twenty-five guests all the time."

"The day I shot my deer I also saw within 100 yards of me a handsome bull moose, but I didn't shoot it for two reasons. In the first place the law does not go off moose until the 15th of this month, two weeks later than the law is off deer, and then, too, I have shot all the moose I care to, and am perfectly willing to leave what moose I see for other sportsmen who may have been less fortunate. I have four beautiful heads at my home, and believe I have done my share of moose shooting."

"From the observations I made in the Megantic region and at Moosehead, I am confident in saying that there is going to be no lack of deer this season. Deer are not on the decrease, as is occasionally asserted. As for moose, they are far more numerous than I ever saw them before in Maine. Everywhere there were signs of the presence of moose, and it was a daily occurrence to see from the veranda of the hotel where we stayed one or two moose, and sometimes more."

"I was especially interested to note the large number of women who are rapidly becoming enthusiastic Maine woods hunters, or more properly speaking, huntswomen. At Roach River there were ten or twelve women who had their own guides, and tramped about the woods, showing no more signs of fatigue than the men, and getting exactly as much genuine enjoyment from shooting and hunting as their husbands. Where ten or fifteen years ago one woman went into the woods in search of pleasure, there are now fifteen or twenty. Big-game hunting for women appears to be rapidly becoming a fad."

"I met while away two of the best women shots I have ever seen. They were Mrs. Courtney, of Boston, and Miss Trask, a friend. Miss Trask is a particularly fine shot, and brought down on the opening day of the season a nice buck. She is equally enthusiastic over partridge shooting, and Monday morning, as I was coming out from the woods on a buckboard, I saw her make a double with all the skill of an expert trap shooter."

Late Broods of Quail.

SEATTLE, Wash., Oct. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your issue of Oct. 5, to hand this morning, contains an account of a late brood of quail found by a Connecticut correspondent. "That reminds me." Last summer while walking in the neighborhood of City Park, within our city limits, my dog pointed a quail sitting on her nest, which was built on the ground in low brush. I was greatly interested and with members of my family visited the little mother quite frequently. She would remain on the nest if not too closely approached.

Just before hatching, the nest contained eighteen eggs, but one morning I found the mother and her brood gone and two eggs left.

Shortly afterward I met with the family again in the neighborhood of their birthplace, and was surprised to find the covey contained two white birds. One is apparently pure white; the other shows small, brown points on the wing, and tail feathers. Curiosity has prompted me to pay them a weekly visit, and almost invariably I find them on the same clearing. I have some recollection of reading in your paper many years ago an account of an albino quail by a Southern correspondent, and would like to know if such are of frequent occurrence. I have thought some of trying to trap this pair; shoot them I couldn't.

Last Sunday afternoon (Oct. 13) I went out to see how they were getting along—they are located about ten minutes' walk from my home. My dog, who knows them about as well as I do, came to a stand in front of a small huckleberry bush. Walking up to him I saw another brood of little ones, not over a week old, and altogether too small to fly, scurrying away in all directions from the opposite side. The old brood was found some distance further, and the two white ones are still flourishing, but they will not lie to the dog any more. I have disturbed them so often they fly to cover at his approach. These are what we call out here valley or swamp quail and are mighty, cunning, swift, little chaps.

Quail have been protected in this State for five years, and both species, mountain and valley, are very plentiful. It was generally understood among sportsmen that this fall was to be open on those birds, but the Daniels who sit in our legislative halls and frame the game laws omitted quail entirely, and no one, not even our game wardens, seems to know just how the law stands. After seeing these little chicks on Sunday I am of the opinion that the New York law would be about right for this State.

BROADWAY.

Late Nesting Quail.

MILFORD, Conn., Oct. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A friend of mine found yesterday a quail nest of twelve eggs, with the hen bird setting. How do you account for this, and the fact that most of the bevs found so far are but one-quarter grown, and many unable yet to fly? Did

the torrential storms of June and July kill the first or second broods?

A full-grown this year's partridge (ruffed grouse) blew against a window at the back of my house yesterday and killed himself. The accident occurred at 6:30 o'clock on a dark and misty morning. The house stands far from the swamps, on a knoll, and the bird seems to have flown from a small clump of cedar trees back of the mansion.

MORTON GRINNELL.

Massachusetts Quail.

SALEM, Mass., Oct. 10.—The quail season opened Oct. 1. While they are more plentiful than usual, owing partly to the very little snow last winter, they are very small. I found four bevs one day, three of which could just take wing; one bevy could not have been hatched over three or four days, as they were about the size of bumble bees. In fact, I have found but one bevy fit to shoot since Oct. 1. From Nov. 1 to Dec. 15 would be about early and long enough season for quail.

W.

In North Carolina.

KINSTON, N. C., Oct. 20.—Our season on quail opens on the 1st proximo, and I don't see how our gunners are to find their sport so soon. There are many birds, but every covey I have seen contains young ones hardly able to fly. I saw two old birds last Sunday, with a brood apparently but just out of the shell. They made no attempt to fly.

TAR HEEL.

In New Jersey.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Oct. 20.—There are lots of quail, but many young birds that will be too small to shoot Nov. 1. I saw nine bunches yesterday; three of them could just fly. The ducks are coming and a few geese, which are very late. I struck a few jacksnipe yesterday—the first I have seen this fall.

HERB.

Sunday Shooting Trains in Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The Evening Telegram of to-day says, editorially:

"A gentleman called at the editorial rooms of the Telegram this morning and voiced a protest against the action of the Providence & Danielson Railway Company in advertising to run a 'special hunting car with dogs' on Sunday, and asked if this was to be permitted. This is a matter that interests many others. Railroads are not always respecters of the laws unless they are made to respect them, and if public opinion is against hunting on Sunday, hunting on Sunday can be made to cease. Hunters are in a minority, whatever day they may hunt. Moreover, the law, as we understand it, is against them when they hunt on Sunday, as well as against the railroad that would aid and abet them in lawbreaking. Section 3, Chapter 110, of the General Laws of Rhode Island, reads:

Every person, not being at the time under military duty, who shall discharge any rifle, gun, musket, blunderbuss, fowling-piece, pistol, air-gun, spring-gun, or other small arms, or any contrivance arranged to discharge shot, bullets, arrows, darts or other missiles, except upon land owned or occupied by him or by permission of the owner or occupant of the land on or into which he may shoot, within the compact part of any town or city, or not being at the time on military duty, shall anywhere discharge any of such arms or contrivances on Sunday, shall be fined not exceeding twenty dollars.

"Evidently it must be a still-hunt or be performed under military duty or the hunters will each have 'not exceeding twenty dollars' to pay provided any one makes the proper complaint to the proper authorities."

Last Monday morning in the District Court at Bristol, before Judge Bosworth, Gienuto Giniuto was tried on the criminal charge of violating the game laws in killing a quail during the close season. He was fined \$20 and costs, which aggregated \$24.20.

Tautog fishing in the deep channels at the south ends of Prudence and Hog islands, in Narragansett Bay, is improving every week, and several very large catches were reported last week.

W. H. M.

Minnesota Licenses.

THE statement in the *Game Laws in Brief* respecting Minnesota non-resident shooting licenses may not be sufficiently explicit. License requirements are of two kinds.

First—A license (fee \$25) is required of all non-residents for shooting deer, elk, caribou or moose. This license is required whether the visiting sportsman comes from a State which has a non-resident license law or not. This is the license noted on page 52 of the *Brief*.

Second—A license to shoot any kind of game, large or small (fee \$25), is required of non-residents coming from States which have a non-resident shooting license provision in their laws.

Residents of Ohio, for instance, which State does not demand a license of non-residents, may shoot birds in Minnesota without a license, but must take out a license for deer shooting. A resident of West Virginia, which State has a non-resident license law, must take out a license for shooting any kind of game in Minnesota.

One license covers all game. That is to say, a non-resident need not take out one license for shooting deer and another license for shooting birds.

Virginia Game Fields.

CHASE CITY, Va., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While busy at my desk answering many questions from sportsmen in various parts of the country, it occurred to me that I might do this more effectually through the columns of your paper, and that in doing so I would reach a larger number of inquirers. The season for quail and turkey shooting has only been open since Oct. 15. Consequently but little hunting has been done, just about enough to demonstrate the fact that the crop of game is an unusually good one in this section. I have reported to me anywhere from ten to twenty coveys of quail found in the course of a day's hunt. These coveys are of good size, ranging from fifteen to twenty or more in each.

The best time for hunting, however, will be on and after the first of November, as so many of the birds are but little more than half-grown at this time. Since I began this letter, within the last ten minutes, two wild

turkeys and a nice string of quail have been handed in to me, the result of a hunt within a few miles of this place. Deer are also quite numerous, and afford rare sport in hunting them.

W. D. PAXTON.

New Brunswick Moose.

PERTH CENTRE, N. B., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I think we can get any sportsman a moose here as quickly as any place in New Brunswick and without a doubt. I think I have my camps in the best moose country in New Brunswick; the quickest and easiest to get to. We have up to date got eleven moose and two caribou and one bear. Our largest moose had a spread of 60 inches, with thirty-four points and 16-inch blades. There have been, as near as we can tell now, sixty-five moose heads taken from the Tobique region up to now this fall. This has been a poor fall for moose hunting up to this time.

GEO. E. ARMSTRONG.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Mediterranean Tunny.

From the Nineteenth Century.

THE Mediterranean tunny is a classic and important fish. Like many other important fish, however, his habits and his life history are but little known. In this he much resembles the salmon, though the great attention which has of late years been bestowed upon the salmon has in its case given us a store of information which is at present lacking in the case of the tunny. The tunny is, at any rate, a fish of noble proportions. The most valuable of the mackerel tribe, to which the bonito and the albacore also belong, he frequently attains the weight of 1,000 pounds, many of this weight being caught in the fixed nets off the Ægadian Islands; while Cetti, the natural historian of Sardinia, mentions a specimen caught on that coast which weighed 1,800 pounds, and I saw one captured this year which weighed 500 pounds less. In Sardinia they classify the tunny according to weight; a tunny of less than 100 pounds is a scampirre; a tunny from 100 pounds to 300 pounds is a mezzotunno, and a tunno properly so-called is a fish that weighs over 300 pounds.

The natural history of the tunny has from the earliest times been a subject of much dispute. Aristotle, in his *History of Animals*, devotes some space to it, and seems to have been the earliest writer to attempt any scientific description of it. The range of the tunny is a very wide one; Dr. Günther, a high authority on the subject, distributes him from the south coasts of England to the shores of Tasmania. His food consists of herring and pilchard, and other small fish, on which he thrives and grows with amazing rapidity. Cuvier records that at his first appearance on the Mediterranean coasts after the hatching season his weight is two ounces, which he doubles in a fortnight, and at two months old he weighs two pounds, and continues to put on weight with a corresponding rapidity, till, in some instances, he reaches the great size of 1,800 pounds, recorded by Cetti.

The industry of catching tunnies is a very ancient, as well as lucrative, one. Allusions to it run through the classics. Two hundred and twenty-eight years before the Christian era Athenæus took the trouble to prove that a brother scribe had made a mistake in attributing a panegyric of the tunny to Hesiod, and modern scholars have agreed that the first authentic classic reference to the tunny is by Herodotus. That the capture of the tunny was a familiar feature in the daily life of these times is proved by the story related by Herodotus, who tells us how Pisistratus, returning to Greece after his second expulsion, pitched his camp opposite to that of his adversaries, near the temple of Pallas, at Pallene. Here a soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, moved by a divine impulse, approached him and uttered this prophecy:

"Now the cast has been made, the net is outspread in the water, Through the moonshiny night, the tunnies will enter the meshes."

Pisistratus grasped the meaning at once, accepted the oracle, fell upon the Athenians, defeated them, and returned to power. Æschylus, also, in the *Persæ*, makes the messenger describing the battle of Salamis say

"And they, as men spear tunnies, or a haul
Of other fishes, with the shaft of oars
Or spars of wrecks went smiting, cleaving down."

The tunny has been the theme of historians, of poets, and of naturalists, almost since history in Europe began; and from Herodotus downward the ancients have sung his praises, dedicated him to their duties, stamped his effigy on their medals, and used the methods of his capture to point their illustrations.

The chief tunny fisheries of the ancients were carried on at the eastern and western extremities of the Mediterranean, and in narrow waters, where migrating fish were obliged to concentrate. The Black Sea was certainly a favorite breeding-ground, perhaps, as Cuvier opines, because of the great rivers which flow into it. Pliny confirms Aristotle in this particular, and mentions the huge shoals of tunnies which made their appearance in the early summer in these waters. But there is much historical allusion to other great fisheries in the western portions of the Mediterranean, and even in the Atlantic. The Phœnicians certainly established tunny fisheries, both on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of Spain, and have left effigies of the fish on their medals of Cadiz and Carteia. Ælianus writes of the fisheries carried on by the Gauls at Marseilles, where the tunny was caught "with great hooks of steel"—that is, gaffed and dragged on shore when netted, as he is at the present day. The Sardinian fisheries were especially celebrated in Roman times; the Roman epicures, indeed, esteemed the Sardinian fish above those of the Bosphorus, and Salsamentum Sardinicum was the Roman name for the preserved article. The Spanish salted tunny was also famous, and connoisseurs professed to detect in it a peculiar nutty

avor, which, they held, was derived from the acorns of the small oak which in those days overhung the coasts of the Peninsula. Famous fisheries also existed then, as well as now, on the shores of Sicily.

It was the fishery of the Bosphorus, however, which attracted the most notice, both in classical and mediæval times, and its importance is measured by the number and detailed character of the descriptive passages.

In later times the Black Sea seems to have lost its distinction as the favorite haunt of the tunny, while the industry has developed in the more central waters of the Mediterranean. The western fisheries held out longer. The Atlantic fisheries of tunny were important industries till the middle of the eighteenth century. The Duke of Medina Sidonia owned the most famous ones, and drew a large part of their revenues from them; they found employment for 500 men. But they gradually fell into mismanagement and decay, and by the middle of the century had declined into quite unimportant industries. One reads but little of them after 1755, except a kind of obituary notice, which declares that the earthquake of that year, which converted Lisbon into a heap of ruins, so altered the configuration of the Spanish coasts that the tunnies which had frequented them sought elsewhere for more congenial breeding grounds.

A fish so historic, so valuable, and of such goodly proportions may well be worth the angler's attention; a finny prize of 1,000 pounds, or even 500 pounds, is not to be despised, and if the tunny can be caught in the Mediterranean, why journey to the far-off Pacific? There, indeed, at Santa Catalina, on the Pacific coast, tunnies, or, as they are called, the flying tuna, are caught with rod and line every year in May and June. The bait used is a flying fish, in pursuit of which the tunnies appear every spring in large numbers, churning the sea into foam, and leaping in the pursuit of their flying quarry—whence the name of the "flying tuna." The tackle used is similar to that employed for the capture of the tarpon, the king of the herring, as the tunny is the king of the mackerel tribe. The fish make their appearance in May, and the angling continues till August, the best of it beginning about June 15, and lasting for a month. Judging from those that are caught with the rod, the Pacific tuna does not seem to attain to anything like the same proportions as the tunny of the deep sea waters of the Central Mediterranean. Some 250 pounds weight is the record of the Tuna Club, which has the strictest rules and regulations with regard to membership. The rod used by a would-be member to kill his fish must not be of more than a certain length or weight, nor the line of more than a certain thickness, and the aspirant, if he would qualify for membership, must wield the rod the whole time with his own hands; the captain of the club for the year being the member who catches the largest tuna of the year under these conditions. The fish are very exhausting to play, sometimes taking as much as six hours, or even more; but a little practice with the rod wonderfully shortens the time required to kill the fish, when muscles have got accustomed to bear the strain, and skill has come with experience. At first it seems absurd to attempt to land anything of the size, strength, and activity of the tuna with a frail rod and line, but, nevertheless, it can be done. The fish, as a matter of fact, tires himself out if he be not allowed to get his second wind, and the greatest possible strain is kept on him without relaxation all the time.

It is almost incredible what monsters of the deep can be landed with the rod and line; black bass and jewfish of preposterous dimensions can, with strength, time, and skill, be gradually worked up from the depths of the ocean; 700 pounds weight of struggling fish life has been successfully brought to the gaff in the shape of Mr. Vom Hofe's swordfish, and a swordfish is no mean fighter, besides being a lightning swimmer; and I, myself, when in Florida, in 1899, had an experience that the rod and reel were mightier than the chain and rope. Boca Grande Pass was swarming with sharks, a large number no doubt always living there, and a large number being collected by the tarpon fishing. Every night, from the little yacht on which we lived, we used to put out shark tackle, with hooks and chains of portentous size and thickness, and every night the sharks used to break them and carry them off till they were all gone. Nevertheless, at the close of my stay at Boca Grande, with a rod and line I caught a shark which was bigger than any I saw besides. He took a tarpon I was playing, an average-sized fish in a year in which the fish ran large, of some 120 pounds, and whether he swallowed the whole fish or only the head portion of it I do not know, but certainly he got well hooked, and, after a violent engagement, which lasted about forty minutes, he was gaffed and lay still by the side of the boat, than which he was, to all appearance, very much longer—so much so that all idea of pulling him into it was given up, and, the yacht being some four miles off, it was not considered worth while dragging him there, so, after a few pats on the head, he was let go. This episode is only alluded to as an instance of the size of fish which can be captured with a rod; and if these things can be done in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, why should they not be feasible in the Mediterranean?

That is a problem which I and a companion set out to solve this spring with a proper equipment of rods, hooks, and lines. From all accounts, the tunnies off the Ægæan Islands, on the west coast of Sicily, were those most worthy of attention, running, as they were reputed to, and, indeed, did, up to 1,200 pounds, and not the lesser fry of the North African and other coasts of the Mediterranean, small fish from 150 to 300 pounds. So, to Trapani we went, the chief town on the mainland, within easy hail of the islands aforesaid and the tunnies which they sheltered. That the fish were there we soon had ocular demonstration, for, steaming out in our little launch to the fixed tunny nets, off the island of Formice, we were allowed by the Reis, or head man at the fishery, to row over one of the net chambers in which the fish were confined, and to look down upon some hundreds of them quietly swimming about below, unconscious of the doom that was awaiting them in the Camera del Morte, a few chambers off. But besides allowing us to see the fish, for which we were grateful, the Reis imparted to us a piece of information which considerably dampened our piscatorial ardour—namely, that at that

time of year the tunnies ate nothing at all; they are in love, said the Reis, and they eat nothing. They wander round in large shoals and enter the nets, and are quite happy, their motto for the time being, "the more the merrier;" in fact, frequently in the night the tunnies inside the nets were joined by tunnies from outside, which forced their way through the unsubstantial network of the outer chambers, and, when once there, remained contentedly, without employing a similar method of exit to regain their freedom in the open sea. Further investigations from young and old inhabitants served, alas! only to confirm this theory, which was strengthened by the fact that when the thousands of tunny which are caught at this time of the year along the Sicilian coasts were opened no traces of food were found inside them. Later on they would take; after the feast of St. Peter, men caught them trailing behind the sailing boats, and desperate fights they had with them, ending in the local hospital—but with good, thick ropes, and three men to pull, not with wretched little lines and reels, such as we had, which no self-respecting tunny would take the smallest notice of. This information appeared to be as accurate as it was disappointing, and, in other surroundings, would have been distressing; but at Trapani, as, indeed, elsewhere in Sicily, there is so much that is curious, interesting, and, indeed, exciting, that a week spent there is not ill spent, even though the tunnies in May will not take a bait. The bay shaped like a sickle, which gave its name to Trapani, the ancient Drepanum and the celebrated Temple of Venus Ericyna, on the summit of Monte San Giuliano, have seen many strange sights and a long procession of fresh conquerors and changing civilizations since the first great regatta. Trojans, Athenians, Syracusans, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, Normans, French, Spaniards, and Austrians have all fought around them, and many have left their mark, which lasts to the present day.

Before leaving Sicily, however, we saw a dire revenge taken on the tunnies which had despised our allurements. At Favignana, where a slab attached to a door of a church in the island records a famous catch which took place more than 400 years ago, there is still the most lucrative tunny fishery in Sicily, and through the kindness of its proprietor, Commendatore Florio, to whom most things in Sicily belong, we were the privileged spectators of more than one "matanza," and a "matanza" is a sight well worth seeing. The fish are guided into the chambers, which open one into the other, till they end in the chamber of death, by long arms of coarse netting, which stretch out on either side to intercept the shoals which pursue a regular course, and cause them to coast round till they find the opening into the chamber, which they unsuspectingly enter. These arms are sometimes some four miles in length, one being known as the "coda," or tail, and the other as the "costa," and they both end in the "campile." The tunny is a gentle and a curious fish, and is apparently not alarmed at finding himself in confinement, and never seems to make a dash through the nets, which at this stage he could do without much difficulty, but only follows them round till he finds his passage unimpeded. The nets are kept in position by a hawser at the top, called a "sommio," which is kept afloat by large pieces of cork, and a hawser at the bottom, called the "piombo," which is weighted with large pieces of stone; the vertical lines which connect the two are called "modellari," and the whole is made secure by anchors placed at stated intervals. Men in barges are constantly on the watch over the nets, and by long practice can state with absolute precision the number of fish that have entered the chambers. They can be passed from one chamber to another by opening the door, which is done by letting the net over the aperture drop, and closing it again by pulling it up after they have gone through. If the fish are unwilling to move as required, advantage is taken of their curiosity, and something bright exhibited at the opening, and when one has passed through to see what it is all the rest follow. So they are moved on, and when there is a sufficient number collected in the penultimate chamber preparations are made for the "matanza." The last chamber is the chamber of death, and no tunny once across its fatal threshold comes out alive. It is formed of much stronger netting than the other compartments, each of which also has its separate name, and its bottom, too, is made of netting attached by thick hawsers to large bundles of cork, known as "cagnazzi."

When the day of the "matanza" arrives, the fish being secured in the "camera del morte," three sides of it are enclosed by huge barges, while another huge barge, crammed with men, beginning at the distant end of the compartment, slowly approaches them broadside on, dragged forward by means of the bottom net, which is thus brought to the surface and dropped as the barge passes on. In the middle, during the whole time, there is a head-man in a boat directing the raising of the net beneath him. The whole operation is carried on to the accompaniment of weird cries from the multitude of men who are hauling up the net. For some time there is nothing to be seen, but as the moving barge approaches there is suddenly the great swirl caused by the first rush of the empty fish to the surface, which is by far the finest sight in the day's work. Soon after this, as the fatal net rises, the whole of the water is one sheet of foam and spray flung high over the barges, which inclose it on all sides. Here and there a swordfish is seen darting this way and that in the extremity of terror, and the great forked tails of the tunnies lash the water in their futile struggles to escape. But soon the spray, which was as white as snow, gets tinged with red, and finally becomes more red than white, as the iron hooks attached to short poles are driven into the sides of the unfortunate fish, which, with incredible rapidity and scant ceremony, are dragged up over the gunwale of the barge, and fall into its capacious hold with a resounding thud. Each man is a trained hand, very often with inherited ability, and occupies his allotted post, and in a very short time the two end barges begin to sink in the water with a load of some 700 tunnies, averaging more than 500 pounds apiece. Meanwhile, as each fish is tumbled in, an old man, with a long spear, thrusts at them just behind the pectoral fin, to make the blood flow, and the great tails, thumping the bottom boards, scatter it in jets. It is not a very pleasant sight, the last scenes of a "matanza," and it is

not sport—it is merely catching tunnies, and the tunny is a valuable fish. When the last of the catch has been hauled in, and none escape, a short chant is sung to the Blessed Virgin, and the long line of laden barges sets out toward the shore, where a hard day's work awaits the men employed. The destination is a huge factory, filled with every possible appliance for dealing with the catch, however great. Here the fish are dragged up an inclined plane, laid in lines, and their heads cut off by a headman, with a long axe, who performs the operation in two strokes, the intestines are removed, and the roe and milt carried off in wooden troughs and placed in brine. The fish is then hung up by the tail for about eight hours, after which he is cut up and boiled in copper vats, and then the pieces are carefully placed in tins, fitted in like a child's puzzle, the tins are filled with oil and soldered down. Every part of the tunny is used, and has its particular name. There are four different qualities preserved in oil. The heads are boiled for oil, and the bones and ashes are sold as manure, a use being thus found for every portion of the unfortunate creature's anatomy. A good tunny fishery is a valuable possession, the heavy fish of Favignana being worth on an average some £4 net, and ten to twelve thousand in the season is by no means an unprecedented catch. The largest individual caught this year weighed 1,300 pounds. One of the most striking features is the great number of men employed at the factory, and the discipline and rapidity with which they work. There was at Favignana the usual convict establishment, and the convicts are employed in the packing of pieces of tunny into the tins, which are also made on the spot. Italy, and especially Genoa, is the greatest customer for the finished article, which is protected by high duties from the competition of the Sardinian and Spanish fisheries.

The tunnies are certainly there in large numbers and of great size; perhaps, when they are no longer in love, and the feast of St. Peter is safely past, those that have escaped the dread portals of the "camera del morte" might be induced to take a bait, even as they do in the Pacific, and then, indeed, an Homeric struggle would ensue. A 500-pound tunny would undoubtedly take some catching on a rod; he is, from all accounts, a strong though timid fish, and goes straight away from you in desperate, long runs. In this he differs from the tarpon, with a hundred of whom I have made intimate acquaintance within the space of three weeks—a most impetuous fish, who will rush anywhere when he is hooked, and even fling himself into your own boat, as I have seen happen on more than one occasion. But this prize of the Ægæan Islands will not be brought to the gaff without the help of those tutelary deities of the sea who have before now helped sportsmen in difficulties on this historic spot in the brave days of old.

W. H. GRENELL.

Nets in Lake Champlain.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send inclosed an article which appeared recently in the Albany Argus. Of course I do not vouch for its correctness, and the facts may be exaggerated especially as to the employment of a steam yacht to take boats to the spawning beds of the black bass, for, from the information which I have obtained, those who take the spawners from their beds do so from rowboats, hired, borrowed or hooked from persons living on the shore.

There are two evils referred to in this article which, however, do exist, and unless they are stopped, and that speedily, anglers will very soon bid good-by to Lake Champlain.

The western portion of this lake is in this State, and our law does not permit game fish to be taken at any time with nets; the eastern portion lies mostly in Vermont, and the laws in regard to the use of seines are not at all strict, and such as they are, are seldom enforced; the extreme northern end of the lake lies in Canada and includes immense spawning grounds for the pike-perch, and here licenses to use seines are so freely granted that fish are taken in enormous quantities during the spawning season and sent largely to New York.

As one of the results of the free use of nets in the Vermont and Canadian waters, the landlocked salmon which were placed in the northern part of this lake some years ago, and which, for a while increased, have almost entirely disappeared—simply taken from their spawning beds with nets.

Another evil referred to in that article, and perhaps the more serious of the two, is the taking of bass from the spawn beds in May and the fore part of June. I sent an article to FOREST AND STREAM in regard to this last year, but refer to it briefly again.

The principal grounds for the small-mouth bass are in the eastern part of the lake, near the north end, and from the lack of streams, they are forced to construct their beds near the eastern shore, where, when the water is quiet, they can readily be seen and taken from boats by simply dropping a line with a gang of hooks upon it alongside of the fish, and jerking it into the boat. This is not only done by those living on the shore who want a bass or two for their supper, but it is quite a custom for a number of people living in St. Albans, which is some six miles from the finest bass grounds in the lake, to go to it on still days and take large numbers of bass, many of them weighing as high as 4 pounds, and on their return send messes to their friends.

I think it but fair that I should state that I have obtained this information from persons living on the shore and also from several residents of St. Albans, who freely told me of their violation of the law, and said that they proposed to continue it so long as the authorities winked at it.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

The inclosure sent by Mr. Van Cleef reads:

ANGLERS who for years have enjoyed the sport on Lake Champlain are justly indignant over the laxity of the enforcement of the game and fish laws up that way. It is asserted by reputable anglers that the natives both from the New York and the Vermont shores of the lake are accustomed to come out in the spring as early as the black bass reach the spawning beds and fish for them with great

success, in violation of the law, which forbids fishing for black bass until June 16.

Last May a launch from St. Albans was observed to sail out to the bass beds towing nine rowboats, which were used to fish from, off the reefs. The bass during the spawning season, especially the females, bite at anything, even a bare hook. Hence it was no trouble for the pirates to capture enough to fill eight or ten barrels and sail away with them for shipment to the New York or Boston markets. This method is employed each year with great success. The real sportsmen and anglers who come later during the legal open season for taking bass are finding each year that the bass are smaller and harder to find. Howard Fuller, of this city, who owns a cottage on North Hero Island and has fished in the haunts of the Champlain bass for a dozen or fifteen years, says he has not heard of a bass being caught in Lake Champlain in many years that weighed over 5 pounds, and he has failed to catch many of late years that weighed over 4½ pounds. He attributes the scarcity of bass and their small size to the wholesale destruction of the bass by the fish pirates and the netters, who get a license from the State Game and Fish Commission to use seines in Lake Champlain to catch eels, suckers, bullheads, pickerel and catfish from June 1 to March 1.

If something is not done before long to stop the catching of game fish out of Lake Champlain by other methods than angler's rod and line, there will be no game fish to catch. The natives, who either indulge in the wholesale destruction of game fish or wink at the illegal practice of others, will soon find themselves deprived of the goodly revenues they now get from the anglers and their companions each summer.—Albany Argus.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fishing.

The weather just now is delightful in this part of the world, though liable to break up at any time. The heaviest of the Northern flight of wildfowl is not yet down, owing to the mildness of the weather, but the fishing is at its best. This would be a splendid time to go after muscullunge in Wisconsin or Minnesota. Col. Cooper is just back from a successful trip in the lakes around the headwaters of the Mississippi in Minnesota. One or two Chicago parties are in on the lakes of Wisconsin. Mr. C. E. Willard, just in from Oconomowoc, says that three days ago he caught thirty-one bass in one of the Oconomowoc lakes, nine of them being red-eyed smallmouths. Mr. F. B. Huntington, traveling auditor of the Wisconsin Central Railroad, of Milwaukee, is in town to-day and advises me that the bass are biting in fine shape at Gill's Landing, on the Wolf River, of Wisconsin. He states that muscullunge, wall-eyed pike and bass are all biting well this week in the Fifield chain of lakes.

I presume every one knows how difficult it is to get a fish nicely mounted. At the State Warden's office, in St. Paul, I saw a 7¼-pound big-mouthed bass which was the best specimen of fish mounting I ever saw in my life. It was done by a local taxidermist. The fish was mounted in full body, curved as though in the act of striking, and the whole expression was one of energy and activity. The body colors were finely rendered.

Dr. C. W. Carson and his friend, Dr. Miller, made a fishing trip for bass to the Mississippi River, but seem to have gotten into the wrong part of the country, and do not report any glittering success.

Mr. J. D. Hawks, President of the Detroit & Mackinac Railway Company, whose home is in Detroit, writes me this week that he had some good trout fishing last August and was lucky enough to catch some grayling.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Parasites in Fish.

ASHTABULA, O., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Hereabouts during the summer and fall months most of the black bass taken from streams are wormy along the back fin. I am told by others that but few of the Lake Erie black bass are so affected, and of the other river and lake fish, none at all.

So far as I could find, Henshall's first book of the bass does not refer to this, so will you kindly inform me if the second book does cover diseases of fish, and if this wormy condition is the result of a sickness or disease in the specimen, or are the worms or maggots hatched from the eggs of some insect, to whose attack the bass is more vulnerable than other fish? The affected bass seem as lively on the line as the others, and there is nothing about their surface appearance that marks them off.

How about their eating quality, for, of course, none of us eat the ones in which worms are found? What are the conditions as to temperature and water that develop this pest, and does it prevail generally in Southern rivers for a longer period yearly than in the Northern States?

Though now the middle of October, and after weeks of unusually heavy and cold rains, the proportion of fish affected seems as large as a month ago.

J. C. H.

[We repeat as here applicable a note appended to a communication of like tenor published in a recent issue: Various parasites are known to infest the flesh and intestines of black bass and trout and game and food fish in general, but, though not appetizing, they are considered harmless. Cook your fish thoroughly, make no deep scrutiny, give imagination no play, and enjoy the good things set before you.]

Salmon in the Oswego River.

OSWEGO, N. Y., Oct. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Oct. 15 a man fishing below the first dam on the Oswego River saw a great many fish swimming about near the apron and trying to get up the fall. He finally caught one with a "barnyard hackle," which was afterward shown at a local fish market. It was apparently a "landlocked salmon" and looked more like an Atlantic salmon in its shape than an ouananiche from Lake St. John. The length was 17 inches, girth 8½ inches, weight 2 pounds 1 ounce; a perfect salmon head and a square tail, this last showing it was not a grilse, as many thought it. Curiously it had lost both pectoral fins, but the wounds were per-

fected grown over. It was dark blue-black on the back, with very brilliant silver sides and belly, and marked with the little crosses always found on mature salmon. It was a female and the roe was fairly developed.

Before the dams were built on this river it was a great salmon stream, and salmon have visited the river as lately as twenty-five years ago. Fishways were placed at each dam a number of years ago, but were poorly constructed, and two years ago, when the dams were raised in height, were taken down and not replaced. Fifteen years ago 30,000 Atlantic salmon fry were placed in the river; could it be that they have been in the habit of going only to Lake Ontario and so have not attained the full growth of the true salmon?

Mr. M. C. Worts, the Assistant Chief Game Protector, says many of these fish have been seen jumping in the mouth of the river, and in the mouths of near-by creeks emptying into Lake Ontario. He notified the fishermen and dealers that no more should be taken, as this is the close season. I forgot to say the flesh of this fish was a light pink—about the color of the flesh of the Lake St. John ouananiche—and the flavor much the same—not quite so rich as the Atlantic salmon. When more is known of the habits of the fish when in the lake, we hope to find we have a new game fish which will rise to the fly.

GARD, T. LYON.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 27-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's third annual show.

Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Oct. 29.—Senecaville, O.—Monongahela Game Association's seventh annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Nov. 4.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Portland, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's third annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials.—W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. M. Chapin, Sec'y, Pine Meadow, Conn.

Nov. 19.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's third annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.

Nov. 19.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's trials. R. Baughan, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's annual field trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-third annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 25.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Nov. —Paris, Mo.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials follow M. F. T. A. trials.

Dec. 2.—Glasgow, Mo.—Western Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. C. W. Buttle, Sec'y.

Dec. 4.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.

Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

BEAGLE TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Roslyn, L. I.—National Beagle Club's twelfth annual trials.—G. Miffin Wharton, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Watertown, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's inaugural trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Lexington, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's annual trials.

Nov. 12.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

The Royal Buckhounds.

MANY will regard with mixed feelings the announcement of the abandonment of the Royal buckhounds, which, for seven hundred years, have been associated with the sovereignty of England. There are some who will miss much the accustomed run, when they were always sure of a quarry and a gallop over the fields and heatherland of Berkshire, and had not to depend for their sport upon the eccentricities of foxes, the good will of keepers, and the acquiescence of game preservers. Others there are, keen riders and good sportsmen, who have never entered the ranks of enthusiastic faddists, and are doubtful about the alleged cruelty of stag-hunting, and yet have never considered the hunting of the carted deer as real and legitimate sport, and regard with equanimity the abandonment of the Royal buckhounds. The lovers of ancient customs will, however, view the death of the royal pack with some feelings of regret, and cast their eyes back on the long association of the buckhounds with the sovereigns of England, and love to refresh their memories with regard to its many distinguished masters. The mastership was, for nearly three hundred years, an hereditary office, and was held for a long period by the distinguished De Brocas family, who came from Gascony in the time of Edward II.

During this long period of service many accidents, other than those which frequently befall riders to hounds, happened. In modern times politics have had much to do with the mastership, and a change of government has closed many a promising career. In the time of Henry IV, politics cost a De Brocas his head and his lands. His successors wisely preferred to study woodcraft rather than statecraft. One notorious master, Sir Pexall Brocas, suffered an appalling accident, and was compelled to do penance at Paul's Cross garbed in a white sheet for certain breaches of social amenities. A great change was effected by Henry VIII., who started a privy pack of buckhounds, quite separate from that kept by the hereditary masters. The master of this royal pack held office by the King's pleasure, and these hounds were the forerunners of the pack which has now been disbanded. Queen Mary, of evil memory, did away with her father's innovation, but the privy pack was revived by Elizabeth and James I. For years the old and the new systems contended against each other; but, after the fashion of human affairs, the new gradually supplanted the old, which became obsolete, and finally disappeared.

Good Queen Anne was fond of hunting, and built the

kennels on the present site at Ascot. In her early days she was the Diana of the chase; but length of years do not improve our riding; we go not so surely or so straight as of yore. Hence Queen Anne abandoned her saddle for her gig, and caused rides to be cut and bogs drained in Windsor Forest in order that she might follow the chase safely on wheels. The first two Georges were no sportsmen; and, though they occasionally hunted, the buckhounds languished under their patronage. Sir Francis Negus, who was appointed master by George II., had a variety of duties to perform. He had to feed wild turkeys in Bushey Park and manage the royal menagerie in Hyde Park, as well as attend to his hunting.

At this period the dangers of hunting were vastly increased by "the gentlemen of the road," who feared not to attack a master of buckhounds any more than the frightened occupants of a stage-coach. Did not Claud Duval once "hold up" the master returning from hunting, tie him to a tree, and purloin his watch and valuables? Another master, Lord Tankerville, used to sally forth attended by a guard of retainers and armed troopers.

George III. infused new life into the moribund pack. He was a keen hunter in spite of his nineteen stone, and by his constant attendance at the meets, his love of sport, and his eagerness for the chase, gave the buckhounds a new lease of life. No day was too long, no run too lengthy for his Majesty. Woodcraft was more congenial to him than statecraft, and history tells us that the hunting world owes much to King George III. In his time the Enclosure Acts in Berks and Bucks "hastened the dawn of civilization in the shape of the deer-cart," as the latest historian of the buckhounds happily expresses it. However, the King's long illness was a great discouragement to hunting, and a writer in the *Spotting Magazine* of 1814 states that "Men, horses, and hounds had dwindled by rapid degrees from splendor to decency; from decency to poverty, from poverty to inability. Those which don't eat are going mad, and those which are not going mad can only eat." With George IV. come new men and new manners. The old order changes. Much obsolete ceremonial is abandoned. The old, slow hounds are exchanged for a fast fox-hunting pack, of Goodwood lineage; and, moreover, Charles Davis, the prince of huntsmen, is installed at the Ascot kennels, where he reigned so long.

It would be a long story to tell of all the illustrious, gentle and noble men who have held the office of master, and done their duty in the saddles to which royal favor or party politics have called them. I need not now record their names, for has not Lord Ribblesdale, that most courteous of masters, who writes as gracefully as he rides, already told their history in his famous book? He tells us of George Boleyn—who was the brother of the ill-fated Anne and shared her fate—the first master of the privy pack, started by the much-married and sport-loving Henry, of Lord Leicester, the favorite of Elizabeth; of Colonel Graham, renowned as much for his skill in gardening as for his stag-hunting; and many other of Lord Ribblesdale's predecessors. Lord Lichfield, appointed in 1830, the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Rosslyn, Lord Granville, Lord Hardwicke, Lord Suffield, the learned author himself, and Lord Coventry, the last of his illustrious line of masters, have all done their duty in their day, and upheld the ancient honor and welfare of the royal hunt.

And how the boots and spurs, whips, caps, and coats, of the royal huntsmen must be put away and preserved as heirlooms or sold as curios. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* The empty paddocks at Swinley tell their own sad tale of the slaughter of the famous red deer. Usually the herd numbered about five and twenty. Of these many were never hunted, only the good deer—those who would and could go—being utilized for the chase. Some of these became quite famous. There was Guy Fawkes, who was a great favorite, and possessed quite as much guile as his namesake; Lord Clanwilliam, who ran his pursuers out of daylight; and Runaway, who earned his name by a remarkable exploit. Half an hour after his first arrival at Swinley, started by the crack of a whip, he jumped out of the paddock, clearing eight feet of oaken paling. He enjoyed his liberty for some weeks, and was at length taken after a hard run. The most reliable of stags was Bartlett, who ran six times in one season, and never had a scratch. Blackback was another brave and gallant animal, who led many a long chase, and never showed any signs of terror, or even anxiety. They have all gone now. The carted deer is no more. May they rest in their graves, and know no fears in the "happy hunting-grounds!"

It is a mournful task to the lover of ancient manners to record the death of old-established customs and institutions; but apart from other considerations, the death of the staghounds was only a matter of time. Railways, wire, Enclosure Acts, the spread of villas, are fast altering the character of the country in which the royal pack hunted. We shall all soon dwell in the suburbs of London, the vast city that extends its giant bulk in all directions and absorbs everything. Hunting will soon be impossible in the King's country. To many of us, less active than of yore, the joys of remembrance are our only sport. The remembrance of many a famous run, of good comradeship, of courteous masters, and happy days of hard riding must console us for the death of the royal pack and the abandonment of an institution so long associated with the monarchy of England.—P. Hampson, in *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Beagle Trials.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—The field trials of the Northwest Beagle Club will be held at Watertown, Wis., Nov. 5 and following, on the grounds known as Camp McKinley, than which it is stated no better grounds for rabbit work are to be found. The drawing takes place Monday evening, Nov. 4. Any owner unable to attend may be sure that his dog will receive good handling, if he cares to enter it, and a hearty welcome has been extended to all fanciers of the little hounds and to sportsmen in general to be present at the trials.

E. HOUGH.

We have applications for a French bull dog, a well-trained setter and two spaniels broken for grouse.

"Many Sportsmen Lose Dogs."

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read in *FOREST AND STREAM* of Oct. 19, under the caption "Many Sportsmen Lose Dogs," the statement made by Mr. E. Hough, as follows: "Never in the history of Chicago have so many gentlemen lost valuable shooting dogs through the rascality of alleged trainers as has been the case this fall," etc. Then he enumerates five cases, in which trainer and dog both disappeared—two were poisoned; one was hanged in a wire fence, and one ran away. It is a fair presumption that all of Mr. Hough's information is founded on hearsay, in so far as it concerns this matter. Is not that rather inadequate testimony on which to make so broad and grave a charge? Are not dogs poisoned, or lost by death, when they are in the charge of their owners? Are they not lost, or stolen, when in the charge of their owners? Is it to be assumed that because a dog is in the charge of a trainer, such dog is immune from loss, accident, or death?

There is one feature of Mr. Hough's sweeping accusation which is particularly deplorable. By omitting the names of the trainers whom he charges with "rascality," he places every trainer more or less under suspicion. Is it not a fair presumption that the good names of the honest trainers are as dear to them as Mr. Hough's is dear to him?

In my opinion it is, on his part, flagrantly unjust to a reputable class of men, who are pursuing a useful profession, to cast, or rather attempt to cast, a stigma upon them by such a general accusation, to say nothing of the absence of any good authority for making it at all.

If we assume that Mr. Hough is justified in arrogating to himself the authority to pass on each case which concerns owner and trainer, in fairness both sides should have a hearing. Nothing is more unjust than to make a public accusation on ex parte evidence.

Moreover, as a general proposition, a business matter between two or more people is generally conceded to be their own affair. If there is any important wrong done to either, there are courts, for the special purpose of dealing out justice, and in the procedure therein both parties have a full hearing, in which hearsay and conjecture have no place.

I have had some dealing with both trainers and owners. Trainers have their grievances, as well as owners. The same human nature is found to exist among them. Dishonesty is not confined to any one class. The misdeeds of the few should not be charged to the whole. ART.

Training the Hunting Dog.

TOLEDO, O.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I read "Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials," with great enjoyment and profit. I read the chapters of it in *FOREST AND STREAM* as they were first published, but, of course, one derives more benefit from reading them in the consecutiveness of a book. It is fine, not only to a man who wishes to train a dog completely, but also to those who wish to keep a dog in training after he is once broken.

Not the least valuable part of the work is that which teaches the trainer to train himself. I recommend the work most strongly.

EDM. H. OSTHAUS.

Points and Flushes.

The Brandford (Can.) Kennel Association, the secretary, Dr. Babcock, informs us, will hold its first show under C. K. C. rules, on Thanksgiving Day.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXVI.

BY F. R. WEBB.

THE time drifted very pleasantly by us, here at Riverton. As a matter of fact, by referring to my log, I find that we spent two whole days in camp here; but in an idle camp life like ours—idle, yet not idle, for in writing letters, bringing the log up to date, reading, overhauling canoes, camp outfit and duffle, and in resting, one is hardly idle—I say, in a camp life like ours, time seems to have no well-marked divisions; and morning, noon and night, while they come and go with their accustomed regularity, leave no such impression as when one is regularly occupied with one's usual routine of daily duties; and, while the time certainly did not drag on our hands, it seemed to stand still, as it were, and we seemed to remain here an indefinite period—to quite become residents, as it were, as we passed to and fro, back and forth—to postoffice, store and where not—on various errands, before we folded our tents and silently drifted away, as we had come, on the bosom of the ever-flowing river.

The river ran down very rapidly, but as it was still red and muddy we, of course, had no fishing. We spent an evening at the Kenner House, where our fair visitors were boarding, and George and I entertained the guests with some piano and violin music.

Lacy and I had intended going over to Front Royal on the last day of our stay and taking dinner at the big hotel there, but a heavy rain set in, and we spent the forenoon cuddled in our respective blankets and tents, smoking, reading and dozing.

About 12 o'clock we were aroused by a hail, and on looking out we beheld Dr. Blackwell, attired in rubber coat, hat and boots, come down through the rain, to invite us up to dinner with him at the Kenner House, where we spent several hours very pleasantly, George and I playing some more duets, which the Doctor and a friend varied by performing some banjo and guitar selections. It rained more or less steadily all the afternoon, and, after leaving the Kenner, we returned to our tents, our pipes and our books.

Toward evening the Doctor again appeared in camp, frondling his canoe, balanced across the hurricane deck

of a wheelbarrow. He cut such a figure, coming down the middle of the road under a full head of steam, that George promptly gathered him in with the kodak.

He had his tent and camping outfit packed in the canoe, and had come, at our invitation, to make camp with us and spend the night. His boat was placed in the river, and duly tested by all of us before his tent was made up. It was a very creditable piece of work, indeed, barring the fact that he hadn't given it beam enough, and it was consequently rather crank.

Lacy, who had gone out to visit some friends after dinner, returned about the time that the Doctor joined us, and we found that, while out, he had in some manner—surreptitious, no doubt—become possessed of a chicken. Our suspicions were confirmed when it was ascertained that the chicken was ready dressed and cut up for the frying-pan, and we had no doubt but that, on taking his departure from his friend's house, he had slipped out through the kitchen. He made a plausible statement to the effect that the chicken was given him by friends, for the use and behoof of the party, which statement, considering Lacy's well-known fluency and readiness where anything to eat is concerned, we placed no confidence in, although, perforce, constrained to accept. However, it was no concern of ours. We had not lost any chickens, and as it was a welcome addition to our larder, we thought it the part of wisdom to accept his statement at its face value, along with the chicken, and keep our doubts and misgivings to ourselves, and, accordingly, the chicken occupied a prominent place in our supper bill of fare.

"Doctor, have you had many big floods in this river?" asked George, as we sat comfortably around our brightly blazing campfire, enjoying our evening cigars. It was a beautiful, clear night, after the day's rains; the clouds had all cleared away and the stars were shining brightly. The air was crisp and cool, and perfectly still. Not a leaf stirred overhead. A church bell, tolling in the village near by, sounded soft and mellow on the night air, while the lugubrious howling of a dog came at intervals across the fields. Near at hand the deep, pervasive drone of the big dam, which stretched across the river just opposite us, as we sat enjoying the cheerful light and warmth of our campfire, below the fly, fell, solemn and impressive, on our ears. The fly gleamed brightly, just above us, in the glare of the blaze, in whose fitful light the more distant canoe tents loomed up, ghostly and indistinct, in a receding line. The paddles leaning against a tree stood out from their dark background, and the provision bags, hanging on the tree trunks out of reach of prowling "varmints," gleamed whitely in the flickering light. Out between the trunks of the trees the placid surface of the river lay like a black, polished mirror, reflecting the stars in its mysterious depths, while the wave-crests in the rapids below the dam gleamed faintly white, with here and there a dancing twinkle of a star; and the lights shining brightly from the windows, here and there, on the bluff-like bank across the river, were caught up on the restless waters and carried across, in long, undulating lines.

"Well," the Doctor replied, "the flood of 1870 was the greatest ever known. The flood of '77 was just 40 ft. high, on the side of the mill—7 ft. less than the flood of '70. The trestle work approaches to the Southern Railroad bridge below the mill there were carried away in this flood. They were also carried away, and the bridge, too, in the flood of '70. There was high water three times in '70, and each time these trestles were carried away."

"The railroad was playing in hard luck, that year," George remarked.

"Yes," replied the Doctor; "there was also high water in 1889. The water rose 37 ft. on the side of the mill, and got the railroad trestles again."

"Was the dam ever carried out?" I asked.

"No," replied the Doctor; "it was badly damaged in the flood of '89, and a big hole was broken in it; and, after the water went down, it made a large whirlpool, or suck-hole above the dam; really so large as to be dangerous of approach. An amusing incident occurred in connection with this suck-hole. One of our local celebrities—a waterside character, Peter Harmon by name—was fishing from a boat above the dam, and carelessly got too near this whirlpool. His boat was caught in the current and began to swing round and round, approaching the suck-hole in the center at each gyration. Peter got rattled and completely lost his head, and jumped overboard to swim ashore. He was, of course, promptly gathered in by the suck, and after two or three preliminary gyrations he disappeared. The horrified spectators of course thought he was drowned, but in a few minutes he popped up about 50 yds. below the dam, spitting, spluttering and cussing, with all the breath he had left. As soon as he could find wind enough he yelled at the crowd, 'Why in h— and several kinds of foreign nations haven't you got a boat here for me! Do you take me for the Apostle Peter?' A boat was speedily manned and sent out, and Pete was picked up and brought ashore, not much the worse for his trip.

"That's a good one!" exclaimed George, after the laugh had subsided.

"I'd like to shoot that dam," Lacy remarked, as he refilled his pipe, and borrowed a match from the Doctor, which he lit by holding it to the embers of the fire, and then applied to his pipe.

"Why, you couldn't do it safely, could you?" asked the Doctor, in surprise.

"Oh, yes; I think so," Lacy replied. "There appears to be a deep flow of water over the edge of the dam, and the water is deep below, and I think there would be no danger. I feel strongly tempted to try it, anyhow."

"But the undertow!" insisted the Doctor. "You would most likely be drawn back up under the dam and carried down by the fall!"

"I think not," Lacy returned.

"I think there is great danger of it," the Doctor insisted. "There was a man drowned out there, under that dam, in that manner, some years ago."

"How did it happen, Doctor?" I asked. "I have heard that, some years ago, a boat was drawn up under the fall over the dam and a man drowned. Tell us about it; how it happened."

"Well, I think it an open question whether he was

drowned or whether he died from heart failure. At any rate, he lost his life there, from the boat being drawn up under the fall of the dam and swamped. It happened this way: Dr. Williams and Mr. Smith Turner, of Front Royal, our present Congressman from this district, you know, succeeded Governor O'Ferrall—"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well," he continued, "they were fishing below the dam, in a large fishing boat they owned, well-fitted for fishing, with good anchors at each end, and other conveniences. Dr. Williams was quite elderly—something upward of 70, but was quite an ardent and expert fisherman—one of the best posted men in all points pertaining to fishing in this region, which is saying a good deal, in this land of expert fishermen. Well, they had an anchor at each end of the boat, as I said before, which were lying on the decked ends of the boat, where they could be quickly dropped overboard when the proper time came. The Doctor was paddling, and they were working for position, close up under the dam and broadside to it, so as to fish right up under the fall. The boat was worked up too close, and, in an instant the undertow, boiling up from below, caught it and carried it right up, broadside on, under the heavy fall. The boat was instantly swamped, but, being of wood, of course did not sink. Both anchors, however, rolled off into the river as the boat careened, and, as they were rove up short, they held the boat right there, under the fall. Turner shouted to the Doctor to jump, threw himself on his back in the water, on the down stream side, and, bracing his feet against the side of the boat, he gave a vigorous shove, which carried him clear of the undertow and into the swift current below, which, in a few moments, carried him down into the shallow water of the rapids, where he regained his footing and easily got ashore. The Doctor, however, who was also an expert swimmer, remained with the boat a few minutes, keeping afloat by holding to the sides of the boat, while he tried to secure his fishing tackle. He took a great deal of interest and pride in his rods and tackle generally, and naturally tried to save his rod. However, he at last got clear of the boat, and, as Turner reached the rapid and secured a footing and turned to look for the Doctor, he was observed to be standing on a large, flat ledge, for which he swam—being well acquainted with its location—in water not quite up to his waist. As Turner looked the Doctor waved his arms, as if to assure Turner of his safety, and that he was all right. Turner then made his way ashore, and when he again turned to look for the Doctor he was nowhere to be seen. Search being promptly made his body was found, close to the ledge; but as he was in shallow water when last seen, it has been supposed by many that he was not drowned, as was popularly accepted, but that he died suddenly from heart failure, consequent on the sudden excitement and shock. He had had one or two attacks of this character before, and had been warned that the next one might prove fatal, which, perhaps, confirms this theory. At any rate, whether his death resulted from heart failure or drowning, the fact remains that it was due to his boat being caught in the undertow and swamped."

In the morning Dr. Blackwell was given an opportunity to sample one of our famous breakfasts of fried bacon and a scramble of fried potatoes, fried onions and eggs, and he improved the opportunity to the utmost.

We were quite sorry that he could not join us for the remainder of our cruise to Harper's Ferry, but the condition of several of his patients was such that he could not leave them at this time.

It was a bright, beautiful morning after the rains. The river—now run down to a most beautiful canoeing stage, some 12 or 15 in. above dead low-water mark—caressed by the fresh morning breeze, rippled and sparkled in the bright sun, which was reflected from every little wavelet, and from the bright foam crests of the rapids below the big dam, while the rain drops glittered and twinkled in countless diamond points from every leaf, from which they fell in dewy little showers of living light, as the boughs were gently swayed by the breeze.

Overhead, a few snowy masses of clouds drifted across the sky, behind whose light, fleecy folds the sun was occasionally obscured, and his rays tempered, and it was with bright anticipations of the day's sport that the canoes were carried down upon the low, sloping platform which served as a wing, or anchor, to the end of the dam, and there packed and launched. With cordial good-bys to the Doctor, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs to a little group of our fair friends, gathered on the bridge just above the dam, we stepped down into our canoes, took our seats and pushed out into the stream, and were speedily dancing down over the rapids on the final stretch of our cruise, with Harper's Ferry, at the mouth of the river, as our objective point.

We passed under the bridge of the historic old Manassas Gap Railroad, dropped on down past the mouth of the North Fork, whose bulk and volume considerably augmented the river; passed under the long bridge of the Norfolk & Western Railroad, shot down the steep little rapid below and swung around the short, sharp, little bend to the left, and Riverton and the upper river were left behind, and we were fairly embarked on the lower river.

The Shenandoah is as beautiful a river from as far up its triplet head streams—North, South and Middle rivers—as I have ever seen, to its final, swift union with the Potomac at picturesque, Gibraltar-like Harper's Ferry, but nowhere is it so lovely as in the fifty-five-mile section embodied in the main river from the union of the North and South Forks at Riverton to the Potomac—the section on which we were now cruising. Broad, deep and majestic, it swept on its way, around bluff and lowland, past massive cliffs, whose beetling brows overhung the black, fathomless water, which lay still and mirror-like at their bases, and in whose mysterious depths they were darkly reflected; past lofty, tree-clothed bluffs, whose rugged heights, softened by the rich, green mantle of verdure upon their shoulders, smiled back up at us from the placid depths below, their soft masses wrinkled and distorted by the long lines of water diverging from the prows of our deliberately moving canoes, and the gentle swirls from our paddle blades in our wakes, past low, wooded

banks, which sloped gently back into smiling fields and verdant meadows, dotted here and there with humble cabins, comfortable farmhouses and stately mansions. The broad, swelling slopes and domes of the Blue Ridge towered aloft imposingly, close at hand on the right, except where the river, in its serpentine wanderings, meandered away into the valley, only to return again and flow humbly and caressingly at the feet of its great spurs and foothills, while light cloud wreaths, like torn masses of fleece, lingered lovingly around the brows and adown the sides of the towering summits.

The water flowed deep and still, though always swift, for the most part, and, although broken by frequent long chains of rapids and falls, down whose wave-crested slopes we shot with exhilarating speed, was not nearly so difficult to navigate as the upper river. Frequent islands, many of them of large extent, containing groves of trees and cultivated fields, appeared, dividing the river into two smaller streams, down which, as we passed, it was easy to imagine ourselves transported back up the river a hundred miles.

It was an ideal cruising stream, and an ideal cruise, even to the day, which, while bright and sunny, was not too hot, while the air was rendered still more fresh and agreeable by a brisk breeze, which played caressingly over the surface of the river, breaking its otherwise smooth surface into miniature wavelets, dancing and sparkling in the sun, and lapping up under the bows of our canoes with a musical tinkle. It rustled merrily through the trees, which swayed gently to and fro under its influence, while, with a musical murmur, the trembling leaves displayed a hundred different shades of green, and our bright, little, silken pennants fluttered merrily from their staffs, and stood out flat in living undulations.

There were no mill dams to delay us, and the occasional falls, many of which were both long and rough, as well as the broken-down fish dams, offered no obstruction at the present stage of water, and we passed steadily on down the river, round bend after bend, down long, rocky rapids and over smooth, swift reaches, and mile after mile was covered without pause or landing of any kind.

"See that peculiar hole or cave in the cliffs up there?" said Lacy, as we swung out of the narrow channel around the foot of a long island, into the broad, reunited river, which flowed abruptly into the face of a huge cliff, which seemed to oppose its progress by towering squarely across its course, and which it escaped by swinging around abruptly to the right. A large, smoke-blackened aperture loomed up in the fact of the cliff, half-way up its side, while the bank rose, steeply sloping, to its entrance.

It was well trodden down, and under the two or three big trees standing guard at the entrance were scattered a table, one or two chairs, some boxes and other camping appliances, while, half-furled up across the mouth of the cave, hung a great sail-cloth awning.

"Some one is evidently camping there," I replied.

"A fishing party, I should judge," said Lacy, as his glance took in the large fishing boat moored at the bank a short distance below the cave, and the miscellaneous collections of rods, buckets and other fishing appliances scattered around.

George promptly seized the inevitable bugle, and made the welkin ring with his usual discordant blasts. In a few minutes his efforts were rewarded by the inevitable "Whoo-ee!" from somewhere inland, and we presently caught sight of an elderly man hurrying along down the bank with the assistance of a cane, keeping pace with us as we drifted rapidly by on the smoothly flowing river and hailing us to come ashore.

As hails of this character were of almost hourly occurrence, we, at first, paid no special heed to it, beyond politely declining to land, and continued on our course, but, after a little conversation, carried on at the top of our mutual lungs, we noted that this was something more than the usual curiosity hail, and, changing our course, we rounded in to the bank and drew alongside of the big fishing boat, and, stepping ashore, were shortly exchanging greetings and mutual introductions with Mr. George Tucker, of White Post, in this vicinity, who, as he informed us, was camping here in the "Boatmen's Cave"—as the place is termed, from the fact that it was a favorite camping place of the old-time, flat-bottomed boatmen—on fishing bent. His friends were away for the afternoon and he was alone in the camp. They had been here for about three weeks, and expected to remain until the first of October. As he expressed it, his wife was at the World's Fair, and he was here, having a good time after his own heart.

"Are you the fellows," he asked, after we had exchanged a few mutual particulars over a glass of something cheering, and while George, Lacy and I were gathering around our mess-chest preparatory to lunching—Mr. T. had had his dinner and declined to join us—"are you the fellows who have been cruising up and down this river for the past few years, and writing about it in *FOREST AND STREAM*?"

We admitted that we were the guilty parties; making the reservation in our favor, however, that, up to date, we had done no cruising up the river to speak of, our trips having been invariably down.

"Well, it's all the same," said he, with a little laugh. "I've read about your various trips with a great deal of pleasure, and hope, some day, to read an account of this trip."

As Mr. T. proved to be an expert fly-fisher, and something of an enthusiast on the subject withal, he and George found many points to discuss, and an interchange of ideas, and a mutual inspection of rods, fly-books, etc., interspersed with a liberal swapping of yarns, detained us here pleasantly for a couple of hours; and it was well on to 3 o'clock before we re-embarked and resumed our cruise, with many warnings and ominous shakes of the head from Mr. Tucker, who begged us to be careful in running the rough water in the Harper's Ferry vicinity, as it was highly dangerous.

We found the big spring at the "White-horse," a mile below, to which we had been directed at Riverton, without trouble. We had expected to lunch here, but as we had already performed that duty, we stopped only for a good, refreshing drink of water instead.

It was a nice place for a camp, barring the fact that it was by the side of a much-traveled public road, and the trampled, littered condition of the ground indicated

that it was a popular picnic resort, and had been used at no distant period for this purpose.

The "White-horse" is a huge sandstone boulder, evidently of glacial deposit, grayish white in color, and half as big as a house, lying in the water's edge, close to the right bank, in the bend of the river a mile or two below the boatmen's cave. From a little distance above it looked not unlike a huge white horse, in a recumbent position, and minus his head.

The region hereabouts is a famous fishing ground, and we learned from Mr. Tucker that he and his party had been meeting with great success until the rains descended and the floods came, and reduced them to a condition of masterly inactivity. The water was now clear again, however, and they had resumed their fishing, with fair success.

We easily shot the remains of the old, stone "Sharp-rift" mill-dam, half a mile below the "White-horse," and went spinning down the rapids below at an exhilarating rate, while the crests of the waves washed our free-boards without more than sprinkling our decks.

We passed Berry's Ferry—the usual wire cable contrivance—and dropped down the long, narrow channel past Burrell's Island, which is three miles long, and contains quite a little farm, being connected with the Burrell estate on the left—to which it belongs—by a private ferry. The channel, broken here and there by little rifts, reminded us strongly of North and Middle Rivers, one hundred miles above.

While resting at the "White-horse" Spring George and I rigged up our fishing tackle. I attached a collar of flies to my line, while George put on one of those barbarous contrivances known as a "phantom minnow." We fished as we passed down this narrow channel, and each scored several rises. My success was fairly good, and out of every rise I now and then scored a capture; but George's diabolical contraption—studded, as it was, with gangs of hooks—proved to be a deadly attraction to the bass, for, if one came within a length of it, he was sure to be hooked somewhere—in the gills, back, tail, or where not—everywhere except in the mouth, where a decent, self-respecting bass ought to be hooked. George's method of using it was simple; he had but to cast it lightly out, some twenty or thirty yards, to one side or the other, and reel it gently in. It proved a deadly lure, for if there was a bass in the river anywhere within a quarter of a mile of it, he was sure to make a dash for it, and every dash meant a certain capture. He took one bass weighing about 3½ pounds, about half way down this narrow channel, which seemed to teem with bass, besides several others nearly as large.

We found a delightful little nook for a camp up on the high bank, in the rear of the old Tilt-hammer mill, which, by the way, like all of the mills down in this section of the river, derives its motive power from a small, side stream falling into the river, and not from the river itself. This little stream, which rejoices in the unpoetic appellation of Spout Run, drops into the river over a worn, honey-combed ledge, some six or eight feet in height, forming a charmingly beautiful little waterfall, into a sheltered little basin, just back of our camp.

Our arrival created the usual little ripple of excitement in the quiet, little hamlet, and we were, as usual, cordially received and treated by the few residents of the place.

The evening was chill, and we enjoyed our after-supper smoke around a cheerful little blaze of a camp-fire, in whose flickering light the tented canoes stood out in bright relief, and the weather-beaten, moss-grown side of the mill loomed up like a wall, until lost in the gloom overhead, while the musical tinkle of the waterfall sounded a soothing lullaby in our ears.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Western Division, A. C. A.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—The meeting of the Western Division of the A. C. A. was held at the Great Northern Hotel in this city at 4 P. M. to-day. There were present in person or by proxy four members from Milwaukee, four from Chicago, eight from Peoria, one from Detroit and one from Wyandotte, Mich. Entertaining addresses were made by Mr. Jupp, of Detroit; Mr. Campbell, of Wyandotte, and by different members of the Milwaukee fraternity. In the election of officers, Mr. F. B. Huntington, of Milwaukee, was chosen Vice-Commodore; Mr. A. W. Friese, of Milwaukee, Rear-Commodore; Mr. E. H. Holmes, of Chicago, Purser. Mr. F. W. Dickens, of Milwaukee, and Mr. Franklin S. Catlin, of Chicago, were constituted members ex-officio of the Executive Committee. Mr. H. C. Morse, of Peoria, continues to represent the Western Division in the Board of Governors of the A. C. A.

The meeting cannot be said to have evinced so large and general a revival of canoeing interest in the West as it did proof of the fidelity of the best men who have been identified with that sport in this vicinity. We shall hardly solve the problem of Western canoeing by juggling the terms A. C. A. or W. C. A. The thing to do is to build fundamentally and create an interest in the sport itself. That interest still survives in the bosoms of some of the Old Guard of the W. C. A. There cropped out to-day a strong feeling for the old meets at Ballast Island. The question of a Division meet for 1902 was referred to the Executive Committee of the Western Division, and that committee is practically instructed to cast its vote for Ballast Island and a meeting some time next summer. Every effort will be made to bring out the old-timers who made the earlier meets of the W. C. A. at Ballast so pleasant, and so successful. The Old Guard will be there, and if all goes well, it may be they will bring with them younger members and show them how things used to be done, and how they can be done to-day, in the matter of a sailing meet and a beautiful, social time.

No report of the Secretary-Treasurer was filed to-day, but Mr. W. C. Jupp, Vice-Commodore, from Detroit, verbally reported that the books show a membership of about sixty-six and a balance in the treasury of about \$100. The new officials are very enthusiastic, and it seems agreed that the only hope for the sport in the West rests with some of these old-timers. It is therefore very well that a quorum of the Executive Committee goes to Milwaukee—Messrs. Huntington, Friese and Dickens. Mr.

Holmes and Mr. Catlin, both of Chicago, are near at hand. Hence, there will be a practical working body at the head of affairs in this part of the world.

It is not thought likely that any members of the Western Division will be present at the A. C. A. meet at Auburndale, Mass., on Oct. 26. One or two of the members have recently returned from the East and find that they are unable to make a second trip at so early a date. E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Yachting.

ON the eve of his departure for England, Sir Thomas Lipton states that he will not challenge for the Cup next year, but thinks it very probable that he may do so in 1903. He intends, however, to put Shamrock II. in commission and race her in American waters during the season of 1902.

SHAMROCK II. is lying just outside the big dry dock at Robbins', South Brooklyn. She has been stripped of everything above decks, and all her spars, sails and other gear have been placed in one of the big storehouses. A shed is now being built in which the challenger will spend the winter. Capt. Sycamore will stay until his charge is in her winter quarters, when he will leave for the other side. Six of the boat's crew will be left in charge, and will act as watchmen and ship's keepers. Erin has been at Erie Basin for some time past, where the plates that were damaged when she was in collision with the revenue cutter Gresham are being hammered into shape, and some interior braces are being replaced. After filling her coal bunkers, Erin will leave for England.

THE following article indicates very clearly the growing interest in the matter of house-boats equipped with auxiliary power in European waters. Up to this time there has been but one serious obstacle in the development of this delightful feature of outdoor life, and that has been the matter of propulsion of this type of craft, for hitherto they have been dependent on either an inadequate sail plan or on tow boats. Now they are independent of both, and it is to be hoped that American house-boat owners will come together and form a similar organization to the one that is now being promoted by Mr. Ernest Archdeacon, the account of which is taken from the Paris edition of the New York Herald, for in this way owners can be of great assistance to one another, not only in the development of the house-boat itself, but also regarding good cruising grounds.

Mr. Ernest Archdeacon, a well-known chauffeur and balloonist, who spent his honeymoon in a house-boat, announces his intention of forming a house-boat club. The members are to form a caravan of floating domiciles to visit French, German, Dutch and Belgian rivers and canals.

Mr. Archdeacon declares that the gasoline motor, which has been perfected through the impetus of long-distance automobile racing, has revolutionized the house-boat. It can be adapted astern without loss of space, thus dispensing with the nuisance of towage companies.

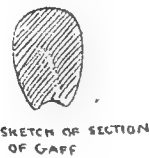
Design for a 21ft. Raceabout.

THE plans of the 21ft. raceabout which appear in this issue were drawn by Messrs. J. F. Small & S. N. Small for Mr. C. H. Chapin, of Boston. The boat was intended primarily for afternoon sailing, and nothing was sacrificed for speed; but she has proven fast and comfortable under all conditions of weather. The construction plan shows so clearly how splendidly the boat is put together that no further comment is necessary. The cockpit is water tight, and is very roomy, with transoms running around three sides. There is considerable room in the cabin under a low house, and, although the centerboard trunk extends into the cabin, it is a convenience rather than an objection, as it gives a place for a folding cabin table, and the trunk is so short one can cross the boat either fore or aft of it with perfect freedom.

Aft on either side are good-sized hanging closets, and the space under the step leading from the cockpit to the cabin is utilized as an ice box. The transoms are 12ft. long on each side, giving room to sleep four very comfortably—two on a side. Considering the boat is only 21ft. long on the waterline, she has a remarkably large amount of room, both on deck and below. There is 4ft. 4in. headroom under beams in the cabin. The dimensions are as follows:

Length over all.....	31ft.
L.W.L.	21ft.
Overhang, bow.....	4ft. 9 in.
Stern	5ft. 3 in.
Beam, extreme	9ft.
L.W.L.	8ft. 6 in.
Draft, to rabbet.....	1ft. 3 in.
Extreme	3ft.
Board down	6ft. 9 in.
Freeboard, bow.....	2ft. 8 in.
Taffrail	1ft. 11 in.
Least	1ft. 8½in.
Sail area, mainsail.....	462 sq. ft.
Jib	115 sq. ft.
Total	577 sq. ft.
Ballast, inside	500lbs.
Outside	2,000lbs.

The English-built steam yacht Tuscarora, which has been under charter to Mr. R. F. Ballantine during the past summer, has been purchased by Mr. Walter Jennings, N. Y. Y. C. The price paid is said to have been \$165,000. Tuscarora was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson and built by Messrs. Scott & Co., at Greenock, Scotland, in 1897. She is 170ft. on the waterline, 26.8ft. beam and 14.55ft. deep. The yacht is lighted by electricity, and has two decks. All deck houses, etc., are finished in teak. She has triple expansion engines, with cylinders 16in., 26in., and 42in. in diameter, by 27in. stroke.



•N°49•

- SAIL, SPAR AND RIGGING PLAN -

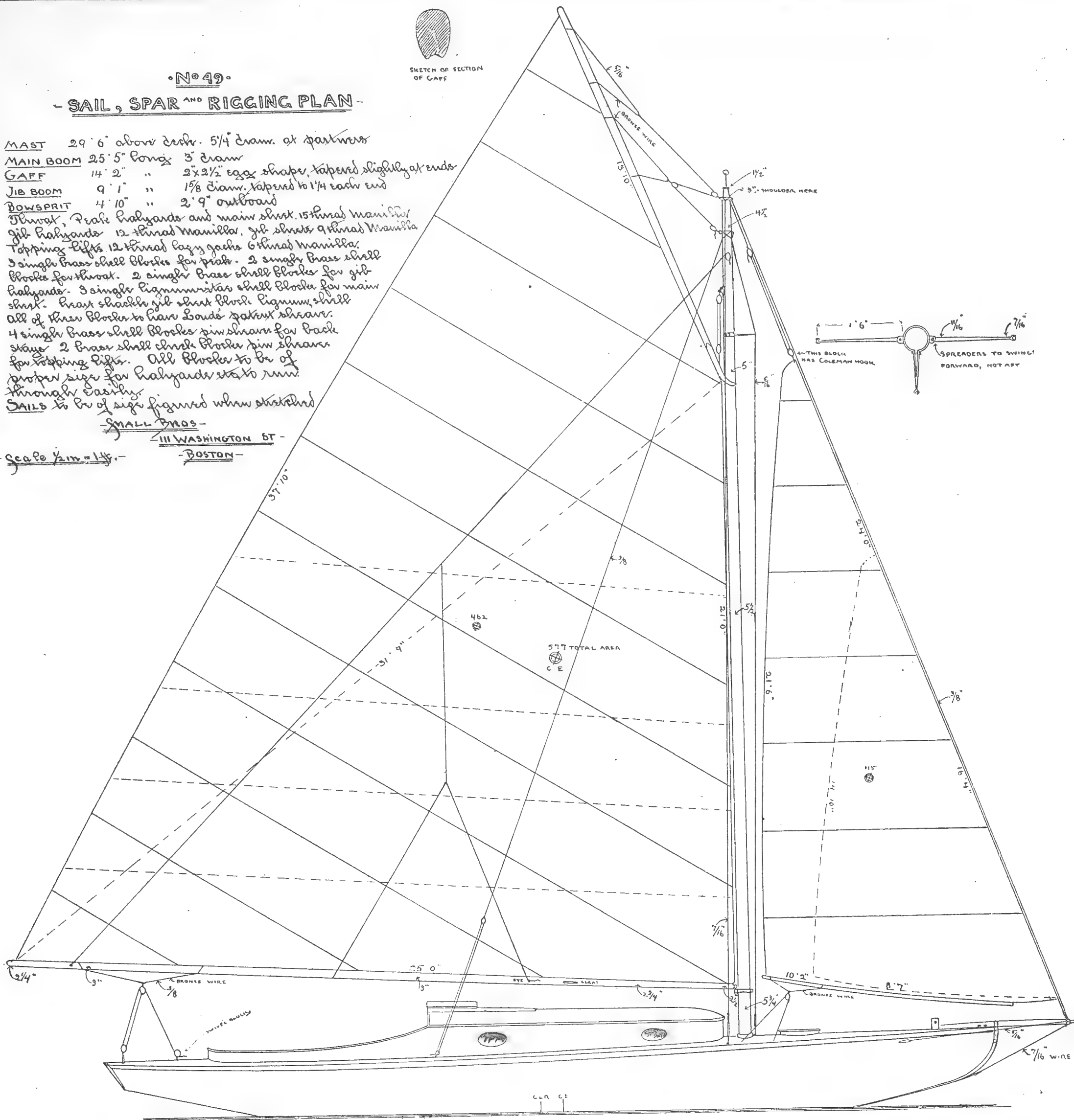
MAST 29' 6" above deck. 5 1/4" diam. at partners
MAIN BOOM 25' 5" long. 3" diam
GAFF 14' 2" " 2 1/2" x 2 1/2" egg shape, tapered slightly at ends
JIB BOOM 9' 1" " 1 5/8" diam. tapered to 1 1/4" each end
BOWSPRIT 4' 10" " 2' 9" outboard
Throat, Peak halyards and main sheet 15' lineal manilla
gib halyards 12' lineal manilla, gib sheet 9' lineal manilla
Topping lifts 12' lineal baggy galls 6' lineal manilla
3 single brass shell blocks for peak. 2 single brass shell
blocks for throat. 2 single brass shell blocks for gib
halyards. 3 single lignum vitae shell blocks for main
sheet. brass shackles gib sheet block. lignum vitae shell
all of these blocks to have double patent sheave.
4 single brass shell blocks pin chain for back
stay. 2 brass shell double block pin chain
for topping lifts. All blocks to be of
proper size for halyards etc. to run
through easily.
SAILS to be of size figured when stretched

SMALL BROS-

III WASHINGTON ST-

BOSTON-

Scale 1/2 in = 1 ft.



TWENTY-ONE-FOOT RACEABOUT-SAIL PLAN.-DESIGNED BY SMALL BROTHERS FOR C. H. CHAPIN, 1901.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—Before going into details of the records of the 18-footers of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, I desire to correct an error which was unintentionally made in regard to the records of the 25-footers. In my last letter I said that in races outside of the Association Calypso had beaten Flirt more times than the keel boat had beaten her. This statement was the result of a hasty survey of the records, and, if allowed to remain, would be doing an injustice to Flirt. After having looked carefully over the outside races, I find that Flirt beat Calypso five times, while Calypso beat Flirt three. In one of the races of the Corinthian Y. C. Flirt was disqualified for having been sailed by a professional, but she finished second, and Calypso finished third on actual sailing. Even allowing her only last place in this race, I find that on figuring percentage for the outside races, under the same basis that is used in the Y. R. A., Flirt has a good margin to her credit.

The percentages of the yachts in the two 18ft. classes of the Association are as follows:

Class T—18ft. Open Yachts.									
	Starts.	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Fins.	Bks.	Total.	Average.	
Fantasy	5	5	0	0	0	0	500	1.00	
Plunger	5	3	2	0	0	0	365	.91	1.4
Lobster	5	1	1	2	0	1	235	.47	
Cathryn	1	0	1	0	0	0	65	.26	
Flip	1	0	1	0	0	0	65	.26	
Hector	4	0	0	2	2	0	100	.25	
Pioneer	3	0	0	1	1	1	50	.16	2.3
Class I—18ft. Knockabouts.									
Malillian	10	7	0	2	1	0	785	.78	1.2
Aspinquid	13	5	3	3	1	2	780	.60	
Bacchante	12	2	4	3	2	1	575	.47	11-12
Comforter	8	2	1	2	2	1	335	.45	5-8
Bonito	2	1	1	0	0	0	165	.25	5-13
Ayaya	7	0	2	1	4	0	225	.32	1-7
Susan	2	1	0	1	0	0	135	.20	11-13
Nethla	3	0	1	0	2	0	95	.14	2-3
Miladi	6	0	3	1	1	1	245	.37	9-13
Oriana	4	0	0	1	3	0	80	.12	1-3
Barbara	3	0	0	0	3	0	45	.06	12-13

In the unrestricted class of 18-footers there has always been good racing, which was in danger of being spoiled by the introduction of yachts of abnormal length over all, which used trusses to hold up their ends, and which, on account of the movable trusses, were supposed to sail on various lengths of waterline. Two of these yachts, Dauntless and Circe II., were the cause of considerable dissatisfaction on the part of the other yacht owners of the class. Each of these yachts was about 37ft. on top. Circe II. was originally called Thelma, and raced on 21ft. waterline in 1899 for the Quincy cup. A truss was put in her which, on being set up, pulled up her ends until her waterline was under 18ft. Dauntless had a similar truss. Early in the season, both of these boats were remeasured, under protest, and it was found that their waterlines had increased to such an extent that they were over the class limit. They were immediately declared out of the class, and the others commenced to feel more interest in the racing.

The little Fantasy, which had kept aloof from Association races while the two larger boats were in, now took a hand in the game, with the result that out of five races she took five straight firsts, thus getting the only clean score that qualified for championship in any of the classes. Fantasy is rather a peculiar model. She is the maximum of flat floor, little dead rise and hard bilges, being square sided and a pronounced skimming dish. Her counter is drawn in so that she might properly be called a double ender. Her owner has been very persistent in racing her, and she has taken a number of valuable prizes. She is always fitted out with everything that can make her go in the matter of sails, and is kept in thorough condition all the time. She was designed and built by her owner, William Allerton, of the South Boston Y. C. She is 28ft. 8in. over all, 15ft. 6in. on the waterline, 7ft. beam and 10in. draft. All of the other boats in the class are skimming dishes. Plunger is another boat whose waterline has been made shorter by pulling up the ends. It is understood that she is one of the Crane boats which raced for the Seawanhaka

cup. Lobster is one of the strongest built boats in the class. She is about 30ft. over all, and is noted particularly for the reversed curves at her ends. She was built in 1899 by Howard Linnell, of Dorchester. Cathryn is a very beamy skimmer, designed and built by Messrs. Rud-dick and Young, of the Columbia Y. C., last year. She has rather too many curves to be extremely fast, but she is very substantially built, and is an admirable cruiser.

This was the first season that the 18ft. knockabouts raced as a class under Association rules, and the result promises success for future seasons. The scantling and sail area rules of this class have been printed many times, and the majority of yachtsmen are familiar with them. They are limited to 450 sq. ft. of sail, and a minimum displacement of 4,000lbs. The boats are fine, single-handers, and for afternoon sailing are without equal. They can show a fair turn of speed, and can stay out in all kinds of weather. They run from 28ft. to 33ft. over all, so it can be seen that there is considerable more boat than their 18ft. waterline might imply. Only three of these boats followed all the circuits throughout the entire bay—Malillian, Aspinquid and Bacchante.

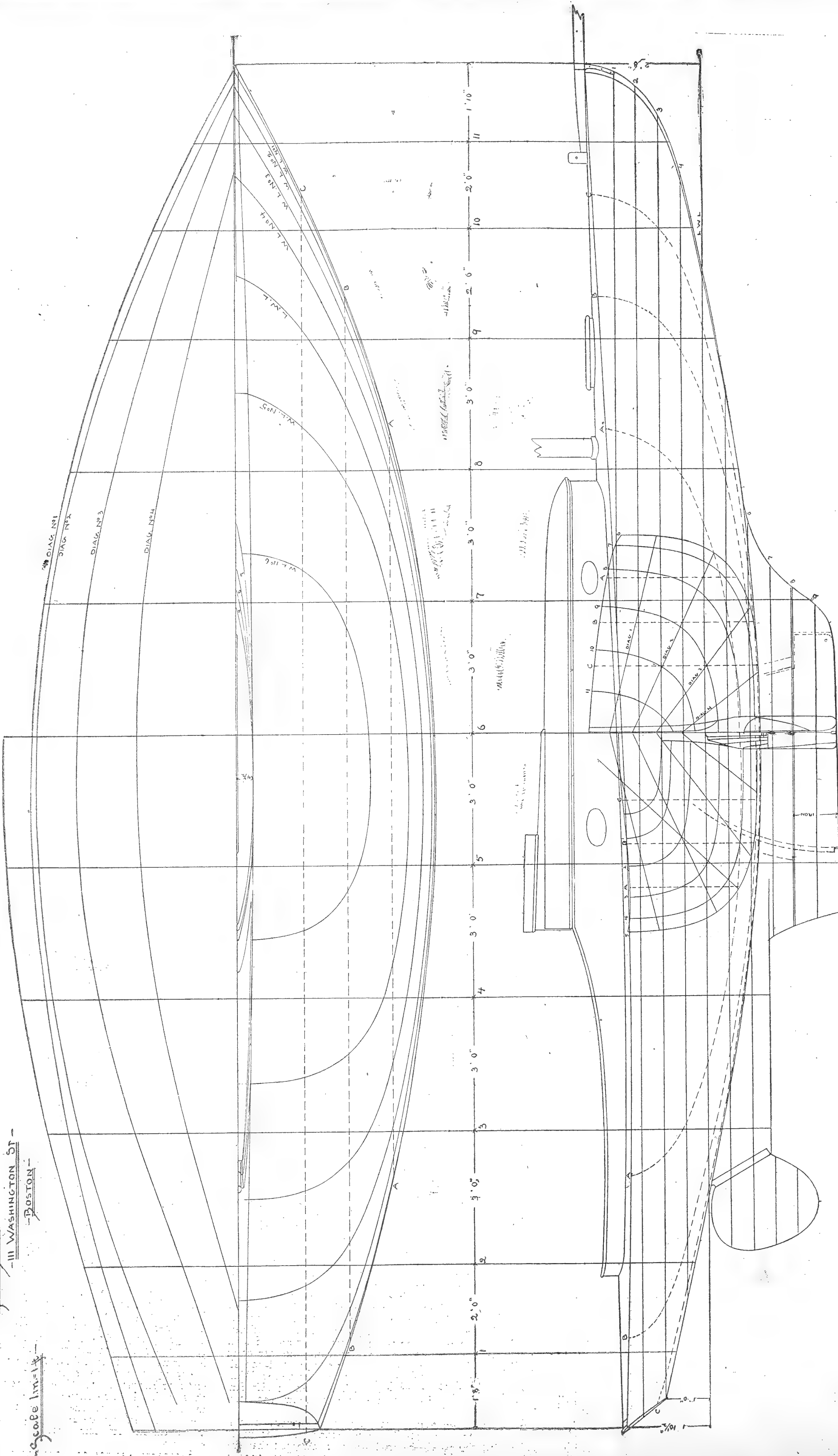
Malillian, which takes the championship, is not one of this season's boats, like most of the others, but was one of the bunch which was designed for Duxbury Bay last year by Crowninshield, and built by Jansen, of Gloucester. She did not get started as early in the season as some of the other, but she made a great showing after she had got going. She is a semi-keel boat, 28ft. over all, about 7ft. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. She is owned by B. S. Permar, of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C.

Aspinquid is a new boat, designed and built by Shiver-ick, of Kingston, for W. A. Comey, of the Hull-Massa-chusetts Y. C. She showed up well in the first races of the season, and was one of the hardest propositions of the lot in a strong breeze. She is 30ft. 3in. over all, 7ft. 9in. beam and 2ft. 10in. draft. She is also of the semi-keel type.

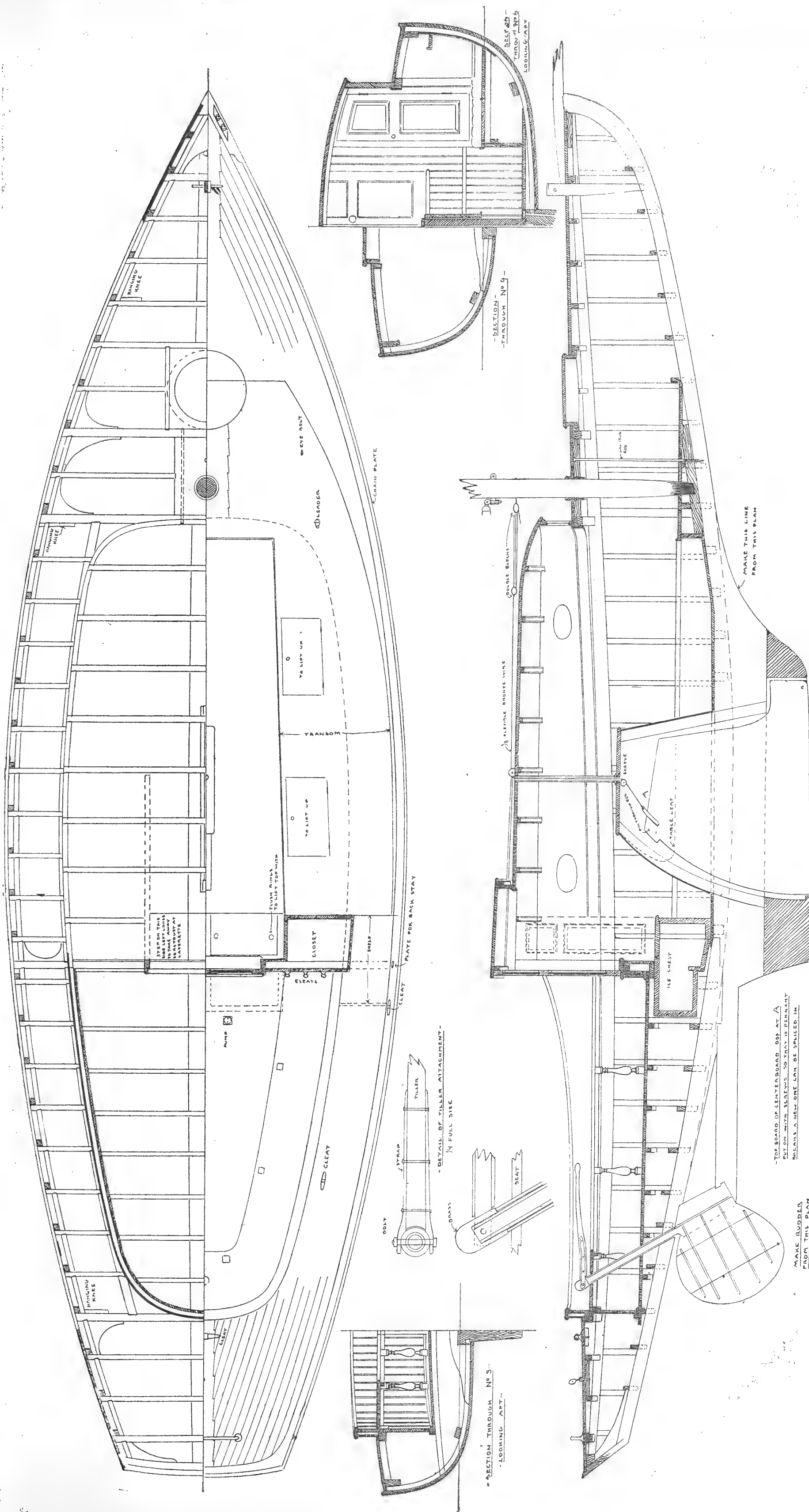
Bacchante was the only out-and-out centerboard of the

Boston:-

scale in. = 1 ft.



TWENTY-ONE-FOOT RACEABOUT.—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROTHERS FOR C. H. CHAPIN, 1901.



TWENTY-ONE-FOOT RACEABOUT—CONSTRUCTION PLAN.—DESIGNED BY SMALL BROTHERS FOR C. H. GILPIN, 1901.

lot. She did not carry a pound of ballast outside. She was designed and built by Hanley for J. T. Humphrey and C. E. Lauriat, Jr., of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. She is 30ft. 3in. over all, 7ft. beam and 2ft. gin. draft. Like the general Hanley model, she is very flat floored with fairly hard bilges. She was a bit too stiff for light airs, but in a very heavy breeze she always showed up well.

At the first winter meeting of the Yacht Racing Association several amendments to the racing rules were brought up, some of which found favor; others were held over for deeper consideration, and others were lost altogether. It was decided that the distinguishing racing flags can only be carried during a race, and it was also voted to increase the size of the flag to 18x18in. An amendment was brought up by which a yacht entering in a class would be obliged to race in that class during the entire season. It is possible at present to enter a yacht which has been built for the restricted classes in the open classes, and the majority thought that this privilege should be maintained.

An amendment was brought up by which the much-discussed trusses would be eliminated entirely, but the delegates would not have it. This question will again be brought up at a special meeting, to be held Thursday evening, as will also an amendment by which the height of the cabin in restricted classes will be definitely determined. A number of amendments were brought up regarding restrictions on sails, but the subject, as presented, was rather complicated, and will be heard from again at the special meeting. The percentage system was brought forward, but was considered too weighty to be enacted upon without further deliberation, and it will be another feature of the special meeting. It was decided that a yacht which has not been measured and which wins a prize in a race shall be measured within seven days from the day of the race or forfeit the prize.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The America's Cup Record.

THE history of the America's Cup is told in the inscriptions upon it, which read as follows:

100 Guinea Cup, won Aug. 22, 1851, at Cowes, England, by yacht America, at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, "open to all nations," beating cutters, Volante, 48 tons; Arrow, 84 tons; Alarm, 193 tons; Mona, 82 tons; Bacchante, 80 tons; Freak, 60 tons; Eclipse, 50 tons. Schooners, Beatrice, 161 tons; Wyvern, 205 tons; Ione, 75 tons; Constance, 218 tons; Gipsy Queen, 160 tons; Brilliant, 392 tons.

Schooner America, 170 tons; Commodore, John C. Stevens; built by George Steers, of New York, 1851.

Presented to the N. Y. Y. C. as a challenge cup open to all foreign clubs, by the owners, John C. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, Geo. L. Schuyler, J. Beekman Finlay, Edwin A. Stevens.

1870.

Challenged to be sailed for over N. Y. Y. C. course, Aug. 8, 1870, by Mr. James Ashbury, with schooner yacht Cambria, representing R. T. Y. C. Cambria, beaten in the following order by schooner yachts: Magic, Idler, Silvie, America, Dauntless, Madgie, Phantom, Alice, Halcyon.

1871.

Oct. 16, 1871.—Schooner Livonia, James Ashbury, Esq., owner, vs. schooner Columbia, Franklin Osgood, Esq., owner. Columbia winner by 27m., 4s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Oct. 18, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Columbia. Columbia, winner, by 10m., 33s.; outside course.

Oct. 19, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Columbia. Livonia, winner by 15m., 10s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Oct. 21, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Sappho; Wm. P. Douglas, Esq., owner. Sappho, winner by 30m., 21s.; outside course.

Oct. 23, 1871.—Schooner Livonia vs. schooner Sappho; Sappho, winner by 25m., 27s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

1876.

Aug. 11, 1876.—Schooner Countess of Dufferin, Chas. Gifford, Esq., owner, vs. Madeleine, John S. Dickerson, Esq., owner; Madeleine, winner by 10m., 59s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Aug. 12, 1876.—Schooner Countess of Dufferin vs. schooner Madeleine; Madeleine, winner by 27m., 14s.; outside course.

1881.

Nov. 9, 1881.—Sloop Mischief beat sloop Atalanta; Bay of Quinte Y. C. (Canada); 28m., 39¼s.; N. Y. Y. C. course.

Nov. 10, 1881.—Sixteen miles to leeward from buoy 5, Sandy Hook and return, sloop Mischief beat Atalanta 38m., 54s.

1885.

Sept. 14, 1885.—N. Y. Y. C. course, sloop Puritan beat cutter Genesta, Royal Yacht Squadron of England, 16m., 19s.

Sept. 16, 1885.—Twenty miles to leeward of Sandy Hook Light Ship and return, sloop Puritan beat cutter Genesta 1m., 38s.

1886.

Sept. 9, 1886.—N. Y. Y. C. course, sloop Mayflower beat cutter Galatea, Royal Northern Y. C. of Scotland, 12m., 2s.

Sept. 11, 1886.—Twenty miles to leeward of Sandy Hook Light Ship and return, Mayflower beat cutter Galatea 28m., 59s.

1887.

Sept. 27, 1887.—N. Y. Y. C. course, sloop Volunteer beat cutter Thistle, of Royal Clyde Y. C. of Scotland, 19m., 23¼s.

Sept. 30, 1887.—Twenty miles to windward from Scotland Light Ship and return, sloop Volunteer beat cutter Thistle 11m., 48¼s.

1893.

Oct. 7, 1893.—Sloop Vigilant, N. Y. Y. C. vs. cutter Valkyrie, R. Y. S.; 15 miles to leeward and return; Vigilant won by 5m., 48s.

Oct. 9, 1893.—A triangle 10 miles to a leg; Vigilant won by 10m., 35s.

Oct. 13, 1893.—Fifteen miles to windward and return; Vigilant won by 40s.

1895.

Sept. 7, 1895.—Defender, N. Y. Y. C., vs. Valkyrie III., R. Y. S.; 15 miles to windward; Defender won by 8m., 49s.

Sept. 10, 1895.—Triangle, 30 miles, Valkyrie III. disqualified.

Sept. 12, 1895.—Fifteen miles to windward; Defender won; Valkyrie III. withdrew. Time of race 4h., 43m., 43s.

1899.

1899.—Columbia, N. Y. Y. C., vs. Shamrock, Royal Ulster Y. C.

First race, Oct. 16, 15 miles to windward and return; Columbia won by 10m., 8s. Time of race 4h., 53m., 53s.

Second race, Oct. 17, triangle, 30 miles, 10 miles to a leg; Columbia won; Shamrock disabled, lost topsail. Time of race, 3h., 37m.

Third race, Oct. 20, 15 miles to leeward and return; Columbia won by 6m., 34s. Time of race, 3h., 38m., 9s.

1901.

1901.—Columbia, N. Y. Y. C., vs. Shamrock II., Royal Ulster Y. C.

First race, Sept. 28, 15 miles to windward and return. Columbia won by 1m., 20s.

Second race, Oct. 3, triangle, 30 miles, 10 miles to a leg; Columbia won by 3m., 35s.

Third race, Oct. 4, 15 miles to leeward and return; Columbia won by 41s.

Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. Percentages

THE first season of the Gravesend Bay Y. R. A. is now at an end, and the results of the fifteen regattas held under the auspices of that organization have been far more encouraging than the most sanguine members had expected. The Association has done much to revive interest in racing, and, although there were comparatively few new boats built this year, still, the owners of the old ones, finding that the racing was going to be good took more interest and kept their boats in better shape than ever before. Even though the season is just over, new boats are already being talked of, and the classes will, undoubtedly, be better filled and the racing keener next season than it has ever been on Gravesend Bay. Aside from the better racing that has prevailed under the Association rule, it has done much toward bringing the different clubs and their members more closely in touch with one another, and a very friendly feeling now exists between the several clubs on the bay.

In Class M, for sloops 30 to 36ft., Akista, owned by Mr. George Hill, the winner in this class, was far and away ahead of Bonito, the boat that was second. Squaw, owned by Mr. N. J. Heath, was placed first in Class N, sloops 25 to 30ft., beating Vivian by only one point. In Class P, sloops 21 to 25ft., Mr. E. F. Luckenbach's Song and Dance won out. Cockatoo, owned by Mr. Hendon Chubb, being second. Wraith, owned by Mr. Calvin Tompkins, had an easy time of it in Class Q, sloops 18 to 21ft., winning by 70 points. In Class R, sloops 15 to 18ft., Pebble, owned by Mr. R. W. Speir, won handily, as did Mr. W. K. Brown's Kelpie, in the Marine and Field Club's one-design class.

The following table clearly shows the different boats' standing after the season's racing:

Sloops—Class M, 30 to 36ft.	Points.
Akista, George Hill.....	71
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	29
Vivian, S. F. Vernon.....	28
Titania, W. H. Childs.....	8
Sloops—Class N—25 to 30ft.	
Squaw, H. J. Heath.....	41
Vivian, S. F. Vernon.....	40
Bonito, Haviland Brothers.....	14
Susie, C. Ferguson.....	10
Narika, P. T. Cornell.....	8
Greenidol.....	8
Sloops—Class P—21 to 25ft.	
Song and Dance, E. F. Luckenbach.....	109
Cockatoo, Hendon Chubb.....	96
Corona.....	8
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	6
Sloops—Class Q—18 to 21ft.	
Wraith, Calvin Tompkins.....	120
Brencho, F. C. Moore.....	50
Spots, D. D. Allerton.....	56
Wink, W. A. Barstow.....	54
Cecrodo, A. Peters.....	6
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon.....	5
Sloops—Class R—15 to 18ft.	
Pebble, R. W. Speir.....	116
Budget, Henry Anthony.....	68
Peanut, Calvert Brewer.....	42
Pickaninny, L. R. Connet.....	10
Marine and Field Special Class.	
Kelpie, W. K. Brown.....	91
Jig-a-Jig, W. A. Hutcheson.....	69
Quinque, L. H. Smith.....	53
Vixen, Baylor & Mahoney.....	52
Stinger, A. P. Clapp.....	38
Flying Fox, Cone & Buckman.....	29
Catboats—Class T—21 to 25ft.	
Elsie, C. P. Rosemon.....	*15
Catboats—Class V—18 to 21ft.	
Martha M., Richard Moore.....	*15
* Sailor.	

Western Yachts.

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 19.—Sir Thomas Lipton has impressed Chicago as he did New York with the fact that he is a very good sort of fellow. Sir Thomas has been entertained as best this city could arrange, has been banqueted by the Athletic Club, taken out to view the sanguinary attractions of the Stock Yards, and has received others of those attentions peculiar to this village. He expresses himself as much pleased, and declares his intention of returning here next summer.

An accident came near ending the career of the famous Cup challenger during his visit at Chicago. To-day, after his visit to the Columbia Y. C. club house, he went aboard the Dorothea, the naval reserve training ship. A little excursion was made into the lake under a rather stiff wind. An accident to the machinery of the Dorothea came near causing a collision with the stone abutments of the Government pier. The Dorothea went aground, and Sir Thomas was taken ashore on the tender Ruth. Yachting

enthusiasts regret that there was nothing doing in their line at this time of the year, but they told Sir Thomas all about how Invader lifted the Canada cup. At this Sir Thomas looked some thoughtful.

Inland Lake Yachting Association.

A special meeting of the Inland Lakes Y. A. was held to-day at Milwaukee, Wis., to consider proposed amendments to the constitution. The meeting was held at the Hotel Pfister, and every club in the Association, except Minnetonka and Wauwassee Lake, of Indiana, had representation. The following amendments were passed: That the Executive Committee shall select the measurer for the annual regatta; that no yacht shall be sailed by any but bona fide members of the club it represents, except in case of sickness, when the Executive Committee may permit one person to be substituted; that a yacht may be jockeyed or luffed as long as she is in the lead, but must stand on her course when overlapped. A resolution was passed providing for certain unimportant changes in centerboards. A long discussion ensued over the question of Corinthianism, and an amendment was proposed which makes it impossible for a fisherman, boat builder or any one engaged in manual nautical labor to take part in the regattas. This discussion was going on at last reports from the meeting.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Communications.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We arrived here Oct. 6 at 7 P. M., making the trip from New York in just eleven days, and Com. Munroe says we have made a record. We left Southport Oct. 3 at 11 A. M. with a N.W. gale after us; intended to run as far as Jacksonville, Fla., if it would take us that far; if not, there were plenty of harbors along the coast to run to. We passed Charleston Lightship at 2 o'clock next morning. Distance run by log, 120 miles. On the evening of the 4th, at 10 P. M., we hove to off Jacksonville, Fla., and waited until daylight, with the intention of going in to the harbor, because it looked like we would get the wind from the S.E., and the weather looked bad.

We waited until 6 o'clock on the morning of the 5th and went close to the bar to see if we could go in, but it was impossible to do so. It was then blowing a gale from the N.E., so there was only one thing left to do, and that was to proceed on to Miami. We were all pretty well tired out, but made the best of it, and arrived in Miami in just thirty-six hours from Jacksonville, it being the record run between that place and Miami. Distance run by log, 320 miles; by rail it is 365 miles.

During the night of the 5th we ran a distance of 13 miles in twelve hours, making an average of eleven miles an hour, that distance being taken between two lights of the coast. Savalo sailed that night as far as she will ever sail under any conditions, and she stood up to it as well as any boat could possibly do, and she is certainly a remarkable or exceptionally strong built boat, and surely built of good stuff.

Not many boats of her size and rig would have stood what she stood, and we arrived here in as good condition as when we left New York, without losing or carrying away one single thing, and there are very few ships of this kind made without something carrying away, especially in a gale like we had. Now I did not expect to try to make a record or to make very long runs, there on being three of us on deck. I did not get the extra man to go with us. I was compelled to carry on sail while it was blowing hard, especially coming from Jacksonville, down the wind being from E.N.E. to E. by N. most of the way, and that wind is right on the shore, so there were only two things to do—to carry on sail and drive it in sail and drift, and then we would drift on the beach. Well, from the hard sailing she had those few days, she never made a drop of water, so that shows she is tight and well put together. Hoping to hear from you concerning your future plans for Savalo, yours truly,

J. C. JAKOBSEN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I will be obliged if you will inform several readers your valuable paper in the coming issue as to the condition of Independence—that is, if she is only laid up for the season, or is she being broken up or only having some rusty bolts replaced?

INQUIRER.

[Independence is really being broken up, and all the material which was used in her construction is being carefully preserved by direction of the owner.—ED.]

Capt. Hall His Own Crew.

SOMETHING new and daring in seamanship is being tried just now on the New England coast, says the New York Sun, and all the sailors from Quoddy Head to Kitt Point are waiting to see what comes of it.

Capt. Parker Hall is owner and master of the 88-ton 49-year-old schooner Angler, and he ought, by good rights and the customs of coasting, to have at least three men to help him sail her.

But Cap'n Hall is a little queer and very spunky, a lately when, being ready to sail from Quincy, Mass., Calais, Me., to get a cargo of lumber, he found himself unable to get any sailors, he said:

"Well, let 'em sail, an' I'll sail this hooker down E. myself."

He then ordered himself to get up the mainsail, which he did; then the foresail, and after that he hove the anchor short, put the wheel in a becket while he got the jib her, and away she went, with Cap'n Hall at the wheel, the coffee pot a-boiling in the stove down below.

When the Angler put in at various places along the coast of Maine and people saw that she had only one man, there was much talk, and the general opinion was that the schooner's skipper was a little off his reckoning. But the Angler got down to Calais all right, and after having taken 77,000ft. of lumber, it occurred to Cap'n Hall that he might as well ship a couple of men, so that he could get some sleep on the passage to Boston. He did, after a long hunt, scare up two green hands, but they deserted the same night, and he made up his mind to it alone once more.

People along the wharves laughed at Cap'n Hall when he said that he was going without any crew, but he grinned back at them, saying: "Crew? Huh! S'only one man in a hunnerd s'any good, anyway, 'n' he ain't allers to be got. Can't git 'im now, leastways, 'n' I ain't a-goin' to let this yere schooner hang up to the wharf all summer a-waitin' fer help. I brought her down here, an' I kin fetch her out ag'in."

And he did. When the Angler had got under way something happened that came near ending the one-man trip: right there in the river at Calais. Somehow or other Cap'n Hall fell overboard, and as he cannot swim a stroke he would have drowned but for a tug boat that came along. The tug's crew fished the lone mariner out, and after he got dried and rested a bit he took the wheel again, headed her down the river and away she went for Boston.

Whether or not she will get there is another question. Captain-mate-cook-and-crew Hall says she will peg along all right with the best of them, and maybe she will. It is supposed that the lone skipper will leave her to, Dago style, at night, and thus be able to get some sleep. "He's got good grit, but hang his judgment," say the coast sailors.

Proposed Yacht Basin in Gravesend Bay.

MR. GEORGE E. HILL, who represents a syndicate of New York yachtsmen, purchased on Oct. 17 for his clients a tract of land comprising 175 acres fronting on Gravesend Bay. This property is to be dredged and improved, with the ultimate view of making one of the largest and most complete yacht basins in the world. The names of the buyers have not been given out, but it is stated that many of those interested in the deal are well-known yachtsmen who are members of the Atlantic Y. C. and the other clubs which are located on Gravesend Bay.

For more than a century the property in question has been known as Harway Basin, and some years ago an effort was made to establish a yacht basin there, but after a few cribs and docks had been built, work was abandoned and the scheme given up. At one time the city contemplated turning the land into a seaside park, but the idea was not thought favorably of, and this plan was also set aside.

The property has a frontage of 4,500ft. on Coney Island Creek and 3,200ft. on Gravesend Bay. Fifty acres of the land are upland, sixty-five acres are salt meadow and sixty acres are submerged. The tract runs from Bay Fortyninth Street to Coney Island Creek, and lies between Stilwell avenue and the pier line. Harway avenue, a continuation of the Shore drive, runs through the property and connects with Sea Gate and Surf avenues, Coney Island.

In the plan laid out to develop the property, it is proposed to dredge out a basin having an area of sixty-five acres, which will be 2,500 by 1,800ft., to a depth varying from 12 to 30ft., which would be sufficient to keep afloat at all times the largest pleasure boats in the world. The soil taken out in the dredging will be used for filling in behind the cribs and bulkheads. There will be 7,000 running feet of wharves. Dry docks, marine railways, repair shops, foundries and sheds for the storage of spars, sails and all other gear, will also be erected.

The promoters of the scheme hope to give employment to nearly two hundred men all the year around. The price paid for the land is said to be \$300,000, but this seems excessive.

There is a report current that an effort is being made to persuade Thomas Ratsey, the English sailmaker, to establish a branch of his business on the property.

Yacht Club Notes.

At the annual meeting of the Hempstead Bay Y. C. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Com., Hiram R. Smith; Vice-Com., Willis A. Hutcheson; Rear-Com., Frederick K. Walsh; Sec'y, De Witt C. Titus; Treas., Carman R. Lush; Official Meas., Frederick C. Southard.

Board of Governors.—The six officers of the club, with R. H. Mayland, Charles H. Southard, M. H. Tracy and Isaac N. Carman.

Regatta Committee.—M. H. Tracy, C. H. Southard and Robert W. Nix.

The Treasurer's report showed a balance of \$19.01. The total receipts for the year were \$1,541.85, and during the season the club spent \$238.76 for prizes.

Fifteen new members joined the club during the year, making the total of 95.

The racing length of third-class boats was changed from 20 to 21ft.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

MacConnell Bros., the Boston yacht brokers, have sold through their agency, the 25-footers Cygnet to C. S. Cook; yawl Penguin, to W. S. Johnson, of Mamaronck, N. Y.; schooner Betsy, to C. M. Washington, of Locust, N. J.; 25-footer Orphan, to Claude Smith, of Ithaca, N. Y.; 21-footer Freyja, to J. M. Linder, of Boston; 25-footer Aeolus, to Baldwin & Gray, of Hartford; the Don, to G. A. Randall; Sally Brass, to C. M. Keep, and the 15-footer Ray, to G. R. Fryer, of Stratford, Conn.

George F. Lawley Son Corporation, South Boston, has closed contracts for three schooners—one 70ft. waterline, the second, 62ft. waterline, and the third 52ft. waterline. This corporation is now building a 46ft. waterline schooner for Mr. Arnold Lawson, from designs made by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane. A 46ft. waterline yawl is also under construction at Lawley's.

Sagitta the English-built steam yacht, which has been under charter during the past summer to Mr. Joseph R. Delemar, has sailed from New York for England.

Mr. E. A. Boardman, a well-known Harvard man, and stroke of the '97 crew, has associated himself with Mr.

B. B. Crowninshield in the yacht designing brokerage business. Mr. Boardman will take Mr. Frank N. Tandy's place, who recently went in business for himself. For a number of years past Mr. Boardman has been sailing boats at Marblehead, and he is considered one of the most skillful helmsmen in that part of the country.

Mr. Crowninshield has been commissioned to design three 21-footers for the Massachusetts Y. R. A. restricted class; one is for Mr. Richard Hutchinson; another for Mr. Charles Francis Adams, 2d, and the third for Mr. C. H. W. Foster. He is also working on the plans of an 18-footer for a member of the Hull (Mass.) Y. C. The keel of the seven-masted schooner that is being built at the Fore River Engine Works, at Quincy, Mass., from Mr. Crowninshield's design, has been laid and the frames will soon be in place.

A member of the New York Y. C., whose name is not given out, is having built by the Gas Engine Power Co. and Seabury & Co., at Morris Heights, a steel, twin screw, steam yacht, 115ft. long. Work is well advanced on the yacht, and the cabinet work will soon be put in the cabins. Forward there will be a good-sized deck house, which will be used as the dining saloon. In the after end of this house is the pantry, which is connected with the gallery by a dumb waiter. Forward of the machinery space, on the lower deck, is the galley; next forward are the officers' rooms, with the forecabin forward of these. Aft of the machinery and boiler space are the owner's quarters, which consist of two large, connecting staterooms, with a bath adjoining. Aft of the owner's room are a large stateroom and bath for guests. There will be a low cabin house over the cabins aft, and all the deck fittings, deck house, etc., will be finished in teak. The yacht will be furnished with triple expansion engines and a Seabury boiler, and she will have a speed of about 17 miles. The bow and stern of the yacht will be detachable, so that she may pass through the canals in going up to the Lakes.

A Boston gentleman, who is a member of the New York Y. C., has ordered the Gas Engine Power Co. and Seabury & Co. to design and build for him a steel cruising schooner. The yacht will be 118ft. over all, 79ft. on the waterline, 22ft. 6in. beam, and will draw 13ft. She will be finished and ready to turn over to her owner early next season.

The steam yacht Osceola, owned by Mrs. Julia M. Curtis, was damaged by fire, while in her winter quarters at Tebo's basin, foot of Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn. The fire was discovered by a watchman at 5 o'clock on the morning of Oct. 12. An alarm was immediately turned in, and the fire was extinguished, after it had done considerable damage. The loss amounted to about \$500, and was covered by insurance. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The 70ft. yacht Iola, owned by Mr. Nicholas Armstein, of New York City, went ashore on the breakwater at the mouth of the Housatonic River, which is a few miles east of Bridgeport, Conn., late in the afternoon of Oct. 13, and was a total loss. The keeper of Stratford Light telephoned to the town of Stratford, and in response to his message several oyster boats went down the river and rescued the owner, his nine guests, and the three men who made up the crew. Iola pounded herself to pieces during the night. She was built at Newberne, N. C., in 1885. Further than this no details regarding the boat are procurable.

As a result of the collision between the steam yacht Nourmahal and the steamship North Star, when the boats were returning from the race between Columbia and Shamrock II., on Sept. 28, Col. John Jacob Astor filed a libel in the United States District Court on Oct. 12 against the steamer in question for \$15,000, which Col. Astor claims was the amount of damage done to his yacht.

Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased the schooner yacht Sea Fox.

Mr. Clifford V. Brokaw, N. Y. Y. C., has purchased through the agency of Messrs. Gardner & Cox, from Mr. W. L. Ward, the cutter Dorwina, the champion in the 43ft. class on Long Island Sound.

Mr. Henry C. Rouse, N. Y. Y. C., has bought the English-built auxiliary Lady Godiva. The yacht has been under charter to Mr. Rouse all the past summer. She is built of steel, and was designed by Mr. St. Claire Byrne, and built by Laird Bros., at Birkenhead, in 1890. Lady Godiva is 138ft. long on the waterline, 23ft. beam, and 13.35ft. deep.

Mr. Frederic H. Benedict, owner of the steam yacht Verzana, was killed on Saturday, Oct. 19, in an accident which happened by his losing control of an automobile which he was running from Tuxedo to West Point. Mr. Benedict had been identified with yachting for a number of years past. He was elected a member of the New York Y. C. in 1888, and a member of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. in 1892.

The highest waterfall in the world, geography tells us, is the Cerosola Cascade, in the Alps, having a fall of 2,400 feet; that of Arvey, in Savoy, is 1,700 feet, and the falls of Yosemite Valley range from 700 to 1,000 feet. But higher yet is the waterfall in the San Cuayatan Cañon, in the State of Durango, Mexico. It was discovered by some prospectors ten years ago in the great barranca district, which is called the Tierras Desconocidas. While searching for the famous lost mine, Naranjal, a great roar of water was heard. With great difficulty the party pushed on, and up and down the mighty chasms, until they beheld the superb fall that is at least 3,000 feet high.—Land of Sunshine.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 14.—Yesterday was a delightful day at Shell Mound range, and there was a large turnout of riflemen, especially of the militia. Some good shooting was done by the latter. F. F. Carson made the possible at 200, 300 and 500yds., 25, 25, 25—5-shot scores.

The schuetzen marksmen did very good work also. Scores: Swiss Rifle Club, monthly bullseye shoot: First prize, F. Suter; second, Edward Suter; third, A. von Wyl; fourth, J. Leeman; fifth, Alfred Gehret; sixth, C. Bacala; seventh, J. Scheibli; eighth, La Croix; ninth, Charles Bachmann. Monthly medal shoot: Champion class—Alfred Gehret, 442; first class—Robert Hauser, 377; second class—F. Suter, 364; third class—Edward Suter, 354.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First champion class—D. B. Faktor, 231; second champion class—F. Rust, 207, 202; first class—F. Brandt, 203, 188; second class—L. N. Ritzau, 210, 204; third class—William Doell, 187, 178; best first shot—D. B. Faktor, 22; best last shot—D. Salfeld, 24.

Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, semi-monthly shoot, handicap: M. F. Blasse, 210, 193, 208, 204, 197, 199, 200; A. Gehret, 226, 228. Gold medal, J. F. Bridges, 204; silver medal, M. J. White, 192, 189; A. B. Dorrell, 219, 214; E. L. Riemenschneider, 191, 182; W. Ehrenfort, 173. Pistol handicap—W. F. Blasse, 82, 83, 78, 79. Revolver handicap—J. W. Tompkins, 73, 61; F. A. Becker, 83, 85, 83, 87, 86, 85. Silver medal—S. C. Hinkel, 72; J. R. Trago, 75.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: Herman Huber 236, William Doell 414, A. Mocker 443, C. F. Rust 733, G. Schulz 770, L. Lankenau 783, F. P. Schuster 815, L. N. Ritzau 835, Otto Lemcke 844, H. Meyer 1021. ROEEL.

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

ERIE, Pa.—The Presque Isle Rifle Club held a club handicap in connection with its regular shoot, Oct. 19. A strong wind faced the shooters and kept their house filled with smoke. The day was very dark. Standard American target, 200yds., off-hand.

Uncle John Stidham scored highest, with Shafer and Parker a tie for second place:

J. Stidham.....	75 70 69—213	A. Mount.....	69 63 62—194
G. Shafer.....	72 69 66—207	E. Kent.....	57 52 47—156
W. Parker.....	70 69 68—207	J. Almeda.....	52 45 44—141
Capt. Ferguson.....	71 65 63—199	E. D. Allen.....	54 44 37—135

The handicaps were figured from the season's average, and the points are added to each string in the totals. Scores:

Parker, 6 points.....	70 69 59—216	Kent, 15.....	57 47 46—195
Mount, 9.....	62 56 63—203	Almeda, 18.....	52 45 41—192
Ferguson, 5.....	71 61 54—201	Stidham, Scratch.....	68 61 61—190
Shafer, Scratch.....	72 65 62—199	Allen, 14.....	44 37 37—160

Match shoot:

Ferguson.....	7 6 3 8 6 4 3 10 7 5—59
Mount.....	9 4 6 5 6 2 6 6 7 6—57

It might be well to add that this club has not shot in three years, and a number of the new members are novices.

W. A. PARKER, Sec'y.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Oct. 13. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the good score of 87. Weather, partly cloudy; thermometer, 64; wind, 4 to 7 o'clock, gusty:

Gindele.....	87 84 81 79 77—408	Honor Target.....	8 9 8 10 7—42
Payne.....	85 85 84 83 82—419		7 4 8 9 8—36
Strickmeier.....	85 81 80 80 79—405		8 9 7 8 7—39
Bruns.....	81 82 82 76 74—338		
Roberts.....	84 80 79 79 76—338		6 9 7 10 7—39
Lux.....	81 75 79 73 75—378		
Hoyer.....	78 75 73 65—291		
Drube.....	78 75 71 69 65—356		5 4 8 8 7—32
Topf.....	77 69 68 64 63—341		8 5 4 10 9—36
Ehlerding.....	60 56 45—161		

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Oct. 23.—Muncie, Ind.—Magic City Gun Club's fall tournament. Oct. 23-24.—Taylorville, Ill.—Target shoot and fish fry of the Taylorville Gun Club.

Oct. 23-24.—Attica, Ind.—Laumee's target and live-bird shoot. Oct. 22-24.—Des Moines, Ia.—Amateur handicap shoot.

Oct. 24-25.—Streator, Ill.—Two-day shoot of the Streator Gun Club; targets and live birds; open to all.

Oct. 26.—Bulls Head, S. I.—Contest for challenge cup for championship of Richmond county, under the auspices of the Chelsea Heights Gun Club. J. S. Lewis, Sec'y.

Nov. 6-7.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's live-bird tournament; handicap; high guns.

Nov. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for the St. Louis Republic championship cup (Nov. 23) and three-day open tournament. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y, 1004 Chemical Building.

Nov. 28.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Roast Turkey. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 20.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Shoot given by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who donates a Daly gun; \$20, 29 birds, latter extra; high guns; handicap; all entrance money goes into the purse.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utresht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Mr. C. R. Stevens, of Moline, Ill., is earnestly promoting a great live-bird handicap, as mentioned in these columns some weeks since. The conditions are: "The race to be at 100 live

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Tom Donley's Tournament.

ST. THOMAS, Ont.—Tom Donley's big, annual shoot was held at St. Thomas, Ont., on Oct. 9, 10 and 11. It terminated successfully, although the attendance was not what it should have been. Some of the most noted expert trapshooters from the United States and Canada participated.

The most important events were the grand international handicap for the Gilman & Barnes trophy, and the Canadian handicap for the Donley trophy.

Rolla Heikes, of Dayton, won the international event with a straight score of 25. Mr. J. Stroud, of Hamilton, won the Canadian handicap, having also a straight score of 20.

While the attendance was not up to the mark, the shooters were of the right material, and kept pegging away. Each event was closely contested.

J. A. R. Elliott was particularly unfortunate in drawing hard birds. Fanning drew a screamer for his twenty-fifth in the international handicap, which he missed.

The birds were a strong lot, and could not have been improved. The weather on the first day was unfavorable, being dull and rainy; but the two succeeding days were all that could be desired.

The target events were discontinued after the third event of the second day, at the solicitation of the shooters, who were anxious to commence at the live birds.

The following are the most noted shooters who took part: Rolla Heikes, Dayton, O.; U. M. C. Co.; J. Fanning, Jersey City, Laflin & Rand Powder Co.; J. A. R. Elliott, Kansas City, Mo.; Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; B. H. Norton, Hazard Powder Co.; E. G. White, Ottawa, Can.; Robin Hood Powder Co.; A. G. Courtney, New York, Remington Arms Co.; W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; E. C. Powder Co.; J. Parker, Detroit, Peters Cartridge Co.; E. C. Fort, Fostoria, O.; Robin Hood Powder Co.; P. H. Willey, Danville, N. Y.; J. E. Cantillon, Clinton, Can.; G. E. Dollic, Clinton, Can.; F. Westbrook, Brantford, Can.; J. Stroud, Hamilton, Can.; G. Stroud, Hamilton, Can.; H. D. Bates, Ridgetown, Can. (twice winner of the Gilman & Barnes trophy and once of the Grand American Handicap); D. Bates, Ridgetown, Can.; G. McKetchie, Ridgetown, Can.; D. Mackinnon, Ridgetown, Can.; W. Eustes, Wallacetown, Can.; W. Hollingshead, Dutton, Can.

There were also a number of local shooters who took part. The genial Jack Parker, of Detroit, representative of the Peters Cartridge Co., managed the shoot in a most efficient manner, and it is due much to his hustling qualities that the affair was such a success. Mr. Parker was well to the front in the events in which he took part. Mr. Thomas Donley is to be congratulated on his success. He is well pleased with the outcome, and promises that the shoot of 1902 will offer better inducements than ever.

Wednesday, Oct. 9, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	15	20	15	20	20
Crosby, 23.....	14	19	15	19	20
Mitchell, 19.....	11	19	14	15	20
Westbrooke, 18.....	13	16	14	19	19
Heikes, 21.....	13	19	13	17	17
Fanning, 20.....	13	18	14	18	16
Elliott, 20.....	14	16	13	16	20
Courtney, 18.....	18	19	14	16	17
Bates, 18.....	12	15	15	16	17
Cantillon, 16.....	12	19	14	15	14
Emslie, 17.....	12	17	12	15	16
Fort, 19.....	12	15	13	16	16
Dr. Dollic, 16.....	13	19	9	13	13
White, 18.....	13	18	18	18	18
Coffee, 16.....	12	16	13	14	14
McKay, 16.....	12	17	13	13	13
Norton, 16.....	10	7	13	13	13
Scane, 18.....	13	18	18	18	18
Hollingshead, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11
Eustes, 16.....	8	11	11	11	11
G. Stroud, 16.....	10	11	11	11	11
Hudson, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11
George, 16.....	11	11	11	11	11

Live birds:
No. 1 was at 7 live birds, \$5 entrance; No. 2, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Heikes, 31.....	2122112-7	21122112-10
Fort, 30.....	1122122-7	11212212-10
Crosby, 32.....	1111111-7	112212221-10
Fanning, 31.....	1201121-6	121210111-9
J. Stroud, 28.....	2002222-5	212112202-9
G. Stroud, 27.....	2202222-6	2220202121-8
Scane, 27.....	1121112-7	222111211-10
Cantillon, 28.....	1200010-3	1110220101-7
Norton, 28.....	2022020-4	1202212211-9
H. Bates, 31.....	2111110-6	0020w
Courtney, 28.....	1121211-7	111212222-10
Elliott, 32.....	1112122-10	0122122101-8
Dr. Dollic, 27.....	0122122101-8	221212121-10
White, 28.....	221212121-10	211110011-8
Emslie, 28.....	211110011-8	021212110-8
Donley, 29.....	021212110-8	212222122-10
Parker, 30.....	212222122-10	2111211212-10
Hollingshead, 27.....	2111211212-10	122210111-9
Westbrooke, 28.....	122210111-9	

No. 3, Canadian handicap and Donly trophy, 20 live birds, \$14 entrance:

G. Stroud, 28.....	12012201002112210121-15
J. Stroud, 29.....	21112221211222212122-20
Scane, 29.....	2112112202021211221-18
McRitchie, 27.....	11222012202210221221-17
E. G. White, 30.....	1102222101112221221-18
Tyro, 30.....	221202222222212222-18
Westbrooke, 29.....	1011102221021111122-17
Emslie, 29.....	2122202220122202222-17
H. Bates, 31.....	0122221222122212222-19
D. Bates, 28.....	1102212222222100212-17
McMackon, 27.....	22211212122222222-17
Street, 27.....	11230222222222222002-17
Donley, 30.....	1212202210110211011-16
Hollingshead, 28.....	1201111202212221221-18
Mitchell, 27.....	2121221201211221101-18
Cantillon, 28.....	2122211211211002222-18
George, 28.....	21221022012122212112-18

J. Stroud winner, 20 straight.

Thursday, Oct. 10, Second Day.

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	20	20
Heikes, 21.....	14	17	20
Courtney, 18.....	15	18	17
Crosby, 22.....	14	15	20
Fanning, 20.....	15	17	17
Elliott, 21.....	13	16	18
Westbrooke, 18.....	12	17	18
Bates, 17.....	12	16	19
Fort, 18.....	13	16	15
Emslie, 17.....	12	16	16

Live birds:

No. 1, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance:	No. 2, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance:
Elliott, 32.....	2222121-7
Crosby, 32.....	1122210-6
Heikes, 31.....	1121111-7
Fanning, 31.....	1121102-6
Fort, 30.....	0210120-4
H. Bates, 31.....	2101112-6
Westbrooke, 28.....	1102212-6

No. 2, international live-bird championship and Gilman & Barnes trophy, 25 live birds, \$25 entrance:

Heikes, 31.....	22222212222211222222212-25
Crosby, 32.....	12221222222220222222202-23
Elliott, 32.....	22022021221222201212002120-19
Fanning, 31.....	1111122221212221221110-24
Norton, 28.....	22220221222202022222222-22
Fort, 30.....	12211222122221222222022-21
White, 29.....	0210211120212121102222-21
Parker, 30.....	1220122212221211101212-23
H. Bates, 31.....	22222222222021220212212-23
Scane, 28.....	2121212102012221220121210-21
Emslie, 28.....	2222200110222122210w
Donly, 29.....	2102011121100111101w
D. Bates, 27.....	222222212222220201022120-22
McRitchie, 27.....	1212022010221102112122-20
McKay, 27.....	12220201102222121212021-21
Westbrooke, 28.....	10121202212021210221210-19
Hudson, 27.....	112101110212211221120111-22
Cantillon, 28.....	11010212111221001211w

Tyro, 29.....	2222021222220122002w
Jones, 28.....	222221122102102122110w

Rolla Heikes won with 25 straight.

Friday, Oct. 11, Third Day.

No. 1, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance:	No. 2, 15 live birds, \$10 entrance:
Parker, 30.....	2121021211-9
Crosby, 32.....	222222212-10
White, 29.....	222112222-10
Fort, 30.....	221212212-10
Elliott, 32.....	1222221221-9
Heikes, 31.....	1111122012-9

No. 3, 7 live birds, \$5 entrance:	No. 4, 10 live birds, \$7 entrance:
Heikes, 31.....	1212221-7
Fort, 30.....	2212110-6
Fanning, 31.....	2112021-6
Crosby, 32.....	2222222-7
McKay, 26.....	2111121-7

General averages at targets, first and second days:	Oct. 9.	Oct. 10.	Broke.	Av.
Crosby, 23.....	87	49	136	.938
Heikes, 21.....	79	51	130	.897
Courtney, 18.....	75	50	129	.891
Fanning, 20.....	79	49	128	.883
Westbrooke, 18.....	81	47	128	.883
Elliott, 20.....	79	47	126	.869
Bates, 18.....	75	47	122	.841
Fort, 19.....	69	44	113	.779
Emslie, 17.....	66	39	105	.724

ON LONG ISLAND.

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I.—The club event of the Emeralds for October, held on the 15th inst., had a good entry as to numbers. Of the twenty-one contestants, two killed straight. The scores:

Dr. O'Connell, 31.....	2222121122-9
A Schoverling, 28.....	220222220-6
Dr. Hudson, 28.....	122112101-8
F. Kall, 25.....	120212121-9
J. C. Henry, 28.....	011001210-5
J. Moore, 28.....	1211220211-9
S. Van Allen, 30.....	2202221111-9
E. J. Roberts, 28.....	001212121-7
G. Warfield, 28.....	1002122000-5
C. Wash, 28.....	221220111-10
Dr. Stillman, 28.....	2212011211-9

Mr. B. Amend's score for October does not count. The following September scores were shot: S. M. Van Allen, 30yds., 10; O. Brown, 25yds., 7; H. Anderson, 25yds., 7; Dr. O'Donohue, 28yds., 7; W. J. Amend, 25yds., 7; F. Hansman, 25yds., 10; B. Amend, 30yds., 8.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Oct. 19.—Mr. Henry Montanus won the badge with a straight score, as follows:

R. Smith, 25.....	2210221-6
E. Voorhies, 25.....	20201**3
I. McKane, 28.....	0212102-5
G. Morris, 26.....	201022-5
F. von Fricken, 25.....	020002-2
H. Montanus, 25.....	1221222-7
A. Soeller, 23.....	2020010-3
A. Busch, 23.....	202111-6
M. Rauscher, 25.....	020*021-3
F. Lundy, 25.....	2222002-5
H. Koch, 26.....	1120102-5
H. Freyler, 25.....	1010*1-3
Dr. O'Connell, 31.....	1212101-6
D. J. Heffner, 25.....	2021221-6
Dr. Wood, 25.....	122112-6
L. E. Allen, 25.....	2111011-6
Paul Suss, 25.....	*202011-4

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Oct. 19.—The shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day was distinguished by some extraordinarily good shooting. Mr. H. M. Brigham was high man in the contest for the October cup, an event at 50 targets; 25 from expert traps, 25 magautrap. He scored 48 with his handicap. Mr. Edward Banks, scratch man, was close up with 47. Capt. A. W. Money was in fine form.

In the contest for a trophy, at 25 targets, magautrap, four tied on straight scores; namely, Messrs. Brigham, Money, Marshall and Palmer. In the fourth shoot-off of the tie Messrs. Brigham and Palmer were still in, and as it was too dark to continue further the remainder of the tie was postponed till next week.

October cup, 50 targets; 25 expert, 25 magautrap:

	—Expert—	—Magautrap—	Total
E. Banks.....	0	23	23
H. M. Brigham.....	2	22	24
L. M. Palmer, Jr.....	15	13	28
A. W. Money.....	3	15	18
W. W. Marshall.....	8	16	24
Platt Adams.....	7	15	22
C. G. Rasmus.....	0	12	12
H. L. Meyer.....	15	9	24

Trophy, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap: Capt. Money (2) 14, H. M. Brigham (1) 13, Edward Banks (0) 12, W. W. Marshall (5) 10, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (8) 6, H. L. Meyer (8) 3, C. G. Rasmus (5) 2.

Trophy, 25 targets, magautrap, handicap: H. M. Brigham (1) 25, Capt. A. W. Money (2) 25, W. W. Marshall (6) 25, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (14) 25, C. G. Rasmus (6) 24, E. L. Rhett (6) 22, E. Banks (0) 19, H. L. Meyer (14) 9, W. F. Fowler (10) 7.

Shoot-off, same conditions: H. M. Brigham (1) 25, Capt. A. W. Money (2) 25, W. W. Marshall (6) 25, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (14) 25.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Capt. A. W. Money (2) 25, H. M. Brigham (1) 25, W. W. Marshall (6) 25, L. M. Palmer, Jr. (14) 24.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Capt. A. W. Money (2) 25, H. M. Brigham (1) 25, W. W. Marshall (6) 14.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Capt. A. W. Money (2) 25, H. M. Brigham (1) 25.

Twenty-five targets, expert traps: Brigham 21, Money 22, Marshall 18.

Twenty-five targets, expert traps: Brigham 21, Marshall 19.

Fifteen targets, expert traps: Banks 11, Brigham 9, Marshall 6, Rasmus 5, Meyers 3.

Ten targets, expert traps: Maltby 6, Meyer 3.

Ten targets, expert traps: Maltby 4, Meyer 1.

Sweepstakes, 10 targets, expert traps: Brigham 10, Banks 9, Money 7, Marshall 6, Palmer 6, Rasmus 4.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 19.—Some close competition marked the weekly club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club to-day. Mr. R. W. Haff captured the first event, killing 7 straight, then winning in the shoot-off.

In the next 7-bird event, Ramapo and ex-Sheriff F. D. Creamer had a most interesting contest in the tie. They, with Mr. Haff, had killed 7 straight. The latter lost his second bird dead out in the shoot-off. Ramapo lost his eighteenth. Creamer killed and won. He also won in the fourth event, and his shooting for the day showed the excellent total of 50 killed out of 52 shot at in the club events, and one was dead out. The shoot-offs were miss-and-out. The scores:

No. 1, 7 birds, for club prize:

C. A. Ramapo, 28.....	2221222-7
R. W. Haff, 28.....	2121122-7

Shoot-off: Haff 1, Ramapo 0. Haff won.

No. 2, 7 birds, for prize:

C. A. Ramapo, 28.....	1111222-7
R. W. Haff, 28.....	2121222-7

F. D. Creamer, 28..... 1221221-7 || T. W. Morley, 30..... | *2222* w |

Nos. 3 and 4 were at 7 birds, for prize:

	No. 3.	No. 4.
C. A. Ramapo, 28.....	1211121-7	1222221-7
R. W. Haff, 28.....	2221*	222212-7
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	1111121-7	1121221-7
T. W. Morley, 30.....	*122	

B. Waters, 28.....	2101221-6
H. Edey, 28.....	220**1-6
W. G. Brown, 28.....	1221220-6

Shoot-off of No. 3: Ramapo 3, Creamer 2. Ramapo won.

Shoot-off of No. 4: Ramapo 1, Haff 2, Creamer 3, and won.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Fort Lee Gun Club.

FORT LEE, N. J., Oct. 17.—Herewith find the scores of the Fort Lee Gun Club's shoot at live birds. There were ten men shooting at 11 birds per man: Eickoff 10, Cathcart 8, Morrison 6, Elison 8, Merrill 6, Ennet 11, Rowe 3, Glasser 8, Dedrick 6, Truax 8. JAS. R. MERRILL, Sec'y.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Under date of Oct. 18 the following was published in a Trenton, N. J., daily:

The Trenton Shooting Association held its annual meeting last night at the office of Treasurer Dr. E. H. Ginnelly.

The members of the Association were given an excellent report by the officers.

Secretary George N. Thomas surprised the members by declining a re-election. The doctor refused to reconsider his action, and only upon Dr. Thomas' word that his business interests made it impossible for him to continue in office was the resignation accepted. In Dr. Thomas the Association loses a strong and able worker. His untiring efforts made the Trenton Shooting Association a power among the clubs of the country. Dr. Thomas promised to lend his aid to the furtherance of the T. S. A. When all efforts to re-elect Dr. Thomas failed, the members searched for another secretary who would take charge of the business. Elmer E. Applegate, of E. S. Applegate & Co., a well-known lover of the sport, was tendered the office. "Shorty," as he is better known, will make a first-class secretary.

The other officers elected were: President, Elmer E. Barwis; Vice-President, J. E. Thropp, Jr.; Treasurer, Dr. E. H. Ginnelly; new members to the Board of Directors, W. H. Harding, Charles B. Cole and Charles O. Lutes; Captain, Charles Maddock, Jr.

The Board of Governors decided that P. W. Thropp shall notify all members who are six months in arrears of dues. The Board will suspend them from membership in the club if they fail to pay up.

The city cup championship shoot for the handsome trophy donated by former Secretary George N. Thomas has the following conditions:

1. The trophy shall be known as the Trenton Shooting Association Team Challenge Cup.

2. It shall be contested for by teams of five men each, who will appoint one of their number as captain.

3. The winning team will appoint their

Shooting Schools.

THE following is a chapter taken from that interesting and instructive work, "Experts on Guns and Shooting." It presents the matter of target shooting from the English point of view, besides touching on the distinctions between field and trap shooting:

Of late it is becoming the fashion to turn gunmakers' shooting grounds into what are called shooting schools. We are not inclined to accept these schools as different, except in degree, from the old form of gunmakers' grounds. The difference between the school, on the one hand, and the old-fashioned fitting-range on the other, is not, in our opinion, one that has introduced practice for the accomplished sportsman, although we know that a few of the best sportsmen and shots have used the clay-bird towers for practice, for arm exercise, and for the cultivation of rapid changing of guns. We are aware that crack shots at clay birds extol the difficulty of it as beyond that of live-pigeon shooting. But the whole objection that can be urged to it is not summed up in its greater or lesser difficulty, but in its difference from living game.

We have avoided regular practice at clay-bird shooting for two reasons; first, because we wished to remain impartial to every new phase of practice with the gun that might be brought out, and try it as a game shooter only, and, second, and of much more importance to ourselves, but of none to others, because we feared that it might spoil our shooting at game if we made a regular practice at it.

In America clay-bird shooting is a sport in itself. It is not so here, and we do not think it can ever become more than a means to an end in this country, although it is an end in itself in America. What is the end, then, that is possible to get out of practice at clay birds? We have instances where a good pigeon shot has been formed out of a clay-bird shot. We do not know of a single instance where a first-class game shot has been so formed. Pigeon shots were usually good game shots—we think that they usually are so now, although we are well aware that the practice of dropping birds close to electric traps is as different from game shooting as the former is different from clay-bird shooting. There may be improvements later on, such as will bring clay-bird shooting nearer to game shooting than it is at present. We think that the greatest possibilities for it consist in the high, overhead and coming, shots thrown over tall trees; but as far as we are able to judge, these are not very good imitations of the flight of pheasants, partridges or grouse yet. We think that the cause of this is that the clays go like a dash from the traps, and begin to slow down their pace at once. No doubt if the shooter stands close up to the trees they come fast enough; but then they are not visible long enough before the shot should be fired to enable the shooter to do with his gun what he does at game. There is, for instance, no possibility of swing when the game is over the gun before it is seen. Then, if he stands further back, the slowing down has taken such effect that no "swing" of the gun is necessary. Stronger springs, and the guns placed further away from the points of departure of the clays, might meet these difficulties somewhat, but at present we have never seen a clay thrown overhead that tested the sportsman's ability to meet and overcome actual pace. We must repeat here that we are not talking of snap shooting. Snap shooting is one thing; the killing of down-wind pheasants, grouse or partridges has nothing necessarily of snap shooting about it; the best game shooting is not the most difficult, for there are shots and stands that are impossible. We have been posted under the brow of a hillock, within 20 yds. of the first sight of the grouse, and in such a situation, when a moderate wind has prevailed upon the flat, the draught created by the shoulder of the hill has brought the grouse far past our heads before we could put in a shot, and we have then found that the only plan was to turn our backs on the coming grouse and try the retreating shot—never very satisfactory; and the faster it is the worse it becomes, because it leads to more wounding. The most difficult possible shots (other than chance shots), then, are where the shooter sees his approaching game at from 40 to 70 yds. away, and when a real good wind is behind it. Under such circumstances he sometimes does not see his second bird until after he has fired his first shot. In the case instanced there is but one difficulty to contend against; it is one that game shots, during the past twenty years, have set themselves to deal with. So much is this the case that a good shot will measure the pleasure of a day's shooting precisely by the pace at which "possible" birds come for him. He might get snap shots at his birds by going in near, as in the case where he sees his driven game for the first time some 20 yds. in front, but when game is going some sixty miles an hour (an average speed in the hills, whatever may be the case on the flat moors of Yorkshire), no amount of snap shooting practice at clay birds will help his bag very much in such circumstances. We have it on the best of authority (measurement and scientific calculation), that when a grouse is going from forty to sixty miles an hour, an allowance must be made, according to its distance from the shooter, of anything from 2 ft. 4 in. at 15 yds. away, and forty miles an hour, up to 23 ft. in front of the game that is traveling at sixty miles an hour and is 60 yds. off. Does any snaphooter in the world believe he can estimate 23 ft., even on a still surface, at a guessed distance? If he does, and will try, he will soon be convinced that it would be absolutely futile to begin to guess distances of this kind in front of grouse going at the speed indicated above. No man can guess the distance of a thing in the air with any certainty whatever, and a mistake in 10 yds. means a difference of "allowance" of 4 ft. 6 in. at 60 yds., at the speed of sixty miles an hour.

No man can guess the allowance to within 15 in., which is all the permissible error allowed in a spread of shot of 30 in. in diameter. No man can guess the pace of a bird coming over him.

Yet successful snap shooting presupposes not only one but all of these three guesses being accurate.

We know the utmost pace of a rabbit, and we know that of a clay bird, and in each case we can pitch up our gun and shoot a yard or so in front with pretty certain results without any sort of swing or jerk, or even going with the game physically or mentally. But this does not meet the problem of the differences of pace and distance of winged game, and a system that teaches the snap shot, when applied to pace, and nothing but pace, in game is liable, in our opinion, to come to lamentable grief.

There are good shots who are entirely unconscious of doing anything more than putting up the gun before the game and firing; but if their guns are watched, they will be observed to tell a very different story. It is not necessary that "swing" should be done after the gun is at the shoulder, but we are assured that in some form swing or going with the game is necessary to the successful shooting of all very fast shots. We do not say for a moment that swing to be successful must not be combined with judgment of pace of the game, distance and allowance. We believe that it is generally so combined, for we do not think it would be easy to swing as fast as the game flies without at the same time swinging faster.

For practical purposes in connection with this matter of "swing" the shooter is a pivot, round which his gun and the game are traveling. If, therefore, the alignment is kept upon the game, it is obvious that the gun muzzle is traveling very much slower than the game, as it is nearer the axis round which both are traveling. We do not know how quickly a man may be able to move his gun, but if he could make his muzzle move as fast as his game it is obvious that he reduces "allowance" to a question of inches instead of feet, as he would give a sideways motion to the shot as it left the muzzle equal to that of the game. But if any one tries this he will find that a tremendous jerk is necessary. The usual practice of those who jerk is to get the gun aligned with the game and then to jerk. This does not of course necessitate so much pace in the muzzle of the gun as has been contemplated above, because the gun jerked in front of the game is an equivalent to more or less allowance in front, as well as effecting a variation of the direction of the shot in the way the game is going. To test the pace of the gun against the pace of the bird it would be necessary to come from behind up to the alignment with the game, and then let off without stopping the movement at the instant the gun passed the game. We believe that any one who tries this upon really quick grouse will find that it cannot be done, which means that it is impossible for a man to move a gun muzzle at the rate of forty or sixty miles an hour.

We think we have made it clear that the absolute judgment of distance necessary for "allowance" in front of the bird is impossible, and that swing or jerk at the rate of speed required to make allowance unnecessary is also impossible, and therefore we have a right to assume that to become a good shot at really fast game one must race the bird with the gun in some way—that is, swing or jerk, according to and set by the pace of the game, and make allowance according to judgment also.

We have said nothing about "personal equation" and the time the shot takes to leave the barrel, because, although these troublesome factors may mar the progress of a bad shot, a good one, such as we are considering, has learned to "time" himself necessarily or he would not be good. He and his gun are in touch, and he does not pull his trigger when he is satisfied with his aim, but the instant before, when he sees that he is going to be satisfied with his aim. To prove this it is only necessary to point out the many times a good shot will fire at a bird another has killed before the good shot has pulled trigger. The latter will admit at once

that the bird was dead before he pulled. It is obvious that if the muscular movement to pull the trigger were initiated after the aim had been got it would not be pulled at a dead bird.

The object of "swing" is to reduce the necessity of accurate judgments of speed, distance and to some extent of "allowance" to their equivalent by means of a very simple physical movement. This latter "swing" or "jerk" is assisted by more or less "allowance," the latter varying little or nothing with the pace of the game for similar distances, not varying because the speed of the gun varies, according to the speed of the game and should be set by it. We shall perhaps be told that this is the condemned practice of following the game round, but really we need hardly say that it is nothing of the kind. We would rather call it hastening to catch the game up. We do not think it necessary that the muzzle of the gun should travel far; perhaps only inches, perhaps feet; but travel it has to, not necessarily when at the shoulder; perhaps when coming to the shoulder.

In order that "swing" should be possible, there must be a considerable length of time elapse between first sight of the game and the shot, and this necessity has hitherto beaten the advocates of clay-bird shooting. They cannot give a good, long sight of a quick target. They can give you a quick target overhead, and they can give you a good, long sight at a target overhead, but the two cannot be, or, rather, have not been, done together. When one occurs, the other is absent.

It will be observed that shooting schools have their limitations, therefore; they are not so entirely stock-fitting grounds as they used to be, because it is possible to train shooters up to a certain point at them. We are, however, inclined to doubt whether the majority of them begin in the right way. We do not believe in the teaching of snap shooting as an early lesson, and yet most of the arrangements are made specially to teach snap shooting or else no shooting. It is easy to understand why gunmakers prefer to test for bend and cast-off and length of stock at snap shots. They must do so in order to get rid of the possibility of the shooter bringing alignment to the correction of his gun stock. It is, however, one thing to say that snap shooting is right for stock fitting, and another that it is the primary necessity for a shooting school, in which one of the essentials is practice with a stock that does fit. Snap shooting, as a lesson, should not, in our opinion, ever be given until after the pupil is perfect in every other form of shooting. It is the most difficult of all; something has to be done that is not necessary in any other kind of shooting, and we say it should only come last, because great experience is necessary to accurate judgment in throwing up a gun and firing into space or thick bushes, a guessed distance in front of game you possibly cannot see at all when you shoot.

Clay-bird shooting is snap shooting, but the snap shots are of an easy kind, and it must not be supposed that being able to pitch up the gun in front of the clay and breaking it in style would indicate the possibility of slaying a blackcock gliding over a few feet of ride in a Scotch cover, at an apparently quiet pace of fifty or sixty miles an hour. If snap shots at the clays could teach this we should have no word of praise high enough for them.

We fancy that the person who started out to learn shooting by practicing such snap shots at clays would be very uncertain, and have no chance of improvement. Everything now in the actual sports of the field depends upon speed in shooting. The modern gunner is unhappy unless his skill is tested by speed—tall pheasants, because when they are tall they are fast also, and grouse and partridges driven down wind—that is the fashion, and it is useless to oppose fashion unless you are prepared with a new one, and a better one. It is, therefore, somewhat out of the fashion to talk of practicing for game shooting at clay birds, more especially when the latter are not thrown overhead. We agree that something may be learned at them, provided an expert stands by to tell you exactly where you shot on every occasion, and why you shot there. This, however, has nothing peculiar to the shooting school about it, and is just as easily done at game. It is the expert that does the work, not the appliances, in both cases.

If you are a good game shot you will probably shoot much too far ahead of clay birds thrown overhead, for the reason that you judge their speed before you shoot, and they are slowing down all the time. It becomes a question whether, this being the case, it is good to go on practicing at them. It is obvious that if you learn the trick of them you must not apply it to living game, or you will assuredly shoot behind it.

But there are, all the same, many bad tricks in shooting that a really clever onlooker can find out by watching a very few shots, whereas the shooter himself might shoot on for years without being any the wiser. In the first place, an expert is no use unless he can see exactly where his customer shoots in respect to his game. (Here, we should remark, that, unfortunately for the experts, most men who miss much never miss twice alike. What is the unfortunate expert going to do in such a case as that?) It is the opinion of Mr. Purdy that the try-gun is no good, and he gives as a reason that when it is thought that an error has been detected in stocking, and better work is being done, then suddenly, for some unknown cause, it happens generally with poor shots, that they do exactly the reverse of what they have been doing, and the try-gun has to be altered back again. This up-and-down work will proceed a whole afternoon, and five hundred cartridges have been known to be uselessly expended in trying to get the shooter to mount his gun twice alike, or to pull the trigger twice in the same time.

Everything—or nearly so—as we have explained, is laid out at shooting schools in order to find the right bend and cast-off to give a man. That is not everything—use will make a man shoot well with nearly any stock, provided that he has shooting in him. A constant change of stock is never advisable, and it is far better to stick to a stock that all the experts declare manifestly wrong than to change from that which long custom has made successful.

Although fit of stock is so much talked of nowadays, there are some points in shooting lessons that we hear far less about than we used to forty years ago. And yet we venture to say that some of those are of much greater importance to a shooter than shape of stock, because the latter depends upon the habit of the shooter. The first of all is the teaching of how to throw up the gun so that it invariably comes exactly in the same spot with neither bump nor jerk; the second is to pull the trigger before the gun touches the shoulder, so that the shot shall leave the muzzle as the butt comes home, and before reaction or jerk takes place. The third is the cure of gunshyness, a fault from which most bad shots suffer as well as all beginners. Gunshyness may show itself in nothing more than blinking the eyes, but it frequently effects a movement of the body, also, out of keeping with the idea of good shooting. These appear to us to be the elementary lessons for a shooting school to teach even yet.

We would make one other observation, and it is this: that we do not agree with the statement that all the aiming should be done with the left hand. There are fashions flying about, the result of hearsay evidence. But if any one wishes to discover that the right hand is of use in aiming, let him try to aim at a rocketing pheasant with his right hand in his pocket and a string attachment to the trigger. We will undertake that he will not kill his rocketers in his best form, and we shall be prepared to bet on the bird every time. Another mistake is the forward position of the left hand for every person alike. It is very excellent for pigeon shooting, whence it came; but everybody and every shooting school will do better by studying varying length of reach than the pictures of other people's ideals. All men are not cast in the same mould; and it is obvious that a broad chest gives less forward reach when both hands clasp the same object than that permitted by a narrow chest.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Oct. 19.—The regular weekly live-bird shoot of the Keystone Shooting League was well contested. Three of the contestants made straight scores in the club handicap event, at 10 live birds. There was a stiff wind and good birds, conditions to well try out the skill of the shooters.

Club handicap event, \$2.50 entrance:

Russell, 28.....1222022220—8	Bower, 26.....1112202012—8
Henry, 29.....2002222222—8	Smith, 27.....0111221000—6
Budd, 29.....2102022121—8	Van Loon, 28.....2011100111—7
McCooy, 29.....2222222222—10	Huttenlock, 27.....1012201022—7
Geikler, 27.....2222222222—9	Fitzgerald, 28.....1212121222—10
Darby, 27.....2222212222—10	Rothaker, 28.....222220122—8
Davis, 27.....0211020111—7	

Sweepstake event, 7 live birds, 28 yds. rise, \$2.50 entrance, three moneys: Budd 8, Darby 4, Davis 7, Van Loon 6, Russell 7, Geikler 5, Rothaker 5, McCooy 7, Henry 6, Bower 5, Smith 3, Fitzgerald 4, Huttenlock 8.

Second event, 7 live birds, handicap rise, \$2 entrance, three moneys: Bower, 26 yds., 5; Smith, 27 yds., 5; Fitzgerald, 27 yds., 5; Budd, 29 yds., 6; Darby, 29 yds., 6; Russell, 28 yds., 7; McCooy, 29 yds., 7.

Third event, 25 bluebirds, 16 yds. rise, \$2 entrance, three moneys: Stevenson 23, Russell 23, Dr. Darby 21, Van Loon 20, Davis 20, Geikler 19, Cowan 18, Henry 17.

Baltimore Shooting Association.

THE seventh annual tournament of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Oct. 16, 17 and 18, Baltimore, Md., did not have so large an attendance as was expected, yet the competition was sustained stanchly.

The first two days were devoted to target shooting; the third to live birds. There was \$100 added money. The handicaps in the target competition were from 11 to 20 yds. Live-bird handicaps, 25 to 32 yds. Division of moneys first day, percentage system—40, 50, 20 and 10 per cent.; second day, Rose system—8, 5, 3 and 2.

Oct. 16, First Day.

The magatrap was used for the first time on the club grounds, and gave satisfaction to the contestants. The weather was delightfully pleasant. Winchester (A. H. Fox), was high man in the averages of the day, shooting from the back mark, 18 yds.

Following are the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	20
Lupus.....	11	16	15	17	13	21	12	19	14	17	16
German.....	12	18	12	19	13	22	14	19	15	18	18
Hicks.....	12	14	11	16	15	21	10	12	14	16	17
Winchester.....	14	18	15	17	13	22	15	19	14	16	20
Dupont.....	12	13	12	11	8	18	10
Von Lengerke.....	11	16	15	17	14	22	13	14	13	17	15
Malone.....	11	16	11	17	14	23	11	16	13	16	16
R. E. S.....	13	16	14	16	14	23	13	18	15	18	15
Collins.....	13	17	11	17	10	22	13	16	15	17	17
Cowan.....	12	8	10	16
Baughman.....	12	14	13	18	12	22	11	14	..
Leland.....	12	13
Hazel.....	11	19	15	18	13	21	14	17	12	16	17
Steubner.....	9	18	14	18	12	16	8	18	14	15	19
Bond.....	14	14	15	16	13	24	13	17	15	15	15
Storr.....	13	15	15	19	12	20	14	18	11	19	19
Thomas.....	10	16	11	..	13	17	11	14	9	18	17
Hullihen.....	12	17	14	14	..	19	..	15
George.....	7	18	6
Dixon.....	13	20	12	16	13	..	17
Stansbury.....	16	8
Paul.....	14	14	..
Edwards.....	13	..

Oct. 17, Second Day.

A heavy wind, prevailing throughout the day, was unfavorable for good scores. It blew much more stiffly toward the close of the day's programme, and affected the scores unpleasantly. Messrs. Malone, Winchester and German shot from the 18 yd. mark; the others from the 16 yd. mark. German was high man for the day; Malone second. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	15	20	15	20	15	25	15	20	15	20	20
Lupus.....	11	15	13	15	15	22	13	16	12	18	15
German.....	11	16	15	19	13	23	12	17	13	17	11
Hicks.....	8	15	9	16	9	21	12	9	12	17	19
Winchester.....	13	18	13	20	11	21	12	16	12	15	16
Malone.....	11	16	12	17	15	25	10	19	14	18	14
Leland.....	12	17	14	15	13	24	13	17	12	13	17
R. E. S.....	14	17	13	17	14	23	12	13	14	16	17
Collins.....	12	12	9	19	13	13	12	8	11	13	17
George.....	12	11	10	16	13	18	11	14	12	16	15
Seitz.....	17	10	15	14	13	16
Dupont.....	20	11	15	13	18	..
Smith.....	12	7	8	6	7	..
Allburger.....	16
Hullihen.....	11	9	15	12	..
Tracy.....	15	15	..

Oct. 18, Third Day.

This was live-bird day. A stiff wind favored the birds, and made a more severe test of skill on the part of the contestants. Mr. Malone was not feeling well, and was not, in consequence, shooting in form. Bond made straight scores in both of the main events: Leitz killed straight in the 15-bird event. The scores:

Fifteen birds, entrance \$10, class shooting; three moneys, 50, 30 and 20.

Hicks.....221202102222000—10	Bond.....21212111211222—15
Seitz.....2211112222221—15	Von Lengerke.....22221122102122—14
Hazel.....022011102202022—10	Franklin.....2222110122200—11
Collins.....222022222020220—11	John.....02211120012010—10
Malone.....10110220w	Willis.....012212212120201—12
Dupont.....111122121002221—13	

Seven birds, entrance \$5, high guns, three moneys:

Bond.....121121—7	Hazel.....1210011—5
Hicks.....2222202—6	Collins.....2222200—5
Von Lengerke.....2212221—6	Reif.....132021—5
Dupont.....1111110—6	Leland.....221020—4
John.....121120—6	Malone.....0110w
Seitz.....1011210—5	

Miss-and-outs, \$2 entrance:											
Hazel.....4 4 5 3 5 2	Hicks.....2 1 4
Malone.....4 0 3 4 6 1	George.....3	..	4
Seitz.....4 4 5 4 6	Cole.....2
Bond.....0 2 1 1	Dupont.....4	7
Von Lengerke.....1 1 1	Baughman.....1	1	2
Collins.....0 3 5 4	Willis.....1	3	2

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Oct. 19.—Herewith please find scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular weekly shoot, Saturday, Oct. 9. A strong, driving wind pulled the averages down somewhat:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	5p	5
H W Bissing.....	4	5	5	6	..	5	4
N Tuttle.....	6	3	6	..	4
C G Blandford.....	9	8	7	8	13
Geo Edgers.....	3	1
W Fisher.....	5
Dr Snow.....	3	2	5	6
P J Doyle.....	3
E D Garnsey.....	6	5	4	4	3
J Willi, Sr.....	5	4
L Travis.....	2	3
S McBeth.....	..	2	4
Hutchins.....	2
W S Smith.....	4	..

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 18.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Like the race of leaves
The race of man is: The wind in autumn strews
The earth with old leaves; then the spring the
woods with new endows. Old Homer.

ILLUSTRATION SUPPLEMENT.

EVERY copy of the FOREST AND STREAM to-day should contain an extra sheet with the illustration "The Start," by Edm. H. Osthaus. This is the second of a series of which the first one, "First Around the Home Mark," was given in the issue of Aug. 12, and the third, "Mr. and Mrs. Bob White," will accompany the issue of Dec. 7.

NEW WOODS AND NEW COVERS.

We spoke the other day of the diminution of shooting territory consequent upon the extensive reclamation of marsh lands along the Atlantic coast and elsewhere. Another movement continuously in progress is the extension of wooded areas, and this in turn means an increase of game country, and is of direct benefit to the game supply.

The prevailing notion of forestry is that the enterprise of tree planting is one of which the profits will go to succeeding generations. The average land owner is intent upon seeing something come of an investment during his own lifetime, when he can have the benefit of it, and he is therefore reluctant to devote time and labor and to lock up capital in that which must be of very remote advantage to himself personally. There are conditions now prevailing, however, which make certain the profit of tree planting within such short periods of time as to encourage general participation in it, with confidence on the part of the planters that they may themselves reap a harvest.

In a survey of forest extension in the middle West, which forms a chapter in the Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, Wm. L. Hall describes the conditions now prevailing over a large extent of territory which insure profit on investments in tree planting, and the revenues from which may be looked for within a comparatively short time. The chief factor of the situation is the rapid diminution in the available supply of timber for fence posts, trolley poles, telegraph poles and railroad cross-ties.

In the middle West the diminution of timber has been very general, and over large areas the supply is practically exhausted. The effect has been to put up the price of posts to such figures that the prices now exceed the cost of growing; the difference is such as to insure profit in timber growing, and this profit will increase in the immediate future, keeping pace with the demand and supply. The use of posts is enormous and is on the increase. The telegraph lines of the country require nearly 600,000 annually, at a cost of not less than \$1,000,000; while the telephones and the electric car lines and lighting systems use as many more. The prices of poles for such uses range from \$1 to \$50 each, and in the next fifteen years a very great advance may be expected. The railroads use 620,000,000 cross-ties, and 90,000,000 are required annually for renewals, taking the timber from an estimated area of 200,000 acres. Nothing has been found to take the place of wood for the purpose, and railroad officials realize that the tie timber is becoming something of a scarcity, and assert that prices are rapidly rising; and it is certain that timber-growing for railroad cross-ties will prove very profitable. Mr. J. Hope Sutor, General Manager of the Ohio & Middle Kanawha Railroad, estimates that the value of cross-ties will, within the next fifteen years, increase to about 50 per cent. over the present prices.

Owners of land in the middle West have been taking advantage of this growing demand for pole and tie timber, and the area of planted timber already aggregates many hundred thousand acres. Within the last year hundreds of plantations have been established in co-operation with the Division of Forestry. A tract of land thus set aside for tree planting is examined by an expert from the Division, and a plan is prepared for the establishment and management of the plantation. The tracts are small, for the most part ranging from five to fifty acres. Some railroads have undertaken, on their own account, to provide for their own cross-ties. More trees were planted in the spring of 1901 than have ever been planted before in a single year; but Mr. Hall is confident that the number planted will fall short of the requirements; he

declares that if 500,000 acres of timber should be planted annually, well distributed throughout the middle West, the production would be inadequate to meet the requirements of the country, and the planters could still hope for liberal profits.

All this means, as we have said before, that the game conditions over vast areas of country are undergoing a change, for cover will be found both on prairie land, where it does not exist, and on other land, where it has been destroyed.

A change of the same nature is going on in the East. It will be recalled that the Connecticut Legislature last winter provided for the taking over by the State of idle lands capable of being restored to woodland, to be managed by a State Forester and administered in such a way that they may serve as object lessons in tree-planting and the proper management of forestry. The Legislature appropriated \$2,000 for two years, and provided that lands could not be bought for more than \$4 per acre. State Forester Mulford has advertised for offers of land to be given over to his management for these purposes. The act provides that having acquired lands, the State Forester shall be authorized to plant them with seedlings of oak, or chestnut, and such other trees as he may deem expedient, and that the territory so administered shall be fenced and protected from trespassers, forest fires and the destruction of game, fish and timber. All this public forest land in Connecticut then constitutes a series of game and fish reserves, the benefit from which to all the adjoining country will be very great as a factor in maintaining and increasing the supply of birds. It is putting into practice the scheme advocated by Dr. Van Name, of game refuges established by the State.

"THE START."

IN this issue of FOREST AND STREAM we present to our readers, in supplementary form, a spirited portrayal of a hunting scene, from the masterly brush of Mr. Edm. H. Osthaus, whose fame as an artist is well known. As with all other of his field scenes, this is in perfect accord with the theme which it depicts. The nervous energy and dash of the dogs; the eager recklessness with which they jump or scramble over all obstacles to begin the quest for the game birds; the calm poise and sharp alertness of the gunners, have a realism which all sportsmen will recognize at a glance. The setting of woods and fields, beautiful in themselves, and suggestive of the haunts of quail or ruffed grouse, appears to the sportsman through association, for who, at some outing or another, has not had some moments of sport so fast and fine that it rewarded hours or days of effort?

To Mr. Osthaus the sportsmen of America are indebted for the invaluable added beauty, dignity and refinement which his genius has added to the sports of field and stream.

DON'T

POINT your gun at a person.
Point your gun at yourself.
Look down the muzzle of your gun.
Pull your gun toward you muzzle first through a fence or out of boat or wagon.
Shoot until you see that it is game and not man.
These are Don'ts not difficult to observe. They should constitute a part of the shooting creed of every one who goes into the field or the forest with firearms. The observance of them will insure safety to the man with the gun and safety to his companions. Their disregard often results in the death of the shooter or of some hapless victim.

As certain as the shooting season comes around, the question arises of the bringing of game out of New Jersey, and of carrying it through the State. Owing to the convenience of the New Jersey covers to the large cities of Philadelphia and New York, great numbers of shooters go out from these cities into the New Jersey fields. The law forbids absolutely the exportation of game, so that visiting sportsmen are debarred from taking home the fruits of the hunt. This is generally and quite reasonably regarded as a personal hardship, the severity of which is not justified by any necessity of it to secure the ends desired. Many States restrict the export of game, and hold it down closely to legitimate bounds, while

giving permission to the visiting sportsman to take home what he himself has killed, the amount being limited and provision being made for necessary labeling and carrying in company with the owner and open to view. This very effectually prevents the export for market purposes, inasmuch as the amount allowed to each person to be carried by him is so small that there is no profit in the traffic for the market-hunter. Regulations of this character appeal because of their justice and reasonableness, where a law like that of New Jersey, which forbids absolutely the export of game, entails a decided hardship upon the individual and is resented.

There is another phase of the New Jersey law which is obnoxious. Sportsmen from New York city going to Orange or Sullivan counties, N. Y., and returning thence with quail and partridge, and passing through New Jersey, on the way home, have their game confiscated under the New Jersey non-export law. Thus to rob them of New York game killed in one part of New York and in progress of transportation to another part of New York is an injustice which cannot possibly have any appreciable effect upon the game of New Jersey. The law might well be changed to correspond with others which accomplish their purpose without absolute prohibition of export.

The activity of Commissioner Collins, of the Massachusetts Commission, in inspecting waters on which there are saw mills, is bearing good fruit. As is told in a communication to-day, the Commissioner has personally visited between forty and fifty mills and has ordered the owners to keep the water free of the sawdust nuisance. In other words, Mr. Collins has undertaken to make the streams fit habitations for trout, and in doing this he has vastly increased the possibilities of the fish supply. As an indication of the good work intelligently undertaken and strenuously accomplished by the Massachusetts Commission, the letter of our correspondent is illuminative and encouraging. The abatement of the sawdust nuisance is only one feature of the work which in the waters and in the fields is restoring to Massachusetts something of its depleted resources of rod and gun.

In the Yarmouth County Court of Nova Scotia, Judge Savary has handed down a decision in the non-resident license case, in which the ruling is made that the phrase "temporarily domiciled" does not apply to foreigners who visit the Province for fishing. If Judge Savary's decision shall be adopted as a guide for practice elsewhere the exaction of licenses will be made in districts wherein heretofore the law has not been so construed. As so much uncertainty on this point has existed in the past, it will prove a decided advantage to have had this case settled as a precedent. We question the advantage to Canada of the angling license exaction, but, as we have said before, that is something for the Canadian authorities to determine for themselves.

Those Boston shooters who defy the Sunday shooting law and talk about having a "moral right" to shoot on Sunday may occupy an impregnable position, but we are curious to know how they would show any difference between their moral right to shoot on Sunday and the moral right of other people to shoot in close season the year round. Their contention appears to be simply the common plea of the individual who believes that game laws were made for everybody else, but not for him; or who contends strenuously for the strict enforcement of all the laws except the particular one which interferes with his own pleasure.

That old story of the greenhorn who is taken out by the local "sports" and stationed in a lonely spot with a candle and an open bag, which he is to hold open while the other snipe hunters go off to drive the game into it, has been current for generations. There are some who question if the actual "snipe hunt" ever takes place, but we have heard of it in different localities with such detail as to justify the belief that more than one unfortunate victim has been made the butt of the coarse, practical joke, and the Tennessee case cited elsewhere is not the only one that has gone so far as to get into court.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Adventures in Tropical America.

III.—Indians and Mosquitoes.

Crossing Brewer's Lagoon on the Mosquito Coast of Central America, one sees a group of coconut trees floating, as it were, above the water. It marks one of the principal towns of the Mosquito Indians, a place where dark stories lingered—tales of the Indians and their cruelty.

Arriving at this place one evening, I saw a low, muddy shore, and groups of huts clustered together among the trees. As we came up to the landing women and children crowded about, talking eagerly, and anxious to see everything we had. Climbing over the side of a great canoe, I stood for the first time on the native land of the Indians, and it would have been hard to tell who were the most interested, I or the Indians crowding about me. The girls were graceful; the younger ones beautiful. The children were bright and pretty, like little fairies, almost; but the older women were worn and bent by labor. The men showed all too clearly the signs of unrestricted dissipation. They were of rather dark skin, and among some there were marked traces of negro blood. These huts were oblong, rounded at the ends; they were made by driving palmetto trunks into the ground and covered with a thatched roof of palm leaves. The children wore but little clothing; the women used a short skirt and little shawl, and the men wore pantaloons and a short coat, only partially covering the abdomen. All were friendly, and in a very short time willing hands took our supplies from the canoes, and then made us welcome, with presents of fruits and game. All our things were stored in one of the larger huts, and we were given a place near by, in which we were to live—a very comfortable hut, with mahogany boards for the floor.

Soon people grew tired of looking at us, and went about their own affairs. The women busied themselves preparing food, and presently seated before the huts were groups of people, eating, talking and laughing, evidently secure in the abundance of the present and the promises of the future, with no care at all.

In a little time the family groups began to disappear, and laughing and talking could be heard from under heavy canopies; and from the surrounding jungles a distant hum, rising up and dying away, could be heard constantly growing louder, and seeming to be drawing nearer. Most of the people had disappeared by this time, and the chief now shouted to us, "Get under the mosquito canopies; don't you hear them coming?"

We had been provided with canopies before leaving the settlements, and finding that the Indians had been careful to hang them in our hut we hurried under cover. For a time I lay awake, listening in wonder to the myriads of mosquitoes that came swarming about. This was the Mosquito Coast, and I began to understand how, at night, the mosquitoes are a real danger, and to sleep without a heavy canopy would truly mean death.

IV.—Canoeing with the Mosquito Indians.

Once, in the early morning, when the fog was thick among the marshes, and the mist hung low over the water, I left the little Indian village under the coconut trees on Brewer's Lagoon and began a long journey, canoeing up the Rio Potues of Spanish Honduras. I had been pleasantly entertained at the village, but my late friends were apparently so indifferent at my going that I began to lose faith in the Indians, while stories that I had heard of their cruelty and treachery were constantly suggesting themselves to my thoughts. My white companions were rough, boasting, quarrelsome men, not pleasant traveling companions; and from them I separated myself, and found a comfortable place in one of the smaller canoes alone with three Indians, about whom I really knew nothing. Soon the Indian village was lost in the gray light of the morning, and then we were surrounded by fog and desolation. Along the shores of the lagoon were dead or dying trees, gaunt and naked; about us were quantities of water fowl, and in the water were many watchful alligators. Our progress was slow, for the shallow water was choked with plants and decaying vegetation. About noon we made a branch of the Potues River, where a volume of muddy water came pouring out of a narrow channel, surrounded by great stretches of marsh land covered with tall reeds and extending for miles. Progress was slow, and the clumsy boat designed by the superintendent of the expedition could scarcely be held against the current.

By nightfall we had made perhaps one or two miles, and then, the mosquitoes appearing, we were forced to prepare a hasty camp on a mud bank. Such a night! Before my mosquito bar was up I had caught a net full of them and as the hours wore away held a boxing match with myself, and perhaps killed some mosquitoes; but I am not sure; in that country mosquitoes are different from the harmless little insects at home. They are like rubber; to kill them one must use force enough to cause some inconvenience, and that night I punished myself severely. Next morning came with fog and light rain, just the weather for mosquitoes; and the Indians predicted that we would have a bad time. We didn't stop to eat much, and were soon under way again, making better progress than on the day before. I traveled with my three Indians, who were working vigorously to keep up with the larger boat. They were almost naked, and the quantities of mosquitoes made their flesh quiver; yet they bent determinedly to their work. Presently we passed under a group of willow trees, and I picked a bunch of soft withes to keep the mosquitoes from my hands and face. One of the withes was very long, and I found that by using a little energy I could send it gently over the backs and shoulders of my suffering men, and at the same time protect my own face and hands. Presently my white companions noticed my efforts, and from the larger boat set up a derisive shouting, saying, with many unpleasant words, that it was no use to do anything for an Indian, I would learn quickly enough. The Indians said nothing; neither did they make any sign of thanks, though at each derisive shout and taunting re-

mark I noticed an ugly light flash in their eyes, but there was no other change of expression. Then we fell behind the big boat, and I was alone with them. Dinner time came; the big boat was far in advance of us and my men had nothing to eat. Their leader asked me, "You eat now?" and on being told that I would stop the canoe at a convenient point and spread out the bountiful lunch that had been provided for me. Then they went back to the canoe and sat in stolid dejection, waiting for me to finish. I immediately called them, proposing to divide what food I had equally. They came with some hesitation; each took the offered food, but made no sign of thanks, not even an expression of gratitude on their faces. My dog received a share of the food, and it laid its head affectionately on my knee and wagged its tail in appreciation; but the Indians simply ate, and made no sign. I was disgusted. Truly there was reason in all the derision of my white companions. We started on presently, but there was a sort of misunderstanding among us. I sat in the canoe, brushing the mosquitoes from my hands and face, and let the men shift for themselves, thinking that there was no use doing anything for an Indian; but common humanity could not bear the sight of their quivering, naked flesh, and the next moment I was brushing the mosquitoes from them, as before, wondering at their strange, unfeeling natures.

Late in the afternoon we overtook the large boat and found that preparations were being made to camp on a high, wooded bank, that promised well for the night. I got out my mosquito bar, meaning to arrange it early, before the mosquitoes came; but no sooner had I started for the shore than the leader of my men gave the youngest a savage cuff across the ear and pointed to the bundle, which the young man immediately ran to take from me. I was well tired, and only too pleased to give it up, and scarcely noticed that my men were busily at work arranging it for me—and they did it well, too. When supper was ready and we sat around eating as best we could hard-tack and canned corned beef, with strong coffee, one of my men came softly behind me and put a fine piece of roasted turtle on my plate, and went away, not even waiting for thanks. Of course, I shared it with my white companions, and we all found it a welcome addition to our limited supply. Then the mosquitoes drove us under our nets, and we tried to sleep; but a fierce storm, now rapidly approaching, made us anxious, and we lay awake waiting. The perspiration was trickling down my face; then for a moment a breath of cool air came, blowing through the net, followed by a crashing and roaring as the storm closed in around us—wind, thunder, lightning and torrents of rain. No tent could turn such a volume of water, and presently it was coming through in streams. All the place was drenched, and pools of water formed where my companions had made their beds; but where I lay the ground had been banked up, and no water collected, and for some unaccountable reason no water came through my part of the tent, though long, bitter curses, coming from my companions, showed how they were faring; yet I was cool and comfortable and presently fell asleep.

Morning came bright and clear after the storm, and on scrambling out from under the tent I saw that my Indians had left their beds, and in all that storm had collected quantities of big leaves and arranged them on the tent over my bed that I might sleep unharmed. Truly their ways are not as our ways, and it is of some use to show kindness to the Indians. I understood them after that, and we were the best of friends. Through all that journey I had but to express a wish, and eager hands were ready to serve me. Of course I shared my provisions, and kept the mosquitoes off them; but that was not much to do, and they gave in return of fruits, game and all that they had; nor were they ever contented till I had taken the best of everything that they secured; yet never an expression of thanks in their silent faces, only now and then a light in their eyes that shone for an instant and then disappeared. Through all that trip up the river the water was at full flood, the rainy season on in force, and all nature at its best. Each turn of the river opened to new delights of tropical luxuriance, a wall of green on either hand, a torrent of muddy water crawling, chafing and filling the air with a subdued, but ominous, murmuring; bands of dark, forbidding clouds, beating showers, with alternate periods of bright sunshine, and everywhere the fragrance of countless blossoms. Of all that was beautiful, the most striking were the masses of yellow jessamine flowers that in some places, where the vines had mounted to the tops of great trees, were seen in bold outline above the forest, a crown of glory and fragrance. It was beautiful, but no place for a white man. Below the dense luxuriance of the jungle were swamps and poisoned air, and all that region was solitude, given over to wild animals and primeval forests.

Camping in such places was not pleasant, and each night we made the best convenience we could on a mud bank, and though my Indians did everything possible for me I was beginning to be quite miserable, when my head Indian said, "Don't sick; we sleep dry to-night, and tomorrow reach houses!"

Our camp that night promised to be the most unpleasant of all, and to my surprise the Indians did not arrange my bed and mosquito bar as usual. I soon found they had not forgotten, for after supper they came to carry me on their strong backs two miles through the swamp to a village of their people. My white companions objected, saying, "You are a pretty fellow, going to leave the expedition, making up to the Indians and deserting your friends. Suppose the river rises, and everything exposed to it." I stopped, not that I cared much about my "friends," but I felt some responsibility for the goods we carried. The Indians were disappointed, and the youngest of my three men was told to stay with me. Of this there was no need, and I sent him, to be comfortable, with the others. Then night settled down about camp and the sorrows of darkness began—rain above, mosquitoes around and mud below us.

At last morning came, and the Indians returned from the village looking fresh and rested; but we, who had stopped on the mud bank, were a sorry appearing lot. That day it did not rain so much, and the Indians worked with a will, so that by noontime we reached an open savannah, where a collection of board houses and a ruined saw mill were lonely evidences of an enterprise of some kind that was a failure. Here we were to stop

for a few days, until arrangements had been made with other Indians to take us further on. Our supplies were soon unloaded, and then the Indians turned away and left us, my own men going without a word or a look. I hurried after them to say good-by; and when I called they stopped, took my proffered hand with a surprised expression, and then went on again. A moment or two later the boats disappeared around a bend in the river, and I never saw any of them again.

A circumstance of no little sadness in irregular traveling is the passing intercourse with many people. Some are bad and not regretted; others strong and loyal, with whom one goes through hardships or pleasures, and on parting thinks he will see them again; but one never does.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

A Walk Down South.—II.

SOON after I left Johnston's I climbed the ridge which divides the Susquehanna from the Mohawk watershed. Three potatoes added nearly four pounds to my pack, but I traveled easily under the load. I began to feel stronger as a result of the exercise, though I was a long way to a fit condition for such a pack as mine.

As the afternoon waned, I watched for a place to camp. The road, as a rule, was many rods from woods, but as I began to go down the pitch into the valley where Lebanon lies, I spied a little brook at the foot of a hill off to the left. I went across lots to it, and about 5 o'clock, two miles short of Lebanon, I went into camp. It was a clear-water stream, but not the Adirondack kind. The stones were covered with clay, ferns and strings, the sediment from the fields through which the brook flowed from its source in a patch of woods above the road on a hill. On a bank was a scale rock cliff several feet in height.

On a bit of level a couple of rods back from this cliff I pitched my tent, using two poles instead of three, with a supporting stick at each end of the blanket. I did not try to find forks of the right size to hold the side poles, but tied them fast to a couple of saplings with string—a quicker and better way. I did not swing the tent so high either. The sides lapped under the hemlock bed and kept out the wind, as did the rear drop, which was adjusted with care. A dry, beech pole fire, with a green birch "bottom," was so warm that it alarmed me for my rubber top, but it did not melt. I drank a little beef tea, not being hungry, and soon after the bluejays and crows stopped their cries I went to sleep. Once I awakened to tend the fire; the next time I roused up there was scarcely a spark left. I did not bother to rekindle it, but rolled up tightly in my blankets and slept till a red squirrel yelped his amazement on discovering my tent near his home tree. It was a joy to have a red squirrel ring the get-up bell over one's head in the morning. I built a fire, fried some potatoes in the grease of fried pork, and then packed up carefully. It takes skill and experience to get a basket filled well. Done one way, a pack hangs lopsided, is topheavy, swings back from the shoulders, rattles and holds about half of one's duffle. On the Sunday I spent above Soltsville in the old house I packed and repacked my stuff to find the best way to do it, and each day since I have added a little to the experience there gained, taking especial pains to group the articles—flour, salt and baking powder scattered to the four corners of a pack make confusion at every meal. And at night I know of nothing more irritating than to have to go to the bottom of the pack for the tent cover, and to the middle of the clothes rolls for the string.

After my pack was all ready, and when I had looked carefully around for stray articles, I started again, but went only a few rods. While I was cooking breakfast I had shot a spying bluejay, tearing it beyond the possibility of eating. I wanted to kill some red squirrels; so I went up over the hill, leaving my pack by the road. I spied two on one hemlock tree. They were very wild, and climbed to the top of it out of sight; so I sat down and waited. In ten minutes one of the animals came down into sight and I fired, missing. The next shot, however, killed.

I dodged Lebanon by going over a great hill and many fences. A/cold in the head and hunger again made me lonesome. But down in a swamp a fire with some fire-light pancakes, changed the hue of things. Fried squirrels were good to eat, even though they were red squirrels.

The desire to hear from home grew rapidly as I approached the first station where I was to get my mail—Newark Valley, in Tioga county. But my feet were sore with the steady striking of over two hundred pounds on each of them. Every twenty minutes I stopped to rest, and when I started, the blisters were more and more painful.

I passed through Otselic on Tuesday, and two miles below that place a small hay barn down in the lot looked so attractive that I went to the owner of the farm and asked if I could sleep there.

"Do you smoke?" he asked.

"No," I said, and offered him my match box to boot. He didn't take it, and I went down to the barn to sleep. To get into it I had to climb an outside perpendicular ladder and go through a loft doorway. It was hard work with the heavy pack, after the ten miles.

About milking time, 5:30 P. M., I went to the barn and bought two quarts of milk, which I drank warm on the spot. It was delicious and satisfying. Taking another quart for breakfast, I went back to the barn and slept all night long, save that a shower of rain roused me two or three times. In the morning I drank my quart of milk and started, invigorated, down the Otselic Valley, in spite of the showers of rain, which came at intervals during the day. I put the rubber blanket over my pack and head so that I was kept dry.

Corn in the shack rattled in the wind, and leaves from the trees fell to the road from wayside maples. The crests of the ridges on either side of the valley seemed to grow gray as I looked at them. It was probably not all optical illusion, for the trees were shedding their leaves in clouds at each wet gust of wind.

Very few people were in sight, and the presence of strangers did not make this part of the trip any less lonesome. I longed for a companion of some sort. I wished some dog, like Nessmuk's Pete, the dog without pedi-

gree, would come to me. I even had base designs on some hound astray, if I should meet one.

I plodded on mile after mile, and wrote pathetically in my diary. "This is the worst part of the trip, I am sure." I went through Otselic Center, and at last reached South Otselic. The hotel there was clean-looking, and it was not fifteen minutes of noon and dinner. I dropped the pack on the porch, stood my rifle against the door casing, limped into the office, and signed for dinner. The proprietor was interested to know that anybody should walk where a ride could be had, and the idea of camping out, as I was doing, was a novelty. A good wash, a good dinner and a good talk with men who did not ask if I wasn't selling trinkets turned a dismal morning into a bright one.

I was about to start on when I heard that the stage to Cincinnatus was to go in half an hour. Cincinnatus was ten miles down the valley, and that much nearer my mail. I just had to take the stage; and so I did.

The driver was talkative. "Last year," he said, "gray squirrels were plenty along the Otselic River, but no one had seen any this year." He believed they traveled in droves, in that region at least, and would probably come when the squirrels, wherever they were, learned how plentiful beechnuts were in the Otselic Valley.

"You're picking up gingseng a little, I s'pose?" he inquired of me. I told him I was not, but wished I could find the plant.

"Well, sir, so do I," he said. "There's two fellows from South Otselic goes down into Pennsylvania every year, just as you be, camping out and digging sang. They live all summer and it don't cost nothing in the woods, and all winter they don't do nothing at all, just sit round. Why, they clears up six hundred to a thousand dollars a year that way. One of them's a good carpenter, a first-class man at his trade, too. He says he don't have to work any more—just dig sang."

I walked a couple of miles below Cincinnatus and received permission to occupy an old barn there for the night, after it was learned that I did not smoke.

"Most generally folks that come along sleeps where they want to without asking," I was told. I had visitors in the barn after dark. The three boys on the farm and the carpenter came out to talk to me and see my outfit. The younger had a camera, and pronounced mine a "dandy." Another had an idea of going deer hunting this fall, and wanted to know about guns and duffle for the purpose. The carpenter was inquisitive as to who I was, why I had traveled, and if I hadn't been pretty good on a bicycle. At 9 o'clock they went home, leaving the lantern for me to go to bed by. The day which had been so hard in the morning was cheerful at night. I slept the best of all till morning, when I made a breakfast on milk. Returning the lantern, I started down the west bank of the river for Whitney Point, thirteen miles away. For the first time a wagon upon which I might have ridden came up behind me. The driver did not ask me to go with him. In a few minutes another came up behind me. He was going only a few rods further, as he explained. Then there was a third disappointment. I sat down by a brook at 10:30 o'clock and fried some potatoes and pork, covering the pan with my granite-ware plate, and ate a hearty dinner, which I followed with beef tea.

After a while I came to Upper Lisle and passed through one edge of it. A wagon far ahead seemed to be going slow, but I did not overtake it till it turned into a yard. It seemed as if it were to be a day of disappointments. It was Friday. My mail was still more than a day's trip away, but not two days off. I wanted to get it on Saturday if possible. Just as I was about to give up hope of making Whitney Point that day a man drove up.

"Have a ride?" he asked. He was going to Lisle, and that was nearer to Newark Valley than Whitney Point. Would I ride? Well, rather.

The man looked to be fifty-five years of age—he was seventy-seven. He had hunted deer in his day; was lost once in Potter county, Pa., and shot a deer by the light of the fire he built to keep warm by that night. He had shot gray and black and fox squirrels, too, and owned a musket, captured from Burgoyne, with which his grandfather had helped kill off the deer of central New York in the early part of the nineteenth century.

My feet were still sore when I left him at Lisle, and I was tired, but now my mail was in sight. I started over the hill out of Lisle. It was up and up, till I staggered under my pack. But there was no place to stop in that side hill. I came to a vacant house, but it was locked. At last I came to a farm, with several barns and an unpainted house upon it. The owner refused to let me sleep in one of them; so I went on, hoping to find a place where I could camp. Rod after rod I climbed or went down into gullies. At last I came to an old horse barn, about the size of a chicken coop. It was impossible. The road ahead showed another hill, with a neat-looking farmhouse and barns half-way up. I headed that way. It was late, and I decided to roll up in my blanket in the woods above the house. There was a big hay barn in the lot, as I could see, and seeing the man I asked to sleep in it.

"Well," he said, "you're all right, aren't ye?"

I hoped so, and then I was told to go into the house and make myself comfortable, put my pack in the parlor and stand my rifle in the corner.

"Listen!" said the man. "Hear that dog running up there on the hill? Say, hasn't he got a dandy voice? Runs rabbits all day up there."

There followed a supper of large size, and a talk of comforting sort, a sleep that rested me more than any that I had had before. Pancakes and sausage and potatoes and milk and coffee made up a breakfast I'll not soon forget. I heard of squirrel hunting and rabbits and foxes. As soon as the sun was bright enough I took photographs of the fine hound, which had returned from hunting, and of the big cat, which Connors and his wife say are the finest thereabouts.

It was worth the four miles of toil from Lisle to find such a place as that. I reached my mail at noon, riding four miles on a load of potatoes. I walked five miles out of Newark Valley, and decided that as I had once ridden from New York to Buffalo, passing Owego, to Waverly, on my bicycle, I would skip this portion of the

road; and so I took the cars at Fleming's Village and came to Sayre, Pa., on them, where the first stage of the trip ended on Oct. 12.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

VII.—Lieut. Frederic.

BEFORE the end of summer General Abercrombie gave portions of his army more profitable employment in the western part of the province, and in one way and another the Rangers got their share of service.

A year passed, during which I got no tidings of my unfaithful sweetheart. I had become able to bear my sorrow with some degree of resignation, for time had eased the constant pain of the wound to occasional pangs, and I found myself as often inventing excuses for poor Mercy as blaming her for yielding to the importunities that must have beset her; and if I was not warmed by the old fervor, I was still aware of a tender and pitying affection. The solitude of the woods continued to give its comfort and consolation, and this my service gave me opportunity to seek.

The next summer found us again moving against the Champlain forts in the army of General Amherst with less pomp and parade, with greater assurance of success in its deliberate advance, than had attended the last expedition. As we drew near Ticonderoga there was a skirmish in which we lost a Colonial officer and some men, but met no further opposition. The abattis had become harmless in the first stages of decay, the deserted breastworks were as silent and lifeless as the last year's graves that lay before them, and when we came to the fortress as deep a silence brooded over it, though the banner of France still floated above its untenanted walls. Such an ominous silence pervaded the place that no one dared to enter it, and an hour of waiting proved the wisdom of the caution, for then there was an upburst of fire and smoke and timbers, and a thundering explosion, that shook the earth; and before its echoes died, and almost before the shower of debris ceased falling, our troops swarmed through the open gate and set to quenching the kindling flames.

When we had set things in order there, our deliberate General moved upon Fort St. Frederic, to find it also abandoned and the rearmost transports of the enemy but specks and white clouds on the far horizon. We were full of curiosity concerning a place that had been a frontier stronghold of the French nigh on to thirty years, and when we were assured that no mine was waiting the creeping spark of a match to blow us nearer to heaven than a Frenchman is likely to get we rummaged the place from the black dungeons, where many a poor English prisoner had pined, up to the flagstaff tower, where the red cross of England was now planted in the place from which the French lilies were banished forever. We went down to the water gate, from whose wave-washed threshold the last white-coated soldier had so lately departed, and into the chapel, where the odor of their Popish mummeries still lingered; in short, into every nook and corner inside the walls, and outside, to the windmill that had ground its last grist for its first owners, who were themselves now between the millstones of fate. Then we went to the village whence two years before we Rangers caught our prisoner; a desolate place now, with no living things in it but a forsaken cat, lonely enough, but still loth to make friends with Englishmen, and one brave Gallic cock, that crowed defiance at our whole army. In one house a kettle of pea soup still steamed over the embers, but for all its savory odor we dared not taste it for fear of poison. A little way off was a graveyard where their dead were left to sleep forever, far from countrymen and kindred.

Out in the fields that we Rangers had harried two years before were acres of ripening wheat that the hurried departure of the French had not given them time to destroy, but left it to be garnered by other hands than the sowers. We wished the grain had got so far as the threshing.

As we beheld all this scene of desertion, we might have pitied those who left behind them pleasant homes, built with infinite toil; fields grown dear and familiar through years of labor, and the graves of their beloved—if they had not been Frenchmen. But our hearts were hardened against them for their perfidy, and the murder and rapine they and their cruel allies had wrought on our people. We rejoiced in keeping everything they left us but the Popish name, which we dropped for the honest English name, Crown Point.

Our army had not been long established here, when our General broke ground for a new and larger fort on higher ground, and further from the water than the French fort. The skill of the best military engineers was taxed to plan these new works and to improve the fort at Ticonderoga, and a fine road was laid between the two. Fortification was our General's favorite pastime, and he gave it full play here at a cost of three million pounds sterling to His Majesty, and all for nothing, as it turned out.

VIII.—The St. Francis Expedition.

In the midst of such affairs General Amherst thought to write out chastisement to the pestilent tribe of Indians harboring on the St. Francis River in Canada. Years before they had been gathered there from all northern New England by an old governor of the French province long since in perdition. Thenceforth, full of hatred of the English, they had been the constant terror and frequent scourge of our New England frontier, whither the Lake Champlain and Connecticut River gave them easy paths in all seasons. They were known to us as the St. Francis Indians, but called themselves Soqua-gese, which, I have been told, means the Little Nation, or the people who went apart from the others, for they were all of the great nation of Waubanakees.

When General Amherst sought a proper instrument for the punishment of these blood-thirsty scoundrels, he could not have chosen a better one than Major Rogers, for he was as learned in the cunning tricks of the savages as if he were born to their manners; his bravery was

tempered with a just prudence, and he was not apt to err in the respect of too tender mercy, any more than were his men, most of whom were of New England, and many of whom had tasted the quality of Indian mercy. Upon many of their homes these red wolves had descended out of the black forest like lightning from a cloud, slaying or snapping up their victims, then gone with captives and booty, swallowed out of sight in the maw of the woods, swift as the flame of the fires they kindled, silent and trackless as their path.

On Sept. 13 two hundred Rangers embarked from Crown Point at night, according to custom of our leader when setting forth on an important enterprise. Bastions and citadel dissolved in the darkness behind us, into which the gloomy shores receded on either hand till we seemed launched upon vergeless space, voyaging we knew not whither, and like an army of ghosts, for no one was permitted to speak above a whisper. With us there was no sound but the occasional splash of an oar and the soft chuckle of ripples against our bows, and the shores were silent, though from the far depths of the forest we heard the dismal wail of wolves calling and answering one to another.

How our guides in canoes leading the bateaux kept their course after the glimmer of the fort's lights faded out behind us, I do not know; but they brought us safely, about daylight, to a landing at the mouth of the Otter Creek, which the Waubanakee Indians call Wonakake-took, having the same meaning, and sometimes Peconk-took—the Crooked River. It was one of their chief thoroughfares to the English settlements, for it comes from far back among the mountains nigh to a river that flows into the Connecticut. These streams, with the carrying place between, made what was known in those times as the Indian road, whereon many a captive went the weary way to Canada. Here we lay all day, very quiet, and at night set forth again. No one could know when or where the sharp eyes of the Indian spies might be watching us to guess and frustrate our design, so to evade them we voyaged only by night, even then keeping from the shores to avoid ambush.

For a time we saw the black steep of a mountain looming up on our left, and then came on the same side the lake, to a rocky point, which was cleft quite in twain, to the bay on the other side of it, to a width sufficient for a canoe. I was told that the Indians called this place Lobapskwa, the Pass through the Rock, and a point that jutted from the east Kosoapskua, the Long-Story Point. Here the lake becomes much broader, and as we held nearer to the eastern shore we saw only its headlands, while on the other hand there seemed nothing but endless space.

In the morning we made our camp on a great point or cape of the eastern shore, which the Indians call Quineaska, and a river emptying into a bay behind it, Quineaskatook. But beyond this point a singular, naked rock rises out of the water thirty feet or more, a very notable landmark to voyagers, and held in great awe by the Indians, for in it, they say, dwells a mighty spirit, who controls the lake and raises storms to vex any who venture to pass his abode without making some offering to propitiate him, whom they call Wojahose, the For-bidder. Some say that this was the rock that marked the bounds of the Iroquois country; others that it extended no further than the cleft rock, Sobapskwa, and this was the belief of some Stockbridge Indians, who were with us. They told us that the Mohawks called the cleft rock Rigiochne. When we passed the rock a little after nightfall, we did not offer the terrible spirit so much as a pinch of tobacco, but if he owed us a spite for our neglect he did not set the wind upon us, but paid it in a storm of our own raising.

To the east of us a fine, broad bay opened, with a beautiful wooded shore sloping down to it, and far away, behind the crest of the slope, above the gathering gloom, the last light of day lingered on the peaks of Ta-wah-be-de-e-wad-so and Mo-zo-c-wadso, the loftiest mountains of the region. Nigh here I was told the Winooskitook emptied, which our people called the French River, because the French and their Indian scoundrel allies used it so much as a road to our settlements. A little beyond, the Wintook, or Narrow River, empties, and still further, almost at the end of the lake whither we were going, the Azzabattacook, the stream that turns upon itself. We call it Missisquoi River, but that name, or, rather, Missapski, the Sound of Arrow Flints, belongs to the country, not the river. When I remember how the savage solitude which, like a spell that would never be broken, then lay upon the shores, whose only peace was that of desertion, and behold now what the hand of civilization has wrought, it is all like a dream till I see how swift the changes still go on.

Two fine, large rivers enter the lake from the great western wilderness, named Popoquamanatook and Sen-halenatook, the last entering near the great Cape Scon-ton; but we went nigh neither, keeping nearest the eastern shore. Often we came upon such countless swarms of waterfowl that were loth to take flight when our boats ran into the midst of them as was a sore vexation to the heart of one who loved fowling not to have a shot at them. Every day we saw deer, and once a mighty moose, so close that the fingers of many a hunter itched for the trigger; but we were not permitted to fire a shot save for necessity.

We passed the islands which the French call the Isles of the Four Winds, and the Grand Isle, coming to parts very unknown to most except our guides, who were trappers that had run all risks in the wilderness for the sake of gain, and some Stockbridge Indians, who had been here in war parties against the Waubanakee; but our voyage continued very propitious till the tenth day out from Crown Point. We were encamped for the day, having our boats hidden and keeping very close, for we were now fairly in the enemy's country, though not beyond the rightful possessions of the King. We saw smoke on shores not far distant, which we knew must be from the camps of French or Indians. We were gathered in close ranks, waiting a distribution of powder, a keg of which was being brought up from one of the boats by a careless fellow, who did not know that it was leaking out a thin dribble of its dangerous contents along the earth. Another fellow, as thoughtless, observing it, rapped out the fire of his pipe on to the chance-laid

train. A sudden sparkling flame flashed along it, leaped up the dropping grains to the keg, and then came a terrific explosion, that hurled the ranked men far asunder, scorched and maimed, some writhing and groaning in torment, some past speech or motion, full forty in all, too badly hurt to go further.

We were in great consternation from the disaster, not only from the injury done to so many good men and the weakening of our force, but that the great noise of it and the singular cloud of smoke arising from it must apprise the enemy of our presence if they were in our neighborhood. One might fancy Wajahose had taken his revenge on us. The disabled men were sent back to Crown Point under such guard as could be spared, and at nightfall we went on our way.

Five days later we came to the end of our voyage at the head of Missisquoi Bay, and secreted our boats very cunningly where they, with the provisions, were left in charge of two Stockbridge Indians. The object of the expedition was now well known to all. In the first light of morning we set forth in good spirits on our long march through the forest, some animated by the love of adventure, some by the desire for revenge, and others as much by the hope of plunder, for it was thought that these Indians had gathered a deal of spoils in their raids on our settlements. Continuing our march while daylight lasted, we encamped on high ground if possible, the better to prevent surprise, and half the force was kept awake while the other half slept. As early as we could see our way, the march was resumed, always in three single files at some distance apart, and the file in very open order, with scouts in advance and on either flank. Looking across from rank to rank, as each moved silently forward, it was as if we saw our shadows cast by a level light on an impalpable screen, through which were seen the gray trunks fading away in the continual twilight or gloom of the forest.

At our second night's encampment the two Indian boat guards came up with us, bearing ill news. The boats and provisions had been discovered and taken by the enemy, and a party of French and Indians twice our number were seen in pursuit of us. Our commander promptly decided to push forward with all speed, and strike the contemplated blow before our pursuers could overtake us, and then withdraw by another route to some point on the Connecticut. He then dispatched a trusty lieutenant with a small guard to Crown Point, to request that stores should be sent up the river to meet us. Now, we were afoot still earlier than before, and at night halted later, after traveling all day at the topmost speed possible on such difficult ground as we presently came to. This was an immense spruce swamp or drowned land, for the water was often to our knees; and we slipped and stumbled on unseen roots and fallen trees through lengthening miles of weariness and discomfort, to come at night only to such rest as we could get on platforms that we built of boughs laid on forked stakes above the water and sodden ground. Surely it seemed we could not be in more wretched plight; yet there was worse in store for us, which, if we had foreseen, we could not have had heart to endure this.

As it was, some had already lost heart, among them my old first comrade in arms, Murphy, and strange enough it was, for he was always so glum, it seemed that there could be nothing to make him more so. One night we were sharing the misery of wet clothes in the chill night air on a couch of poles and boughs, when he began talking in a melancholy fashion:

"Oh, mon, we'll ne'er set eyes on the civilized world again. We'll a' be drowned or murdered an' scalped by yon Indian devils. 'Twas an ill day that iver we came on this wild goose chase, like geese oursel's, a-paddlin' through the puddles just to be scalpit. We'll ne'er see yon fort again, mon, I'm sure. Wal, maybe some on ye will, but it'll not be me. I feel it in my ackin' bones, an' I'm a-thinkin' o' a' I ever done, gude an' bad, an', the Lord forgive, the's a muckle deal the maist o' the last. I'll be murdered and scalpit if I'm not drowned first like a bitch's whelp, in these domned quagmires, an' it's a shame to me after all the bonny fightin' I have done. De'il tak' this warrin' wi' heathen; there's nather profit nor glory in it. I thought we'd gather some gear o' yon Indian wolves, but they'll just get my scalp, an' that'll be all about it."

He fell to smoking his pipe as if he would get all the comfort he could while he might, listening in silence to my arguments against his forebodings till he knocked out the ashes that dropped hissing into the water beneath us, and then, expressing himself unconvinced in a grunt, went to sleep.

Presently I followed him, for I was tired enough to have slept a-standing. I do not know how far the night was spent, when I awoke with a start, hearing my name called in Mercy's voice, as plain as ever I heard it in my life, yet in a very mournful tone, as if in warning, or for help. It was so real that before I was awake I sprang off the pole hammock, half to my knees in the cold water and stood listening agape with held breath, to hear nothing but the restless movements of my comrades and the dismal hooting of an owl afar off. When, after a time, I fell into an uneasy sleep I was again awakened by the voice calling my name, and so thrice that night it was repeated. It haunted me all the next day as we splashed and stumbled on through that wretched swamp, till I was as heavy hearted as poor Murphy, with forebodings of our fate, but at last we came to higher ground, out of the black shadows of the spruces and with gleams of sunshine falling upon us through the brightness of autumn leaves, and my spirits rose. This was when we came to the St. Francis River, after nine days of swamp travel.

The stream was five feet deep, and running very swiftly, so that to ford it we formed in lines abreast, joining hands with the tallest man upstream, and so waded across without loss, except some guns, most of which were recovered by our Stockbridge Indians, who could dive like muskrats.

Not long after this, we got the good news that we were near the end of our journey outward, for our commander, mounting a lofty tree, discovered the Indian town not many miles away. When we were come within a mile of the place after nightfall, Major Rogers and two officers disguised to such likeness of Indians as to fool many of us, went on a spying tour into the

village, and could not have hit on a better time, for it happened that the people were gathered to celebrate some pagan festival, and making such a pother with drums, rattles and shouting that a troop of horse might have ridden in on them unheard. Returning to us after gaining complete information of all the approaches, our commander laid his plan of attack, to be made from all sides in the very early morning when the Indians were in deep sleep after pow-wow.

Natural History.

An Outing in Acadia.—IX.

BY EDWARD A. SAMUELS.

(Continued from page 145.)

FROM the hill we descended to the meadows, where the Doctor collected a few aquatic plants, which he said were quite rare in a locality so far north of their usual habitat. "How could they have found their way here?" I asked, examining the specimens with interest.

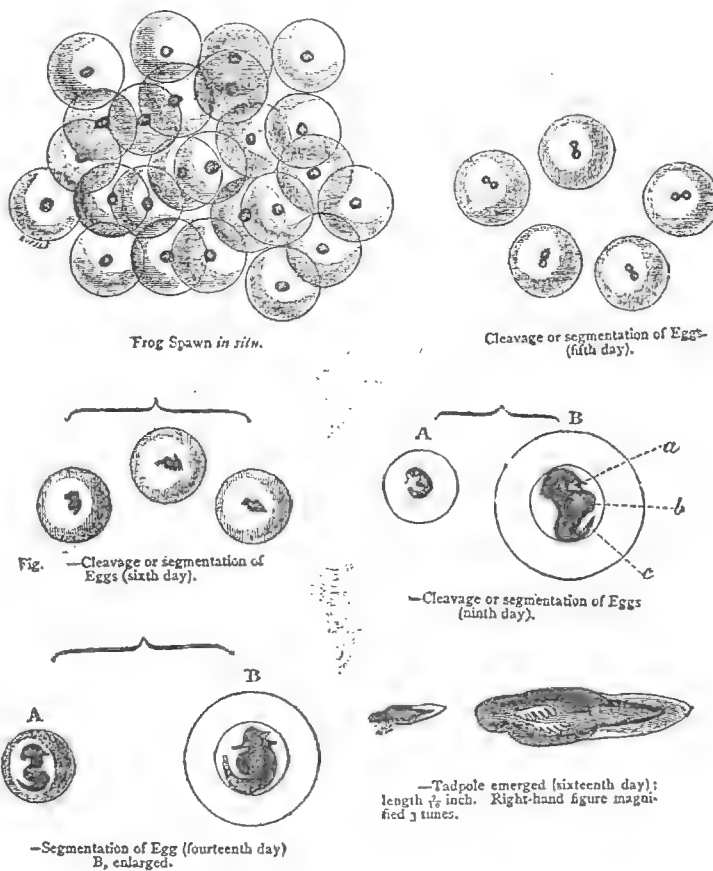
"Probably they were brought here by the birds. You remember that I tried to throw a little light on this subject yesterday, when the heron joined us at the falls?"

"Yes, I have not forgotten what you said, and these plants were, no doubt, brought here by the birds, perhaps long ago, since they are now so abundant, but I should think the severe winters here would kill them."

"Not necessarily; the seeds fall into the mud beneath the water, where they lie, effectually protected, through the winter. It has been proved, however, that most seeds are not injured by even the most intense cold, and these have thus become thoroughly acclimated."

"As you have a microscope, we might carry some of this mud back to the house and perhaps make some interesting discoveries."

A strip of the bark was soon cut in the proper form and the two corners of one end were folded together and firmly affixed in the end of a sapling, which the Doctor split to receive them. This made a capital scoop. The birch cup was quietly sunk into the mud and then lifted out for our inspection. There was a myriad of wiggling



things; the mud seemed alive with them. There was a triton squirming in the mud, a tadpole and water insects without number.

"There seems to be an abundance of life in this deposit," said the Doctor, "and here is an interesting specimen with which we can begin our investigations."

The little creature crawled around on the Doctor's hand, but made no effort to escape. It was one of the many-spotted newts, sometimes called tritons, or salamanders, and its beautifully marked brown and vermillion coat, dotted with yellow and reddish spots, made it an attractive-looking object.

The species is a common one in Northern and Eastern waters, where it feeds on aquatic insects and their larvæ. In the aquarium it makes an interesting little pet, becoming acquainted with one very quickly and accepting flies and other insects when offered it on the point of a grass stalk. I have frequently captured specimens and given them a home in my aquarium, where they afforded good opportunities for studying their habits.

In the tank their antics are often very grotesque and amusing. Sometimes they sit erect at the bottom, where they watch for their insect food. After a while they move midway between the bottom and the surface, where they remain almost motionless for a short time or keep their position by "treading water." Suddenly, as if seized with a new desire, they dash rapidly about in every direction, acting as if they were determined to make a wild break for liberty. Their favorite food is a small angleworm, and when one is captured it is seized with a quick snap of the jaws and swallowed by a series of snaps and gulps quite comical to witness.

"I have often wondered, Doctor," said I to my friend, who was examining the newt as it moved slowly about on his hand, "how these little creatures breathe in the water; they evidently need atmospheric air to maintain life."

"They come to the surface for air, but the young or tadpole newt has gills, and with these it breathes in the water just as the tadpole of the common frog does."

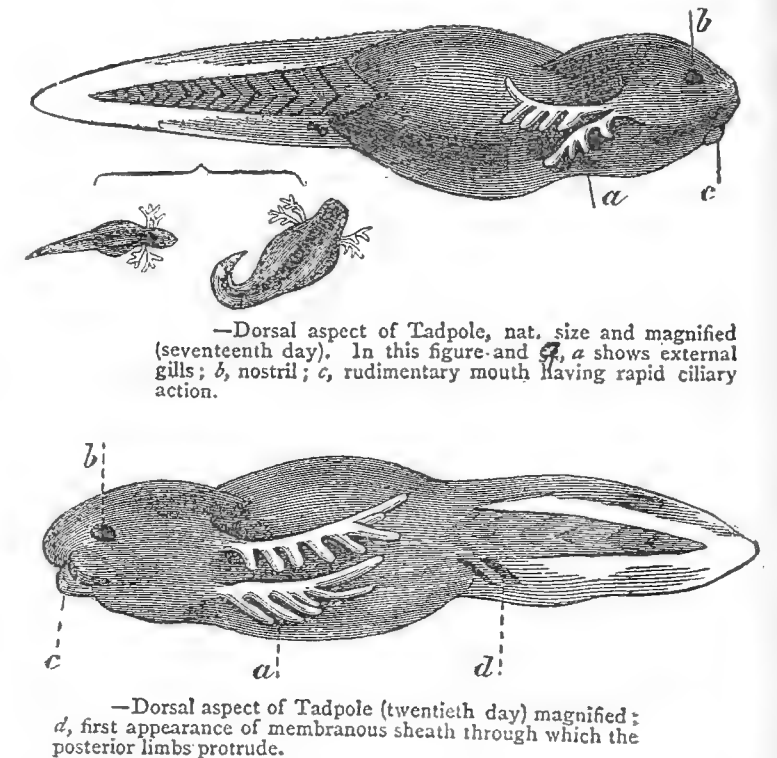
"But this tadpole has no gills," I added, turning over the little squirmer that wriggled about in the bark dish.

"No, it is too old for that; it has passed the gill-breathing period, for the hind legs are perfectly developed and

the forelegs are just coming through the skin. In a short time the tail will be completely absorbed and the frog in its perfect shape will appear. In fact, this tadpole should have become a frog long ago. I cannot imagine why it is so late in changing its form."

The metamorphoses of the frogs and newts are very interesting, and are well worth the attention of students and observers. The spawn of the frog is often found in pools of fresh water, being deposited in masses or clusters which are glued together by the albuminous covering that surrounds them; if we lift one of these masses we find it is astonishingly heavy. The deposit of frog's spawn may readily be distinguished from that of the toad, which, although often dropped in the same pool, instead of being arranged in lumps or masses, is strung along, two or three at a time, on a sort of gelatine rope.

If we closely examine the newly deposited spawn of the frog we find that each ovum forms a central black speck about one-twelfth of an inch in diameter in a transparent, albuminous globule, nearly half an inch in diameter, which is covered by a delicate membrane. For the purpose of



studying these ova, we can keep a dozen or two of them in a shallow vessel containing water, in which must be placed a liberal supply of aquatic plants, which would be likely to afford the tadpoles a sufficiency of infusoria, upon which they seem to subsist to a considerable extent after devouring the gelatinous egg mass which appears to form their first food. They are thorough scavengers, and any decaying matter, either animal or vegetable, is eagerly eaten. We find that the ovum changes but little until the fifth day, when a cleavage or segmentation becomes apparent.

The progress of this segmentation from now on may be easily followed, and it is very interesting. On the ninth day a striking change is manifest; the embryo assumes the form shown in the illustration, where A represents the natural size of ovum and B the same magnified four diameters; at a are the rudimentary external gills; the inner circlet b, surrounding the embryo, is the vitelline sac or zona pellucida, itself an object of singular tenuity and crystalline transparency, and at c is the protruding tail.

A change is now perceptible daily; the gills and tail grow rapidly, and the nostril becomes conspicuous, and on the fifteenth day some of the tadpoles will emerge and lie upon the gelatinous egg mass, upon which they continue to rest until it is completely eaten by them. Fig. 7 represents the appearance of a tadpole after emergence, its length being seven-sixteenths of an inch.

On the seventeenth day the nostrils, b, Fig. 8, are well developed, and a rapid ciliary action is apparent at the immature mouth, c, from which the water is driven backward in a current to the gills. On the twentieth day the gills extend almost to the tail, and the membranous sheaths, through which the posterior limbs protrude, are plainly visible, Fig. 9, d.

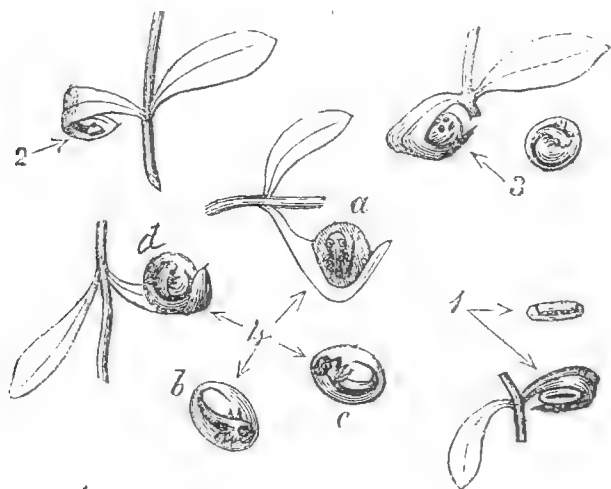
The changes in the structure of the tadpole are many; the anterior limbs are elbowed out beneath the gill coverings, and the posterior ones become more and more perfect; the tails grows longer and thinner, and finally it is absorbed, together with the lips and secondary gills, and the body assumes the perfect frog shape. This usually occurs at about the one-hundredth day, if the weather is bright and warm. The foregoing illustrations are reproductions of drawings made by M. H. Robson, the eminent English microscopist.

Unlike the spawn of the frog, the eggs of the newt or spotted salamander are laid singly, each being deposited in the fold of a water plant, which is bent by the female to receive it.

Mr. James Fullagar, who saw a female newt deposit her eggs in his aquarium, describes the operation as follows: "The laying of the egg is a curious operation to witness, as each egg is laid singly, and is folded in a leaf. They are laid at intervals during a month or five weeks, so that I have had the young of all ages and sizes, from those just escaping from the egg to a month old. When about to lay an egg, the newt would examine several leaves before she found one to suit her. In some cases the leaf was too stout for her to bend with ease, and after vainly trying to fold it, she would leave off, and for this reason the leaf of the water-ranunculus, being large and easy to fold, was most used. The manner of operation was this: After examining several leaves, and making choice of a suitable one, she would place that part of her body whence the egg was about to protrude on the leaf, and with her hind legs fold the leaf over and around that part in such a manner as to enable her to receive the egg into the leaf between the two legs, the body being bent forward for that purpose. As soon as the egg is deposited, the body is slightly raised from it, to give room for the further and complete folding of it in the leaf, and is then held in that position for about three minutes, to insure its firm adhesion to the leaf. The newt then swims

away. I have sometimes seen her return to the recently laid egg, and, as if not satisfied that all was as it should be, she would take the folded leaf, together with the inclosed egg, into her mouth and press it gently to make sure it was in a proper and safe position.

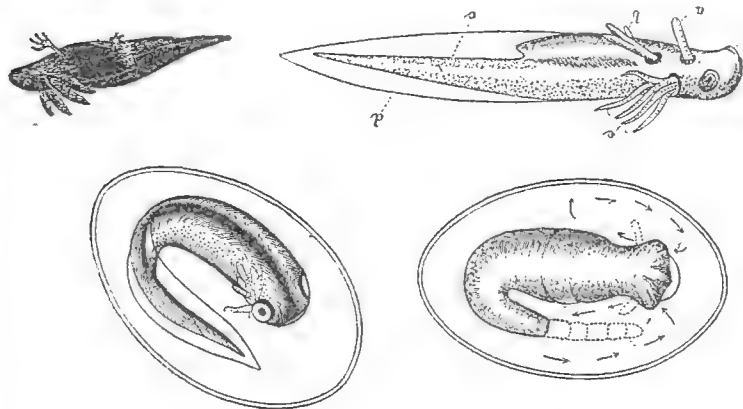
The eggs of the newt are oval in shape and transparent, so that the nucleus of the egg is plainly seen, and the development of the germ may be witnessed day by day. Fig. 11 shows the newly deposited egg enfolded in a leaf of a water plant at 1, the embryo just beginning to take form at 2, the same more developed at 3, and the embryo still further advanced and showing the branchial



tufts at 4 a, b, c, d. The continued development is shown in Figs. 12, 13, 14 and 15, all of which are greatly enlarged.

In commenting on the difference in the metamorphoses of the frogs and tritons, or newts, a correspondent* of a scientific journal in summing them up says:

"Thus we have in the frog an animal furnished with three sets of breathing apparatus, four legs, and a tail at different stages of its existence. 1st, external gills as a tadpole; 2d, internal gills like a fish; 3d, lungs adapted for breathing air. The gills and tail, no longer needed for aquatic existence, are absorbed, not lost; the animal steps out of the water a true lung-breathing vertebrate. Next come the tritons, with external gills for three months instead of three days; lungs appear, and the four legs and tail are retained throughout life. The animal is amphibious, living mostly in the water, but dies for want



of breath if kept there, and prevented from coming to the surface to breathe. Next below comes a curious animal, the American axolotl (*Siredon pisciformis*), shining like a huge, black tadpole 12 or 14 inches long, with four legs, a tail and a set of external gills, which are retained throughout the whole of its existence. For some time it was supposed to be merely the tadpole, or larval form of some terrestrial animal, but I believe it is never known to leave the water voluntarily, and breeds freely in this condition, laying quantities of eggs, which are easily reared. Strange to say, although it never breathes by anything but gills, it has rudimentary lungs. This tendency to variation, and shadowing forth of higher forms, side by side with persistent types, is intensely interesting, as forming links in Darwin's endless chain of evolution."

The newts, both the young and those which are fully grown, change their skins, occasionally the old one coming off like a glove from one's hand; usually it comes away in fragments, although sometimes it peels off in one entire piece. Those who have had these little creatures in their aquaria have no doubt witnessed this casting of the skin and know how interesting a performance it is, particularly when the skin has got down to the hind legs and the newt pulling one foot and then the other out of the covering seizes the thin garment in its mouth and swallows it with two or three gasping gulps.

*Anonymous.

Hawk and Crows.

KINSTON, N. C., Oct. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* My friend, I. M. Tull, proprietor of Tower Hill Dairy Farm, reports a singular incident which he observed yesterday. While squirrel hunting in the woods of the river bottom, he shot and killed a crow, which, in falling from the tree top, lodged in a grape vine which festooned the tree. It was a long shot, about 200 yards; and other crows near by not being alarmed by the shot, Mr. Tull waited quietly where he was for another chance. Very soon another crow pitched into the treetop and was also killed, falling to the ground.

In a few minutes a hawk came and seized the dead crow in the grape vines, but was followed by a flock of crows searching for him. He hid under the wings of the dead crow until the other crows left the neighborhood, when he emerged from his hiding place, took the dead crow in his talons and bore it to a stump about 300 yards away and proceeded to make a meal from it. Mr. Tull then crept up on the hawk and killed him.

This makes an interesting little yarn; in my estimation, more so by reason of the fact that the narrator is trustworthy.

TAR HEEL.

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Seaboard Air Line.—VI.

Report to November, 1901.

Now had the season returned, when the nights grow colder and longer,

And the retreating sun the sign of the scorpion enters.

Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the ice-bound, Desolate Northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.

—Longfellow.

A FEW nights since, about 10:30 P. M., while the moonlight was drawing clear-cut shadows of the trees and shrubbery upon the grass, as it lay glistening under the heavy dew, I heard the signal Honk! Honk—"down brakes"—from a party of Canadas coming down at top speed through the northern skies. Honk! Honk! My, how they were coming along. I had to stop to hear them, for I could not, of course, see them. But why signal "down brakes"? Why slacken speed? Wait; I'll tell you presently. Now, I essay to give them a passing welcome, Ar-ronk! Ar-ronk!—how it made my bronchial tubes ache, so unfamiliar has the language become to me of late. Mortifying silence was the result of my first hail. I knew they were almost overhead; my sense of their speed and direction told me that, but not even the soft W-ish! W-ish! of those great wings that annihilate space, and were even now driving them so swiftly on, came to me. Once more I hailed. Maybe it was a something of appeal in this second effort that compelled recognition—indeed, I did feel a bit badly over the deadly quiet that reigned above—for suddenly a ringing chorus made reply. Honk! Honk! Ar-ronk! Honk! Aronk! as though they said, "Why! Why! there's the old man again, boys." You had better believe I talked with them after that, till they were beyond the reach of my voice, and then wished I had a megaphone to prolong the conversation. Wild geese are sociable creatures when they learn to know you; many a friendly chat I've held with the decoys in their coop just outside the cabin door on stormy nights spent on Champlain. They always grow restless and loquacious on stormy nights. To many their varying intonation conveys no meaning, but once learn to know them as some do, and you will soon find they will talk to you, and tell you things. "Old fool," did I hear you say? Well, as I have the last word, I will tell you if you think so, don't say so, for you really don't know whereof you speak. Hark! Honk! Honk! far to south'ard "down brakes" again. Now I'll tell you I've a notion those fellows intend to pass the night in Gravesend Bay, hence that signal. Sure enough! A day or so afterward an old bayman shouted as I passed, "Oh, say! I heard a gang of geese come in the other night 'bout 10 o'clock; they left ag'in 'fore daylight"—my friends, evidently. I meant to start right in on my Seaboard Air Line report, but as you see, I've taken you off on a veritable wild goose chase instead. Now I will get right down to subject matter and try to stay there.

Autumn travel has been very heavy all through these beautiful, rich-colored days. The lithe, feather-clad forms have been darting through the sunshine in throngs on their way south. Owing to prevailing high winds the flight by day has been at a lower level than usual, and it was interesting to see many of the small fellows hesitate at the open spaces—where they were sure to feel the full power of the blast—before crossing. When they did try it, it took a quick eye to distinguish them from falling leaves at times, so rudely were they driven by the buffeting winds. The variety in travel was much as usual, both as to numbers and species, with the exception of the flickers (*C. amatus*).

It was like old times to see them come bounding and clipping along in such numbers, and to hear their slogan thrill on the crisp, morning air. When their flight is on with us, a northwest wind over night will bring them in hordes next morning. If the breeze is moderate and steady, the flight is close along the shore line. If the breeze is heavy and steady, the flight is further inland. Each day's flight consists of two sections, the first about daylight, the second at between 8 and 9:30 A. M. If the breeze be steady as above, the birds pass along; there are but few left-overs for next day, but if the wind dies away, they scatter about the country for a few days, till the next favoring breeze bears them away. There are always two flights of these birds each autumn, that are markedly in excess of numbers as compared with their general flight. At times these occur within a few days of each other, again a week or two may intervene. What times some boys I used to know once had with wild pigeons and flickers hereabouts, in years gone by. The breezy, red sunrise in a carefully built blind, the swaying pole, the Wicker! Wicker! Wicker! as bird after bird alighted, then the proud feeling that came when one had mastered the art of stopping the bounding creature in full flight—it was no easy shot I can tell you, by the way. But I will not continue, lest some one take me to task for past transgressions. I learned the folly of indiscriminate slaughter early in life, and have always believed and worked for proper protection, though in those days we never heard the word as applied to birds. I know the foolishness of it all now, but somehow do you know we used to have awful bright sunrises then. The bean-shooter, a weapon never used against birds in my younger days, is now causing a very high death rate among them. When a flight of birds is on, and a diminishing wind scatters them as described above, you will find boys, aye, and full-grown men, prowling along the hedgerows, or squatted under the dogwoods, busily engaged in noiselessly potting the feeding migrants. Buckshot is used as ammunition, and it is wonderful how expert some of these beggars are, in knocking down their victims, or innocently pulverizing some chestnut burr when you appear unexpectedly and questioningly on the scene.

On Sept. 28, when Columbia was outside, busy with Shamrock, there came a time when both yachts, close hauled, were standing to the east almost abreast, and but a short space apart. Away they sped over the crinkling waters, under the bluest of skies, a great billow of white cloud floating high above them, when, Whirr! a huge flock of white-winged coots flashed by under the cloud, and apparently just above the topsails of the yachts. That, to me, was the finishing touch to a beautiful marine picture. In short, there is always something doing on the

Seaboard Air Line, and I trust that these chronicles it has been my privilege to make for a few seasons past will bear fruit in pleasure to some, who may be prompted to look and see for themselves what is passing almost at their own doors.

WILMOT TOWNSEND.

The Fall of the Leaf.

ONE of the most interesting of the structural changes in the twigs of trees during the year is that which precedes and causes the fall of the leaf. The phenomenon which annually strips our deciduous trees is no more an indication of death and decay to the tree than is the annual shedding of its hair by an animal or of its skin by a snake. It is rather a result of development and a sign of life. The leaf which dies and falls is not an individual, but only an organ that has a temporary function to perform, and is got rid of when it has performed that function. When a leaf dies and does not fall, it may be assumed that the twig to which it is attached is itself dead, and that the death of the leaf is the consequence of the death of the twig. Every careful observer of trees must have noticed that twigs which have been injured or broken when in full leaf, and which remain hanging to the tree, retain their dead leaves permanently, and that it even requires the exercise of some force to detach such leaves from their twigs. It is well known that boughs and twigs gathered while in leaf do not lose their leaves, however long they may be kept after they are dead. To make the fall of the leaf an emblem of decay and death is of the nature of a blunder due to ignorance.

It may be remarked here that the leaves of all living trees fall sooner or later, and that the only difference between evergreen and what are known as deciduous trees is that, in the former case, the leaves remain on the tree more than one season, while in the latter case they fall at the end of their first and only season. Some evergreens retain their leaves two, some three, and some many seasons. Hence, though an evergreen is never without leaves, it loses every year a season's leaves. We owe to the microscope the discovery of the structural change which involves the natural fall of the leaf. When the leaf is first produced, it is an integral portion of the stem. There is a continuity, not only between the more delicate cellular structure of the stem and the leaf, but also between the fibro-vascular tissue of the two. Bundles or strings of this latter tissue pass out of the stem into the veins of the leaf, and when they are matured they possess a strength comparable to that of threads. It needs the exercise of some force to break a leaf from a twig in the summer time. If at that time a twig is gathered, it dies with the thread-like fibers connecting it with its leaves still intact, and the leaves die with the twig without detaching themselves from it. The leaves of the victor's laurel crown remain a part of the crown as long as the crown exists, whereas, had the laurel twigs not been plucked, the leaves would have fallen from them in the course of two or three seasons.

What the plant has to do in order to get rid of its leaves when they are no longer needed is to sever both the cellular tissue and the bundles of fibers that tie them to their twigs. As these bundles of fibers are also the channels through which much of the sap and of the various vegetable products pass into and out of the leaf, and as the cutting of the fibers is accompanied by a similar stoppage of absorption through the cellular tissue, it follows that the process necessarily starves and kills the leaf. [The beauty of autumn color in the foliage of trees and shrubs depends on this process, and similar results follow "ringing," or partial injury to the branches.—Ed.] One of the first stages of the process is the formation of a thin layer of cork cells between the base of the leaf stalk and the stem of the twig. At first this layer simply affects the soft, cellular tissue and leaves the vascular fibers intact. Cork cells are thin-walled, but impervious to water. Another stage in the process is the formation, outside of the layer of cork cells, of a layer of cells which gradually break away from each other and become merely round bodies lying side by side instead of forming a continuous tissue. The slightest force, perhaps the shrinkage of the leaf-stalk on account of the diminution of the supply of sap, will now break off the leaf.

But the fall of the leaf leaves a healed wound on the stem of the twig. Were all the leaf-cicatrices on a tree left unhealed, the tree would suffer seriously. But the broken ends of the vessels wither, and the cork layer already formed closes over them, covering the cicatrice with a coating of impervious cells sufficiently thick to prevent the passage of sap from within, and to protect the newly exposed parts from the frost and other injurious influences without. This protective process, subsequent to the exposure of the cicatrice, is not altogether peculiar to the phenomenon of the fall of the leaf; some similar process occurs after any accidental injury. What is special to the fall of the leaf is the anticipatory formation of an initial cork layer and of a dividing layer of disintegrating cells. This part of the process is somewhat analogous to the growth of a new skin on the snake previous to the casting off of the old one.—London Field.

More Grouse in Town.

SAYRE, Pa.—Mrs. Harding, of Chemung street, Waverly, N. Y., returned last week from a visit to find the 60-inch front window of the family residence broken and the premises invaded by an unexpected guest. Investigation disclosed a ruffed grouse reposing on the parlor carpet, dead, awaiting the eye of the cook and the simmer of the kettle.

A year or two ago a grouse flew through an open window of a residence located in this same neighborhood, passed through an open bedroom door and was later caught alive under the bed.

Should these manifestations of wild life continue to disturb the pulse beats of Waverly society it is expected that a number of Sayre sportsmen will purchase Waverly and the adjacent wilderness and convert it into a vast game preserve, from which politics and polecats will be rigidly excluded.

M. CHILL.

EVENING

The Wild Pigeons.

JAMES MARLIN, of Bloomington, Ind., writes to the Springfield Republican about the absence from that region of the countless flocks of pigeons that formerly frequented the woods there in the late fall and early spring. Every one who is forty years old, he says, "remembers to have seen millions of them, while no person less than twenty-five years of age has ever seen a single bird. When I say millions, I speak deliberately. In 1855 I saw a single flight of these birds that must have numbered many millions. Densely covering the whole sky as far as the horizon either way, they flew straight east for fifteen minutes by the clock. My father made a record of the occurrence on the fly leaf of a little book that I still have in my possession. Allowing the very moderate estimate of two pigeons to the square rod, this flight must have contained 9,000,000 or 10,000,000. On two occasions that I remember they had roosting places in this vicinity. They also made nests in the same place, and so numerous were the birds and the nests that many large branches were broken from the trees by the weight. Hundreds of acres of woods were literally crowded by these vast communities. Now, I am not at all surprised that these birds are less numerous than formerly, but why have they so suddenly and so completely disappeared? I regret their departure. To me they are one of the lost glories of an abundant land. I should be glad to learn from any of your readers who can tell where they are now, if they exist at all, and why they have so utterly passed away from their old haunts. Were they known, in New England as they were in the West? And have they as completely disappeared?"

What Mr. Marlin says of the absence of pigeons in Indiana is true of this section of New England. Up to about forty years ago pigeons were numerous in this region. They came quite early in the fall and remained until about the middle of October. Sometimes they were here in the spring also. Many were caught in nets and many more were shot by hunters. The writer was one of two hunters who shot sixty-two pigeons in one day in the oak woods of Augustus Clapp, just east of Meadow Park. It was not uncommon for a hunter to shoot one or two dozen in a day's hunting. They came here in flocks of several hundred and fed largely upon acorns. A hundred flocks a day were sometimes seen. In late years they have wholly disappeared. Where they have gone to no one knows; nor does any one know why they have gone. There is the same variety of food for them here now as formerly. Perhaps they will appear here again.—Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass.

Snake Swallowing Young.

WINSLOW, Ark., Oct. 21.—FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 19 contains an article in which one of a party of Missouri sports tells a snake story, in which he says he saw ninety-nine little cottonmouth snakes run from the mouth of an old one he killed. Now, I take it that this is meant as a joke; but I can tell a true snake story in which this kind of thing did actually occur. During my boyhood days I attended school at the old Cranford schoolhouse, near my home, on the west fork of White River, near where Brentwood now is on the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad. One day I was going down a hill to the creek, when, some 30 feet from the water's edge, I saw lying in the sun on a ledge of large rocks a snake, and around it were quite a number of small ones. I picked up a stone and threw it at the large snake, when, to my utter astonishment, the small snakes began to run into the mouth of the large one, and soon were all gone. I called some other boys, and we killed the large snake and cut it into two pieces, when the small ones, seventeen in number, rolled out on the ground, and we killed them. They were about 6 inches long, of a dark brown color, the same as the large one, which was a rusty black or brown, and between 4 and 5 feet long.

My father once killed a rattlesnake in a log near the same place, and found it filled with small snakes, which were as lively as they could be; but he did not see them enter the snake. But I saw the ones I killed crawl into the mouth of the large snake, and killed them all. I have told this to a number of people, who looked at me in the most incredulous manner, and refused to believe my snake story, but it is true in every particular.

J. E. LONDON.

A Word from the Philippines.

MANILA, P. I., Sept. 8.—Greeting from "the uttermost parts of the earth." Have missed my copies of FOREST AND STREAM of late. My first mail just received. Latest letter from home dated July 26. Pacific Ocean several sizes too large for my purposes. Came via Honolulu, Yokohama and other Japanese ports (300-mile journey by rail overland). Shanghai and Hong Kong. Very hot and moist here. Great experiment going on. My book on the Philippine question not yet ready for the press, and I've been here over a week! Have hoped to get time to send you some notes, but have not found it, and really haven't seen very much that was very noteworthy from a strictly FOREST AND STREAM point of view. Will send you something later. Hope to get away for home in a few weeks and to get my "back numbers."

C. H. AMES.

In England, Wales, Ireland and Scotland fox hunting is carried on through the medium of close upon 200 packs, and there are very few acres in rural England whereon the fox is not hunted. Where miles and miles of grass and small coverts are found, thither do strangers congregate to enjoy the best of riding and the best of companionship; and where houses are few and far between, the country given over to the plough, or where great, rolling hills exist, there we also find fox hunting, though the fields be recruited solely from residents. In the Lake country, where hounds are necessarily followed on foot, men, and ladies, too, walk and run all day rather than not hunt at all; while in Devon and Cornwall, where formidable banks are found, on downland, and in all sorts of countries which would not be to the liking of the grass-fed man, are keen masters, capable huntsmen and hunting enthusiasts generally.—London Field.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Treed by a Moose.

"Now for a story! Come, you can't get out of it; no use in trying!"

"Say, were you ever scared in the woods—lost, chased by wolves, treed by an old bull moose?—anything, as long as it is one of your stories."

And there I sat, completely cornered by a half-dozen rollicking hunters, as completely treed, I might say, as I was years previous up in a cedar, while an old bull moose pranced and pawed at its base.

We were a jolly lot that evening as we sat about the blazing fire and related our day's doings, and as I was by far the oldest, both in years and in woods life, I was very courteously assigned the seat of honor, which consisted of the best chair that the camp afforded, placed in the center of the group.

"Now you gaze right into that fire and think and think and think! It will come, all right. Don't bother him, boys!"

Was I ever scared in the woods? Oh, yes! Was I ever lost? No! But I have found lost men, and judging by their appearance I was always perfectly willing that they should be the ones so bewildered.

Was I ever chased by wolves? No. But thirty years ago, away up on Wadleigh Brook, I was in a crew of lumbermen, when the boss, as he returned from visiting a neighboring camp one evening, was startled by hearing something in the road behind him. Quickly turning, he saw two wolves. The instant he stopped they stopped, and began to howl. Poor John! He thought discretion was the better part of valor, and immediately began to sprint; and from his appearance when he reached camp—hatless, coatless and trembling—we came to the conclusion that the inside of the camp with the door well barred was the proper place for us.

Was I ever treed by an old bull moose? There, now, boys; you've struck a story, for sure, for I've not only been treed by an old bull moose, but I've had my right of way through the trackless forest disputed by an old cow moose. Gee whiz! I can see that old bull even now as he faced me with mane erect and his little, pig-like eyes glaring at me. Was I scared? Somewhat! You see, it happened this way:

It was late in October, and I had a line of traps over on the Allegash. The trapping was good, but the hunting was poor, and we needed fresh meat badly. Many of my traps I visited by canoe, as they were in the little brooks and streams running into Allegash Lake.

Quietly paddling along one day "to look" my traps, I saw an enormous old bull moose standing on the edge of the lake, almost knee deep in the water, among the lily-pads. Every now and then he would move his immense head, surmounted by a set of superb antlers, slowly from side to side, and gaze about him, looking for some hidden foe. Occasionally he would plunge his head into the water and throw quantities of it over his back and shoulders. Apparently he was watching the woods, and did not expect any trouble might possibly come from the water. As soon as I was within shooting distance, my rifle was at my face and at work. Spat! spat! spat! and the old fellow wheeled and was out of sight. Paddling my canoe as quickly as possible to the shore, I soon found his tracks, with now and then a drop of blood.

Drawing my canoe out, I was soon on the trail of the moose. A quarter of a mile from the lake there he stood in his grandeur, made terrible by his wounds and my approach. He had wheeled, and was watching his back tracks and anticipating my appearance.

Ugly? He was a perfect demon in appearance as he stood there with lowered head, forelegs well apart, and anxious for the charge. One look at the old fellow was all that I wanted. A hasty sight along the rifle barrel at his chest, and I pulled the trigger.

Well, boys, when I come to die I hope that I shan't be as scared as I was then, for there was no report, only the dull click of the hammer upon the firing pin, and I found that I had not another cartridge about me.

He seemed to realize my predicament, for with a rush he was at me. I was young and nimble then, and of all the tree shinning that you ever saw the greatest was done that day. Up into a cedar I went, and sat there in the lower branches, looking at His Lordship. His Lordship returned the compliment.

It was easy enough for me to see that he was hard hit, and that it would be a question of only a short time before he bled to death.

When I was thoroughly assured of my safety I laughed long and loud. There I sat in that tree like a monkey, absolutely helpless. Fifteen minutes of this tree business and His Majesty lay down, never to rise again. Quietly he laid his noble head on the beautiful green moss, and with a sigh almost human he breathed his last.

Well, boys, it taught me a lesson, and whenever I've hunted since I've been pretty fussy about the number of cartridges I started from camp with.

Guess I'll turn in now. Good-night.

"No you don't! Here, now! Tell us about that cow moose."

Oh, yes! But I am afraid I am getting tedious. You know what Thoreau says: "I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew so well." So you must excuse the oft-repeated "I."

Our camp was ten miles from a post-office, and it was one day decided that I ought to go out after the mail. With my natural aptitude for cruising through the woods instead of following the road around I proposed to take a bee line over the mountains, and thus save miles of travel. Starting at break of day with luncheon and axe, I was soon on my course. It was a beautiful, clear day in June, and I stopped for a rest on the summit of the mountain. Never shall I forget the view I enjoyed that day. To the west were plainly to be seen the White Mountains; to the north, grand old Katahdin; to the

south and east, the Mount Desert hills—one vast panorama of mountains, lakes and streams, as far as the eye could reach. But this is not going for the mail, I soliloquized, and reluctantly resumed my journey.

I had proceeded but a short distance, when I caught sight, directly in my course, of Her Worship.

Now, one of the main characteristics of the feminine gender is fixedness of purpose, and some way or other this old cow moose decided that my rights on that hill were limited, and no persuasion of mine would budge her, not a little bit. I hallooed, I threw rocks, all to no purpose. I beat about that mountain like a ship at sea with a head wind; every tack I made she headed me off, nor could I at all understand it. At last I had the extreme pleasure of seeing a calf moose spring from behind a blowdown and scamper down the mountain side. Instantly the mother left me for her offspring, nor was I at all sorry. She had feared for her calf, and had kept me from approaching it.

Of all things in this world, mother love is the grandest, the noblest, the most sacrificing and the most daring, be it in the human race or animal kingdom.

That old cow moose had daringly faced danger, even courted death, and willingly showed a spirit of self-sacrifice for her calf.

With a woods experience of thirty-one seasons, these are the only cases of animal pugnacity with which I have come in contact in Maine. The moose is the animal to be dreaded at certain seasons, and really the only one.

And now, boys, I've spun my yarns; let's turn in, and to-morrow night we'll enjoy another camp-fire, and some one else shall be the story-teller.

JOSEPH A. THOMPSON.

BANGOR, Me.

More Maine Manslaughters.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—Cases of accidental shooting in the Maine woods are multiplying in a manner most appalling. To date there have been nine cases of accidental shooting—men for deer or birds. Five are dead and three seriously wounded. The dead are: John G. Weeks, Lewiston, mistaken for a deer while hunting near Jefferson; John G. Leonard, sixteen years old, of Frankfort, killed while hunting near that town by the accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of a companion; William Bowley, of Skowhegan, seventeen years old, mistaken for a deer while fishing near Moro, and shot by a couple of hunters going up the stream; Henry McPheters, forty years old, mistaken for a bear while gathering apples in an orchard not far from some lumber camps in Monson; Frank Ripley, aged forty-five, of Waite, accidentally shot while hunting near Brookton. The wounded are: Dana Levitt, twenty years old, shot while gunning at Bridgton by George Robinson. A charge of bird shot entered the abdomen. His condition is very critical. Eugene Wilson, of Jonesport, mistaken for a bear, wound not necessarily fatal; Daniel McInch, of De Wolf's Corner, mistaken for a deer while hunting near Calais; Edward Metcalf, of Rockport, mistaken for a deer while hunting deer near that town. The new law does not seem to have any effect in stopping these terrible fatalities. They are more than double what they were a year ago without the law. In most instances there seems to be a disinclination to enforce the new law. The men who do the shooting are most decidedly penitent, and regret what they have done more than anybody else. In only two or three cases have steps been taken toward enforcing the new law. The person who shot Wilson is under bonds for appearance at the next criminal court in Washington county; Leslie McPheters, who shot Henry McPheters, has been held for the February term of the Grand Jury at Dover. The story is out that the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners have been applied to for the enforcing of the law against accidental shooting, but that they do not think that it comes in their province. It is certain that the terrible danger from this accidental shooting is preventing both hunters and lumbermen going into the Maine woods. In one case where a hunting party has been planned by four or five merchants in this city, two of them have backed out decidedly; the risk is too great. A timber land owner told me yesterday that he had some prospecting to do, but did not dare to go into the woods. He started the other day, but hearing the crack of rifles, he came out of the woods and took the next train for home. It is a feature worth noting that so far the accidental shooting has been done by Maine gunners, and not by outside sportsmen accompanied by guides.

SPECIAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:

You have already reported the killing of William Bowley by a Houlton man, who mistook his hapless victim for a deer; but this report of the affair, as printed in a Bangor paper, should go on record:

William Bowley, of Skowhegan, was accidentally shot at Moro Sunday, on West Hastings Brook. The shooting was done by E. L. Vail, Esq., of this town. The affair is a particularly sad one, and was purely accidental. Mr. Vail is one of the most careful hunters of the country, and for fifteen years has been getting his share of game, and this is his first accident. The man was sitting with a companion in some long grass in the bed of the brook, which was nearly dry. He had on a slouch hat, turned up at the ends in such a manner as to represent perfectly a deer's ears.

As Mr. Vail and a friend came down the brook he saw the movement of the hat 100 yards away. Nothing more was visible. Not for a minute believing that a man would be sitting among the grass in the brook bed, and naturally thinking it was a deer standing in the long grass, he took aim and fired.

The bullet entered the right cheek of Bowley and lodged in the back of the head, killing him instantly. The dead man's companion jumped to his feet and cried out. Mr. Vail immediately rushed to the scene, and there his feelings are more easily imagined than described. Mr. Vail aroused the lumbering crew to which the dead man belonged, and did all he could do under the circumstances to hunt up the man's people.

W. W. Brown, foreman of the lumber crew, and the men employed, attach no serious blame to Mr. Vail. It is simply one of those inevitable accidents which follow the sporting season. Had the deceased been on the side of the bank instead of sitting in the long eel grass he would undoubtedly be alive to-day. Mr. Vail brought the dead man to the undertaker at Smyrna Mills, and is putting forth every effort to locate the man's relatives.

It is the most bare-faced attempt to shift the blame of shooting a man through sheer carelessness from the shooter to the man shot I ever read. In the first place, Mr. Vail was breaking the law in hunting on Sunday, and liable to a fine and loss of his gun if he shot it on that day. Next, it is about an impossibility to twist any hat

so as to look like a deer's ears. It is called an "inevitable accident," and Mr. Vail is spoken of as being so careful for fifteen years that this is his first accident. Just as if every hunter who did not kill a man in fifteen years was a model of carefulness. The law is that the one who shoots a man shall be punished. If the lumberman had shot the lawyer, there would at once be a demand for the law to be enforced, but it makes a great odds whose bull is gored. The law was passed to meet just such cases of sheer carelessness as this; but you will see that every means will be used to try to clear this man.

For some fifty years, when we had thousands of deer killed, we never knew of but one man being shot by accident. Now, for the last eight or ten years, from five to six or more are shot every year. I know of three being shot within the last twenty days, besides one wounded for a gray squirrel. In every case it is sheer carelessness.

I have barely escaped being shot by a man, who said he mistook my hat for a partridge. I was in plain sight from my waist up, with not a twig or weed in the way. I had spoken to the man, and called him by name, and he was not over thirty feet from me; and still I barely escaped being shot. Most men who have hunted much here have had several chances to be responsible for such "inevitable accidents" had they not been careful. I once had a chance to fire at the black head of an Indian who was sitting down digging roots. It showed just above a windfall every time he rose up. I could not see any ears or brown nose, and so kept creeping up till I was within ten feet before I could tell what it was. I once lost a deer by waiting to be sure, but I never fired at a man.

BANGOR.

Moose Hunting on the Tobique.

HAVING followed with a good deal of interest the discussion which has been going on in your paper for the last few weeks as to the best companion to take hunting, I concluded the proper one was one's wife, so on Sept. 10 my wife and I left Moncton, N. B., bound for the Tobique Valley after pleasure and the "king of the forest" and any other game we might have the good fortune to bag. Leaving Moncton at 2 P. M., our next stopping place was Fredericton, where we spent the night and found very comfortable quarters at the Queen Hotel. The following morning at an early hour we drove to St. Mary's, which is across the St. John River, taking the so-called express on the line of railway known as the Gibson Branch. The rate of speed was slow, and the cars were uncomfortable, but the country scenery and the country people always afford some amusement, so after four hours' rather tedious journey we arrived at Newburg Junction, where a stop of twenty minutes awaits the traveler, and a thoroughly good and substantial dinner is to be had. In due course we took another express on the Canadian Pacific, which is an improvement on the Gibson Branch; after an hour's ride we again left the train at Perth, taking still another branch line, which landed us about 6 o'clock at Plaster Rock, which ends the railway journey; the remainder is by carriage and canoe. Having made arrangements before with Mr. Weaver, of the Weaver Hotel, he met us at the station; after some delay in collecting our baggage, we drove to the hotel, two miles from the station, over a road which is a disgrace to the community, being both rough and dangerous. Arriving at the hotel, we were agreeably surprised, it being an exceptionally comfortable house, and Mr. Weaver did everything he could for us.

The following morning we boarded a large express wagon. There were eight of us, all bound for Riley Brook, twenty-six miles from Plaster Rock, en route to various hunting grounds. We drove the distance in four hours, which was fairly good time. From Riley Brook our destination took us seven miles further up the Tobique River to a supply lumber depot camp, known as the Forks, which we reached about 4 o'clock P. M. There we found our guides, Mr. Chas. Crimmen and David Edwards, of Scotch Lake, York county, N. B., and last, but not least, the cook, Fred Edwards, with three canoes.

For the convenience of sportsmen, I may add they can secure licenses from Mr. Miller, whose house is three miles from the Forks. We pitched tent that evening on the bank of the river, and after an early tea, which had all the flavor of an extensive dinner at home, and a short chat over the events of the day, we retired, as an early start was demanded by the guides, and, of course, we obeyed orders without a murmur. The morning start was not as early as the promises and conversation the evening before would lead one to believe, but we were on the move by 8 o'clock. We were three days going forty-seven miles up the river; the water was very low, and the canoes were poled and dragged a great part of the distance.

There are excellent camping grounds all along the banks of the river. On the morning of the third day, Sept. 15, we were at the entrance of Lake Nictaw, which is about three miles long and two miles wide. The morning was perfect, being fine and clear. It was with a feeling of thankfulness we felt the canoe gliding quietly through the water, after two days' dragging with, in many places, three inches of water. Arriving at the head of Nictaw Lake we had to be poled up a small brook about 300 yards, the land which divides Nictaw and Mud Lake, on which our "haven of rest," our log cabin and home for the next month, was situated. The cabin surpassed all our expectations; it was large (15 by 26), with a good stove, heavy, birch-bark roof, two large windows, standing 50 yards from the shore of Mud Lake, and surrounded by beautiful shade trees. We at once made ourselves at home. After everything was arranged I tried the lake for fishing, and was successful, getting five dozen nice trout. After that I kept the camp supplied with fish.

My wife hunted on Mud Lake; I took the deadwaters five miles on each side of the lake. On the morning of the 17th I saw a large bull moose, distant 200 yards. I fired three shots, missed first two, but the third hit him; he fell, apparently dead, but got up, fell again and up again, to fall on his knees a third time, and up and off before I could fill my magazine. My gun was a .30-30 Winchester, and, at that distance, unless you hit him in a vital spot, I am of the belief they are too small. It took me several days to get over my disappointment. A few

days later the guide, through excellent work and calling for three hours, got one out in the lake for my wife; she fired and missed. However, about a week after her first miss another came out into the lake, and this time she was more fortunate, killing him with one shot at 75 yards. The horns had a large spread, 48 inches, and were very long. To say she was justly proud hardly expresses it. I was still without a moose, and hunted continuously without success, until just two days before we were leaving, when I was fortunate enough to secure a fork-horn or two-year-old—a small but pretty head.

Before closing I would like to say a few good words for our guides, Crimmen and Edwards. We were with them for a month, and found them all attention and kindness from the first to the last day. In fact, I cannot too highly recommend them to any one who may intend visiting this land of the moose. We saw about twenty moose, cows and bulls, and one caribou, on the trip.

J. W. Y. SMITH.

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 21.

A Strenuous Game Warden.

ST. PAUL, MINN.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* As a general proposition, nine out of ten sportsmen, if asked the definition of a game warden, would answer, one who holds down a soap box in the country cross roads store and draws his salary once a month.

Where and when he was most wanted there was he not to be found—as a rule, a sort of flesh and bones scarecrow, who did not scare.

We have much to boast of in this State, "Pillsbury's Best," turned out at the rate of 10,000 barrels a day in our suburbs; to wit, Minneapolis. Butter to go with it conceded to be as fine, if not finer, than any ever produced in either Orange county or Elgin.

Then comes our Minnesota pine, unfortunately being slaughtered at such a rate as to promise absolute denudation in a few years. Our Mesaba iron mines—the wonder of the mining world. Then our stock raisers, who are bold enough to claim precedence of quality over the choicest steers from far-off Wyoming. I think I read a few days ago in a New York paper of the excellence of the peaches grown in southern Minnesota. Peaches from a State popularly supposed to be somewhere near the North Pole and where the thermometer goes out of sight during the winter!

The above may be things to be proud of in their way, but we have another product we are more than proud of, and that is our State Game Warden—simply because he is a game protector who protects.

Quail is a bird that, unless he is potted in a bunch in the corner of a rail fence, is apt to thrive and multiply. And certainly that is just what the quail are doing, for of late they have been seen repeatedly in our city traversing our sidewalks and crossing our asphalted streets. In the residential district of the city they can be heard at break of day giving their peculiar "Co-hee! Co-hee!" so different from the "Bob-Bob-White!" of the early spring. Only this morning I was awakened at daybreak by the calling of a scattered flock of quail. It is unnecessary to recite how it took me away to the woods and fields and along the hedgerow as I listened for fifteen minutes to those scattered birds as they ran together. Naturally I ascribed this situation to the fact that in reality the quail and other game birds were plentiful because they had been protected.

And to cite the way Warden Samuel F. Fullerton works. Up at Heron Lake three market-hunters were slaughtering the ducks by day and by night and shipping them into Chicago as "squabs" or "young turkeys," etc.—all of which made them amenable to the law. Some one put Mr. Fullerton next. Instead of writing them a letter under the official seal of the State Game Warden, ordering them to desist, etc., Mr. Fullerton went himself *in propria persona*. He seized their game, their boats, their dogs, their tents, their provisions and their guns—five in number—and if I mistake not got them fined in the bargain. Now, if this be not strenuous game protection what is it? As long as Sam Fullerton holds his job as Game Warden will those three bold hunters ever patronize the sloughs of Minnesota again during the duck flight? I guess not. How many men can stand up against such game protection as this?

It was only a few weeks ago that this same Fullerton got next to a moose and deer tannery trust up in the northern Minnesota woods and cleaned it up in quick order. Black Friday could not have wiped out the market value of that trust stock any quicker than did Mr. Fullerton. There were moose and deer heads to the number of a score or more seized, and many hides undergoing the process of tanning were taken.

News of this kind travels far and wide, producing a wholesome effect. It will become generally understood that unlawful hunting in Minnesota is rife with much risk, so much so that the game actually becomes not worth the candle.

I am writing this article *pour encourager les autres*. If other States had more Fullertons, with the dog-gun-and-boat-collecting fever well developed, things in some localities would be different as regards the game. And yet when you sum the whole case up, it is simply the difference between doing one's duty and not doing it at all. So we'll close by saying that our game warden has very clear ideas as to what his duty is—and is doing it.

Another peculiar idea this Sam Fullerton has, is that it is against public policy to grant deer hunting licenses to minors with .30 smokeless rifles or any other kind of rifle. And perhaps Fullerton is right in preventing the young idea from shooting. It is evident that deer shooting has become recognized as dangerous to both man and beast—the hunted and the hunter.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

THE following letter from Executive Agent Fullerton was written to Mr. Charles Cristadoro, who rightly considers it of general interest, and sends it to us for publication:

STATE OF MINNESOTA, Board of Game Commissioners, St. Paul, Oct. 22.—My Dear Cristadoro: The article that you have written in regard to deer is indeed very timely. This year no licenses will be issued to minors, which is all right as far as it goes; but you know as well

as I do that there are many adults who ought not to be allowed to pull a trigger. They are careless and rattle-headed, and they will shoot at anything that comes along—in fact, if they see a bush move, will come to the conclusion that it is a deer and fire at it. To have the crime of manslaughter held over their heads is not enough, they ought to be denied the privilege; but that, of course, is impossible as long as all are supposed to be created equal, and are equal under the law.

I just returned this morning from Heron Lake; perhaps you have seen something in regard to it in the papers. They tell me on good authority that over 12,000 prime canvasback ducks were shipped from Heron Lake and Lakefield last year,* and it was done openly, and when a man in St. Paul drew the attention of the Game and Fish Commission to it, the Executive Agent made the remark that it was very hard to enforce the law on Heron Lake, as over two-thirds of the lake is in Iowa. I thought it was a made-up story, but verified it on this trip, and it was vouched for by a man who I know would not tell an untruth. To give you an idea of the kind of ducks there, we seized forty-three canvasbacks, and they averaged over four pounds apiece. I understand they got from \$8 to \$12 a dozen for them in Chicago last year, depending altogether on the quality and weight of the ducks.

I assure you I appreciate your work in regard to game protection—you and the other men who take a deep interest in the matter. You don't know what a help it is to the Commission and what a help it is to the wardens who are trying to enforce these laws. The moral support is indeed a great help, and its value cannot be estimated.

Anything that comes under your observation in regard to any violations, I assure you we will esteem it a great favor if you will drop me a line or 'phone me.

Yours very truly,

SAM. F. FULLERTON.

*Another game warden under former State administration; Mr. Fullerton just went in this year.—C. S.

Incidents of a Hunter's Life.

MORGANTOWN, W. VA.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A very small proportion of those who now take their outings in the woods, hunting, have had opportunity to know anything of the pleasure and gratification connected with the hunt, except from the standpoint of a sportsman, who hunts solely for pleasure. To the pioneer, who lived amid an abundance of game, and who had neither the opportunity nor the money to buy domestic meat, we can imagine a two-fold pleasure would come in his pursuit of game, feeling, as he would, that in the pursuit of that which was in itself a rare pleasure, he was performing a necessary part of his daily routine of life; and when successful in bringing down a choice animal, then especially would his gratification be two-fold. Being near his own home, where he could go out as the weather conditions were favorable, and could save and utilize every particle of his game, he could at the same time watch with interest and gratification the live game all around him, and know that it would be around when he needed more. At such times and amid such surroundings, game was killed at seasons of the year which would be unlawful under present conditions, but no persons are or have been more solicitous for the preservation of game than such as were dependent upon it to a great extent for their livelihood, killing only such as were not essential to their increase.

Roosevelt, in his "Wilderness Hunter," has fittingly said, "Hunting in the wilderness is, of all pastimes, the most attractive, and it is doubly so when not carried on merely as a pastime. * * * The fact that the hunter needs the game, both for its meat and for its hide, undoubtedly adds a zest to the pursuit."

When one goes out from his city home for a stay in the woods, especially a person of limited time, he feels, naturally, that his friends expect him to return with a good account of himself; and that he has much to accomplish, in a short time. In words, he says he does not care anything for the game he may kill, or whether he kills anything or not; that he does not expect to kill anything; that he only wants the benefit and pleasure of a camping trip; that he does not propose to hunt much—just to wander around in the woods and enjoy walking through nature's furnished parlors; but, after this has all been said aloud, with an air of indifference, away down deep in his heart he thinks to himself, "I must kill something which I can be proud to show to my friends. I only have a few days to be in the woods; I have merited this vacation by a year's hard work, and I must make it count; I must hustle." As he tramps through the woods, after the time for his stay is more than half gone, and has, as yet, been unsuccessful in killing anything, he catches only passing glimpses of the real beauty of his surroundings. He is tired; he sits down in some spot, beautiful in its rugged wildness, and tries to enjoy it; but no! his ambition will not allow it; no animal life is in sight; each hour lessens his chance of getting the coveted game he so much desires to take home; he is up and off again, and comes in at night tired and discouraged; and each successive day of disappointment finds him more impatient and worn out, and thus less capable of success.

To be in the woods where other hunters are in the same vicinity, of whose presence we are made painfully aware by the occasional report of a gun, creates a feeling of uneasiness, both from the possible disturbance of game on our course, and the danger of stray bullets. To the real hunter, who has an inbred nature which longs for the woods and wild life, nothing but being away in the solitude of the wilderness absolutely alone, without the possibility of another hunter spoiling his opportunity, can fully satisfy.

Having hunted under all the various conditions, I have marked the difference.

Hunting on a tracking snow, where there is a hunter or more for every deer, we find a fresh trail, but instead of following with the proper caution, we are constantly thinking of some one else striking the trail ahead of us, and, in spite of ourselves, hurry just enough to spoil our chances of success.

On the other hand, when we get into a forest where

we know we are alone, and strike a fresh trail, with how much more deliberation and satisfaction we can follow it; taking time to observe every little detail of animal action, as we see it recorded on the snow, and thereby deriving the full and complete joy connected with the hunt, which is too often lost by over anxiety to kill.

At such a place, and amid such surroundings as the latter, it was my glorious privilege to have many a hunt.

Beginning about eighty rods above my cabin in the Rockies, and extending many miles up into the mountains, was an immense body of green timber, composed of steep mountain sides, sharp ridges, deep ravines, level flats, old beaver dams and swamps, and every variety which goes to constitute a good deer country, most of which was open timber and easily traveled.

For several years in succession it was my habit to go up into this green woods on the morning of the first tracking snow in the fall, for a deer hunt.

Leaving home at or before the break of day, I would be up in the best of hunting grounds about three miles, in time to find the game feeding; and never a fall did I miss getting one or more deer on the first day of snow-hunting, as they were seemingly more unwary at that time, not having been disturbed from the fall before, and then very rarely, as I was about the only one who ever went there to hunt. In the fall of 1892 I went up there early one morning for my regular hunt on the first snow of the season.

As I was trailing a little bunch of deer quite early in the morning, about three miles from home, I heard a slight rustle in the brush, and a couple of very faint and muffled "thumps," across a ravine on the top of a ridge ahead; while it was so slight as to have been unnoticeable to one not familiar with such sounds, I knew well what it was. Crossing over I found what I expected—the snow ploughed up where they had made their big jumps. They started out along a steep mountain side, and I followed rapidly while keeping a sharp lookout, although it was the least of my expectations to see them short of a half hour or more.

My experience has been that if they are frightened by seeing or hearing a hunter, they are apt to stop at any time within a very short distance to investigate, while if they are startled by getting the scent, they put a good distance between themselves and their pursuers before they stop. I had gone but a very short distance when I saw a buck standing at about 60 yards, on the steep mountain side, directly above me, headed as if going back the opposite direction, and watching me.

In less than three seconds the .45-90 cracked, and the buck staggered a few steps down the hill and fell dead. After dressing it, I dragged it—or rather guided it and kept it from running over me and let it slide—about 100 yards down the hill to the bottom, where was a little flat along a stream of water, where it was easy of access with a horse, and there I hung it up on a tree.

He was a fine fat two-pronged buck, probably a two-year-old, and presented a picture, hanging there on a tree in the dark evergreen, snow-covered forest, which would make the heart of any hunter glad. To me the dark grey color of deer with back ground of snow composes a harmony of colors which cannot be equalled by any combination.

After feasting my eyes on the picture, I went to investigate how it all came about; I found this buck had left the others and walked back about 50 yards along the side of the mountain, and above their trail to watch for danger, and also found that there were left a doe and two fawns. They had gone on some distance from where he had turned back, and waited until the shot, and then started again on the run, as the tracks showed.

Circumstances made it necessary to leave the buck hanging there about a week before going after it; when I went after it late one evening with a pack-horse, I found one entire hind-quarter eaten out by martens, as their well-beaten paths showed, and at first I felt provoked; but it was only for a moment; I saw where the loss could be turned to good account. Hastily packing on the horse what was left of the buck, I made long and lively strides for home.

I wanted to set traps for the marten, and to insure success I must get my traps there that night.

Just a few minutes before sundown I got home with my deer; I put the saddle on a fresh horse, and taking two steel traps and some bait, started on a race against night. I set one trap at the root of the tree where the deer had hung, and another a few rods away, by the side of a log, and rode leisurely home in the dark, feeling a satisfaction and contentment peculiar in itself, and hard to define, but which certainly does not come in the ordinary walks of life, surrounded by a throng of people as most of us are.

The next morning on going back I found a marten in each of the traps which had the finest fur and brought the highest price of any I ever caught. I reset my traps but no more came; I have never known before nor have I since of marten coming so far down toward the settlements in that belt of timber. Thus does the following up and accomplishing of one pursuit, in the hunter's life as elsewhere, open up new opportunities for profit or pleasure, making even a life of solitude in the wilderness full of interest.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Pennsylvania Grouse and Other Game.

SAYRE, Pa.—Ruffed grouse are being found in plenty throughout all this northern Pennsylvania country. In fact, one can scarcely go amiss of good grouse country hereabouts. The same statement applies to much of the cover lying adjacent to the State line. Gray squirrels are not plentiful. Rabbits are in evidence everywhere.

Barring the illegal shooter, the quail season will disclose a fair supply of birds abroad the Chemung and Susquehanna bottom lands.

Wild geese are moving south by easy stages. Ducks are furnishing some fair shooting on Cayuga and Montsumma marshes, but the best shooting on these birds is destined to come later on.

M. CHILL.

English Pheasants and Farmers.

AMAGANSETT, N. Y., Oct. 25.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: Most farmers are beginning to see the value of birds to protect the crops, yet there are some in this neighborhood who insist that the English pheasant, which our Amagansett Sporting Club let go, do more injury than good. I would like to read in your paper an article on this subject.

DIMON CONKLIN, Sec'y.

We quote as the best information on the subject the following paragraphs from W. B. Tegetmeier's work, "Pheasants; Their Natural History and Practical Management":

Like the domestic fowl, which it closely resembles in its internal structure and its habits, the pheasant is an omnivorous feeder; grain, herbage, roots, berries and other small fruits, insects, acorns, beech mast, are alike acceptable to it. Naumann gives the following detailed description of its dietary on the Continent: "Its food consists of grain, seeds, fruits and berries, with green herbs, insects and worms, varying with the time of year. Ants, and particularly their larvæ, are a favorite food, the latter forming the chief support of the young. It also eats many green weeds, the tender shoots of grass, cabbage, young clover, wild cress, pimpernel, young peas, etc. Of berries: the wild mezeureum, wild strawberries, currants, elder-berries from the species *Sambucus racemosa*, *S. nigra* and *S. ebulus*; blackberries, mistletoe, hawthorn. Plums, apples and pears it eats readily, and cherries, mulberries and grapes it also takes when it can get them. In the autumn, ripe seeds are its chief food; it eats those of many of the sedges and grasses, and of several species of *Polygonum*, as *P. dumetorum*; black bindweed, knot grass and also those of the cow-wheat, and acorns, beech mast, etc., form a large portion of its food in the latter months of the year. Among forest plants, it likes the seeds of the hemp-nettle, and it also feeds on almost all the seeds that the farmer sows."

To this long catalogue of its Continental fare may be added the roots of the common silver weed, and those of the pig-nut or earth-nut and the tubers of the common buttercups, which are often scratched out of the soil and eaten. Macgillivray states that "One of the most remarkable facts relative to this bird that has come under my observation was the presence of a very large quantity of the fronds of the common polypody in the crop of one which I opened in the winter of 1835. I am not aware that any species of fern has ever been found constituting part of the food of a ruminating quadruped or gallinaceous bird; and if it should be found by experiment that the pheasant thrives on such substances, advantage might be taken of the circumstance."

Thompson, in his "Natural History of Ireland," recounts the different varieties of food he observed in opening the crops of ten pheasants—from November to April inclusive. In seven he discovered the fruit of the hawthorn, with grain, small seeds and peas. In one no less than thirty-seven acorns. Another had its crop nearly filled with grass; only one contained any insects, the period of examination being the colder months of the year; in summer the pheasant is decidedly insectivorous; all contained numerous fragments of stone. He also records that in the spring the yellow flowers of the pilewort are always eaten in large quantity, as are the tuberous roots of the common silver weed, when they are turned up by cultivation. Mr. Thompson adds: "While spending the month of January, 1849, at the sporting quarters of Ardimersy Cottage, Island of Islay, where pheasants are abundant, and attain a very large size—the ring-necked variety, too, being common—I observed that these birds, in the outer or wilder coverts, fed, during mild as well as severe weather, almost wholly on hazel nuts. In the first bird that was remarked to contain them, they were reckoned, and found to be twenty-four in number, all of full size and perfect; in addition were many large insect larvæ. Either oats or Indian corn being thrown out every morning before the windows of the cottage for pheasants, I had an opportunity of observing their great preference of the former to the latter. I remarked a pheasant one day in Islay taking the sparrow's place, by picking at horsedung on the road for undigested oats."

Among the more singular articles of food that form part of the pheasant's very varied dietary may be mentioned the spangles of the oak so common in the autumn on the under side of the leaves. These are galls caused by the presence of the eggs of a species of gall-fly, which may be reared from the spangles if they are collected in the autumn, and kept in a cool and rather moist atmosphere during the winter. About the fall of the leaf these spangles begin to lose their flat, mushroom-like form and red, hirsute appearance, and become by degrees raised or bossed toward the middle, in consequence of the growth of the inclosed grub, which now becomes visible when the spangle is cut open. The perfect insect makes its appearance in April and May. Some few years since Mr. R. Carr Ellison published the following account of their being eagerly sought after and devoured by pheasants in a wild state: "Just before the fall of the oak leaf these spangles (or the greater part of them) become detached from it, and are scattered upon the ground under the trees in great profusion. Our pheasants delight in picking them up, especially from the surface of walks and roads, where they are most easily found. But, as they are quite visible, even to human eyes, among the wet but undecayed leaves beneath the oaks, wherever pheasants have been turning them up, a store of winter food is evidently provided by these minute and dormant insects, with their vegetable incasement, in addition to the earth worms, slugs, etc., which induce the pheasants to forage so industriously, by scratching up the layers of damp leaves in incipient decay which cover the woodland soil in winter. Not only have we found the spangles plentifully in the crops of pheasants that have been shot, but, on presenting leaves covered with them to the common and to the gold pheasants in confinement, we observed the birds to pick them up without a moment's hesitation, and to look eagerly for more."

The value of pheasants to the agriculturist is scarcely sufficiently appreciated; the birds destroy enormous numbers of injurious insects—upward of twelve hundred wireworms have been taken out of the crop of a pheasant;

if this number was consumed at a single meal, the total destroyed must be almost incredible. There is no doubt that insects are preferred to grain; one pheasant shot at the close of the shooting season had in its crop 726, wireworms, one acorn, one snail, nine berries and three grains of wheat. Mr. F. Bond states that he took out of the crop of a pheasant 440 grubs of the crane fly or daddy longlegs—these larvæ are exceedingly destructive to the roots of the grass on lawns and pastures. As another instance of their insectivorous character may be mentioned the complaint of Waterton, that they had extirpated the grasshoppers from Walton Park. They also occasionally eat molluscos animals. Mr. John Bishop, of Llandoverly, records that he killed a pheasant on the coast of Islay whose crop was filled with the colored snails abounding on the bents or grass stems on the coast.

Lord Lilford, in his magnificent volumes on the "Birds of Northamptonshire," writes: "The pheasant, where not preserved in unreasonable numbers, is a good friend to the farmer, from the enormous number of wireworms and other noxious insects which it devours, to say nothing of its liking for the roots of various weeds; but it would be absurd to deny that grain forms its favorite food, and a field of standing beans will, as is well known, draw pheasants for miles. It is very much the fashion to feed the birds with maize; but, in our own opinion, the flesh of pheasants which have been principally fed upon this corn is very far inferior in flavor to that of those who have found their own living upon what the land may offer them."

Like their allies, the domestic fowls, pheasants are occasionally carnivorous in their appetite. A correspondent writes: "This morning my keeper brought me a pied cock pheasant, found dead (but still warm) in some standing barley. The bird was in finest condition, and showed no marks whatever, when plucked, of a violent death. On searching the gullet I extracted a short-tailed field mouse, which had doubtless caused death by strangulation." And a similar instance was recorded by Mr. Hutton, of Northallerton. The Hon. and Rev. C. Bathurst, in a letter published in Loudon's Magazine of Natural History, vol. vii., p. 153, relates that Sir John Ogilvy saw a pheasant flying off with a common slow-worm; that this reptile does sometimes form part of the food of the pheasant is confirmed by Mr. J. E. Harting, who recounts, in his work on "The Birds of Middlesex," that "on examining the crop of a pied pheasant, shot in October, 1864, I was surprised to find in it a common slow-worm, which measured eight inches in length. It was not quite perfect, having lost the tip of the tail; otherwise, if whole, it would probably have measured nine inches."

The Maine Game Country.

Oct. 27.—If one is doubtful about the importance of Maine as a resort for big game, let him read the Bangor record for the week—472 deer, 32 moose and 5 bears. These figures only represent the game shipped through Bangor toward the west, and are but a very small part of the game actually killed in eastern Maine. This is especially true since the great interest in big-game hunting that has grown up within a few years among the Maine farmers and lumbermen. Local hunters are getting twice the game that falls to outsiders. The Bangor record for the corresponding week last year was 423 deer, 43 moose, showing a gain of 49 deer this year and a loss of 11 moose. The record for the season, up to Friday night, was 1,076 deer and 46 moose; same time a year ago, 1,000 deer and 56 moose. This year the gain is 76 deer, with a loss of 10 moose. It is certain that the number of hunters this year is a good deal in excess of a year ago. Women hunters are decidedly in greater numbers than ever before noted. Mrs. S. W. Whillden, of New York, has had good success in the neighborhood of Greenville. From a week's hunting she brought out a moose and a deer, both good specimens. Other ladies who brought deer through Bangor last week were Miss Lucy Hobbs, of Milo; Miss Esther Durgin, and Mrs. E. F. Dallas, of Bangor; Mrs. A. Davis and Mrs. W. Briss, of Oldtown; Mrs. F. L. Wood and Mrs. J. A. Tabor, of Corinna. Boston hunters seem to be getting their full share of Maine big game, though the number of moose and deer reaching the markets is unusually small. Only two or three moose have been received. One was received at Fanueil Hall Market Thursday that barely cleared the law. He had horns with only two tines; not antlers at all, but round, like cow horns. Evidently he was a two-year-old. A market man of many years' experience told me Saturday that not half the deer are coming in that were coming in a year ago. If hunters are getting them they are not sending them directly into the market. He says that there is now no shipment of Maine game into Boston by underground railway, what is received coming directly from the hunters. Often, perhaps, the shippers do not kill the game themselves, only bring it out. But they have to make oath in Bangor that the game is their own, and false statements are dangerous, since the wardens are watching closely. Now it is proposed to have an examining station for game at Portland, since big game is coming from a vast territory that does not come through Bangor at all. Four live deer passed through Bangor on Wednesday. They were from the Kineo region, and consigned to C. W. Dimmick, of Boston, and doubtless will be shown at the Sportsmen's Show here next spring.

A great many deer are leaving the region of Kineo daily, the hunting conditions having been good. Many hunters secure the full limit of the law—two deer. T. Sedgwick Steele, of Hartford, Conn., left Kineo last week, after a two-weeks' trip into the West Branch region. He took out a white deer, a very beautiful specimen. A. L. Young, of Auburn, Me., shot his moose the other day, from the piazza of the Chesuncook club house, at Chesuncook Lake. William M. Davis, of Newton Highlands, shot a large bear last week, in the vicinity of Big Stream-Brook, where he has been hunting in company with A. A. Soule. The bear was an old female, very gaunt and large, and must have weighed 500 pounds when in flesh. Mr. Soule secured a moose with a fine head. Morton L. Dennis, of Skowhegan, Me., shot a moose at Dead Water, on Austin Stream, last week—the first

moose of the season in Bingham region. A party of Boston hunters left Friday night for a big-game hunt. In the party are S. L. Noyes, J. W. Smart, E. A. Norton and Messrs. Mann, Cobb, Currier and Mason, all merchants, several of them from the big markets. They go to Jackman, on the Canadian Pacific, and thence into the woods for Heald Pond camps and some camps beyond. They are well-fitted for a hunting trip, have four of the best guides in that part of the country and naturally they expect big game. Their guides have written that the ground has already been covered with snow, and that they may expect snow for tracking. One admonition of the leader of the guides is worth remembering by all hunters who are going into the Maine woods, "Remember, gentlemen, before you get here, and all the time afterward, that you are to shoot moose and deer and not men. If you can come with that idea, do so; otherwise, stay in Boston." More big game is being shot in the Rangeley region this year than last, but not a great deal of it has fallen to Boston hunters. C. P. Stevens and party have been at Camp Vive Vale, Narrows, Richardson Lake, and secured their full quota of deer.

It was a big week with Chatham gunners for coot and shore birds. Dudley Hall, of Boston, made a big record there. He returned on Wednesday with a bag of 140 birds, including beetleheads, English snipe and a few black ducks. Added to these were 105 grass birds. Will Guild secured forty big shore birds on the Monomoy grounds last week. Dr. Robert Amory, J. Montgomery Sears and Willard T. Sears have been on a shooting trip to Chatham and vicinity, with good results. At Hyannis Fred Henderson and John Nickerson have made a big day, securing fourteen black duck. These birds are reported more plenty than usual at this season all along shore. Monday was a great cooting day. At Chatham Henry Phillips shot 47; G. S. Joselyn and A. W. Phillips got 29; Fred Packard, 20; Charles Low, 18; Charles Newton, 23; Joe MacCosland, 23; Bill Frazier, 19, and many others smaller bags. About half a mile off shore at Brant Rock is the favorite location for coot shooting. Every morning a line of dories may be seen out there, the location being very near to the course of most of the flights.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Back from Colorado.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Ill., is in town today on his return from a deer-hunting trip in the White River country of Colorado. Mr. Hotchkiss was the guest of Mr. George A. Morrison, of Emma, Colo., who has an extensive ranch in that country and who lives in baronial style. This gentleman and Mr. Hotchkiss, with one or two of the ranch people, made up the hunting party. They killed six deer without any trouble, Mr. Hotchkiss getting two very good bucks. He says that the bucks were just beginning to join the does, and that in the early days of their hunt they saw many bands of deer, composed mostly of does or spike bucks. Of the abundance of deer there was no question. On one day Mr. Hotchkiss counted eleven bucks, and on another day he saw more than a score of deer in different bands. He says that potatoes grow so big on Mr. Morrison's ranch that he could not check one home to show his friends without paying excess baggage.

Any one in search of elk would do well to remember the tip which Mr. Hotchkiss gives. He says that Burro Mountain, near the White River, is good elk country and can occasionally show a bear. Frank Hays, a guide of Newcastle, Colo., says that he would guarantee to get an elk in two days.

They Could Just Touch Bottom.

Four duck hunters of Des Moines, Iowa, went out this week to slay ducks at Twin Lakes, Iowa. Their names are Charles F. Fox, Frank L. French, Henry F. Gross and Carl C. Proper, all good men and true. Messrs. Gross and French were first to take boat for the enterprise of duck hunting, and a little later their friends heard them calling and discovered that they were not in their boat, nor on shore; neither were they aware whether they were on foot or on horseback. Their boat had sunk and they were standing in the icy water up to their necks, their feet resting on the sunken boat. Now came the strangest part of the adventure. Messrs. Fox and Proper had a very poor boat of their own, one which would not safely carry four. It was agreed that Proper and Fox should take the half-drowned hunters ashore one at a time, or rather take Gross ashore first. Fox then to return for French. The first passenger, Mr. Gross, was taken aboard with some trouble, but it looked too dismal for French to be left out there in the middle of the lake all alone. He made a grab at the boat as it passed him, and was lucky enough to land on the gunwale. The result was that he upset the boat; and then, instead of there being two men in the icy water up to their necks, there were four, and instead of being one passenger boat there was none. The hunters discovered several things of interest; first, that the water was very cold; second, that it was too deep to wade when they got off the hulls of the sunken boats; third, that there was no manner of refreshment. One of the party, it seems, had a bottle of something soothing in his boat, but it was at the bottom of the lake. Between shivers he kicked about in the mud, and at last was gratified to see the bottle of something soothing bob up to the surface of the water. This helped them out a little bit, but it did not solve the problem of transportation. They were in the water for four hours, and were at length rescued by a band of farmers, who thought evil spirits had taken possession of the neighborhood. It is stated that Twin Lakes are much deeper this year than ordinarily, owing to the extensive drainage of portions of the neighborhood. It is very lucky, indeed, that these Des Moines gentlemen found the water no deeper than it was. Their experience, although somewhat amusing to a man not in it himself, might easily have proved a fatal one. While it is supposed to be improper to refer to spiritous liquors in the columns of high class journals, the bottle of something soothing referred to herein may perhaps come in under the head of "Queer Finds by Sportsmen."

At It Again.

My friend, the daily reporter, is getting busy again these bright days of autumn. This time he telegraphs to a St. Paul, Minn., paper from Metropolis, Ill. It is all about a horrible panther fight in which one young man was killed and another seriously wounded. No names are given, it being stated that "at this hour it is impossible to learn the name of the victim." It seems that this young man, while out hunting near Glendale, was pounced upon by a panther which was crouching in the limbs of a tree above him. By the time the second young man had arrived the first young man was mostly dead and eaten. The second nameless hunter fought the savage beast for some moments, employing a butcher knife. At last the s. b., "with a savage growl, turned and fled into the woods." This animal is thought to be the same one which has been seen recently near Metropolis, and which has destroyed numerous hogs, dogs and cattle. On the whole this is quite a decent panther story.

The Student and His Dog.

My friend the Student has received his new hunting dog, and it would appear that this was the only thing lacking to make him perfectly happy. He regretted to state, however, in describing the arrival of his new acquisition, that Mr. Stephens, of Detroit, Minn., of whom he purchased the dog, had neglected to send either the pedigree or the dog whistle which he had promised. I asked the Student what sort of dog this was, being by this time very much interested in the matter, and he replied that the dog had white feet, white on the end of his tail, and was in respect to the rest of his body color a curly red. Hearing this I advised him not to bother about a pedigree, but to rather confine his efforts to securing the whistle, as I imagined it would be of more service to him.

The Student, as I understand it, never owned a bird dog before, and he is having a good time. He says the dog is the most friendly thing he ever saw in his life, and would rather be licked than left alone. He celebrated his advent into the Student's household by making a tour around the breakfast table, and neatly extracting all the bread and butter from the plates around the table. He is doing a great many other things best known to bird dogs and their owners, and it seems sure the Student is going to have an interesting time with him this fall. We are going to take the pup out somewhere this fall, and shoot a few quail over him, or under him; that is to say, if we can get the whistle.

Ducks Meet in Mid Air.

The following story of a very unusual incident is told by Mr. George French, of Waterloo, Iowa, who last week was shooting ducks at Blue Lake, near Onawa, Iowa. I question if it has ever been duplicated in the experience of any sportsman, however possible and indeed probable it may appear under certain circumstances:

Mr. French was in his duck blind one morning, and just at daybreak saw a good flock of mallards coming toward him. These birds were almost within range, when another flock of about fifty mallards came on from the opposite direction, going at a great pace and apparently intending to drop down into the lake. The two flocks of mallards smashed into each other in a head-on collision. Mr. French says that the "rattling and crunching" sound could be heard for quite a distance. He states that the ducks were all mixed up together. After the confusion was over he found two ducks upon the ground, one quite dead and the other with a broken wing. Yet others which flew away seemed to be damaged by the collision, but not sufficiently so to knock them down. Mr. French picked up the two victims of the collision. This story is vouched for by Mr. J. C. Hartman, of Waterloo, who says that he has known Mr. French for many years and that the latter is not given to hunting yarns.

The incident is something which might occur easily, especially in the semi-darkness of early morning. It is not altogether an unusual thing for wild birds to fly into stationary obstacles and stun or kill themselves. In Iowa in the early days, it was not unusual for us to pick up prairie chickens which had flown against telegraph wires. I once knew a quail to fly against a barn and kill itself stone dead, and in another case a quail flew through one of the hay loft windows of the same barn, on my father's place, and found itself a cripple and a captive in the hay mow. I think it was from Michigan that I once reported a case of a flock of quail which rose to the sound of a gun and flew headlong into the side of a farm building, something like 100 yard away, several of the bevy being killed. It is one of the mysteries of nature how a ruffed grouse gets through the wood at the speed it attains and does not kill itself against the trees. Mr. French's duck story, therefore, although curious and wonderful, is not to be supposed beyond the realms of probability.

Iowa Ducks.

Duck shooting is better in Northwest Iowa this year than it has been for many years. Messrs. H. C. Luce, George Herr, Jesse Scott and Bert Richards, of West Liberty, Iowa, shot last week on Elbon Lake, seven miles northwest of Dickens, Iowa, and the daily average of the above gentlemen for six days was sixty-eight ducks per day to the party. They also got some prairie chickens. Trumbull Lake and Elbon Lake are popular points this fall, as well as other waters in Clay, Dickinson and Palo Alto counties.

Illinois Game.

As to the game of Illinois, we are now beginning to say good-bye to our jack-snipe and ducks, and are looking forward very eagerly to the quail season, which by common consent will begin next week, November 1. It is a curious fact that the peculiar lack in the Illinois law seems not to have made any very great difference in the surviving quail. This all goes to prove the excellence of Bob White as a game bird. When we have a duck flight it is a matter of a few days and then it is all over. A little wisp of woodcock come up and are gone inside of forty-eight hours, and a body of jack snipe

lasts not more than a couple of days. The prairie chicken season lasts but a couple of days, for the birds are cut down as quickly as the law will allow. With Bob White the matter is different. The first day or the second week does not clean up the bevy, for the hardy creatures are able to take care of themselves. Indeed they learn the art of self-defence with every day of the season, so that before the end of the season, before the middle of December, after a month of harrying, there may still be quail enough left to offer abundant opportunity, and these survivors will be of such quality as to tax the best skill of the shooter. We might count upon very fine shooting at quail in the State of Illinois this fall. Indeed, if it were not for this quail shooting, what could we depend upon for our sport in this once prolific State? Our prairie chickens last for a couple of days; our ducks go somewhere else. If we go to Michigan we cannot bring a bird out with us legally. If we go to Wisconsin it costs us \$10. If we go to Minnesota it costs us \$25. If we go to Missouri we are put in the penitentiary, and if we go to Arkansas we are liable to get hanged. These be parlor times in sportsmanship in the Mississippi Valley. It recalls the old story of the ham and the mustard. If one does not like ham he can help himself to mustard. Fortunately the alternative in this case leaves us intimately concerned with one of the finest game birds that ever offered sport in any country, and it is matter of congratulation to feel that, in spite of foolish game laws, we at least have plenty of quail.

Lumber Jacks and Game Laws.

There comes down from the pineries of Northern Minnesota this fall, the customary story of outrages against the game laws, committed by the lumber jacks employed in the wholesale timber operations of the wilderness country. Moose and deer are being slaughtered without any regard whatever to the game laws. These depredations are committed in so remote a district that it is almost impossible to secure convictions. It would take an army of wardens to thoroughly stamp out these violations of the game law, although now and again one hears of an arrest and fine. Most of the meat of this sort of slaughter is perhaps used about the lumber camps, but in many cases moose are killed and left to lie almost unutilized, as the hide and head are not brought out to serve later as incriminating evidence.

North Dakota Game.

Mr. J. B. Whittemore, writing from Galesburg, N. D., says: "You should have come up and visited me and Gorkey this year. There were more ducks and chickens than for many years and a much handsomer landscape, too. There are now a good many geese, ducks and snipe around."

Lost and Found.

Mr. E. K. Stedman, of Mt. Carroll, Ill., gives an incident or two of his recent vacation trip in the Mississippi River bottoms. He found that he could get lost, and also found something which some one else had lost, describing the matter below:

"It was land I had hunted over since a boy, but I had not hunted it much the past few years. Some unrespecting, dollar-worshipping son of Mammon cut the timber down and a dense shrubbery has grown up in its place. It was a mile due east from my starting point to the place I desired to reach. I walked half an hour and came to the starting point, having made a circle to the left. How's that for a fellow who has hunted all his life, and over ground he was raised on?"

"In the matter of 'Sportsmen's Finds,' I found a good-sized tackle box. It had evidently been lost a good while, being quite rusty and weather-stained. It was full of tackle, hooks, line, leaders, trolls, floats, etc. I left it at the club house for the use of the boys."

"Saw lots of quail in the timber; every scrubby brush pile seemed to harbor a bevy or two. The boys are not shooting them, but say they will shoot at them the weeks corresponding to the open season last year."

"Do not look for many ducks down the old 'flyway' this season, owing to the scarcity of water and feed. The boys are banking on getting a bluebill flight about the 25th. Hope they do; they deserve it."

"They've got a great place, these boys—a large island in the middle of the Mississippi; a club house with gasolene and heating stove, bunks for eight people, four extra cots and full equipment to accommodate twenty at least."

"The lower end of the island is fitted up for a blind, the willows growing there making an excellent place for one to exercise his artistic abilities in the matter of blinds. In the blind is a large float or raft. They bring their chairs with them when the flight is on. The float can accommodate twelve shooters. They have a flock of about 100 decoys. The ducks flying up and down the river can see them from any direction, and 'tis safe to say that if ducks are trading at all, the boys can account for their end of the bag. When I arrived home I found my friend the fish warden had been having some more fun in this vicinity."

Bidding for Contraband Game.

Oct. 24.—A friend living in North Dakota sends to me a circular letter, issued on the letter head of C. F. Bumann & Co., general commission merchants, 197 South Water street. It is presumable that these circulars are sent out to many persons in Western States. The naive and cold-blooded fashion in which C. F. Bumann & Co. take for granted violations of the game laws, and assist in such violations by means of definite instructions thereon, is proof enough of the character of South Water street as a market for Western game. The matter is something which should be taken up at once by State Warden Lovejoy, of Illinois. Perhaps the canny commission firm may not care to have quite so much promotion and publicity enlisted in their behalf, yet here is a paragraph of the circular, and it surely speaks for itself:

"Game is bringing extremely high prices this year. Following are the prices we are returning to-day: Mallard ducks, \$5 per dozen; redheads, \$4.50; bluewings, \$3; \$2.75 for greenwings, \$2 for mixed, \$2.50 for jack

snipes, plover; grouse, \$2.50; grass, \$2; yellow legs, \$2; rabbits, \$1.25 per dozen. Game is shipped in egg cases with a layer or two of eggs on top so as to avoid confiscation. C. F. BUMANN & Co.
E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Ho'ding the Snipe Bag.

HERE are two stories of the snipe bag. The first one is from a Chattanooga, Tenn., paper; the second is told by a correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

I.

The young Southerners offered to make him one of the party, and explained the method of trapping the unsuspecting birds. Two stout coffee bags were obtained. They were half-filled with pine kindling wood, and early in the evening the party—five in number—trudged a mile or two away and turned into a small, open, half-timbered wood. Young Bascom was told that, not being used to driving the birds, he might hold one of the bags. A good natured New Yorker was impressed into the service to hold the other.

A roaring fire was built for Bascom, and the boys went away to drive in the game. He watched the bag diligently and kept piling the wood on the fire to attract the birds into the snare. The birds were diffident or sleepy, for they were slow to arrive. Bascom burned up all the wood within reach, but not a snipe had got up in its night clothes, slipped on a pair of pantaloons and some one else's shoes, and run to the fire. The last ember grew pale before Bascom made up his mind that the hunt was a failure. He searched the wood for his companions, but they were at home waltzing in turn with the star lady boarder. Not finding them, he started home across plowed fields, thick undergrowth and knobby pastures. He went south; Hot Springs was north. He finally sought shelter at a farmhouse, but a dog threatened to make a meal of him and he ran away as fast as he could. Four miles away he found a farmer, who took him in and gave him a bed. The joke and the early day dawned on him at about the same time. Bascom had been frightened nearly to death. He declared that he heard the wild, despairing, human cry of a panther shrieking for b-l-o-o-d, and the dismal howl of the white-fanged wolf. He ran until his chest protector melted in the heat of his emotions.

He caused the arrest of the entire party and threatens to sue for damages. The fright and exposure probably will affect his present health, as he was under a doctor's care.

The trial of the snipe hunters was before Police Judge Smith, misdemeanor being the charge. Judge Smith is an Ozark Mountain gazelle in build. His legs are long and slender, his arms slender and long. His thin face, tapered to a point at the chin, has nothing more to spare in fatty tissues. His cheeks are sunken, and a pair of blue eyes are set under heavy brows like hall lamps behind storm doors. A heap of iron-gray hair lies idly on his forehead and a long, thin beard hangs from his jaws and chin. Judge Smith's entire make-up is lean and bony—from hair to fingers—from face to feet.

City Attorney Townsend thundered his assertion that the supposed joke was an outrage, in the tones of an Ozark Mountain storm. He drew a sketch in black colors, showing how Bascom had been chased by dogs and wolves; how the lad had climbed trees to escape the dogs, and fences and hills to get out of the forest. The judge listened patiently to this recital and then bit a hunk off a piece of Arkansas twist and told the defense to saunter in.

Another Lawyer Townsend arose and denied that a joke had been intended.

"Your honor," he said, "knows that this is one way of hunting snipes. This young man did not attend to his business. If he'd held the bag long enough he'd caught the snipes."

"I'm not he'ur to give you fellers pointers 'bout ketchin' snipes," interrupted the judge, with a serious wrinkle in his forehead and a long-range rifle shot at a sawdust box. "Git down ter bizness."

The attorney for the defense proposed to offer expert evidence showing that snipes could be bagged, but the witnesses called denied that they had ever hunted game with coffee sacks.

Young Bascom told his story in a frank, innocent, candid manner that set the crowd chuckling, and at one time the venerable justice swept his long, pipestem fingers across his iron-gray moustache to conceal the smile that trembled on his thin lips. The victim mistook the frequent snickers in the crowded room for amusement at his graphic description and the hard rubs he gave the defendants. He said they came from small towns, were not used to city ways, and thought such a joke smart. He thought it was an outrage.

Judge Smith jabbed his sharp elbows into the desk, dropped his face into his hands, and listened with evident amazement. Bascom told how he held the bag and watched for the game until the wood for the fire was all gone.

"Young feller, did you r'aly think them snipes wuz a-goin' inter that thar bag?" asked the judge, slowly and deliberately.

"Certainly I did. I believed what they told me," responded the witness.

The judge let a twinkle slip out of his eyes, but they speedily fell back into the glassy stare of judicial reflection. He sternly rapped the outburst into silence and the trial went on.

An adjournment was finally taken until last Monday, when the case was dismissed.

II.

"SPEAKING of duels," said the big man of the crowd, "recalls to my mind a mock duel that I had a hand in some eight or nine years ago. There was a serious ending to this one that has never allowed the affair to escape my memory."

"It was in Lawrence, Kan. One day a new man came to town. He put on more airs than the fellows considered the proper thing, and, as a consequence, a job was put up

on him. He was to be initiated into the old, time-worn game called snipe hunting, and from the earnestness with which the victim entered into the spirit of the proposition many of the conspirators believed that he was up to the trick, and that it would be a failure.

"However, as the sequel proved, the poor fellow had never been on a snipe hunt, and the result was that at 3 o'clock in the morning he was left at a fence corner about ten miles from town, calmly holding a sack and a candle and waiting for the snipe to come up and be lighted into the bag.

"The conspirators rushed back to town, and when the morning newspaper came out it contained an account of the whole affair, dished up in true Western style.

"The victim held his bag and candle until the latter had burned up, and then he began to wonder if a job had not been put up on him. He called to his companions, but there was no answer. Finally he wandered about the prairie until he found a farmhouse. After some trouble in convincing the honest occupants that he was not a horse thief, he was taken inside and cared for until daylight, when, for a consideration, the farmer drove him into Lawrence.

"Of course he got quite a reception. The conspirators had arranged that part of it, which made the victim very angry. He thought the matter over, and concluded that the proper thing to do would be for him to challenge the chief conspirator to a duel. This was just what was wanted. The challenge was carefully accepted and double-barrelled shotguns selected as weapons. The affair was to culminate at a grove near the town the same afternoon, and when the time came there was a crowd there that would have done credit to any event. The seconds were careful about their preparations. They put only small charges of powder into the gun barrels, and after being searched for breast plates or knives or revolvers, the combatants took their positions.

"Meantime, the victim was in the dark. He meant business. There was no joke about it to him. He meant to kill his antagonist, and when he looked at the doctors, with their instruments and lint and bandages, it only served to screw his courage still higher.

"The signal was finally given. Two loud reports rang out, and both men stood still. Then they raised their guns again, took careful aim, and blazed away once more.

"Then came an unlooked-for occurrence. The young conspirator staggered back, dropped his weapon, threw one hand to his forehead, and as he fell, the horror-stricken spectators saw a thin stream of blood pour over his face and down on his white shirt front.

"Men looked at each other and gasped. Unknown to the seconds, somebody had slipped in a charge of shot into the gun of the snipe hunter, and what had been planned as a farce was turned into a horrible tragedy.

"Finally some of the crowd summoned up courage enough to go to where the body lay. As they bent over the prostrate form they were shocked once more, for very distinctly it could be seen that the supposed corpse was really convulsed with laughter.

"An explanation followed. The young man had executed a neat little surprise of his own. He had secreted in the palm of his hand a small rubber sack, filled with aniline dye, and when the second shot was fired, he had done the rest. When the truth dawned on the crowd that the whole matter was a well-planned joke, there was a good laugh, and somebody looked for the snipe hunter, to whom it was considered a full explanation was due. He had disappeared. As completely and effectively as if wiped off the earth he had gone. And to the best of my knowledge he never was seen or heard of in Lawrence again. He was sought for years, but no trace of him was ever found. He firmly believed that he had killed the man, and in the confusion that ensued made good his escape.

"I have often wondered if he ever learned the truth, or is still an exile, laboring under an impression that he killed a man in a duel."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Blooming Grove Park Association.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., Oct. 22.—Yesterday Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, Secretary of the Commission, and State Game Warden Joseph Berrier, went to Glen Eyre and met a wagon just driven up to the station from the Blooming Grove club house. In the wagon were N. S. Smith, President of the Park Association; Reber Brettnall, of Newark, N. J.; Robert Post and his brother, of Jersey City, and John Kusser and Benjamin Kusser, of Trenton, N. J. Dr. Kalbfus demanded that they open their grips, despite their protest that they contained nothing contraband, and in them were found, wrapped in papers and otherwise concealed, several English and native pheasants.

Upon Mr. Smith's assurance that they would all appear when called upon to answer to charges, they were permitted to return to their homes.

Soon afterward Thomas J. Barry, of New York city, was apprehended with a bag of game, and he, too, will be proceeded against.

The game seized was sent to the Lackawanna Hospital, to be served to the patients, in accordance with the law. The cases will be prosecuted in a United States Court, under the Lacey law, recently enacted by Congress, which prohibits the transportation of game from one State to another unless properly labelled with the address of the shipper and consignee, and stating the contents therein. Dr. Kalbfus has made his complaint before United States Commissioner J. Hixon Vanetten, of Milford, Pa.

The contention of the Blooming Grove Park Association members is that their charter gives them the right to make their own game laws, and that this right cannot be invalidated by the general State game legislation.

Michigan Quail.

HARTFORD, Mich., Oct. 22.—The season for quail opened on the 20th, and with dog and gun I promptly started, and at evening returned with eight quail and two woodcock. Quail are plenty, but dry leaves and thick covers protect them. Some St. Jo parties, with two dogs and three guns, got thirty-one quail and one snipe to-day.

SULLIVAN COOK.

Gun Flints.

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Oct. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Some two years since you published an inquiry for gun flints from one of your Pacific coast correspondents, Orin Belknap. Now, I have just come across a new and very interesting book, "Highways and Byways in East Anglia," by William A. Dutt, published this year by the Macmillan Co. It is an account of a bicycle trip of exploration among the quaint, old towns of the extreme east of England, where many very old and beautiful churches mark the places of the earliest Christian settlements, and old mounds and ruins show the spots where Saxon, Dane and Norman battled for centuries for supremacy, and where are still standing the homes of many well-known English worthies of the Elizabethan ages.

In the course of his rambles, Mr. Dutt reaches the quaint, old town of Thetford, and makes an excursion from there to the Flint Pits, about six miles distant, where the prehistoric inhabitants of the Stone Age made their axes and arrowheads, and where the manufacture of gun flints is still carried on. Caught in a shower, the writer takes refuge in a flint cutter's hut, and I quote from him as follows:

"While I am an unwilling loiterer in his shed, the 'knapper' initiates me into the mysteries of his craft, so far as concerns the making of gun flints. Taking up a flint so large that it requires two hands to lift it, he first 'quarters' it—that is, breaks it into sections 5 or 6 inches in thickness. This he does with a hammer such as a blacksmith would possess; but the next process, called 'flaking,' which consists in breaking thin strips or flakes off the 'quartered' sections is effected with a smaller hammer. So skillfully, and with such a curious knack, is this flaking done, that it leaves each flake with two sides shaped as in a gun flint, and the 'knapping' it then undergoes, is simply the breaking of it into sharp-edged squares. This is done by resting it on an iron tool like a blacksmith's hard chisel fixed upright on a bench, and splitting it twice with two blows of a small hammer. The processes are difficult to explain, but look very simple.

"Gun flints are made in four sizes—for muskets, carbines, horse pistols and single-barreled pistols. That a market can still be found for them is surprising; but I am told that the Arab tribes of northern Africa purchase large quantities, and that since the opening up of the Congo country a considerable trade in gun flints has been done with the Central African tribes."

The whole book is very delightful reading. It takes the reader off from the usual routes of travel into those old Norfolk and Suffolk towns from which many of the first settlers of this country came, and whose names, such as Lynn, Norwich, Brandon and Framingham, they brought with them. I think it would delight Mr. Talbot, Coahoma and Didymus, whose photo I am glad to see in this week's FOREST AND STREAM. It looks like the "Old Roman" which his criticisms show him to be.

Deer are getting plenty; they have been seen by many this summer, and two were seen last week within half a mile of the center of the village. Squirrels are scarce, but ruffed grouse (partridges) are plenty, so the boys say.

VON W.

The Game Fields of Virginia.

LUMBERTON, Sussex County, Va.—Reports are coming in from north, south, east and west of the numbers of quail and wild turkey found in the game fields of the State this season. Here in southeastern Virginia game is certainly more plentiful and the cover heavier than for many years past.

This is said to be owing to the dry spring and early summer conditions peculiarly favorable for the breeding of young birds, too often drowned by the heavy rains and dews in May and June. This season the rains held off till July and August, and then "made up for lost time." The result was a wonderfully rapid growth of weeds and grasses in the fields, the scant cover growing from knee high to head high in two or three weeks, and thus affording feed and cover for the young birds and protection from their natural enemies—foxes, hawks and owls. No estimate can be made of the destruction of small game by these all-the-year-round hunters.

It is useless to make laws for the protection of game when these ruthless hunters are allowed to hunt the covers unmolested. They begin at the egg and never leave off as long as there is a bird in the covey. One fox, with a nose keener than that of the best dog that ever ranged a field, can destroy more birds from one Thanksgiving Day to another than all the sportsmen in the country in the three months in which they are permitted to hunt. Every nest of eggs broken up is a covey wiped out of existence, hence the Reynard is a "game hog," a "pot-hunter" and a professional. He never leaves off, and, like Death, "He has all seasons for his own."

Just when the fledgling has grown swift and strong enough to elude his pursuit, it becomes the prey of other enemies, as destructive and indefatigable as he. It rises from cover only to be pounced upon by the wary hawk, with hungry talons and piercing eyes ever on the alert.

At night the old bird hovers the scared covey in the open field, only to be seized by the silent-winged night hawk, or owl, from whose great eyes the friendly darkness is no protection.

Ten thousand times ten thousand birds and rabbits are thus destroyed every year, and then the scarcity of game is attributed to the breechloader and the pot-hunter! If these alone were to blame, the game fields in remote places would teem with game, but these are the very haunts of the fox, the hawk and the owl. Years ago, when the clearings were small and the settlers few, when the forest was vast and its wild denizens numerous, there was enacted a wise law in the Old Dominion giving a premium on every fox, hawk and owl scalp presented to the boards of supervisors in the counties. It was repealed by the politicians of a later day, who cared less for noble sports than for the spoils of office. In their desire to fill the coffers of the State, they failed to note how false was this economy; how great the loss in barnyard products alone. One housewife informs me that she has lost one hundred or more fowls by hawks and owls this season. Multiply this by the hundreds of homes in

our State, then compute the loss in eggs, add this, and you have a loss in foodstuff simply tremendous—a waste that no community can afford.

I commend this problem to the lawmakers; to the true sportsman I would say, "Think of the unprotected game in the fields for which there is no shelter, and for which no watch dog gives warning of approaching danger; think of the hungry foe ever on the trail, and consider if we can better protect our game than by the enactment of the good, old law which at once converts the 'man with a gun' prowling the woods into a game warden, instead of a poacher, who will hunt for scalps on which a price is set, rather than for the game which he cannot lawfully sell.

Let our sportsmen and lawmakers consider this.

L. P. BLOW.

The Gun Borrowers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Now is the time when the mushroom sportsman is in evidence. I don't mean one who is out after mushrooms, but I have in mind the kind of sportsmen who spring up in a night. They have lived ever since last fall in a dormant state; have thought nothing of dog, gun, hunting coat or anything else until now. But now they come to their friends bright and early in the morning and say, "Lem'e take yer gun, will ye? And say, have yer got any more of them good shells left I heard you had last fall?" If they can get a gun, then they want to see if your hunting coat will fit them. If they can get your gun they keep it for a week without cleaning, stand it up out in the woodshed or some other convenient building, and when you ask for it they forgot all about it, promise to buy it and "Where can I get one like it?" and "It's a dandy, ain't it?" If it had not been a dandy it would not have been asked for, for these mushrooms that spring up in a night do not generally ask for a poor article.

Sportsmen of this kind will sit around the grocery store in the evening, make their plans and each one tell whose gun he is going to (try to) get and what kind of shot to use; and if they can't borrow shells loaded with buckshot for rabbits, some miserable cuss is to blame for not keeping such shells on hand. I have been through all this. I have had my gun go out bright and clean, to be sent back to me all pitted with rust outside and in. But I have given up the practice of lending to this class. I think if a man can afford to lose time from his regular vocation to go shooting, he can afford to have his own tools. If not, he had better steal them right out and out. I have two very nice guns—one I always have at a friend's house, and the other I can't lend, because I always want a gun around the house. There is an article in the Constitution of our country which provides that I am entitled to keep it for my own use.

Will some one back me up in what I have said? I may be harsh, but I know truthful, in this article. ***

New Hampshire Grouse and Woodcock.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Oct. 21.—Some of the accounts in the FOREST AND STREAM report grouse as plenty in some parts of Massachusetts and Maine. In this section they are very scarce. About all I have found so far were very much scattered, with seldom over three in a cover and often but one. Last summer there were practically no blackberries and a very light crop of apples. Ordinarily I have on my place over one hundred and fifty bushels of what is called natural fruit, and some fifty or more barrels of grafts. This year I had just half a bushel of grafts and I do not think I could have found a bushel of other apples. Our grouse have always acted as though they depended on a good crop of blackberries. We would find them during the early part of the season on such grounds. Later they were around the apple trees. This year they seem to have deserted such grounds, and, to a great extent, all others. I am finding some, but I have to go over a great deal of ground, and they are very few and far between.

There seems to have been quite a flight of woodcock, but they steer clear of what have been good grounds. About a week ago two of us shot in a very small cover one afternoon eighteen woodcock and one grouse. To-day we tried the same place again, and bagged twenty-four woodcock and one grouse. During the forenoon we killed twenty-nine birds (twenty-four woodcock and five grouse), letting six rabbits run past without shooting. In times past I have often found quite a number of woodcock in a day's hunting, but I never found so many in so small a cover. To-day they would get up entirely too fast. Standing still with our dogs at heel we had seven cock and one grouse down before we could let the dogs retrieve one.

I like to get shots at any game I am hunting, but I do not want them to come as fast as they did at one time this morning.

C. M. STARK.

Massachusetts Shore Birds.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—The shore bird gunners are in trouble. Last Sunday the flights were large, big bunches going southward all day. At Brant Rock and other points the temptation was too great, and several Boston gunners went out with their guns and shot a large number of coot and other ducks. They hired dories and went out half a mile or more, and found the shooting good. None of the resident gunners disregarded the Sunday law, and now they are complaining and asking that the Sunday law be enforced. Boston gunners do not deny that they broke the law, but say that the flight was too good to lose. One of their number says that he shall stand by this moral right to shoot on Sunday; that he should do so again, under like circumstances. The smelt fishers are out every Sunday, openly, with all their tackle in sight, and they are not troubled by the officers of the law. What is the greater harm in gunning? The gunners will stand prosecution, if the officers desire it, while they believe that fines would be merely nominal, since they know that at least one of the local justices is in sympathy with them.

SPECIAL.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Jess t' Fish.

From the Denver (Col.) Times.

LIKE t' sit aroun' an' fish
Where the pleasant waters swish;
Like t' lie
With my eye
On th' fly
An' jess watch th' trout begin
Tumblin', rollin', fallin' in;
Where th' pleasant waters swish,
Like t' loaf aroun', an' fish.

Like t' leave my cares behind
An' escape th' daily grind;
Like t' dream
By th' stream
Where fish seem
Jes' t' gleam
Underneath th' summer sun
Where I've got 'em on th' run;
Like t' leave th' daily grind
An' my care an' work behind.

Like t' take myse'f an' go
Where the waters, sweet an' low,
Tumble 'round
On th' ground
An' surround
Seven-pound

Trout that's playin' in th' stream,
Where th' spotted beauties gleam;
Where th' waters, sweet an' low,
Like t' take myself an' go.

Like t' go out jess t' fish
Where th' waters swirl an' swish;
Like t' set
By th' wet
An' forget
Every fret;

Like t' set 'round an' dream
While I whip th' tumbling stream,
Where th' waters swirl and swish;
Like t' go out jess t' fish.

Sawdust in Trout Streams.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—Editor Forest and Stream: Many an ardent angler can recall how he has suffered in mind when he has felt powerless to prevent the ruin of trout fishing in some favorite brook, wherein, year after year, sawdust has been poured, to such an extent that spawning beds have been destroyed and the abundance of fish has sadly decreased in consequence. Because of this it has been found necessary in some States to enact special legislation to control this peril to fish life streams. Eleven years ago the General Court of Massachusetts enacted a law to limit or prevent the pollution of trout streams with sawdust. This provided that whenever the Fish and Game Commissioners should decide "that the fish of any brook or stream * * * are of sufficient value to warrant the prohibition or regulation of the discharge of sawdust from saw mills * * * and that the discharge thereof from any particular saw mill materially injures such fish," they could restrict the pollution by an official order. The penalty for violation of such an order was fixed at \$25.

It will be evident from the foregoing that the enforcement of a law like this entails a lot of work on the Commissioners, for a proper consideration of the requirements of the act compelled a personal inspection of miles of streams before orders were issued. It may not, then, be wondered at that, until recently, little has been done to make the act operative, and as a result the mill owners have practically forgotten there was such a law. The reason for this is found in the fact that the mills are usually located in more or less remote and out-of-the-way places in the wooded areas, but almost without exception they are on the banks of streams that formerly teemed with trout. To get to them it is generally necessary to take a long carriage drive over country roads, and, when several mills are visited in one day, a trip of thirty or forty miles is a common experience. At each stopping place it is on the programme to inspect the mill and the streams, and to acquire all practical knowledge of the condition of both, and especially concerning the feasibility of disposing of the sawdust so that it will not go into the water. Of course, where there has been no legal restriction, all water-driven mills discharge the sawdust into the streams. Thus the bottom of a brook, and especially the deep pools and eddies, is covered with the slimy, decaying stuff, which renders the stream more or less unfit for fish to breed and thrive in. Some of the best trout brooks in the State have suffered seriously from this evil, and the wonder is that any fish are left in them.

During the last two years much has been done by the Fish and Game Commission of this State to correct this evil, or to arrest its development to the point where many streams will be made utterly barren of fish life. Mr. Collins, chairman of the Commission, has, I learn, personally visited between forty and fifty saw mills in various sections of the State, and, with few exceptions, the owners of these have been ordered to keep their sawdust out of the brooks. Trips to these mills are always to be classed as hard work, involving long hours, irregular meals and occasional experiences which are not entirely agreeable. A trip recently made may serve as an example.

Leaving Boston on Thursday afternoon's express, a ride of about three hours brought Mr. Collins to an interior town, where he was met by a deputy who had been ordered there because he knew the location of the mills. Next morning the temperature had dropped nearly to freezing, a stiff northwest gale was blowing, with passing hail showers, that continued throughout the day. A

drive of forty miles and an evening ride on an electric car to another town finished the day. Waking at 4 o'clock Saturday morning, another forty-mile drive, a late supper, on a night train, delayed by a wreck on the road, and getting home at 2 o'clock Sunday morning, completed a brief but somewhat strenuous trip for the preservation of fish in our trout streams.

Of course the mill owners don't like this; it would not be reasonable to expect they would, and they maintain that there are not fish enough in the streams nor ever will be to justify the action taken. But there is a difference of opinion, and the following statement of fact will indicate there is reason for it:

The owner of a mill who was ordered last year to keep sawdust out of the brook on which his plant was located, stoutly urged that the order was unwarranted because of lack of fish in the stream. It is quite possible he felt justified in this, for the sawdust probably had kept trout from coming up the brook. In the early part of last July, however, two old anglers who had fished in Maine and New Hampshire, and were familiar with the streams of those States, started out one morning to fish the brook referred. The result was that, together, they took thirty-three square-tail trout, that ranged in size from a little over nine inches in length to a weight of one and a half pounds. In all their experience in other States they had never seen so fine a string of brook trout, so they declared. Is this sufficient to justify the attempt of the State Commissioners to save our trout streams from further pollution by sawdust?

BAY STATE.

Canadian Angling Licenses.

THE non-resident fishing license cases in the County Court of Yarmouth county, N. S., have been decided adversely to the defendants. Judge Savary filed the following opinion, in which he sustains the judgment of the stipendiary magistrate, upon the grounds taken by the fishery overseer:

COURT HOUSE, YARMOUTH, OCTOBER TERM, 1901.

The King, on the complaint of A. M. Hatfield,

Charles Townsend,

The same,

Charles Murtagh,

The same,

J. Barton Townsend.

I certainly think there is an appeal to this Court from these convictions, as from other summary convictions. The appeal to the Minister of Marine and Fisheries given by the Act, Chapter 95, Revised Statutes of Canada, Sec. 18, Sub-division 6, does not take away the general appeal to this Court under the Criminal Code, Sec. 879. My duty is to decide whether these parties were properly convicted. If my decision should be against them, they can still appeal to the Minister and procure the remission of the penalties if he thinks the enforcement of the law a hardship in the particular case.

The conviction in each case is for a violation of certain regulations made under Sec. 18 of the Fisheries Act, respecting fishing by foreign sportsmen in the inland waters of Canada.

These regulations are first an order in Council of June 30, 1894, of which the object is stated to be "the more efficient protection of game, fish and the prevention of abuse by foreigners angling in the inland waters of the Dominion," and it proceeds to ordain that no person other than a British subject shall angle for, fish for and take (besides other fish specified) trout in Canadian waters without having first obtained an angler's permit issued by the local fishery officer in each district under the authority of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries; and that each person not a British subject shall pay for such angler's license a fee of \$5 for a period of three months or \$10 for a period of six months. On the first day of the following August a further order in Council was passed, with a preamble stating that it was deemed advisable to amend the regulations of June 30, so as to exempt under certain conditions foreigners domiciled in Canada from the regulations requiring permits, and proceeding to ordain as follows: "Foreigners where temporarily domiciled in Canada and employing Canadian boats and boatmen shall be exempted from the regulations requiring permits."

The argument was on the meaning of the words "temporarily domiciled," and counsel on both sides seemed to agree that this was a self-contradictory phrase; an inartistic and inconsistent term, barely capable of a sensible construction. On full consideration I must say I cannot altogether concur in this view, but on the contrary it may be that no other language could be found which would more adequately express the intention of the enacting authority. Foreigners "visiting Canada," or "temporarily residing" in Canada might have included some whom it was the policy of the law to exclude from the privilege of fishing in our waters freely and on the same terms as our own people. It was laid down by an old authority that "the word 'domicile' has many meanings, according as it is used with reference to succession and other purposes. A person may have retained a foreign domicile for many purposes, and yet may be domiciled in England, so as to give jurisdiction for divorce."—Fisher's Digest, p. 3187. So in the case of regulations under the Fisheries Act the word may be used in a sense not strictly technical, but one which renders the adjectives "temporary" and "permanent" by no means inconsistent or inapplicable. It may, for instance, mean living in the country for a limited period under such conditions as would give the foreigner a domicile here for all purposes, if such evidence were, or were intended to be permanent. In the case of Le Mesurier vs. Le Mesurier et al, in Appeal Cases, 1895, p. 517, Lord Watson (at page 540) speaks of the domicile for (the time being) of a married pair, and in another places quotes from Lord Westbury in Gould vs. Gould, L. R. 3 H. L. 85, the expression "permanent domicile," showing that these terms are not so very anomalous or self-contradictory, but that the expression "temporarily domiciled" must be construed and given effect to under the ordinary rules governing the construction of statutes and with a view to the object and policy of the Legislature. In King vs. Foxwell, 3 Chap. Division, p. 318, Jessel, M. R., asks himself the question,

"What is domicile?" and answers in effect that "a man in order to change his 'domicile of origin' must choose a new domicile by fixing his sole or principal residence in a new country with the intention of residing there for a period not limited as to time." If this is quite in accord with the definition of the term "domicile" given in Wharton's and Bowerie's law dictionaries, and therefore surely in order to decide whether a party is "temporarily domiciled" in Canada, it is only necessary to inquire whether he has fixed his "sole or principal residence" in the country for a period limited as to time. I do not see how I can hold that these parties had either their "sole" residence or their "principal" residence in Canada during the time they were here merely for the purpose of enjoying a few weeks' fishing, even although they may have erected a building at more or less expense, not as a home, but for additional convenience and comfort in the prosecution of their sport. They were not owners or tenants of houses here, occupying them with their families for the summer months, as quite a number of their countrymen do, nor guests at any of our hotels, as so many with families are, as well as many single, even without families, but according to the case laid before me, they come here every year expressly and solely for the purpose of sport and leave as soon as it is over.

Let us suppose some point on the frontier, where it takes but an hour or so to cross the boundary line and reach a stream or lake on the Canadian side, and two American gentlemen come over for the purpose of fishing, both employing Canadian boats and boatmen, but one of them having his tent erected on the American and the other on the Canadian side of the line. I cannot see in the obvious policy of the regulations any reason why the last-mentioned should be allowed to fish without a permit, while the other is prohibited. The enacting authority could never have intended to attach the idea of domicile to a building intended and adapted merely to facilitate and render more comfortable the fishing operations of a party who comes here for no other purpose than to fish, whether such an erection cost \$5 or \$500.

I am not called on to say what conditions of residence by a foreigner would constitute a temporary domicile under these regulations. It is sufficient for the purpose of this case to say that those disclosed in the evidence and in the case stated do not. It is not my duty to inquire whether, in view of the restrictions, if any, placed on Canadian sportsmen using American waters, the regulations before me are or are not unduly restrictive or inhospitable; nor am I sportsman enough to know whether these regulations are more or less exacting in proportion to the privileges bestowed, than the Provincial legislation, which requires a license fee of \$30 from any one not domiciled in Nova Scotia to hunt moose in the Province. Nor am I called on to say whether a foreigner actually domiciled here is shut out by these regulations, and therefore in a worse position than a mere visitor, as suggested. It will be time enough to decide that when the occasion requires it.

Of the several questions submitted to me, Nos. 2, 3, 6 and 7 are all that require to be answered.

2. The defendants under the amended order in Council of Aug. 1, 1894, were not exempt from the previous regulations requiring permits.

3. The defendants were not temporarily domiciled in Canada within the meaning of the amended order.

6. The defendants were guilty of violating the Fisheries Act.

7. The defendants were properly convicted.

The convictions will therefore be confirmed and the appeals dismissed with costs.

A. W. SAVARY.

Counsel for prosecution, Pelton, K. C.

Counsel for defense, Harrington, K. C.; George Bingay, K. C.

Oct. 17, 1901.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

"His Trout."

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 26.—The writer of the appended story of a stright-away trout fight is a youth of about 14 years of age. He says, "I look forward to my *FOREST AND STREAM* each week, and read about the doings of other sportsmen, so I thought I would do a story for them to read." He calls it "My Trout," and it goes as follows:

My Trout.

On this camping trip we had a large party, twenty-odd in all, two doctors with their families, two other families and two visitors, to which already large outfit we had three guides. During our stay of six days the stream was well monopolized, and we had some great sport. The second day of our stay was the most eventful for me, raining a little and cloudy. That morning a party consisting of my father, Tappan and Stephen Gregory, Gratiot and Ted Washburne and myself, walked up stream by a logging road and cut into the stream a couple of miles up. Here we got our tackle ready and commenced to fish, going up stream, but we found no good fishing, although there were some good places. So we retraced our steps and started down stream.

We fished along not catching much until I went to a good-looking place, and as I started to fish there my father told me to leave the place to Ted, my youngest brother. I went on with Tappan, catching a few small fish, when a shout from our rear showed that some one had a good one on. It happened that Ted had caught a trout of 1½ pounds, his largest, and was very proud of his fine fish. Pretty soon we came to our boat, and we all got in because the water was pretty deep here.

I suggested that we troll with our trout spinners and worm the rest of the way to camp. On the way down we came to a place where a small clump of alders overhung the water. It was no different from the numerous other clumps of bushes we had passed. But as my spinner was under those bushes, I felt the tug which every trout fisherman recognizes as the strike of a big trout. I dropped my rod back and then struck; then and there the trout determined to get me into trouble as he dashed this way and that, but the rod was an elastic split bamboo of five ounces, which kept a killing strain on him.

From all around me I could hear advice shouted at me, no two people giving the same piece of advice. The trout crossed the stream several times, trying to reach snags and roots, but each time the strain brought him nearer to the boat. At last he came in sight, only to rush off again and to be carefully brought back. He did this several times until my father jumped into the water with a landing net, the boat in the meantime having drifted into shallow water. At the sight of the net the trout made a last dash, only to be brought back again and the net put under him. We weighed him immediately on some correct scales, and he weighed just 4½ pounds. He was a silvery fish from lying in the open water, and he put up a game fight. That is my record brook trout, and I was well pleased, I can tell you, to get him.

After that day I took no especial interest in the fishing; although I went I felt I had my luck and was willing to quit fishing for awhile.

Interesting Angling Gift.

Mr. George F. Knapp, of 714 Sheridan road, Evanston, this week made a present to his neighbor and longtime companion, Mr. Jack Wiggins. To-day I saw the gift, and it is so interesting and curious as to deserve comment. In brief it was a long, leather-covered case, something like the old trunk-shaped gun cases which were once popular. Opened out, this case disclosed itself to be a receptacle for all sorts and conditions of angling material. Mr. Knapp himself is one of those curious beings who can do all sorts of things with tools, and it is his delight to make things with his hands. The case contained four brass casting rods made on rather new lines. Each, as Mr. Knapp explained, was made of historic wood. The hand pieces were made of dark oak and black walnut, some of which was taken from the rails split by Abraham Lincoln. One piece came from an oak which formerly grew on Halsted street in Chicago, a tree which scientists declared to be 2,000 or 3,000 years old. Yet other pieces of wood came from the beams which formerly supported the old Liberty Bell in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Mr. Knapp himself was custodian of the Liberty Bell during the World's Fair, when it started on its journey around the world. He had in other sections of the rod pieces of cedar from Tennessee, of osage orange from the Western States, of cocoa palm from the Indies, of lancewood and other woods. The rods were not toys, but perfect tools for their purpose.

I noticed one invention which Mr. Knapp has used which ought to be adopted by all bait-casters. It is a sort of spur or trigger, like the finger-hold of a revolver grip. The curved projecting metal is placed on the grip of the brass casting rod opposite to the reel and a little way to its rear. The fingers of the hand fit into it and enable one to get a perfect control over the rod, leaving the thumb entirely free for thumbing the reel. The device is very simple and is very much worthy of wider use. Rod makers should see Mr. Knapp about this. As to the other contents of this notable fishing case, the casting reels, lines, hooks, etc., were in part the gift of the children or friends of Mr. Wiggins. There were nets, gaff hooks, line spindles, etc., in abundance. There were wire fish stringers, threading needles, skinning knives, fish scalers, disgorgers, weighing scales, together with clever devices for keeping hooks, flies, etc. in place. There was even a club, something like a short billy or policeman's club, to be used for knocking a large fish in the head. All these different articles were provided with lanyards and snap hooks, so that each could be attached to the boat and be found again in case the boat should be overset. Of repairing tools there were pliers, screw drivers, vises, etc., together with compass and full mending kit, a "housewife" with buttons and needles and a hundred other things which would take much space to specify. In all there were 187 pieces comprised in the equipment of the wonderful angling kit, and of this, every piece, whether of wood or metal, was made by hand by Mr. Knapp himself. There was no shop work or duplicate pattern in the whole outfit, from start to finish. The work could not have been duplicated by the most expert specialists in their respective lines, and Mr. Knapp thoroughly proved not only his patience and kindness, but his rare mechanical genius, in turning out this singularly complete angler's case. It cost three months of labor, and it was presented to Mr. Wiggins at a little house party the other evening. To-day Mr. Wiggins had Mr. Knapp bring it over to the *FOREST AND STREAM* office, as he felt so elated regarding the gift that he thought everybody ought to know of it and be advised yet more fully of the loving care which can be possible at the hands of one fond of the gentle craft. It was certainly a unique and valuable present, and one which it need not be said Mr. Wiggins will cherish all his life.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

A Worthy Disciple of Walton.

THE Westminster Gazette is responsible for the following apocryphal fish story: "A remarkable illustration of the ruling passion strong in death" has been furnished by the president of a provincial angling club. By his will he left £25 to provide an outing for the members of his club, at which he hoped that good sport would be enjoyed and no mourning worn. He further directed that his ashes should be carried in a bait can to the riverside, and, before a line was cast, scattered from a boat over the surface of the stream. By a felicitous coincidence, the combined catch of the club on the day when these directions were carried out was nearly double their previous record. Plato, in the 'Phædo,' pictures Socrates as desiring death for the pleasure of conversing with Homer. But what a meeting there must have been in Hades between this enthusiastic angler and old Izaak Walton!

"What a meeting, indeed! Walton would have broken his fishing rod over him had he ever come across such a desecrator of rivers. Fancy, if all anglers ground-baited with their remains in this way, how the public and the water companies would howl about anglers' rights."—R. B. MARSTON in London Fishing Gazette.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 27-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's third annual show.

Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Washington Court House, O.—Ohio Field Trial Club's fourth annual trials. C. E. Baughn, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Portland, Mich.—Michigan Field Trial Association's fourth annual trials. C. D. Stuart, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's third annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials.—W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. M. Chapin, Sec'y, Pine Meadow, Conn.

Nov. 19.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's third annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.

Nov. 19.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's trials. R. Baughan, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's annual field trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-third annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 25.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Nov. —, Paris, Mo.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials follow M. F. T. A. trials.

Dec. 2.—Glasgow, Mo.—Western Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. C. W. Butts, Sec'y.

Dec. 4-7.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.

Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

BEAGLE TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Roslyn, L. I.—National Beagle Club's twelfth annual trials.—G. Miffin, Wharton, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Watertown, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's inaugural trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Lexington, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's annual trials.

Nov. 12.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

Colonel.

NEWCASTLE, Pa., Oct. 24.—When the inevitable end comes no man could desire to die gamier than did old Colonel. He was a Lubrick-Llewellyn, and was the most famous dog in western Pennsylvania. For an even dozen years he was in demand by the hunters of the community. During the last days of the famous dog the spirit was unbroken and the desire for the chase was consuming, but his strength would not permit. However, the dying efforts of the old-timer were devoted to a run which those who thought most of him could not deny him.

Colonel had a record to be proud of. Coming from dogs that stand at the head of lists of distinguished ones, the subject of this sketch maintained the standard established by his sires. But of all the exploits in which he had taken part, there was none in which the owner and the admirers of the dog took greater pride than his last hunt. It was shortly after the beginning of the season that Will H. Hill, of Newcastle, Pa., Colonel's owner, decided on a day's hunt. His course led him past his father's country home. Here the last days of old Colonel were being spent. The welcome the old dog extended his master was touching. It was not demonstrative, because the weakened old legs would not permit wild caperings. With a piteous whine and trembling with emotion the aged hunter sat on his haunches and looked steadily into his master's face. He would move up and rub his nose on the gun and with a meaning look would whine anxiously as if begging consent to be included in the party to the chase.

Colonel's pleadings won the consent desired. He was taken into the rig and carried to the hunting ground. He was assisted over fences. The younger dogs were scurrying aimlessly in every direction. Colonel took in at a glance the possible hiding places of the birds, went there directly and had made a stand within five minutes after the guns had been taken from the cases. The privilege of bringing in both the birds was reserved for the old veteran. His delight was evident. He endeavored to caper as friskily as the younger dogs, but his legs went down in under him.

The second stand in Colonel's last hunt was made within a few minutes of the first success. He was fast becoming weak, and the bird was brought in by another of the dogs. It was when the party stopped to give the old dog a rest that he dragged himself toward a clump of elders and there made his last stand. This was in reality no stand, for he was resting on his haunches. The effect, however, was that one bird was shot. Then old Colonel dropped on his side and was overcome with exhaustion. After a while he raised himself, but was unable to walk. Slowly he began to stiffen, and it was evident that the end was near. He appeared to be suffering from the effect of the over-exertion. After a brief period, during which the old fellow's suffering did not come to an end, it was decided that he should be assisted across the great divide. It was not the owner who did the job. Colonel had been in Mr. Hill's possession for ten years, and he was greatly attached to him. A sound coffin and a little square in the corner of the garden adjacent to the Hill home is the Colonel's last resting place.

This dog probably retrieved more birds than any other dog in Pennsylvania. It is to his credit that in one year, at matches, he retrieved more than 2,000 birds. He was the dog selected to do the retrieving at the famous \$1,000 match of several years ago between Buchanan, of New York, and Braden, of Lawrence county, Pa. This match was held at the Beaver County (Pa.) Fair Ground.

The grandsire of this dog was the \$10,000 Llewellyn, and the grand dam was once the property of President U. S. Grant.

W. H. HILL.

Lost Dog.

DR. C. H. KEOGH, in a personal letter, takes up the question of dogs lost through carelessness, dishonesty and otherwise. The gentleman's letter is subjoined:

"Any one who has lost a small Llewellyn setter bitch,



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THE START.

From a painting by E. H. Osthaus.

SUPPLEMENT TO FOREST AND STREAM, NOV. 2, 1901.

color white, ticked, markings black, tan on muzzle, may communicate with me. This dog, I am informed, was (probably) picked up in the neighborhood of Aurora in the month of September during the chicken season. It is now on a farm near that city. I ran across this one in looking up a pointer of my own which a trainer lost. My dog was actually lost by a trainer, and he has since recovered the dog for me.

"Dog No. 2 is a rather tall, thin, white and liver pointer dog—lots of liver—ticked. Yesterday, in looking after snipe, I ran across this dog. A farmer near Worth, on the Wabash R. R., near this city, picked him up eight days ago. The farmer says the owner came to him and told him the dog was lost, and that later if the farmer should see the dog, the owner would make it all right with the farmer if he would feed and care for the animal until the owner came back for the dog. This was eight days ago, and the farmer is getting tired of feeding the animal, and he asked me if dog was any good. I told him the animal was a valuable-looking pointer, and to keep him for owner by all means. He said he would.

"Some dogs are lost, and many are lost in the corn country, where looking for them is usually attended with about as much success as looking for the old needle in the haystack. Some trainers are honest."

Philadelphia Dog Show.

THE following specials have been received by the Philadelphia Dog Show Association for their show—Nov. 27 to 30:

A silver cup for the best brace of bulldogs, entered and owned by one exhibitor, to be won outright. Open to all, offered by Miss Ellen Drexel Paul.

The Poodle Club of England offers, open to all, a silver medal for the best poodle dog and bitch, respectively.

The Bull Terrier Club of America offers the Tommy Tickle Cup, the Dunston and Kennelly Cup, the Frank H. Croker Cup and its club medals. These prizes are open to members of the Bull Terrier Club in good standing on Nov. 20, 1901.

Attention is directed to the following errors in the premium list: The Cochran Challenge Shield, offered by A. De Witt Cochran, Esq., for the best Airedale dog, is inserted as the Carnochan Shield. The silver cup for the best brace of toy dogs is offered by Miss Mary Astor Paul, instead of Mr. James W. Paul, Jr., as announced.

The Fox Terrier Team Medals should read: Medal for the best team, smooth. Medal for the best team, wire.

Prize schedules and entry forms may be obtained by application at the office of the Association, 320 Wither-spoon Building. Entries close Nov. 11.

Points and Flushes.

A remarkable proof of a dog's homing instinct is reported by a Welsh correspondent, and as the canine traveler is a celebrity, we readily give prominence to her latest performance. Followers of sheep-dog trials will remember Old Merry, a very smart bitch, owned by Mr. C. Rice, of Llangurig, Montgomeryshire. Although in her fourteenth year, she had, up to quite lately, shown winning form, twice having won the Frank Thomas Cup at Ely. But a few weeks ago, Mr. Rice being in Cardiff, over a hundred miles from his home at the foot of Plynlimmon, left Old Merry with a friend, being convinced, now that her working days are over, that she would have a comfortable home in the metropolis of South Wales. Old Merry, however, thought differently. For the other day she turned up at her old home, having found her way, unaided, from Cardiff. How she did this is a mystery, but Mr. Rice is quite determined that he will not again attempt to get rid of her.—English Stock Keeper.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

Commodore, C. E. Britton, Gananoque, Can.
Secretary-Treasurer, Herb Begg, 24 King street, West Toronto, Canada.
Librarian W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

Division Officers.

ATLANTIC DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Henry M. Dater, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rear-Com., H. D. Hewitt, Burlington, N. J.
Purser, Joseph F. Eastmond, 199 Madison street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Vice-Com., C. P. Forbush, Buffalo, N. Y.
Rear-Com., Dr. C. R. Henry, Perry, N. Y.
Purser, Lyman P. Hubbell, Buffalo, N. Y.

EASTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Louis A. Hall, Newton, Mass.
Rear-Com., C. M. Lamprey, Lawrence, Mass.
Purser, A. E. Kimberly, Lawrence Experimental Station, Lawrence, Mass.

NORTHERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., G. A. Howell, Toronto, Can.
Rear-Com., R. Easton Burns, Kingston, Ontario, Can.
Purser, R. Norman Brown, Toronto, Can.

WESTERN DIVISION.

Vice-Com., Wm. C. Jupp, Detroit, Mich.
Rear-Com., F. B. Huntington, Milwaukee, Wis.
Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXVII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

So late in the summer in this mountain climate, the nights are cool, no matter how hot the days may be, and last night was unusually so, and when I crawled out of my tent, rather early, on this bright Sunday morning, having, for several hours, been unable to sleep for the cold, and undressed myself for the day, I pulled off a stout coat, a pair of long trousers, a heavy sweater and an extra flannel shirt, before reaching my full, daily attire, which had also been put on early in the night. I had also been sleeping in a tightly closed tent, under two blankets and a rubber coat (and "still I was not happy," George remarked, as he stuck his head out of his tent and saw me peeling off all these garments; he said it reminded him

of peeling the different layers off an onion). There was a thick, heavy, white dew on everything which stood in beads on the tops of our tents, and on the decks of our canoes, and lay like a frost on the grass, which was as wet as a rain could have made it.

I found Lacy out ahead of me. He was clad in his usual attire, plus a heavy, white sweater, and was curled up on his camp stool out in the sun, with a book in his hand and his everlasting little briarwood between his teeth, trying to extract what warmth was to be had from the early morning rays. When I started a fire in the camp stove with a view to breakfast, we were all three fain to huddle around it and bask in its grateful glow.

"The river's rising again!" I proclaimed, as I climbed up the steep bank, after performing my matutinal ablutions.

"Oh, pshaw, you don't say!" was George's disgusted exclamation.

"Yes, it has risen 6 inches since last night," I replied; "but it isn't muddy and it doesn't seem to be coming up very fast, and I guess it isn't much of a rise."

"I hope not," said Lacy.

"So do I," added George; "we've got a beautiful stage of water now, and the fishing's getting good, and a rise would spoil everything."

A quiet, restful Sunday in camp is a luxury, and we greatly enjoyed the Sunday spent in our pleasant camp here, although we found, as usual, plenty of occupation. Blankets, mattresses, etc., were hung in the sun. Mess chest and cooking utensils were overhauled and given an extra cleaning and scouring. Shaving materials were produced and used, and canoes and outfit generally given an overhauling and a general putting in order. Letters were written to the ones at home, and the log brought up to date.

Most of the afternoon was passed in our respective tents, with books, pipes and cigars, and we all of us enjoyed a prolonged siesta. The day was a pleasant, enjoyable one, and night came all too soon.

We made a leisurely start on Monday morning, as we had but a ten-mile cruise in view. As the result of a little correspondence from Shenandoah and Riverton, the boys were expecting some young lady friends from Berryville to visit our camp at Castleman's Ferry, and the intention was to drop down to that place and go into camp for a day or so, and wait for developments; so about the middle of the forenoon the canoes were packed and slid down the steep, high bank and launched in the lovely little basin below the waterfall, and we were again afloat.

We had a quiet, uneventful, though very pleasant three hours' cruise, and reached our destination about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We were rejoiced to find the rise but trifling, and the river was already falling again, and the fishing was as good as ever, as we proceeded.

The river was swift, with several long reaches of bold, rocky rapids which, while rough, were tolerably free and open, and gave us no trouble, while affording us fine sport. A mile above Castleman's we passed a large camping party, occupying several tents, which were pitched on the right bank, in a beautiful location.

George's inevitable bugle brought many of the people, both ladies and gentlemen, to the doors of the tents, who gazed curiously at our bright, little, flag-bedecked canoes as they glided rapidly past, but we received no hail and did not land. We afterward learned that the party hailed from down near Washington.

We found a beautiful, little spot for a camp at Castleman's Ferry, on a turfy bank across the road from Mr. Osborn's fine, old-time residence, which is located right on the bank of the river, and permission was readily granted us to pitch our camp there, and, after partaking of a somewhat belated and therefore unusually ample lunch, the canoes were unpacked and leisurely carried up the bank, and the camp put up, including the fly.

The afternoon was passed pleasantly and quietly. We received letters and papers here, and had letters to write in reply. I took a walk up the pike for a mile, toward Berryville, until I had surmounted the long hill which sloped gently back from the river, when I was rewarded with a view of the beautiful country surrounding us—nowhere more beautiful than down in this part of the broad, smiling, well-tilled valley. The old Castleman mansion, not far from the road, was very interesting to me, and I was strongly tempted to invent some errand or other to take me up to it and get a closer view of it.

While rambling across the grounds fronting the old mansion, a little inclosure containing a few grave stones, shaded by a few old locusts and surrounded by a worm-eaten, old, picket fence, attracted my attention, and closer inspection revealed a flat tombstone covering a grave, on which was the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Mrs. Betty Carter, dau. of Mrs. Betty Lewis, who was a sister of Gen. George Washington," etc., "died 1830, aged 60 years."

When we landed alongside of the ferry boat, on reaching here, we noted several punts and rowboats moored under the stone wall just above the ferry, one of which, a wretched, little affair, sharp at both ends, and with very little beam and too much depth, in which George and I would hardly care to risk ourselves to cross the river, was afterward pointed out to us as the boat from which Rev. Mr. Brown, the unfortunate Front Royal Methodist minister, was drowned last June in Watson's Falls, a few miles above Harper's Ferry, while attempting a fishing trip from Riverton to Washington.

He and a son were in this boat, and Mr. Maurice Castleman and two other gentlemen were in a second boat. The river was up a few feet, as it is always liable to be in June, and Watson's Falls—at all times a peculiarly rough and dangerous place—was particularly so at this stage, and utterly unsafe to attempt in any kind of boat, particularly an open boat. This party attempted it, however, and Mr. Castleman, with the assistance of one of his friends (the other man wisely declined the falls, and went ashore and walked around), succeeded in getting his boat through, although filled with water. Mr. Brown, however, did not succeed in running the falls. His boat—already half swamped—struck a rock about half way down, and was capsized, and he and his son were thrown out. They hung to the boat, and were carried down the falls some 50 or 60 yds., when the boat again hung on the rocks near the foot of the falls, and they were torn from their hold and swept down the remorseless rapid. Both were ex-

pert swimmers, but all the skill a man might possess would avail him but little in such water. There was a life preserver in the boat, which, previous to the descent of the falls, the father had insisted upon the son buckling around him. The son, in some manner—sustained, most likely, by the live preserver—succeeded in getting ashore, but the father was unable to maintain himself in the horribly rough water, and was drowned.

The evening was spent quietly and cosily around a bright, little blaze of a camp-fire, which served to render our evening pipes and cigars the more enjoyable. The calm, quiet night was impressive in its beauty. Across the road the lights gleamed brightly in the Osburn mansion. People came and went, and the pleasant tones of voices in conversation on the ample veranda, mingled with merry laughter, which, with the bright strains of music from an excellent piano, whose keys were caressed by a well-trained performer, added a cheeriness to the camp scene quite out of the common. The tents gleamed brightly in the firelight, in which the sloping roof of the fly loomed up in relief against the darkness and the paddles, leaning against the great timber anchor, around whose windlass was wound the heavy, wire, ferry cable, stood out prominently in the flickering light, while, outside the little, illuminated circle, the trees loomed up in vague, black masses against the sky, and the river flowed still and mirror-like, reflecting in its calm bosom the countless stars in the firmament above, while, gently pervading, and mingling with the other sounds of the night, the musical murmur of the swift-flowing water, as it gurgled around the outer end of the ferry boat, fell in a drowsy, unending monotone on our ears.

Next morning's mail hack brought, among other letters and papers, a letter for the boys, stating that their Berryville friends would arrive that afternoon, and about 2:30, to the great pleasure of all of us, a carriage drove into the camp, from which alighted Major Moore, the Misses Moore and Miss McDonald. In such pleasant society the time flew rapidly, and at 6 o'clock, on seeing a lunch basket approaching from the carriage, I got up steam in the camp stove and prepared a large pot of coffee, some bacon and a cheese omelette, which, with the chicken fixings and other supplies and delicacies discovered in the lunch basket, made an ample supper, which rapidly dwindled away under the combined, spirited attacks of the party.

After supper the young ladies turned to with a will, and washed up the dishes, to the great delight of George and Lacy, to whom belongs the job of a dishwasher. Their efforts were much facilitated by the big bucket of hot water I prepared for them on the camp stove while we were engaged in eating supper. Their amusement over the little dish-swab contrivance used by the boys was great, and their disdain for the squeamishness which led to the use of such a contrivance, in preference to the feminine method of putting their hands in the dish water, was expressed with much freedom and vigor. It was observed, however, that they used it, and, before dish wash was over, its merits and advantages were so obvious that they were fain to admit that perhaps men knew a thing or two after all in regard to women's work.

They made an attempt to wash the melted resin, coal oil, etc., out of the iron ladle used more for purposes of refreshing the fire and patching the canoes than for culinary or domestic purposes, but, after persistent and unavailing use of soap and hot water, they perforce gave it up, with many expressions of wonder and disgust at the use of such a vile cooking utensil.

In due time the horse was hitched to the surrey and the party prepared to return to Berryville. The round of gayeties at Berryville held out in bright colors by the young ladies, including a card party to-night, a tournament to-morrow and a german to-morrow night, coupled with the cordial invitations of the fair visitors and backed by my own urging, proved too much for the boys, and when the party drove out of the camp, homeward bound, George and Lacy and the bugle went with them, after promising to forego the pleasures of the tourney and the german, and to positively return in the morning hack, leaving me alone in charge of the camp for the night. The little surrey was only built for four, and as it meandered slowly off up the hill the feet, legs and arms of the boys seemed to pervade the adjacent atmosphere in alarming proximity to the wheels on every side.

Major Moore cast wistful glances at the tents before starting—the camp instinct remaining as strong as ever with him—and their snugness appeared so inviting to him that it would have taken but little persuasion to induce him to remain; and I would have been glad of his society and could have put him up comfortably in Lacy's boat, his boat being the beamiest of the three. I did not urge him, however, for I feared that, at best, he would find the narrow, coffin-like accommodations afforded by the canoe entirely too circumscribed, and I also feared that the sharp, cool, September night would be felt by him too much, so he drove reluctantly away with his party.

"There now, I knew it," I exclaimed, as I walked slowly back from the road to the camp, "if those trifling girls in their cleaning up haven't gone and left that frying pan, which they used for a dish pan, unwashed and full of stale, greasy water! A nice lot of housekeepers they'll make, I don't think! It's the most disagreeable thing in the whole outfit to wash, and I'll have the job of doing it myself. Well, I won't bother with it now; I'll wait till morning and wash it while preparing breakfast. I ought, by rights, to use the other frying pan and leave this one for the boys to clean, after they get back, but I won't play such a mean trick on them."

So saying, I lit the lantern for the night, and hung it in its accustomed place, at one end of the fly, and, after my evening cigar, I walked over to Mr. Osborn's, where I passed a couple of hours very pleasantly, listening to the excellent piano playing of Miss Osborn, and contributing a little in that line myself. At 9:30 I bade good-night to my kind entertainers and returned to camp, where, after snugly ensconcing myself in my little cabin with book and cigar, I lay and read for an hour and a half before I doused my glim and went to sleep for the night.

I did not turn out particularly early next morning, having slept better than usual, owing to the fact that I had had the presence of mind to borrow Lacy's blankets the night before, and it was considerably after 7 o'clock when

I sat down to my solitary breakfast of fried bacon, eggs, potatoes and coffee.

While I was preparing it, Mrs. Osburn came across the road from the house with another large basket of hot rolls, having kindly sent us a basketful the day before. She also brought a little jug of cream and an invitation to come over and take breakfast with them. The rolls and cream were gratefully accepted, but the invitation to breakfast was declined, as mine was already sizzling away to a finish on the stove.

After the cooking things were put to rights and the camp tidied up for the reception of visitors, the Osburn ladies came over and inspected it. They took great interest in the various objects as I showed them around, from the compact and comfortable sleeping arrangements to the unique and original cooking outfit. Their wonder was great as to how so many things could be gotten into such small boats, and they looked on with great interest and amusement while I packed the kitchen ware, to illustrate partly how it was done, explaining, as I packed, how the different articles—frying pans, kettles, buckets, coffee pot, plates, etc.—nested together, one inside the other, until the whole outfit was finally contained in the one big bucket, which, in turn, found place in the up-turned camp stove, in which was also found room for stove pipe, coal oil can, tin cups and divers and sundry other small articles.

About 9 o'clock the mail hack rolled up to the door of the store across the way, to leave the mail sacks, and I was not surprised to note that the boys were not in it, as, in spite of their assurances that they would return in the morning without fail, I felt confident that the attractions of the tourney and the german, coupled with those of their fair friends, would prove too much for them. I had, however, but barely given them up when I was roused by the familiar, dulcet blasts of George's bugle—George, I think, sleeps with that instrument of torture under his pillow—and, in a few minutes more, they walked into the camp, having gotten out of the hack at the top of the hill and walked down.

Mr. Osburn was much disappointed last night that George had gone away, as he had been very desirous of having us play some more piano and violin duets, so this morning, after the canoes were packed and ready to launch, George and I spent an hour in the parlor, rendering such duets as we could extemporize from Miss Osburn's stock of songs, and it was 11 o'clock when we finally slid the canoes over the side of the ferry boat into the river and embarked.

With cordial adieus and well wishes from our newfound friends—whose kindness and cordial hospitality had made our little stay here a delightfully pleasant one—we turned our prows down the river and were soon out of sight.

The day's run, though uneventful, was a delightfully pleasant one. Lacy was not feeling quite well, so we dallied lazily along in the shade of the overhanging trees as much as possible. We were in no hurry, as we only intended to cruise as far as Shannondale Springs for the day—quite a short day's cruise on the present good water—so as to have the whole of to-morrow in which to pick our way through the rough, dangerous water with which the river ends its course, our camp at the springs taking us within two or three miles of the beginning of this rough water.

The river, always beautiful, became more and more so as we proceeded. Broad, deep and majestic, it flowed for the most part, broken, as above, by frequent, long, beautiful rapids, which, at the present stage, while long and rough, gave us no trouble, as the boat channels were good and plainly apparent, in whose strong, deep flow the sparkling wave crests scarcely wet our decks. Frequent broad, low, turfy banks and lawn-like slopes swept gently up from the river, shaded with fine, old trees and dotted with comfortable, mansion-like farmhouses, replacing the almost-continuous bluffs which had seemed to line the river above, and which still appeared at intervals—massive, picturesque and imposing, towering their rocky fronts above the black, reflective depths of the river, as it washed their bases.

The water, which had been clearing steadily ever since we left Riverton, was of marvelous purity, rivaling the clear, amber, trout streams of the mountains, so transparent that every rock, reef and pebble on the bottom, in 8 or 10 feet of water, was distinctly visible through the deep, blue haze, through which the rays of light penetrated in long, slanting lines, and a curiously giddy sensation was produced in all of us, when, standing up in the canoes to reconnoitre a rapid or fall, as we glided along over the abysmal bottom, with the great chasms between the uplifted reefs, apparently suspended in air.

Sometimes for miles we shot along on swift, shallow water, not over a foot or two in depth, over a gravelly bottom, which gleamed with a warm, amber tint through the glassy medium as though covered with a thin sheet of varnish, and the sensation of swiftly gliding along just above the ground, without touching anything and without effort, was deliciously novel, and more like flying than anything I have ever experienced.

The curling wave crests in the rapids gleamed with a pearly whiteness, while the ever-present limestone ledges assumed a blue-black hue through the transparent medium.

The paddle blades assumed a peculiar, obtuse angle with the shaft, or loom, and gleamed with a yellowish indigo tint through the deep, blue water of the pools, and a long, funnel-shaped line of pearly, bluish bubbles gleamed deep down in the water after each stroke, and curled and wreathed upward to the surface in beautiful little, spiral whirlpools, and lingered to dance awhile in our gently swirling wakes, before dissipating into the air.

The fishing was, of course, excellent. Below each reef or line of falls George and I would roind in on the slack water on one side or the other of the swift tail, which poured through the gap in the reef down over which we had just shot, and make a few casts right and left, while Lacy drifted lazily on the slackened current below, as he waited for us. Our casts were rarely unrewarded with a rise, and my flies were satisfactorily alluring, while George's diabolical phantom was as deadly as ever, and his canoe became fairly encumbered with the weight of fish dragging alongside in his stout, twine fish bag long before we made our evening camp.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A. C. A. to Meet on Cape Cod.

CANOEISTS representing the entire Eastern part of the country and a part of Canada attended the annual meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Canoe Association at Newton, Mass., on Oct. 26. The host was Com. Louis Armitage Hall, and the entertaining club was the Wawbewawa, of Auburndale. The gathering extended over Oct. 27.

The features were the selection for the first time of an Eastern site for the next national meet, on Cape Cod, probably Chatham, Aug. 8 to 22; the announcement of the purchase of a permanent camp, Sugar Island, in the St. Lawrence River, and the adoption of a new type of sailing canoe to conform with that of the Royal C. C.

The last-mentioned change came through the suggestion of Herman Dudley Murphy, of the Winchester C. C., who failed to bring back the Royal Canoe Challenge cup from the other side this summer.

The new name for Sugar Island, which is not yet confirmed, is Ya-ka-wa-tha.

Francis J. Burrage, of the Wawbewawa Club was chosen Secretary-Treasurer, and H. H. Smythe Library Custodian.

Red Dragon Canoe Club.

THE annual fall paddling trophy race of the Red Dragon C. C., of Philadelphia, was held over the Delaware River course, at the club's house, Wissonoming, Pa., Saturday, Sept. 28. In addition to the paddling race, a swimming contest was held.

In the paddling race, one-half mile, M. D. Wilt won first by a few inches. E. D. Hemingway second, H. E. Davis third. McLeod withdrew.

The swimming race was won by H. E. Davis, McLeod second. Denison withdrew.

In the evening a supper was served in "Snug Harbor," the Rathskeller of the club house. During the evening the trophies offered by the Commodore were presented to the winners.

The club members have enjoyed many cruises this summer, principally day trips on the several narrow, winding creeks within a few miles of the club house, the Rancocas, Pensauken and Pennypack being the favorite runs. On the first-named stream several two-days' trips were made, in which the wives of some of the members formed part of the crew. This has been a canoeing year for the Red Dragons, and the sailing interest appears less than for several seasons.

W. K. P.

Yachting.

THE very interesting letter that appeared in our issue of last week under the heading "Communications," signed by J. C. Jacobsen, was received by Mr. F. Grey Griswold, owner of the cruising ketch Savola, who sent the letter to us for publication. The letter was written by the sailing master of the yacht on his arrival in Florida waters, informing the owner of the boat's safety after a bad passage down the coast. The boat's performances under the most trying conditions were remarkable, and fast time was made on the run.

Savola was designed by Mr. Ralph M. Munroe, of Coconut Grove, Fla., and was built by Messrs. A. C. Brown & Sons, Tottenville, S. I. The yacht is 67ft. over all, 50ft. 6in. waterline, 17ft. beam and draws 2ft. 10½in. Her least freeboard is 2ft. 6in. The area of her lower sails is 2,026 sq. ft. Savola is equipped with a 16-horsepower International gas engine.

MESSRS. TAMS, LEMOINE & CRANE, the well-known yacht designers and brokers, have announced that Shamrock II. was put on their sale list by Sir Thomas Lipton shortly before he left America. The news was something of a surprise, as Sir Thomas had intimated that he would challenge again in 1903, and that being the case, Shamrock II. would have made a most valuable trial boat, as she was so evenly matched in speed with Columbia, and it now looks as if Sir Thomas had given up the idea of having another try for the America's Cup. No price was set on Shamrock II., her owner simply saying that he wished to be advised of any reasonable offers that might be made for her. It is unlikely that she will be sold to an American, as she would be an unsuitable boat to race in these waters. Unless Columbia and Constitution were put in commission she would not have a competitor, and the expense of running these big boats is so great that they are now seldom raced, unless there is a challenge for the Cup, and as next year bids fair to be an off year for that great event, it is not probable that any of the big fellows will be seen in the racing.

As Mr. William Fife and Mr. George L. Watson have both put themselves on record as not wishing to undertake the task of designing another Cup yacht, the London Field in the following editorial runs over the situation and comments on the possible English designers that might be competent to turn out a successful boat in the event of there being another English challenge issued:

The question naturally arises, if another challenge is made, who will be the designer of the yacht which will represent a British club in the contest for the America's Cup? Shamrock I., designed by Mr. Fife, tried and failed in 1899, and now that Shamrock II., the outcome of Mr. Watson's labors, has also been beaten by Columbia, to whom can any syndicate or individual intrust the work of thinking out the lines of a new challenger? A number of names at once occur of designers to whom this thankless task might be allotted. First of all, we have that eminent young designer, Mr. Charles E. Nicholson, of the firm of Camper & Nicholson, at Gosport. Mr. C. E. Nicholson has more than once struck the keynote of success with an entirely new departure in yacht architecture, and it must be remembered that it is only a new departure in design that will win the America's Cup—the trophy will not leave New York in the locker of a vessel which is merely a replica of a Herreshoff yacht. We may try year after year with mere copies of former

American productions and emulate the evolutions of Mr. Herreshoff's brain *ad infinitum* without hope of success, but if we want to win we must strike out a line of our own, cast off the mantle of convention, and make a bold bid for originality. Next to Mr. Nicholson—we are not attempting to enumerate our designers in the order of their merit, but merely mention the names as they occur to us—we have Mr. A. E. Payne, of Summers & Payne, at Southampton, whose racing yachts built during the last few seasons have been prettier vessels than any of those launched on the Clyde; in fact, it is not too much to say that some of Payne's best boats have known no equal for beauty on either side of the Atlantic.

Mr. Crowninshield, the originator of the scow yacht in America, was given a chance to build a Cup yacht to defend the trophy when he constructed the ill-fated Independence for Mr. Lawson, even though for divers reasons the vessel was not properly tried. Mr. Crowninshield was essentially a small-boat man, but many yachtsmen in America still believe that, given a fair chance, he could give Mr. Herreshoff points at his own game of designing goft. racers. We have at Cowes in Mr. C. Sibbick, of the Albert Yard, an equally original and, to our mind, even more skillful designer of small craft, and it would be a matter of momentous importance in the history of yachting if he were given a chance of designing a yacht to contest for the America's Cup. Mr. C. Sibbick has literally designed hundreds of racers, and although among them there have been some bad sea boats, and others with various troubles and faults to be recorded against them, they almost without exception have been winners. Sibbick's boats are proverbially fast, and when light displacement is left unchecked, as it is under the rating rule of the New York Y. C., Mr. C. Sibbick is to be seen at his best. If the enterprising owner of the Albert Yard at Cowes could put on the water a goft. Sakuntala, which could be handled as easily as that vessel, Columbia would be completely outclassed.

While considering who is the best man to design the next challenger for the America's Cup, we cannot help feeling that there is room for a young designer to come to the front at the present time, and in addition to the claims of the before-mentioned gentlemen, those of Mr. J. M. Soper, Mr. Mylne and others to distinction in their profession should not be disregarded.

During the past season the most successful designer in this country has been Mr. Fife, and we think if he were given another chance of drawing the lines of a challenger for the America's Cup it would be found that she would take a somewhat different form from Shamrock I. and Shamrock II. It has been said that Mr. Fife was partly responsible for the design of the second Shamrock, but such a saying is totally inaccurate and without a vestige of foundation. Mr. Fife most loyally gave Mr. Watson the lines of his Shamrock I., and afforded him all the information he was able about the vessel, but he had nothing whatever to do with designing Shamrock II., which was solely produced by Mr. G. L. Watson. When thinking out the new linear rating rule, Mr. Fife certainly struck some fresh ideas, and if they were evolved in the first instance more with a view to saving a little here and there in the new system of measurement—or shall we say evading the girth tax?—rather than with the idea of finding a new form capable of attaining a higher speed in relation only to length and sail area, it is by no means certain that practical results have not shown that something more than was originally contemplated has been accomplished. By this we mean that Magdalen, Piccolo and Zinita, now called Sorais II., do not owe their success merely to the fact that they saved a bit on their 4d measurement, but the form of these flyers is in itself a departure in the right direction. If a 52ft. Magdalen could so easily beat a Senga, why should not a goft. Magdalen be proportionately faster than a Shamrock? We hope that Mr. Fife may have an opportunity of solving this problem in the near future.

Buzzard's Bay One-Designed Class.

IN a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, mention was made of the new class of one-design boats for Buzzard's Bay yachtsmen. In this issue we are able to reproduce the cabin and sail plans of these boats.

One-design classes have been anything but successful in American waters, and as they are detrimental to the science of yacht designing, it has been our policy to oppose them. The only really successful one-design class that has stood out prominently in yachting history is the Newport special thirties, and conditions have always been in favor of these boats, being owned as they are by members of the wealthy Newport summer colony. The owners, coming to the same place year after year and being men of leisure, are able to race almost every day, and in that way the interest is never allowed to flag.

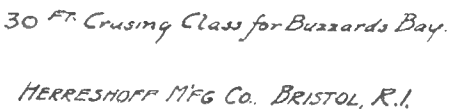
The Buzzard's Bay one-design class was suggested by the success of the Newport thirties, but even though the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company is to design and build them, it is hardly probable that the new class will be as good as the Newport boats. It is barely possible that the new boats will be as fast and weatherly as the Newport specials, for in designing those boats Herreshoff hit upon a combination of speed and ableness that he has never since reached in boats of that size.

The syndicate of yachtsmen that was formed to build these boats is rather an exclusive one, with laws of its own, amendable only by the rules of the Beverly Y. C., but that the rules have met with general approval is shown by the fact that twelve boats are to be built. The following is the agreement entered into by the members of the syndicate:

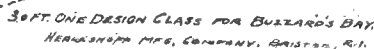
"It is mutually agreed that the present owners shall reserve for themselves the right of admitting to participation in their races, by unanimous vote, any new boats constructed after June, 1902.

"It is still further mutually agreed that in case of sale by any member of the syndicate to any one not a member of the Beverly Y. C., the present owners shall reserve the right of admitting or not the new owner to participation in their races, also by unanimous vote.

"As the object to this class is to combine comfortable cruising with racing, it is mutually agreed that no part of the equipment, as received from the builders, shall be removed from the boats previous to any races,



Length—	Over all	45ft.	9in.
	L.W.L.	29ft.	4in.
Overhang—	Forward	7ft.	
	Aft	9ft.	5in.



SAIL PLAN—BUZZARD'S BAY ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

Freeboard—	
Stem	3ft. 6in.
Taffrail	2ft. 10in.
Least	2ft. 3in.
Draft—	
To rabbet	3ft.
Board up	5ft. 2in.
Board down	13ft.
Beam	12ft.
Sail area	1,300 sq. ft.
Mast—	
From stem at L.W.L.	8ft. 6in.
Diameter at deck	8in.
Boom	35ft. 6in.
Gaff	22ft.
Bowsprit outboard	8ft. 6in.

Rhode Island Y. C. One-Designed Class.

In the early part of this year several members of the Rhode Island Y. C. decided to establish a one-design class of raceabouts, to be 18ft. on the waterline. Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., was commissioned to design the boats, and after a season's racing and cruising the owners are unanimous in their praise of them.

The first trip that the boats made was from Noank, Conn., to Pawtucket, R. I.; the wind was strong from



RHODE ISLAND ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

the E. to start, and as it had been blowing from that quarter for more than a week, consequently there was a nasty sea on. The race was started off Watch Hill, and nine of the boats entered. When they reached Point Judith the wind hauled to the N.E. and blew with increased velocity, making the entire course a beat to windward. The run was made in ten and one-half hours—very good time, considering that the weather conditions were so bad and that the boats were untried. The only accident that happened was the breaking of the tiller on Flying Fish. Mr. Howard E. Barlow's Vim was the winner.

Another one of these boats, Baby Roger, owned by Mr. F. A. Chase, made the trip from Noank, Conn., to Bristol,

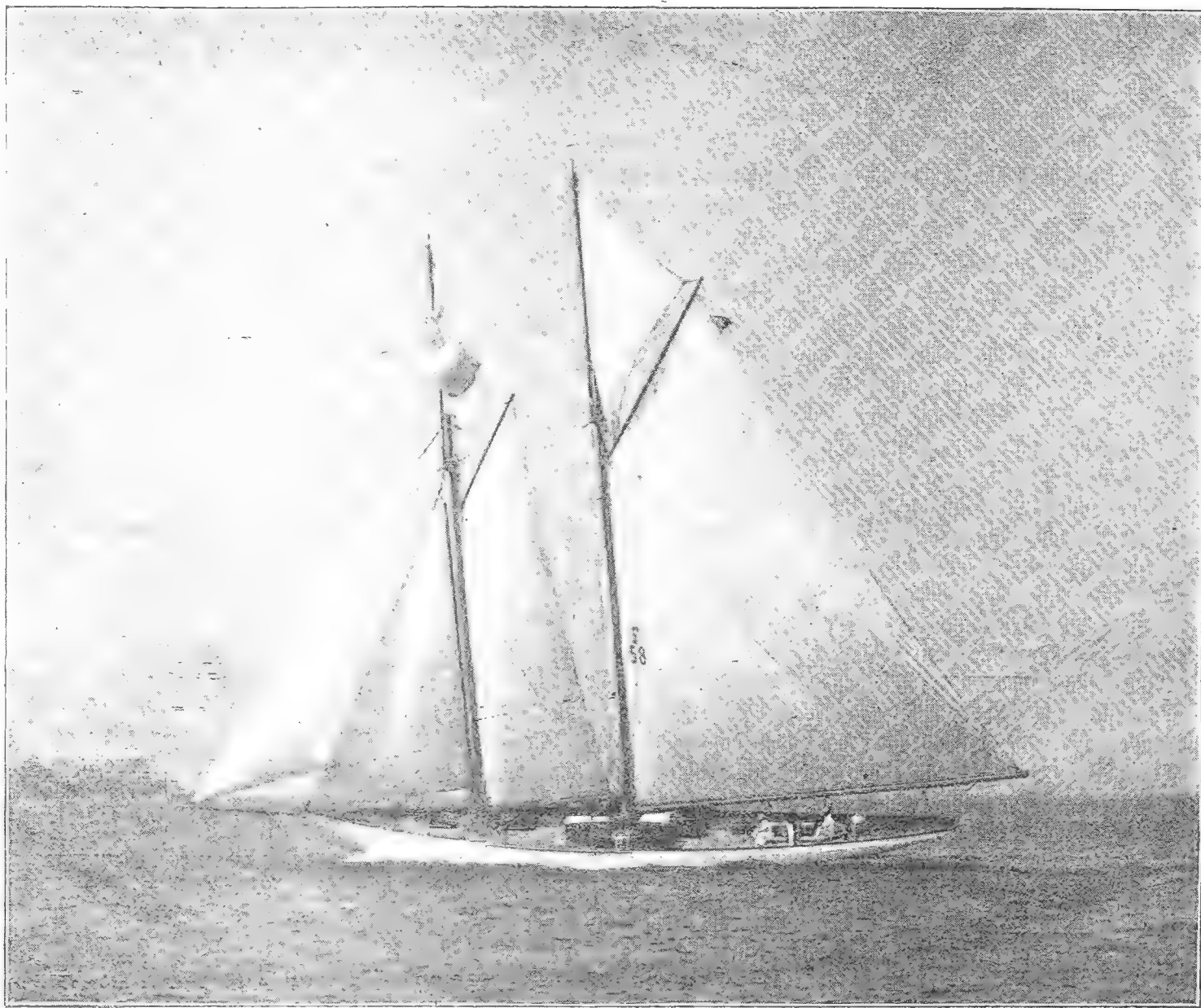


RHODE ISLAND ONE-DESIGN CLASS.

R. I., close hauled the entire way, in six and one-half hours, a remarkable run for so small a boat. The two photographs which accompany this article give a good idea of the appearance of the boats regarding both their general design and rig.

The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
L.W.L.	18ft.
Over all	28ft.
Overhang—	
Forward	4ft. 5½in.
Aft	5ft. 6½in.
Freeboard—	
Stem	2ft. 9 in.
Taffrail	2ft.
Least	1ft. 1 in.
Draft—	
Board up	2ft. 7 in.
Board down	5ft. 11 in.
Beam—	
Extreme	9ft.
L.W.L.	8ft. 3 in.
Area lateral plane, including rudder and centerboard	36.71 sq. ft.
Displacement	3,920lbs.
Ballast, on keel (iron)	1,500lbs.
Mast, deck to shoulder	27ft.
Boom	23ft. 4 in.
Gaff	13ft. 6 in.
Area—	
Mainsail	403.25 sq. ft.
Jib	101.75 sq. ft.
Total	505.00 sq. ft.



INDRA.

Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston, Mass.

The keels are of oak gin. wide amidships. Stem sided 3in., planking is of cedar ¾in. thick when finished. Frames are of oak 1in. square, spaced gin. on centers. Decks are of ¾in. pine, covered with canvas, as is the top of the cabin house. The cockpit is watertight, and drains out aft. The centerboard is raised and lowered from the forward end of the cockpit.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Oct. 28.—A special meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts was held Thursday evening, at which several amendments, that were laid over from the regular October meeting, were brought up for further consideration. The matter of entries under Rule III., Section 1, was amended by striking out the words "It must be accompanied by a certificate of measurement, club measurer's certificate accepted subject to protest, such entry to answer for one season," and to add, "Such entry to be sufficient for one season," and "A yacht may enter in all the classes to which she is eligible." The principal feature of this amendment is in allowing a yacht to race in all classes to which she is eligible. This privilege is enjoyed now under the rules, and the offering of the amendment was simply to obtain the opinion of the majority as to whether the custom should be continued.

The matter of allowing any kind of freak boats to race in the unrestricted classes was again brought up, although defeated at the regular meeting. The same general feeling was evident Thursday night—that is, that freaks are not desired. The movement to abolish the use of trusses entirely was also brought up, but with no better success than before. The racing men in Massachusetts are strong in the use, or misuse, of trusses for the purpose of lengthening or shortening the waterline, but they realize that, in certain boats of the unrestricted classes, trusses are almost a necessity, and they are willing that they should be used, provided they are used rightly.

Under Rule VIII., Sections 6 and 7, governing scantling restrictions, it was voted to insert the words "above the cabin floor" after the words "floor space" in both sections. By this amendment it becomes possible to locate the cabin floor and the cabin headroom permanently, a thing which has bothered the official measurer during the past season.

Sections 10, 11, 13, 14 and 15, of Rule VIII., governing sail area, were amended, and as the new rules which were adopted to take their places may be of interest to racing men in other sections, I quote them in full. They are as follows:

Sec. 10. The actual area of the sails allowed in Rule XII., except balloon jib and spinnaker, shall be measured by the official measurer. The number of square feet in each sail shall be stamped on each sail by the official measurer in full, round, black figures, not less than 3in. high. This number shall be known as the official number of the sail, and shall always be visible. Any yacht using a sail not bearing the official number shall be disqualified, any rules to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. 11. In no case shall the area of the mainsail and mizzen sail exceed 80 per cent. of the entire area allowed.

Sec. 12. The distance from the center of the mast to the outer end of the spinnaker boom when the latter is at right angles to the fore and aft center line of the yacht, multiplied by the height of the spinnaker halyard block above the deck, shall not exceed 550 per cent. of the actual area of the working headsails.

The distance from the forward end of the bowsprit to the center of the mast, multiplied by the height of the highest jib halyard block above the deck, shall not exceed 300 per cent. of the actual area of the working headsails.

Spinnakers and all headsails, the actual area of which

is not measured, shall be triangular. No spinnaker shall extend above the spinnaker halyard block, or beyond the end of the spinnaker boom. No jib shall extend above the highest jib halyard block, or beyond the end of the bowsprit.

Sec. 13. The official measurer shall be provided with the correct sail plan of any boat to be measured, and previous to the measurement the owner should cause distinguishing marks satisfactory to the measurer to be placed on the spars as follows: On the masts at the tack and at the throat of the mainsail, there to be but one mark each for throat and tack, foresail and mizzen sail respectively; on the boom at the clue of the mainsail, foresail and mizzen sail respectively. These marks shall be black bands not less than 1in. wide, painted around the spar in a manner satisfactory to the measurer. The inner edges of the bands shall mark the limits to which the sails may stretch without exceeding the sail area allowed. No part of any sail shall extend beyond these marks or beyond the point limited for spinnaker and jib halyard blocks in Sec. 12.

There are several things in these changes that are commendable. In Sec. 10 the change is made of measuring the actual area of the headsails instead of the area of the forward triangle, as formerly. This gives the yachtsmen an opportunity of placing headsails where, in their opinion, they will do the greatest amount of work. It gives greater amount of leeway in rigging, while the proportion of the headsails to the mainsail remains the same. The official markings on the sails are an admitted necessity.

In figuring out the limits of the spinnaker and balloon, under Sec. 12, measurements were taken from existing boats, and also from experimental sail plans. The rule governing the limits of the spinnaker makes the area of that sail 2.75 times that of the working headsails, while the restrictions on balloon make its area 1.5 times that of the working headsails. As the proportion of sail area is governed by the beam of the boat, it will be seen that this rule is likely to be fair to all.

The rule governing percentage was again brought up, but was again considered too weighty for hasty consideration. It was proposed, however, that the percentage table of the Beverly Y. C. be adopted, and it is likely that at the next meeting of the Association this will be accepted. By doing this the percentage for second place instead of becoming smaller will become greater. The Beverly Y. C. percentage rule is one that will commend itself to all. It is based on a sliding scale, and the amount of percentage depends upon the number of entries, but all yachts racing are given a mark. Under this rule a yacht which has beaten another yacht the greater number of times is sure to get the greater percentage. It compels a yacht to sail if she wants to get a look in at the championship.

It has been rumored that one or more Seawanhaka cup yachts are to be designed in Boston, but a thorough search failed to reveal that any such designs have yet been started. It was gathered that such news would not be beyond the bounds of possibility at an early date, as some talk has been made with one Boston designer.

Crowninshield is at work on a 30-footer, Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association rating, for Mr. W. C. Allison. She is to be raced at Bar Harbor. Mr. Allison's 32-footer, which was designed by Crowninshield and built by Lawley this season, has been fitted with a new set of spars. Crowninshield is now at work on the lines of another fisherman for W. J. Emerson. She will be 80 tons, net, and will probably be built by Story, of Essex.

Starling Burgess has just turned out a 21ft. cruising knockabout for Mr. Leland Powers. She will be used for fishing around Block Island. There is considerable body to this boat, and she is well cut up. She is of the semi keel type, with the centerboard below the cabin floor. He is also at work on the lines of a 28ft. Y. R. A. yawl.

for his uncle, Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C. Besides these, he has an 18ft. cruiser of 9ft. beam and 16in. draft, which, it is thought, may develop some speed.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Three-Masted Cruising Schooner Shenandoah.

WORK on the three-masted topsail schooner yacht building for Mr. Gibson Fahnestock at the yard of the Townsend & Downey Shipbuilding Co., at Shooter's Island, S. I., is well under way, and the yacht is now nearly plated.

Shenandoah, for that is what the yacht is to be named, was designed by Mr. Theodore E. Ferris, who is Superintendent of Construction for the builders. She is 135ft. long over all, 100ft. on the waterline, 27ft. beam and draws 14ft. The yacht resembles in many ways the craft now building at the same yard for the German Emperor. In design the yacht shows that she is intended solely for cruising, and has no abnormal features in her make up. The midship section is easy and well-turned, with full garboards. The bow sections are easy, being just full enough to prevent diving and taking solid water on board. The yacht has a raised quarter deck, an arrangement similar to that on Mr. Tod's schooner Thistle. All the deck fittings are of teak and are designed to stand heavy strains. Six boats will be carried, also two life-boats, two gigs, a cutter and a launch.

The rig is a novel one, and in a way is an experiment. By putting in a third mast the size and weight of spars all through were reduced greatly, permitting the yacht being put under shortened canvass in much less time and with fewer men than if she were rigged as a two-master.

Shenandoah is very roomy below deck, and her cabins are laid out to the best possible advantage. The main saloon is 15ft. long and extends the width of the boat. This room is fitted with an organ and a fireplace, in addition to the usual furniture. The main cabin occupies the central part of the vessel; aft of that department come two staterooms, each 10ft. by 12ft. These rooms are furnished with double beds, bureaus, hanging closets, wash basins, sofas, etc. On the starboard side opposite is another stateroom and a bath room. Next aft on this side is the owner's bath room; adjoining is the owner's stateroom, which is 11ft. by 25ft. Aft of the owner's room on the starboard side is the sailing master's room, and opposite is the chart room. The main companion-way leads from the passage running aft from the saloon to a small deck house, which will be used as a sort of an observatory by the owner and his guests in bad weather. The boat is decorated in the Colonial style—all the trim, base boards, wainscoting and paneling being of white pine, finished in an enamel cream-white, while all doors are of mahogany. This scheme of decoration gives a light and airy appearance to the cabins.

Forward of the saloon are the pantry and galley, and still further forward come the officers' quarters and the mess room. A large forecabin is in the extreme forward part of the boat.

Shenandoah will be launched in December, and will be finished and ready to turn over to her owner early in January. The yacht will be taken by her owner to the West Indies first, and later to the Mediterranean.

A Comment on Yacht Measurement on Great Lakes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The current number (Oct. 19) of the FOREST AND STREAM contains a virtual confession of the failure of the measurement rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes to secure or encourage the building of a satisfactory type of yacht in the action taken of instructing the Construction Committee to frame a rule to secure greater living space on board yachts.

In considering this question, the right of every yacht owner to a liberty of choice or of individual action should not be infringed by arbitrary requirements which would make a yacht unsuited to his purpose. On the other hand, the general principle should be recognized that, to have good racing it should be impossible, by any sacrifice of seaworthy qualities, room or strength, to obtain an advantage over competitors that is not in some way compensated for.

The general principle to be followed, as has often been stated, is to encourage the building and racing of fast, seaworthy, strong yachts, which purpose will be secured if the yachts have moderate sail areas, good displacement, reasonable draft and moderate ratio of ballast to displacement.

This will, I believe, be admitted by the thinking yachtsman as broadly true; there is, however, one feature of design concerning which there is likely to be a question raised, and that is unrestricted overhangs, whereby a vessel of full ends can increase her length and decrease her beam when heeled to her usual sailing angle. I would suggest that this case is one that, with our present rules, enables a yacht owner to get an advantage without paying for it if he wants a racing machine.

It can only be met by abandoning the length feature measured when the yacht is on an even keel and substituting in its place the measurement of the yacht when heeled to the usual sailing angle. To frame a rule which will meet the conditions existing to-day is extremely simple if considered broadly; the difficulty arises when we attempt the impossible. Some years since I suggested through your columns a rule which meets every condition, and I submit it again, hoping it may provoke intelligent discussion.

In each class fix the following features:

Sail Area—Not more than a certain number of square feet of actual area.

Length—Not more than a certain length on the L.W.L. when the yacht is heeled to her usual sailing angle.

Draft—Not more than a certain amount; centerboards not weighted may drop below this limit.

Displacement—Not less than a certain number of pounds.

Ballast—A certain percentage of the displacement.

As a concrete example, take the 35ft. class:

Sail area, 1,600 sq. ft.

Length, 36ft.

Draft, 7ft.

Displacement, 18,000lbs.

Ballast, 6,000lbs., or 33 1-3 per cent.

These dimensions leave the designer absolutely free to produce any form of hull he desires; the yacht will be as speedy as any yacht at present in the class when carrying the same sail area and displacement, and might easily be faster. She would have excellent accommodations even if a fin-keel with low trunk, but little advantage would be gained if the owner made her flush deck. The construction could be substantial and a full cruising outfit carried. In general terms, the only advantage one yacht could have over another would be that due to superiority of form or rig, the two things yachting is presumed to foster.

The skill of the designer would be shown in these two points; of the owner and sailor in the use he made of them.

It would be easy to fill your columns with arguments showing that this rule is being approximated more nearly to each year; that it contains every good feature of any present rule, with none of their bad features; that it is impossible to "beat" it except through false swearing, and then only for a short time; that the measurement can be more easily obtained than for any present rule; that it can be modified to meet any desired feature; that it gives practically equal opportunities to own winning yachts to the man of moderate means and to the millionaire, and finally to show the complete failure of all of the present rules to secure the building and racing of decent yachts in full classes.

GEO. HILL.

Oct. 22.

N. Y. Y. C. Fifth General Meeting.

THE fifth general meeting of the New York Y. C. was held at the club house on Forty-fourth street on Thursday evening, Oct. 24. The Challenge Committee made its official report on the result of the recent races. Ex-Com. S. Nicholson Kane offered the following resolution:

"The New York Y. C. is again called upon to express to Com. J. Pierpont Morgan its grateful appreciation of his continued interest in the club. For several years its honored head, Mr. Morgan, has, by his sportsmanlike spirit and his many lovable qualities, won the esteem and the affection of his fellow members.

"In 1898 he presented to the club the land upon which the present club house is erected. In 1899 he built Columbia, equipped and maintained Defender, and with the former successfully defended the America's Cup. In the present year he again placed Columbia at the disposition of the club, and that vessel being selected to represent the club in the race with Shamrock II., for the second time added a victory to the long list of successful contests for the prized trophy."

It was resolved that the Secretary be instructed to transmit to Mr. Morgan a copy of this resolution, suitably engrossed.

On the motion of Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., the club thanked Com. E. D. Morgan for his services as manager of Columbia in the races against Shamrock II.

The thanks of the club were also voted to Vice-Com. August Belmont, Col. Oliver H. Payne, Mr. Henry Walters, Mr. Frederick G. Bourne and Mr. James Stillman for building and maintaining Constitution to aid in the defense of the America's Cup. Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., was thanked for his services in managing Constitution during the past season.

It was resolved that a committee of three be appointed by the Commodore to procure suitable pieces of silver to be presented by the club to Com. J. Pierpont Morgan, Com. E. D. Morgan and Mr. W. B. Duncan, Jr., with suitable inscriptions, as tokens of esteem and affectionate regard of their fellow members.

A resolution was also passed expressing the appreciation by the club of the long and faithful services of Treas. F. J. W. Hurst, who is about to relinquish his office after an uninterrupted term of fifteen years.

On the motion of the Secretary a committee was appointed on art and trophies. This committee is J. V. S. Oddie, Thomas B. Clarke and George A. Freeman.

This committee to nominate officers for the coming year were elected: E. M. Brown, E. D. Morgan, L. Seymour Husted, Jr., Henry Walters, Henry S. Redmond, F. W. J. Hurst, C. Oliver Iselin, Charles T. Minton, J. Searle Barclay and Robert Bacon.

These were elected members: James W. S. Clelland, William J. Rose, Lieut. J. P. J. Ryan, U. S. N.; Lieut. Olaf H. Rask, U. S. M. C.; Charles N. Welsh, Major C. H. Lauchheimer, U. S. M. C.; Samuel Henry Vandergrift, F. W. Brown, Gibson Fahnestock, George Isham Scott, Paul J. Rainey, Lieut. A. Shives Williams, U. S. M. C.; Clarence Whitman, Assistant Paymaster J. W. Morse, U. S. N.; Lewis Iselin, Ira D. Warren, Middleton S. Burrill, Hugh M. Inman, Nathan M. Flower, Edward Patterson, Ensign Edgar B. Lorimer, U. S. N.; Andrew B. Graves, George D. Cross, Robert Moore, Charles B. Alexander, George M. Jaccobs, Lyman E. Warren and Surgeon Clement Biddle, U. S. N.

Mrs. Emma F. Banigan was elected a flag member.

Indra.

THE schooner Indra, a photograph of which appears in this issue, was designed by Mr. Fred D. Lawley, and built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp. in 1900 for Mr. John M. Richmond, of Providence, R. I. Indra is 71.5ft. over all, 45.8ft. on the waterline, 15ft. beam and 10ft. draft.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

John M. Sawyer, well known as a maker of yacht sails, died at Huntington, L. I., on Oct. 19. Mr. Sawyer was sixty-eight years old, and it was his interest in yachting during his early life that led him to take up sail-making as a business.

The 177ft. steam yacht Revolution is nearing completion at the plant of the Gas Engine and Power Co. and Seabury & Co., Morris Heights. The yacht will be propelled by Curtis' steam turbines, and her boilers are of

the Seabury safety water tube pattern. It is stated that she is to have a speed of at least twenty knots. Considering the large amount of space taken up by the engines, the boat has considerable cabin accommodation. The dining room is in the forward deck house, and the after deck house will be used as a living room. The main saloon, owner's and guests' staterooms are on the lower deck and are large and roomy.

The success of the steamer King Edward, which is fitted with a turbine engine, has attracted the attention of yachtsmen, and two yachts have now been ordered which are to have turbines as the propelling agent. One of these is for A. L. Barber, of this city, and the other is for Sir Christopher Furness, and is to be built by Alexander Stephen & Sons, of Glasgow. This yacht is to be between 700 and 800 tons, and her accommodations, fittings and appointments will all be of the very highest class. The steamer King Edward in her season's work on the Firth of Clyde showed that she could easily get up and maintain a speed of twenty knots on a coal consumption of about 25 per cent. less than would have been required by a paddle-wheeled vessel driven by the older-fashioned style of machinery.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold, through their agency, to Mr. Conrad Stein, of this city, for Mr. De Ver H. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn., the yawl Genevieve. She was designed by B. B. Crowninshield, built by Howland, Monument Beach, Mass., July, 1901. She is 6ft. 8in. over all, 39ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and 8ft. draft.

Small Yacht Construction and Riggering.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Part II.—Chapter I.—Riggering (Continued).

Rope, Blocks, Etc., and Fitting Riggering.

THE blocks chiefly used in this country for yacht work are of ash, with internal stops, or bindings, of steel or gun metal. These are suitable for manila, cotton or hemp running gear; but not for wire rope. For this purpose sheet metal blocks with large, flat sheaves are the best; these sheet metal blocks are stronger and lighter than the wood blocks, but are a trifle more costly. Blocks of this sort, similar to the illustration, are also suitable for any kind of rope, and if the edges of the shell are slightly turned outward, so as to avoid sharp angles, they will not wear the rope, as the American bronze blocks do. These latter are very neat and well finished, but are heavier than a sheet metal block of the same strength and size, and are much more expensive.

All good blocks should be fitted with patent roller sheaves; this is especially important for halliards and sheets, or for any heavy work, as these sheaves reduce the labor to a very considerable extent.

Where internal-stopped blocks are unsuitable, as for topsail sheet, throat and peak halliard purchases, etc., ash blocks, with a score for a rope-stop, should be used, and before stopping, the end of the rope should be sewed where it passes around the block. If a rope-stop is required, for any purpose, where the block is not spliced directly into the end of a rope, such stops should always be grommets of steel wire rope, well varnished, parceled and served, or leathered.

When fitting out a yacht or boat, all the blocks should have the pins withdrawn and greased; and if a wood block, a little black lead may be rubbed inside the sheave holes in the shell.

The leading blocks for the main sheet should have swivels in the stop, so as to turn freely in any direction.

Never use the small cast-iron blocks so often seen on badly fitted boats; they cut the rope and run very badly; also avoid elm or beech blocks, as they are not of good color, to start with, and do not clean up well when dirty.

Always choose blocks fully large enough for the rope to be used; nothing is so unseamanlike or so liable to lead to bad accidents as small blocks and big rope. The rope, when rove through the block, should have a clearance in the sheave hole of at least one-fourth of its diameter, when dry—that is to say, a rope of 1/4 in. diameter should have 5/16 in. sheave holes in the block. Do not forget, when arranging the blocks for a purchase, that the hauling part should, if possible, be from the traveling block, and not from the standing block. Thus, if two single blocks are used, and the hauling part is from the fixed block, then the power is only doubled; but if the hauling part is from the traveling block the power is trebled (minus the friction of the blocks, etc.).

The rigging of No. 1 boat will be fitted as follows, and will be suitable for any small boat if the sizes of the rope and blocks, etc., are kept in proportion.

Standing Riggering.—One plow-steel shroud a side and a forestay, each with separate eyes over masthead resting on hounds and bolsters, with a manila grommet under the eyes of the rigging. All of these may be set up either with rigging screws, steel wire or hemp lanyards. All eyes, etc., should be well varnished and served with yacht marline.

The method of fitting the roller wire will be described in the chapter on roller headsails and reef gears.

Running Riggering.—The main halliard will be a flexible steel wire rope running through a sheet-metal block at the hounds. One end is shackled to the jaws of the gaff, and the other end has a single wood rope-stop block spliced into it. Through this block is rove a manila whip, with the standing part fast to the mast thwart; or, if more purchase is desired, this end can be rove through a cheek sheave at the heel of the mast, and lead forward to a purchase under the deck, consisting of a pair of 2 in. single blocks, one of which may be shackled to an eye in the keel.

The peak halliard is a single part of manila, rove through a single wood rope-stop block at the mast head, and shackled on to the wire span on the gaff. The peak halliard block should be stopped with a thimble, in which is another thimble stopped around the masthead, so as to allow free play in all directions to the block. The stop around the mast should be placed under the eye of the forestay, or it may be pulled off the masthead by the sail if it is at all loose.

The topping lifts are shackled to the revolving plate on the boom end, and are all one piece of rope, being rove through a pair of cheek sheaves on the masthead, so as to leave a bight on the fore side of the mast. A single block is seized in the center of this bight, and a whip is rove through it. A light span is attached to each topping lift, so as to hang loose under the boom at about its center, the use of this being to catch the sail when lowered. Two or more of these spans may be used, if desired.

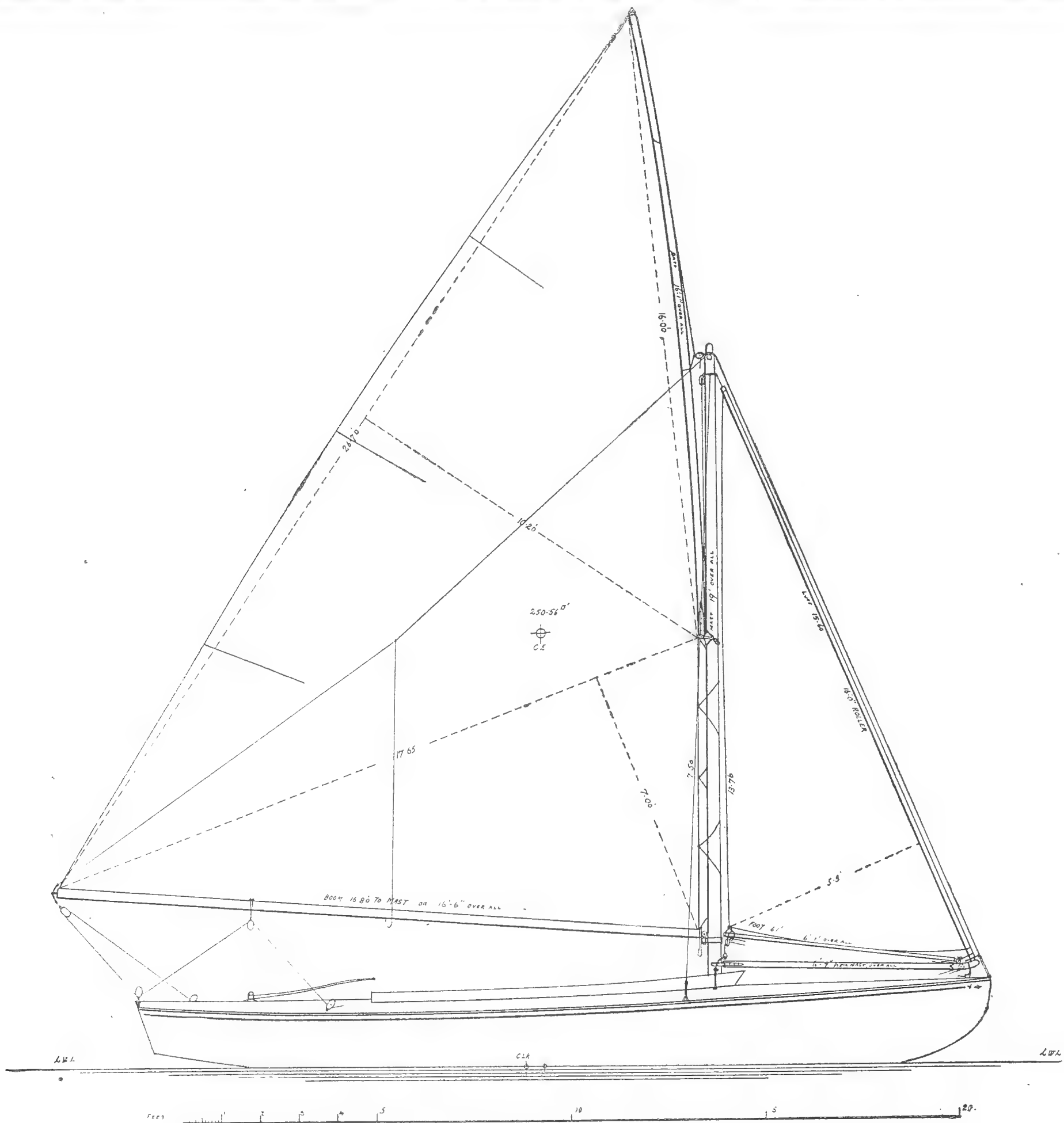
The main sheet is double-ended—that is to say, it can be hauled on either or both ends. The chief advantage of this form of sheet is that when one end only is hauled on, the whole of the purchase of four single blocks is used; but if it is to be got in quickly, as in a gybe, then if both ends are hauled in at once there is only half the purchase and twice the speed. The two blocks shackled to the boom are fast to the claw ring and to the revolving plate on the boom end, and one of the three blocks on deck is on a horse, being stopped to a round thimble traveling on it, while the other two are stopped in a similar manner to eye-bolts on the deck.

These eye-bolts should always be in a line drawn from the center of the mast through the ends of the horse.

These sketches show various methods of reeving main sheets in small raters.

The fore tack (if a roller foresail is used, as shown on both sail plans) is a single wire, rove through a gun-metal fair-lead or bullseye on the deck close to the stemhead, its outer end having an eye spliced in it, and the wire being passed around the fore end of the lower boom and through this eye, then aft through the bullseye, and having a single block spliced in the after end, care being taken that the wire is long enough to allow the boom to be squared right off when the foresail is used as a spinnaker. A manila whip is rove through the block with the standing part fast to an eye-bolt or deck plate, except in the case of very small boats and canoes, where the tack is merely a single part of manila or flax, without any whip or purchase.

The fore sheet is arranged to tend itself in going about, and to



SAIL PLAN OF NO. 1 DESIGN.

do this a second upper boom is used, as shown; also a horse for the end of the sheet to travel on. By means of the clew outhaul, from the clew of the sail to the after end of this upper boom, the sail can not only be rolled up in the ordinary manner, but the sheet lead can be perfectly adjusted, so as to get exactly the right proportion of strain on the leach and foot of the sail.

The sheet is spliced around a thimble traveling on the horse, and is then rove forward through the single block on the upper boom, and down and aft through a cheek sheave on the fore end of the lower boom, and aft to the cockpit.

The clew outhaul is spliced to a ring traveling along the upper boom, and rove aft through a bullseye or block on the clew of the sail; then down through a sheave in the bare end of the upper boom; forward and down through another cheek sheave in either the upper or lower boom (but on the opposite side of the sheet lead), and aft to the cockpit, like the sheet.

The roller line is fast to the drum of the roller, and led aft through a thimble seized on the lower boom near or on the gooseneck of the upper boom.

The spinnaker guys are endless, being fast to the fore end of the lower boom, where the wire tack is made fast; then passing aft outside the shrouds and through two small eyes in the deck, one at each after corner of the coamings, returning to the end of the boom on the other side in the same manner. By this arrangement, when the fore tack is let go, and the sail hauled round as a spinnaker, the guy overhauls itself and leaves enough slack to belay on a jamb cleat on deck, but at once becomes taut when the boom is amidships and the tack hauled down again.

A light pair of signal halliards should be rove through a small screw-eye in the top of the masthead, or through a truck; but the latter is very clumsy on a small boat with a stump masthead. These signal halliards are very useful for hauling the cover up the roller foresail, as it is laced or hooked on; as by this means a roller foresail can be kept clean and dry as easily as any other sail.

The centerplate is lifted by means of a wire fast to the arm of the plate and rove through a large metal block on the mast thwart, and spliced around a double block, to which the standing part of the tackle is made fast, the other double block being shackled to a deckplate or eyebolt on the after end of the center case, a manila fall being rove through the two.

The chief differences between the rigging of the No. 2 boat and that of No. 1 are that there are several extra parts, consequent on the greater strain and the extra sails of the larger boat. They are as follows:

Standing Rigging.—One shroud a side from the hounds and one shroud a side from the masthead, through the arms of the cross-trees. These are set up with rigging screws to two separate shroud plates each side.

One runner a side, from the four-eyed band, to which the peak halliard block and the roller foresail are attached. These runners are cut to reach to within an inch of the runner plate, and the end is shackled to a horizontal wire rope, stretched tightly between the runner plate and the after shroud plate, so that the shackle will travel freely fore and aft along the wire, but will not come right up to the runner plate. A small manila line spliced to the end of the runner and led through a bullseye on the runner plate serves to haul the runner aft, and consequently tightens it to any required tension with very little effort. The sketch fully explains the method of fitting.

A topmast backstay should also be used for racing purposes, and would consist of a light steel wire cut to exactly reach the lower end of the runner when the latter is hauled aft. One of Blake's patent hooks is spliced into the end of the wire, also a manila line similar to that on the runner, but of smaller size.

The backstay is kept hooked into the eye of the runner when not in use, and is slacked off with it by the one action. When, however, the backstay is required, it is unhooked from the runner and the manila line belayed on a strong cleat on the side of the coamings, as shown on the sail plan. This method is only suitable for a small craft, like the 24 linear rater; as, on a larger boat, sufficient strain could not be put on the backstay to set it up, in this case there would be a small snatch block on the backstay, and after taking the line under the cleat it would be taken over the snatch block and brought back to the cleat again and set up.

For cruising purposes these backstays will not be required, as the large spinnaker and topsail would not be in use.

Masthead.—The fittings of the masthead will, in addition to the hounds and bolsters used in No. 1 boat, consist of the following: A pair of American elm cross-trees, 4 ft. wide and 1½ in. by 1 in. in section at the center.

A four-eyed mast band resting on a 3-16 in. shoulder at the point shown, and with a rivet through the masthead. This band carries the peak halliard block; runners and the roller foresail.

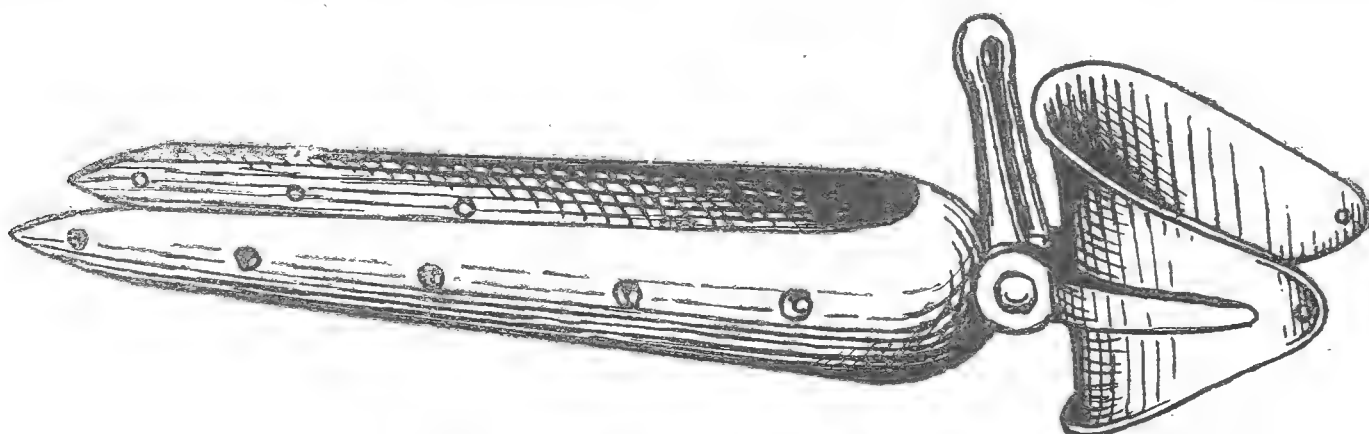
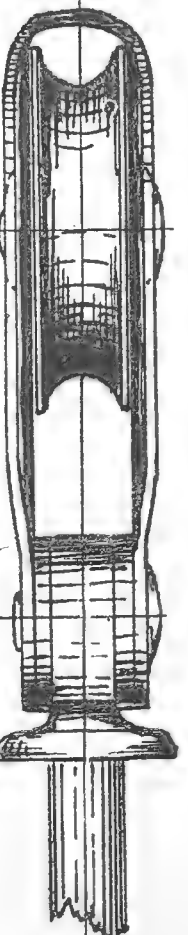
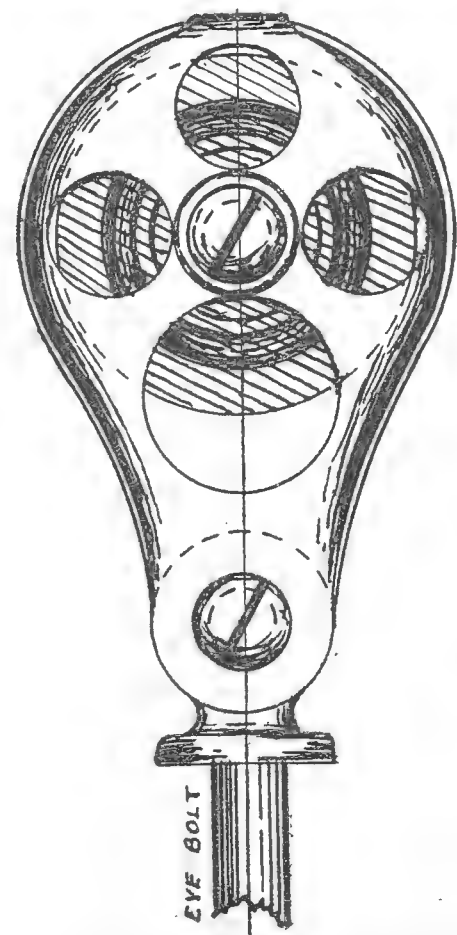
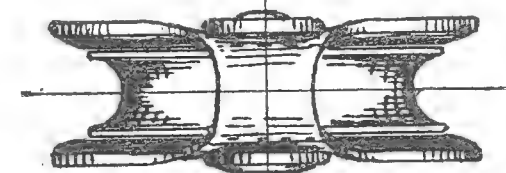
There is a large sheave at the masthead for the topsail halliards; also a small single block for the spinnaker halliards. Above this is the short pole and truck.

A slightly different method of fitting the masthead gear was shown in the chapter on spars, and either of these may be used:

the sail plan shows the neater of the two, perhaps.

Gaff.—This is slung at quite a different angle to that of the smaller boat, and has a cheek sheave for the topsail sheet; the peak halliards are of wire, similar to the throat halliards, and both of these are fitted as for the smaller boat.

The only other differences between the gear of the two boats are that the larger boat is fitted with a bowsprit, and this has a short steel rod as a bobstay, set up to the bowsprit end with a rigging screw, which is shackled to a small two-eyed band, to which the forestay is also set up.



STEEL "SADDLE" GAFF JAWS.

LIGHT SHEET METAL, DECK-LEAD BLOCK, PATENTED SHEAVE.

The fore tack is led through a gun-metal bullseye stropped to the bowsprit with a stout wire grommet.

The spinnaker and topsail entail some extra running gear, but that for the topsail is apparent in the sail plan, and consists of a halliard, sheet and tack, all of manila and all single ropes. The tack should always be belayed on the opposite side of the mast to that on which the sail is set, so as to keep the heel of the topsail yard close to the mast. The halliard and sheet are bent to the yards with a rolling hitch.

The spinnaker gear consists of a halliard guy and sheet, the latter being a short piece of small manila spliced into the clew of the sail and made fast to the lee rigging. The halliard is a single manila rope with a large spring hook spliced into each end and cut to such a length that the hooks just reach the shroud plates each side and are hooked into them when not in use.

The guy also has a spring hook in the end, which is hooked into an eye in the end of the long, spinnaker boom, and into the tack of the sail.

In case ordinary fore sheets are preferred to the automatic arrangement I have shown on the sail plans, they should be either shackled into the clew of the sail with a jib sheet shackle (as illustrated among the fittings), or they may be attached directly to the sail; the best method of doing this is to work a eringle in the center of the sheets through the clew cringle of the sail, and made in exactly the same way, from a strand of the same sized rope used for the sheets, which should be of cotton.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Oct. 31.—Dalton, O.—Live-bird tournament of the Dalton Gun Club. H. Santmyer, Sec'y.

Nov. 6.—Peru, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's live-bird tournament; handicap; high guns.

Nov. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for the St. Louis Republic championship cup (Nov. 23) and three-day open tournament. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y, 1004 Chemical Building.

Nov. 23.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Roast Turkey. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 20.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Shoot given by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who donates a Daly gun; \$20, 20 birds, latter extra; high guns; handicap; all entrance money goes into the purse.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

March 31-April 5.—Kansas City, Mo.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at live birds. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-10.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

From Mr. Edward Banks, secretary of the I. A., we have received the following: "The Interstate Association, in response to a popular demand, some time ago decided to hold the Grand American Handicap at pigeons for 1902 in some Western city, and at a meeting of the stockholders of the Association, which was held Monday afternoon last, the 28th inst., in New York city, selected Kansas City, Mo., as the place for the great shoot next year. The dates fixed upon are March 31 to April 5, inclusive. Mr. Shaner, the Association's manager, was recently sent to look over the ground and spend a few days in Kansas City; on his return to Pittsburg he reported very favorably on the outlook for a big G. A. H. shoot next year. It is understood that there will be four sets of traps and ample accommodation for 350 to 400 shooters. The hotel accommodation in Kansas City cannot be beaten, and street car communication with the shooting grounds is easy, frequent and cheap. The Interstate Association has also claimed dates for its Grand American Handicap at targets, which will be held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., May 7-10, inclusive. It will be noticed that this event has been brought forward to a much earlier date than usual, the change having been made at the suggestion of a very large number of intending participants."

In his report concerning the matter of the G. A. H. at live birds, as it pertained to the West, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, who was a visitor in that section last week, stated that the greatest enthusiasm was manifested by the shooters of Kansas City in respect to holding it at that place. After the meeting of the Interstate Association on Monday of this week, at which it was decided to hold the G. A. H. at Kansas City, a notification by telegraph was sent by Mr. Ed Banks to Mr. R. S. Elliott, who on Tuesday replied by telegraph as follows: "Kansas City feels highly complimented, and will meet every requirement." With such interest and active energy in evidence, the G. A. H. of 1902 should be a record-breaker.

It is gratifying to note that the Grand American Handicap at live birds for 1902 will be shot in the West, at Kansas City. The Western shooters have felt for a long while that this great contest should be held in the West, though they sometimes forgot that it was an incident of several great manufacturing interests, and under the individual control of an association which represented them. However, it is now an incident of the West, and affords a pleasing opportunity for the Western brethren to rally and make it the largest and best shoot of the kind in all history.

From Atlanta, Ga., under date of Oct. 25, Mr. Frank E. Butler writes us as follows: "We finish out seventeenth year with the Wild West Company next week, at Danville, Va. Annie Oakley (Mrs. Butler) will visit some friends at Buffalo, N. Y., for a few weeks' rest, which she needs badly, having shot more than 40,000 smokeless shells this season. She will return to Nutley Nov. 1, when she will turn her attention to trapshooting again."

A match was arranged to take place at Interstate Park on Wednesday of this week between ex-Sheriff Creamer and Mr. T. W. Morley on the one side and Messrs. C. A. Lockwood and Edward Banks on the other, 25 birds per man, \$100 a side. It is a handicap event, the contestants standing at distances, as follows: Morley, 30yds.; Creamer, 28yds.; Banks, 29yds.; Lockwood, 27yds.

Mr. Justus Von Lengerke, of the firm of Von Lengerke & Detmold, spent a few days in the ruffed grouse section of Sullivan county, N. Y., last week, and succeeded in making a good bag of those elusive birds. He is eminently skillful with the shotgun in cover or open, or at the traps.

At Interstate Park, L. I., on Thursday of last week Messrs. E. Banks, G. Piercy and Mr. Herrington arranged for the third match between teams of New York and New Jersey, and fixed upon Dec. 11 as the date. Each team has one win to its credit.

Messrs. Tatham Brothers, of 82 Beekman street, New York, have published a brochure of rare interest, in which is set forth a full history of all the essentials of the Anglo-American trapshooting match, from its inception to its conclusion. No detail is omitted. The scores made at both targets and live birds, loads, shells, etc., are all noted with painstaking care. It concludes with a most interesting article, commenting on the match, from the London Field. It will be sent by Messrs. Tatham to all who apply for it.

Dr. George N. Thomas, the popular and energetic member of the Trenton Shooting Association, has accepted the position of general manager of that organization, with Mr. William Widmann as assistant manager. The Association will hold a shoot on Thanksgiving Day of greater scope than any held theretofore. The Association is to be heartily congratulated on securing the active participation of Dr. Thomas in the management of its affairs.

Mr. W. A. Clark, Jr., son of Senator Clark, of Butte, Mont., the latter known more generally to the public as the Copper King, became the possessor of a beautiful Francotte gun of the \$450 grade, purchased of Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold last week. It is truly gratifying to observe that the wholesome sport with the shotgun appeals to gentlemen of means and leisure.

Mr. Noel E. Money, well known to American shooters as a skillful shot and a charming gentleman, is still in South Africa engaged in active army life as an officer. He has achieved gratifying distinction. The Distinguished Service Order, an honor next in importance to the Victoria Cross, has been bestowed upon him, and all his friends will rejoice thereat.

Messrs. R. A. Welch and D. Bradley, eminent trapshooters, returned to New York on Thursday of last week, after a successful chicken shoot in the best chicken region of Nebraska. They had abundance of good sport, and a corresponding degree of good enjoyment. They demonstrated that good trap shots may also be good field shooters.

We are informed that the machinery of the American Arms Company, of Boston, Mass., manufacturers of single and double shotguns and revolvers, under the management of the late Geo. H. Fox, has been purchased by the Marlin Fire Arms Company, and is being removed to New Haven, Conn., to be added to the Marlin plant in that city.

In the match of Dr. W. Wynne and T. W. Morley against Messrs. Edward Banks and B. Waters, 50 birds per team, from the 30yd. mark, the former won by a score of 40 to 38. It is not unlikely that a return match will be shot some time in the near future, at such time as all the contestants can gather courage.

Wednesday of this week was the day fixed upon for a match, probably 60 live birds each, between Messrs. Gus Greiff and John Ryan, at Palisades Park, N. J. The match will begin about 11 or 12 o'clock. The park can be reached readily from New York by way of Desbrosses street ferry and Fort Lee trolley cars.

At the monthly shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club, at Watson's Park, on Saturday of last week, Mr. E. S. Rice won first, and Mr. W. B. Leffingwell won second, both having killed straight in the main event, Mr. Leffingwell missing his fourth bird in the shoot-off. Mr. J. R. Graham won third.

Mr. J. S. S. Remsen, the popular president of the Brooklyn, L. I., Gun Club, also a member of the Cartaret Gun Club and Crescent Athletic Club, suffered a great bereavement in the death of his father, which occurred on Monday of last week.

In the city championship contest of the Trenton, N. J., Shooting Association, held last Saturday, Messrs. Wilkes and Maddock scored 21 each out of 25, making the highest score of that competition. In the shoot-off, Maddock won.

Mr. I. W. Budd won the challenge cup on the grounds of the Keystone Shooting League at Holmesburg Junction last Saturday. He made a straight score. There were eleven contestants in that event, which was at 10 live birds.

The October cup, presented by the Crescent Athletic Club, for weekly competition on their grounds at Bay Ridge, L. I., in October, was won by Mr. H. M. Brigham, who has developed into a shooter of rare skill.

Mr. C. R. Stevens, the promoter of the great 100-live-bird contest, \$100 entrance, has received forty-three entries. It is fixed to take place in December at John Watson's Park, and is now among the probabilities.

Mr. Geo. Roll, shooting from the 30yd. mark, won the 25-live-bird handicap at Des Moines, Ia., on Oct. 21. He was the only one to kill 25 straight. There were thirty-seven contestants in this event.

A correspondent informs us that the Des Moines, Ia., Gun Club has sold its shooting grounds to the city for park purposes. It contemplates securing new grounds in the future.

The Dalton, O., Gun Club announces through its secretary, Mr. H. Santmyer, that it will hold its pigeon tournament on Oct. 31.

Mr. C. A. Young, of Springfield, Ill., and Mr. J. E. Hicks, of Columbus, O., were visitors in Sportsmen's Row, New York, last week.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trenton Shooting Association.

Trenton, N. J., Oct. 26.—A pleasing feature of the Trenton Shooting Association's gathering to-day was the good attendance of visitors. The city championship cup excited special interest.

The recent withdrawal of Dr. George N. Thomas from office was severely felt by the Association; and friendly pressure was brought to bear on him to return to active leadership. It will be remembered that Dr. Thomas, though urgently invited to accept, declined a re-election to the secretaryship at the Association's recent election. The members positively refused to dispense with his services in an executive position, and to that end they created the office of general manager, and tendered that position to him.

The board of governors drew up a set of rules that would govern the position of general manager and presented them to Dr. Thomas. He decided to accept them, and will start to act in that capacity forthwith. His acceptance will be hailed with great delight by the members. Concerning his new office he is quoted as saying: "I accepted the position, as the members of the club were after me continually. I am jeopardizing my personal affairs seriously; but I like to see this city at the top of the shooting world, and for that reason I have taken the general managership of the Association. I will have William Widmann as my assistant manager."

The club will hold a prize shoot Thanksgiving Day that will be without an equal in the history of the Association.

Manager Thomas is working on the event at present, and expects to have it in shape shortly.

The team shoot championship did not take place Saturday, as expected, but was postponed until a later date.

The city championship cup of the Association was shot for Saturday, and provided considerable sport for the crowd, which was the largest of the season.

Eight contestants made a trial for the cup, and a hard-fought contest took place for the honors. Maddock and Wilkes tied for the prize, each breaking 21 targets out of the 25. On the shoot-off

Maddock won, and will retain the championship trophy.

The scores were high, and every one of the leaders had to go some.

The fifth event was the city championship shoot. The summaries were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	15	10	13	25	10	10	10	10
J. Thropp	10	11	..	13	20	8	8	10	7
Maddock	4	9	..	10	21	6	6
Smith	6	10	4	8	14
Applegate	5	10	..	14	17	7	7
Wilkes	8	11	..	9	21	8	6	4	8
Mack	..	11	9	30	18
H. D.	..	7	..	10	..	8	7
Reedy	..	7
Dairsbury	..	6	..	8
Rowan	19	6
Page	19	4	9	9	10
Jones	8	7	9	6
Baldwin	7	..	9

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Interstate Park.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 24.—A high wind and good birds made extremely difficult shooting. The match between Wynn and Morley vs. Banks and Waters was won by the former by a score of 40 to 33 out of 50. Many of the lost birds were hard hit, but, being very strong, escaped out of bounds. Dr. Wynn drew some particularly fast, strong birds. The sweepstakes events were closely contested. Considering the quality of the birds and the strong wind, the shooting as a whole was good. The scores:

Morley vs. Banks and Waters:	22212221110122212*222222—23
Morley, 30.....	1211012221002210*121*022—19—40
Dr Wynn, 30.....	22212121212*01112222*112—21
E Banks, 30.....	222102*20201200211120221—17—38

Ten birds, \$5, high guns:			
Banks, 29.....	1201221221—9	Dr Wynn, 28.....	0111212022—8
Morley, 31.....	202122111—9	Hendrickson, 27.....	2220110222—8
Piercy, 29.....	2222222*22—9	Waters, 28.....	11212*0022—7
Creamer, 28.....	212121202—9	Ramapo, 28.....	22210222*0—7
McConville, 26.....	*12111111—9	R W Haff, 27.....	2021101102—7

Twenty-five birds, \$10 entrance:	11212011222211212121212—24
E Banks, 29.....	112222021122202222222*22—24
Creamer, 28.....	23022121212121202021122222—23
Morley, 31.....	21*211212121222122212220—23
G H Piercy, 29.....	112020100111121101120002—20*
Hendrickson, 27.....	1220*11010221221100210101—18
McConville, 26.....	112022210202202210220w
Ramapo, 28.....	2220221010w
Haff, 27.....	

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Oct. 23.—The shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) was favored with pleasant weather. Dudley was in fine form, and distinguished himself by some excellent shooting. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	10
Dr Bill	22	22	20	20	22	21	19	7
Dudley	25	23	24	24	23	24	..	10
Jones	..	24	20	15	17	15	..	8
Klenk	19	21	22	..	16	5
Harris	20	19	16
Mull	12	8	13
Braffett	15	8	12
Plummer	17	19

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 26.—Following are the scores of the New Utrecht Gun Club shoot. All events were at 7 birds, for prizes:

F D Creamer, 28.....	1201221—6	2222122—7	0
R W Haff, 28.....	120110w	112222—7	21210
C A Ramapo, 28.....	12*0w	1211222—7	121*
J Gaughen, 29.....		222212—7	12222

No. 3, 7 birds, for prize:	No. 3.	Shoot-off.
F D Creamer, 28.....	2122122—7	212121*
R W Haff, 28.....	111211—7	1212111
C A Ramapo, 28.....	222220w	

No. 4.	No. 5.	Shoot-off.
C A Ramapo, 28.....	22220w	
R W Haff, 28.....	2201122—6	122211012212
F D Creamer, 28.....	210202w	22121021210

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—Scores of the Ossining Gun Club, made at the regular club day shoot Saturday, Oct. 26, follow. The weather, being fine for shooting purposes, brought out quite an aggregation of shooters:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	10	15	20	15	10	10	10	15	5p
H W Bissing.....	3	4	..	10	..	5	6	5	..	2
E D Guernsey.....	4	6	..	13	..	8	8	10	13	..
C G Blandford.....	9	..	12	..	12	9
I T Washburn.....	4	..	12	13	13	7	8	..	13	..
M Vail.....	5	1	4	6
W P Hall.....	13	..	14	9	13	..
G Edgers.....	4	4
C Barlow.....	..	7	11	5	10	..
A Bedell.....	..	4	12
P J Doyle.....	3
W Coleman.....	14	8	..
B Appleby.....	6
Dr Snow.....	6	7
M H Dyckman.....	12	12	6	..
S A McBeth.....	4	..

Prize events, 15 birds scratch, allowance handicap:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Washburn	..	15	14	15	11	..	10
Blandford	13	13	15
Hall	13	15	14	12	12	..

White vs. Highland.

GORGAS STATION, Pa., Oct. 26.—The S. S. White Gun Club and the Highland Gun Club shot a match on the grounds of the latter, the former winning by a score of 241 to 197. The conditions were twelve men on a side, 25 targets per man, 10 targets allowance to each of the White team, 16yds. rise, unknown angles. The scores:

S. S. White Team—Hinkson 29, Hawksworth 11, Denham 26, Harper 29, Parry 12, Cotting 18, Lodge 22, Stahr 25, Heise 17, Kendall 16, Witterden 22, Heite 14; total 241.	Highland Team—E. Wintz 21, Dunlevy 20, Davis 17, Everett 18, Pinkerton 13, Breakley 16, Fertsch 20, Jay 19, Dr. Wentz 17, McMichael 18, Schaeffer 9, Hammel 9; total 197.
Club medal event, 25 targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles: E. Wintz 21, Dunlevy 20, Fertsch 20, Jay 19, Everett 18, McMichael 18, Dr. Wentz 17, Davis 17, Breakley 16, Pinkerton 13, Schaeffer 10, Hammel 10.	The Meehan cup event, 12 targets, 16yds. rise, unknown angles: McMichael 11, Schaeffer 8, Hammel 10, Dunlevy 9, Casey 5, Jay 7, Everett 9, M. Wentz 10, E. Wentz 10.

National Gun Club.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Oct. 25.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the National Gun Club to-day:

Bogart	2202001111—7	Clark	2021200212—
Schushardt	1202122102—8	Reed	1122010102—
Becker	2100122101—7	Bush	2022222202—

Regular monthly prize shoot:		
Bush	2220221221—	9 Uno 2101011110—
Thomas	1212221222—	10 Crane 2222020222—
Stuth	2120122120—	8 Bogart 2122212222—
Collins	222120022—	8 Becker 1221110010—
Gumz	1111202110—	8 J L 2222222202—
Klapinski	2211010120—	7 Clark 1202122110—
Himmelstein	0012121110—	7 Reed 2010221011—
Case	2220112220—	8 Schushardt 1220102102—
Rehfeld	0220211112—	8

LINDLEY COLLINS, Sec'y.

Amateur Handicap Tournament.

DES MOINES, Ia., Oct. 24.—This is the last day of the amateur tournament held on the Des Moines Gun Club grounds, in this city, Oct. 22, 23 and 24.

The programme the first and second days was at targets; the third day, a live-bird handicap.

The target shooting was done from two sets of traps, Sergeant system, and each day's programme called for 180 targets—twelve 15-target events. Thirty dollars was given to the five high guns, and \$18 to the three low guns.

Twenty-seven took part on the first day, and on the second day forty-two shooters faced the traps. The targets were thrown about 50 yds.

The scores were very high, and we think the professionals can congratulate themselves on being barred—from a money standpoint. In event No. 5 on the first day there was but one straight score: Mr. W. Wettleaf winning first money alone.

Something over 13,000 targets were thrown in the two days. Mr. F. C. Whitney had charge of the office, and this means that the office part was well handled. Mr. C. W. Budd had charge of other matters pertaining to the shoot, and the programme was finished by 4 o'clock each day.

Wednesday evening Mr. George Macartney entertained the sportsmen at the Kirkwood Hotel Club rooms. George knows how to entertain as well as shoot, and about fifty sportsmen were on hand to enjoy Mr. Macartney's hospitality.

Among the shooters present from outside the State were Tom A. Marshall, Guy Burnside and Geo. Roll from Illinois; J. M. Hughes, Wisconsin; Mr. Shenewell, Colorado; G. Brucker, Dan Bray and Mr. Taggart, Nebraska, and Mr. Thornton, Joplin, Mo.

First high average in the target events was won by J. M. Hughes. He used U. M. C. shells and Ballistite powder; White, second; Wettleaf, third; Bray, fourth, and Tom Marshall fifth. First low average was won by D. Tripp; second by McFarland, and third was divided between Texas and Stege.

The third day's programme called for a 25-live-bird handicap, 26 to 31 yds. rise, \$300 guaranteed, trophy and \$150 to first high gun; \$90 to second high gun, and \$60 to third high gun, should there be more than thirty and not exceeding forty entries. All moneys in purse in excess of \$300 divided 34, 33 and 33 per cent. to fourth, fifth and sixth high guns.

The birds were a good lot, and Geo. Roll, shooting from the 30 yd. mark, was the only one to score 25 straight. He took the cup and first money, \$150. He shot a Parker gun and U. M. C. shells. Sheehy at 27, Nichols at 28, Brucker at 27, Selbers at 28 and Tripp at 27 yds., scored 24, and divided the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth moneys, getting a little over \$44 each.

After the handicap was finished miss-and-outs, entrance \$2, birds extra, were shot until dark. About 750 live birds were trapped. Mr. Milner is to be congratulated on holding so successful a tournament, and will no doubt hold another about this time next year.

The Des Moines Gun Club have sold their shooting grounds to the city for park purposes, and another ground will have to be secured in the near future.

First Day, Oct. 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Hughes	15	14	15	15	13	15	14	14	14	14	15	15	173
G Burnside	14	13	15	14	14	14	14	14	15	12	14	14	167
W Wettleaf	14	15	12	13	15	14	13	14	14	15	13	14	166
McDowell	12	14	15	13	14	13	15	14	13	14	14	13	164
G Roll	12	13	12	12	14	14	14	15	15	14	14	15	164
Bray	14	14	13	14	13	15	13	12	12	14	15	14	163
Hinshaw	12	14	11	11	12	13	12	15	11	15	13	13	162
Wallace	14	13	15	14	12	15	14	15	11	13	14	13	163
White	14	15	14	13	13	14	15	13	13	13	15	14	166
T Marshall	13	13	14	14	13	14	14	14	14	14	15	13	165
Crouthcup	10	14	13	14	12	13	13	15	15	14	15	13	161
Thornton	14	13	15	15	13	14	12	14	14	15	11	12	162
J Lane	15	14	12	13	12	13	12	14	13	13	14	14	159
G E T.	12	15	14	10	13	13	11	14	14	14	15	14	159
Nichols	14	12	14	12	14	12	12	12	14	15	12	14	158
Bingham	14	14	15	13	11	12	14	13	13	12	13	12	156
G Wettleaf	13	12	15	15	12	12	13	13	12	12	13	12	154
Milner	13	14	13	12	12	13	13	13	11	12	13	11	150
Holden	11	13	14	10	12	15	13	15	11	11	11	13	149
Johnson	12	13	14	15	9	11	14	14	6	15	13	12	148
Abbott	13	12	13	11	18	13	13	12	11	13	14	12	147
McFarland	15	13	11	13	10	10	13	13	11	13	11	11	146
Texas	12	12	13	11	11	14	12	14	11	14	10	11	145
Stege	10	13	14	14	12	14	11	12	7	12	13	14	146
Tripp	11	11	13	12	11	14	12	13	12	13	12	13	147
Mott	13	14	13	10	12	9	12	12	11	12	12	13	143
Kirsher	14	12	8	10	10	11	11	11	13	11	8	8	125
J Harkins	14	11	11	14	11	12	11	11	14	...
G Harkins	10	13	12	12	6	13	12	13	13
G Marshall	13	13	15	12	12	12
Taggart	12	14	14	11	14	...

Second Day, Oct. 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Broke.
Hughes	15	13	15	14	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	175
Bray	13	14	13	15	15	14	14	15	12	15	13	13	169
Holden	15	13	14	15	14	15	15	15	15	10	15	15	171
White	15	15	12	11	15	15	15	12	12	15	14	15	169
T Marshall	13	15	14	14	14	12	14	13	14	14	14	15	166
Wallace	15	13	15	13	13	13	15	13	14	13	14	14	165
W Wettleaf	14	14	15	13	13	12	14	15	15	12	15	15	167
Roll	14	14	14	14	13	14	13	13	13	13	15	15	163
McDowell	12	14	14	12	13	13	13	12	15	15	15	14	162
Burnside	13	14	14	11	12	12	14	14	13	14	15	15	161
Milner	14	14	15	13	14	12	15	13	12	11	13	14	160
Thornton	12	13	14	13	14	12	15	13	14	12	15	12	159
Abbott	15	12	13	12	15	14	15	11	14	11	15	12	159
Crisman	14	10	12	14	12	11	14	15	14	14	15	13	159
Crouthcup	14	12	10	14	12	11	14	15	14	15	15	13	158
Bingham	14	14	13	13	12	12	14	13	15	11	14	13	158
Johnson	14	14	11	14	13	15	12	14	12	13	12	13	157
Hinshaw	15	14	12	13	12	13	14	12	15	11	14	12	157
G Marshall	15	11	12	11	14	14	15	13	13	14	10	14	156
Wettleaf	12	13	11	13	12	11	14	14	15	12	15	14	156
Shemwell	13	15	11	14	14	15	14	12	15	15	14	14	166
Selbbers	14	14	15	13	12	15	15	12	14	12	14	14	164
Marvin	14	13	15	10	10	13	14	15	13	12	13	10	152
Nichols	12	13	14	14	12	12	12	13	11	14	12	12	152
Crabill	11	11	14	9	14	14	14	13	14	12	14	11	151
J Lane	14	13	13	10	14	12	13	15	10	12	12	12	150
G E T.	12	12	13	11	15	15	12	13	8	14	14	14	149
Texas	14	10	15	11	14	13	13	10	13	15	9	13	150
Stege	15	11	11	12	14	13	14	10	14	10	11	14	149
McFarland	12	12	13	12	11	13	13	12	14	14	13	8	147
Tripp	13	12	13	12	12	10	14	12	14	9	9	11	141
Bickmore	10	7	14	12	14	13	14	10	13	10	11	9	137
Taggart	15	10	13	11	15	13	13	11	15	12	15	14	...
Hoffman	9	11	12	11	11	14	13	12	14	13	13	14	...
Pat	13	12	14	11	12	14	14	8	11	11	11	11	...
Seager	12	13	10	14	13	10	11	14	12	11	12	13	...
McDonald	13	9	11	12	10	6	11	11	11	11	11	11	...
Gray	11	10	13	12	11	11	11	11	14	14	14	14	...
Morrison	14	10	10	11	13	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	...
W T Smith	6	12	10	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	...
Sears	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	...
Maasdam	15	10	13	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	...

General Averages.

	Oct. 22.	Oct. 23.	Broke.	Av.
Hughes	173	175	348	.966
White	166	169	335	.930
W Wettleaf	166	167	333	.925
Bray	163	169	332	.922
T Marshall	165	166	331	.919
Burnside	167	161	328	.911
Roll	164	163	327	.908
Wallace	163	165	328	.911
McDowell	164	163	327	.908
Thornton	162	159	321	.891
Holden	149	171	320	.888
Crouthcup	161	158	319	.886
Hinshaw	162	157	319	.886
Bingham	156	158	314	.872
Nichols	157	152	310	.861
Milner	150	160	310	.861
G Wettleaf	154	156	310	.861
J Lane	159	150	308	.858
G E T.	159	149	308	.855
Abbott	147	159	306	.850
Johnson	148	157	305	.847
Texas	145	150	295	.816
Stege	146	149	295	.816
McFarland	146	147	293	.813
Tripp	147	141	288	.800

Third Day, Oct. 24.

Twenty-five live-bird handicap, 26 to 31 yds., entrance \$15:

W T Smith, 27.....	1102120220w
Ady, 28.....	202211222021210w
Seager, 27.....	2221212012*0w
Sheehy, 27.....	22222222222222222222-24
Rosbach, 28.....	1*2210211210w
Nichols, 28.....	122222222122122222211101-24
Hughes, 29.....	21*0220w
T A Marshall, 31.....	222222*02*w
Wettleaf, 29.....	*220120w
Roll, 30.....	2221222121222222222222-25
Lane, 29.....	2202*20w
Milner, 30.....	*2222222222222222*w
Bingham, 30.....	*2222222222222222222222-23
Texas, 28.....	221212*022222222222w
Hinshaw, 29.....	*2221212122122212*w
Shemwell, 28.....	2022020w
Brucker, 27.....	1211122212111011111122-24
Adams, 28.....	2222222212222101122212*-23
Crismann, 29.....	012022220w
Burnside, 30.....	22*21121222222w
Bray, 29.....	22222222*222220w
Hoffman, 29.....	10121212*210w
Thornton, 28.....	20*2*w
King, 26.....	22020200*1w
Stege, 28.....	201112222210220w
McDowell, 28.....	01112111102111w
G Marshall, 28.....	12211101102220w
Selbers, 28.....	1211222222222222222222-24
White, 29.....	121222002211212w
Crabill, 29.....	0220222222222222w
Tripp, 27.....	222221222212222202122212-24
McDonald, 27.....	022022210w
Duncan, 29.....	212221222220222222020w
Holden, 29.....	2111201100w
Sears, 27.....	222121212010w
Duis, 28.....	*21111102*w
Shaw, 28.....	2222102222212101022*w

HAWKEYE.

Raleigh Gun Club Tournament.

RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 26.—The Raleigh Gun Club tournament held Oct. 22, 23 and 24, was well attended, considering it was the first attempt of the club to give a tournament.

The club proposes to give a big shoot next October, when Col. J. T. Anthony, the genial sportsman of Charlotte, N. C., will be interested, and the added money for each day will be sufficient to induce many of the best shooters of the country to be present.

The tournament was under the management of Mr. Lewis D. Thomas, of Laffin & Rand Powder Company.

The following trade representatives were present: Mr. A. H. Fox, Winchester Repeating Arms Co.; Mr. C. M. Lincoln, U. M. C. Co.; Mr. H. P. Collins, Dupont Powder Co.; Messrs. H. B. Lemcke and T. H. Keller, Jr., Peters Cartridge Co., and Lewis D. Thomas, of Laffin & Rand Powder Co. We also had with us our genial friend Col. Anthony and Messrs. Carrier, Brewer and Hawkins.

Mr. Carrier, of Asheville, N. C., won high average for the three days, using 40 grs. Laffin & Rand smokeless powder, and shot from the 18 yd. mark the last two days. Mr. Fox made second average, from 18 yd. mark. Several of the local men shot well. Ten events were shot on Oct. 25 for merchandise prizes, open only to North Carolina amateurs.

Oct. 22, First Day.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
Targets:	15	20	20	15	25	20	15	10	Broke.
Winchester	11	19	17	11	23	20	15	8	124
Lincoln	13	14	14	13	22	15	12	9	112
Lemcke	12	16	18	14	17	13	15	7	112
Carrier	15	19	19	14	22	19	13	10	131
Keller, Jr.	10	12	12	10	13	7	6	6	76
Thomas	15	17	16	10	15	17	10	8	108
Anthony	15	19	19	12	21	15	15	10	126
Collins	14	15	13	12	17	12	7	9	99
Burke	15	19	19	14	21	16	9	10	123
Hawkins	14	19	18	15	25	17	15	10	133
Gray	10	16	14	13	..	15	15	6	89
Welch	9
Gowan	4	16	3
Johnson, Sr.	12	14	16	..	18	12	8	7	..
Lee	8
Daniels	6
Shaw	9	..	8
Whitaker	13	13	12	..	17	7	..	8	..
Barrett	4	6
Blaylock	3
Walters	12	15	..	15	14	14	10	..
Ball	11	14	10
Ellington	6	..	15	..	4
Dinwiddie	7	18	10
Arthur	12	..	16
Edmondson	5
Crawford	15	12	6
Rowland	2
Riggan	8
Rand	3

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2. }

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 19.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

TRAP AMATEURS AND PROFESSIONALS.

THE question of professional and amateur, as their competitive interests relate to each other in the trapshooting world, is one of constantly recurrent interest. The merit of recognition which they should be conceded as competitors, or whether they should receive any at all, is a matter on which opinions are distinctly and positively divided.

In respect to the value of these opinions, it may be observed that very few of them are based on the theory of the greatest good to the greatest number. That large class of shooters commonly known as the eighty per cent. men in most instances consider the professional as being distinctly inimical to their interests, and, therefore, by an illogical process of reasoning, as being distinctly inimical to the interests of the sport as a whole. The novice class and other classes also are prone to believe that the interests of themselves and their fellows are paramount in the sport, and essential to its best development and continuance. In short, matters as they appeal to the self-interest of each class have respectively been considered as being for the best interest of the whole.

As in all other matters of general public interest, there undoubtedly is a happy medium to be found between the two extremes of conceding a free hand to the professional and conceding to him nothing at all. Undoubtedly the professional shooter whose skill at the traps is the specialty by which he holds his position with his employers, has a distinct advantage over the amateur or the amateur-professional who shoots intermittently.

Let us consider the common ruling against the professional; namely, he is informed by the management of the average tournament that he may shoot for targets only; that he can have no part in competition for the purses, but that he may have every opportunity to display the goods of his employers. On analysis of this it is found that nothing whatever is conceded, but that the arrangement in almost every particular accrues to the benefit of said management. The club makes a profit from every target shot at by the professional under this arrangement. The professionals, by their attendance, give a certain interest and prestige to the tournament which they attend, which in turn adds to the attractiveness of the event and to a greater attendance. This again is a gain to the tournament.

The ruling, as generally in force, thus arbitrarily classes all manufacturers' agents as professional shooters. A man may be a manufacturers' agent and yet have but little skill or no skill at all with the shotgun. It is quite absurd, therefore, to class a man as being expert with the shotgun on the question of occupation alone, particularly if the occupation is distinctly apart from shooting.

Furthermore, to entirely bar the professional does not in the least protect the average amateur, for the reason that there is a class of amateur experts which is quite equal to the highest class of professional experts, so that the average shooter is pitted against precisely the same degree of skill even when the professional is barred. He has to contend against the same high-grade competition called by another name. That is the only true distinction.

Nor does the status of the shooting world admit of the same degree of discrimination which obtains in many other forms of sport against the professionals. If we consider the professional baseball player, bicycle rider, jockey, football player, etc., we note that those forms of sport have great money-making resources in the way of gate money, large salaries, etc. If we consider the trapshooter in the same relation, we note that the matter of gate money is hardly worthy of consideration. Salaries also are smaller. The action of trapshooting competition and the units which make up its substantial sum total do not admit of the sharper distinctions between professional and amateur which are drawn in the other sports enu-

merated. Both professionals and amateurs are needed to sustain the competition.

Moreover, to entirely bar professionals from a tournament, detracts correspondingly from the competition, as it appeals to public consideration. A horse trot at a county fair would hardly engage the attention of all the county residents, but a race between such horses as The Abbot and Cresceus would engage the attention of the nation. This in a way serves to illustrate the loss to a tournament's importance which results from the total disbarment of the professional.

Recognizing the value of the factors of trapshooting competition, it is much better to harmonize and preserve them, through establishing certain principles of equity in the competition by virtue of handicaps.

The contestants, whether they be amateur or professional, vary greatly in the matter of skill, and, as in all other forms of sport, the handicap is essential to the equalization of the differences.

The principles of the handicap are a constant feature of every other important branch of sport, such as horse racing, either running or trotting; bicycle racing; sprinting; yachting, etc., and there is every reason for the best interest of the sport of trapshooting that it should be recognized as a part of it instead of being an incidental experiment.

THE BLOOMING GROVE CHARTER.

THE seizure reported in our columns last week of certain game which was about to be taken out of Pennsylvania by members of the Blooming Grove Park Association has served to direct attention to the peculiarly liberal charter of that organization. The Association was formed in 1871 for the purpose of establishing a shooting and fishing preserve in the townships of Blooming Grove, Green and Porter, in Pike county. The territory comprised hills and mountains, valleys and undulating plateaus, streams and lakes, with fine forests and a stock of the animals indigenous to the region, from black bear and deer to squirrels and hares; while the waters were already stocked with trout, or were waiting for the introduction of trout and bass. The park was in a veritable wilderness, where slight attention was paid by the people to game laws or trespass laws; and the promoters of the enterprise believed that if they were to secure for themselves the benefits of the preserve and were successfully to protect their own properties from trespass, together with the outlying territory of which they had leased the shooting rights, they must make their own fish and game laws and provide their own special police to enforce them. They accordingly secured a charter empowering them to do this. The charter provides:

"It may make its own game laws through its Board of Directors, and may add to, repeal or change the same from time to time. Such game laws shall be applicable only to the land actually owned or leased by said corporation, or to the territory over which they have obtained the right to shoot, fish or hunt." Provision is further made for game wardens appointed by the Association and deputized by the sheriff of Pike county. Penalties are provided for entering upon the land to shoot or fish, for killing deer and other game or fish. The penalties so prescribed are separate and distinct from those provided by the laws of the State relating to game and fish, and offenders are declared to be liable both to the special penalties and to those of the State law.

Under the liberal provisions of its charter, the Blooming Grove Park Association has been a law unto itself. It has fixed its own game and fish seasons, and has hunted deer with hounds, for example, in ways forbidden by the State. It has introduced game and fish, and in general conducted its preserve in a way calculated to give its members good fishing and shooting. The special privileges accorded to it in the charter have been the subject of invidious comment, but there is reason to believe that without such authority to make and administer its own laws the Association could not have succeeded with its preserve. The people among whom the Blooming Grove Park was established were many of them as wild and untamed in all that relates to hunting as the Pike county bears. Without its own police the Association would have had serious difficulty in protecting the territory, if, indeed, protection would not have proved absolutely impossible.

Whatever may be the constitutional aspects of those sections of the charter which empower the Blooming Grove

Park Association to make its own open and close seasons and its fish and game laws, there can be no serious claim, we believe, that such special privileges are in force outside of the club territory. While the Association may kill game as it pleases, there is nothing in the charter to warrant its exportation of game in a manner contrary to the State law.

We published last week a communication from a Boston correspondent, in which it was told that Commissioner Collins of the Fish and Game Commission had personally visited between forty and fifty saw mills to insure that the owners should keep their sawdust out of the brooks, and we added a note commenting upon the activity of the Commission in this respect. This prompts another correspondent to point out that the work of keeping the trout streams free from pollution is only a portion of that which has been undertaken and carried through by the Massachusetts Commission in their determination to increase the fish and game supply. In addition to the other work of the summer, Commissioner Collins has taken soundings and temperatures in twenty-one ponds and lakes, besides making a less careful examination of many others with reference to their fishery capabilities. The Commission has had built within the past two years sixteen new fishways, and has caused six or more fishways to be rebuilt. It is estimated that this has had the effect of increasing fully four times the possibilities for breeding and rearing fish. The fishways have been built under the special direction of the Commission, and Mr. Collins has personally examined the site for every one that has been built or rebuilt, or is to be built. It is a pleasure to chronicle such activity so intelligently directed.

The autumn of 1901 to this writing has been remarkable for a succession of bright days, now run into weeks of perfect weather for outdoor life. There has been inspiration in the air, in the sunlight, in the flaming foliage, in the purple haze of the distance. This period of delightful weather conditions has followed a breeding season which has been in many parts of the land exceedingly fruitful; the game supply is almost everywhere abundant. Surely in this year of 1901 the man with the gun has little to complain of in game and weather conditions. Even the duck shooter, who is notoriously a rough-weather fowl, rejoicing when the Weather Bureau prognosticates the coming of a storm, has this year enjoyed good shooting, even without the tempestuous accompaniments. On the uplands the continued mild weather has protracted the season of heavy cover, and this has in a measure made shooting difficult; but a heavy frost or two will correct this.

The second series of Fred Mather's "Men I Have Fished With" has just issued from the press of the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., under the title "My Angling Friends." This title is simply to distinguish the second book from the first one. The chapters Mr. Mather wrote from week to week for FOREST AND STREAM readers have by no means lost their freshness; they are as readable, as overflowing with kindly humor and sentiment, as fascinating and absorbing, to-day as ever. The volume will have a place with the first one in many an angler's library.

As an interesting side light on the antiquity of angling, Mr. Charles Hallock cites the reference in Isaiah xix: 8, 10, where the prophet, in foretelling the woes which are to fall upon the Egyptians, pictures these evil days for anglers: "The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall perish. . . . And they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish." From which it appears that the anglers of old had troubles of their own.

Some cities have elections annually, others once in so often; but with the coming of November every year without a break the Cincinnati Cuviers dine in annual banquet. The date this year will be Nov. 20.

The map of the United States is dotted with names which have in them—if only we stopped to think of it—a reminder of the wild life of the old days. Mr. Van Cleeef's interesting notes on the Beaver Kill are in point.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Created as They Are.

"SAY, bub, I don't like to hear you make such talk as that," remonstrated Joe Lacoot. He deftly flipped a piece of ham in the spider, and as it sputtered away in the hot fat he looked at me reproachfully through the blue trail of smoke from the camp-fire. That trail of smoke rode on the morning breeze out over the Second Joe Mary Lake in northern Maine. Joe shifted his kneeling position on the sand of the beach and continued, "Don't ever say that a moose is 'homely.' People who call this and that animal homely are trying to fit little human rules of beauty on to creatures that God has created as they are for a purpose. You hain't the only one as is sayin' that the moose is homely. I saw a piece in the paper the other day, and the writer made all sorts of mean flings at Brother Moose's Hubbard squash nose, his tailboard lip and his wire-spring hair. The feller who wrote that piece was never formally introduced to Mr. Moose in the depths of the woods. In the woods is where the moose gets on his dignity. He belongs there. You can't expect him to look pretty hung up before a market for the folks to finger as they pass. His mounted head over the sideboard doesn't look like a bust of one of them Roman statues."

"Now, take yourself! There you are, in rough clothes, head shaggy, not shaved for a week, your hair full of spruce spills and your face dirty. Now, wouldn't you be a spectacle walking down street at home in the city? The idea is, ev'ry critter to his own surroundin's. I'll bet you are slick enough when you are at home."

"You just meet a bull moose face to face in the woods! You don't think he's homely then. Of course, if you have the grit and the gun you'll shoot. But first of all he will awe you. If he feels that he doesn't inspire enough awe he will turn and trot off. For he is a modest chap. You will notice that his hair isn't rough and bristly then. It has been nicely slicked and polished by the cedar and the swamp maple. When you walk around a stuffed moose you may think that his legs are too long. But gracious me, you ought to see old Brother Bull expressing it through the woods when there are two feet of light snow on the ground. And those splay feet come in handy then. If you happen to see him at home in his 'yard,' you will not wonder that his nose is of the roamin' kind. If he ate ham for breakfast, the same as you and I [and Joe hooked out my portion on a tin plate], that nose would be something to laugh at. But you watch him gather in the twigs and sprouts as he browses in the yard, or hook on to the lilypads and roots in the edge of a lake and you'll say he 'nose' his bus'ness," and Joe cackled at his bit of a pun.

"I'll bet when he stands in a lake in a lilypad patch and looks down on his reflection in the water he is pretty well pleased with what he sees there. He would be more pleased with a snap shot of himself railroading through the deep woods at top speed, with his great antlers laid back on his shoulders, his nose sniffing at the air ahead, his great stride taking him over fallen tree trunks and through the underbrush without hitch or pause. Those antlers are not in the way then—they protect his shoulders from the scrape of the bushes."

"And his eyes—say, I've had a bull moose look at me at a time when he didn't think I was worth tackling."

"I never realized before what contempt in a creature's countenance meant. I was out after basket stuff and had only my hatchet. I wasn't thinking of moose that day. All at once I stumbled through some undergrowth right into a yard where a big moose was browsing. I looked at him. He slowly lowered his head and looked at me. The only thing I could think of was a man staring at me over his spec's. The bell under his neck and the bristle of grizzled hair around his head gave Brother Moose the appearance of wearing whiskers. His first look of amazement changed to one of the most supreme contempt, and at last he snorted, and lifting his fore foot made one disdainful jerk in my direction, as though he would say, 'Scoot!' But instead of scooting, in my excitement I brandished my hatchet and ran toward him. That moose might then and there have made it mighty unpleasant for me. But he simply lifted his chin a bit higher, sort o' pointed the horns of his antlers at me derisively and jogged away, not even waving adieu with his tail. But the look in his eyes as he turned told me what he was thinking. It was, 'So 'long, old boy; you're too slow. I lunch fifty miles further up the trail. But I'll not keep the table waiting. With those short legs and big feet you'll never get there!'"

We had finished the ham and the coffee, and Joe, in the invariable ten minutes of leisure following a camp breakfast, filled his pipe, lighted it and quacked at the stem until the smoke rolled about his ears.

"The only critter in the whole Maine woods that I'll sling a slur at," said he, "is the chap that I call the undertaker. Phuh! He does give me the fidgets of the worst sort."

Joe noted the look of inquiry and added, "Other people call 'em loucivees, bobcats, and such like. But undertakers is the best for 'em. You'll understand all about it when you have an experience with one."

"While ago I was in the Brassua region alone. I built a handful of fire at the end of a log and boiled my tea. While the tea was boiling I got my spider out and fried some pork. Well, the fat was sputtering and snapping, and I didn't try to listen to anything around me. But all of a sudden I had that queer feeling—you know what it is—as if some one was boring a look into the back of my head. I'm sensitive to those things. I always turn round in a crowd when I feel some one looking at me. It's a sort of an itchy feeling. So, still scooching on the ground, I turned my head. Squatting just as nice and quiet as ye please on the other end of that log was one them undertakers. I looked at him. I felt just as if he was sizin' me up an' figgerin' on how many steaks I would make, providin' I was cut skillfully. Did ye ever look right into loucivee's eyes when he is makin' it his bus'ness to look at you? Honestly, they seem as big as sassers. After you look for a time it seems as though the eyes were stickin' right out on his cheeks. He never winks. There's no larkin' nor playin' about that look of

his. He's as sober as a deacon. I never got sociable enough with a loucivee to talk with him, but I should judge that bein' hungry is a blamed serious piece of business in his case."

"Now, you understand that I've been in the woods long enough not to be scared at sight of a bobcat. They'll never tackle a man unless he corners them and drives 'em into a wrastle."

"So, after my first jump at sight of that cheerful old undertaker there on the log, I just scooched and stared back at him. As a starrer I wasn't in it with him; but I did the best I could. I didn't try to drive him away. I'm not the sort of a chap, bub, that shoots ev'rything in the woods on sight. The critters I don't need I don't trouble. I felt that undertaker on the log had just much right there as I had. Furthermore, he rather appealed to my sympathies, with those hungry eyes."

"I munched my dinner, and still gave him the look right into the eye. Those sasser eyes stayed just as round and bright. I commenced to projick on what he was lookin' at me for. Finally I decided there were two things that kept him there; he begretched ev'ry mouthful I was eatin' or else was hopin' that I would choke to death on some chunk of meat, and that would give him his undertaking job. That last made me nervous. I was hungry when I set down to eat, but that famished stare took my appetite away. I can't bear to eat with other folks hungry around me. I couldn't enjoy a Christmas dinner if I thought that in the next house some poor critters were eatin' only potatoes and salt cod. Well, thinks I, 'I'll be decent with ye, even if I don't like your lack of table manners. So I chucked a biscuit at him. He could have caught it easy; but he simply ducked his head to one side, and the biscuit went past him into the bushes. He still kept those glassy eyes fixed right on me—never made any move to get the biscuit. Then says I, 'Try a piece of my pork, old man. It's good.' But he just scrouged his head to the other side, and the pork scaled past. And still them eyes bored me. And solemn! I could imagine that he wore screeaky shoes and had a screw-driver and a handful of coffin nails down behind the log somewhere."

"Now, about that time I got a little vexed. I concluded that grub good enough for me ought to be good enough for a bobcat that slept in a tree and never heard a dinner bell once in six months."

"I suppose you up with your rifle, Joe, and put a slug through the chap with that pair of starers?"

"Not a bit of it," retorted Joe, rapping the ashes out of his pipe and scaling our dishes together, preparatory to lugging them to the lake. "Not a bit of it! A bobcat has rights in the woods that I respect. I simply bundled my traps together and went away. Undertakers are all right and all that, but to have one sitting around in his professional capacity will spoil any man's appetite, even when the undertaker wears a fur coat and has tufted ears and a bob tail."

HOLMAN F. DAY.

AUBURN, Me.

A Walk Down South.—III.

THE steady tramping under the heavy pack was too much for the cords of my feet to bear comfortably. They became exceedingly painful, and at Sayre, Pa., I sat down over Sunday and all day long tried to reduce the swelling with witch hazel. Monday morning found me still lame, but ready to start on again. I took the trolley car to Athens, two miles south, and left it at the bridge over the Chemung River and crossed to Greene's Landing. There was a cut-off across a grain field and corn patch, which I took. There were three fences on the way, in each of which the generous owner had put a V-gateway, which gave men free way, but stopped cattle. I took this as a sign of a generous people, and the thought made my pack a little less burdensome. Before I was clear across, a team came near to the end of the path, drawing a light wagon upon which was a calf crate. The driver was a negro youth, and his companion a colored lad of say thirteen years.

"Hey, Boss! load pretty heavy?" asked the driver.

I said it was.

"Well, then, don't ye want a ride?"

I did, and mounted to the seat beside the driver, the boy climbing back on the calf crate.

"Where ye goin' with all that?" I was asked.

I said I was heading for the coal mine country, and that Ulster was my destination on that day, as I expected mail there.

"Sorry 'bout that, for we turn off at Milan and go to Smithfield."

Smithfield was nine miles on my way, and after a moment I said I would go to Smithfield and have my mail forwarded to Canton. It was a streak of luck to get a ride so far.

"Shooting much?" the driver, whose name was Harry Griffin, wanted to know.

I said I had killed enough red squirrels to eat.

"Say," he said, "you know, I like to hunt. It's more fun than mos' anything. A lot of us fellows went out from Towanda once. Towanda's got lots of hunters in it; more'n up here. I think there's more guns and dogs there than there is people. Most everybody hunts. We went up on a side hill, and 'bout eight dogs went rumaging 'round, and they jumped rabbits in every brush pile. Such shooting you never hear. A great, big, white fellow (varying hare) came by me—say, he was going now; ten feet every jump. I couldn't stop him. It made my eyes stan' out to see him go, I tell you. But we shot so much that we got some rabbits and the girl cooked them for us. Um-m! She ust to live down South an' knew how. Just the same with possum and coons. She cooked um so's you'd leave your teeth behind next time an' 'like 'em just as well. We got three, four possums. It seem like I haven't had nothin' to eat since, just to remember how she cook'd um."

"So you go all alone, eh? Think you'd get lonesome. But some kinds of company ain't so good as when they're gone. I'd just like to make that sort of a trip. You heard 'bout that colored man what shot a detective over there the other day to Waverly? He got caught with bloodhounds out near Canton, where you're going. He was pretty tough. They shot him twice in the

leg or he'd never been caught; but his leg went back on him. I know how to fix them bloodhounds—a fellow from down South told me. He said when you're being chased just put some red pepper in your tracks, and then the way the dogs cuts up is comical, and they can't smell nothing no more. You just remember that, if anybody gets after you some time."

I promised to remember.

"There isn't much game around here any more. Rabbits and birds gets eat up by foxes; lots of them. But down 'round Towanda that's where a man gets game. I'd like to go down there and eat some more coon like I had there once. She baked it, you know, and kept turning it over and over in the oven. I feel just like I could eat the whole coon and the dressing, the way she cooked it. The coon climbed a big hemlock and got away out on the end, where he couldn't hold on, when one of the boys shook him. One of us had a ball bat, and when that coon came down he hit him on the fly, mashed his head right in and broke a dog's back, too; so we didn't hunt no more that night."

Three red squirrels in one tree caused the boy to leap wildly to the ground from the top of the crate. He landed on all fours. When he reached his feet again his hands were full of stones, with which he drove the animals scolding to the top, where they would have been pretty shots with my rifle. The team, however, was too skittish for that, so we drove on.

At Smithfield I left the two, and buying a pound of beefsteak took to the road again under my pack. A couple of miles out I built a fire beside a little brook and fried the steak. It was exceedingly good, with a slice of bread and a handful of chestnuts, which the darkies and I gathered under a couple of roadside trees. I drank a cupful of coffee, also boiled over the fire, and then started on.

My left foot bothered me more and more; so as I neared Harkness, three or four miles further on, I decided to stop there for a day or two at least, giving my feet absolute rest. I thought I could stay in a farmhouse without difficulty. I was mistaken. There was no place at Harkness. I went on to Springfield, limping; more and more at every mile. At Springfield there was a hotel, but no one was in it. It had been closed for weeks. At neither store could I hear of a place where boarders were taken. I was told that I might get board at some farmhouse. Then I began to look for a place to camp over night—a barn to sleep in or a bed. At the top of one hill was a farm, with many buildings, but the folks were going away. At the foot of another hill was a vile swale filled with cat-tails. The woods, which are always in sight in some direction, were far away, up steep hills or too thin and scraggy for a camp. I stopped at last, and was about to roll up in my blanket behind a stone fence, when the black tip of a cloud showed through the dull, twilight sky. To sleep out with one's ankles giving way and a storm coming up seemed foolhardy; so I went on again.

The next house was "full of company"; the next was not prepared to keep travelers; at the next a man's thin voice called through locked doors to say that there was a hotel over the hill, at Crossroads.

It had begun to rain. It was so dark that I could merely see that there was a road ahead. I stepped in ruts, I bumped into the sides of cuts, I stumbled to my knees on stones, and was thrown violently from side to side by clods of dirt breaking under my shoes. Up a hill that seemed interminable, I started down again through dense woods, as it seemed, staggering and even groaning at sharp pain in both ankles. I met a team of horses, which shied sideways into the ditch and nearly ran into a dark horse, which reared to its hind legs and walked backward down the hill for several steps.

But at last I got to Columbia X Roads, where there was a hotel. I entered it and sat down, a position I scarcely left for the next three days. But it was a worth while delay, for the "boy" of the hotel had worked in lumber camps for many years, and could tell so much about the Pennsylvania lumbermen that I became interested in them and wished to see how the Pennsylvanians did their work of slashing the forests.

On the 15th the Pennsylvania squirrel and pheasant (ruffed grouse) season opened. One of the hunters came to the hotel that night. He was perhaps thirty years old, tall, thin and of alert appearance. He carried an old muzzleloading rifle with a barrel at least 30 inches long. Its sights were very low and close to the barrel. The weapon was topheavy in my reach, but it balanced in his grasp. He had killed nothing. A squirrel had led him half-way across the big patch of woods up the valley and escaped. A pheasant or two had raised and flown away, but that was all; still, he had had a good time. He remembered one day, when squirrels were plentiful last fall, and the memory was game enough till he had another successful hunt. He put the muzzle of his rifle on the floor and twisted a leg around the barrel, while he leaned on the butt and against the wall. He did not sit down. Other hunters had killed six birds, three black squirrels and one gray, but they used dogs. Dogs didn't appeal to this rifle user. He preferred such still-hunting as he could get in shoes with soles half an inch or more thick.

There are men throughout this region who trap skunks for their fur. While I was in the hotel office on my second day at X Roads a trapper came in with the skin of a great full-stripe skunk which he had taken the night before. The barkeeper, however, would not allow him to stay long enough to even get a drink. The trapper usually lives alone, and strange tales of the things they eat are heard if one listens. Muskrats and skunks and wild herb roots known best to themselves are among the delicacies with which they pamper their tastes regularly. Of course game of all sorts finds its way to their cool boxes over the brooks on which their homes are usually located. They talk of killing a gray squirrel or a fox with as much animation as other hunters tell of their deer and bear. Judging from all that I have heard, it must take nearly as much skill to get a gray squirrel in "scarce" years as to kill a deer on a far-back Adirondack ridge.

The first ill-natured word spoken to me on the trip was at X Roads, on my second night there. A drink-ugly man who had talked pleasantly enough during the

day came and said flatly that he did not think I was there for any good. I told him he was privileged to think what he pleased—that was all. He subsided into a stupor soon.

The boy who had been in the lumber camp was enthusiastic about making long trips. His specialty was rides on freight trains. He had been almost to Buffalo, through Pittsburg, down near Harrisburg; in fact, he had been pretty much all over Pennsylvania and part of New York on the luggage cars. A telephone inspector who was at the hotel over night said that Elmira boys had the same fashion of making vacation tours. They would go West or South for a week or even three or four weeks, and by doing a day's farm or other labor now and then keep themselves supplied with a little cash for food. Usually two or three lads develop the migrating instinct and travel together.

I received a hint at the hotel which proved of great value. My shoes, which seemed to have heavy soles when I started, seemed like paper when I had my attention called to the manner in which they bent at each step. At Troy, on the 17th, four miles south of X Roads, on Sugar Creek, I had a thick leather sole laid on over the old one. This increased the thickness to a little over half an inch, and the improvement was so marked that I was able to walk with considerable comfort.

The road followed the valley, but in places went over the hills. From the top of one ridge about half-way from Troy to Canton I had my first view of real Pennsylvania mountain scenery. I saw Mount Pisgah from Smithfield to X Roads, but it was a mere knoll of great height, with a farmhouse on top, whose proprietor is said to charge five cents a look from an observatory on his house; but now I saw steep, wooded hills without a suggestion of thirtiness on their summits. The valley before me was of the broad, sweeping kind, exceedingly beautiful to look at. The autumn-colored leaves were nearly all fallen, and there was a preponderance of dark brown not so noticeable in past views, when yellow and even green were to be seen.

It was getting on toward night, and a cold shower of rain drove me to the refuge of a horse barn for an hour. While I was there a boy came over a hill on the run from some of the ridge woods. Over his back in a grain bag was a peck of chestnuts.

The rain over, I passed on, and at the foot of a hill came to a deserted old house, a great barn and a small horse barn. In the horse barn was half a ton of hay up in the corner of the loft. To this I made my way, my appetite satisfied by two quarts of milk purchased half a mile back; and rolling up in my woollen blanket, and drawing the rubber blanket over me just as the last evening ray of the sun found its way through a crack to my bed, I was ready to sleep.

I dreamed that tramps were shouting in my ears, but it was only the rustle of the wind and hay. I curled in closer to the center of my blankets and soon slept again. In the morning, when it was light, I awakened and put my head out to see. It was so cold that I promptly tucked myself into the blanket again, and then I slept till after 8 o'clock, and the sun had begun to warm the air. I changed my thick woollens, in which I sleep, for thin, walking ones, packed my basket and started.

No wonder it seemed cold! There was an inch of snow on the ground under the trees where the sun had not yet thawed it. The hills were black and white under its semi-covering. My thirteen-odd hours of sleep left me fresh and strong. I thought it was four miles to Canton, and looked along for a place to make my breakfast.

"How far is it to Canton?" I asked a man.

"Just under the hill, there," he replied.

He looked like a hunter, and he proved to be an old fox driver. He knew the runways, and had seen them under all conditions, from moonlight to that of the sun. He explained the Pennsylvania non-resident law by the fashion in which the game of the region was stripped out by New York and other sportsmen. "I have seen a party down at the railroad with 150 head of game—rabbits and squirrels—going away. They had their pointer dogs, and the moment a bird raised they fired and killed it. Now it's different. Railroads don't transport game like they used to, and a man can't have only so much."

The selfishness of "sportsmen" has embittered many of the native hunters against visitors, especially the natives who hunt for pleasure.

At Canton I ate breakfast and got my mail. That was what I had looked forward to for days. The mail box marks the route better than anything else a traveler has to go by.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

IX—The Raid.

THE deep silence of early dawn pervaded the scene as we awaited the signal of attack. Out of the doomed town there arose not so much as the barking of one of the horde of dogs, and among us was heard no sound but whispered words or the dull clash of a powder horn against a gun stock. I felt almost a qualm of pity for the poor, unconscious wretches upon whom the hand of vengeance was about to fall, but when I bethought me how strange such a feeling had ever been to their savage breasts my heart grew hard, and I doubt not my face showed as little of the quality of mercy as those about me.

Now from beyond the further side of the village came the hollow hoot of an owl, which was answered on our side and in the other two quarters, and at this signal we closed in on all sides. At the first house we came to, it being, like all the others, a very snug, comfortable abode for an Indian's quarters, the first man who reached it pointed up to a singular ornament over the door, which a closer examination showed to be nothing less ghastly than a dozen scalps strung upon a pole. The hair of many was of such Saxon colors as plainly showed them to be our own people's, and there were the long tresses of women and the fair curls of little children. These hideous trophies, to the number of more than two hundred, were displayed on all the principal houses, and the sight of them set all our hearts ablaze with rage;

so that we fell to our bloody work of retribution as relentlessly as might these savages themselves. My three companions and I burst in at the door upon as many Indian men, who started up with a yell of terror out of their deep slumber, only to sink back groaning under the blows of our hatchets into the deeper and everlasting sleep of death, while their women, some dumb, some shrieking with fright, covered in the corners, striving to shield their children with their outstretched arms. Mostly they were spared, for such were General Amherst's orders; yet his merciful injunctions were more than once forgotten or unheeded in the fury of that morning's slaughter, and squaws were stricken down as relentlessly as if they were she wolves. We ransacked the house for such plunder as was worth carrying off; then raked the covered embers from the hearth on to the floor, and piling the readiest combustibles thereon, hastened forth in search of more victims.

Out of the depth of silence what a wild confusion of sounds a few moments had brought! From every side rose shrieks of terror, groans of wounded men, shouts of command, intermingled with a dropping report of fire locks as shots were fired at fleeing victims, or now and then at one who stood sullenly at bay, whereunto was presently added the crackle and roar of flames, for each house was fired as soon as it was sacked, now flushing the growing day with lurid light, now darkening it with black clouds of smoke that for one moment veiled and in the next disclosed the scene of devastation and its fleeing or dying victims and their ruthless assailants. There the lifting cloud would unveil the swift figure of a red warrior running for life toward the river; no sooner seen then he became the target of a Ranger's rifle, perhaps to go down in a headlong fall, for our men were mostly very expert marksmen. There, would be seen an Indian mother scurrying away with her brood of brats, like a scared wild duck with her ducklings, and likely to get no worse than a bullet screeching just over her head to hasten her flight; and there a withered, old hag fighting tooth and nail like a mad cat for some treasured household article.

Such sights I saw but in a fleeting glance as I sped on to the next house, one of the largest and neatest, but as yet unmolested. Entering it in advance of my comrades, I saw the legs of an Indian on the ladder leading to the chamber whither they were following his body; and lest I should get his tomahawk in my skull if I attempted to pull him down, I made sure by letting fly a bullet into his hip, and he came down clutching at the rungs till he fell in a heap on the floor. He hurled his tomahawk at my head, but a dodge saved me, and though he drew his knife and slashed savagely at me I soon put him at peace with this world, though I knew not his attitude toward the next.

Now I had time to look about, and observed more closely two women whom I had seen only out of the corner of an eye. The one standing nearest me, very erect and firm, though with a terrified face, was a white woman with golden hair, and evidently young, though the hardships of captivity had worn the bloom and roundness off her cheeks. Partly behind her an Indian girl crouched, staring out with the half-defiant look that you see in the eyes of a frightened wild animal.

"Do not hurt her," said the white woman, in a low, sweet voice. It was a voice that had not its like in all the world, yet unlikely to be heard here, as in the depths of the black morass where I had been so sure it had called my name. A moment later I marveled that I could have failed an instant to recognize either face or voice.

"For God's sake, Mercy!" I cried, "how came you here?"

Even before I spoke she knew me, though much exposure and a full beard had greatly changed my face since our sad parting by the sumacs. With an inarticulate cry of joy and surprise she came forward, stretching out her hands to me. I was shaken by conflicting emotions, by the old love rekindled, by pity and by resentment of her faithlessness. If the first seemed the stronger for a moment, the last as quickly arose to hinder its expression, and I made no responsive movement, for I would show her that I would do no more for her than for any other woman in like strait.

Her arms dropped, and she drew back to the side of the Indian girl with an abashed, grieved face, that wrenched my heart; but I could not be tender to one who had forsaken me, and was now another man's wife.

"You are greatly changed," she said, in a choked, constrained voice.

"When hearts change, why should not faces?" I answered; and she said no more till I asked her again what chance had brought her here. She told me in a few words that the Indians had made a descent upon the frontier town where her father was settled, had killed him with several others and brought away some captives, herself among them, and here she had been for six months, not unkindly treated, though very wretched concerning the uncertainty of her fate. It was a pitiful story to hear my lost sweetheart telling of herself; but I kept outwardly cool and unmoved as I listened, and when my comrades rejoined me, after searching for booty, I said, "You will stay under guard of our men till the job's finished; the squaw is a prisoner, but she will not be harmed;" and so we went out, she edging past the dead Indian with half-averted, horrified face, and I left her and the Indian girl in charge of a very good and true man, Jackson by name.

The work of retribution was well nigh accomplished; every house in the village save three holding a store of corn, now a necessity to us, was a bonfire or smoldering ruin; every warrior slain or a homeless fugitive, and such women and children as were not captured were hiding in the woods like coveys of scared partridges. Our three wounded were cared for; our one killed, Sam, Mohican, a Stockbridge Indian—and a very good man—buried decently, and we departed, prisoners and captives, with what provisions we could carry and a considerable booty of silver ornaments and a silver image found in the church. It was a most desolate scene that we turned our backs upon, ruined, silent and deserted save for one abandoned, homeless, masterless cur, howling disconsolately from an overlooking knoll.

Looking Backward.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Fla., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I fumble over FOREST AND STREAM, and as I read the accounts of rambles by my brethren through the Northern woods, filling their bags with princely woodcock and lordly grouse, all my old-time love for the fun comes back to me in spite of my wrinkles and white hair.

Old Father Time is chuckling over the thought that he has got me down, but by Jingo! "I'll turn a corner Jinken and cheat him yet."

As soon as I get my screws tightened and my where-to-go determined, I mean to have a crack at our diminutive brats of quail, and may be I'll turn over a snipe or two by the way. But my favorite bird, the October beauty—not the flabby July imitation—I never expect to molest again. I've seen but two in twenty years and I got all of them.

The noble grouse is not in our parish.

While the younger tribe can chuckle over their well-filled bags, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the glory of my shooting days compared to theirs is something like an electric light to a tallow candle.

In the jolly days when I was young I did not need a dog to put up woodcock, for "the woods were full of them," and grouse were so thick that they would put themselves in my way on purpose to get killed, because there was not food enough to fill them all. Quail were too numerous to mention.

There was no need of game laws then. I have bagged wagon loads of prairie grouse when they were numerous enough to destroy the farmers' crops; I have enjoyed the very cream of duck shooting—though not much of it—and, take it all in all, if any man of the present generation has had a better time than I have had let him speak "or forever after hold his peace"—by which I do not mean his "fowling piece."

I have had my day—Selah!

Your private brotherly suggestion that it would be nice and jolly to send out a drag-net and haul in a lot of the chief scribblers of FOREST AND STREAM for a big game feast and flow of soul seems on the surface a good idea, but would they come?

For instance, "Ransacker" wouldn't leave his bees and come tramping down from Shasta Mountains merely for a little fun; and, as to your amiable old humble servant, why no! He has lots of reasons why he could not, comfortably, make one of such a crowd.

But first let me suggest that if you should resolve to try it on, you put up over the door of the feeding room in gold letters:

"Behold how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

In case of such a meeting there would be all sorts and sizes, and among the sorts might be some members of the clubs with which I once waged horrid war! Now "war is hell," and hell has nothing fraternal about it; consequently I might suffer, for "revenge is sweet," and if one of the club men aforesaid, whom I have charged with selfishness in wanting to grab all the lakes in the Adirondacks and fence in all its broad and gamy acres on the pretext of protecting and preserving game and fishes (for themselves) should ask: "Who is that rusty looking old cuss in the French cap at the right of the President?" and his neighbor should answer: "Why, that is Didymus," then a cold quail like a "froze cat" might come flying down my way and light against the side of my head. Then some witty member might remark that he wouldn't quail before an antagonist who used such ammunition as that, and ask, with a serious face, if my wound was serious—which would be annoying. I am afraid such a gathering would give opportunity for venting cheap wit and unbrotherly badgering.

Another reason would be that I'm quite deaf, and while I would hear nothing of the conversation I might be maligned to the bitter end by mine enemies.

I could not join the fight in my own defence; and, if toasted, the toasteer might insult the toaster by innocently ignoring the compliment. So you see I cannot second the motion for a call of contributors.

Still that is no reason why you might not call in a few of the near-by scribblers and have a "feast of reason and a flow of —" game, with no Didymus, though it might seem a little like the play of Hamlet with the main chap out!

But I have had my day, and all I ask is to be let alone.

DIDYMUS.

Natural History.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Weights of Game Birds.

CURRITUCK INLET, N. C.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I will endeavor to give you the weights of different birds, as observed by me, as follows:

The male swan, about two years old, weighs 30 pounds, the female 22 pounds; a year-old male weighs 17 pounds. Wild goose, male, 12 pounds; female, 10 pounds. The white brant or Canada goose, male, 8 pounds; female, 6 pounds. The black brant, male, 5 pounds; female, 4 pounds. The black duck, male, 3 pounds; female, 2½ pounds. Mallard, drake, 3½ pounds; hen, 3 pounds. The sprigtail, or pintail, male, 2 1-3 pounds; female, 2¼ pounds. Widgeon or bald pate, male, 2 pounds; female, 2 pounds. Teal, male, 1¼ pounds; hen, 1 pound. Red-head, male, 3 pounds; hen, 2½ pounds. Spoonbill or shoveler, drake, 1 1-3 pounds; hen, 1 pound. Hairy-crowned widgeon or sawbill, male, 1½ pounds; female, 1 pound. Ruddy duck, male, 1½ pounds; female, 1 pound. Waterwitch, male, ½ pound; hen, 12 pounds. Mudhen or crow duck, male, 1¼ pounds; hen, 1 pound. Sheldrake, male, 3 pounds; hen, 2¼ pounds.

The weights given are of birds which have been killed by me, and were weighed by me. All these birds might vary in weight according to gain or loss by reason of conditions of food; but the figures probably would not change very much.

L. R. WHITE.

Natural History Notes.

BETWEEN two bluffs, one on the Arizona and the other on the California side of the Colorado River, electric wires have recently been stretched. These wires are probably 75 feet above the surface of the water and 510 feet long between the supporting poles. They are of copper, and are naked their entire length. Under the overhanging bluff, on the Arizona side, a colony of mud swallows (*P. lunifrons*) are yearly located. During the past season they were unusually numerous, and throughout the nesting months they would occupy several hundred feet of the wires without a break. Particularly was this true during the early hours of morning. The weather hereabouts during the summer months is inclined to be a little warm. It has no fixed figure to go by, but generally jogs along anywhere from 105 to 116 degrees in the shade, and probably 20 to 30 degrees higher in the sun. One afternoon during the latter part of July I exposed a thermometer to the sun. Unfortunately it registered but 135 degrees, and when that figure was reached it was taken under cover, as it was feared the bulb would be broken if further exposed. Now, I do not make this statement for the purpose of inducing immigration in this direction, nor of setting forth its many advantages as a summer resort, as other places as good can probably be found nearer home; but to call attention to the great degree of heat the feet and bodies of swallows are capable of sustaining without apparent injury; for, notwithstanding the great heat, they gathered at intervals along the wire in bunches of two, three or twenty, and having apparently rested a sufficient time they would suddenly drop, skim over the surface of the water, many of them touching it in their flight, and again gather on the naked wires. There was not a fall hour of the day in which more or less of them could not be so seen. Just why it did not fry their little bodies as they sat is something I do not comprehend. It is barely possible that the evaporation from the surface of the water, say 75 feet below, was sufficient to maintain a low temperature in the wires; but of that I do not know. It is however, the only explanation to the matter I can offer. With the exception of a few small colonies, these birds have scattered over the valley for the season. In 1899 they opened the nesting season about April 14. On March 23, 1900, the spring migration had about reached its maximum. During the spring of 1901 they did not make their appearance till about the first of April. By the 7th I thought them all here, but two days later I saw hundreds of them skimming over a field of barley. This was about 10 A. M. The owner of the place told me that he was pleased to see them, as they were feeding on insects that were injurious to his grain. He said they had just come in, as he had been through the field about an hour before and they were not there at the time.

Because of the long, hot summer in this section of the country, there is a superabundance of insect life. To one unfamiliar with the facts the quantity is difficult of conception. At night they swarm about the arc lights in incomprehensible numbers, apparently rising to and falling from them in clouds that dim the light. Thousands of them fall to the ground, where they form the food of a small army of toads. These toads come from the wet bottom at the conjunction of the Colorado and Gila rivers, and grow to an immense size. Among the peculiarities of insect life is a small, black beetle (kindly identified by Dr. Howard, of Washington as *Blapstinus longulus*), which produces enormously. They make their appearance above ground during the night. They will overspread everything in their vicinity, and in favorable locations they will cover the ground three and four inches deep. They can be gathered by the double handfuls, as one would gather grain from a bin. Unless disturbed, they move about only during the night. They "swarm" not less than three times a year, generally in June and July, when they form one of the staple foods of the toads above alluded to. The toad crop is of yearly growth, and each recurrent spring sees a new crop of diminutive hoppers. One can almost see them grow, and by the end of the season, which largely closes toward the latter part of August, even the smallest has attained aldermanic proportions. Their excretions, which I have frequently seen $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter, was a mass of various-sized beetles, but more commonly made up of the black beetle referred to and a smaller brown beetle. Much of this mass was of live, undigested material, which, upon freeing itself from the husks and wings of its less fortunate companions, went its own way as before. This was a common, everyday observation; the toads simply ate more by 50 per cent. than they could assimilate. Frequently they could be seen sitting apparently motionless by a "swarm" of a gallon or two of beetles, with corpulent bodies and a very self-satisfied appearance; the result was that they could not digest half of what they ate.

Two Agassiz tortoises (*Zerobates agassizi*), male and female, have been kept at the Territorial Penitentiary for the past eight or ten years. The male is among the largest of its kind. They are without fear, and take pleasure in allowing their heads and necks to be scratched. In the way of food, they are commonly fed on meat and vegetables, and frequently on the leaves of the mulberry tree, of which they appear to be very fond. At least three-fifths of their time is passed under the old floor of a carpenter's shop, and so far as I know, without food of any kind. Throughout the winter months they are never seen, hibernation commencing about Nov. 1 and ending early in March. The male usually leads the way by a few days. Thus in 1899 the male came out and was fed March 5 and again on the 7th; the female came out on the 8th. Neither was again seen till the 15th, when both were out. On the 31st they again came out and mated.

March 7, 1900, the female appeared. She ate sparingly and went back to her quarters under the floor. On the day following the male appeared, and two days later both were out and mated. Feb. 16, 1901, the male came from under ground; but as soon as fed and watered went back, but again came out on the 20th and mated with the female. Her first appearance had been made on the 18th. On July 20 three young ones came from under the floor. They were about $1\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 inches across the shell, and were mighty interesting little fellows. They were the first known to have been hatched here. When courting the female is passive, but the male is very aggressive. If walking by her side his head and neck will be stretched in front of her, almost at right angles with his body. His eyes at such times have a snaky, vicious expression. If she refuses to stop or submit to his inclinations he will bite the edge of her shell and bump her into submission by striking her with the point of his lower shell. He will sometimes strike her so hard as to lift her partially from the ground. The only noise he makes is a sort of coarse grunt. Oct. 3 they again mated, and occasionally are still to be seen about the yard.

A positive annoyance is to be met with in swarms of crickets. They are in evidence much of the year, but in August and September they are equal to one of the plagues. The young ones make their first appearance late in July. At that time they are gray in color; when half grown they are brown, and when fully matured are black. At night, because of them, nothing but a protected light can be used. They are flyers, jumpers and creepers. There is apparently no place they cannot get. Throughout the day they are mostly hidden, but the shades of evening mean a materialization of their coming.



YOUNG MOUNTAIN GOAT.
In the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens.

Stragglers are always late in getting home of a morning, and they manifest an absolute fear in their haste to cross an unprotected area. For the past month between twenty-five and thirty Arkansas fly-catchers (*T. verticalis*) have occupied points of advantage, covering an area of not more than 100 feet square. They sit panting in the sun, with their mouths open and a pair of eyes that can see a cricket where apparently nothing else can. Not being molested, they have become quite bold; and if a cricket be thrown in their direction it is almost invariably caught before it reaches the ground. Often two or three will dart for it at the same time.

H. B.

YUMA, ARIZ., Oct. 1.

Philadelphia's Mountain Goat.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 23.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a photograph taken by Mr. R. D. Carson, of the Zoological Society of Philadelphia, of a young mountain goat which has lately been added to our collection. The mother was killed near Field, British Columbia, on May 29 last, by Christian Hasler, a Swiss guide, who is employed during the summer at that point. The kid was then about two weeks old, and with great care has been raised by Hasler on the bottle. It was secured for the Zoological Society through the kind interest of Mr. George Vany and his sons, and was brought to the Gardens by Hasler himself on Oct. 1. It now feeds well on milk, hay and carrots, and is thoroughly tame, and appears to be healthy. The height at shoulder is 2 feet, and the horns are $1\frac{1}{2}$ long on the anterior face. The weight is 55 pounds.

No definite conclusion can yet be reached as to the possibilities of domesticating this alpine species in our climate, but it was sufficiently evident that a few damp days of comparative warmth, which occurred shortly after its arrival, had a depressing effect. Alive or dead, however, the specimen is of great interest, for one of the many gaps in exact zoological knowledge will be filled by its complete dissection. At present we know little or nothing of the soft anatomy of this curious and aberrant antelope.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN.

The Linnaean Society of New York.

A REGULAR meeting of the Society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 26, at 8 o'clock. C. William Beebe will lecture on "Notes on Birds in the New York Zoological Park."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Secretary.

Animals Living Without Water.

THE repetition in "Great and Small Game in India," etc., of the statement that the black buck inhabiting a spit of sand near the Chilka Lake do not drink has given rise to letters in the columns of the *Asian* in which it is sought to impugn the accuracy of the statement in question, and also to discredit the fact that any wild animals can exist for long periods without liquid nourishment. One writer says: "Mr. Lydecker makes the astonishing assertion that the black buck can exist perfectly well without taking liquid food is demonstrated by the existence of a herd on a narrow spit of land between the Chilka Salt Lake in Orissa and the sea, where, for a distance of thirty miles, the only fresh water obtainable is derived from wells. Is there no one acquainted with the locality in question who can give us some further information with regard to this herd? Personally, I have no doubt whatever that it will be found that there are troughs or irrigation channels where the animals can obtain water."

The statement in question was originally made by Mr. W. T. Blandford in the "Fauna of British India Mammalia." It is not indeed mentioned whether this statement is made on the evidence of personal observation; but Mr. Blandford is not in the habit of making assertions without sufficient evidence to support them, and his statement certainly cannot be traversed by the suggestion made in the letter just quoted.

As regards the capacity of the black buck to exist without water for long periods, the above appears to be the only or chief published testimony; but there is ample evidence in favor of the existence of the same power of abstinence from drink in other wild animals.

Writing, for instance, of the giraffes in the great Kalahari Desert, Mr. H. A. Bryden ("Nature and Sport in South Africa") makes the following observation: "For three-fourths of the year giraffes can exist without water; and as I can personally testify they are nowadays usually only to be encountered in an absolutely waterless desert, the nearest portion of it from twenty to forty miles away from any river or fountain."

Again, when treating of the same animal in the same locality in "Great and Small Game of Africa," Mr. Bryden writes as follows: "Its most favorite country at the present day, south of Zambesi, is undoubtedly in the vast, waterless, giraffe-acacia forests of the North Kalahari. Here, far from permanent water, in country where even native hunters can scarcely penetrate, large troops of giraffes still roam. In this, the most waterless portion of South Africa, giraffes have the faculty of being able to exist for long periods—six or seven months at a time—without drinking. This faculty they share with the eland, the gemsbok, hartebeest, dinker and steinbok, all of which are to be found ranging these dry and remote solitudes during the months of the African winter, when not a drop of surface water is to be found over hundreds of miles of country."

Similar testimony in favor of the abstinence from water of the giraffe is offered in the same volume by Mr. A. H. Neumann, whose experiences were obtained in East Africa. He writes as follows: "These creatures (giraffes) of course feed exclusively upon the leaves, tender shoots, and some-

times the seedpods of trees and shrubs. Although they undoubtedly do drink sometimes, they are certainly able to go for considerable periods without water, and are found in the driest country, long distances away from any possible drinking place."

Equally conclusive testimony is afforded by Count J. Potocki ("Sport in Somaliland") with regard to the thirst-enduring habits of the great game of the Somali country. For instance, he writes as follows: "In spite of this lack of water, there is a large amount of game in the Haud. Immense herds of antelopes find their permanent pasture in this desert, where there are more lions than in any other part of Somaliland. It is a phenomenal peculiarity of the local fauna to be able to exist so long without water, especially (as we had occasion to remark more than once later on) since the antelopes on the Haud seem in perfect condition, and as fat as if fed in the richest pastures."

On a later page of the same work Count Potocki discusses this subject more fully in the following paragraph: "To return once more to a subject which I have touched upon several times in the course of this journal, and which has become an enigma to me, I may add a few words regarding the existence of the animals of this region in the absence of water. Nowhere did I convince myself more completely than in Dumbereli that all the animals of this country can exist for months absolutely without water. Numerous species of antelopes and various kinds of beasts of prey go entirely without drink from November till March; and yet in spite of this the former are fat, though the grass is dry and parched like ashes, so that it cannot be nutritive food for them."

"How it happens that the organization of these animals, which, moreover, differs in no wise from that of their congeners living in neighboring regions, can endure so long without water, I am unable to explain, and I regret that no naturalist (not excepting Brehm) has turned his attention to this wonderful peculiarity of the fauna of the high plains of Somaliland."

Many other passages from different writers might be cited, but the foregoing prove up to the hilt the fact that in many parts of Africa a large number of large herbivorous animals subsist for long periods at a time entirely without drinking. And what is true for the animals of Africa may equally hold good for some of those of India, such as the black buck and the chinkara.

But it is not only wild animals that can do without water. As every flock master knows, sheep will live without drinking for long periods, even in dry districts where little or no dew falls at night; and guinea pigs can be kept without water even when they are given only a very small allowance of green food.

The statement of Count Potocki as to the non-nutritious character of dry grass is an error. Domesticated cattle, with a sufficiency of water, will often thrive better on parched pastures than on those in which the grass is soft and "washy." And as every sportsman is aware, the wild sheep of Ladak and Tibet, like many of the African antelopes, grow fat and sleek on sparsely scattered tufts of dry herbage that look insufficient to support a rabbit. —R. Lydecker in the *Asian*.

Coahoma Visits a Snake Charmer.

When Mr. George Kennedy sent us the snake stories which were printed in our issue of Oct. 19 he sent this note, which, having been forwarded to Coahoma, has brought out the response printed below:
Editor Forest and Stream:

I enclose you two tales and three snake stories. Your snake editor will no doubt pronounce them truthful snake stories—the only kind which *FOREST AND STREAM* gives countenance to. I do not pretend to such intimacy with the species as Coahoma, but when I hear of a true snake story I can't rest, some way, till I tell it broadcast. Nevertheless, it seems to me if I got to seeing them crawling around on the picture mouldings, and falling off and crawling up again, and standing on their tails, I would consult a physician, and if the worst came to the worst I'd swear off.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest the note of Mr. George Kennedy which you kindly sent me with his permission, and which I enclose herewith. In this note Mr. Kennedy casts imputations upon me, and I have been trying to "sober up" long enough to reply to him in appropriate terms.

I think his charges, or rather innuendos, are serious enough to call for a court of inquiry. I therefore have to request that you print his "precept" along with my defence.

In the first place I have thought seriously about his proposition to "swear off," and find that a great deal can be said upon it both pro and con. I am disposed to take the con side of the argument, and leave the pro to Mr. Kennedy.

In this connection I would ask Mr. Kennedy if he proposes to deprive me of the gratification I experience in looking upon and studying the agile movements of the ophidian family that come athwart my vision, which affords me a degree of satisfaction that is alone worth the price of the liquid, as any lover of snakes, and snake antidote, must admit. I have an example directly in point. Since writing to *FOREST AND STREAM* a description of my own particular snake and his fantastic antics on my desk and around picture mouldings in my office, my vision along these lines has been so enlarged that I have beheld a whole box full of reptiles of various sorts and degrees. There were several dozens of them—rattlers, copperheads, chicken snakes, garter snakes, pine snakes, bull snakes, coach whips, etc., etc. In the midst of the snakes sat a woman, sitting on a smaller box within the larger one. The woman wore slippers on her feet, which reposed on the bottom of the box, in contact with the snakes. When she wished to single out some particular snake to pick up and exhibit to inquirers she would grab a handful of the others and rake them aside as if they were so many broom sticks.

One old rattler remained near the woman, and would rear his head up to be scratched under the throat, which he seemed to enjoy.

Amid the half dozen rattlesnakes in the box there was one alone that was untamed and intractable. This one was a "black Mexican rattler" that the woman was very cautious about, keeping him in one corner of the box by means of a light stick that she had for the purpose. Finally she drew out of the box she was sitting on a remarkable-looking reptile fully five feet long, of a glistening black color above and dark underneath, that she called an Egyptian viper. About all the other snakes the woman talked in a natural and unaffected manner; but for the "viper" she evidently had a set speech that she had memorized, setting forth that it belonged to the same species as that which Cleopatra had applied to herself in order to join Antony in the realms beyond; stating that this specimen was of monstrous size, as this species attained a length usually of twenty to thirty inches, and calling attention to the form and size of its scales, being rounded like those of a fish and much larger than those of American snakes. On being questioned about its dentition she partly opened the snake's mouth with her fingers, which operation was passively resisted by the snake, and showed me that it had no fangs, but two elongated projections of the jaw bone with knifelike edges, the ends of which nearly met at the front of the mouth, leaving a narrow cleft between, through which she said the venom was ejected from the mouth and injected into the wounds made by the knife edges. She kept the viper in the small box, for the protection of the other snakes, which she said it would kill in short order if allowed its liberty among them. She showed me two parallel wounds transversely across the under side of one of the snakes, made by the viper. She also said that it ate fragments of raw meat, and masticated its food before swallowing.

Now this woman was of course a "professional," but she was an illiterate person and talked with candor and good sense about the snakes, making no mystery about her power over them. She said that the venomous snakes were not divested of their fangs, as is popularly supposed, and that it would do no good if they were, as the lost fangs would speedily be replaced by new ones. But their docility was due to the fact that they had become accustomed to her and knew that they need fear no injury at her hands. She rightly said that venomous snakes have no disposition to bite unless alarmed or excited, and that the venom with which they are supplied is not for their defence but to capture their prey. This fact becomes obvious when we reflect that the venom of a snake affords it no protection from its enemies; and that it is invariably killed when attacked, notwithstanding any injury that it may inflict with its fangs upon the attacking party.

Returning to my own snake, a recital of whose movements raised Mr. Kennedy's suspicions of my "hydraulic stability," I disposed of him by placing him in a jeweler's show window, where he remained until the public ceased to take interest in him, when at my request he was liberated on the bank of Sunflower River.

I trust, Mr. Editor, that this, my defence, will be considered sufficient, and the court will render a verdict accordingly.

While I should be loath to make any counter charge against Mr. Kennedy, I will venture to ask why those two innocent Iowa bull snakes were ruthlessly slain instead of being utilized as first-class rattlers about the farmer's barn, where they might have done a vast deal of good and no possible harm.

COAHOMA.

CLARKESDALE, Miss.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

An Hour With the Grouse.

"I'm going down to the old place to-morrow to thresh out some beans," said Will, "and after the job's done shall have time to do a little hunting. What say to going down with me?"

The "old place" was a lone farm and buildings about four miles from the village, where Will had formerly lived, and where, as I well knew, he had enjoyed many a successful hunt. Game had sadly diminished in the vicinity, he frankly told me, during the few years that had elapsed since he moved to the village; but a desire to at least get a look at some of the covers of which he had told me so much, rather than any expectations of finding good sport, influenced me to promptly accept my friend's offer as above. The following forenoon found us, with guns, dinner pails and Will's little red spaniel dog, bumping along the road in a hayrack (for Will had decided to seize the occasion to get a load of hay as well as exercise his muscle on the beans), on our way to the solitary farmhouse, where we arrived about 10 A. M., after an uneventful though rather anxious journey, owing to the constant care necessary to keep the various articles of our outfit from sliding out of the somewhat jolty vehicle.

Will thought I'd better take gun and dog and strike out at once, but I decided I'd like to get an insight into the mysteries of manipulating the flail first, so seated myself in the open barn door, in the sun, while Will went on with preparations for the work; at the same time giving me glowing accounts of the days when game was plenty in the neighborhood. Nearly every feature of the broad landscape visible through the big barn door seemed to suggest some pleasant experience with the gun. On that mountain in the distance he had shot hedgehogs and raccoons; on the ridges intervening, among the oaks and birches, grays had been abundant; in the thickets fringing the clear pastureland, and along the brook bottom, many a partridge and rabbit had fallen to his gun; and once he had trapped a sly old fox that he had found was in the habit of crossing the brook on a log. Then there had been ducks in the river flowing just back of the house. What scraps he had had with them, sometimes shooting them without a dog, and following the fallen birds down stream for miles before finally bringing them to bag. Such tales, of a time when game was plenty, were more entertaining, I thought, than actual hunting when there was little game to be found; so the hours passed on. Will alternately chatting and wielding the flail; noon came and dinner was eaten on the grass, and the work of threshing resumed and finished, and I had hardly thought of my gun.

"Now," said Will, "we'll put on the hay and get our load already for starting, and then we'll try our hand at the game." In a few minutes we were accordingly on our way to the nearest wood. It was not a great day for hunting, the wind blowing briskly, and the fallen twigs and leaves so dry as to crackle loudly at every step. The dog got a little distance ahead of us, and put out some birds among thick pines on the side of the hill. We hurried to the spot, glancing sharply among the trees (we are "pot hunters" here, all of us), but not a bird was to be found. The wind blew so the dog was unable to mark them down. Climbing up a bit higher, where there were a few oaks, we sat down in hopes to see a squirrel; but none appeared, and we soon crossed the road, thence pushing on across a field toward a wooded slope falling gently away to the river.

Beyond the field the dog jumped in among some low pines filled in with little poplars and birches, and put up a single bird. He sang out lustily as she struck, puttering, in a tree right over his head. Over the wall we scrambled, my heart at least going at a double-quick. Will was a few steps ahead. When he got within about thirty yards of the tree, whir-r! out she went, starting off like lightning through the thick tops. Will threw up his gun, jumped back a step, squirmed his body quickly to the right—bang! I thought I heard a thump away down the slope. Will dashed ahead, stopped—bang! then on again. When I reached him he had the bird, still fluttering. He had downed her the first shot; she had risen again, and he had finished her with the second barrel. Pretty good work? I thought so, and wondered how I was going to get any game with a man who could shoot like that.

After this we pushed on down the river, when we separated, I taking an old road following the river bank. Will, with the dog, which was working like a beaver, moving off to the right. "If any birds come down this way don't let them cross the river," said Will as he left me. I pushed leisurely down the road, keeping my left eye out for ducks, and my right roving about under the trees for signs of grouse. The wind was going down now, but night was coming on and I saw that our hunt must soon be brought to an end. Presently I heard the dog give tongue, and the distant whir of wings. I got

my gun ready, hoping that they might come my way. None came, but the dog continued barking, and soon Will's old Parker spoke. I wondered whether he had killed or missed, but did not hollo for fear of frightening the game. I moved on a little further, when the dog sang out again, and Will shouted something which I did not quite catch, but which I concluded was a warning that it was time to be starting for home. Instead, he had said, "Look out—bird coming your way!" and before I had gone far after turning, this bird got out of a birch near the road. She had a long lead of me, and I remember thinking as my gun went up, "It's too far." I had actually started to drop my piece when, like a flash, Will's parting words came back to me—"Don't let them cross the river." I pulled, and she fell almost at the water's edge. She had crossed the silent river.

Will now joined me. He had killed his second bird, his dog having put it up in an apple tree, making three plump birds for two guns. Brief as it was it had been a very pleasant hunt, and although we had to poke home after dark as a consequence, we felt not the slightest degree of regret for the hour we had spent with the grouse.

TEMPLAR.

CORNISH, Me.

The New Jersey Game Seizures.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to add a suggestion to your comments in the issue of last week upon the hardships entailed upon New York and Pennsylvania sportsmen by the non-expert clause, so called, of the New Jersey game law. I agree with you in what you say about allowing hunters to openly convey under their personal charge such game as they are permitted to kill. I think that the cause of game protection in this respect is not promoted by prohibiting to actual sportsmen the right of conveying out of the State a limited quantity of game; and while the literal interpretation of the law prohibits so doing, that is not the evil which is sought to be remedied; and the incorporation into the law of that State, as well as into the law of New York and Pennsylvania, of such an exception would do no injury, but it should be reciprocal; that is, so long as New York, for example, prohibits export in like manner with New Jersey it is scarcely fair to say that the latter alone is at fault.

In regard to the other question, that of bringing through New Jersey game killed in New York, my belief is very strong that the seizure by the New Jersey authorities of such game while openly in transit is illegal; that neither the letter nor the spirit of the law applies to such cases. It would be just as reasonable for the New York officers to claim that the clause of our law prohibiting export was violated by taking such game out of our State, through New Jersey and back into this State again. In fact, that may be a technical violation of the law, but no court would hold that such an act violated it in spirit. My impression is very strong that New Jersey has no right at all to interfere with game killed in New York while openly in transit through the former State to a point in the State where killed; and that any interference in that respect is a trespass, rendering the person doing the act at least civilly liable. There would be no possible question if the game were in the possession of an express company, properly marked, for the New Jersey law expressly so states, and there is no good reason why the same rule would not apply when the game was openly in the possession of the hunter while going through the State. In such a case no law of New Jersey is violated. Game laws should be fair and reasonable to meet general approval, and they should be enforced in the proper spirit.

It would seem that the Lacey act has no application to this case, for, assuming for the moment that game can be a commodity of interstate commerce, it is not made so by being taken from one part of the State to another, even though in so doing it passes through another State. Such transportation is not in any sense interstate commerce. If, however, the game under such circumstances does become an article of interstate commerce so as to make the Lacey act applicable, and if such movement of the game is an export thereof within the meaning of the New York law, it would still be true that prosecutions for such act would rest solely with the Federal or New York State authorities, and would be a matter with which the New Jersey State authorities would have absolutely nothing to do, as no law of that State had been violated. As there is no provision in the Lacey act for a seizure or confiscation of the game, the only penalty thereunder being fine or an alternative of imprisonment, any such seizure is unwarranted.

JOSEPH B. THOMPSON.

NEW YORK, November.

In Maine Woods.

BOSTON, Nov. 1.—Maine game is coming into the markets here in greater abundance than previously noted. I counted 10 deer at a single round of Fanueil Hall and Quincy Markets Friday. Six or seven moose have been received by the marketmen, till now they don't seem to want to buy them. Clayton Grant, of Columbia Falls, Me., came through with a moose weighing 650 pounds the other day. It had a good head and was in prime condition, but the owner had a rather hard time selling it. H. S. Fisher, of Boston, is out of the woods from Moluncus, where he hunted for a couple of weeks. He brought out a good moose and two deer. He is much in favor of that locality for hunting. It is not hard to reach—fourteen or fifteen miles over a good road, from Matawaukeag station, on the Maine Central. He is pleased with the guides and the board. Mr. Fisher now has a record of two Maine moose. C. A. Barney, Vice-President, and L. Dana Chapman, Treasurer, of the Megantic Club, are just back from a business trip to the preserves. They went to look after their fish hatching, and are much pleased with the fact that they found perhaps a dozen trout in the tanks at Big Island Pond, but when they left there were over 100. They are satisfied that Big Island has a good supply of breeding trout to get spawn for the hatcheries from. They succeeded in finding the spawning beds. Trout were taken with nets

and with the fly, including some good sport with the taking of trout for breeding purposes. They left the taking of trout and salmon for spawn-taking with the men, and are satisfied that good work will be done at the hatcheries. The stewards left the various camps Nov. 1, but care-takers will be on the grounds all winter. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robinson were at their camps at Chain of Ponds, and were to remain till after the first of November. Mr. H. W. Sanborn is also at the preserves on a hunting trip. Mr. Harry B. Moore has a hunting party in charge for the Maine woods. In the party are R. H. W. Dwight, Charles M. Howell and Leroy S. Brown. They go to Holeb, on the Canadian Pacific, and found it last year one of the best of big game grounds. Mr. F. A. Jones, of Boston, has had great success in the Sottel (or Sawtelle) Brook region, eight or nine miles from Shinn Pond and twenty-one miles northwest of Patten, Me. This is the celebrated region where Mr. W. C. Harding and Mr. Theodore Ripley got the grand old moose last year, already described in the FOREST AND STREAM, and concerning the taking of which an account was published in a recent number. Mr. Jones made the trip with his brother, C. W. Jones, of Augusta, Me. They wore red hats and red sweaters in order that they might not be "mistaken for deer." They tracked their first big moose into a swamp, where he stood waiting for them. Mr. Jones says that the big fellow paid no attention to the guide whatever, but gazed wonderingly at his red costume. He gazed too long and unwisely, giving Mr. Jones time for an excellent shot. His two deer were easily secured, and with them he started for Boston, leaving his brother in the woods, as he had not then secured his moose. But he also was successful a day or two after, securing his moose and two deer. Mr. Jones remarks "That when the guide pointed the moose out to me he was standing in plain sight, in a good light. His burnished hair shone brightly, but soon began to bristle, either with fright or rage. I stood for a moment in wonder. Didn't he look big! I could have sworn he was bigger than a church and higher than the steeple—a sight that paid for the whole trip!"

Mr. W. C. Harding has been out with dog and gun into the woods of Winchester and Woburn. He found several flocks of partridges, one or two of eleven or twelve each. Partridges are really more plenty than usual in the woods not far from Boston, doubtless the result of market hunting having been stopped last year. Men were giving their whole time to hunting these birds for the market before the law was passed preventing their sale. Now their occupation is gone, and partridges have shown a wholesome increase. Mr. Harding saw very few quail, and I have the same report from other Boston gunners.

SPECIAL.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

The Arm of Illinois Justice.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 2.—The arm of justice in the State of Illinois seems one of considerable longitudinal extension, when we come to reflect that Illinois is a State that has not been able to get a quail law on her statute books after several months of serious endeavor to that effect. She does, however, have a non-resident license law, and is able to use \$10 bills which come from Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky. Hitherto it has been the course of most States carrying non-resident license acts among their laws to take such \$10 bills as came without much exertion, and not to push the matter too curiously in case of reluctance upon the part of the hunter to purchase the proper license. So far as one is advised at this moment, there has never been an instance of a State undertaking to follow up a hunter to his home in another State, and to extract \$10 from his pocket to pay for a license which he ought to have purchased, but did not. Early this week Governor Yates, of Illinois, issued requisition papers on the Governor of Kentucky for the apprehension of three men named Meacham, Aaron and Cartwright. It seems that these gentlemen live in Kentucky, but came to shoot in the lower part of Illinois and returned home without ever having procured the proper hunting license. Whether the Governor of Kentucky will allow his erring children to be brought back to this State is a matter of some doubt, but should he do so and should the extraordinary precedent thus be established, what a trembling there would be in the boots of many sportsmen who have gone into other States, evaded the non-resident license law, and returned to the bosoms of their families, carrying about their hearts the glow of satisfaction at a deed well performed! I can number among my acquaintances several gentlemen who have been out this fall and who have come back without having taken out licenses in the State where they were hunting. Suppose the Governor of North Dakota, Minnesota or Wisconsin should begin to get busy and send out requisitions for some of the leading citizens of Chicago who have been shooting where it "did not cost anything," methinks that would be one of the biggest jars that ever happened in the shooting world.

It all goes to show that the game laws are growing in importance. Perhaps we cannot make a requisition stick just yet, but if we can scare a few hundred fellows who think that a requisition may stick at some future time, or under some future Governor, we are doing that much more toward a proper respect for the game laws, which, of course, ought to be respected just as much as any other class of laws upon our statute books.

Common Sense as a Law.

It is not a correct attitude which presupposes that every citizen is anxious to break a game law, that he has condemned such laws or that he is careless in regard to their benefits. Upon the contrary, there is a very large and swiftly growing class of citizens who prove their right to the title of citizen in its best sense by using their own love of justice and sense of fair play by setting up a game law of their own, in the absence of any such law being set up by the professional law makers who are hired to attend to such matters. In regard to the actual status of the Illinois quail law, every one of us, from the Attorney-General down to the commission men, is entitled to his own guess, and there seem to be many opinions as to the law or lack of law and the bearings of the same upon the quail supply of Illinois. Meantime in

very many, and, indeed, in the majority of the better shooting districts of this State, the sportsmen, farmers and others, have tacitly set up a law of their own. Nov. 1 is the quail law in Illinois this year, pretty much as it ever was, statute or no statute. There come in reports from very widely separated parts of the State to the effect that the farmers are standing together for Nov. 1 as the quail date, and that the sportsmen in the outlying communities have banded together and made it unpleasant for those who have shown a disposition to go out and shoot quail ahead of the accepted date. There may be different definitions of the word "law." Under all the wisdom and all the foolishness and all the omissions of our Legislature, there seems to be resting that law which is born of united common sense on the part of the American people. Our good folk were agreed that we needed quail in Illinois, and hence needed a law. We have had one. Next year there will still be quail a-plenty left in this State.

Effect of License.

The foregoing may be qualified by the statement that we are going to have much more shooting in the State of Illinois after Nov. 1 than has customarily been the case. This Indiana non-resident license law is going to throw thousands of guns into Illinois for quail shooting this fall who would otherwise have gone to Indiana. This will constitute a heavy tax upon the quail crop of this State, and without doubt there will be more quail killed by shot-guns in this State between now and Dec. 20 than have been killed in any year of the last twenty. This will prove more dangerous to next year's quail supply than the deplorable omission to place a quail law upon the statute books of Illinois. At Custer Park, Ill., there has been some early quail shooting, but I cannot learn that very many communities have done much "sooner" shooting this fall.

Ducks.

As to the duck flight, no one in the world, or in this part of the world, at least, knows where in the world it is. Perhaps some of the south-bound birds have slipped below this latitude, but hardly in any very great numbers, and the likelihood is that the Northern flight is still far to the north. The weather is simply heavenly for all purposes except those of duck shooting, and all the Northern waters are open, so that the birds can live in peace and plenty. We may have a storm any day, and in that case, should it mean a freeze up north of here, we ought to have a sudden and very heavy flight of wildfowl. There are a few birds—teal and more ordinary species of marsh ducks, hanging about some of the clubs like the Tolleston, Swan Lake and Hennepin, but the wise ones of those clubs are holding back for the "big shoot" which they know will come a little later.

The shooters who went out into North Dakota and upper Minnesota seem to have met a very good flight of ducks, but in some parts of North Dakota the geese are not yet down. Mr. George Cook and party, of Chicago, who are just back from a three weeks' trip in North Dakota, killed 600 ducks, but found no goose shooting at all. Mr. Cook had a weird experience with one canvasback, which was shot eight times by the party, and then had to have its throat cut before they could kill it. It was an enormous canvasback, and every one supposed it would be something princely on the table. In reality, it appeared to be the toughest old fowl that ever defied the softening influence of the basting spoon. Mr. Cook says he never saw so big a canvasback in his life, nor one alike so hard to kill and so hard to eat.

Quail.

The exodus of quail hunters began Oct. 31, and the first of next week will see a great many guns afield. There is reason to believe that the season will be shorter than usual—that is to say, that the beavies will be broken up and their numbers cut down in less time than is ordinarily the case. We have as yet had no frost to lay low the heavy vegetation, but there are some parts of this State where the cover is not too heavy to admit of good work with dogs to-day, and in all such places the guns will be making merry music for the next few days.

Around Bloomington, Ill., there is still good quail shooting to be had, but the wise ones say it is best to go out about thirty miles one side or the other of that thriving community. Mr. W. P. Mussey left for Bloomington and will shoot there for a few days.

A much-touted place is Neoga, just this side of the large town of Effingham. Drs. Carter and Miller made their tremendous bags of quail last year in the vicinity of Neoga, and this and other successes of a similar nature have started every one for that point this fall. Oswald von Lengerke is going down there to-day for a whirl.

Last fall we found the farms close to Effingham very closely posted, and I would council every one to go a little beyond Effingham, and get off at Watson. Here Mr. William Green can be chartered, with a bird dog, and a very practical one at that, and if any one wants to make a quail hunt, I hardly know how better to direct him. At least this was a good tip last year. This is a good way down in the State, perhaps too far for many Chicago shooters. It is safe to go almost anywhere along that same railroad from fifty to a hundred miles south of this city. Ramsey, still further down in the State on the Illinois Central line, is one of the best quail points in lower Illinois.

A part of the country which is not very much visited by Chicago shooters is the corn belt along the Mississippi Valley, bordering, for instance, on the upper county or so of Illinois. In the bottom lands and along the little creeks which come down from the benches of the bottoms through the farm regions, there is some very good quail shooting to be had. It is an odd thing, but most of our shooters seem to go either north or south for their shooting and fishing. The east and west belt is mostly patronized by those who want to make long trips far out into the Western States.

The Okaw bottoms of lower Illinois are in a good shooting country. The C. & E. I. Railroad passes through some very good quail country, and its officials will be willing to give more specific advice, no doubt.

Out of Springfield, Ill., in almost every direction beyond a radius of a dozen miles, there may be found good quail shooting, and between the two legs of the Illinois Central system, at about that distance from Chicago, there

has always been a good grain country, where Bob White has increased and multiplied.

The Kankakee Valley, both in Indiana and Illinois, is lined with farms, and there is quail shooting practically throughout its length. Remember always the license law in Indiana.

Doves.

Mr. J. V. Clarke, president of the Hibernian Banking Association, of this city, is just back this week from a day's dove shooting near Columbus, O. He and a friend killed 145 doves on their hunt. They shot in the corn-fields. Mr. Clarke says that the shooting was very easy, so that he did not miss any bird at all, although he killed over forty to his own gun. The shooters stood up in the tall corn, and the doves feeding on the fields would come along close to the tops of the corn, and not flying at any very great speed. Mr. Clarke conceives the idea that dove shooting is easy work, something in regard to which very many shooters will differ from him. A dove geared up to about 180, coming down wind in its search for food or water, is a far harder bird to stop than the Bob White quail put up ahead of a point.

Mr. Clarke says that the Ohio sportsman hardly dares to call his soul his own, as the Farmers' Leagues have practically made some sections of that State air tight. They met a little difficulty in their own brief experience, but were treated decently after all by the farmer who figured in the matter. It seems that over large tracts of that part of the country the farmers have signed an agreement to allow no shooting whatever on their lands, so that when a farmer hears guns anywhere near him, he knows that it is shooting done without permission, and all he has to do is to get over and make trouble for the shooter as promptly as possible. Mr. Clarke says that they saw very many quail during their day's shooting, but did not molest them, as it was against the law to do so.

Mr. Ernest Freeman and his friend, Mr. Mitchell, of this city, left early in the week for a quail and dove shoot somewhere to the south of here. They were rather leaning toward Evansville at first, but may switch off toward Watson on the Illinois Central.

Game in the East and West.

Once in a while I read about the delights of woodchuck shooting with the rifle in the New England States, and the installation of the woodchuck as a big-game animal has always seemed to me to be one of the awful things in sportsmanship. Yet what right has the West to find the mote in its brother's eye? Out here we are beginning to shoot mudhens in the place of ducks, and not only shoot them, but eat them. A few years ago the finger of ridicule was pointed at any shooter lately arrived in this country who had the hardihood to expose openly in his bag a number of these insignificant fowl. To-day shooters come home and tell about good times they had in mudhen battues, in which a line of boats worked up a big body of these fowl and everybody took a hand in the shooting. Then again you will hear a fellow stating that he has brought home a few mudhens "just to try them, you know." The shooting-resort hotels have got far beyond that. At first they served mudhens surreptitiously. Now they do so openly and do not care who knows it. Presently we shall not only be shooting mudhens out here as an accepted form of sport, but eating them as a prized article of diet. Surely the times have changed when Fox Lake, Ill., once famed for its canvasbacks, now prides itself upon its mudhen shooting!

How to Plant Wild Celery.

Mr. Joseph B. White, of Water Lily, North Carolina, writes very entertainingly of matters in the Currituck Sound country, giving definite and authentic advice in regard to the best way to plant wild celery. Mr. White's advice in this matter will prove of value to the very many sportsmen who have not had good luck in their attempts to introduce this favorite duck food in club preserves. Nearly all the clubs along the Illinois River which have tried to introduce wild celery experienced difficulty in getting good results on this plant. Mr. White's advice and his generous offer to be of assistance as he can to sportsmen, bespeaks himself the sportsman that he is. His letter follows:

"I noticed your inquiry about wild celery. I hardly think it is to be found in such abundance anywhere in America as in Currituck Sound. I have been experimenting during the past summer for some friends, and find if the seeds are gathered in June and planted in any depth of water from six inches to ten feet, it will bring forth a fine crop of celery in August. It grows very rapidly and if bottom is soft, it is very hardy and strong. The crop at Currituck is so heavy this season that in many places—even in six to eight feet of water—one can hardly push or pull a small boat. Clubs or individuals wishing to grow wild celery should secure the seed in June and sow as soon after as possible if desired for duck food in the fall. Or it can be had in September, October and November for the spring, but if once started it soon spreads and may be transplanted at any time.

"I can put any friend of FOREST AND STREAM in the way of obtaining the seed, and will be glad to answer a reasonable number of letters if I can be of any service to a brother sportsman.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH B. WHITE."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Alabama Quail and Ducks.

HUNTSVILLE, Ala., Oct. 20.—Quail are plentiful now in Alabama. The Tennessee River at the Mussel shoals is teeming with ducks and geese, stopping over on their southward flight. Foxes are abundant, and the welkin nightly rings with the melted music of the pack in pursuit of swift-footed Reynard.

JOHN, JR.

New York Partridge.

SMITHVILLE FLATS, N. Y., Oct. 26.—The shooting is very good in this vicinity. Two sportsmen from New York and myself killed forty partridges and woodcock last week.

P. A. PURDY.

Some Timely Hints.

From "611 Hints and Points for Sportsmen."

Hanging Up a Deer.

AFTER inserting a gambrel in the hind legs of the animal in the usual manner, cut a couple of crotches about eight feet long, then bend down a springy sapling and insert the top under the gambrel. Now place your crotches, butt outward, at right angles to the sapling, and place its butt so it will not slide; now, with the top of the other crotch in your hand, lift up on the sapling, pressing it against the crotch at the same time. When as high as you can get it, insert the other crotch above the gambrel. If the sapling is not strong enough to hold the weight of the deer, carry the foot of this crotch toward the other and the thing is done. If the deer is very large, or your muscular energy small, you can start with crotches three or four feet long and then use longer ones.

Pinnated Grouse.

Pinnated grouse (prairie chicken) will be found in the stubble fields in the morning and evening, and near sloughs or in cornfields in the middle of the day.

Quail Hunting.

Don't start out too early in the morning; the birds are then seeking their feeding grounds—are running, and will never stand well to be pointed. Wait until the sun has dried off most of the dew, and you can hunt with decidedly more comfort to yourself, as well as to your dog. The birds will have finished feeding in a great measure in the meantime, and will be quietly resting in some grassy covert in their feeding grounds, or immediately contiguous thereto. Their flight will not be so long, and their movements more sluggish after taking flight, which, however, they will do very reluctantly.

Dogs in the Field.

Do not feed too much before starting out for a hunt. Look after your dog's feet after a day's hunt. Leave no burrs on over night. Feed at night after hunting. Don't allow them to fill themselves with water while hunting.

Portrait of an Elk.

SOME kind friend connected with the office of the FOREST AND STREAM mailed me some literature, accompanying which was a "Portrait of an Elk," photographed by one Wallihan. The literature refers to sundry other portraits, twenty in all, of live animals other than elks, which, judging from the work in front of me, must be very fine and fully worth the price asked. I have put the portrait of the elk in the recess of my desk and have between times admired him as he stands in all his glory upon the snow-covered ground. He looks at you and gives out from his nostrils the breath of life. You can run your hand over his hide and feel the frosty particles adhering to the hair. To rub your hand through the standing hair along his spine would set free millions of icy atoms adhering thereto.

Protruding from his mouth is a small blade of dried grass that he has just cropped from the growth before him. This particular elk, although shot by the camera upon his stamping ground on the boundless plains, stands at attention as one would imagine an elk to stand within a fenced paddock at peace with his mortal enemy—man. He certainly "hears and sees something," but if he was alarmed, when the shutter snapped, he has not yet shown any evidences of his fright. He stands there an elk in all his natural grandeur and beauty, sleek and graceful, head poised upon his shoulders in a way no taxidermist could equal, a beautiful, living, real thing. You can almost hear the dry snow crunch under his poised hoof as he brings it down. Between the man who slew his elk with leaden bullet and whose antlered head now graces the dining hall and the man who shot this elk with his bloodless camera, transferring him a living, breathing thing for all time upon his plate, perhaps the greater glory and pleasure is with the latter.

Photographically speaking, this particular shot at an elk was a great one—a shot ever to be remembered and to be proud of for years to come.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Quail in Town.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Oct. 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This morning, while taking a little stroll out in the suburbs of our town, I saw a fine covey of fourteen quail not over 250 yards from the court house, and within the city limits. I sat down and watched them for several minutes, at a distance of about 40 yards, and had a good opportunity to count them as they walked from one patch of weeds and brush to another. This, however, is nothing new here, as they can be seen within the town limits at almost any time, and during the summer months their cheerful Bob White can be heard all day long from any point in town. This, in a town of 5,000 population, we consider rather rare, and it shows what a few years of close time on game will do. After to-morrow they can be killed, and no doubt some good sport will be had.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Skunk Farming.

PINE BUSH, Orange County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am thinking of starting a skunk farm, and am anxious to secure all the information possible on the subject before undertaking it. Can you give me the names of any parties successfully engaged in the business? If not do you know whether there are any? Or whether it can be made a profitable business? Do you know of any books or papers treating on skunks or their habits? Do you know whether the fur of skunks raised in confinement is good? I have been told that it is not.

H. J. C.

[We have read many reports of skunk farms that were gold mines, but we have never been successful in finding them. The nearest we ever came to it was in the case of a man in Pennsylvania, who claimed that he had

solved the problem, but he wanted to sell his secret for a sum which would buy all the skunks in the country. In a report by Dr. T. I. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, it is written:

"Misled by the statements about the rapid increase of skunks and the high prices paid for their skins, many persons seriously considered the experiment of starting skunk farms. For several years a list has been kept of such farms located in various parts of the country, but so far as can be learned most of them have been abandoned.

"Raising fur-bearing animals for profit is not a new idea. The industry, however, has apparently never advanced beyond the experimental stage, except in the case of the farms for raising the Arctic or blue fox, established on certain islands of the coast of Alaska.

"Minks and skunks breed rapidly in captivity, but the low price of skins makes the profits rather small. Last season the highest market price for prime black skunk skins from the Northern States averaged about \$1.45 each, but white skins sold as low as 15 to 20 cents apiece. Skins that have much white or which are obtained from the Southern States usually bring less than a dollar each, a price that leaves little margin for profit after paying the expenses of raising the animal in captivity."

Game in Town and Out.

HUDSON, N. Y., Oct. 31.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Noticing several articles about game in towns, I add another instance. A Hudson woman walked out of the back door of her house one morning last week, and on the clothes reel there sat a ruffed grouse. She called the members of her family out to see it, and they walked within a very few feet of it, when it flew away, apparently not in the least frightened. The following week one of our business men stepped out of his front door on the street, and, hearing an unusual noise, looked across the street and saw a bird fluttering. He walked over and picked up a full-grown grouse that had struck against the brick building with such force as to kill it. This happened on Sunday morning, and it may be that the bird was so annoyed by the Sunday shooters that he concluded to come to town, and mistaking the building for a church, met death in this way.

Still another. The grounds surrounding the Home for the Aged were visited by a flock of sixteen quail, and they were there for nearly two hours, apparently as much at home as they could have been in the thickest cover they could find.

We have more quail in Columbia county this year than have been for many years, and the sportsmen are hoping to get a great many birds, but they may be disappointed, as we have shooters here who have been out for grouse every day since Sept. 16, and have hunted in open lots where grouse are never found, and where several broods of quail were raised; and the chances are that the quail are cleared up by this time. Reports show that there are a great many half-grown coveys. We can only account for this by the supposition that the early season was so wet that they have been lost, and these are the second brood.

H.

Birds of the Newfoundland Caribou Country.

THE yellow-legged curlew, great gray sea gulls, shield ducks, black duck, willow grouse, ptarmigan, crows, hawks, ravens, the red-throated loon, the white-throated sparrow, woodpeckers, a few dull-colored, tuneless small birds, and the great Northern diver were the most notable representatives of the bird tribe. Occasionally a marsh harrier was seen beating the meadow, with a design, I believe, on our merry little friends the curlews, or "twilicks," as the men called them. A constant visitor was the ubiquitous "whisky-jack," or Canada jay, which invades every forest camp, and is not satisfied with the most astounding gorging, but takes choice morsels which he cannot swallow. I cannot say that I appreciate the presence of birds when executing a wary stalk on a deer. More than once have I been defeated by the warning given to the game by the wild burst of the willow grouse from the moor or the untimely cawing of some sentinel crow. On several other occasions a flock of ducks or wild geese, hitherto unobserved, rising with a fright and clangor from some tiny lakelet, have created a sudden panic. Birds in an undisturbed solitude are supposed to be very unsophisticated, but I must say that the reverse of this appears to me to be the case, for I have always found them more wary than near the haunts of man—and ever on the lookout for danger. There is, seemingly, one exception to this, the camp robber or whisky-jack; but he is everywhere a close companion of mankind.—London Field.

Deer in Rhode Island.

MANTON, R. I., Sept. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is another exemplification of the old saying, "It is the unexpected that always happens." In this case it was a deer, seen in my pear orchard; and when I first saw her (it was a doe) she was within 50 yards of the house. She did not appear at all wild, trotting quietly about the orchard, then through my garden to the boundary wall, and after a moment over the wall and away. Possibly it is an escaped tame deer, although I know of none such about here. Providence city line is only a mile away!

W. A. SPRAGUE.

Wisconsin's Skitter Snipe.

MADISON, Wis., Oct. 30.—It is a great year for snipe out here. A good shot can easily bag twenty-five or thirty a day. I grieve to say that I am not in that class. "The cussed things skitter too much," as a native once said to me.

FAYETTE DURLIN.

An Ohio Successful Hunt.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 28.—Prof Edm. H. Osthaus and I went on a little hunt last week for two and a half days and had, as usual, a very nice time. We got fifty-eight quail, ten partridges and three woodcock—a very nice mixed bag.

C. A. D.

The Gun Borrower.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in this week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM, under the heading, "The Gun Borrowers," treats of a subject which deserves attention. Many of us, no doubt, have been victims of gun borrowers before now. That there are different kinds of borrowers, however, goes without saying.

It is to be regretted that the individuals described by your correspondent are greatly in the majority of gun borrowers; at least, it has been my luck to find this to be the case. But there is an individual to whom it affords one pleasure to lend a gun. I refer to the born Nimrod who loves a good gun and the free outdoors, but who cannot afford to buy a modern gun. I know a few such persons, and I can truthfully say that my gun is in hands more careful of its welfare when they use it than when I use it myself. Then there are a few friends who can afford to own several guns to whom I do not hesitate to loan a gun. But I have reached that stage where I do not lend a gun indiscriminately to all who invite me to do so.

I have one gun, a rifle (resting on antlers overhead as I write), that was presented to me, that—that, well—my admiration for our President, Theodore Roosevelt, is so great that I might lend it to him; but there is no danger, for he doesn't know me, and he has guns of his own to burn

WILLIAM H. AVIS.

Another Ruffed Grouse Vagary.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Oct. 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Referring to September changes in your paper of Sept. 28. I had the idea of the birds having a crazy spell during this month brought to my notice last month at Corning, N. Y. I was about to enter the Dickinson house there, when a boy called my attention to a grouse he had in his hands, and asked me if I did not want to buy it. I questioned him as to where he got it, and he said it flew across the river and struck a bank of earth, and he, being near, picked it up. It seemed to be alive and in good shape, but did not seem to know enough to fly from the boy's hands as he held it out to me.

All honor to Brother Tallett, of Watertown, N. Y., for getting the spring shooting stopped in Jefferson county.

E. H. KNISKERN.

Long Island Ducks.

EAST QUOGUE, Long Island, N. Y., Oct. 25.—Mr. Lemuel Quigg and friends visited this village the past few days, duck shooting. Yesterday's bag was eighty-one black, mallard and sprig ducks; to-day's bag five geese and seven ducks. Large bags of mallards were made last week.

E. A. JACKSON.

Ducks are reported in large numbers in the South Bay, Sayville, L. I. Good bags have been made throughout the entire week.

New Jersey Quail.

BAYVILLE, N. J., Nov. 3.—The season opened yesterday with lots of birds; but out of nine flocks found I only shot into two; the others were too small. Lots of rabbits.

HERB.

An Indiana View of New York.

FOUNTAIN CITY.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your little note was duly received, and it was almost like shaking hands with you. Your mentioning that you thought while crossing the Brooklyn Bridge that it was almost time for another letter from me started a train of thought in my mind. I saw you in a crowded car, seats all full, every strap grasped by a hand and the people so crowded that those who had no strap to hold on to could not fall because there was no room for them to fall in. Hundreds of other crowded cars preceded, and hundreds followed the one you were in, and all crowded as the one you were in, and on the other track was an endless procession of nearly empty cars, returning to be crowded again with people hurrying to their toil. If it was between 6 and 8 in the morning, the vast majority of these people were under a life sentence to "work every day or starve." These people would resent the insinuation that they were not their own masters, and free to do as they please, but the fact remains that they are under taskmasters as much as was blind Sampson, and will be so to the end of their lives, and the curious thing about it is that many of them know what green fields and freedom are, for they were bred in the country. Why did they turn their backs on it? Because they did not know but that all was gold that glittered, and, like the ignorant savage, were ready to barter their freedom for shining tinsel. Later, there come in these same cars the taskmasters of the great procession that preceded them. These are no more free than others. The luxuries of the poor are none, and the things that the poor call luxuries are, to those who are rich, the bare necessities of life. If their incomes are larger their necessities are larger. In the city it is all grind; if two women are grinding at the mill and one is taken, the other still grinds. When night comes, the harness is taken off and the animal is turned into the stable and fed. When morning comes the harness is put on again so surely as the morning comes.

Now, in the country all is different. There nobody works all the time. The pressure is not great enough to compel it, and there are seasons of rest, in harmony with the rest of nature. There is something to rest the tired eyes besides piles of bricks and mortar. The ears are not all the time assailed by rush and roar. The nerves are not continually set on edge by all the thousand jars and jostles of mind and body that go on and on all the time. The nose is not disgusted by a thousand vile smells, nor the body brought into close contact with all manner of disagreeable things animate and inanimate. I am glad—more than glad—that my lot is cast in the country, and I grow more glad every year that it is cast in the country. It seems to me, after the free life I have led so long, that if I were shut up to an endless task in a house, in a city, I would live no longer than a wild bird in a cage.

H.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

An Evening on the Old Creek.

O Clifty Creek! how oft the spell
Of thy enchantment touched my heart
In boyhood days when murmuring swell
'Long pebbly ways where ripples start
Led my bare feet a-wandering down.

Again I go 'long mossy banks
'Twixt rock and cliff with creviced frown
Where spans the bridge, and serried ranks
Of flag soft shelter make for bass
And chubb.

Then on to Powell's Ford
Where the town cows, old Pide and Lass
Stand hunkers deep contentment stored
In their soft eyes.

Now on below
Where Boner's Branch comes bubbling in
Its wealth of cadence to bestow,
Here sycamore and beech and linn,
A verdure-crowned and vine-clad band,
Shut in the stream on either side;
Proud, honored sentinels they stand
Round sylvan beauty glorified.

The startled crane in ponderous flight,
With slow, majestic sweep of wing,
Swings down the narrow lane of light;
The halcyon sits wondering.

Then on to Mobley's Ford I go,
Through watery beds of peppermint.
Complaining geese, reluctant, slow,
Make way for me, but without stint
Expression give to their contempt
For my bare feet.

Here islet splits
The ribboned stream, and half unkempt
Like parted shepherd's flock there flits
Into these waters ever mild—
This lily-bosomed, quiet stream—
The frolic spirit of the child
Waked by soft music from sweet dream.

Too soon the notes of whippoorwill
Come throbbing round the wooded bend,
And faint, from far, and fainter still
Sound tinkling bells as homeward wend
Old Webber's herds.

Now purringly
The waters whisper—quiet are;
The waking frogs concurrently
Salute with zest the evening star.

INDIANA.

WM. J. BECK.

A Reminiscence of the Beaverkill.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The anglers who whipped the streams in the Catskills in the early fifties can whip them now no more. They buoyancy of youth and the vigor of middle age are gone, but we can at least live our lives as anglers over again in memory, and there is no stream in this country so full of pleasant memories as the Beaverkill. The most of those who for years frequented this noted stream have entered into rest, but some of us still survive to sing its praises, even though we cannot any longer wade its waters.

Forty years ago it was the general belief that any one who visited this stream could fill his basket with trout, and it is probable that more "swelled heads" have been reduced to their normal size on this stream than on any other stream in the country by a severe personal experience.

There are always some incidents in an angler's life which he never forgets, but unfortunately he cannot usually relate them without a pretty large admixture of the "cgo," and in this case I must crave a pardon in advance.

In June, 1862, I started for Murdock's, on the Beaverkill, taking the Erie Railroad at Greycourt and bound for Callicoon, where I had arranged to be met by Murdock's three-seated buckboard. Just after taking my seat in the car I noticed four gentlemen two or three seats in front of me. The eldest man of the party had his two daughters with him, both of them charming young ladies; and my wife, who was taking her first trouting trip, soon made their acquaintance; but the four anglers showed so clearly their desire to ignore all brother anglers that I was content to sit very quietly, and as I was near by I of course heard them criticize my basket, a little brown from use, and my rods because the cases were a little ragged from wear; and then they congratulated themselves on the splendid outfits which they had just obtained from Conroy. Each had a rod claimed to be Mitchell's best. They overhauled their flies in the car, and they had apparently been furnished on the theory that "the bigger the fly the bigger the trout," and then looked admiringly on their new 15-pound baskets, with fancy straps, while a glance at mine, which had many a time held 24 pounds, and which had a broad strap, seemed to fill them with disgust.

I need hardly say that during our trip in to Murdock's I did not say anything which led them to think that I had ever caught a trout in my life.

In due time we reached Callicoon, then a very small station. Murdock's team was there, but no team for the party of six. I introduced myself for the purpose of offering to take the young ladies and one of the gentlemen in my wagon, as I had three spare seats, which was readily accepted, and the other three had to scurry around for a two-horse wagon, which they finally obtained, and then followed us. It was dark when we reached the end of our journey, and as soon as supper

was over we all turned in for the night, tired and weary.

On the next morning we all met at breakfast, and notwithstanding my slight courtesy of the day before I was still utterly ignored; the leader of the party proposed that they would select their grounds, which resulted in the appropriation of the stream from a couple of miles above, to nearly as far below Murdock's—and he then said to me that he had not thought to consult my wishes, and asked me what I would do, to which I simply replied that I would not interfere with their choice of the stream.

On their way to the stream Mr. Murdock met them, and in his quiet way said, "Boys, look out that he don't beat the whole of you."

"He don't know anything about trout fishing," was the reply.

"Look out that he don't beat you," was Mr. Murdock's response.

This was the first suspicion they had that they had met an old angler. They were in the stream a full hour before I was; but they soon learned that they were quite mistaken in their belief that the trout were so abundant and so anxious to be caught that they fairly tumbled over one another in their efforts to take the fly. They fished faithfully, in order to falsify Murdock's prediction, but with a "zeal not born of knowledge," and when they came in about dusk their united catch was a little over 12 pounds, but they exulted over what they considered their assured success.

My favorite ground was further down the stream. The day was an ideal one for the fly; the wind blew very gently from the south, not hard enough to prevent casting a good line, and the natural flies were very abundant. When the sun was more than an hour high my basket was so full that I had to forego the evening fishing, and I started for the house, carrying 24 pounds of trout on my back between four and five miles. My catch was about double their united catch, and the average much larger; and it added a little to their chagrin when I stated that if my basket had not been so small I would have brought in over 30 pounds of trout. For the first time the ice was broken, and during the rest of our trip these gentlemen were as delightful companions as I ever met. I took them one by one and taught them "the gentle art of angling," and had the pleasure of meeting nearly all of them more than once on the same stream.

On this trip I had an experience not unusual in those days. I was fishing with one of the party less than a mile below Murdock's on a warm afternoon, the mercury being above 70 degrees, when we suddenly felt a change, and looking at the high mountains north of us we saw that a northeast storm would soon sweep down the valley; and before we could reach home we were drenched with rain and the mercury had gone down about 30 degrees. It is different now, but forty or fifty years ago the northeast storm was the dread of the angler in the Catskills.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

How the Beaver Kill Got Its Name.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Oct. 31.—I am just in receipt of your favor of yesterday in which you raise the question as to the proper nomenclature of the Beaver Kill; that is, whether it should consist of one word or two.

I find in looking in the U. S. Postal Guide that this is written as one word; but that counts for nothing and rather indicates that it should be written as two words, as the Post Office Department claims, or at least has the credit of availing itself of, every opportunity to write our proper names incorrectly. Certainly we cannot look upon this department as authority when it issues orders that our neighboring city of Newburgh, whose name indicates its origin, shall hereafter be written as one word with the *h* left off.

Some years ago the Hon. Lewis Beach was the representative from the district including Sullivan County, and he desired the department to immortalize his name by changing the name of the post office at Shin Creek, on the Beaver Kill, to Lew Beach, and it so far complied with this request as to give this post office the name of Lewbeach, and any department that will do this will do anything. And it is a fair presumption that in every case where it is possible its nomenclature will be wrong.

In a very old post office directory which I have all offices containing the word Beaver are in two syllables; as, for instance, Beaver Dam or Beaver Meadows.

What is more interesting in this connection is the source from which the Beaver Kill derived its name.

The Willememoc, which unites with it at Westfield Flats, is named after a tribe of Indians of that name; and the Neversink, which is a stream near by, derived its name from Indian sources and should probably be called the Navesink, after a tribe of that name.

I am not aware, however, that we have any information as to its name. I am familiar with the entire stream except a small portion at the extreme upper end, which no one ever visits; and have never seen any indications of a beaver dam on the stream, and, as I understand the habits of the beaver, it never constructs a dam on a running stream. But there is no question that many years ago there were one or more colonies of beavers near the stream, from which it probably derived its name.

On the grounds of the Willememoc Club, which were located about three miles south of what is now known as Weaver's, on the Beaver Kill, there was an old beaver dam which had been constructed originally for the purpose of flooding a marsh of about 15 acres. This dam was about 6 feet high, 30 or 40 feet long; 6 to 9 feet wide at the base. When the club acquired these premises this dam had been partially broken down at one end, and in order to drain the marsh more fully, as it was a menace to our health, the opening in the dam was enlarged under my direction, and I then found in its foundation the trunks of trees 6 or 8 inches in diameter in an excellent state of preservation, which had evidently been placed there by the beavers.

The indications were that this had been a very large colony, and it certainly was near enough to the Beaver Kill to give it its name.

There are no indications of beaver dams at Tunis Lake, about one-eighth of a mile from the upper Beaver

Kill; or Balsam Lake, about one mile from the stream; or Thomas Lake, now called Beecher Lake, about four miles; or Murdock Lake, about a mile from the stream. But none of these lakes would ever have been likely to attract the beaver, and I have never heard that there have been any indications of there being a colony of beavers anywhere near the Beaver Kill except the one to which I have referred.

I am inclined to think that the existence of this colony of beavers to which I have referred, and which was evidently a very large one, was well known to those who first settled along this stream, and that this accounts for its name.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

Do Fishermen Lie?

The Editorial View of the Toronto Star.

It is the custom to call the veracity of fishermen into question, but we are inclined to think that they are, after all, a truth-loving class, and deeply wronged by the aspersions cast upon their veracity. It was probably only in jest that fishermen were first credited with being unreliable in what they said about the fish they caught, or nearly caught. If so, we rise right here to remark in the interest of all fishermen that the joke has been carried too far. We make protest against it. What is there to warrant the belief that men who go fishing are untruthful in relating their experiences?

If a man comes in with a half-dozen black bass of moderate size and tells a circumstantial story of having hooked a 5-pounder, which after a hard fight got away, his word is doubted. But why should it be? It is harder to land a big fish than a small one, and quite naturally the big ones usually get away, either by breaking the tackle or by writhing free from the hook. The inexperienced fisherman becomes very much excited when he hooks a big one, too excited to handle his rod as well as he does with a smaller fish, while the fish itself is doubly strong and trebly resourceful in its efforts to get away. It is not surprising that the big ones get away. No man's reputation for truth-telling, therefore, should be injured because he brings home pounders and tells of nearly catching others as long as his arm.

Is it reasonable to suppose that a man would go fishing again and again if he were not encouraged by almost capturing those splendid big fellows that he talks about?

The few and paltry fish that he brings home do not reward him for his time and trouble. But he goes back day after day to struggle, usually in vain, with giant fish that would be mighty well worth the catching if he could but get them into his boat or high and dry on the rock.

There are big fish. This will be admitted. It will also be conceded that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. Now and then a big one is caught, bagged, photographed and made much of; why should we doubt that still bigger ones are hooked, striven with and lost?—lost simply because they are too huge to be handled by the ordinary rod and line in the hands of the ordinary person.

We unhesitatingly declare our belief in big fish. If there are horses and cows and other large animals on a hundred-acre farm, why should any one doubt the existence of 20 and 24 pound lunge in a thousand-acre lake? The surprising thing is that still larger fish are not hooked.

When a big fellow, after whipping the water into suds, gets away, the fisherman excitedly talks aloud to himself and the scenery, and states what he believes the weight of the fish to have been. Perhaps he makes too generous an estimate—perhaps a fish splashing in the water looks as big as two in the bottom of the boat—yet the man is not a liar because he speaks of the fish as having been a 4-pounder. He believes it to be true. He has no intention of deceiving. He feels in his heart that he would not be far wrong if he spoke of it as a 5-pounder, but he keeps on what he considers the safe side. For this, instead of derision and contumely, he merits public respect; for, in losing the fish, he has had trouble enough. Moreover, it generally is the beginner who tells of hooking the big fish. With experience comes still greater caution of speech, thus showing that the pastime of fishing, instead of causing a man to lose veracity of speech and exactness of judgment, really makes him more truthful and exact than it found him. The experienced fisherman says very little about the big fish that get away, for three reasons: (1) because he cannot endure the aspersions that will be cast upon his veracity, (2) because to tell of it will discredit his skill with the rod, and (3) because he intends to conduct some further negotiations with that particular fish in the days to come.

Considering the whole matter, it appears that fishermen are not only free from the vice of lying, but that fishing may be recommended as a cure for untruthfulness in those who previously have not fished.

Also the View of a Star Reader.

I read with very great pleasure your interesting article in the Star headed "Do Fishermen Lie?" in which you very properly call in question the prevailing custom of doubting the veracity of fishermen.

I have been a fisherman in the Province of Ontario, mostly in the Muskoka district, for over forty years past, my first notes being dated in 1858, with yearly records ever since that time; and I have naturally been in the habit, on my return home, of relating to sympathizing friends some of my experiences; and, although I have the reputation generally of being a truthful man in ordinary matters, still I have often noticed evidences of incredulity in my friends when I have told them of the fish I have caught, and of others much larger that I have lost after having nearly brought them to land. Of course, it is, as you remark, these large fish that so often get away, and it is simply because they are large, and the larger they are the more apt they are to get away; but that is no reason why an honest fisherman should not be believed when he gives a careful estimate of the size of the fish he has lost.

A few years ago one pleasant summer evening I sat on the veranda of a hotel at the Thousand Islands, enjoying a visit with a couple of friends, one of them from Boston and the other from New York; and we talked, among other things, about fishing. I told them of a brook trout I had once caught in our Muskoka

district, which when opened was found to contain a full-sized chipmunk. My Boston friend's cigar dropped out of his mouth and he looked over at our New York friend and asked him if he had ever heard before that our Canadian brook trout climbed trees? I had to explain that the chipmunk was probably crossing the stream squirrel fashion and was gobbled up en route by the trout, which was a perfectly natural thing to be done; but it was of no use.

A few days after my return home I received a set of cartoons from my friends, a joint concoction, one of which represented a party of three friends, one of whom, an elderly man, was evidently relating a story of some kind, to which the others were eagerly listening. Another one represented this elderly man fishing in a trout stream, and another represented the same old fisherman on his way to the camp with an enormous pot-bellied fish hanging on a string by his side, and some miserable doggerel underneath these cartoons indicating that all fishermen, without exception, young or old, were simply liars.

I kept these pictures for some time with my fishing records; but not long ago, looking over these "memos" of past years I came across them, and concluded it better that they should be destroyed, lest they should hereafter fall into other hands and create a false impression as to my reputation.

I was fishing in a salmon river in July last year, with some friends of mine, one of them manager of a large financial establishment in Toronto, a man of most undoubted veracity in all ordinary affairs; and after we had all gathered in camp one night, had our supper, lighted our pipes and were relating our day's experiences, he told us of a salmon that had risen to his fly on his way down the river, and of the size of that salmon's mouth, which he plainly saw, and which indicated that the salmon must have weighed at least 60 pounds; and to prove it he drew a rough sketch from memory on a large sheet of paper of the salmon's mouth. What better evidence could we have had of the size and weight of that salmon which got away? It is quite true that none of the salmon we caught (or, rather, killed) during our trip weighed over 21 or 22 pounds; but that is no evidence that there were not plenty of salmon in the river weighing 60 pounds or even more. My friend's flask was empty on his return to camp; but "that is another story."

It is to be hoped that your article may give fishermen fresh courage in relating their experiences whenever so inclined, and that they will not be deterred, as they so often are, from giving full play to their imaginations—of course, only so far as they may consider the facts will warrant.

As a humble member of the gentle craft, I feel deeply grateful for your vindication of our reputation for veracity, more especially as it is the first instance on record that I am aware of.

D. W.

In Tennessee Hills.

JAMESON, Tenn., Oct. 12.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last spring my friend, Walter Hadley, and I planned a fishing trip for two weeks. We finally got started on May 30. Now, I live where the hills and valley meet, and facing toward the east one beholds as beautiful a stretch of country, perhaps, as there is in the wide world. On the west the hills roll back for many miles, and among these hills are beautiful trout streams, running cold and clear on their way to join the larger waters of Duck River. So among these hills is where we meant to fish. Walter lives a mile down the valley, and in order to get an early and even start he came up and spent the night with me. That night we packed the bundles. The cook was up early the next morning, and by daylight our breakfast was eaten, the little chestnut mare Kate was hooked to a light wagon, and just as the sun was rising we turned her head up hill and were off.

Our friends had guded us, and said we would catch nothing; but we replied that we meant to enjoy the trip from the very moment we left home, and we did. We entered the woods at once, and these were beautiful with the fresh, full growth of sweet springtime. The trees were full of fluttering, flying, singing birds, and wild flowers grew in great profusion by the roadside. We expected to see squirrels jumping, so carried a light shotgun, with which we popped and banged along the way.

The day had dawned beautifully bright and warm, but by 10 o'clock rain was falling. Anticipating this, we had carried our gum coats, which gave perfect protection from the weather. We rather enjoyed the rain. Its soft patter among the leaves was like innumerable voices murmuring, "Fish are biting."

We were nearing the end of our journey, however. The trappy-gaited mare had carried us along rapidly and we soon drew up in front of the home of Col. Warf, to whom we had been directed. The place and the people were strangers to us, but we made friends readily, and were soon comfortably located.

We rigged up at once and started for the creek. There is a dam at this point, and it is so fixed between the hills that the water backs up a long distance and spreads out something like a lake. There are small islands, clumps of willows and great weed beds, and it is an ideal home for the trout. I was ready first, and made the first cast. There was instantly a tugging at the end of my line. The reel whizzed, and a 14-inch trout broke the water 20 yards away.

After a brief struggle this one was landed and proved to be a beauty. It was my purpose to put him on a string, but before doing so I baited my hook and dropped it back into the water. Before I could get the first one strung there was a great splashing under the bank, and I had hooked another. This also was landed and was a nice one. I was almost beside myself and tried to shout, but had left home with a cold and hoarseness which was not improving in the heavy weather.

I told Walter if I did not catch another I would feel well repaid for my trip over. After that they did not bite so rapidly; but we continued to pick up one from time to time until we had a nice string of them. Our catch consisted almost entirely of trout, though Walter caught two black perch that were beauties. One of these he caught while fishing from a bluff, and though he was

using a light bamboo rod he lifted it bodily from the water. As he did so I made a snapshot picture, which I inclose, and in which you may catch a glimpse of some beautiful Tennessee scenery.

Col. Warf is himself a fisherman, and said he was going to fish against us for numbers; so with a can of red worms he fished for perch.

One afternoon, when I was tired of climbing the bluffs and tramping up and down stream, I went and sat beside him on a log, one end of which lay out in deep water. He has quite a fund of anecdotes, and while he told one story after another, and chuckled all the while, he pulled twenty perch out from under that log.

We fished two days, and before starting for home I gathered a great armful of flowers and ferns from the bluffs and banks of the creek.

That night at home I placed them in spring water, and the next morning sent them to my sweetheart. This sweet girl dearly loved flowers, but the sad part is yet to be told. She made one of our camping party in August. Soon after her return home she was taken quite ill, and when the autumn flowers began to fall she died.

But I have just returned from another trip to Col. Warf's. This time Walter could not leave his business, so I went alone. I carried on this trip a light boat. With the boat I could get out to the clumps of willows and beds of weeds. But the scene is changed now. The woods are no longer fresh and green, and the birds do not sing so joyously as they did.

I found the Colonel and his good wife at home. They were making sorghum, and were busy; but he found time to go fishing with me. I spent a couple of days most delightfully, and caught a splendid string of trout.

Thus ended pleasantly another trip to the hills.

ED BABB.

Lake Hamlin.

CHICAGO, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Returning from my usual fishing trip at Hamlin Lake, I dropped off at Ludington, Mich., to see my old friend, George Ackersville, who bears the enviable reputation of being the best sportsman on the lower peninsula of that State. As usual, George had plenty of good news for me, having located a number of places where, as he says, quail will be thicker than fleas on a tramp dog this fall. But the best information he had to impart was the return of wild pigeons to Michigan. If anybody knows a wild pigeon when he sees one, Ackersville does; and it can hardly be possible that he is mistaken in this matter. I was incredulous, however; but he declared he saw them himself—three flocks of them—and was not relying on anybody else's say so. Not only does his description of the birds he saw tally with the old-time wild pigeon, but he will endeavor to secure from the clerk of Mason county a license to shoot a couple of the birds for scientific purposes, and if successful will ship them to FOREST AND STREAM, so that you may pass judgment on them yourself. Wild pigeons, if any exist in Michigan, are protected until 1910, but Ackersville thinks he will have no trouble in securing the necessary permission in order to establish his claim.

Fishing at Hamlin Lake was better this year than I have ever seen it before, but the season was backward, the bloom from the lilies remaining in the water a great deal later than usual. More muskellunge were taken from the lake this season than in any two years previous, but few of them tipped the scales over 15 pounds. The run of bass was greater than usual, small and big mouthed varieties taking frogs with a voracity heretofore unknown in these waters. Several big fellows were taken, one that I saw, caught by Dick Steffens, the photographer, tipping the scales at 6½ pounds.

Hamlin Lake is fast becoming too prominent as a fishing resort, and I am afraid it will only be a matter of a few years when there will be more fishermen than fish in that neighborhood. For a great many years, however, a few Chicagoans have had a monopoly of the sport at Hamlin, and I guess it is only fair that the rest should come along now and have their share of the fun.

WILLIAM P. CORNELL.

An Owl with a Penchant for Law.

THE Indian summer days are upon us, and if anywhere in this broad land the Minnesota Indian summer can be excelled I would like to know where, with their dryness of air, with just a touch of chill to it when you get in the shade, but when out in the bright, clear sun like one continuous draught of champagne—exhilarating, but not intoxicating.

We are working in our shirtsleeves alongside of open windows, and through one of these windows, left open and belonging to a prominent lawyer's office in town, did a small brown owl (genus unknown) fly in during the night.

When the office was opened in the morning high up on the uppermost shelf of the bookcase perched the owl.

His gaze was so fixed and his pose so steady that without exception the clients pronounced him a most natural example of taxidermy. Only at very long intervals did he blink, which convinced the onlookers, against their wills, that he was a live, instead of a stuffed, bird. During the livelong day he kept his perch, and save for an occasional blink or a slight ruffling of his feathers, he remained absolutely motionless.

When the shades of evening began to fall it was decided to give him his liberty, and after much poking and shooing he was finally corralled in a waste-paper basket, and in due course deposited on the window sill, when he instantly made himself scarce.

Yesterday morning I took advantage of a perfect day, and with a friend went on the cars twenty miles down the Mississippi River to a small riverside hamlet called Prescott to try the small-mouthed bass, large catches of which had recently been made at this point. The river is narrow here, but deep in spots, and where the piling is driven do the large bass lurk. Then there were the wing dams, ledges of broken stone leading out from the shore into the river to direct the current over one and the same route from month to month and year to year. For minnows to do any migrating they must pass around the corners of these wing dams; and how well the bass

know it! When the bass are taking a fly one can always get good fishing at these wing dams. At this time of the year minnow casting is the proper way to take them. One can go above the dams and allow the minnow to gently float down until it strikes the swirl at the end of the dam, when instantly something happens to which the singing of the reel usually adds interest.

These dams are very close together at this point, and one after another in succession can be easily fished in rotation.

The fishing was good, and the bass fully kept up their reputation for life and pugnacity. Lost hooks now and then and once a broken line satisfied us, as usual, that the largest and heaviest fish remained uncaught.

We enjoyed every minute of the outing, the warm, October sun tempering the otherwise sharp breeze to the temperature of a spring zephyr.

The river was alive with lumber rafts and steamboats. Logs in great rafts were being rushed down the river to the saw mills lower down. It was quite interesting to see the steamers guide these great and unwieldy aggregations of logs through between the bridge piers without an inch to spare. It seemed as if the great raft's width had been measured with a pair of calipers.

Withal, it was a delightful day, just such a one as many of my readers have spent on the sunny Connecticut sidehills, among the scattered birches, with the woodcock. But instead of dog and gun, we plied our rods, and enjoyed the fishing in the sunshine.

When Sept. 1 comes in the country a man instinctively drops his fishing rod and grabs his gun; but fishing is not by any means over on Sept. 1. The bass and muscallonge are then at their best, even if the former may prefer minnows to flies. They are full of fight; more so than during the spring and midsummer.

One thing impressed me yesterday, and that was the fact that we were never away from the village more than a few minutes' rowing; in fact our guide asserted that when the fish were eagerly taking the bait he could easily fish the adjacent wing dams and be back to the landing with a dozen fine bass all within a single hour's time.

The fishing yesterday was so close at hand and easily obtained that it savored of a bass preserve at one's back door. And yet there are hundreds of our boys who will spend two or three hours on the cars and will fish lakes where big-mouthed bass and pickerel alone can be had, and where the water is warm and the fish are lazy, and overlook this small-mouthed bass fishing in the Mississippi River at their very doors.

I started in to tell about a wayward owl that flew into the clutches of the law, and I have wandered off about small-mouthed bass fishing at Prescott on the Mississippi River.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Nets and Game Fish.

WATERTOWN, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Speaking of experiments, in 1898 a bill was introduced by Senator Brown, which at the time was opposed by the anglers, and the Senator and myself were accused of being in league with the net fisherman. My arguments for the bill and personal pleadings with the anglers secured their consent to a trial, and the bill was passed. The bill became a law, and the result is that we have the best small mouth black bass fishing in the State, and it is getting better each year. On the St. Lawrence River, where no netting is allowed, the fishing is getting poorer each year.

Parties drive from Clayton to Chaumont Bay to enjoy our splendid bass fishing or go into Canadian waters. It seems very strange to me that the Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River should be so blind to their own interests as to permit that grand river to fill up with fish that the angler does not want or cannot catch with a hook and line.

In the early period of my life I lived for twelve years at Clayton. At that time the river was full of black bass and muscallonge; now it is full of pickerel, perch, bull heads, eels, catfish, sturgeon, rock bass and sunfish, but the black bass and muscallonge are conspicuous by their absence. This is not a theory but cold fact, very easily proven by a few days' fishing at Clayton and at any point in Chaumont Bay. I inclose a copy of the law that has made Chaumont Bay the best black bass waters in the State:

Sec. 74. Nets in Chaumont Bay and Adjacent Waters.—The waters and bays of Lake Ontario, in the county of Jefferson, within one mile of the shore, between Horse Island, in the town of Heunfield, and the town line between the towns of Lyme and Cape Vincent, except the waters within one mile of Stony Island or of the Galloup Islands, are so far excepted from the provisions of this act as to permit the taking of fish by nets therein from Oct. 1 to April 30: Provided, That a net shall not be set until license therefor has been granted by the Commission. The Commission shall, on the execution of a satisfactory bond, conditioned for the payment to the people of the State of the sum of one hundred dollars if the holder of the license shall violate any of the provisions of this section as to black bass or muscallonge while the license is in force, grant such a license unless the applicant has been convicted of violating this section or his bond adjudged forfeited. The license fee shall be one dollar for a net, and a single license may be for five nets. All black bass and muscallonge caught in nets set pursuant to this section shall be immediately returned to the water alive, and without unnecessary injury.

And here is the law that has made the St. Lawrence River the poorest:

Sec. 317. Fishing by Certain Devices Prohibited.—No fish shall be fished for, caught or killed in any manner or by any device except angling in the waters of the Thousand Islands, except that it shall be lawful to take minnows for bait in the manner provided for by Sec. 145 of this act; Provided, however, That if any black bass, pickerel, pike, wall-eyed pike or muskellunge are taken in such nets they shall be immediately returned to the waters alive. Whoever shall violate or attempt to violate the provisions of this section shall be deemed guilty of misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of \$100 for each violation thereof.

I have been asked by a great many of the sportsmen who have cottages on the river to secure the same law for the river that we have for Chaumont Bay; but I have been very reluctant to make any such effort in opposition to the Anglers' Association, hoping each year that they would see their mistake and correct it.

However, if nothing is done by them the coming winter I shall make an effort next year to secure a law that will (inside of three years) restore to the grand old St. Lawrence the magnificent black bass and muscallonge fishing for which this river was once so famous.

W. H. TALLETT.

The Lake Trout.

THERE has been some discussion of a fish sent by Mr. C. B. Rosevear, manager of the New Algona Railroad, from waters lying north of Sault Ste. Marie. It was supposed to be a new variety; and for determination a specimen was, by Mr. Rosevear's courtesy, forwarded to the *FOREST AND STREAM*.

The trout sent for identification is a lake trout (*Cristivomer namaycush*), which is described and figured in many recent books, as well as in De Kay's "New York Fauna, Fishes," page 239, plate 39, figure 123. De Kay, however, calls it *Salmo conifinis*. Richardson gives a good figure of this trout in his "Fauna Boreali-Americana," Vol. III., page 179, plate 79, under the name *Salmo namaycush*.

All recent books upon the game fishes of North America describe the lake trout either as the *Salvelinus namaycush* or *Cristivomer namaycush*, the fact being that the common lake trout and the common brook trout are very closely related. The principal difference between them is in the disposition of teeth in the middle of the roof of the mouth. In the brook trout these teeth are few in number, and they are arranged in a little, roundish cluster on the head of the vomer (a small, boat-shaped bone in the middle of the roof of the mouth). In the lake trout the teeth in question are not in a cluster, but in narrow, double line, which is four times as long as it is broad, and which is not placed upon the vomer proper, but on a raised crest above the shaft of that bone. There is also a long and well-developed band of teeth at the base of the tongue, whereas in the brook trout these teeth are either absent or only slightly developed in a minute patch.

Perhaps this method of distinguishing between brook trout and lake trout may be difficult for some anglers, and for them it may be best to rely upon other characters, such as the deeply forked tail fin of the lake trout and its roundish, pale spots on a grayish or blackish ground. The pale color of the ventral and anal fins, the absence at all times of a black line behind the white front margin of those fins, and the entire lack of small, roundish, red spots upon the sides and of reticulated markings on the body and fins.

In Bulletin 47, U. S. National Museum, page 461, Jordan and Evermann say of the lake trout genus: "Species spotted with gray, without bright colors;" and of the brook trout genus: "Species red-spotted, the lower fins with bright edgings." These statements should be reconstructed, for the lower fins of the lake trout in the breeding season are vermilion, and some individuals have a white outer edge at the breast and belly fin and on the front of the anal fin. A specimen from Newfoundland Lake, N. H., had also a white tip to the lower lobe of the tail fin and on the top of the back fin. These bright colors are present in both sexes.

The lake trout is found throughout the entire northern part of North America, as far north at least as the Arctic Circle, and south to Maine, New Hampshire, New York, the Great Lake region, Henry Lake in Idaho, and the headwaters of the Columbia. It has been described under many scientific names, and is equally favored in the number and variety of its popular appellations, which include salmon trout, Mackinaw trout, red trout, gray trout, lunge, togue and tuladi.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

A Grand Muscallunge.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 2.—Mr. W. R. Caldwell, of this city, returned this morning from a few days' fishing trip in the little St. Germaine County of Wisconsin, along the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Mr. Caldwell is the same gentleman regarding whose preparations for a big muscallunge campaign I wrote at some extent a few weeks ago. I described then his theory regarding big bait, and his different spoons, tandems, buck tail baits, etc., which he was then preparing. He did not at that time get away for his trip, but left last week, and is back now with abundant proof that his theory regarding the habits of the giant muscallunge is an exceedingly correct one. He brought back with him to-day a magnificent specimen of muscallunge which weighed 43 pounds, and which was in many ways the most remarkable fish that ever came out of Wisconsin. The length of this fish we could not make to be over 50 inches from tip to tip, yet about the shoulders it girded 21 inches, and about the middle of the body it showed the tremendous measurement of 24 inches. Its back was extraordinarily thick along its whole length, and the fish seemed to be fat and in splendid condition. You will often hear of muscallunge which measure 52, perhaps 54, inches, yet do not come anywhere near such a weight as 43 pounds. Mr. Caldwell has known a 24-pound muscallunge to measure 50 inches.

This fish was a perfect monster in appearance, and it put up a fight quite in accordance with its tremendously stocky, heavy, bulldog frame. Indeed, all the fish taken in the little St. Germaine lake seemed to be in perfect condition. Mr. Caldwell had another muscallunge of 24 pounds weight, two of 12, and others of less weight, but these seemed babies compared with the giant 43-pounder. There was any quantity of pickerel in these waters, and certainly the muscallunge seemed to be feeding on something which makes them exceedingly fat this fall.

As to the quality of the sport, Mr. Caldwell says that he could not call the trip a very lucky one outside of the capture of the big fish above mentioned. The weather was simply vile all the time, cold, stormy, and with so high a wind that the lake was almost unsafe to fish even in the milder parts of the day. At the time the big fish was struck the sea was running so high that it was dangerous to be out in a boat. Mr. Caldwell was trolling with one of his bucktail baits, the full-sized tail of a deer, a bait fully a foot in length. When they got the strike they hardly knew what to do, for there was enough on hand to keep the boat right side up. The oarsmen started the boat against the wind, and they went up the lake twice, the fish being played for something like an hour and a quarter. When the boat was running before the

wind of course the fish was towed swiftly. Going the other way it was almost impossible to make any headway at all. The big fellow struck at a tandem gang when he bit the buck tail, and the large hook was driven quite through his upper jaw, so that it was impossible for him to escape. The fight under the circumstances was a long, stubborn and highly interesting one. To land so big a fish as this in so wild a sea was something of a sporting undertaking, and Mr. Caldwell says he never expects to have a more vivid experience. Every railroad conductor who saw the fish says that it was the biggest one that has come out of Wisconsin in the last twelve years.

One of the smaller muscallunge, a 12-pounder, bored down to the bottom after striking, and got mixed up in a sunken tree top. When at last it broke free it appeared with a big section of the tree top, which it carried to the surface. It was wedged in among the limbs so that it could hardly fight, and lay there almost spent. On reeling in, it was found that the line was fastened about some of the branches, and when the fish made a run to get away from the boat it cleared off a dozen feet of line on the outside of the floating snag. Here was something of a predicament, for of course the line could not be reeled in, and the fish was too deep down to reach with gaff or gun. There was some pretty tall figuring for awhile, but at last they got the fish close enough to deliver the *coup de grace*. This fish was caught on a tandem with the pork trailer, as were the other smaller ones, only the big fish rising to the buck tail. The argument of all of which is that it pays to try a whole lot of things in muscallunge fishing, and not to be afraid to use a good, big bait.

Wisconsin Fish Laws.

If you are fishing in Wisconsin look out how you pack your fish. The warden at Appleton is getting to be pretty nearly as bad as the one at Milwaukee, and the latter is a perfect Hawkshaw. The wardens construe the law not to permit any single fish weighing over twenty pounds to go through, and they have been confiscating every box containing more than twenty pounds of fish. The law states "two fish, or twenty pounds." It looks as though one would have to cut a 43-pound fish into three pieces in order to get through with it. Whether this was the intention of the statute seems a matter of doubt, or at least so claim certain citizens who have turned up in Chicago shy of the muscallunge which they had fondly hoped to bring through with them. It is just as well to have an understanding in these matters of game laws and wardens. Above all, do not go on a sporting trip nowadays on the basis that you can skin through, evade the laws and not get caught. The best thing to do is to go square up to the rack and take your medicine.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Potomac Notes.

Good weather has brought the water of the Potomac into good condition for black bass fishing, and during the past ten days anglers have been out in large numbers. Quite a large party have fished the river at Edwards Ferry, within a week, among others Messrs. Tappan, Curtis, Newman, Patterson, Graff, Bergling, Johnson, Morrison, Sypher and Major Carter. The chief complaint was that the fish ran small in size; many of those taken had to be thrown back into the river. Mr. Curtis caught the largest bass, 4½ pounds by the scales, but he was unfortunate enough to lose it in an attempt to transfer it to the live box.

Major Strong and Attorney-General Knox were booked to go to Riverton, but we have no report of their trip.

Mr. Eaton caught ten bass on a recent outing to Point of Rocks. Mr. Cameron, at Pennifields, caught thirty bass, averaging 1½ pounds each. Mr. Coburn caught ten bass at the same place.

Messrs. Tassin, Landgraff and Copper have been fishing from Dead Run to the Feeder. Many of the fish hooked were too small to keep, and were returned to the water. Their record bass weighed 2 pounds 2 ounces, 2 pounds 4 ounces, 3 pounds, 3 pounds 6 ounces, 4 pounds 2 ounces, 4 pounds 8 ounces. Mr. Copper had the pleasure of landing the largest. These gentlemen have found "mill roach" the best minnow bait. Fly-fishing yielded very small fish.

A few ducks have been seen on the river above the city, and a large flock of geese passed southward about 5 A. M. one day midweek.

Quite good-sized catches of large-mouthed bass have been made; Mr. Charles Laird took twenty-two in the neighborhood of Long Bridge, and Mr. Ehrmantrout caught eighteen bass and one pickerel, and shot a brace of ducks at Occoquan last week.

Large-mouthed bass are plentiful in the canal, and are found far up stream, and at the same time carp are "as thick as pigs" in the canal. The "Potomac bass spinner" is proving a taking lure. It is similar to a Paw Paw spoon, but the revolving spinner seems to be much more fetching than the spoon.

The lean condition of the bass in the Potomac this season is remarkable. Fish that are long and deep enough to weigh 3 pounds weigh but 2 pounds. Some of our anglers think that the muddy condition of the water all summer long prevented the fish from finding their food.

BON.

Black Bass Weights.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Will you please advise me through the columns of your paper of the weight of the largest black bass caught in the United States? There is a fish sold in the markets here as black bass that weighs as much as 18 pounds. Is this the true black bass? They are shipped up here from Louisiana. In a competition for large black bass could they be entered?

WILSON ASKERBERG.

[We have in our office the head of a large-mouth black bass which weighed over 25 pounds. It was caught in Florida. The fish you mention are presumably large-mouth black bass, and could be entered in a competition.]

Black Bass Culture.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

Why have artificial fish breeders failed to propagate bass? Why is it necessary to bodily transplant grown bass from one spot to another instead of spawning and artificial hatching?

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

It is necessary to transport the fish because it is impracticable to take the eggs and milt for artificial culture as with other fishes. These paragraphs, from Fred Mather's "Modern Fishculture," put it in a nutshell:

"Their culture consists in planting them and protecting the water for a few years. They sweep nests in the gravel, lay their glutinous eggs in them and watch the nests, fighting off all intruders and fanning the eggs with their tails for circulation. The eggs hatch in four to six days, according to the temperature, and remain a day or two on the nest, plainly visible as a dark mass. Then, when the sac is about to be absorbed, they rise, and the old fish remains under them until they disperse to seek food. We cannot take their eggs, and hatch them, and as the parents do so well at it there is little need to try it. If young are needed for stocking, the nests should be watched and the young taken in dip nets, which are lined with millinet or cheese cloth."

The Dennys River Salmon.

It will be recalled that the Dennys River, in Maine, is a stream which formerly afforded capital salmon fishing, as it would do to-day if freed from the nuisance of the sawdust and other saw-mill refuse deposited in it by the Dennysville Lumber Company's works. Dr. Robt. T. Morris, who has written of the river, tells us that it would now be possible to secure complete control of the river and to restore it to its pristine state as a salmon water. This would, of course, involve the expenditure of a considerable sum of money, but the fishing to be gained would warrant the expense; indeed, the milling enterprise might be continued and the fishing yet be preserved, so that the stream as a salmon river might be self-supporting.

Forestry and Fisheries at Paris.

THE United States exhibit in the Department of Forestry and Fisheries at the Paris Exposition is the subject of an illustrated report by Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, the director. It is published separately as an advance of the report of the Commissioner-General.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 27-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's third annual show.

Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 11.—Bicknell, Ind.—Independent Field Trial Club's third annual trials. H. S. Humphrey, Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials.—W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.

Nov. 12.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. M. Chapin, Sec'y, Pine Meadow, Conn.

Nov. 19.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's third annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.

Nov. 19.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's trials. R. Baughan, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's annual field trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-third annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 25.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Nov. —.—Paris, Mo.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials follow M. F. T. A. trials.

Dec. 2.—Glasgow, Mo.—Western Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. C. W. Butters, Sec'y.

Dec. 4-7.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.

Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

BEAGLE TRIALS.

Nov. 4.—Roslyn, L. I.—National Beagle Club's twelfth annual trials.—G. Mifflin Wharton, Sec'y.

Nov. 5.—Watertown, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's inaugural trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.

Nov. 11.—Lexington, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's annual trials.

Nov. 12.—Harrisville, Pa.—Central Beagle Club's annual field trials. A. C. Peterson, Sec'y.

"Training the Hunting Dog."

THE new work on dog training, entitled "Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials," presents a system which has been eminently successful through several decades of practical trial, and which in the main is used by the most eminent professional trainers of the present day. While containing all the essentials of the art as practised by the professional, it is presented in a manner so simple that the tyro can readily understand it. In particular, the peculiarities of dog nature are extensively treated, for without such knowledge the beginner can hope to succeed but ill. He must understand the limitations, the capabilities and the incentives of the dog's life before he can assume to teach the dog successfully.

The system inculcated is based on giving the pupil the most ample practical experience, supplemented with both kindness and punishment. Experience and kindness develop the dog's powers and teach him to work on the lines desired; punishment teaches nothing progressively; it merely checks the pupil from doing undesirable acts. The method which is founded on pure kindness and the method which is founded on force are fully treated, and as distinct methods are shown to be fallacious. They are a part of one method. Mankind in his efforts to learn is subjected to them. He has the incentive of rewards for good performance, and punishment—not necessarily always corporal—for bad performance.

The work contains 281 pages, and all essential branches of the subject are fully treated. It is subdivided into twenty-one chapters, treating on subjects as follows: General Principles; Instinct, Reason and Natural Development; Punishment and Bad Methods; The Best Lessons of Puppyhood; Yard Breaking; Hill; Pointing; Backing; Reading and Drawing; Ranging; Dropping to Shot and Wing; Breaking Shot; Breaking In and Chasing; Retrieving—the Natural Method, the Force System; Gunshyness and Blinking; the Tools of Training; Field Trial Training and Handling; Field Trial Judging; Kennel Management.

The field trial features of the work present information of special value to those who contemplate field trial competition. The general training features present information which will enable any man to train his dog, if he has any natural qualifications for his work.

Whether one desires to train his own dog or not, he without question desires to handle him well, concerning which most ample information is presented.

This work is published by Forest and Stream Pub. Co., 346 Broadway, New York. Price, \$1.50.

A Dead Dog in Court.

In a late Indiana case (Vantreese vs. McGee, 60 N. E. Rep., 318) the complaint, which was in replevin to recover the body of a dead dog, contained the following allegation: "That said body was at the time of said unlawful taking and detention and at the time of the beginning of this action of the value of \$2, in this, to wit: That the hide is of the value of \$1; that the carcass, exclusive of the hide, is of the value of \$1 for fertilizing purposes. That said body was not taken by any execution or other writ against the plaintiff; that said dog had been long in plaintiff's family, the members of which were very much attached to it, and desired the possession of the body of said dog that they might give it a burial on their own farm in accordance with the affection in which they held it as a useful house dog and pet." The Court held that the allegation stated facts sufficient to constitute a cause of action under the Revised Statutes of the State, which provide that "when any personal goods are wrongfully taken or unlawfully detained from the owner or any person claiming possession thereof * * * the owner may bring action for the possession thereof." The dog was property, it was held, the title to which was not lost by its death. The Court said: "The demurrer admits the property in appellant, its value, and wrongful taking, so that, unless it is conceded that the owner of the animal loses all dominion over its remains when dead, or that he can be deprived of his right or interest therein by the unauthorized acts of another person, the complaint must be held good. It cannot be reasonably maintained that the owner of such property, by the mere fact of its death, loses title to whatever value remains in the body. The change of form does not deprive the owner of title to or right of possession of property. Whenever it can be identified, replevin may be sustained."—New York Times.

Some Beagle Sales.

THROUGH FOREST AND STREAM the Harkaway Beagle Kennels, of Wheaton, Ill., have sold to Dr. W. Seward Webb, of Shelburne Farm, Shelburne, Vt., the following beagles: Minocqua, Clyde II., Harkaway's Bessie, Fleetwood, Baron, Busybody, Nellie, Brilliant, Clio, Fleetwing, Pilot K., Bannerboy and Sport.

Points and Flushes.

The premium list of the first annual dog show of the Colorado Kennel Club may be obtained of Mr. W. H. Kerr, Denver, Col. It contains a liberal list of merchandise and cash prizes. The show will be held in Coliseum Hall, Denver, Col., Nov. 21, 22 and 23. Mr. W. Ballantyne is superintendent.

"Training the Hunting Dog."

WEST POINT, Miss., Oct. 28.—I have carefully read "Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials," and can honestly recommend it to all as a clear and concise treatise on the art of training, without useless frills or furbelows. It should, on its merits, at once take its place as the leading work in its line, as it no doubt will. W. W. TITUS.

TOLEDO, O.—I have been reading "How to Train the Hunting Dog." It certainly covers every point in the most concise form. I think every sportsman-shooter should read the book, for it is a fact that very few hunters know anything about handling a dog in the field; and in this book there are many lessons that should be taught to every shooter who owns a dog. C. A. DRAPER.

NORTH EASTON, Mass., Oct. 21.—I have just finished reading "Training the Hunting Dog," and it is certainly the best book of its kind I have seen. HOBART AMES.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 12.—I have just finished a very careful reading of the most valuable book, entitled, "Training the Hunting Dog for the Field and Field Trials," and unhesitatingly commend it to all lovers of a hunting dog. The amount of useful information the author has collected within its pages is of much value to every person interested in the proper working of a dog in the field. The novice training his first puppy, or the professional handler, would do well to read this work. ELMER E. SHANER.

"Bullfrogs are about as voracious as anacondas," said Keeper Thompson, of the Zoo's reptile house. "What do you suppose a full-grown bullfrog especially likes? Birds. The clumsy-looking, sleepy frog is a marvel of swiftness when it comes to capturing a meal. He will lie motionless along the banks of a pond or stream, and when birds come down to drink or bathe they are swallowed in a twinkling if they get within range. A bullfrog is just like a snake. He can gulp down a meal as big as himself. Let an unwary sparrow venture within a few inches of the motionless frog and there will be a lightning-like leap, a gulp, and the frog again assumes his immovable attitude, but he will look as if he had swallowed a mattress. Of course if birds can't be had, bullfrogs will appease their appetites with insects."—Philadelphia Record.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Canoeing.

American Canoe Association, 1900-1901.

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Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Thirty-second street and Avenue A, Bayonne, N. J.

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Purser, Fred T. Barcroft, 408 Ferguson Building, Detroit, Mich.

Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXVIII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

We were struck with the number of eagles seen in this lower river. We have never made a cruise on the Shenandoah without seeing one or more of these great birds, but on this cruise, since leaving Riverton, we have noticed two or three every day, and generally at unusually close range. One was sighted on the morning's run, perched on a reef in midstream but a foot or so above the water, apparently engaged in fishing; if so, he didn't get a strike, for on our approach he flapped his great wings and sailed away, fishing tackle and all, disappearing through the tree tops on the left bank, to again reappear and disappear, as we rounded the bend to the left and entered upon the next reach.

A few miles below Castleman's Ferry we crossed the line into West Virginia, and about 12:30 we landed at Rock Ferry, where we lay by until 2 o'clock for our noon-day lunch and siesta. It was not a particularly attractive place, Rock Ferry, but it answered our purpose, and we made ourselves tolerably comfortable there.

"There's a good snap for your kodak, George!" exclaimed Lacy, as a couple of stylishly dressed, pretty girls came tripping lightly down the high bank, and took their places in the roomy, flat-bottomed punt moored alongside of the ferry boat, where they were joined by an awkward, half-grown boy, in tow-linen shirt and trousers and not much else, who, standing up in the stern of the boat, poled them slowly and steadily across the river, their parasols, hats and costumes standing out in bright relief on the steely blue surface of the river, which gave them back in wimpy reflections as the long lines of ripples spread away from the blunt bow of the slowly advancing boat.

The kodak, however, was in the canoe, and the canoe was 50 or 60 yds. away from where George lay, flat on his back on his mattress, with his book in his hand and his little, double-decked meerschaum in his mouth, too indolent and comfortable to rise and so the attractive snap was not secured.

We swept around a stately bend to the left, a couple of miles below. A handsome residence, embowered in trees, stood on top of the sloping bank on the outside of the bend, with a ferry boat moored to the shore. George brought the inevitable bugle into play when the house was in sight. There was no answering "Whoo-ee!" this time. Instead, a couple of tastily attired, girlish figures appeared, hurrying down the path leading from the top of the bluff to the ferry, evidently intent on running out on the boat to see us glide by.

"Jerneys!" said George, laconically, as, with a strong sweep of the paddle, he sent his canoe close in to the outer end of the ferry boat, and reached for the kodak, intent on securing a shot as he passed. His disreputable appearance, however—for George is anything but a prepossessing youth when clad in his canoeing habiliments after he has been out a week or two—stayed the further progress of the girls, and they remained timidly on the bank among the trees, until we have passed, and had dropped some distance below, when they appeared, statuesque, on the extreme outer end of the ferry boat, where they remained until we passed out of sight down the rapids and around the bend below.

Shannondale Springs occupies a beautiful location. The river sweeps, broad and majestic, in a great horseshoe bend around three sides of a long point or tongue of land, heavily wooded and beautifully turfed, which rises in a gentle slope to a considerable height from the water. Across from the point, on a beautiful, gently sloping eminence, the old Rouss mansion stands, embowered in trees and with its beautiful, well-kept lawn sloping gently down to the river. A quarter of a mile below, located on a commanding bluff, the elegant summer villa of millionaire Charles Broadway Rouss, of New York, stands. The modern structure, with its towers and gables, its statuary and flights of white stone steps leading from terrace to terrace of its ample, beautifully kept grounds, presents an imposing appearance from the river; but I found the classic old family mansion above much more interesting.

Shannondale Springs was a favorite resort for the gentry of northern Virginia for many years in the good, old, ante-bellum times. The buildings, consisting of a main hotel building, surrounded by kitchen, stables and a group of cottages, are nicely located on the well-shaded side of the gentle eminence sloping up from the river, on the lower side of the tongue or point of land.

The lawn slopes down in a beautiful sweep from the buildings to the river, where it terminates in a high, steep bank, some 20 ft. above the water.

The main hotel building was burned years ago, and the

springs fell into a state of innocuous desuetude, save for the visits of yearly camping parties, who pitched their tents on the lawn or occupied some of the more habitable cottages.

Recently a small but comfortable hotel building has been erected on the foundation walls of the old building, and the Springs are now occupied and open as such once again.

We landed at the boat house above the rapids, and Lacy and I walked up to the hotel to obtain permission to camp on the place, for, although it was yet early, this was the place decided upon for our night's camp. After stopping on the way to take a drink of water from the principal spring on the place—a strong chalybeate spring incased in masonry under the shelter of a small, wooden pavilion—we approached the hotel and mounted a long flight of wooden steps leading up to the ample veranda in front of the structure. The only occupant of the veranda was an elderly gentleman with a gray moustache, whittling away industriously upon an axe handle. To my modestly preferred request for the individual in charge of the place, he replied, as he continued his whittling, that he was in charge of the place just at present, and intimated a desire to know our errand. I briefly outlined our expedition and asked permission to camp on the river bank, at the foot of the lawn. He looked up from his axe handle a moment and his eyes rested upon Lacy. I ought to have known better than to bring Lacy along, but he seemed to want to come, and I could not, of course, say no. That glance settled it. He was sorry. He would like very much to oblige us, but they were obliged to make it a rule not to allow camping parties of any description on the springs grounds. It wasn't far to Bloomery, and we would find a good location there for our camp, he further informed us, as he applied himself with renewed vigor to the axe handle.

Now, I didn't want to go to Bloomery. In fact, I had no intention of going there, so I brought my persuasive eloquence to bear upon the elderly gentleman with such effect that the desired permission was finally obtained, and in fifteen minutes more the canoes were dropped down over the head of the rapid, and, with the assistance of a couple of passing teamsters and a colored gentleman from the hotel—all of whom felt amply repaid for their kindly services by a pull from a medicinal flask discovered in a pocket in one of the canoes—they were carried up the high bank, and deposited for the night in probably the most picturesque camping place we had occupied during the entire cruise.

The hills across the river approach and break off abruptly in bold cliffs and rugged precipices, the broken and twisted strata of which present curiously diversified lines. The river, which is very broad, breaks up into the most beautiful and picturesque rapids, which extend as far down as the eye can reach, and whose musical murmur fell on our ears in rising and falling cadences. All around us the well-turfed lawn stretched away, dotted with fine, old trees, and sloping gently upward to the hotel building and the abandoned, half-ruined cottages around it.

While I was attending to my professional duties at the camp stove, a party of ladies and children were discovered approaching, accompanied by the elderly gentleman of the axe-handle proclivities. Lacy and I were at once recognized and cordially greeted by one of the ladies, whom we had formerly known before her marriage as a shining light in Staunton society, and who introduced us to the other ladies and to Major Kearsley, the business manager of the springs. They took great interest in our camp and outfit, and informed us that most of the guests of the place had departed, as the season nominally closed Sept. 1, although some few still remained. They expressed great regret that we had not arrived a week earlier, as our unique, pretty camp would have proved highly interesting to the guests.

We had an elegant fish supper, and, just as we gathered around the table to enjoy it, a fresh irruption of visitors from the hotel arrived.

"Commodore," exclaimed George, with his mouth full of bass, "you're the best-looking man in the party and possess the best qualifications for the job. You'll have to do the honors of the camp."

There was no gainsaying this self-evident proposition, although the motive which prompted it was plainly apparent, so I left my scarcely tasted supper and showed the visitors around, and explained everything, with great credit to myself and the club, while George and Lacy got away successfully with the bass.

After supper Lacy and I spent the evening at the hotel, while George remained in camp to take a bath, in which laudable and commendable enterprise Lacy and I felt justified in giving him all possible encouragement.

It blew great guns in the night, while a severe thunder storm fairly shook the earth, and I thought for a while that the heavy wind and rain would lift us bodily clean out of the county, the storm got such a sweep at us in our exposed position, right on the margin of the high bank, provided, of course, we were not first struck by lightning.

Our day's cruise—the last of the trip—was short as to miles, but by far the most eventful and exciting of the whole trip, and when, at 6 o'clock, we finally paddled out of the Shenandoah into the broad Potomac and went into camp on the rocky bank of that stream, 100 yds. below the mouth of the Shenandoah, it was with feelings of relief and thankfulness that we had gotten safely through without accident, for we had not reached our destination without adventures, thrilling and exciting, compared with which most of those above were tame, nor without surmounting difficulties and shooting falls and rapids in comparison with which the entire upper river was but child's play.

Our friends from the hotel were down early to see us pack and start, and the Major, who proved to be a genial, kindly gentleman when you knew him, gave us many points about the river below which we found both accurate and useful—qualities which, more often than not, we have found quite lacking in most of the information about the river procured from the dwellers along its bank.

The three miles to Bloomery were quickly and easily run. The rapids opposite, and extending for a mile or more below our camp, gave us a splendid run, and

afforded us no trouble, and the long, straggling, semi-circular mill dam around the bend below the foot of the rapids was easily passed, by running the lively boat shoot close up under the left bank, whose location had been described to us by the Major.

The river is singularly beautiful down along here—broad, still, majestic and imposing. One would never suspect it was so soon to break up into such violent, ungovernable fury.

There is a big fish dam around the bend below, but an open shoot in it passed us through without difficulty. Capt. Conrad, of Bloomery, seems to do considerable boating in this vicinity, and he keeps the shoots open. We expressed a hearty wish that the Captain could be induced to extend his operations to the upper river, between Shenandoah and Riverton.

We passed to the right of the island opposite Bloomery, and the low, straggling dam presented no difficulty to us. The broad, lake-like expanse of Newcomer's Eddy—nearly half a mile wide by three times that length, with the crumbling walls of the old stone factory—burned years ago—visible at the end of the vista, was strikingly beautiful, and we dallied along its still, reflective reaches, and along the grassy margin of its sloping, lawn-like banks, loth to pass out of it into the turmoil below. While we were passing along its beautiful expanse, we were hailed at different times by men on the bank engaged in fishing, road mending, etc., who warned us that the falls just below at the bottom of the "eddy" were dangerous, and that we risked our lives in attempting to run them.

We appreciated the kindness which prompted these people to warn us—strangers to the river, apparently—the danger into which we were heedlessly drifting; but, assuring our friendly monitors that we were familiar with the falls, and had run them before, and had no intention of blindly drifting into them, we passed on down, and finally reached the lower end of the "eddy."

We landed at a safe and respectful distance above to reconnoitre the falls. The reach terminated in a long, irregular line of broken ledges extending clear across the river, and which appeared to block it like a dam, while below masses of scrubby trees and bushes appeared to fill the bed of the river.

The long, sloping hills on the left side, where we landed, closed in in mountainous bluffs, which towered along the left bank as the river swept in a stately semi-circle around their bases, while a mile further down the mountain heights across the river closed in, and swept around in a majestic curve to the left, closing the prospect.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Lacy, fairly aghast, as we stood under the crumbling, blackened stone walls of the old Newcomer factory and surveyed the head of the famed and dreaded Watson's Falls.

At this place the river begins its descent to the level of the Potomac, six miles away and roofed below, and nothing that we had encountered on the river above, in the way of rapids or falls, was even a suggestion of what was discovered in store for us here. A great limestone ledge, some 10 or 12 ft. high, blocks the river, which cuts its way down across the ledge, forming a furious rapid or cascade of about a quarter of a mile in length. It is not a smooth, open descent, but the eroding process of the water has worn the face of the ledge into countless fissures, seams and crevices, of all conceivable sizes and shapes, down through which the water rushes in innumerable channels, more or less deep and broad, while huge masses of stone, innumerable in number, grotesque in shape and countless in variety, cover the slope. Scores of bush-grown islands, some of them of considerable extent, are scattered profusely around in the bed of the river up and down the falls, while the river as it slips insidiously down over the head of the falls, increasing in power and violence as it goes, is speedily lost to sight in the chaos of rocks, reefs and islets, and the bottom of the falls—although so short a distance away, cannot at any place be seen from the top. The heavy roar, which made conversation difficult, sufficiently proclaimed the difficult and dangerous character of the place, without the additional evidence of our eyesight.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Lacy. "You don't mean to say that flat boats ever ran through here? Why, there is absolutely no thoroughfare!"

"The boats went down a canal back of the factory. There's the old lock now," I replied, pointing with my pike staff to a shallow, dry ditch running along at the foot of the bluff behind us, and which led into a well-constructed stone lock, the gates of which had long since fallen into decay and been carried off by the floods, no remnant of them remaining, while the lock itself was choked and half-filled with drift, logs and flood debris.

"I have been told," said George, moving along over the rocks toward the blackened stone walls of the old factory, destroyed years ago by fire, "that the old race-way leading down through the fore bay of the mill might afford us a quick, easy passage."

"Well, there it is," I replied, pointing as I spoke to a narrow, little channel close up under the walls of the old factory, down which the water shot in a furious torrent. "You see, it is entirely too rough, even were that fish trap not in it. It would certainly be quick enough."

"Yes," assented Lacy, "whatever may be said as to its safety. It might do though, but for that fish trap," he continued, after studying it attentively. "It reaches the bottom of the fall all in one plunge, as you can see by that long, narrow neck of slack water coming up from below. Wouldn't it make a rattling, lively plunge, though?"

"There is absolutely no thoroughfare on this side," said I, as I led the way back to the canoes. "Suppose we cross over and study the falls from the other side; getting a good look down the middle as we go. We can't begin to see all the falls from any one side."

This proposition being assented to, we once more embarked and paddled slowly across the head of the falls, looking attentively down the boiling slope as we did so. Bristling with ledges, great masses of rocks and bush-grown islets, it offered no possible opportunity for a passage not instantly fatal to our frail canoes until near the right bank, where a broad, open lane of water was discovered, leading swiftly and wildly down among the bristling rocks for some distance, when it disappeared among the innumerable small islands.

"This might do," said I, as I paused to survey it, "if we could only see how it comes out below. Suppose we

drop down it a way, as far as we can see. We can then land on one of those islands on the right and reconnoitre."

"It won't do," said George, decidedly. "How are we going to get back if we find we can't get through below?"

This argument being unanswerable we paddled slowly on over to the right bank, but found nothing more encouraging there.

"We seem to have reached the foot of navigation," said Lacy.

"Commodore," exclaimed George, struck with an idea. It isn't often that George meets with an accident of that character, and when he does he is obliged to relieve himself at once, otherwise the consequences might be serious. "Commodore, you remember in our '86 cruise we paddled back up around the head of this island and then came—"

"What island?" interrupted Lacy, in bewilderment. "What are you talking about?"

"Why, this is an island, right here ahead of us," replied George.

"I thought it was the other side of the river," replied Lacy, still further bewildered. "Where in the the deuce is the other side, if this isn't it?"

"The other side is further over, beyond this island," replied George, laughing at Lacy's confusion. "You remember," he continued, resuming his conversation with me, "we paddled up around behind this island and slipped down over part of the falls over there, where it was not so rough as outside? Well," he added, after my verifying this fact, "I think our only chance is to do it again."

"It looks so," I replied. "Suppose we get out on the island and take a look over there, and see what it is like?"

We accordingly made a landing and all got out and went on an exploring expedition. A few minutes' scramble through the dense mat of bushes took us across the island, when we found ourselves on the bank of a broad, still channel, leading swiftly down toward the falls.

"Now, this looks promising," said Lacy.

"Wait until we reach the reefs," I replied; "we are still above the falls."

We continued on down until about opposite the head of the falls outside in the main stream, when we found the same reefs continuing across the channel in front of us, as we had expected, breaking it up into a rough series of falls, like those outside, though not rough.

"Pretty rough, but rather more promising," said George, laconically, as he stopped to light his pipe. "Let's go on down and see how it comes out."

Ten minutes' further scrambling through the bushes brought us out on the rocky point of the island, where the two streams reunited.

"Whew!" exclaimed Lacy in dismay, as we got a look down the falls from this point. "That's a wild river below there! Can we run it safely, do you think?"

At this point the smaller, right-hand stream united with the outside shoot from the main stream we had before noted, and which we saw might possibly have afforded us a passage down, although a rough and risky one. Below, the united streams poured in a furious shoot of a hundred yards down a rock-studded defile, where the waters dashed from ledge to ledge, foaming and rearing into tremendous waves, whose spout-like crests broke high in the air, while, at the bottom, could be seen the broad, open river again.

"I don't know," said George; "it will take us clear through the falls if we can run it safely; but it's horribly rough, and we'd better bring the boats up around the island and land on the further shore and walk down and examine it from below before we attempt it."

"That's a sensible suggestion," I assented. "Once started down that shoot, no earthly power could keep us from going through, and we'd better see what's at the bottom before getting in at the top."

We accordingly returned to the canoes, and re-embarked, and paddled up stream 100 yds. or so, to the head of the island, which we rounded and then dropped down the inside channel until we reached the ledges at the head of the falls, where we landed on the further shore.

"You fellows go ahead and examine it; I'll take your word for it," said Lacy, as he filled his pipe, adjusted his back rest and mattress to a flatter angle, laid his feet out over the hatch in front of him, procured his book and prepared to make himself comfortable for half an hour in the pleasant, shady, little nook in which he found himself.

"All right," George replied, as, with pike-poles in hand, he and I picked our way through the underbrush and started off down along the river bank.

We presently found ourselves out on the river, some distance below the falls, down which, as we looked up, the water rushed and roared from a point considerably above the level of our heads, the upper end being lost to view amid the chaos of reefs and islets.

All around us, to a great breadth, stretched the bare, rocky, bush-grown bed of the river. Never had we seen rocks worn and gullied into such fantastic shapes by the action of water, which had eaten out the softer portions of the great, solid ledge, leaving the harder parts standing up in irregular masses.

Great, shell-like projections towered many feet above our heads, while huge, boulder-shaped masses loomed up as big as small houses, with fissures and crevices between, many feet in depth, and varying from a few inches to many feet in width, running here, there and everywhere.

We scrambled back up along close to the water's edge (if there could be said to be any water's edge, where every fissure and gully was a running stream of water, so interlaced with each other and running into and out of each other in a manner so bewildering that it seemed impossible to tell where the river really left off and the woods began); over this remarkable expanse of rock, everywhere overgrown with straggling, hardy bushes, whose roots found a firm grip among the crevices of the rock.

The whole bed of the river was composed of this same honey-combed, fissured ledge, and the water rushed through the crevices, and roared over the smooth, round heads of boulders and ledges, while higher masses stood up out of the water, which raged and roared around their sullen, black summits.

A ragged, frowzy collection of islands lay along the middle of the river, extending the entire length of the

falls, through and among which numerous small channels led down. The river in front of us, between us and these islands, prevented a tolerably open, but very swift and fearfully rough channel.

"Well, what do you think of it?" queried George, as we finally paused on top of a huge mass of rock as big as a small house, from which we got a comprehensive, bird's-eye view of the entire channel from the foot of the island above, behind which our canoes lay, and which seemed to extend about half-way down the falls to the foot of the falls below.

"Well, we seem to have about reached the foot of navigation, as Lacy remarked," I replied, "but we've got to get through somehow. It looks very risky, but I believe if we can get our canoes down that inside channel above there and out behind that point there at the foot of the island, so as to place us out in line with the middle of this channel, it can be safely done."

"I think so," George replied, "but it's the wildest shoot we ever tackled."

"I should say so," I answered. "The principal point to make is to get fairly between those two big rocks out there."

"That's the pinch of the falls," said George, indicating, as he spoke, a narrow place in the channel between two great masses of rock, where almost the entire volume of water in the channel was compressed to a fourth of its width, with a fall of several feet, down which the water shot with great power and violence, and below which the huge waves plunged and tossed their shaggy crests to a height not seen by us before, in our experience in the rapids above.

"We've got to make that narrow shoot, for if we bring up against either of those big rocks it will be good-by canoe," he continued.

"Yes, and good-by canoeist, too, most likely," I replied. "That's the rock on which poor Mr. Brown, the Front Royal minister, was wrecked," I continued, pointing to the left-hand one, looking down the river. "I recognize it from the description of its location."

"Great heavens! No wonder his boat was swamped!" exclaimed George.

"The boat struck that rock and was instantly swamped," I replied. "It then drifted down that rough water there with Mr. Brown and his son clinging to it, and struck again some distance below, probably on those black rocks there, in the middle of the channel, just at the foot of that line of big waves—by the way, a sharp twist to the right will be necessary to avoid them—as I was saying, the boat struck again, probably on those rocks, and he and his son were both torn loose from their hold on the boat and carried down the river. The river was several feet higher than it now is, and correspondingly rougher. The son managed to get ashore, but the father was drowned."

"No wonder!" said George; "it would be impossible for even the best swimmer to hold up in such water. What are those fellows doing over there, I wonder?"

He pointed to a group of four or five men and boys busily at work at the foot of one of the frowzy islands across from us, their long, low punt moored at the foot of the falls some distance below.

"Putting in a fish trap in one of those small channels among those islands," I replied, after inspecting their proceedings. "They evidently don't see us."

"No," was the reply, "and quite as evidently can't hear us in all this roar of the water."

We scrambled back up along the rocks until we rejoined Lacy, whom we found dozing over his book, and who remarked that he had about arrived at the conclusion that we had decided to walk to Harper's Ferry, and must be half-way there by this time.

We imparted the results of our observations to him, and, seating ourselves in our canoes, addressed ourselves to the critical task of running the falls.

We had a troublesome time of it, picking our way out through the reefs to the foot of the island, but it was finally accomplished, by slipping around in and out among the rocks and through crevices and over falls and ledges, occasionally getting out to lift the boats over some impassable reef, or to swing them by hand around some particularly perilous corner, until finally the more open water immediately above the junction of the two channels lay before us.

"Now," said George, as we paused under the lee of a towering mass of rocks, to reconnoitre, "we must push across to that point there below, at the foot of the island, and hang up there while we survey the course ahead. I am not sure that it wouldn't be safer to slip the boats by hand down that shoot between those two rocks; that water's frightfully rough below."

"We can tell how the water sets when we reach the point," I replied. "I don't propose to take any chances, if it looks too risky. If we can get squarely in line with the shoot, it's all right, even if the water is rough; but if we can't get in line, we'll have to contrive to make a portage somehow."

George let go, and at once shot down the swift channel, paddling swiftly across as he went. He reached the point and backed his canoe up under its lee, where, by holding on to the overhanging bushes, he held it stationary. I followed, and just as I was within a boat's length of him my bow hung on a submerged rock, and I swung around across the current. In an instant Lacy ran into me, and we lay there in confusion and in imminent risk of a capsize apiece. Lacy finally got clear, and worked back up under the bushes, while George got hold of my stern painter, and, aided by my vigorous prods and shoves with my paddle, pulled me clear of the rock.

"Just hold on a minute," cried I, as my boat swung to and fro in the fierce current, "while I get a good look." We lay just at the junction of the two streams—my canoe the lowest. The furious current from the open riverside of the island, and the scarcely less furious current down which we had just arrived, mingled their seething waters and rushed in a deep, smooth, powerful stream straight away for the ledge, above which the two rocks reared their black, threatening heads, wet and dripping from the spray which showered ceaselessly over them, while between and below them the stream surged and pitched in a great fall, below which a seething mass of white breakers and black rocks filled the sloping bed of the river for 100 yds., like a huge boiling toboggan slide. Once in the grip of that remorseless tide no earthly power could prevent a boat going through

to the bottom of the falls.

A keen glance satisfied me. I was in line with the shoot. I tightly closed my hatches, pulled my apron up to my chin, tucked the corners well in aft and grasped my paddle.

"Let go!" I shouted. "Throw my painter well up on my deck!"

"All free!" shouted George, in reply, as he flung my painter in a coil, close up behind me on my aft hatch, and gave my canoe a parting push.

"Look sharp, now!" he shouted after me, as I was caught up in the remorseless whirl and hurled swiftly away.

The rush of water set straight for the two rocks, and without even dipping my paddle in the water, my canoe shot squarely between them, and plunged over the fall. The canoe seemed to leap bodily out of the water, and to land flat, full length at once, fairly in the breast of the huge wave below the fall, whose whitened crest towered high above my head, and whose spray blinded me for an instant, as the wave rolled bodily over my boat from stem to stern as she dived through.

Pitching and tossing, rocking and tumbling, with the big waves smashing into spray on my decks, and rolling in solid sheets breast high over my closed hatches, leaping from ledge to ledge, with the black, ugly, grinning rocks shooting swiftly up stream by me on each side, I made the rest of the fall, and it was all over, and I was safely rocking up and down on the smooth, undulating water at the foot of the falls before I had time to breathe more than two or three times, and with a big yell of triumph and relief I rounded to in the lee of a gigantic mass of rock to see the other two come down the hill, meanwhile wiping the water from my face, eyes and hair, and wringing out my dripping sleeves as I waited, feeling as happy and exuberant the while as a boy who has just made his escape from the dentist's chair with his erstwhile aching molar in his pocket.

Down they came, Lacy next and George not far behind, their boats plunging and leaping, and throwing themselves out of the water, until I could see half the length of their keels along their glistening, black hulls, while the water ran in sheets off their decks. With shouts of triumph they joined me, and Watson's Falls were run.

"Well," exclaimed George, as he scrambled up out of his canoe on to the massive ledge in front, and gathered in a comprehensive view of the falls above with his kodak. "it took us over two hours to reconnoitre this fall, and not over two minutes to run it."

"Yes, and it was worth the entire trip," enthusiastically exclaimed Lacy. "Let's go back and do it over."

"I'd willingly do it again, if it were practicable, for no other reason than to send that muttonhead of a George down first to kodak the rest of us as we came down," I responded.

"I don't know what I was thinking of that I didn't do it," replied George.

"The truth is, we were all so excited and rattled that no one thought of it until too late," said Lacy.

"That's about the size of it," I replied.

In the meantime the natives, working on their fish trap opposite, attracted by my yell, looked up from their occupation in time to see George and Lacy come down the falls, and, wild with excitement, they danced up and down, and gesticulated frantically, and shouted words of warning to us, inaudible in the roar of the water, and then making a rush for their boat, they came bowling across the swift water below the falls as fast as a long, lank, leather-lunged specimen of the *genus homo*, standing in the stern and wielding a long push-pole, could shove it, all the while shouting warnings to us, coupled with scraps of breathless, fragmentary information as to the river below, in reply to my queries, all carried on at the top of his lungs, oblivious to the fact that by this time my canoe was dancing lightly up and down on the swells directly alongside of his own big boat, whose ample gunwale loomed up high above my wet, shining decks, as I grasped it with my hands, the occupants of the boat meanwhile regarding with wonder and distrust my frail, diminutive craft.

"You'll never git thar in God-a-mity's world!" he yelled, when I informed him that we were bound for Harper's Ferry. "Them little boats is too light! They'll be smashed into kin'lin' wood long afore ye git thar. Them falls above thar ain't nothin' to what they is below."

With the assurance that we would try and make the boats hold out, we paddled on down the swift river, and left him still shouting.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Pachting.

Dorwina and Effort.

ONE of the most remarkable boats of the year is Dorwina, the champion of the 43ft. class on Long Island Sound. Although there were practically but two boats that participated in continuous racing in the 43ft. class, the other boat being Effort, a new Herreshoff production, Dorwina wound up the season by an almost unbroken series of victories, Effort coming out a poor second. Credit must be given to Mr. Addison Hanan, owner of the ill-fated cutter Astrild, for the splendid manner in which he handled Dorwina. Mr. Hanan was in charge in almost every race, and in consequence Effort was outsailed on almost every occasion. Dorwina could go up to the 51ft. class and more than save her time over Altair and Humma in any weather, and several times she has beaten them, boat for boat.

Dorwina was designed by Mr. William Gardner, of the firm of Messrs Gardner & Cox, for Mr. W. L. Ward, of Port Chester, N. Y., and was built by Mr. Frank Wood at his City Island Yard. Dorwina is a semi-composite boat, having steel frames amidships, and wooden ones in the overhangs. Mr. Wood gave much attention to the construction of the boat, and as she stands she is one of the finest built boats in America to-day. Dorwina is one of the handsomest boats that



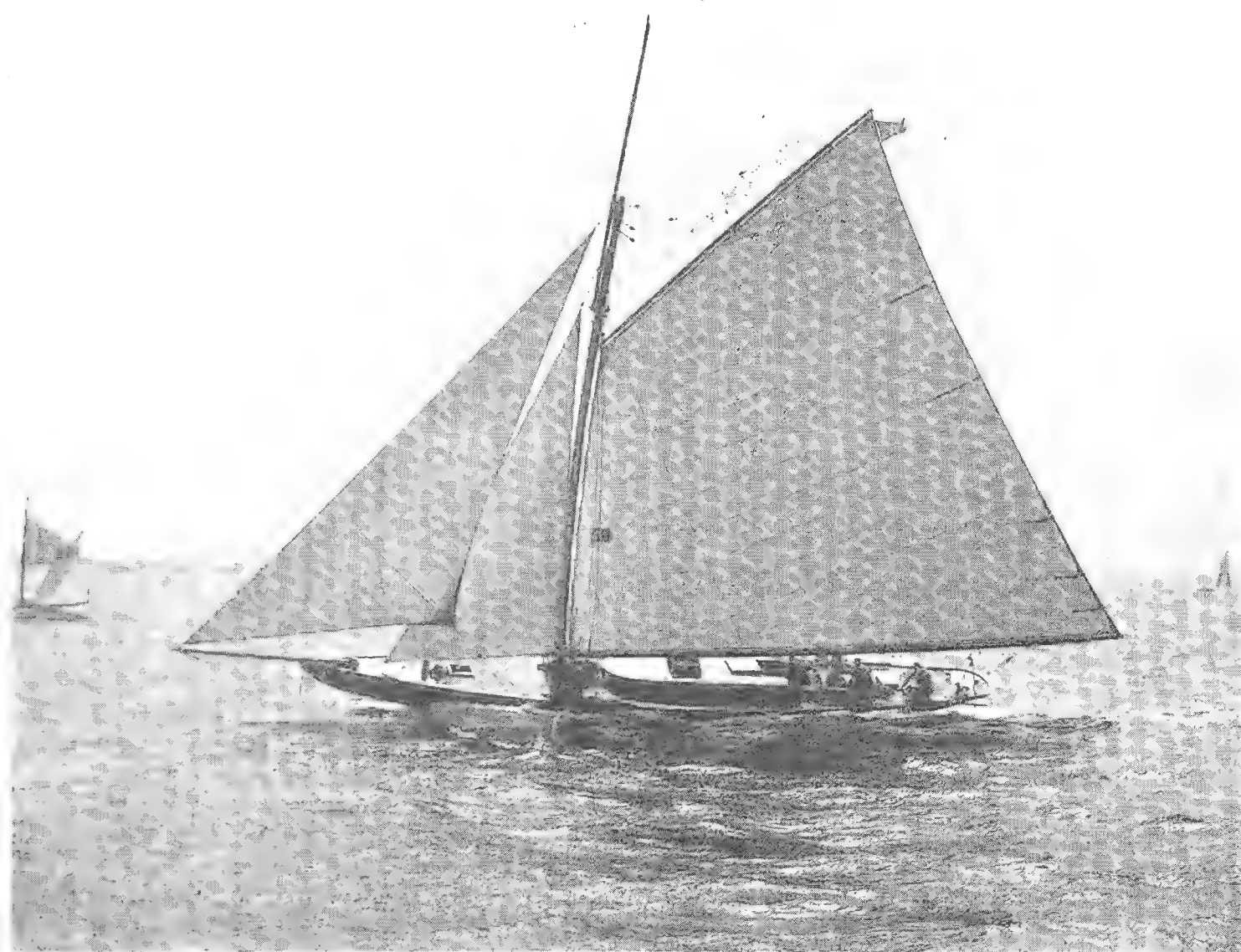
DORWINA—Designed by Gardner & Cox. Built by Frank Wood.
Photo by James Burton.

Mr. Gardner ever turned out, and has been a matter of considerable comment. She has a large amount of interior accommodation. Going down the companionway into a roomy steerage, there is a berth on the starboard side; opposite on the port side is a roomy stateroom with hanging lockers, transoms, etc. The main cabin has two long transoms, with lockers behind. Forward on the port side is the lavatory, with a closet and folding basin, and on the starboard side is the galley. The forecabin has ample room for the four men that were carried as a regular crew. Heavy partitions separate the several apartments on the boat, and she was seldom stripped for racing; in fact, the boat was in cruising trim all summer. There is full headroom in the main cabin, stateroom and steerage. The cabin house is low and narrow, which leaves plenty of deck room on either side. At the after end of the cabin house two deck beams run across the boat, which materially stiffen her. Dorwina is 39ft. over all, 36ft. waterline, 12ft. beam and 8ft. 6in. draft. She was recently purchased by Mr. Clifford Brokaw, who will race her during the coming season.

Effort was designed and built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co. at Bristol, R. I. She is planked with mahogany and has an oak cabin house. The rig and spars on Effort were in bad shape during the early part of the season, and underwent many changes before they were finally made satisfactory. The boat was practically open from stem to stern, there being no partitions or bulkheads, and she was kept constantly stripped during the season. She is 59ft. over all, 36ft. on the waterline, 11ft. beam and 8ft. 7in. draft. She is owned by Mr. F. M. Smith.

The House-Boat Rancocas.

THE outboard profile and cabin plan of the house-boat Rancocas, which are published in this issue, were designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, for Mr. Clarence R. Dolan, of Philadelphia, Pa. The boat was intended for use on Chesapeake Bay, and in order that the many tributaries of the bay might be accessible, it was necessary to keep



EFFORT—Designed and Built by the Herreshoff Mfg. Co.
Photo by James Burton.

the draft of the boat down to less than 3ft. To design a boat 100ft. on the waterline with a draft of only 2ft. 9in. and make her seaworthy is a serious problem, but the designer has met this contingency, along with several others, with the result that Rancocas is a very seaworthy, roomy and good-looking boat.

Going below from the upper or promenade deck one lands in a sort of vestibule. On the after side of the vestibule is a door opening into stateroom No. 5, a good-sized room nearly 7ft. square, and fitted with two beds, bureau, set basin, etc. The gun rack is in a handy place at the foot of the cabin stairs in the vestibule, and opposite is a door opening into the main saloon or living room. This apartment is very large, being 16ft. wide and 18ft. long. It is amply lighted and ventilated by six good-sized windows. The fittings are most complete, there being a fireplace, a piano, desk, china closet, sideboard, sofa and bookcases. Opening from the forward end of the main cabin is a passageway which leads to the principal state and bath rooms. Stateroom No. 3 is first reached; this room is 10ft. long and 7ft. wide. The apartment is fitted with a bed 3ft. wide, set wash basin, wardrobe, chiffonier, etc. On the starboard side opposite is stateroom No. 4, which is fitted up in the same manner as No. 3. Next forward come two bathrooms, one on either side. They are 5ft. 6in. wide and 6ft. 6in. long. In each of these rooms is a porcelain tub 5ft. long, water closet and set marble basin. Forward of the bathrooms and in the bow of the boat are staterooms Nos. 1 and 2. These rooms are 10ft. long and 7ft. wide. In each there is a wide bed, chiffonier, wardrobe, set marble wash basin, etc.

A door on the port side of the main cabin leads aft into the pantry, which is fitted up with dressers for china, etc., sink and draining boards, and a linen closet. Further aft and connected with the pantry by a swinging door is the galley, where there are a French range, two ice boxes, one for game and the other for regular stores; a sink, dressers, etc. Aft of the galley is the engine room, 11ft. long by 16ft. wide. On the port side of the engine room is the crew's water closet. Aft of the engine room is the ward room, which is 6ft. long and extends the full width of the vessel. On the after partition on either side are two gas-pipe berths for the crew. Aft of the ward room on the starboard side is the valet's room and opposite on the port side is a trunk room. Next aft come two staterooms, one on each side. They are 6ft. 3in. long and 6ft. wide. The one on the starboard is for the captain and engineer, while the one on the port side is for the steward and cook.

There is 8ft. of deck aft of the cabin house, and 15ft. forward of it. There is an unobstructed space 18ft. by 85ft. on top of the cabin house. This deck is covered by an awning. The boat is steered from the forward part of the upper deck.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	108ft.
L.W.L.	100ft.
Overhang—	
Aft	7ft. 6in.
Forward	6in.
Freeboard—	
Forward	6ft. 8in.
Least	3ft. 9in.
Taff rail	4ft. 8in.
Beam	17ft. 6in.
Draft	2ft. 9in.

Rancocas has twin screws and is driven by two 75-horsepower Standard motors. Her tanks have a capacity of 1,500 gallons, and with this amount of fuel can cover one thousand miles. The boat is lighted throughout by electricity, and is heated by steam. The crew comprises eight men—namely, captain, engineer, steward, cook and four sailors. Two boats are carried on the davits—a launch on the starboard side and another boat on the port side.

The above outline account shows the possibility of securing in this type of craft the maximum of comfort and luxury at a minimum of expense.

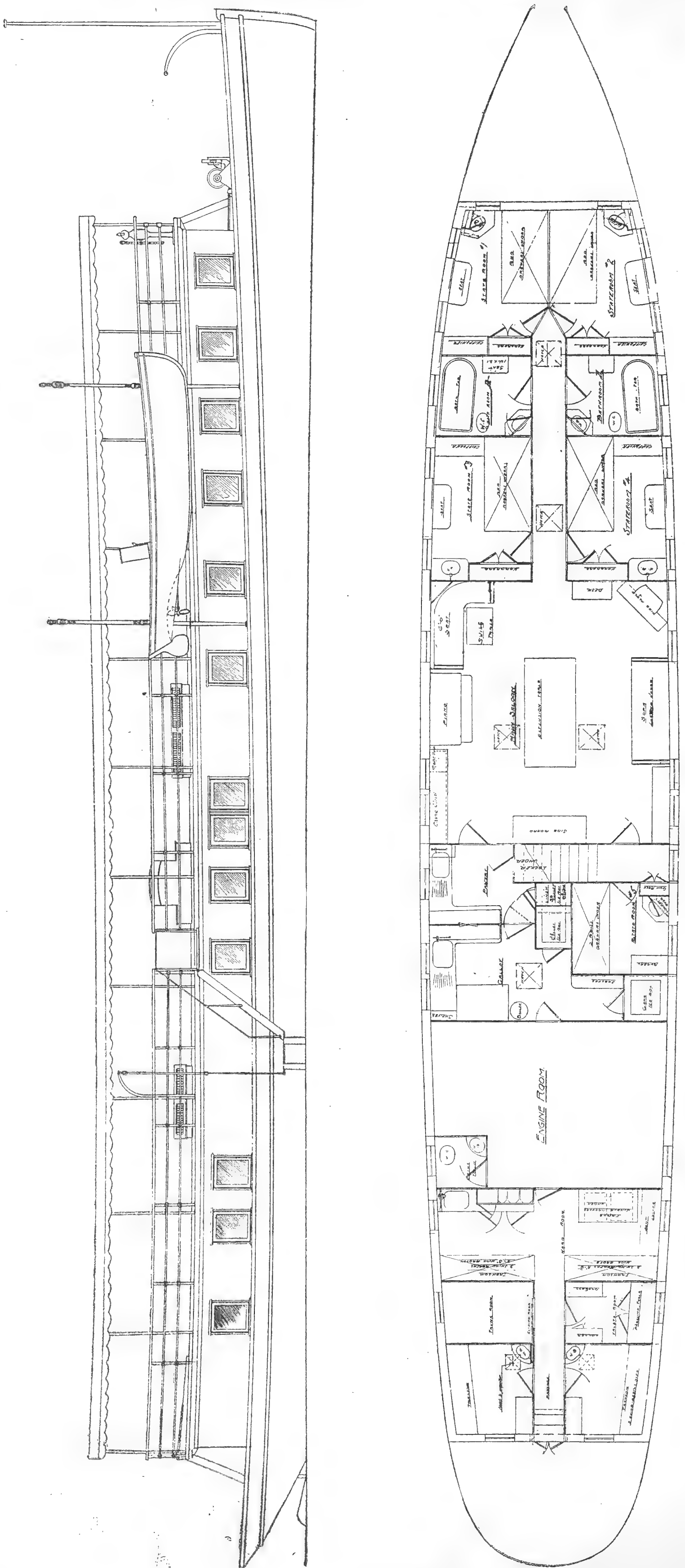
Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Nov. 2.—Although there are still many yachts in the water, many of which are likely to stay out for many days, active preparations are being made for next season's yachting, both racing and cruising. There is not a yacht designer in Boston who has not work on hand, and the orders for new boats are coming in thick and fast. The builders have already started in, and, at the rate new ones are being ordered, it is possible that some of the yachts cannot be turned out until the season has opened next year.

Never since its organization have the prospects been so bright for the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts. The restricted classes have at last found favor with the majority of yachtsmen, and there is no doubt that they will be well represented during the coming season. It has been a hard fight for the Association to convince the yachtsmen that restrictions are as necessary for their protection as the Association itself, but the fight has been won, and the system of the Association, governing these classes, stands out, we believe, second to that of no other association in this country.

It is well known that simplicity in rules is most likely to make them most binding and less likely to be evaded by technical distinctions. In the restricted classes of the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association the yachts are measured for racing length on the waterline only, but there are rules which govern the sail area in ratio to the beam, the freeboard, the area and location of the cabin floor, the height of the cabin trunk and the headroom. These are all simple, and take the place of complicated formulae for obtaining racing length, the intricacies of which do not insure accuracy, and are more or less temptations to play tricks on the official measurer.

It was expected that the 30ft. restricted class, which has been idle for the past two seasons, and quite indifferent for some years, would be revived next year. A combination of Marblehead yachtsmen had considered the matter, and it was thought that as many as twelve 30-footers would be built; but for some reason, it was decided to abandon the project, and there is now little likelihood of any 30-footers being built this winter. But,



OUTBOARD PROFILE AND CABIN PLAN OF THE HOUSE-BOAT RANCOCAS DESIGNED BY TAMS, LEMOINE AND CRANE FOR CLARENCE R. DOLAN, 1901.

although by this decision, the Association loses the opportunity for a decided revival of that interesting class, it will not lose yachts, for the majority of those who contemplated building 30-footers are going to build for the 25ft. and 21ft. restricted classes.

One thing that is calculated to bring out a great interest in the 25ft. restricted class is the advent of a yacht from Herreshoff's board for Lawrence Percival, of the Corinthian and Burgess yacht clubs. For some years none but Massachusetts designers have been represented in this class, and it is interesting to know just how the local men will fare against the avowed invincible. They do not seem to have any fears of the Bristol man, but, on the contrary, are very anxious to compete with his models.

Burgess and Crowninshield are the only ones, at present, who are at work on Y. R. A. 25-footers. Burgess has three and Crowninshield one. It is not known that Hanley has one in prospect, but it would not be surprising if both he and Shiverick are represented before the season opens. So keen is the competition for next season's racing that most of the yachtsmen who have placed orders have given strict commands that their names be not to be divulged. There seems to be no valid reason for this except that they wish to figure as dark horses. One of the Burgess boats, a 28ft. yawl, rating 25ft., is known to be for Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, of the Boston Y. C., but the other two still remain in the dark. Crowninshield's 25-footer is for F. G. Macomber, Jr., of the Corinthian and Burgess yacht clubs, who is very desirous of booming the class. Mr. Macomber was the owner of Chewink, which showed up well in last season's races.

But the star class will be the restricted 21-footers. As in the larger class, some of the prospective owners of new ones wish to be unknown at present, but there are enough on the list of open ones to insure the greatest number of entries the class has ever known. It is known that nine of these boats are to be built, and there seem to be prospects for more. Four of the new 21-footers will be designed by Crowninshield. They are for Charles Francis Adams, 2d; C. H. W. Foster, Richard Hutchinson and Charles Hayden and Arthur H. Parker. Burgess has two—one for Sumner H. Foster, who raced Optisak III. during the past season, and the other for a dark horse from Marblehead. It was learned to-day that Small Brothers are to design two, but the owners are not known. Vice-Com. H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C., has said that he will build a new one to take the place of Tabasco III., and there is little doubt that Fred Lawley's order is from him. It is possible that Reginald Boardman, of the Manchester Y. C., will order a new one.

Burgess, Crowninshield and Small Brothers have orders for 18ft. knockabouts, and there is little doubt that this class will be as much in favor as during the past season. The members of the Knockabout Association have got the Corinthian bug, and at their meeting Friday evening, it was voted that a new rule be established, making it compulsory for the yachts to be sailed by amateurs, each of whom must be a member of the club in which the yacht is enrolled. The final outcome of this measure will depend on whether the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts will adopt it in its rules governing the class. If the Association should not adopt the rule there would likely be a combination of professional and amateur skippers in the open races.

The yacht yards are commencing to fill up; Borden's beach is nearly full, and Hanley has a number in the basin and on the beach, while Lawley's basin and yard are filled. In Lawley's basin are the steam yachts Valda, Dreamer, Cloelia, Aquilo, Peregrine, Telka, Avenel, My Gypsy, Attagium and Elida; sailing yachts, Hildegard, Senta, Alert, Clarissa, auxiliary schooner Idler, Hope Leslie, Ivanhoe, Alborak, Jubilee, Charmer, Coronilla, Petrel, Ventura, Elaine, Gorilla, Verande, Indra and Triton. On the beach are the steam yachts Monoloe, Ilybius, Iris, Sally, Eugenia, Anago and Apache; sailing yachts, Sybil, Gundred, Gloriana, Shark, Milicete, King Philip, Vidofner, Sirona, Heron, Halaia, Rowena, Oeewa, Hullabaloo, Anauqua, Suzette, Helene, Bobs, Rip, Paola, Helen, Brigand, Melusina, Idle Hour, Handzel, Vraik, Babs, Chappeloit, Julnar, Hyperion, Virginia, Oriana, Tabasco III., Ursula, Aspinette, Dixey, Squeteague, Sally Parsons, Pepper, Guide, Kate C., Edith, Melma, Polly, Wafreda, Hulda, Minister and The Wind.

There is to be a class of one-design sailing dories at the South Boston Y. C. The design has been drawn by Samuel Coupal, of Crowninshield's office, and the boats are likely to be built by Graves, of Marblehead. A class of these boats were sailed at the Dorchester Y. C. during the past season with much success, and there is good prospect of interclub racing next season. Six new ones have been ordered by members of the South Boston Y. C., and it is expected that more are to follow.

Crowninshield has an order for a 35ft. launch for F. W. Merrick and a 12ft. fin-keel scow for George Lee.

Small Brothers are designing a 50ft. auxiliary yawl for C. C. Warren, of Sandusky, O.; a 31ft. cruising yawl for F. C. Rogers, of Providence; an 18ft. knockabout, two 21-footers, Y. R. A., and a 23ft. cruising yawl.

Isaac B. Mills has an order for one of the largest cruising schooners that has been designed here for a number of years. She will be 104ft. on the waterline, 123ft. over all, 25.3ft. beam and 12.5ft. draft. She will be built at Gloucester, and, like the fishermen that are turned out at that port, she will be very heavily timbered. She will have all the interior fittings of the modern cruising schooner. Mills also has an order for a 30ft. cruising yawl.

Fred Lawley is working on designs for a 46ft. auxiliary yawl, a 50ft. auxiliary schooner, a 21ft. auxiliary knockabout, a Y. R. A. 21-footer, an 18ft. knockabout and a 35ft. speed launch.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

On Thursday, Oct. 31, delegates of the different clubs belonging to the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound met at the Hotel Manhattan, New York City, to discuss the advisability of accepting the new rating rule that has been recently adopted by the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs.

The meeting was called at the suggestion of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., the members of which club felt that unless all the clubs and the Association

race under one rule there would be constant friction and trouble. The majority of the delegates representing the different clubs are not in favor of the rule, but all felt that it would be disastrous for the two largest clubs on the Sound—namely, the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian—to race under one rule while the Association was racing under another, and rather than have this state of affairs exist, it would be better for them (the Association) to adopt the rule, even should it prove a poor one for them to continue under the present rule.

Some amendments were suggested, and it was finally agreed that the Executive Committee of the Association should confer with the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs with the idea that some modifications could be made that would make the rule suitable to all. On Friday, Nov. 15, another meeting will be held, and at this time the committee will report as to the result of the conference.

It is greatly to be regretted that the present unfortunate state of affairs exists, and it is due in a measure to the fact that the Larchmont Y. C., the largest and most influential club on the Sound, does not belong to the Association. Their strength is so great that the Association is forced in many ways to await any action that the Larchmont may take, and make their arrangements in accordance. If the Larchmont Y. C. belonged to the Association all this would be obviated. The Larchmont Y. C. can get along without the Association better than the Association can get along without it, and that club feels by joining that it has nothing to gain, and perhaps something to lose. The Association should be supported, and not until all the clubs on the Sound are united can there be harmony and success.

At the City Island Yards.

ALL the builders at City Island with the exception of Hawkins have had a very busy fall hauling yachts and getting them berthed in their winter quarters. The autumn has been so open and the weather so perfect for sailing that a number of owners have deferred laying up their boats till the last minute, and there are several boats still in the water.

At Hawkins' yard there are but four boats, and the beach looks bare. The cup defender Columbia is there; she has been entirely stripped and her mast removed. A shed has been built over her deck, and her topsails and bottom will be protected by canvass. The 70-footer Mineola, the 46ft. fin-keel cutter Carmita and Departure complete the list at Hawkins'.

At Robinson's yard, which adjoins Hawkins', are the following: William Ringer's steam yacht Comet and the steam yacht Pioneer. The sloops in the yard include Bradley Eaton's Tomah, T. W. Satterthwait's Olga, James Paul, Jr.'s, Momo, J. R. Collin's Rambler, T. Hubbard's Marjorie, William Wood's Ladona, M. W. Bronson's Trochilus, W. W. Hall's Nautus, R. Dryer's yawl Clytie, William Anderson's yawl Active, T. M. Hall's catboat Pastime, the cutters Carita and Hispaniola, and the catboat Juanita, and Jessie, Mignon, Nomad, Flora, Mystic, Ventura and Ondawa.

Robert Jacobs has in his basin and yard already some fifty steam yachts, schooners and sloops. In the basin are these steam yachts: Archibald Watt's Golden Rod, E. H. Townsend's Bo Peep, and G. Hansel's Alemeda. Other steam yachts in the yard are: Howland Leavitt's Rush, Charles J. Miller's Mariquita, Clark Miller's Wolverine, John D. Crimmins' Christine, and E. H. Weatherbee's Twinkle. Mr. Jacobs also has William Brewster's schooner Elmina, W. G. Brokaw's schooner Amorita, C. H. Clemens' yawl Adventurer, and William C. Whitney's bathboat.

Among the sloops are L. H. Smith's Queen Mab, George E. Ide's Cara, Joseph Fallert's Scapha, William M. Fleiss' Josephine, George F. Parker, Jr.'s, Razmatang, William Jackson's Walre, John Woodbury's Adelaide, William Putnam's Hussar Jr., R. T. Wainwright's Natakka, H. G. Noble's Gwendolen, H. O. Havemeyer, Jr.'s, Esperanza, R. N. Ellis' Hera, Charles Stewart's While Away, J. D. Billard's Tempus, Frank Toucey's Nirvana, J. M. Ellsworth's Lordei, R. H. Eggleston's Sunshine, William Barnum's Ala, M. W. Barball's Tona, T. D. Young, Jr.'s, Chipmunk, J. M. Laidlaw's Geraldine, M. Vernon's Vivien, Clifford Brokaw's Mab II., A. H. Landon's Lucille, Charles M. Pratt's Shrimp, Charles Hart's Simita, F. L. Rosenwald's Irex, David Gregg, Jr.'s, Possum, John Hyslop's Fern, E. H. Weatherbee's Bubble, Charles Johnston's Arna, Dwight Braman's Fredonia, Charles Pratt's O'Shima, and the Hester, the Indra and the Atala.

Mr. Jacob is building for Mr. Grier Hirsh, of York, Pa., from designs made by Mr. C. D. Mower, an auxiliary cruising yawl. This boat is now being planked, and will be completed about Dec. 1. When finished Mr. Mower will take the boat, with several friends, to Florida, where she is to be used. She is 27ft. on the waterline, 38ft. over all, 11ft. 6in. beam, and 18in. draft. The sail plan contains 850 sq. ft. She is equipped with a five horsepower Snedeker motor. There is 6ft. headroom in the cabin, which is 8ft. long with a berth on either side. Forward on the port side is the lavatory, and opposite is the gallery. The boat has oak frames and is planked with yellow pine.

Mr. Jacob will also build an auxiliary cruising schooner from designs made by Mr. Henry Winteringham for Mr. Frank St. John, the present owner of the 46ft. cutter Nautilus.

The English cutter Queen Mab is to be partly rebuilt. Her copper has been taken off, and she is to have a new deck and some new planking and frames. This work is being done by Mr. Jacob.

At Wood's yard are the following boats: J. B. Mills' Kestrel, Roger Maxwell's Hummer, Harry Maxwell's Leda, J. S. Wood's Infanta, and Clifford Brokaw's Dornina.

The cruising cutter that Mr. Wood is building for Mr. George Bullock, of Cincinnati, from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, is now in frame. She is a handsome boat of a healthy type, and will make a fine cruiser. She is of semi-composite construction, and Mr. Wood is putting most superior work in her. The boat will be finished by the first of December, and will be

taken to Nassau, Bahama Islands, her owner intending to use it for winter cruising in the West Indies.

A. Hansen, whose South Brooklyn yard has been absorbed by the Morse Iron Works, has moved to City Island and taken a yard there. Mr. Oswald G. Villard's Hilgarda, Mr. George Matthews' yawl Escape, Mr. George Rockwood's schooner Minta, Mr. F. S. Turner's schooner Rowena, and the 70ft. sloop Eleanor are laid up at this yard.

Pantooset.

PANTOOSSET, the steel, ocean-going steam yacht, built at the Bath Iron Works, from designs made by Mr. W. J. J. Young, for Mr. Albert S. Bigelow, of Boston, is now in frame, and the builders hope to have the yacht ready for delivery to the owner by May, 1902. Mr. Bigelow contemplates a trip around the world as soon as the yacht is completed.

Pantooset will be 175ft. on the waterline, 212ft. 6in. over all, 27ft. 2in. moulded beam, 16ft. 6in. moulded depth, and 13ft. draft. The yacht is being constructed under survey of the United States Standard Shipbuilders' and Owners' Association, and all her scantlings will equal or exceed their requirements, and she will therefore receive the highest classification.

The interior of the vessel is well laid out, and the following description is taken from the Boston Herald:

The dado of these rooms will be finished in Hungarian ash, above which the sides will be covered with cretonne. The ceilings will be finished in white gloss. Just forward of the owner's rooms are located two staterooms. These two rooms will be finished in birdseye maple. The officers' quarters are situated between the collision bulkhead and the owner's rooms. They consist of a room for the captain, a stateroom for the mates and a stateroom for the steward and chief cook. A bathroom is also provided for the use of the officers. A double forecabin is located in the extreme forward portion of the vessel.

Aft the machinery space are located the main saloon and accommodations for guests, consisting of four staterooms and two toilet rooms.

The forward end of the deck house contains the vestibule, with stairs leading to quarters below. Aft the vestibule a commodious dining room, finished in mahogany, is situated. It is furnished with the usual tables, chairs, sideboard and buffets. Adjoining the dining room the pantry and galley are located, which are fitted with all the necessary conveniences. The officers' mess room is situated in the deck house, between the boiler and engine rooms, over the transverse coal bunker, and is connected with the galley by a passageway. The quarter-master's room and the deck storage room are located just aft of the officers' wardroom. The chief and assistant engineers are quartered in the deck house, aft of the engine room, and the doors are so arranged that they lead to the metal balcony over the engine room, thus keeping the engine room officers near their stations. The deck drawing room and the after vestibule are located in the after portion of the deckhouse. They will be finished in mahogany, and the drawing room fitted with set pieces of furniture.

The chart house will be built of teak, and all fastenings will be non-magnetic. In the forward part the wheel room will be situated, and the after part will contain the navigator's room, which will be furnished with all the necessary facilities. The top of the chart house will be carried out to the sides of the ship, forming the navigating bridge.

The motive power consists of a vertical, triple-expansion engine, which, under forced draft, will develop 1,100 indicated horse-power. The cylinders are 16 by 26in. by 42 by 27in. stroke. Steam will be furnished by three Almy water-tube boilers. The speed of the vessel will be about fourteen knots. She will have a bunker capacity, when full, of 145 tons. A double bottom under the fire room forms the reserve feed water tanks. Besides the usual auxiliary equipment, the vessel will have an evaporating plant.

The Pantooset will be commanded by Capt. Alex Corkum, and the chief engineer will be Mr. Fred C. Bailey. These gentlemen are superintending the construction of the hull and machinery.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Part II.—Chapter II.—Bending and Setting Sails.

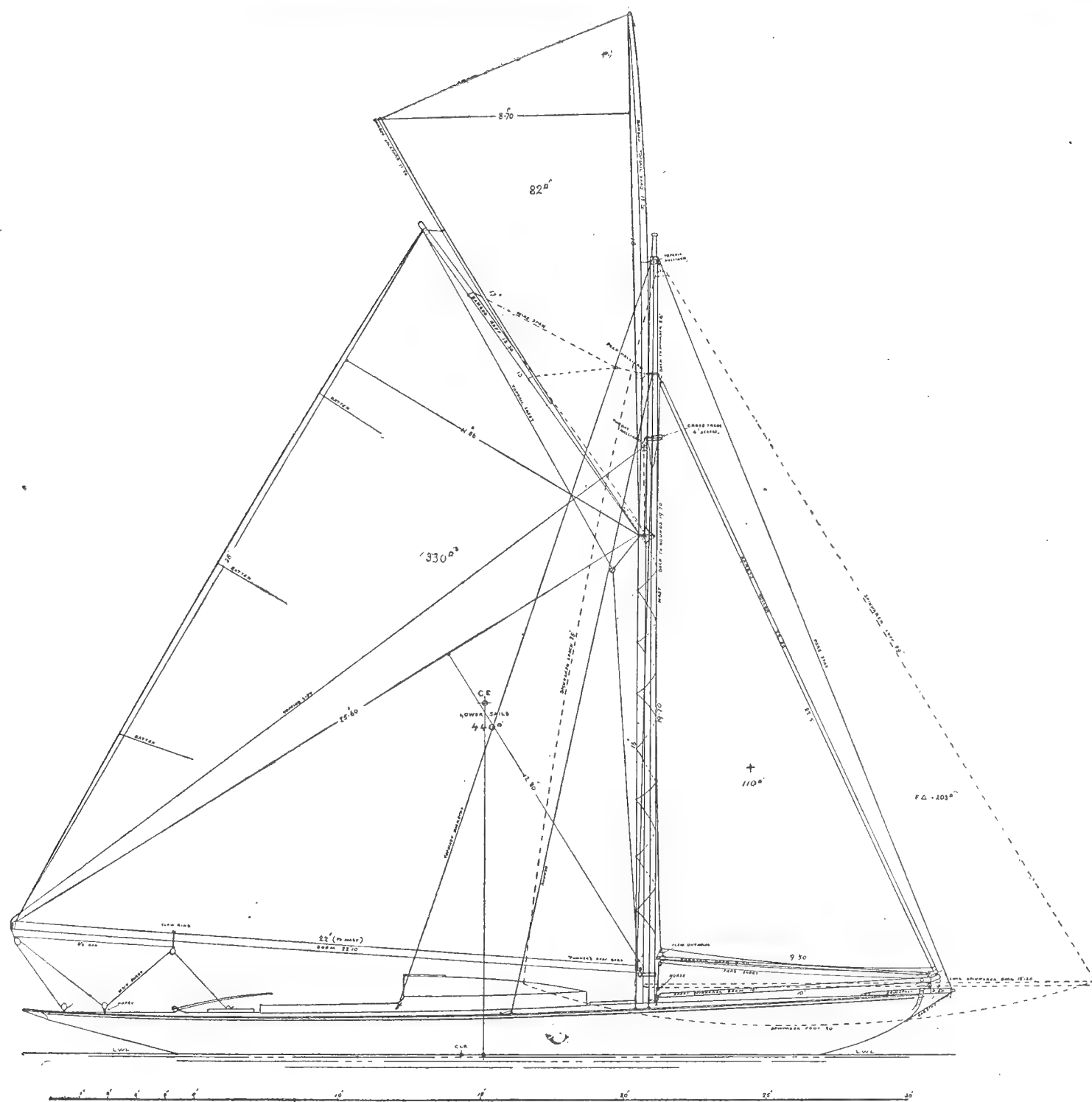
THE art of bending sails and stretching them properly is very little known among amateurs, and can only be thoroughly acquired after many years' experience. Even among professional yacht skippers there are many who cannot stretch a new sail properly.

Most sails are spoiled by hauling out the head and foot too tightly on the spars. A new sail should only be hauled out on the spars till the bolt-rope is just "hand" tight; and when it is laced it should be slack enough to just admit one's finger between the spars and bolt-rope. More strain can be put on the luff of the sail than on the head and foot, as the roping is stouter, and in most modern racing sails it is of wire, so that there is no fear of overstretching it.

To bend a gaff mainsail shackle the throat cringle to the jaws of the gaff; or if the sail is very high-peaked, like a gunter lug, seize the cringle to the jaws with a little drift, so as to allow a small amount of vertical movement when the gaff is well up and down the mast.

Reeve the peak lacing through the hole in the end of the gaff and haul out gently, as described above; pass about four turns through the lacing hole and peak cringle, and as many more around the gaff, finishing off with two half-hitches round the lot. All the lacings must be spliced, either directly into the cringles on the sail or else have an eye-splice in one end and be rove through the cringle and their own eyes. The latter method enables the lacing to be easily detached from the sail without cutting the splice.

The head of the sail has now to be laced to the yard, and the lacing must be made fast, as above, to the throat cringle, and not to the first lacing eyelet, as is usually done. The object of this departure from the old custom is that if the lacing is made fast to the first eyelet it is always tending to drag that portion of the sail round the spar; whereas, if it is fast to the cringle itself, the strain on all the lacing eyes is equal. This should be especially borne in mind in reefing a luff lacing round a mast. The head lacing should have a marline hitch at each turn. Seize the tack cringle with wire to the eye on the reef gear at the fore end of the boom, and get it down as closely as possible or it will not roll up well. Reeve the clew lacing through the reef gear eye on the after end, and haul the foot of the sail out in the same way as the head was done, but passing the turns of the lacing round the boom backward and forward instead of round and round. The object of this is to prevent the sail from twisting round the boom when



SAIL PLAN-DESIGN NO. 2.

rolled up in reefing. This is also prevented by a small groove in the upper side of the boom for the bolt rope to lie in and also by the way in which the foot lacing is passed. On sails without roller reef gear it is usual to pass the foot lacing simply round and round the boom through the lacing eyelets without the marline hitch used on the head lacing; but for a roller sail the lacing is passed through the first eyelet, round the boom, back through the same eyelet, and along the foot of the sail to the next eyelet, repeating this for the whole of the distance, the result being a round turn at each eyelet and the lacing passing along the sail from eyelet to eyelet without going round the boom, but being alter-

nately on each side of the sail, and preventing it twisting on the spar.

When the head and foot of the sail are bent to the spars the sail should be slowly hoisted and the luff lacing rove; or, if mast hoops are used, they should be bent on. There are two methods of reefing a luff lacing, the first being simply round the mast and through each eyelet, and the other being round the mast and through the first eyelet and back round the mast on the same side to the second eyelet, etc., thus keeping the lacing from eyelet to eyelet on the fore side of the mast and never taking the lacing round the spar at all. This form of lacing undoubtedly travels

better on the mast, but it is liable to pull the luff of the sail alternately to port and starboard at each eyelet.

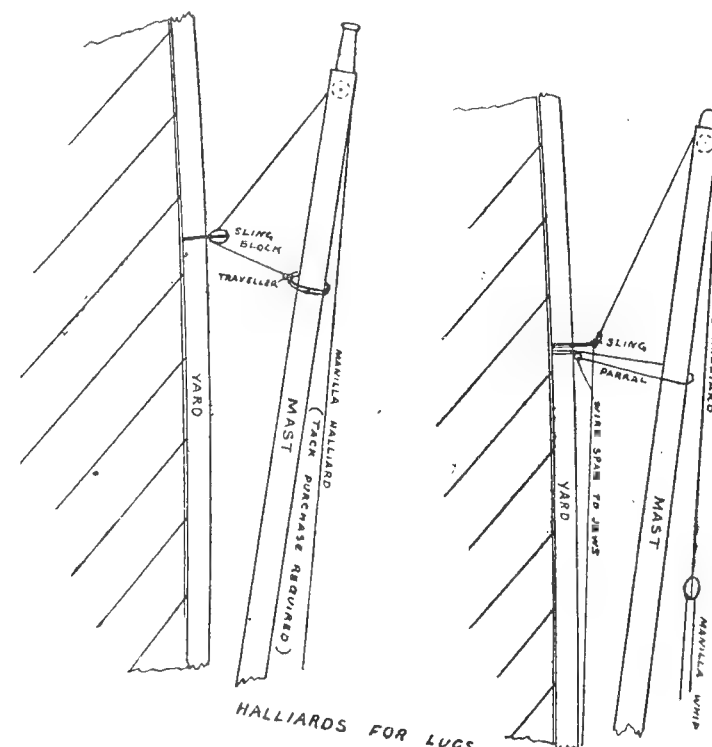
A roller foresail is bent to the roller by first hauling the luff tightly along the roller and then sewing the two strips of canvas on the luff as closely as possible round the roller. This sewing cannot be too tight.

There are two other methods of attaching the sail to the roller, but they are neither of them so good as sewing.

One way is to have the sail roped like an ordinary sail and bend it on the roller, seizing it at each eyelet. This is the worst possible method, as the sail is sure to get slack between the seizings, and to slip round the roller.

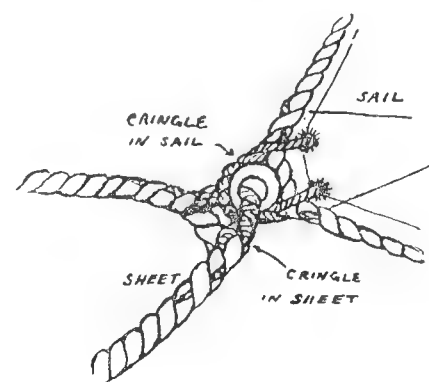
The third plan is to slip the luff of the sail between the two halves of a wooden roller and screw it tightly together on the sail; also a bad method.

A gunter lug, or any other form of lug, is bent to the yard and boom in just the same way as the gaff sail, except that instead of lacing the head to the yard in the case of a balance lug it should be seized to it at each eyelet with small pieces of marline, called



"nettles"; then, if one is chafed through between the yard and the mast, the others will not be affected, and the sail will still set all right; but if a sail of this sort is merely laced to the yard, and the lacing chafes asunder, the whole head of the sail comes adrift at once, and is useless.

A topsail is bent in this way to both yard and jackyard; but in this case the stops are used to save time in bending and unbending the sail, as in all large yachts the sail is unbent every time it is stowed after use. Such a topsail as that of the No. 2 boat need not be unbent every time, but the spars, being bamboo, are very light, and it is merely rolled round them and stowed away in the



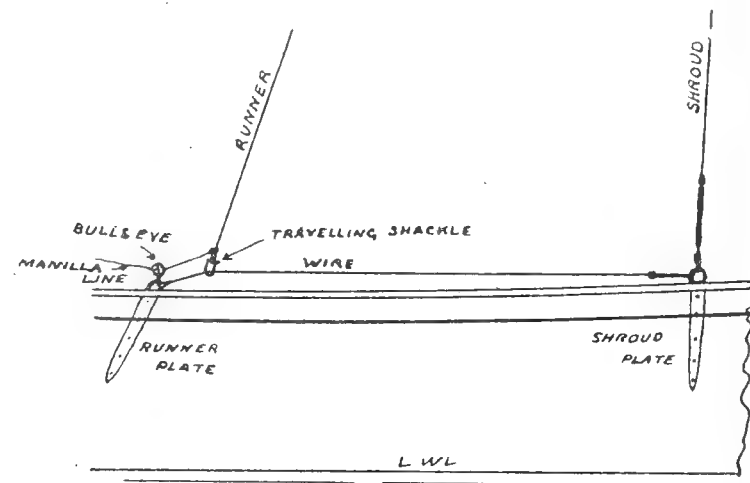
METHOD OF ATTACHING FORESHEET.

cabin, one end being right up in the bows of the boat and the sail triced up close under the deck at one side; so that it is quite out of the way.

To set a gaff mainsail (No. 2 type) haul on both halliards equally, so that the gaff goes up more or less horizontal, till the throat halliard is right up; belay the peak and set up the throat as taut as possible with the purchase. Then get the peak up till a few small wrinkles show from peak to tack, especially just at the throat. Do not overdo this, especially with a new sail.

To set a roller foresail let the roller line run out steadily, hauling the sheet aft till the sail is unrolled. Be sure and keep a light strain on the roller line when unrolling, and on the sheet when rolling up, and keep the sheets quite slack when the sail is rolled up and not in use. By attending to these rules, a roller headsail should never give trouble.

To set a high-peaked gaff sail, like No. 1, hoist the sail with



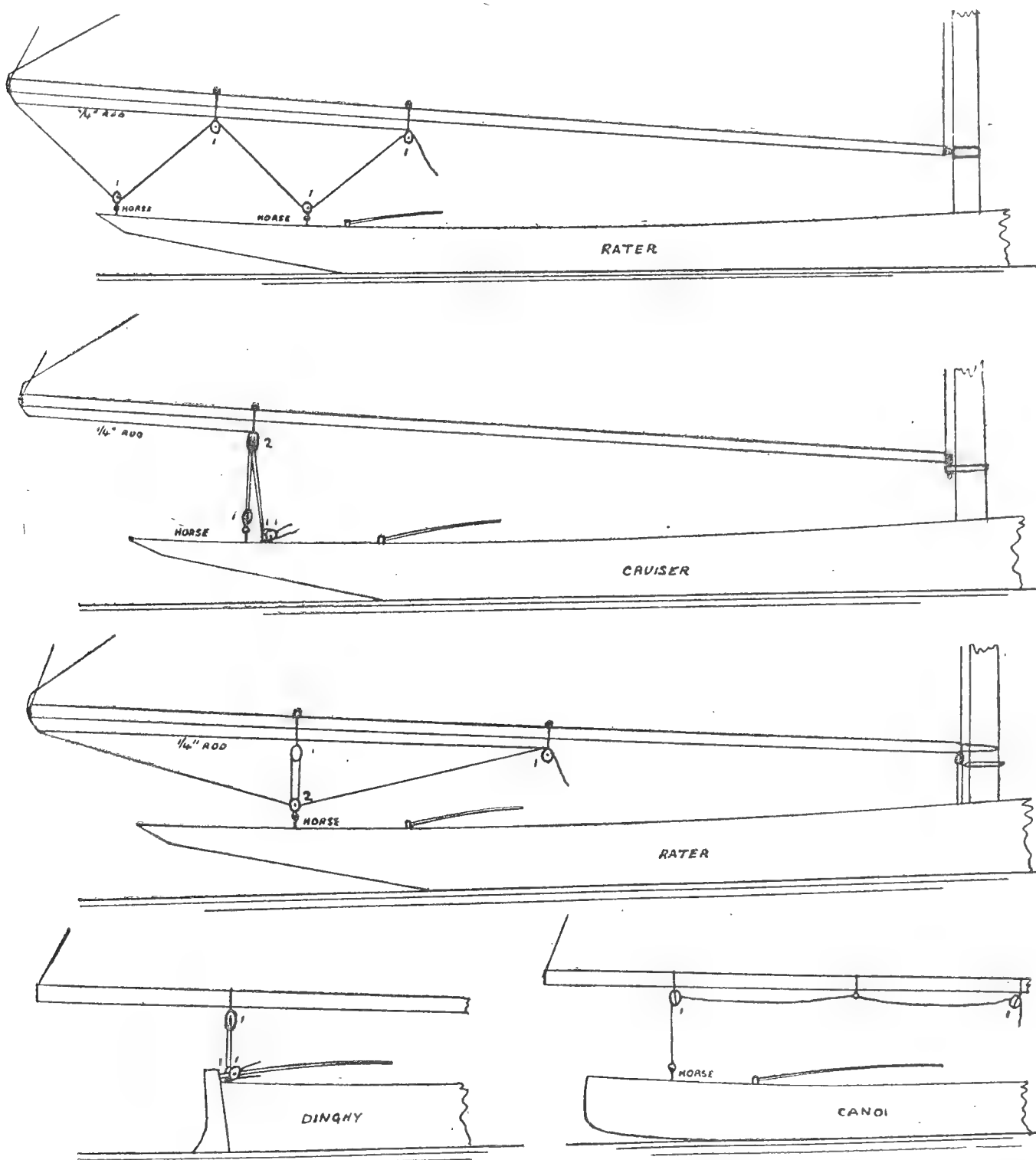
the peak halliard till it is up as far as it will go; then haul away on the throat or main halliard till the sail is up, and set up on the main purchase till the luff is as taut as possible. If there are any wrinkles at the jaws slack off a little of the peak halliard till the sail sets fairly all over. If the peak of either type of sail is not up enough the sail will be tight from the jaws to the end of the boom, and is quite useless.

To set any form of lug, shackle on the tack; then hoist the sail as high as it will go with the main halliard and set up on the main or tack purchase till the luff is taut.

To set a jackyard topsail bend the halliard on the yard with a rolling hitch, and the sheet on the jackyard in the same way, taking great care to get them both exactly in the right places.

Hoist the sail chock up into the sheave hole and belay the halliard; take the tack line round the fore side of the mast and belay on the opposite side to the sail, getting it as taut as possible. Take a pull on the peak halliards till the gaff is peaked up a bit higher than it should be; then sheet home the topsail as hard as you can and belay, slacking up the peak again to its normal position.

To set a spinnaker unhook the spring hook of the halliard off the weather shroud and hook it into the head cringle of the spinnaker; take the guy outside the shroud and runner on the weather side and hook the spring hook into the eye on the end of the spinnaker boom and the tack cringle of the sail. Haul the sail chock up on the halliard and belay; make the end of the sheet



VARIOUS ARRANGEMENTS OF MAINSHEETS.

fast to the mast, and run the boom forward till the jaws can be shipped on the mast well up from the deck; then square away on the guy, and the sail is set.

To set a jib hook the tack on the hook of the bowsprit traveler and haul out; hook the halliards on the head of the sail and the sheets on the clew; then set the halliards up as taut as possible.

To stow a mainsail lower away on the halliards till the gaff or yard is resting on the boom; take the leach of the sail as far forward as it will go, and roll the bunt or body of the sail up till it stows snugly. Before lowering get the sail tapers ready along the boom. With a racing sail it is best not to take the leach forward, but to stow the sail as it falls on the boom; but it does not make such a neat stow. See that the boom is firmly in the crutch. In covering the sail unhook the halliards and lace the cover round the mast; then haul the cover aft and lace it, or hook it under the boom, hooking the peak halliards to a canvas band passed round the stowed sail, and set up hand taut.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Turkey Shooting in Tennessee.

To many people there are few things more enjoyable and exciting than a turkey shoot. Let us imagine a bright, sunny day in November; say a day or two before Thanksgiving. The air is crisp with the breath of frost, and as we proceed on our way nothing is better than a foot race to send the blood tingling to every nerve and to warm and steady us for the work soon to begin.

Arriving at the shooting range, we find twenty-five or thirty fat turkeys, weighing from 15 to 40 lbs. each, and fit to grace the table of a king. The manager quickly steps off 90 yds. and digs a pit that will conceal the body of the largest turkey. In this the bird is placed, and then covered with two wide, heavy planks. In the joining edges of these planks a notch is cut that will receive the turkey's neck, without allowing the head to be withdrawn. The head forms the target at which we are to shoot 90 yds., off-hand, using rifles with plain open sights. While the turkey is being put in the pit another party has tied a 40 lb. gobbler to a stake 350 yds. away, its whole body being exposed. The string which is tied to its leg is 6 or 8 ft. long, allowing it to stand upright and to change its position. Everything is now ready; so look out! Everybody behind the line!

The shooters line up and the clerk takes their names in order. Let us now take a look at the guns before the match begins. At the head of the line are four .32-20s, Marlin and Winchester. Next are three .32-40s. After these two .25-25s. On the right are two .25-36s, the most powerful guns on the field. A .45-70 Winchester completes the armament arrayed against the innocent and unsuspecting turkey.

But it is too late to moralize now. The excitement is irresistible; and at the call of his name a tall, slender young man steps to the line, a .32-20 in his hand. He raises his gun and takes deliberate aim, but at the moment of pulling trigger, we observe that his "shooting eye" closes suddenly, and the bullet flies wide of the mark. He simply "dodged," which, however, is fatal to rifle shooting. He steps back with a look of chagrin on his face, but his determined eye and firmly set jaw speak better for him next time. But he need not feel so downcast, for the last man has just lowered his gun, and the turkey still holds the fort, bidding defiance to the enemy. We begin to fear for him, however, and not without reason, for that tall, young man fires again, and at the crack of the gun we find that half the turkey's bill has been shot away. But he quickly rallies and is still game. After this several shots are fired without effect. Finally a keen-eyed, middle-aged man steps to the mark. Raising his gun, a .25-25, he fires quickly, and as the smoke drifts away, we are conscious of a blank somewhere. Presently we hear a fluttering noise, and the body of the turkey emerges from the pit, its powerful struggles throwing off the heavy planks that confined it. This was due to the fact that the terrific force of the little bullet had torn the head into fragments, thus releasing the body, which directed its strength against one of the planks only. This bird, at 10 cents per shot, brought the owners \$1.50, although many others brought as much as \$4 each.

There are many things that seem easier than they really are, and killing turkeys dead at 90 yds., off-hand and with plain sights, is one of them. Several turkeys having been killed in the pit, the guns are now trained on the big gobbler 350 yds. away, its body looming up very conspicuously. Any of the guns named are strong enough to reach and kill at this distance; but the .25-25 and .25-36 are specially adapted to this range. There, as before, plain, open sights are to be used. To kill at this distance requires good nerve, keen sight and a knowledge of gauging and windage.

The first to fire shot a .32-40, which was seen to strike the ground 10 ft. in front of the turkey. In quick succession came the reports of the other guns, the bullets falling to the right and to the left, in front and behind the turkey, while one of them cut the string which held. A chase now ensues, but he is soon caught and placed again at the post. Again the bullets fly, and the fine marks-men strain every nerve to "bring down the game," without avail. Presently a large man, carrying a .45-70, takes his stand, and at the report of his gun—which is like that of a small cannon—the turkey falls. The bullet tore a hole through its shoulder large enough to receive the barrel of the gun. The big man was cheered heartily for defeating the crack shots, with their fine guns. But he wasted much ball and powder in his vain efforts to add another bird to his string, while the others fully redeemed themselves before the sport was over. In the contest, the .25-25 and the .25-36 developed the strongest shooting powers, and proved the ideal guns for the purpose. The .25-20 and the .32-20 and .32-40, however, carried off a fair percentage of the prizes. There are many things to see and learn at a turkey shoot, and I am sure many of your readers would be induced to indulge were my poor pen able to do the subject justice.

D. B. CHENAULT.

CASTALIAN SPRINGS, TENN.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Oct. 27. Conditions, 200 yds., standard target. Gindele was declared standard for the day with the good score of 89. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 58; wind, 2 to 3 o'clock:

Gindele	89	87	80	79	79	415	7	7	8	6	8	36
Strickmeier	89	83	82	79	78	411	5	8	9	8	6	36
Payne	88	88	87	83	83	429	9	5	9	6	10	39
Nestler	87	79	79	79	78	402	10	9	9	8	9	45
Bruns	84	84	83	81	80	412	6	10	9	9	9	43
Roberts	80	80	79	80	77	396	7	10	6	8	8	37
Hoyer	76	72	68	67	66	349	7	7	4	8	8	34
Uckotter	75	73	71	70	69	358	6	6	8	8	8	35
Underbrook	74	72	68	68	65	347
Drube	74	71	68	293
Hoffman	71	71	69	67	67	345	5	5	7	8	9	34
Hopf	70	66	64	59	57	316
Lux	75	75

William S. Saunders, the proprietor of the Congamond Lake House at Southwick, lately caught in the lake, a short distance from his house, a golden carp weighing 21 pounds and 9 ounces, 34 inches long, 9 inches deep, and 5½ inches thick. The scales near the tail were 2¾ inches wide. This is by far the largest fish ever caught in Massachusetts. Bass weighing 10 pounds have frequently been caught in the lake, and these fish were supposed to be the largest found there. The State stocked these ponds years ago with carp.—Hampshire Gazette, Northampton, Mass.

"Your friend Burnhunter was out gunning again to-day."
"Yes, and he had great luck."
"Nonsense! He didn't bag a thing."
"I know; but the last time he was out he bagged a cow."—
Philadelphia Press.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 6-7.—Pern, Ind.—Peru Gun Club's live-bird tournament; handicap; high guns.

Nov. 20.—Sistersville, Va.—Fall tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club; \$60 added money. Ed. O. Bower (Dade), Sec'y-Treas.

Nov. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for the St. Louis Republic championship cup (Nov. 23) and three-day open tournament. Herbert Taylor, Secy, 1004 Chemical Building.

Nov. 26-28.—Phoenix, Ariz.—Ninth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, under the management of the Phoenix Gun Club. W. L. Pinney, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Roast Turkey. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoot, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 20.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Shoot given by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who donates a Daly gun; \$20, 20 birds, latter extra; high guns; handicap; all entrance money goes into the purse.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utesht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-10.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

THE programme of the Sistersville (W. Va.) Gun Club's fall tournament, to be held Nov. 20, is ready for distribution. Of the twelve target events nine are at 15 targets, \$1.50 entrance, and the remaining three at 20 targets, \$2 entrance. Each event has \$5 added money. Shooting will commence at 9:30 o'clock. Blue-rock sand magautrap will be used. Some crisp information is presented as follows:

"We have ordered nice weather, but don't get angry if it's something else.

"Shooting will commence promptly at 9:30 A. M., even though the sun be shining.

"Bluerock targets thrown from a magautrap at the same old expense.

"Listen, you shooters: The referee's decision shall be final under all circumstances. This is no kid.

"Any contestant detected dropping for place willfully and maliciously will be required to prove it.

"The one entering and shooting through entire programme and making the lowest average will be presented with a fine silk umbrella by Hon. Geo. E. Work. Not necessary to break them all to win here.

"The J. Y. McNaught system of handicapping—16 yds. for everybody—will be used at this tournament. We have tried it to our entire satisfaction. Don't insist upon standing at a greater distance, as you may miss a few as it is.

"Division of money something new: 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.

"It will be the fault of Dr. Jas. R. Stathers, our club machinist, if any targets are broken by the trap, and he should be held personally responsible.

"Dynamite and other explosives sent in care of the secretary will be disposed of as he deems advisable; but he's a good fellow.

"At 1 o'clock Mr. Ed O. Bower, otherwise 'Dade,' will defend the Olin V. Neal trophy, emblematic of the State championship at targets, Mr. W. A. Smith, of St. Marys, being the aspirant for championship honors. This race will be at 100 birds.

"All manufacturers' agents will be taken to and from the shooting grounds in automobiles; but they cannot share in the division of the purses.

"Every man, woman and child in the United States is requested to read and study the advertisements in this programme and patronize our advertisers. We sold them all a 'gold brick' and must square ourselves in some way. Don't forget that it's three thousand miles to the next town."

Mr. Ed O. Bower is secretary-treasurer.

THE programme of the ninth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, under the management of the Phoenix Gun Club, Phoenix, Ariz., Nov. 26 to 28, presents an attractive list of competition. On the first day there are eleven events, at 10, 15, 20 and 25 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target, excepting Nos. 4 and 6, the former the field medal shoot at 15 targets, entrance \$2.50; the latter the individual bluerock championship at 25 targets, entrance \$4. The monies will be divided in some instances according to the equitable system; in others the Rose system and high guns. On the second day there are eight events, of which the last is the two-man team shoot, \$5 entrance per team. The third day has three live-bird events; one at 7 birds, entrance \$3.50; one at 15 birds (individual championship medal event), entrance \$6.50; one at 12 birds (McVeagh handicap), entrance \$5. All targets thrown from magautrap. Interstate Association rules. Professionals may shoot for targets only. Lunch free to participants. Targets 3 cents; live birds 25 cents. Excursion rates. Shooting commences at 8:30 each day. Ship guns, etc., to W. L. Pinney, secretary, 40 North Center street, Phoenix, Ariz.

The trapshooting season of the Huntsville (Ala.) Gun Club closed in October, and the trapshooting paraphernalia was stored away till the next season's trap competitions begin. Mr. John Wallace, Jr., on the last day, in one event, broke 25 straight, a feat which theretofore had never been accomplished on the club grounds.

Mr. Edward Banks, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, informs us that the dates of the Grand American Handicap at targets have been changed from May 7 to 10, to May 6 to 9.

The South Side Club, of Oakdale, L. I., has installed a new

shooting tower. We are informed that it is 90 ft. high, and has two different floors, one 60 ft. from the foundation, the other on the top, from each of which targets will be thrown. This style of shooting gives practice in overhead shooting, and in so far as trapshooting can do so gives a schooling in shooting at higher flights. By way of making the subject clearer, we present in our columns an illustration of one used in England. In the report of the Crosby-Faulds contest, an incident of the American-Scottish team contest in Scotland, Mr. Banks, FOREST AND STREAM's correspondent on that trip, described the tower as follows: "This [the partridge tower] was an erection protected by sheet iron, behind which were two traps, one throwing a target to the left directly parallel to the score, the other throwing a similar target, but to the right. The tower was about 20 ft. high, the traps being probably 25 ft. from the ground. The target to the left only went about 40 yds., while that to the right buzzed away fully 60 yds., if not more."

Mr. Frank E. Butler was in New York on Friday of last week, after an arduous season with Buffalo Bill's Wild West. He and Mrs. Butler (Annie Oakley) had a narrow escape in the wreck of the Wild West train, which was wrecked in a head-on collision with a freight train at Linwood, N. C., on the morning of Oct. 29, about 2:30 o'clock. At that hour all were asleep. Mr. Butler's car was the second or third from the collision points, and it reared on end in the crash. Mrs. Butler was slightly injured, and Mr. Butler escaped unhurt. Bad as was the shock and danger, Mr. Butler is deeply thankful that it was no worse. The company was en route to Danville, Va., where it was billed to appear that day, and that show was to have been the last for this season. The date was necessarily cancelled. The engines were totally wrecked, and 110 Wild West horses were killed. Mrs. Oakley's guns, which were mixed up in the worst tangled debris, were found to be uninjured.

The illustrations in our trap columns portray two different epochs in the history of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J. A few lovers of the sport, about six years ago, began competition with two traps presented by Mr. Al Heritage, and they held their shoots in the first year without any house. Fires in the open air served to contribute to their comfort in the cold weather. At the end of the first year the smaller club house was built. About two years ago the second club house was built, much of it by the members in person. The first officers of the club were as follows: President, H. Bock; Secretary, T. Kelly; Treasurer, F. Altz; Shooting Captain, J. Hughes.

Seldont has a match evoked more interest, aside from those engaged in by the leading professionals, than that which took place on Wednesday of last week between ex-Sheriff Creamer and Mr. T. W. Morley on the one side, and Messrs. C. A. "Ramapo" and Ed. Banks on the other, at Interstate Park, L. I. The conditions were 25 live birds per man, handicap distances. The former team won by a score of 45 to 43, Creamer being high man with a score of 24 out of 25.

The daily papers of New York on Friday of last week made mention of the death of John L. Chartrand, secretary of the Hackensack River Gun Club, of Hoboken, N. J. He was manager of a skating rink on Fourteenth street, Hoboken. He was thirty-two years old. At the time of his death he was preparing to leave on a hunting trip. A pistol, in the hands of his wife, who was kissing him good-by, was discharged, with the lamentable result above mentioned.

Mr. J. D. Gay, the famous Kentucky trap shot, won the Kentucky State championship, after shooting off a tie with Mr. Hutchings, at the recent tournament of the Kentucky Gun Club at Louisville. The Kentucky handicap was won by Mr. C. W. Phellis, of Cincinnati, who is a representative of the Hazard Powder Company. Each of the three gentlemen before mentioned used Parker guns.

There will be a four-man team race, 25 birds per man, at Interstate Park, L. I., on Nov. 7, on the arrival of the 11:01 train from Flatbush avenue station, and the 11:10 train from Long Island City. These trains reach the park at 11:11 A. M. The contestants are well-known trap shots. After the race there will be a 25-bird handicap, \$10 entrance, birds extra, high guns.

There has been an unaccountable change in the matter of matches at the traps, in respect to the percentage, which have been shot. Heretofore, about one per cent. of the total made has been shot; now, about 100 per cent. of those made are shot.

The American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, Limited, 318 Broadway, New York, have recently issued artistic folders, in which are set forth the qualities and manner of loading the "New E. C." and "New Schultze." Copies will be sent to all applicants.

BERNARD WATERS.

Mississippi Valley Notes.

IN the semi-monthly contest for the Dupont trophy, at St. Louis, on the 20th, Dr. J. W. Smith won the honors. The Doctor shot in splendid form, and in the shoot-off killed his 20 straight in pretty style, Fred Fink being the runner-up with 17. The scores in the preliminary at 10 live birds were: Dr. Gaines 10, Fink 10, Jonah 16, Kenyon 10, Spencer 10, Dr. Smith 10, Fuller 8, Bowman 9, Barrie 8, Herbert 8, Crosby 9, J. Cabanne 8, Rock 9, Dr. Sims 7, Frederick 7, Weber 9.

Carson and Dr. Bell shot a match at 10 live birds at Dupont Park on same date. Carson won by 1 bird.

The quail shooting season opens with us in Illinois this week, and many usually steady fellows will be mysteriously absent from office, desk and shop at short intervals during the ensuing six weeks.

The St. Louis tournament anent the final contest for the Republic cup next month promises to be quite an important meet. It is not improbable that the Republic trophy event will be made an open 25-bird sweep, aside from the main contest for the final possession of the cup.

The proposition to bring the Grand American Handicap of 1902 to the West, at Kansas City, Mo., will be hailed with delight by the shooting fraternity of this great midcontinental region, and the officers of the Interstate Association who have decided upon this step need have no fears as to the success of this new move. It is freely predicted already that the entry list will be the largest in the history of this world-famous event; and it is doubtful if a city could have been selected where more home enthusiasm and support would have been given to the enterprise than at Kansas City, which has long ranked as the first and foremost trapshooting center in the big valley.

The quail shooting season opened auspiciously on Friday last. Some excellent bags are already reported by the ardent shooters who were first in the field, indicating that former estimates of a plentiful supply of the birds were not amiss.

KILLMORE.

Take inventory of the good things in this issue of FOREST AND STREAM. Recall what a fund was given last week. Count on what is to come next week. Was there ever in all the world a more abundant weekly store of sportsmen's reading?

The Shape of the Stock and Handiness.

THE following is taken from the excellent work "Experts on Guns and Shooting," by G. T. Teasdale-Buekell. It contains many valuable ideas, which are worthy of careful consideration by all who are learning to shoot, or all who, having learned, wish to shoot better:

Next to the shape of the rib and false breech, that of the stock of a gun is of more importance to correct alignment than any other part of it. Many people would place it first, but we think when they do this they are perhaps not talking of quite the same thing as we are. Those who shoot in any manner in which true alignment between the eye, the rib and the sight is not possible will of course depend more on the shape of the stock than upon the rib. There is a mechanical aim, to a certain extent, in which shape of stock is all-important; but the shape of the stock is always of great importance to quickness of aim; consequently there can be no first-rate shooting with a stock that does not suit the shooter. American and English shooters differ in their views of what a stock should be. The former shoot with stocks far more bent than the English think well of. The result is that for true alignment the English get their heads down, while the Americans get their guns up. The position and style of the Americans are, on the average, far in advance of those of English shooters. Occasionally you see an Englishman who shoots in beautiful style, with his head and body only slightly leaning forward; but the rule is a cramped position compared with that of the American. At the traps an Englishman is frequently seen who stops his birds repeatedly nearly on top of the trap, and often he does it with his head well up over his gun, in a position in which he sees his rib from end to end. But the same man could not always shoot well in the same style. He could not possibly know to an inch where he was shooting at fast-driven game, sometimes skimming the heather, then, again, high overhead, and next crossing in front or quartering; or still another, most difficult of all, the quartering bird swooping downward. The man who puts his trust in the great number of cartridges he can get off from his three guns may make his bag on the pigeon shooter's method; but he who is not happy if his bag does not bear some respectable relation to his empty cases does not shoot exactly on the methods most suitable to the professional or habitual pigeon shot.

In England it has come to be general belief that a crooked stock will induce shooting under the game. No doubt when a man has been in the habit of getting elevation by looking well over his rib at his foresight and his game, a change to a crooked stock has the effect named. We go further, and say that a straight stock always comes up higher than a crooked one when a change is made from one to the other. Nevertheless it is all a matter of habit. There is no more reason for shooting too low with a crooked stock than there is for shooting too high with a straight one. In fact, there is not so much. The Americans do not habitually shoot below their game, nor the Englishmen above theirs; yet it would be so if there were any particular elevation peculiar to the different bends. With a crooked stock, the left hand has to be brought up a good deal higher than the right hand. It is the habitual comparative height between the two hands that makes the shooter low with the stock more crooked than he has been in the habit of using, and sometimes it is the comparative height which makes him high with a straighter stock than he has been accustomed to; but this is not always the case. We think that any shooter used to a straight stock could train himself in a day to bring up a crooked one on the mark without any after correction of the aim. We cannot say that a user of crooked stocks could train himself to straight ones in a similar time, simply because the crooked-stocked man has probably been in the habit of aligning his game accurately, and this might, to him, be mechanically or physically impossible with a straight stock.

The bend should be just that which, when the cheek is placed against the stock, brings the eye into position for the exact elevation required by the shooter's particular method. Cast-off, on the other hand, should, when the cheek is in position on the stock, bring the eye into alignment with the exact center line of the rib. These are two broad rules of stock-making, and after them comes the art of gun-making. Given a compliance with those two rules and yet the stock may be of a thousand different shapes. Cast-off, for instance, may be in one of three places: at the comb, at the heel, or at the toe; and you may have a conjunction of cast-on in one place and cast-off in the other. The peculiarities are, broadly speaking, the outcome of the make and shape of the shooter; and as they are in almost as great variety, no general rule can apply.

But there is one rule that always applies. It is the fashion to build the stock with the heel much more bent than the comb. The reverse looks badly. This being so, when the gun is forced sharply backward by recoil or kick, the cheek catches the blow from the comb, because the latter is more raised than that part of the stock against which the cheek rests. It requires, therefore, merely a straight back thrust from recoil to give an upward blow by the stock. If the comb were more bent than the heel, this would be so, but, then, the result would be unsightly. What, therefore, gun-makers do is to cast off the comb, and as this part is always thinner than the heel and than that part of the stock where the cheek rests, a very little cast-off out of the straight line of stock is enough to make the backward push of the gun relieve the pressure on the cheek instead of increasing it. This relief has become much more necessary of late years than it was formerly.

When shooters thought themselves well off with twenty shots or so in an hour, a little blow on the cheek did not matter; but now, when 100 to 200 cartridges may be fired in a single drive, and 1,000 in a day, the question is all-important, and any stock that, in its back recoil or kick, does not automatically relieve the pressure on the cheek is entirely bad. That is, it does not fit the shooter, and it will, sooner or later, make him afraid of his gun, with the consequent bad shooting and want of confidence.

We do not think that the angle at which the heelplate lies is very important. In fact we regard it as more or less a fancy point. Moreover, there is very little to be said about length of stock; the only rule is to have the stock just long enough for the finger easily to command the first trigger, and also for it to shift easily from one to the other, a point in which the shape of the handle is greatly concerned. It is a fact that the less the handle is released in changing fingers the quicker is the repossession of control of the gun for the use of the second barrel. This is where the advantage of a single trigger mostly comes in. With one of these triggers the hand has not to move, or open and shift grip in order to get into position to pull a second trigger. The trigger and the trigger guard often play an important part in damaging the hand by recoil. Both are often made too sharp at the edge, and then the finger gets cut. More frequently it is simply bruised. When this happens to the trigger finger, it is because the first trigger recoils on to it when the second trigger is pulled; a first trigger, which swings forward upon pressure from behind, will cure this; but when it is the second finger that gets damaged the cure is not so easy. A small India rubber pad fixed to the outside of the trigger guard is usually of some assistance in these cases, and there is also a sliding trigger guard made by Holland.

What is the quality in a shotgun that we mean when we say that it handles well? It is not exclusively balance. It is a question that we have never been able to get a gun-maker to answer off-hand. Indeed, we are not quite sure that we have ever received a satisfactory reply at all, often as we have put the question. We have almost given up hope of ever having an accurate definition of the quality of "handiness." It is so much more easy to say what it is not than what it is. Gun-making is not one of the accurate sciences. There is a very great deal of rule of thumb in it, and it is not all the gun-maker's thumb, either; a good deal of it is the shooter's. The successful gun, or the successful fit of a customer, must be, therefore, a compromise between the gun-maker's necessity and the shooter's wants. When that is exactly hit off the gun "handles." When it is not, the gun feels a lump in the hand, and comes up invariably too low, especially when the shooter is getting tired. Some gun-makers have told us that nice handling is caused by an equal distribution of weight; others have said by the position of the center of gravity—i. e., by the balance. The equal distribution of weight is not a very precise term, and if we come to analyze it we suspect it means nothing unless it means balance. This is precise, but it is not satisfactory.

There are those who will tell you the exact point in a gun at which it should balance—that is, the spot at which the muzzle and the stock are apparently of the same weight and form an even balance if the gun be suspended by a piece of string. We have never been able quite to agree that balance should be considered independently of the shooter, for the actual weight of the weapon itself has a very great deal of effect on apparent balance. It does not necessarily alter the position of the center of gravity, but for all practical purposes it does so. The proof of this is not difficult, the most lumbering shoulder fowling piece that clumsy workmen ever turn out now is a beautiful balance in the hands of the shooter after he has been lugging about a .577 Express. The rifle is certainly heavy in front by comparison, but so is the .303; and yet the difference between the two in balance is enormous. It is purely dead weight that causes it, and to a great extent it is also

dead weight that makes the difference between the balance of a .577 rifle and a 6½lb. shotgun.

The muzzle of the .577 will always have a tendency to come up low in comparison with that of a light shotgun of equal bend of stock. This, we think, proves beyond dispute that actual dead weight does not alter the apparent balance. If so, it goes without saying that the heavier the weapon the further back will have to be the center of gravity, in order that the heavy gun may feel to balance in the same place as the lighter one. Some men are content with a pair or three guns all of one design. They are certainly the most useful where the shooting is all of the same character or does not vary much. Other men will have a 20-bore or a 28-bore from August or September, and will be found carrying a "grown-up" 12-bore of 7½lbs. later in the season, and with it will stop an October grouse that rises at 40yds. and skims straight away low down, offering nothing but the stern shot to the marksman. Nothing can make the 7½lbs. as handy as the 20-bore. It is unreasonable to expect it; but, all the same, if the center of gravity of the 7½lb. gun is as far forward as that of the 20-bore, the heavy gun will be much less handy than it ought to be. It is obvious that altering the bend is the wrong way of making two guns of different weights come up equally. It is a physical impossibility for two different bends to be brought up to the shoulder and the eye in the same manner. If they should come up to the shoulder the same, then, in consequence of the different shape, they come up differently for the eye. The eye, being in one place and the shoulder in another, that they may retain the same relative positions, one to the other, the stock must always be of the same shape, no matter what the weight of the gun may be. If this is not so, the result will be an after correction of aim, or a second aim, which is so fertile of bad shooting, because it necessitates slow shooting.

Any gun-maker can build a pair of guns that weigh the same and mount the same; but it is not every maker who can turn out a 7½lb. 12-bore and a 5lb. 20-bore that mount the same. The latter is altogether a higher art than the former; yet it is the one that the man of many guns most requires the fullest advantage of.

At first sight it appears curious that any two men should agree about the balance of a gun, and yet they do. The man who shoots with a straight left arm and grasps the barrel as near the muzzle as he can, will be heard to agree with another shooter who grasps with his left hand the front of the trigger guard. We suppose that is because both recognize the advantage of getting the weight as far back as possible. We never yet heard of a gun that handled too light forward (and yet there is no doubt that for steadiness a gun can be too light forward to shoot well). We have come to the conclusion, after thirty-five years' experience in the field, that "handiness" much depends upon what the shooter is used to. It is a common trick in some gun shops to place in the hands of a customer a gun a pound and a half heavier than the one the shop man intends to sell to him. (A try gun generally weighs as much as that heavier.) The customer then at once pronounces the light gun "handy" in the extreme, and probably buys it, although it may not fit him in the least. That, we think, is another proof that "handiness" depends greatly upon the absence of avoirdupois. It is a curious fact that mounting a heavy gun a few times will have the effect of making even a too-much-bent stock on a light gun bring it up high, where it would have come up low but for the preliminary mounting of the heavy gun. We have already dealt with bend of the stock, and we think that, like it, handiness is much a question of habit.

The practical outcome of this is that one should not be dissatisfied with good, old guns because, one happens to like the mount of a friend's gun better, especially if the latter happens to be lighter. In order to keep our heavy guns "handy" we must, if we use light ones upon occasion, change the center of gravity of the latter more forward than in the heavy ones, so that they will not "mount" better than the heavy ones can be made to do. Correct "mount" is after all only the relative positions of the right and left hand to each other. That is entirely a question of habit, as we have explained in our remarks about bend of stock. Gravity is always pulling down the left hand, and it is often assisted by the trigger finger. Sir Henry Hallford's method of curing this bad habit in a pupil was excellent, and should be, if it is not, resorted to at the shooting schools. But this alliance between the nerves of the right hand and the left has nothing to do with "mount" and handiness, although the shooting schools would make allowance for it, and build stocks to counteract a bad habit of pulling down the aim with the pull of the trigger at the instant of firing. Thus, in this instance, they do not cure a fault, but seek to perpetuate it.

A man should certainly be able to shoot to the spot he aims at, not merely to the spot he thinks he aims at by means of a cheat in the bend or cast-off. Handiness ought to be absolutely independent of bend of stock. Bend and cast-off must be settled on their own merits. Handiness and balance are entirely apart from them, although one is generally confused with the other. The one should be governed exclusively by the ease of position of the head in looking along the rib at objects in all possible directions. The other, "mount" or "handiness," depends upon balance, weight of metal and strength of arm. Rather than change from a pair of old guns that have felt handy perhaps in years gone by, we would recommend a course of dumb-bell exercise, for there is nothing more certain than that the quickness of the shooter not only depends upon his nerves, but upon his muscles. It does not matter what superabundance of muscular development a man may have, he cannot be as quick with a 7lb. gun as with a 5lb. one—no, not if he is a giant; neither can he mount or swing so quickly with a 5lb. gun as he can with a walking stick. We would no more recommend the 5lb. gun than we would the walking stick for the purpose of filling the bag; all we wish to do is to induce the shooter to regard himself, on the subject of handiness of his gun, as a piece of machinery; for the laws of mechanics govern him as much as they do steam power; add to the weight, and the pace is proportionately slower. In gunnery there are very good reasons why the weight cannot be lessened, and for this reason a course of muscle-grinding is much more healthful and less costly than new and less effective guns are.

It is not every one who cares for the slow exercise of dumb-bells, and for this reason we suggest Sandow's patent muscle-grinder. It has an unquestionable advantage over anything we know for exercising the muscles of the arms.

The shooter's legs generally get plenty of natural exercise; but he only finds out that his arms do not when he gets a hundred shots or so in rapid succession. Then it is forcibly brought home to him that a course of muscle-grinding would have been a good thing. He will not as readily notice his own slowness at individual shots as he will notice the armache caused by a lot of shooting in quick succession. Nevertheless, when the muscles feel one they are unquestionably slow for the other.

Peru Gun Club Programme.

THE programme of the Peru (Ind.) Gun Club's tournament, Nov. 6 and 7, contains the following information:

"It was with some misgivings that we announced our first annual live-bird, strictly high-gun tournament in the fall of 1900, it being the first tournament of the kind ever given in the West where the high-gun system of division of purses prevailed throughout the entire programme. However, the splendid support given that tournament, both by the professionals and amateurs, proved beyond question that the shooters of the middle West are perfectly satisfied that the best shot may win, provided he is able to do so after being given a proper handicap, which will place him upon an equal footing with his less skillful neighbor. In offering you this programme, it is with the utmost confidence that we assure you a splendid tournament, so far as attendance, opportunity to win (provided you shoot well enough), quality of birds, speed of grounds and management is concerned. Speaking of the management, Mr. Parker's name guarantees that. Our tournament is open to the world. All purses high guns. Everybody will be handicapped according to his records by Mr. Parker and such committee as he may select to assist him, and four of the local club will keep you pretty busy beating us out for the money. If you are game, get your little gun and come to see us."

Wednesday, Nov. 6.—Shooting to commence promptly at 9 A. M. Events held open for 10:20 A. M. trains. Event No. 1 is at 5 live birds, entrance \$3, two high guns for each five entries. Event No. 2 is at 7 live birds, entrance \$5; see division of purses as below. Event No. 3 is at 10 live birds, entrance \$7; see division of purses as below. Event No. 4 is at 7 live birds, entrance \$5; see division of purses as below. Event No. 5 is miss-and-out, \$2 entrance. Price of birds deducted from purses in all events. If three moneys, 40, 35, 25 per cent. If four moneys, 35, 30, 20, 15 per cent. If five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15, 10 per cent. If six moneys, 25, 20, 15, 10, 10 per cent. If seven moneys, 25, 20, 15, 10, 10, 10 per cent. If eight moneys, 25, 15, 10, 10, 10, 10, 10 per cent. If nine moneys, 25, 15, 10, 10, 10, 10, 5, 5 per cent. If ten moneys, 25, 15, 10, 10, 10, 5, 5, 5 per cent.

Thursday, Nov. 7.—Event No. 1—to warm up—miss-and-out, \$2, birds included. Event No. 2 is at 25 live birds, \$20 entrance, high gun; division of purses same as on first day.

In all the preceding events nothing but strictly first-class country

birds will be used. We buy all our birds in a radius of 100 miles of Peru, and not a cooped or crated pigeon from the markets will be used. If you want to shoot good, strong birds, this is your opportunity to do so.

Don't forget Charlie Stevens' big 100-bird, \$1,000 handicap race at Watson's in December. Come to Peru to talk the matter over with Charlie, and if you can kill 25 birds straight on the Peru grounds you can kill 'em anywhere, and you will have the price to enter in Charlie's big shoot.

Bring along some target shells, as we may have time to shoot a few flying targets. We will also have target shells for sale on the ground.

Interstate Association rules will govern, except the provision in Rule 22 which penalizes the shooter for opening his gun after a misfire. That rule is not in effect at this tournament. All events handicap, 26 to 32yds.

You may shoot a 10-gauge, but black powder is barred. This is for Alec Burnison's benefit. He has a 10-bore, but is too poor (?) to buy a 12.

Ship shells, etc., to Frank Dunbar, secretary, Peru, Ind.

Warm lunch served on the grounds. Plenty of live-bird loads for sale on the grounds, 2½ to 3 inch shells. Live birds, 25 cents deducted from all purses. You will see better birds, better shooting and have more genuine fun at this tournament than you have ever seen or enjoyed in your life.

A fine, large merry-go-round tent will be provided for the shelter of the participants. Tramp Irwin will be handcuffed, to prevent his using the roof as a convenient place to pattern his gun, and a bodyguard, armed with axes, will be provided for Chief High Temper, to prevent violence being done him by the other members of the tribe, should by chance a streak of daylight get through the roof of the tent. Chief Rio Grande is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the bodyguard.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Oct. 29.—The opening shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club, composed of some of the most prominent business men, lawyers, doctors; in fact, all lovers of the shotgun around Paterson, came off to-day at their handsomely appointed grounds, Jackson Private Park, which is situated on the main road to Singac, about two miles from Paterson, and from which the club derives its name. They will have, when completed, one of the most up-to-date club grounds around this part of the country. They have built a handsome club house, 40 by 12ft., all glass front, with platform extending around both ends and the front of the shooting house. They have at present forty-two lockers and gun racks, running the full length of the building. In summer time the glass windows, four in number, will swing up to the ceiling, and the shutters will swing up on the outside for sun protection and afford a most excellent view of everything. They have at present a magautrap in use. It is set up entirely different from any I have ever seen. It is kept in a small house, built for the purpose, at the side of the club house; and when it is to be used it runs down a slight incline into a pit built for the purpose. The top of the pit is used for the screens to protect the man who runs the magautrap. When not in use, it is run back and locked up. The screens cover up the pit, leaving it flush with the ground.

They will also put in a set of five expert traps, to use according to rules governing the same.

They will also put in a set of live-bird traps, which will be directly in front of the club house and at the proper distance, making allowance for boundaries and a 33yd. dead line. All the platforms are finished and in place, and in fact, the only thing remaining to be done now is to harrow over the grounds, which are very large and sow the grass seed, which they intend to do as quickly as possible, and get the other traps in place.

One of the members presented the club with a 65ft. flagstaff, and a flag floated to the breeze for the first time to-day. A finer flag could not have been selected.

The Passaic Gun Club came up in a body to celebrate the opening. It was an invitation affair, the crowd being mostly members of both clubs and a few friends of each, to the number of fifty. Everybody was eager to examine the grounds and shooting house thoroughly. Everything was in fine shape.

The shooters were particularly well pleased with the working of the magautrap, which worked to perfection and did a good deal to facilitate the shooting.

Ed Morgan did some very good shooting, breaking 34 straight, and scored 43 out of 45.

Among the visitors were ex-Freeholder Tom Ryle, Wm. Stone H. Stone, (the veteran actor and manager), G. W. Sherman of Passaic, S. Westervelt, Judge Senior, Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Madden of Paterson, Guardian F. Fadlam, G. King, Game Warden Wm. Stalter, Alderman C. Wright.

The opening event of the day was left for Capt. Powers of the home club to break the first 5 targets thrown from the magautrap, and he did himself justice by doing the trick. Then the writer, Wm. Dutcher, had everything ready for the afternoon's sport, which opened with a 10-bird event, with Capt. Powers and Count Lenone, of Passaic, as assistant. The next to last was two picked teams, for every one who would shoot, for the price of the targets.

The club furnished everything for the inner man in the shape of refreshments and eatables.

There are forty-two members paid in and thirty-five to be acted on next meeting.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	15	15	15	10	15	15
Powers	8	9	7	12	12	14	..	12
Lenone	7	15	14	10	12	9	..	11
E Morgan	8	15	15	13	19	11	..	8
J Doty	7	9	6	12	12	11	..	12
B Abbott	7	10	9	..	13	10	8	11
A Doty	9	14	11	12	13	13	..	13
C Wright	3	7	14	10	11	14	9	11
C Morgan	3	2	7	..	8	6	1	5
Booker	..	11	11	7	12	13	8	11
Bottle	..	7	12	..	10	8	8	9
Stalter	..	7	12	..	13	14	7	12
G Hopper	..	10	11	7	11	12	6	12
Berg	5	4	8	6	8	10
Smith	12	12	6	12
C Morgan	4
Tom Ryle	5
McAndrews	1	5

Team shoot, 15 targets; Wm. Dutcher referee: Powers 11, A. Doty 13, Wright 13, Abbott 13, J. Doty 9, Hopper 11, Baird 5, McAndrews 2; total 77.

Lenone 10, E. Morgan 13, Smith 12, Booker 13, Stalter 9, Bottle 9, C. Morgan 6, Ryle 8; total 80.

WM. DUTCHER.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, Nov. 2.—The following scores were made by the Ossining Gun Club at the regular weekly shoot, Saturday, Nov. 2. We hold regular shoots every Saturday afternoon. Any shooters desiring to visit us on any club day will be heartily welcomed:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Targets:	10	10	10	15	5p	15	15	10	10
E D Garnsey	7	9	5	13	8	10	10
H W Bissing	7	4	5	8	2	9	..	5	5
C G Blanford	9	14	10	15	15
M Vail	3	2	5
A Bedell	8	5	13	..	10
W Henry	..	7	6	8	6	5
J C Barlow	4	12	..	7	9	7	..
Dr Snow	..	3	4	5	4

Price events, 15 scratch, handicap allowance: Blanford 15 15 15 Barlow 12 7 9 Bedell 13

C. G. B.

The third match between New Jersey and New York teams is likely to be the most closely and best-contested of the series. Messrs. Banks and Jerrington, who are attending to the preliminary arrangements, are carefully selecting the best obtainable team members. There will probably be fifteen men on a side. The New York team contemplate entertaining their opponents at a dinner on the evening of the match, Dec. 11, at Interstate Park, L. I. Each team has one victory to its credit, and the contests have all been exceedingly close.



HUDSON GUN CLUB'S FIRST CLUB HOUSE.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Jubilee in the West.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 2.—There is a general jubilation in the West over the news of the location of the Grand American Handicap in 1902. There is little reason to doubt that the total entry at Kansas City next spring will closely rival that of the big event in its past years in the East. Whether it will be as nearly a national event as before is a hazard of opinion, of course; for it is scarcely to be supposed that the Eastern men will come to Kansas City in the same ratio of population as the West has contributed to the entry at Interstate Park. Upon the other hand, there will be more Western shooters who can visit Kansas City than were ever able to visit New York. Among these will be many younger shooters of that growing class which it is the aim of the schools of trap-shooting to reach. As to the quantity and quality of the entertainment to be met with at Kansas City in this big annual fixture, there need be no doubt whatever on the part of any man, live he East or West, North or South. There is only one thing to do, and that is to come to the Handicap. Kansas City is the shootingest town of its size on the face of the footstool, and there is not a no-account man inside her confines. The hotel accommodations will be good, the pigeons will be better than at that latitude anywhere in America, the grounds will be run properly, and everything will show that Kansas City knows how to handle a big trap shoot just as well as a smaller or middle-sized one. There will be a hot time on the banks of the Kaw.

Prospects for the Chicago Handicap.

Mr. C. R. Stephens, of Moline, Ill., vice-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, writes under date of Nov. 1 that he has secured forty-eight signatures of the "big guns" of the shooting world to enter the proposed \$100 handicap at Watson's Park early in December. He says he thinks he can get one hundred, all right, and believes that a week more will enable him to tell in regard to the matter. This would be a warm proposition, and it is truly to be hoped that the boys will rally to the support of Mr. Stephens in his big undertaking here, which will jar the firmament for some surrounding parasangs.

E. Hough.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day on the occasion of the third trophy shoot of the season. H. N. Delano won Class A trophy, making a straight score, while A. D. Dorman did the same thing on the same score for Class B. C. J. Wolff and C. H. Kehl tied for Class C trophy on scores of 9 each.

The day was a perfect one for shooting, being warm and pleasant, and just enough southwest breeze blowing across the traps to make the birds lively—and they were lively, being by far the best lot of birds I have seen trapped this season:

C. H. Kehl.....	101012101111—9	122*00—3
Dr. Meek.....	21212221111*—11	*22221—5
C. J. Wolff.....	1202*1212201—9	0001*0—1
Dorman.....	21122221121—12	101212—5
Delano.....	22211122222—12	22112—6
*Pumphrey.....	12*1111211w—	*20101—4
McDonald.....	1*1122102220—9	22222—6
Young.....	2102112111*2—10
W. Eaton.....	*12022212011—9	10211—5
E. Eaton.....	2021000021*1—6	*10101—3
Wilson.....	000201002002—4	11102*—4
Dr. Shaw.....	0*222212121—10	*22112—5



HUDSON GUN CLUB'S PRESENT CLUB HOUSE.

Sweepstakes, handicap, 25 pigeons, \$10 and birds extra:

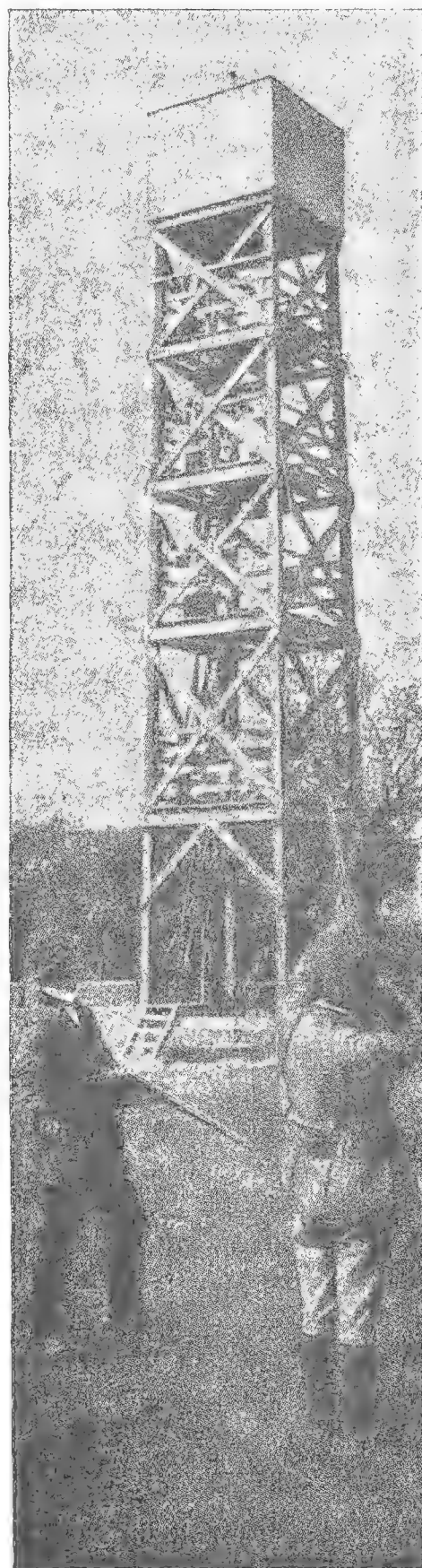
Fifty-five, 27.....	222222222222012121221112—24
G. H. Piercy, 30.....	222122202012221222121221—23
T. W. Morley, 31.....	11*2202122222222221—22
R. W. Armstrong, 31.....	1012212202210222222222—22
E. Banks, 30.....	212122202111122012221102—22
Wm. Hopkins, 28.....	2221012120122*222222211—22
J. P. Kay, 28.....	0221*22230022222222212*—20
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	2222122112*020221*1010w
McConville, 27.....	01000*12200302021*1010w
C. A. Ramapo, 27.....	010222102120w

Miss-and-out, \$2 entrance:

Morley, 31.....	22221122—8	Ramapo, 27.....	222220—6
Waters, 28.....	21112212—8	Banks, 30.....	11*—2
Hopkins, 30.....	2121112—7		

Dalton Gun and Rod Club.

DALTON, O., Nov. 1.—Dalton Gun and Rod Club held their third annual live-bird tournament Thursday, Oct. 31, advertising 700 live birds. The day, being fine, the attendance was all that could be desired. The contestants expressed themselves as being thoroughly satisfied with the management of the tournament. The birds being very lively there were very few slow risers. There was one



TARGET-SHOOTING TOWER.

Mrs. Shaw.....	2020w
J. Wolff.....	12202112200—9	111101—5
Barnard.....	222222022012—9	010202—3
Pollard.....	222220202012—9	211222—6
Lecote.....	0002000000w
L. Wolff.....	2*2020*12*00—5
Dr. Mathews.....	2*121101122—10
*Luther.....	201101w
Richards.....	121121—6

*Visitors. Dr. J. W. MEER.

Stock Yards Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, Oct. 29.—Following are the scores made by members of the Stock Yards Gun Club, at Watson's Park, to-day:

Atwater.....	11011111110122—13	McGuire.....	020200—2
McGuire.....	000022001002100—5	Daly.....	000001—1
O. T. Man.....	012200200221030—7	Lemmon.....	121200—4
Wilson.....	100110 3	O. T. Man.....	102002—3

Six-bird sweeps:

Wilson.....	010210	00*211	001000	222021	101011
Dimes.....	200020	120000	000022	020010	101011
Lemmon.....	12*212	101110	012211	212110	202110
McGuire.....	010110	220112	002022	200010	011000
Maple.....	120002	001001	000110	000001	200001
O. T. Man.....	100000	220000	020002	011200	212202
Daly.....	000000
Dimes.....	012120	101200
Maple.....	122200	201002

Saturday, Nov. 2.—Practice:

J. B. Barto.....	202122210220122	12
W. B. Leffingwell.....	1*0212221122222	—13
Elbert.....	0221220210021121*222211*1—19	

ON LONG ISLAND.

Creamer-Morley vs. Ramapo-Banks.

Interstate Park, L. I., Oct. 30.—There was a good attendance of sportsmen to witness the friendly match between the two-man teams, whose members were the popular and skillful sportsmen ex-Sheriff Frank D. Creamer and T. W. Morley against C. A. "Ramapo" and Ed. Banks. It was a close and interesting race. At the end of the tenth round Banks-Ramapo were 2 in the lead; at the end of the fifteenth round they were 1 in the lead, but losing 3 from the fifteenth to the finish, while their opponents killed straight, made the score 45 to 43 in favor of Creamer and Morley.

Mr. Creamer, who was shooting a new, beautiful Daly gun, shot in fine form, catching his birds quickly, and centering them with rare precision. His fine score of 24 out of 25 no doubt had much to do with winning the match. Morley drew the hardest birds by far, and the luck of the draw was decidedly against him.

The weather was exceedingly pleasant. The sun shone warm and bright; a soft, thin, blue haze toned down the light, and there was almost a perfect calm. The birds were an excellent lot. They started from the traps quickly, but there being no wind to help them they could not well escape the skillful shooters on the matter of speed; but they were strong and vigorous, and required hard hitting to keep them from struggling out of bounds. It was a handicap race. Several other events were shot. The scores.

F. D. Creamer, 28.....	212212222220212122122122—24
T. W. Morley, 30.....	2211*202022222112111222—21—45
C. A. Ramapo, 27.....	112212110102201221012221—21
Ed. Banks, 29.....	*11221221211120222121021—22—43

continuous round of firing from 9 A. M. until dark, of which the following are the scores:

No. 1, 7-bird shoot:

F. Reilly.....	1001111—5	A. Rogers.....	1101111—6
C. Myers.....	0001011—3	S. Davis.....	0000001—1
C. A. Cabbut.....	1111110—6	J. Snyder.....	1100000—2
P. A. Taggart.....	0000111—3	N. C. Folts.....	1011111—6
E. P. Scott.....	1010000—2	J. A. Smith.....	1110111—6
A. Davids.....	1001000—2	A. Oberlin.....	1111110—6
A. Stewart.....	1001001—3	W. H. Becker.....	1010011—4
F. E. Gibson.....	1101101—3	J. Ashford.....	110100—3
R. Valentine.....	1011111—6		

No. 2, 10-bird shoot:

F. Reilly.....	1110111001—7	H. C. Foltz.....	111101111—9
C. Myers.....	0110010111—6	J. A. Smith.....	111111111—10
C. A. Cabbut.....	111111110—9	A. Oberlin.....	000101111—7
P. A. Taggart.....	101100111—7	W. H. Becker.....	111101111—9
E. F. Scott.....	011010111—7	J. Ashford.....	102010101—8
A. Davids.....	010010011—5	H. Santmyer.....	111111110—8
R. Valentine.....	110101111—8	A. E. Luce.....	111110110—9
J. Snyder.....	1101010110—6		

No. 3, 7-bird shoot:

F. Reilly.....	1011111—6	C. A. Cabbut.....	0111111—6
H. C. Foltz.....	1111111—7	J. S. Snyder.....	011000000—2
J. A. Smith.....	1111111—7	R. Valentine.....	1111111—7
H. Santmyer.....	0011111—5	H. Leible.....	0100000—1
C. Renne.....	0000101—2	E. F. Scott.....	0100000—1
C. Buttermore.....	0000011—2	A. E. Luce.....	1011110—5
C. Daul.....	0111111—6	Dr. Bavard.....	1011111—6
A. Villard.....	1110111—6	J. Ashford.....	1011011—5
W. H. Becker.....	0101010—3	A. Davids.....	0111110—5
S. Davis.....	1111000—4		

No. 4, 10-bird shoot:

F. Reilly.....	1110011111—8	C. A. Cabbut.....	1111111110—9
H. C. Foltz.....	1110101111—8	J. Snyder.....	011000000—2
J. A. Smith.....	111111111—10	R. Valentine.....	101111111—9
H. Santmyer.....	1000101111—6	E. F. Scott.....	010111111—6
C. Renne.....	0011000011—4	A. E. Luce.....	111111111—10
A. C. Oberlin.....	1101010111—7	Dr. Bavard.....	011111110—8
A. Stewart.....	1011111011—8	B. Legg.....	111101111—9
C. Daul.....	0111110111—8	A. Davids.....	100101001—5
A. Villard.....	0111110111—8	A. A. Shilling.....	1101111110—8
W. H. Becker.....	111111111—10	A. Oberlin.....	110010101—6
P. A. Taggart.....	111000000—3		

C. J. Harrold was referee.

Review of Tournaments.

APPENDED herewith is the review of the tournaments of the Interstate Association for 1901, issued by that body:

Grand American Handicap at Live Birds.

The inaugural tournament for 1901 was the ninth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds, which was decided at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., April 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. The Interstate Association guaranteed \$1,500 (and all surplus added) in the main event, which was shot under the following conditions; viz., 25 live birds, \$25 entrance, 50yds. boundary, with a dead line at the 33yd. mark, handicaps ranging from 25 to 33yds., high guns to win, and moneys to be divided in accordance with the number of entries received.

In addition to guaranteeing \$1,500, the Interstate Association presented to the winner of first place a sterling silver trophy commemorative of the win.

The system of dividing the moneys which prevailed in 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899 and 1900 was adopted again for 1901. The entries numbered 222, of which number 188 were regular entries, 12 were penalty or post entries, and 22 were forfeits, making the total purse amount to \$5,120. There were 22 straight scores of 25 made, which took the first 22 moneys. Forty-five tied on 24 out of 25, and divided the remainder of the purse. The 22 men with straight scores of 25 shot off the tie, miss-and-out, for the silver trophy. This was won by Mr. E. C. Griffith, of Pascoag, R. I., on the 18th round. Following are the scores of the money winners:

Twenty-five straight: C. C. Nauman (28) 25, J. G. Knowlton (29) 25, H. H. Fox (30) 25, R. L. Peirce (29) 25, R. B. Bond (27) 25, J. L. D. Morrison (29) 25, W. D. Townsend (27) 25, R. Rahm (27) 25, Henry C. (28) 25, Chris. Gottlieb (29) 25, F. E. McKay (27) 25, J. L. Alabaster (27) 25, R. R. Merrill (29) 25, E. S. Johnson (28) 25, J. B. Barto (28) 25, F. S. Parmelee (30) 25, C. W. Feigenspan (30) 25, C. A. Lockwood (26) 25, H. Trumbauer (28) 25, G. E. Greiff (28) 25, E. C. Griffith (28) 25, Ed A. Hickman (28) 25.

Ties on 24: Franklin Stearns (28) 24, Alf Gardiner (28) 24, G. McG. Morris (27) 24, W. R. Crosby (32) 24, Wm. Hopkins (27) 24, J. S. Dutton (26) 24, Jim Jones (27) 24, Teal (28) 24, A. B. Dover (27) 24, C. E. Mink (27) 24, Sim Glover (29) 24, 13-27 (28) 24, Dr. E. Duncan (26) 24, W. W. Hassinger (27) 24, F. W. Cooper (29) 24, Fred Gilbert (32) 24, J. H. Voss (27) 24, E. Enners (27) 24, O. von Lengerke (28) 24, C. D. Linderman (28) 24, Edward Banks (27) 24, L. E. Parker (28) 24, J. H. Hallock (26) 24, Leroy (28) 24, C. R. Stephens (27) 24, W. F. Quimby (27) 24, W. J. Buzby (27) 24, A. W. Money (28) 24, H. Schimmell (27) 24, I. W. Hoffman (27) 24, J. R. Malone (31) 24, G. A. Comstock (27) 24, F. D. Alkire (28) 24, E. C. Fort (28) 24, Wm. Wagner (27) 24, A. Woodruff (28) 24, Phil (27) 24, C. E. Geikler (26) 24, Sen Sen (26) 24, E. A. Geoffroy (27) 24, J. von Lengerke (27) 24, W. P. Brown (27) 24, H. C. Hirschy (28) 24, J. W. Knevels (27) 24, Thos. Martin (28) 24.

Shoot-off for trophy: E. C. Griffith (28) 18, J. L. D. Morrison (29) 17, R. Rahm (27) 14, J. B. Barto (28) 11, Chris. Gottlieb (29) 10, J. G. Knowlton (29) 8, R. R. Merrill (29) 7, H. Trumbauer (28) 7, C. C. Nauman (28) 6, R. B. Bond (27) 6, C. W. Feigenspan (30) 6, Ed Hickman (28) 6, G. E. Greiff (28) 5, Henry C. (28) 3, F. S. Parmelee (30) 3, E. S. Johnson (28) 2, J. L. Alabaster (27) 1, A. H. Fox (30) 0, R. L. Peirce (29) 0, W. D. Townsend (27) 0, F. E. McKay (27) 0, C. A. Lockwood (26) 0.

Two hundred and thirty-six shooters took part in the tournament, and \$14,237.90 was divided in different purses. The total number of live birds trapped was 13,963.

The Land of Flowers.

The second tournament was given at Jacksonville, Fla., April 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club.

Best averages first day: J. S. Fanning, first, 94.5 per cent; Edward Banks, second, 89.0; F. C. Wilson, W. J. Jeffords, Jr., and B. H. Worthen, equal third, 81.8.

Best averages second day: Edward Banks, first, 90.0; J. S. Fanning and F. C. Wilson equal second, 86.0; W. J. Jeffords, Jr., third, 85.4.

General averages both days: J. S. Fanning, first, 93.3; Edward Banks, second, 93.0; F. C. Wilson, third, 85.4.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 37. Average entry first day, 18.5; average entry second day, 22.8; 7,580 targets were trapped during the tournament.

In the Forest City.

The third tournament was given at Cleveland, O., June 19, 20 and 21, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Best averages first day: L. J. Squier, first, 96.0; Sim Glover, second, 94.2; F. D. Alkire and Harris, equal third, 93.7.

Best averages second day: L. J. Squier, first, 96.0; F. D. Alkire and Chas. Stanley, equal second, 95.4; F. H. Snow, third, 93.7.

Best averages third day: Sim Glover, first, 97.1; D. A. Upson, second, 94.8; F. E. Mallory, third, 94.2.

General averages three days: L. J. Squier, first, 95.1; Sim Glover, second, 94.2; F. D. Alkire, third, 93.9.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 69. Average entry first day, 46.7; average entry second day, 50.1; average entry third day, 47.7; 28,320 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Our Canadian Friends.

The fourth tournament was given at Sherbrooke, P. Q., Canada, July 1 and 2, under the auspices of the Sherbrooke Gun Club.

Best averages first day: E. C. Griffith, first, 93.3; E. C. Fort, second, 91.5; H. D. Bates, F. H. Conover and C. Thompson, equal third, 85.4.

Best averages second day: E. C. Griffith, first, 94.5; H. D. Bates, second, 93.2; E. C. Fort, third, 90.3.

General averages both days: E. C. Griffith, first, 93.9; H. D. Bates, second, 91.2; E. C. Fort, third, 90.9.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 22. Average entry first day, 16.1; average entry second day, 15.1; 6,435 targets were trapped during the tournament.

On Lake Chautauqua.

The fifth tournament was given at Jamestown, N. Y., July 10 and 11, under the auspices of the Jamestown Gun Club.

Best averages first day: F. E. Mallory, first, 94.3; B. D. Noble, second, 93.1; L. E. Mallory, Jr., third, 91.8.

Best averages second day: J. F. Mallory, first, 92.5; L. B. Fleming and W. Morris, equal second, 91.2; L. E. Mallory, Jr., third, 90.0.

Best averages both days: J. F. Mallory, first, 91.5; F. E. Mallory, second, 91.2; L. B. Fleming and L. E. Mallory, Jr., equal third, 90.9.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 55. Average entry first day, 30.5; average entry second day, 26.8; 9,965 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Grand American Handicap at Targets.

The sixth tournament was the Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets, which was held at Interstate Park, Queens, L. I., N. Y., July 16, 17, 18 and 19. The Association added \$1,000 to the purses.

The first day was devoted to sweepstake shooting, of which ten events were provided—five at 15 and five at 20 targets, entrance based on 10 cents per target. Each of the remaining three days had five sweepstake events and a special event at 100 targets, the Preliminary Handicap, the Grand American Handicap and the Consolation Handicap, these handicap events being the only parts of the competition open to all manufacturers' agents, paid representatives and amateurs. Thus, in the main, the competition was devised for the amateur and carefully safeguarded in his interests. Of the twenty-eight events provided in the programme, for the four days, twenty-five of them were for the amateur. Manufacturers' agents and paid representatives were permitted to shoot for targets only in all events save the handicaps, in which all the contestants were assumed to have a competitive equal chance by virtue of the handicap. The purses in the regular events were divided in the ratios of 8, 5, 3 and 2, Rose system. In the handicap events the purses were divided among the high guns, the number of moneys being determined by the number of entries.

Regular Events.—Best averages first day (manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc.; for targets only): W. R. Crosby, first, 94.8, Fred Gilbert, second, 93.7; A. H. Fox, third, 92.0.

Regular Events.—Best averages first day (amateurs): Sim Glover, first, 95.4; D. W. Sawin, second, 90.2; J. M. Hawkins and Franklin Stearns, equal third, 89.7.

Regular Events.—Best averages second day (manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc.; for targets only): W. R. Crosby and Fred Gilbert, equal first, 97.6; Edward Banks and L. J. Squier,

equal second, 95.2; L. Z. Lawrence, J. S. Fanning, J. J. Hollowell and E. C. Fort, equal third, 90.5.

Regular Events.—Best averages second day (amateurs): Sim Glover, first, 95.2; J. A. Flicks, second, 94.1; Hood Waters, C. E. Mink and J. S. S. Remsen, equal third, 92.9.

Preliminary Handicap—Open to All.—This event was shot under the following conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included; handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting; \$100 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. There were 78 entries, and first place was won by Mr. E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y., who stood at the 18yd. mark and scored 95.

Regular Events.—Best averages third day (manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc.; for targets only): W. R. Crosby, first, 100 per cent.; Fred Gilbert, J. S. Fanning, B. Leroy Woodard and A. H. Fox, equal second, 91.7; R. O. Heikes, Edward Banks, J. R. Malone, L. J. Squier, E. D. Rike and T. E. Doremus, equal third, 89.4.

Regular Events.—Best averages third day (amateurs): Franklin Stearns, first, 96.4; Charles Wagner, second, 91.7; D. Longnecker, James Cowan and J. A. Flick, equal third, 90.5.

Grand American Handicap at Targets—Open to All.—This event was shot under the following conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, \$10 entrance, targets included, handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting, \$200 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. In addition to first money, the Interstate Association presented to the winner of first place a sterling silver trophy commemorative of the win. There were 75 entries, and first place was won by Mr. E. C. Griffith, Pascoag, R. I., who stood at the 19yd. mark and scored 95.

Regular Events.—Best averages fourth day (manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc.; for targets only): W. R. Crosby, Fred Gilbert and A. H. Fox, equal first, 96.4; Edward Banks and L. J. Squier, equal second, 95.2; J. S. Fanning, third, 94.1.

Regular Events.—Best averages fourth day (amateurs): Sim Glover, first, 97.6; Franklin Stearns and F. H. Snow, equal second, 95.2; E. C. Griffith and H. K. Ellyson, equal third, 94.1.

Consolation Handicap—Open to All.—This event was shot under the following conditions: 100 targets, unknown angles, \$7 entrance, targets included, handicaps 14 to 25yds., high guns, not class shooting, \$100 added to the purse. The number of moneys into which the purse was divided was determined by the number of entries received. There were 57 entries, and first place was won by Mr. F. D. Kelsey, East Aurora, N. Y., who stood at the 19yd. mark and scored 95, tying with Mr. W. Morris, Baldwinville, N. Y., and scoring 18 to Morris' 16 out of the 25 in the shoot-off.

Regular Events.—General Averages for four days (manufacturers' agents, paid representatives, etc.; for targets only): W. R. Crosby, first, 96.7; Fred Gilbert, second, 94.6; Edward Banks and A. H. Fox, equal third, 92.3.

Regular Events.—General averages for four days (amateurs): Sim Glover, first, 94.1; Franklin Stearns, second, 91.6; Hood Waters, third, 90.0.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 107. Average entry first day in regular events, 80.1; average entry second day, 90.6; average entry third day, 92; average entry fourth day, 58.6. The total amount of money divided in purses was \$5,510.04; 59,432 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Little Rhody.

The seventh tournament was given at Providence, R. I., Aug. 7, 8 and 9, under the auspices of the Providence Gun Club.

Best averages first day: B. Leroy Woodard, first, 93.1; Edward Banks and Hood Waters, equal second, 92.5; O. R. Dickey, third, 91.4.

Best averages second day: Sim Glover, first, 93.7; J. S. Fanning and L. H. Schortemeier, equal second, 93.1; Edward Banks, Chas. Floyd and P. Inman, equal third, 92.5.

Best averages third day: L. H. Schortemeier, first, 96.0; B. Leroy Woodard, second, 95.4; Charles Floyd, third, 94.8.

General averages three days: Edward Banks and J. S. Fanning, equal first, 92.7; L. H. Schortemeier, second, 92.5; B. Leroy Woodard and O. R. Dickey, equal third, 91.4.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 85. Average entry first day, 52.4; average entry second day, 49.7; average entry third day, 31.5; 21,490 targets were trapped during the tournament.

Among the Pines.

The eighth tournament was given at Auburn, Me., July 21 and 22, under the auspices of the Auburn Gun Club.

Best averages first day: Neal, first, 97.7; Samuel Preble, second, 95.4; Chas. Lambert, J. S. Fanning, Sidney Greene and M. A. Cutler, equal third, 93.1.

Best averages second day: E. C. Griffith, first, 94.2; O. R. Dickey, second, 93.7; William Stobie, third, 93.1.

General averages both days: William Stobie, first, 92.8; G. R. Hunnewell, second, 92.5; E. C. Griffith and H. E. Getchell, equal third, 92.2.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 72. Average entry first day, 53.5; average entry second day, 35.7; 20,020 targets were trapped during the tournament.

In Old Kentucky.

The ninth tournament was given at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2, 3 and 4, under the auspices of the Jefferson County Gun Club.

Best averages first day: J. D. Gay, first, 93.9; L. J. Squier, second, 89.6; J. T. Skelly, third, 89.0.

Best averages second day: L. J. Squier, first, 96.3; J. D. Gay and T. H. Clay, equal second, 89.6; C. E. de Long, third, 87.2.

General averages both days at targets: L. J. Squier, first, 93.0; J. D. Gay, second, 91.8; C. E. de Long, third, 85.4.

Best averages third day at live birds: C. E. de Long, first, 96.2; W. W. Watson and G. H. Robertson, equal second, 92.5; J. D. Gay, Samuel Hutchings, W. D. Thompson, T. H. Clay and S. H. Page, equal third, 88.8.

The total number of shooters taking part in the tournament was 65. Average entry first day, 30.5; average entry second day, 27.6; average entry third day, 24.5; 12,300 targets and 815 live birds were trapped during the tournament.

Recapitulation.

In the table as outlined below will be found a summary of the work accomplished during the season of 1901:

Shooters taking part..... 748
Live birds trapped..... 14,778
Targets trapped..... 168,551

Season 1902 Tournaments.

Clubs contemplating holding tournaments during the season of 1902, and desiring the assistance of the Interstate Association, should have their applications in the hands of the manager by Dec. 10, 1901, in order that they may be presented to the tournament committee for action thereon at the annual meeting of the Association Dec. 12, 1901.

Communications relating to inanimate target tournaments should be sent to the manager's home address: Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

Mr. B. Fletcher Robinson tells some good shooting stories in the current issue of Pearson's Magazine. This is one of many: The owner of a shoot, a short-tempered, apoplectic colonel, was very much annoyed at a prolonged wait which followed the beating of a small wood. "What in the name of fate, are you doing, Thompson?" he bawled to the keeper. "Get your beaters on to the next covert, man, and don't stand staring there like a stuck pig." "Beg your pardon, sir," said Thompson, approaching his master with a solemn air, "but there's a boy been shot." "Well, what if there has?" yelled the colonel, purple with fury; "put him in the bag, you idiot, and say nothing more about it."

A story is told in the Globe of a gentleman who owns a large estate in Ireland, and who, when out fishing the other day, had the misfortune to fall heavily, breaking both his legs. An Irish boy who was out with him did not quite know what to do, but felt that a few words of comfort would not be out of place. "Shure, yer honor," he said, consolingly, "now isn't it lucky that it's only your legs that are broken? Whoy, it might have been yourself."

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Kentucky Gun Club.

THE old Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, Ky., has again had one of its annual two-day pigeon shooting events, with an attendance that exceeds that of any previous year. On the first day, Oct. 26, the Kentucky handicap was shot, this event being open to all, and on the second day, Oct. 27, the championship of the State came off, open to residents of Kentucky only.

Beautiful weather went far toward making things pleasant for every one. The birds were, as a lot, unusually good, and barring a little lagging in the trapping everything went off as it always does on those well-appointed grounds and in that admirably managed club.

By referring to the scores below it will be seen that Mr. C. W. Phellis, shooting under the name of Phil, was the only man to go straight in the Kentucky handicap, though he had five men, some of whom were very dangerous, close up behind him. Mr. Phellis has not had much experience pigeon shooting, but it is clear that this young gentleman has in him the making of a splendid shot. The writer saw him score 48 out of 50 in a match on the Cincinnati Gun Club grounds, which, on those birds and on that day, would have been very hard indeed for any one to beat.

The Hazard Powder Company, for whom Mr. Phellis travels, is to be congratulated on having secured the services of so competent, agreeable and thoroughly well bred and polite a young gentleman, who makes friends wherever he goes, both for his company and for himself. I predict we will, barring accident, hear a good deal of Phil as time goes on, and it will all be in this same strain, and that is the best of it.

On the second day the Blue Ribbon event of the year for Kentucky pigeon shots was fought out, and that long, lean, redoubtable Kentuckian, winner on many fields, again showed how well he can shoot, and the man who can year in and year out show a better average on pigeons than this same Mr. J. D. Gay, must indeed be a topnotcher of very first flight.

Mr. Sam Hutchings, as usual, put up a splendid score, shooting with that grace and admirable style that have made him so conspicuous during his whole shooting career. Some of his second-barrel kills on that day brought out unstinted applause and reminded the old-timers of the grand work Dr. Carver and Edgar Murphy do on their good days.

One naturally compares him with these two famous shots, as he resembles their attitude at the score, as well as in build and consummate skill in handling his weapon. Unfortunately for him, the match itself was finished at dusk, and by the time congratulations had been extended both of the fortunate contestants, etc., etc., it was really almost dark.

Under such conditions Mr. Gay had of course a great advantage, being a much younger man. Still, as Mr. Hutchings declares he saw the birds he missed quite distinctly, why, perhaps the waning light did not operate against him so much after all. Every true sportsman admires the man who gracefully accepts defeat, for, after all, when two men ride one horse, one of these must ride behind. See?

A glance at the following scores will show how well most of the contestants shot, and what a warm and formidable set of men vied with each other on both days.

The only regret a man can have after attending a Kentucky Gun Club shoot is that there are so few of them, for if fair treatment, a good ground to shoot over, and the watching of a lot of genial, manly, sturdy sportsmen counts for anything, then by all means commend me to that club and its members.

It may be of interest to know that Messrs. Gay, Phellis and Hutchings shot Parker guns.

First Day, Oct. 26.

Kentucky handicap:	222222-2-022211122102-18
Le Compte, 29.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
Gay, 31.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
J O Ward, 30.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
T H Clay, 30.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
J T Page, 29.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
M Starr, 29.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
Dr Hansboro, 28.....	02222-12-2w
B Starr, 29.....	221221-222222222222-18
G W Clay, 30.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
D L Miller, 30.....	222222-2-0222222222-18
Robertson, 29.....	1112121222111120211-19
Phil, 30.....	222212222222222222-20
Du Bray, 30.....	2-222212120220122212-15
A B Duncan, 29.....	220222-21222120101121-16
W D Thompson, 30.....	2-222222-2222222222-16
W Dale, 30.....	2-222222-2222222222-16
Churchill, 29.....	1-01221222222212101-17
W W Watson, 30.....	2121222221220222020-17
Alf Clay, 31.....	2211121222200w
Dr Carver, 29.....	2222221022212222222-19
Gilbert, 28.....	2-222222-2222222222-19
Schultz, 30.....	122222222-2112121222-19
Culp, 30.....	22222222222020222222-18

Second Day, Oct. 27.

State championship for a silver cup:	111*102122201211201121200-19
M Starr.....	212222212220121221212202-23
Le Compte.....	0*122121212222121222*0112-21
Robertson.....	22222222222222222222-25
Gay.....	22222222222222222222-24
T H Clay.....	22212221212222030w
W Lowe.....	1222222122222222122202-22
Dr Culp.....	22222222212222222202222-22
H J Lyons.....	222222222222222222012222-22
Dr Duncan.....	222222222222222222012222-22
Buckner.....	11*2221222221*00212122212-18
Dr Fallis.....	222222222222222222122122-24
Dr Carver.....	2221222222212122202122222-21
B Starr.....	2121222222212212201212222-22
W W Watson.....	2121222122122122222221222-24
J T Page.....	222222212222222212222122-23
Hansbrough.....	2*1211222212122210112222-23
Alf Clay.....	1212222220211021*121240-21
Hutchings.....	22222222222222222222222-25
Schultz.....	12102222222222222222*21202-22
G W Clay.....	22022222222222222222222-23
J O Ward.....	2222222222222222222210222-22
Lee.....	2112*222222222222222222-22
D L Miller.....	211222222112221222212222-24
W D Thompson.....	221222*12211221221011202-22
W C Churchill.....	2022010111221022221212022-20
Charles Ballard.....	002202202021222220122122-19
Shoot-off at 5 birds:	
Gay.....	22222-5 Hutchings.....002

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 20.
No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

INDIAN TERRITORY LIVE QUAIL EXPORT.

THE transplanting of quail from States where they are abundant into other States where the supply has been depleted, has grown to large proportions, and of late years has been stimulated by the establishment of numerous game preserves. One of the principal dealers in live quail for stocking purposes is Mr. E. B. Woodward, of this city, who for several years has drawn his supply chiefly from the Indian Territory. He found formerly no question as to the lawfulness of the capture and export of the birds, but upon the enactment of the Lacey Act the Department of Agriculture instructed the United States marshals in the Territory to prevent the further export, on the ground that it was in violation of the law relating to the Indian Territory and of the Lacey Act. His business in live quail thus broken up, Mr. Woodward appealed to the Department for a modification of its order. In reply he has been advised that as the prohibitions of the shipment of quail are contained in acts of Congress, the executive branch of the Government cannot alter nor ignore them, and has no option but to enforce them. Dr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, who is charged with securing the enforcement of the Lacey Act, writes:

The question is one of considerable interest to us, and one to which we have given some attention during the past year. In several instances we have made special efforts to have provisions, which would permit export of live birds, incorporated in State game laws. In the case of the Indian Territory, the best remedy for the present difficulty seems to be that suggested by Hon. John F. Lacey, viz., an amendment which will authorize trapping of birds for propagating purposes under proper supervision, rather than an attempt to nullify the existing law.

And Hon. John F. Lacey writes to Mr. Woodward:

There is now no way that you can ship quail from Indian Territory without a modification of the local law of that Territory. I should think the proper remedy would be to get an amendment to authorize the Secretary of Agriculture, in his discretion, to allow the trapping of some reasonable amount of quail for propagation in that Territory, and in his discretion he can limit the amount so as not to be destructive to these birds beyond what the propagation there would justify. The quail of Indian Territory breed fast, having usually two broods a year.

I should think the law might be modified so as to give the Secretary discretion, which he would not exercise beyond reasonable limits, and he could make such regulations as would prevent the use of these privileges by those marketing the birds for food.

While it was true that gentlemen had been shipping live birds from that Territory in good faith for propagation, they were also being captured and shipped in violation of law for market purposes.

At any time in the past this law could have been enforced in the Territory. Under the Lacey Act, it can be enforced anywhere in the United States, wherever the birds may be found, thus making the local law operative where heretofore it was disregarded.

From all of which it appears that there is confusion as to the Indian Territory law and the application of the Lacey Act.

In the first place, it is to be said that there is nothing in the Indian Territory law to prevent the trapping of quail by Indians for export; and in the second place, the Lacey Act has no application whatever to the export or import of live quail from or into any State or Territory. An examination of the text of the two laws will lead to this conclusion.

The Indian Territory law under which the Department of Agriculture has acted, reads as follows:

Revised Statutes of the United States, 1878.—Sec. 2,137. Every person, other than an Indian, who, within the limits of any tribe, with whom the United States has existing treaties, hunts or traps, or takes and destroys any peltries or game, except for subsistence in the Indian country, shall forfeit all the traps, guns and ammunition in his possession, used or procured to be used for that purpose, and all peltries so taken, and shall be liable in addition to a penalty of \$500.

The law was originally enacted in 1832, and was re-enacted in 1878. Its purpose was to secure to the Indians the right to and profit from the game on their reservations. It was never intended to interfere with the Indian's right to take game and to sell it to the whites; on the contrary, it was designed expressly to assure that right to him, in order that he might have the profit accruing from the capture of game and peltries. It did not mean in 1832, nor does it mean in 1901, that the Indians of Indian Territory might not trap game and send it out of the Territory or barter it at the trader's store for export from the Territory. There is in this law no warrant for the interference of the United States marshals in the capture by Indians and shipment of quail, dead or alive, from the Indian Territory.

Nor has the Lacey Act any application to the case. That Act declares:

Sec. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to import into the United States any foreign wild animal or bird except under special permit from the United States Department of Agriculture. * * * The importation of the mongoose, the so-called "flying foxes" or fruit bats, the English sparrow, the starling, or such other birds or animals as the Secretary of Agriculture may from time to time declare injurious to the interests of agriculture or horticulture is hereby prohibited.

The provision prohibiting the transportation of game reads:

Sec. 3. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to deliver to any common carrier, or for any common carrier to transport from one State or Territory to another State or Territory, or from the District of Columbia or Alaska to any State or Territory, or from any State or Territory to the District of Columbia or Alaska, any foreign animals or birds the importation of which is prohibited, or the dead bodies or parts thereof of any wild animals or birds, where such animals or birds have been killed in violation of the laws of the State, Territory, or District in which the same were killed.

The articles of which the transportation is forbidden by this section are "any foreign animals or birds, the importation of which is prohibited," and "the dead bodies or parts thereof" of native game unlawfully killed. The live quail shipped from the Indian Territory are neither "foreign birds, the importation of which is prohibited," nor are they the "dead bodies or parts thereof of any birds killed in violation of the law," consequently they do not come within the category of birds with which the Department of Agriculture by virtue of the Lacey Act has to do.

Under these circumstances it is not too much to ask that the Department of Agriculture should withdraw its mistaken instructions to the marshals of the Indian Territory, to the end that what is not prohibited by statute may not be prevented by the arbitrary act of the Department.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.

To him whose knowledge of game shooting, big or small, comes from a perusal of press recountals, the appalling yearly lists of violent deaths consequent to every conceivable kind of "accident" from the use of the rifle and shotgun in the open season on game, the sport might have a significance more of death and bereavement to mankind than of pleasure and recreation. The average reader of such gruesome recountals further might justly resolve to eschew a sport which is apparently so prolific of loss of life and limb, even if he did not condemn it entirely on the ground that, being so fatal, it could not be a sport at all.

In any form of sport, accidents which neither care nor wisdom can guard against, will happen even though the most skillful are engaged in it. But, if to the skillful performers there be added a host of ignorant and unskillful, then accidents result in a far greater ratio than the mere addition of numbers would suggest. Place a gun in the hands of a person ignorant and unskillful in its use, and that man, however amiable or learned otherwise he may be, if unrestrained, is forthwith a menace to his fellows and in a lesser degree to himself. He is not intentionally dangerous, but he nevertheless is dangerous from his ignorance. If he is warned that his loaded gun is pointed at one companion, in shifting it away he is quite likely, unconsciously, to train it on another. He may not be able to climb over a fence with any degree of certainty even when his hands are free; with a loaded gun in them, then, danger threatens everywhere.

In the presence of game, or its anticipated presence, the average novice is in a high state of excitement, and may then do any senseless thing, from discharging his gun prematurely in any random direction, to mistaking for a deer the friend of a lifetime.

It should require no argument to prove that before a novice goes afield with the shotgun and rifle, he should have an accurate knowledge as to the proper manner of safely handling them, as well as some discipline in their practical use.

The "accidents," so called, are not the result of any natural perils inherent in the sport itself so much as they are the result of ignorance or criminal carelessness in the use of firearms. No one would consider it other than a criminal act if a man, entirely ignorant of engines, were placed in charge of an engine either stationary or locomotive; and the same might be said if a green man were placed in the position of a pilot on a steamboat. On engineer and pilot and on the members of other professions also, society imposes the most stringent legal re-

strictions for the safety of life and property; yet on the other hand a man may take a gun in hand and though ignorant of its use and powers, may sally forth with it in a settled community, with all conceivable possibilities of accident.

If a wholesome, earnest public opinion were aroused, not against the sport or against properly disciplined sportsmen, but against the practices of the undisciplined, improperly equipped beginner, a step toward correcting the evil at its source would be taken, instead of accepting the fatalities as being truly incidental to the sport as a whole.

As they concern shooting, the conditions at the present day have changed greatly from what they were some years ago. At that time game was more uniformly distributed; the country was more thinly settled; the shooters were mostly schooled from boyhood, and firearms were inferior in many respects, though more in keeping with the special uses to which they were applied in practice. At the present day the game sections are much smaller, the numbers of shooters have increased many thousand fold, firearms and ammunition have been improved, but, unfortunately, many shooters begin their schooling and their shooting together, in actual work afield. Not infrequently the deer hunting novice selects a high-power rifle with a range of over two miles to use in a settled neighborhood. A rifle with an accurate range of 200 yards would be more than ample, for most of the beginner's shots would be less than 100 yards, though that would be a much greater distance than he could skillfully shoot at. But if the novice shoots at a deer twenty yards away, and, with his long-range rifle, kills a man two miles away, can such a calamity be classed as an "accident"? Common foresight and prudence could easily have guarded against such happening. Therefore, instead of being an accident, such an event would be the result of criminal carelessness.

Of course there are certain happenings, dangerous to life and property, such as the bursting of a gun, the striking of a rock by a boat, etc., which no human foresight could foresee or prevent, and there are true accidents, but the calamities which are in a way invited are quite distinct from them.

Our greater population and consequently our more closely settled country with its much lessened game sections, and the great multiplication of hunters year by year, impose greater standards of skill and care on the part of the users of guns afield. Where the life and limb of others are involved, he who uses the rifle or shotgun should be a master of it. While society may not require that he must have a license from the proper authorities as a guarantee of his fitness to handle the gun, as it does in respect to the engineer, pilot, druggist, etc., to follow their vocation, there is nonetheless the same underlying obligation to observe the rights of the public. If the novice does not heed this obligation, it is only a question of time when he too must have a license which is a guarantee to the public that he is a safe man when gun in hand he wanders about where men, women and children also have a right to wander about, and therewith to live in peace and safety.

Before getting into a wagon it is no more than common prudence and foresight to remove the shells from one's gun. It also is but the task of a moment. If the horses should run away, if the wagon should break down, if the shooter should slip and fall in getting in or out, there is no possibility of death from the discharge of his gun. If the same precaution is observed when crossing a fence, there again can be no "accident" from the gun. If one keeps one's gun pointed in the air or entirely away from the person of others, even if the gun should be discharged when in hand, there again could be no accident. If the gun is placed against a tree, the cartridges being first withdrawn, then, if the dog knocks it over, or if it falls down from any cause, there can be no accident. If the shooter takes care to know absolutely what kind of animal is moving, he cannot by mistake shoot a man for a deer. It is quite as easy to think that a deer is a man as it is to think that a man is a deer. Wait till you know definitely, then you will not afterward have to tell what you thought, with the added knowledge that a man does not remotely look like a deer, and that all regrets cannot restore a life. In short, the matter of "accident" may depend on the matter of care and foresight more than on the unforeseen. Think about these things; and think about them before, and not after.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Ride on a Bull Moose.

MR. PAUL LIBBY, of New York, has recently returned from a two-months trip through the Maine wilderness, in which time, in company with his friend Mr. Charles Wake, he traversed nearly one thousand miles in canoes and over carries. This was Mr. Libby's first trip to the Maine woods, and he is enthusiastic in praise of the country and the opportunities it affords sportsmen. The party saw a great many deer and moose, counting as many as twenty-five in one day; but as the trip was made in the close season, they had to content themselves with snapshots of the game, and they have a number of exceedingly interesting views.

The most novel incident of the entire trip, and certainly the most exciting, occurred on the morning of Aug. 20, when Mr. Libby, in answer to a "defi" from his guide, leaped from the boat and rode on the back of a bull moose in the waters of Churchill Lake.

The party, consisting of Mr. Wake and his guide in one canoe, and Mr. Libby and his guide in the other, had just paddled into Churchill Lake from Eagle Lake, when Mr. Libby, whose canoe was behind that of Mr. Wake, saw ahead a bull moose feeding in the shallow waters of the lake. Wishing to obtain a picture, Mr. Wake asked his guide to bring him close to the animal, and the guide cautiously and slowly paddled up to the moose, between it and the mainland, and Mr. Wake got a good picture. The moose started to swim across the lake, with Mr. Libby and his guide following closely in their canoe. The guide, intending to have some sport with Mr. Libby, offered to wager that he could not ride the animal, and Mr. Libby promptly accepted. Both parties went in pursuit of the moose, and getting him between the canoes, in the center of the lake, it was now "up to" Mr. Libby to make good his part of the wage. His canoe was paddled close to the moose, and Mr. Libby, who is an athlete, jumped from the canoe and landed fairly and squarely on the back of the moose, which becoming frightened dropped to the bottom of the lake, taking the rider with him. Both came to the surface simultaneously, and the moose promptly made for the shore. Mr. Libby managed to climb into his canoe, but he was not satisfied with his brief experience, and Mr. Wake had not had the opportunity of obtaining a picture, so the canoes were again started after the moose, to drive him into deep water and force him to swim. This time Mr. Libby landed on the back of the animal nearer the neck, and held on to an ear. He then had the unique experience of riding for some distance on the back of a swimming moose, a feat which few men, if any, can claim to have accomplished.

Mr. Wake, from the canoe, obtained the interesting picture of the performance, which is here reproduced. With the photograph in evidence, Mr. Libby can look his listener in the eye, while relating his experience, for here is absolute proof of its genuineness.

The photograph is remarkable in itself. The canoe in the picture, the bow of which is clearly shown, was in full motion, as was also the canoe from which Mr. Wake took the picture, and the speed at which the moose, with the rider clinging to his back, was traveling, can best be judged by the disturbed condition of the water as he ploughs his way toward shore.

G. F. D.

A Walk Down South.—IV.

I LEFT Canton about 2 o'clock P. M. on Oct. 18. The road to Waterville, my next post-office, was very hilly as far as Liberty, or Blockhouse, so I was told. I walked down the Sugar Bush Creek road nearly a mile, and was near the forks, where I was to begin going over a great ridge, when an oldish man drove along with a two-horse, light wagon.

"Are you a peddler?" he asked. When he found that I was not, he asked if I wanted a ride. I did, and his team drew me almost to the top of a mile-long hill. That was a lift to start one's courage. When the driver reached his home, I shouldered my pack and walked along a rising grade for half a mile or so, when a single-horse milk wagon came up.

"Want a ride?" was the question. I did, and for nearly four miles I traveled with a creamery skimmer, whose father liked to hunt, and always kept a bird dog to shoot over. He served as guide sometimes to visitors, and killed much game every fall. But the skimmer did not care so much about hunting. He had killed game, of course, some gray squirrels and birds, but always with a shotgun. He wished he had learned to shoot with a rifle, for that was "cleaner shooting" than with a shotgun. It appealed to him to have a single bullet do the work of many pellets. But the shotgun had spoiled him for rifle work; and, anyhow, skinning milk and drawing it to the churn six miles had kept his mind off shooting topics for some years back, except an occasional hunt.

At Taylor's Corners we parted. I walked on and came to Ogdensburg, along the side of a ridge 200 feet high. I got occasional views up creek gullies and distant views of mountains. There was nothing within fifty rods of the road, however, to suggest hunting.

The skimmer told me of an old barn three or four miles away, beyond Ogdensburg. As I went down into a hollow a hundred feet deep, a gun shot up the brook there suggested game. But the stream was not fit for cooking or drinking, though it looked all right close at hand, save for a farmhouse and barn far up on a distant hillside in the stream's watershed. I did not camp there, as I would have liked to have done.

At the top of a hill beyond I found the old barn. A look in disclosed a luxurious pile of straw. I went to the next house and asked who owned or controlled the place.

The man of whom I asked the question owned it. Could I sleep there?

"What you sleeping out for?" he asked.

"It's as comfortable as any other way," I replied. "I don't like to pay hotel bills."

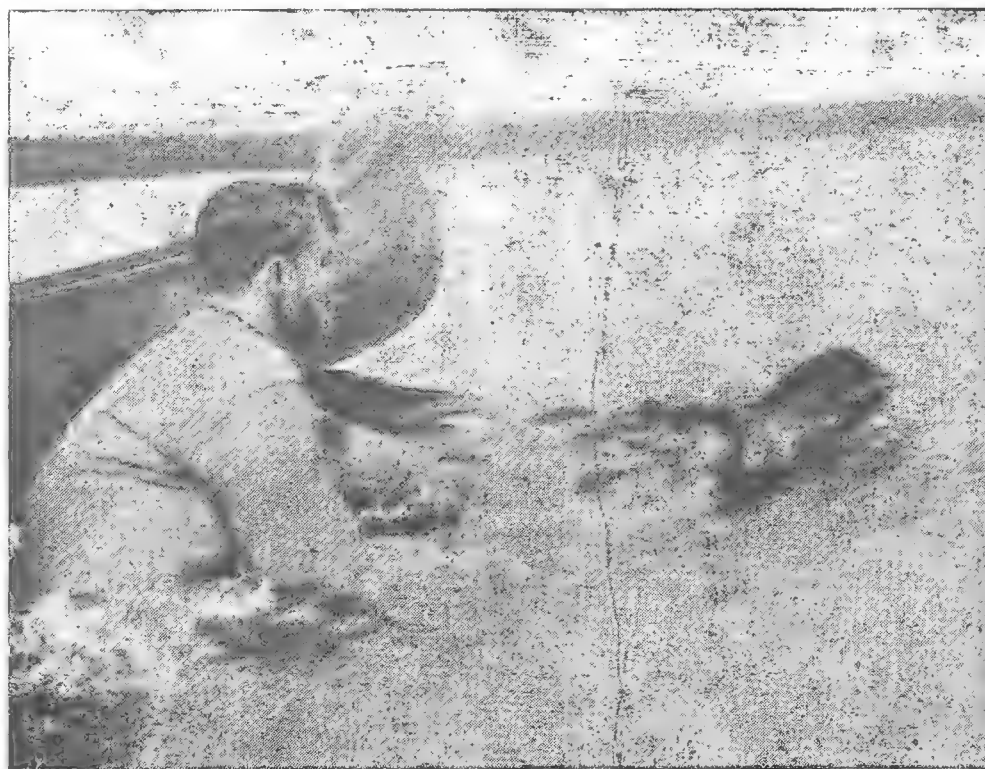
"Do you smoke?"

"No. Here's my match box, if you want it."

He didn't want it. Then I wanted to buy some milk. He wouldn't sell, but gave me a couple of quarts to drink. I went back to the barn, and, because the night looked cold, I dug a hollow in the mow, banked it around with three-foot sides. With the woolen blanket, the tent sides and the rubber blanket over me, and a woolen shirt tied over my head for a nightcap—a most necessary article for exposed sleepers—I soon found my way into the land of Nod, whence I was summoned by the near and loud cawing of crows soon after daybreak. The birds were within six rods, picking up grain that had fallen during the too late harvest, and were having lots of fun over it.

The crows I have seen were not always so peaceful as these grainers appeared to be. Hardly a day has passed during which I have not seen crows in swift and apparently angry pursuit of each other. Often these disputes seemed to start in woods, where there were beech or chestnuts, so I suppose the search for food among the sable harvesters is accompanied by much strife in the common granaries of nature.

I went to the house to take a photograph with which to pay for the milk I had received the night before, and received a full-fledged breakfast of bread and milk, apple jam and butter, and a cup of hot coffee. With that I started on, intending to fry sausage for lunch. A patch of woods looked so like red-squirrel country that I



A RIDE ON A BULL MOOSE.

stopped to see if I could not get one or two. I saw none, but found some great hemlocks on a side hill. That was cheering. The hemlock is an Adirondack tree, and, with some spruces I had seen the day before, rendered the trip less lonesome than it had been. It was homelike.

No sooner was I under the pack than I was overhauled by a light wagon drawn by a big, black horse.

"What'll you give for a ride from here to Liberty?" the driver asked.

"I'll take your picture if you'll trust me for it." Then I saw a mail bag, and knew it was the stage. I asked the price, and it was 25 cents for six miles, so I got in and rode.

We were talking about the scarcity of gray squirrels this year, when the sun faded out of sight in a mist, the west grew black and the wind rose rapidly and grew colder. To the north I could see the rain sweeping over a great ridge there, and we prepared for a shower. I wished I hadn't ridden then.

It sprinkled, and then it poured. My rubber blanket shed the water beautifully, however, and by crouching I was able to keep out of the wind behind it. Nevertheless it was a long three miles to Liberty during the shower, and we got there just at noon. The dinner bell rang as I left the wagon, and I ate at the table of one of the hotels. It was a good meal, and drove out the hardest thoughts brought on by the rain, which is nearly always discouraging. When the meal was over, the sun was shining again, and the road seemed clear and good to follow once more. The direction was "right down the creek" and I couldn't lose my way.

Block House Run is the stream's name, so-called because the first building upon it was built of great wood timbers, which resisted the weather for sixty years, but succumbed to fire twenty years ago.

At the hotel my rifle was examined with the general and awkward handling which men unused to firearms bestow upon weapons. They asked if it would kill a bear—a .32 rim-fire, I had my doubts about it—so they said I'd better look out, for the bears were thick down that way, crossed the road every night, it was said, and often by day. Of course all this was taken with seasoning; nevertheless it was encouraging to learn that the farm country was being left behind and real woods were soon to come in sight.

A little over a mile down the creek the stream suddenly dipped down into a deep, narrow gully, while hills, rather two long ridges, loomed up on either side. Along the side of one of them the road struggled for a while, then pitched, with utter abandon, one might say, down into the hollow.

It was a new kind of country to me. The valley was like the letter V, with the bottom filled in for a few rods. I learned later that each leg of the V was from 500 to 1,000 feet long. The tops were forest-crowned, but

nearly all of second growth. In another year it will be all second growth. The road led past a farmhouse or two lost in the depths. Then I came to Butterwood, an unpainted village of one-story houses. In the road side path I spied the mark of a lumberman's shoes. His soles had the thirty-six odd "corks" with which he grips the slippery log or the smooth rock every time he steps. Nothing that I had seen since I started was quite so thrilling as this track. It was like the trail of a friend. A mile further I asked a man where the lumber camp was.

"Right down the valley 'bout a mile and a half," was the reply, and I started down the valley, feeling better than for many days.

That was late on Saturday afternoon. I reached the camp about 5:30 o'clock. It was a hemlock board structure, with dining room, lobby and kitchen downstairs and the dormitory upstairs—and there were hearty woodsmen ready to say "Howde do!" and a boss ready to say, "Come in and spend the night."

As usual, I was believed to be a pack peddler—a novel sort of one, because I had a rifle. I ate a hearty supper—potatoes, bacon, lima beans, bread and tea, but not the strong Kreutzer cheese. I talked with the boys till nearly 9 o'clock, and then went to bed. I heard that it was possible to get a job. In the morning I asked for work, for I was reluctant to leave so cheerful a place. The jobber was Marshall Carson. When I asked for work he looked at my bicycle trousers and repeated in surprise, "A job?"

And then I got it.

It was a bright autumn Sunday. Red squirrels were chattering down the road, and the leaves falling to their winter graves. Nearly all hands went after chestnuts "up on the hill." One of them took my rifle for luck, when I consented. They tied meal sacks under their left arms with a strap or string over the right shoulders. At noon they came back, some with only a couple or three quarts, others with nearly a bushel.

They wanted to try my gun. One wanted to buy it. We fired a few shots. It was then that I became acquainted with Daddy. Daddy was the oldest man in the camp. For forty years he had been a woodsman and a hunter. He had killed many big deer. It was a pleasure to see him draw up the little rifle and fire as the sights came level; it was also pleasing to we two when our bullets struck less than a quarter of an inch apart at seven rods. That showed a certain affinity.

Daddy has a camp over toward Laurel Hill, where he hunts deer every fall, and traps skunks during the winter, as well as shoots foxes. That is his vacation from a summer's toil in a lumber camp. He kills deer and enjoys life as much any one one; "civilization" has no charms for him; the lumber camp is as near as he cares to come to the clearings, now that his wife is gone.

In the afternoon many went chestnutting again. Daddy took my rifle and an empty dinner pail, but he gathered only a few chestnuts. He heard a black squirrel, and a squirrel was more to him than picking up the forest fruits. It was much more to him than the night's meal. He kept Johnny Elliott and me out till it was after dark, and we all three caught harkie because we were too late for supper—which made extra work for the jobber's wife, who was cook.

One morning soon after daybreak, as I followed the teams to the bark pile to help load, a great "pheasant"—my "partridge" or a book's ruffed grouse—roared noisily from out over the valley, which lay two hundred-odd feet below, then circled back to its native hillside, only further on. It was a sight to make one dizzy—that heavy bird so far up in the air. On the next day I was near the top of the ridge, with a descent of nearly 1,000 feet to the creek bottom, when Daddy, over the next gully, stopped "fitting" logs to look up. His ears had heard the honking of wild geese. One by one the saw crews ceased their rasping and the nosers stopped rounding off the edges of log ends with their axes. For a few moments the destruction of the forest ceased that a flock of sixty-odd wild honkers might be seen far overhead among the cirrus clouds as it appeared. I worked for two and a half days as "Buddy" the boy, and then quit because the boss wouldn't let me take half a day to get photographs. But I did not have to leave at once—not with a camera. I got all the pictures I needed and came away. Daddy shook my hand:

"I wish you could go over to my camp with me this fall," he said, as he turned away, and that was the most pleasing thing I heard all the while I was there. The old woodsman was willing to risk his fall hunt's pleasure on me.

Down the valley, through a red-squirrel country, I reached English Town or English Center. I met William Wentz there. He has read the FOREST AND STREAM for years. Both he and his mother are field sport enthusiasts. Only the day before he had killed three mallard ducks, three pheasants and a gray squirrel—the best string he ever made. He got the ducks over a point by his dog across the water straight into the sun's reflection. He could not see them till they got down stream a way, and then he fired twice. He got two birds at once, the third he did not know he had hit till the dog came down stream with the bird in his mouth.

Within twenty minutes' walk of the bridge, Wentz said there were deer tracks sure to be seen. On the hills round about were wildcats, which no one ever hunted; foxes, a few of which fell before dogs, and bears that sometimes were met in the roads. Deer are protected from hounds by public law, local prejudice and the rattle of oak leaves. Few are killed these days. Large game is more numerous than small. I saw six buggies on the way from English Center to Waterville, and in five of them were guns or rifles. Even a pair of sweethearts clasped hands over a rifle and divided the attention of their eyes among the wood, the hillsides and each other's face.

The hills are steep, slide rock; on top it is said to be a level country, with few gullies; all is grown to brush and saplings. The briars make still-hunting practically im-

possible, consequently it is believed large game is increasing rapidly now that deer hounding is forbidden by law and sentiment.

Wild turkeys, pheasants and other lesser game have fared worse in the lower valley of Little Pine Creek, into which Block House Run empties above English Center, than have the deer and bear. Wildcats are ever increasing, it is believed. Their tawny hides are seen in the thickets occasionally, but few dogs will pursue them. They range and prey unmolested upon the favorite game of the local and visiting sportsmen.

Every hill seems to have been swept by fire in this village, for on them all I saw charred stumps. When the hemlocks were cut off, the bark chuted down the mountains, and the logs run down the gullies on the soft snow—gullies so steep-sided that I slipped down ten and even fifteen feet several times while scrambling, as a green hand, around the bark piles on dry leaves—following this destruction came the dry summer and the swift-footed fires, which laid bare the rocks and made way for acres of the beautiful fire weed and the subsequent growth of scrub oaks and other trees.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

X.—The March Through the Woods.

WE marched at the best speed we could maintain, with the prisoners and recovered captives between the center and flank files, and taking a course to the eastward of the lake, which the Indians call Mem-frow-bow-gook.

I saw little of Mercy now, but gave her such assistance as I could when opportunity offered, for I would not have her think my resentment made me capable of an unmannerly spite. She made no more than the commonest and necessary speech with me, more than I with her, yet I often caught her looking at me in an inquiring, troubled way that puzzled me more than that her eyes would drop abashed for shame when they caught mine.

We went on for some distance without adventure or molestation, and began to hope that the captors of the boats had given over pursuit, when presently they or some other force of the enemy were discovered by our rear guard, whereupon Major Rogers ambushed our trail, and when the French and Indian wolves came sneaking and nosing their way along it, we fell upon them so hotly that they gave us no trouble thereafter.

But there was a more unconquerable enemy lying in wait for us. We soon got into a very difficult and dismal region of alternate swamps and mountains, where our guides were at fault, and we wandered wildly, sometimes following a deluding ridge, sometimes trusting to the guidance of a treacherous rivulet, till it was swallowed in the black mire of a swamp, and mocked us at our backs with the merry chuckle of its free course down the heights. Our stock of provisions, consisting mostly of the corn taken from the Indian town, was running low, and there was apparently no game in this desolate wilderness nor a fish in its streams to eke out our scant fare. Starvation was confronting us, and, to lessen the chances of such a wretched plight, Major Rogers set free the Indian prisoners save one boy, to whom he had taken a great fancy, and the girl for whom Mercy had interceded, who would not leave her, to make their way back to the remnant of their people as best they could. Then, to increase our chances of finding subsistence on game and roots, he divided the force into small parties, with instructions to make for the Coos Meadows, where he doubted not we would find ample stores awaiting us, sent up from Number Four by General Amherst.

The two women were put in the care of my party of four Rangers at my earnest request, for there was no one whose safety I so much desired, and I felt there was not a man of our force who would so faithfully care for them. I was mindful that Mercy should not know that I had been at any pains to have her with my party, but it was evident that she was glad it had so fallen out and that the young squaw, Angelique Wadso, attended her. Having received our meager share of corn, we separated from the others, and shaping our course as well as we could determine, set forth on the journey, which was to be so desperate to all, so fatal to many.

My old comrade Murphy was one of the party, and had committed to his charge a considerable share of the valuables taken from St. Francis, principally, I think, because of his well-known avariciousness that would make him hold on to the last to the treasure, and partly that his toughness and expertness in woodcraft would make him as likely as any to carry it through safely. Since coming unharmed out of the attack, he had recovered something of his spirits, but began to be oppressed with gloomy forebodings as rations grew scantier and the way more wearisome.

"It's no use, Paul, now, we'll a' be starved and leave our bones in the wilderness," he would say, as he trudged doggedly on, yet still holding on to his precious burden, that was worth less to us now than quarter its weight of the commonest food. "Why did I ever set foot on this cursed continent?" he would say again and again. "Wae's the day I left my ain England!"—I could never understand why he kept up the sham of being the Englishman his face and speech so openly belied.

As we marched now, two guarded the women and two skirted out and forward in search of game—a search that was seldom rewarded by anything larger than a red squirrel, for this wilderness seemed given over to the abomination of desolation, almost deserted by all living things save our forlorn selves. Once we got a hare and once a spruce partridge, and once we were tantalized with the sight of a fresh deer track, so lately made in the moist mould that it was not yet filled with the water slowly oozing in. That night every one of us dreamed of bountiful feasts of roast venison, just ready to be partaken of, and then vanishing in the chill mist of dawn as we awoke shivering from our cold beds to divide the unsatisfying ration of pounded, parched corn. This we eked out with such edible roots as we found, being greatly helped therein by Angelique, who was very wise in the knowledge of them, as all the Indian women are. But we were all getting weak, and so near starvation that when we made our camp at night and sat around the fire, which was our cheap comfort, we could regale ourselves with promises of full fare when we came to civilization again.

For one true Yankee it was to be pork and beans; for another an endless supply of his mother's pumpkin pies, but I remember that Murphy craved not roast beef and plum pudding, as an Englishman would be apt to, but "haggis," which, I believe, is an outlandish dish that only a Scotchman can abide.

I cannot describe the woeful days of wandering in the desolate wilds, where the continual shade of the interminable black growth seemed to deepen about us at every weary step. It was as if each were visibly taking us down into the valley of the shadow of death, and our ears were strained in the vast, deathly silence for some sound of other life than our own, which was like soon to be at one with the universal, awful stillness. The croak of a raven, the howl of a wolf, would have been cheering sounds.

One morning two of our men—Nat Borden and Nathan Porter—awoke light-headed, and went staggering off through the woods, and did not rejoin us. I was very weak in body, but still kept my poor wits and held our course by the compass, doing my best to encourage Mercy and give her some help in the worst places. There was yet so much life in me that the touch of her hand thrilled me with delight, so that I thought in the midst of our misery and in the face of death, love outlives the weakness and fickleness of life, and asked myself, Does it outlive life itself? And I wondered that with such likelihood of being near the end of it, she did not confess or excuse herself. Could she think that I did not know how false she was to me, and was she merely using me as the help-fullest means of getting back to her husband? That was a hard thought to hold of this sweetheart, once so tender and true. I was many times on the point of confronting her with it, yet it seemed a wanton cruelty in such a strait as she was in, and I held my peace.

After the next dismal night poor Murphy lost his head and plunged away into the black shades at a staggering run, holding fast to his worthless cumber of brooches and coins. After trying in vain to call him back, I went in quest of him, and at last came upon him kneeling at the foot of a great tree, digging a hole with his hatchet to bury his treasure. When I spoke to him he struggled to his feet and made at me savagely; then, as suddenly, turned and ran at such a pace I could not keep him in sight, and I gave over following him. Presently a crow began cawing not far off, and I set about stalking him with anxious caution and devoutly as a sinner might for a shot that would a little longer ward off starvation, for the last of our corn was gone two days since, and all the day before we had had but half a dozen ginseng roots and as many tallow balls—the root of a kind of orchis—to divide among us.

At last, when he had led me a long roundabout, I had the luck to get aim at him on the top of a dead spruce, and I never was so nervous over a shot at a moose. My heart stood still in this instant that I pulled trigger, and then gave a great bump of joy when through the powder smoke he came tumbling all asprawl to the earth. I pounced upon him before the breath was gone, and plucked him at once, so that his feathers should not betray him to Mercy. He was fat, as crows are apt to be in the fall, I dared not think on what manner of fare. I had followed him in such a wandering course that when I undertook to make my way back to my companions, I went all astray, and so wandered for what I judged might be two hours, till I came upon a most ghastly landmark. It was Murphy, lying stiff and stark beside his buried treasure, from which death had not parted him then, nor, doubtless, has yet, for there I left the poor body, decently covered with a blanket, being too weak to give it burial. I found two roots of ginseng in his pocket, worth more than twice his hoard of silver, and having now recovered my direction by so fearful a sign, soon found my way to Mercy and the Indian girl, the first being in great distress over my disappearance, though Angelique was trying to persuade her that she could lead her to the Coos Meadows.

My bird, when broiled, gave us a more satisfying meal than we had eaten for some days, and the only one who knew what it was not being nice, it was relished by all. We resumed our journey in better heart, and toward nightfall came to a pleasanter country and a stream of some size, which the Indian girl declared would bring us soon to the Long River, or Connatecook, as she gave it. Here were birches, maples and elms, bright with autumn colors as a summer garden with flowers. It was like sunshine after clouds and storm, that did much to lighten our hearts after the depressing gloom of the black growth.

"Cui Bono?"

CHARLESTOWN, N. H., Nov. 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I may lay myself open to the application to myself of the old Latin proverb which I quoted in a letter a few weeks since, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* (which your types mangled by printing it *dator*) if I touch on the subject of yacht racing, but your quotation in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* from the London Field inspires me to ask the above question.

I am no yachtsman, but I am not unfamiliar with salt water. I have enjoyed more or less fishing excursions along the coast of New England, have rounded the Atlantic coast from Nova Scotia to New Orleans, and crossed the Atlantic under canvas, returning but a few weeks before the America brought home the well-known cup.

It seems to me, as a "looker-on in Venice," that it is time to put that cup in "cold storage," and open a fresh deck for a new deal. Horse racing has been always defended on the ground that it tended to improve the breed of horses, but the contests for the Cup have only succeeded so far in developing a class of "racing machines," which are utterly useless for any practical purposes. They can neither carry a cargo, nor enter a port where there is much less water than is required to float a man-of-war; and they take the crew of a three-masted to hoist their enormous canvas. They have not the accommodations for a pleasure yacht, and dare not cross the ocean except under a "jury rig." They require a millionaire or a syndicate of millionaires to build and sail them, and are utterly worthless when the race is over!

Now, my suggestion is this: Let the New York Y. C. select the best schooner in their fleet—say the Constellation—and offer a handsome prize to any foreign-

built schooner that will come over under her own canvas, without the help of a tug, and beat her; and if they can do it, get the Herreshoffs to build another and send it over to bring it back again. Let the boats be of a practical and useful size, 200 or 300 tons, and good for after uses, as the old America is to-day. I stipulate schooners, for she is one, and one of my ancestors, Capt. Andrew Robinson, of Gloucester, Mass., has the credit of being the inventor of that rig. Such a contest might develop something new, but, as the Field says, it is not worth while to keep racing boats which are merely close copies of Herreshoff's models. What earthly use is there in racing boats which need a pendulum of the weight of a locomotive engine hung from the keel to prevent their tipping over?

The financial collapse of the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, calls for another application of my question. What is the use of spending millions of dollars in the construction of tawdry, lath and plaster, gingerbread show palaces, which are only to be destroyed after the show is over?

The original Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, of which I saw the opening, still does duty at Sydenham; the Centennial buildings at Philadelphia were taken down and the materials used over again in different parts of the country; but what has become of the White City at Chicago? or will become of the City of Light at Buffalo? Nothing but debt and disappointment?

Let me change my topic: The chapters of Mr. Robinson's "Life of a Ranger" in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* remind me that I was called a few weeks since for some information relating to that expedition to St. Francis. A lady in Massachusetts wrote me to ask for the date of it, as she said her grandfather (named Aldrich) was one of the Rangers, and went with a company from this town. I found by the town records that a company was gathered here and marched across Vermont to Crown Point, just in time to joint that expedition, Sept. 13, 1746. Our "Town History" gives quite an account of the sufferings of the return march after losing their boats, as described by Mr. Robinson. Just after I had looked up this question I got another letter, asking me for the date of the death of Capt. Phineas Stevens, who defended the old Frontier Fort No. 4 at this place against a large force of French and Indians for three days, finally repulsing them. This, I found in the village cemetery, and the inscription is worth recording, viz.: "Capt. Phineas Stevens, died at Chegnecto, N. S., Feb. 16, 1756, who had been for many years in the wars, and was Commandant of the Garrison in this town, and at different periods had many combats with the French and Indians."

Speaking of Indians, I found a very fine Indian "tom pestle," such as they used to crack their hominy with, lying beside the railroad tracks, about half a mile from the village, a few days since. It had probably come in a carload of gravel used for leveling up the track and taken from a great gravel bank about a mile north, on the edge of Beaver Meadow, said to have been a favorite Indian cornfield.

A fine buck, with horns just budding, was brought into town last week from across the river in Vermont by one of our young sportsmen from the base of Skitewauke Mountain, directly opposite this same Beaver Meadow. I wish the Vermont law-givers had continued their prohibition a little longer.

VON W.

In North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., Nov. 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting season for partridges (no one resident in North Carolina ever says quail) began in almost all the State Nov. 1. Birds are plentiful enough. The weather has been dry and unseasonably warm, and they have kept in thickets along branches to a great degree. More grain and peas were sown than usual. Northern sportsmen know only a few localities in this State as points where good shooting is to be had, but they will find partridges in two-thirds of the counties. Deer are more abundant than in a number of years, and so are turkeys and bear. The east is the best place for these, with the New Bern section as a center.

One of the strangest accidents on record in this State occurred not far from Salisbury. Frank Miller was 'possum hunting. A covey of partridges, flushed by the hunters, and scared by the men and dogs and dazzled by the light they carried, flew against Miller, striking him such a blow in the forehead as to knock him down, while the bird, its neck broken, fell dead at his feet.

Warren Carver, of Cumberland county, nearly seventy years old, but erect and alert, and still the best fox hunter in the State, with a great record for chases and good hounds, never goes anywhere within twenty miles of his bailiwick unless he has his horn and a few of his dogs. He went to Wilmington the other day with his pack, and joined the local fox club in a chase. On the return one of the club asked him how many foxes he had caught during his long career. He pulled out his notebook and offered his best hound to the president of the club if he would guess within 100 of the record. The president guessed 1,200 and won the dog, much to the surprise and chagrin of Carver, who said he had "taken the brush" of 1,281 foxes.

For some unknown reason, this year, most of it so very wet, has been notable for big snakes in this State. The largest rattlers ever killed were shot by B. B. Mallison at his farm, near Wildwood Station, Craven county. One had forty, the other thirty-six rattles. Both were a trifle over 6½ feet in length. One weighed over 16 pounds. The negroes of the neighborhood asked Mallison to give them the snakes. After taking the rattles and skins, he did so. The negroes carefully cooked the snakes and had a feast. They declared the "meat was jes" as good as chick'n." The flesh was very white and the negroes seemed to enjoy their feast.

FRED A. OLDS.

Weight of Quail and Woodcock.

The average weight of quail is about 6¼ ounces; of woodcock a trifle less. Quail run from 4 to 7½ ounces; woodcock seldom weigh less than 5, and sometimes 8¼ ounces, but their mean weight is a little less than that of quail.

Natural History.

The Okapi.

THE London Times has this description of the okapi, the newly discovered African antelope: That extraordinary new mammal, the okapi, discovered by Sir Harry Johnston in Central Africa, is now to be seen at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell Road, on the ground floor. The skin brought home by Sir Harry has been admirably mounted by Mr. Rowland Ward, and the public have now the opportunity of forming their own conclusions as to this singular animal, which, after remaining hidden from the gaze of naturalists, hunters, and the civilized world generally until the beginning of the twentieth century, has suddenly been brought to light.

Having had considerable experience of African animals in the wild state, the writer was naturally anxious to obtain an early view of the new animal. It is beyond all doubt a most curious beast, one of the very oddest forms of animal life in a country teeming with strange and singular creatures. To any one who knows the fauna of Africa, the okapi gives at once the impression of being a blending of three different mammals—antelope, giraffe and zebra. Its shape and general body coloring remind one very much of the members of that well-known group of antelopes, which includes the hartebeests and bastard hartebeests; its head is distinctly giraffe-like, and the curious, horizontal stripings upon the forelegs and hind-quarters are, again, very zebra-like. Yet the okapi is, beyond all doubt, a true species, and is not a hybrid or a "sport" of any kind. That the new animal has affinities with the antelopes and the giraffe cannot be doubted for a moment by any one acquainted with these animals. That—in spite of its stripings—it has any kind of relationship with the zebras, as was supposed when pieces of the skin were first brought to Europe, cannot, on the other hand, be imagined for a moment. The zebra-like markings are a mere chance resemblance, and the okapi has no sort of kinship with the splendid striped equidæ peculiar to Africa.

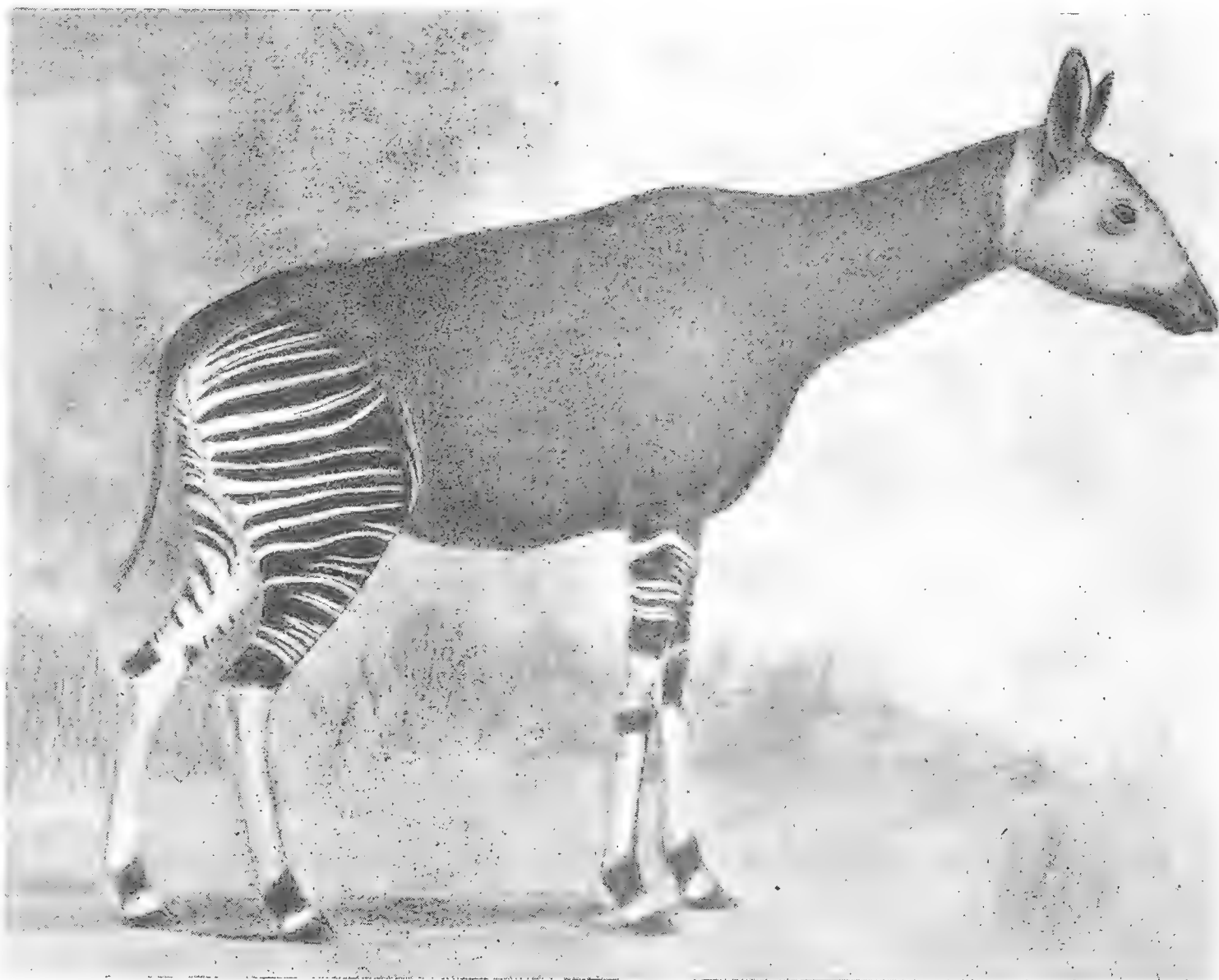
The impression one gains of this strange creature, after a prolonged examination, is that it is decidedly more akin to the antelopes than to the giraffe. Standing some 5 feet in height at the withers, the new specimen gives one very much the impression, as I have said, of being allied to the bastard hartebeests and hartebeests. It has the same high withers, and slopes away toward the tail in just the same drooping, ungainly fashion. Its body coloring resembles most nearly, I think, that particular group of antelopes known as the bastard hartebeests, called by naturalists *damaliscus*. In this group are to be found the korrugum, or Senegal hartebeest, the topi of East Africa and tiang of Senaar, Kordofan and Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces, the bontebok, blesbok and tsesseby of South Africa, and Hunter's antelope, another East African species; and of these animals the okapi in its body coloring most nearly resembles the tsesseby (the bastard hartebeest of the Boers) and the topi and tiang of East Africa and the Sudan regions. The body coloring is, in effect, of a deep chocolate or reddish brown, the forehead somewhat brighter in hue, as are the large and singularly broad ears, which remind one in shape very much of the koodoo. I should judge that the okapi, like the koodoo, is a beast of preternaturally quick hearing and of singularly vigilant and suspicious habits. The antelope-like character of the okapi is again to be noticed in the clean and shapely legs, which look like carrying the animal, nathless its forest surroundings, at as good a pace as that compassed by many of the fleet antelopes of the Dark Continent. The stripings—purplish-black on a creamy ground—are found on the upper portions of the forelegs, while on the hindquarters they extend from the root of the tail to the hocks. The lower portions of the legs—the forelegs especially—are curiously pied and marked in black and white, reminding one somewhat of the bontebok, or pied antelope of South Africa. The hoofs, like the legs, more nearly resemble those of the antelope's than of any other animal. The stomach is blackish.

The dark chocolate-hued neck is fairly long, but certainly bears no great resemblance to that of a giraffe; in fact, it resembles much more nearly that of an antelope than of the tallest quadruped in the world. When we come face to face, however, we are at once confronted by distinctly giraffe-like characteristics. The cheeks are of a yellowish-white, or cream, color, and the reddish coloring of the forehead is succeeded by a dark line, which runs down the center of the face. The muzzle is sepia colored. Not in the coloring, but in the conformation of the head, however, is the okapi's resem-

blance to the giraffe conspicuous. The long, prehensile muzzle and lips, the narrow, elongate nostrils, and the general look and shape of the head remind one wonderfully of the giraffe. As with the giraffe, the prehensile upper lip is manifestly exactly fashioned for browsing upon the leafage of trees and bush. The giraffe plucks its nourishment from the spreading acacia tree which bears its name (*Acacia giraffæ*); the okapi doubtless gathers its food from bushes and shrubbery and possibly the lower branches of squat trees. Wandering as it has done during long ages of the past in the dark and remote forests of the Congo Hinterland, the okapi has undoubtedly sought and found its food supplies from these sources for uncountable generations. Its lips are the lips of a woodland feeder and not of a grass-cropping denizen of the open plains. And yet, during all these ages, the animal has retained the coat of a tsesseby, which, as all African sportsmen know, is an animal of the sunlight, a denizen of open plains, checkered with bush. One cannot account for this fact, or for the bizarre stripings, or, in fact, for the new animal's strange and somewhat contradictory appearance.

The giraffe has been well called "a most fantastic form of deer"; the okapi may be designated with equal truth "the most fantastic form of antelope." Although, as I have said, the head is in some respects strongly giraffe-like, the eye of the okapi scarcely bears out this resemblance. The giraffe's eye is large, tender and melting, soft brown in hue, and shaded by long lashes. The eye of the okapi is, on the contrary, small, dark, protruding and unlovely. It has none of the beauty of the giraffe's liquid eye, and is set somewhat lower in the head.

Ages ago Pliny remarked that from Africa there is



THE OKAPI, THE NEWLY DISCOVERED AFRICAN MAMMAL.
The mounted specimen in London.

always something new. The Dark Continent continues, to the latest hour of its history, to maintain this pre-eminence. It will be extremely interesting to hear further facts concerning the habits and life-history of this strange animal. At present we are very much in the dark as to the range and manner of life of the new species. It may be hoped that Sir Harry Johnston, to whom we are all indebted for this new and most interesting form of animal life, will shortly be able to procure what the lawyers term "further and better particulars."

Upon the whole *Okapi johnstoni*, as the scientists have labeled it, can scarcely be called a handsome contribution to the fauna of Africa. It lacks the magnificent appearance of the eland, the koodoo, the sable and roan antelopes, the gemsbok and others of the nobler forms of antelope. It lacks, too, the unique and stately beauty of the tall giraffe. Its prototype would seem to have been some creature of the long remote past, when the ancestors of the giraffe and antelopes were much more nearly allied than are these animals at the present day. It may, perhaps, like the tapir, be looked upon as a singular and bizarre instance of arrested development.

Albino Squirrels.

MR. JESSE S. KEYS, of Madison, N. J., has sent to Mr. Fred Sauter, of this city, for mounting, three albino red squirrels. The animals are perfect specimens of albinos, two of them being a beautiful snow-white, without a speck of color. The other is not quite so clean in appearance; the skin is of a grayish-white color, but also without a spot. They were killed in New Jersey.

G. F. D.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Adventures in Tropical America.

V.—Experiences with Wild Animals.

CAMPING in the jungles of Central America one is certain to encounter wild animals. Of these only the jaguars and sometimes the panthers are dangerous, and the Indians tell many stories of wild encounters. From their description, an old female jaguar, with an acquired, discriminating taste for human blood, must be a creature dreadful indeed.

During a journey in Spanish Honduras, some companions and myself were forced to remain about three months at a deserted lumber camp in the very center of the jungles. Here every night jaguars, panthers and tiger cats came prowling about the camp, filling the air at intervals with their strange cries. The tiger cats were not dangerous, but the jaguars and panthers caused us some alarm. Of all the sounds in the tropical forests, the cry of the jaguar is the most awe-inspiring. From all the tangled growth of the jungle, a myriad of minor voices constantly fills the early hours of the night; then a volume of sound breaks in on the harmony of sound; a roar ending in a sudden choking and all is still; from the forest no sound arises, the jaguar has cried out on his pathway, and all nature pauses as if in fear, then, reassured, the voices of the minor animals begin again, and presently are heard as before.

One night I heard the voice of an unusually large jaguar coming nearer and nearer to camp; then presently its deep cry was heard close by the houses, and all was still. It was probably coming in, but where? Of course

not from the place where it had last cried out; perhaps it would sneak along the river front, or come crawling in through the long grass of the savannah. While I waited listening a soft footfall was heard just by the house, and then a stealthy step coming through an open room or piazza. It is preparing to attack, was my first thought. My bed was most exposed—in fact, nothing but a door covered with cheese cloth to keep out the mosquitoes, separated me from the piazza. I sat up listening and fancied I heard a deep breathing. I called softly to my companions, got up, found my pistol and stood waiting. Everything was still. Then I whispered, "Let's go out and try for a shot."

My companion whispered assent, and then said he would open the door, and cautioned me to be ready if the jaguar should spring through it. Then he whispered, "Ready?" opened the door and—got behind it. A breath of fresh air blew in my face, a shiver went down my back. That was all. An instant I stood waiting, and then stepped out. But the animal had gone as stealthily as it had come. Then out came my companion, all big words and flourish. Together we went about the camp for a time, hoping for a shot. Then

the mosquitoes drove us in and we went to bed again. As time passed, wild animals became more troublesome. One night we were awakened by a great outcry and cursing coming from the cook's quarters, and on hurrying out found the cook with a big club in his hand, and two or three frightened Indians standing behind him.

"Them animals beats everything I did see," he said, as we came running up. "But the cheek of the brute! It sneaked right past my mosquito net and went to eating at the meat I had saving for breakfast. I drove at it with this club and it got away, through a hole, I take it."

"What was it?" we all asked. "Panther—yellow and big enough for me anyway," and the cook looked at us as if to say, "Those animals are not dangerous; it's all Indian talk." We advised him not to attack panthers with a club at night, but if the thing came again to call us. Then, after talking a little, we hurried to our mosquito bars, not having noticed till then how the insects were swarming around us.

Next morning the cook said to me: "Mr. Frank, I thought it was a lot of rats or I wouldn't have done it, but I ain't telling that to them men," pointing to my companions.

The next night, shortly after we went to bed, we heard the cook calling again, and hurried from our quarters to his aid. As we came running up his voice greeted us from under the mosquito bar, saying, "That panther has come again, bigger this time, and it's gone in the cook house."

We went cautiously and stood looking in at the open door, where there was quite a large room, now perfectly dark. We stood there a moment, then I told the engineer to hold a torch over my head and I would go in the room and try for a shot at the panther. There was but one door, and I felt sure of a shot this time.

The engineer called me a blank, blank fool, a kid, a tenderfoot, and said he would hold no light at that door. "Well," I said, "I'm not going to miss this chance. I'll go in without a light."

Game Bag and Gun.

The Vermont Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The inclosed list shows the number of deer reported to the Commissioners by postmasters as having been killed in Vermont during the last ten days in October. These statistics are obtained by furnishing every postmaster in the State with postal cards addressed to the chairman of the Commission, the back side being printed blank, so that the postmasters can fill in simply the number of deer, the town in which killed, the person by whom killed, and his residence. They then state the weight as received, and whether estimated or actual. The same table also gives the number of deer reported by postmasters for each year since the open season on deer. From these statistics it may be gathered that in 1898, which was the first open season in about twenty years and extended through the month of October, 131 deer were reported as killed; in 1899, 89; in 1900, 127, and in 1901, 181. It is probable that the statistics for 1901 by actual report will be raised to about 200, as the reports straggle in from the backwoods for at least a week after the open season.

Vermont Deer Killed in 1901.

Addison.		Franklin.	
Ripton	4	Highgate	2
Middlebury	1	Sheldon	1
Lincoln	4	Franklin	1
Starksboro	1-10	Montgomery	1
Caledonia.		Fairfax	2
Sheffield	2	Fairfield	1-8
Groton	2	Orange.	
Stannard	1	Orange	2
Danville	1	Vershire	2
Peacham	1-7	Newbury	1
Essex.		Strafford	2
Bloomfield	1	Bradford	1-8
Concord	1	Rutland.	
Brighton	1-3	Wallingford	9
Lamoille.		Chittenden	10
Stowe	1	Mount Holly	2
Cambridge	4	Shrewsbury	11
Eden	1	Sherburne	9
Johnson	1	Mendon	4
Morristown	1-8	Mount Tabor	4
Orleans.		Poultney	1
Charleston	1	Pittsford	3
Westmore	1	Pittsfield	1-54
Glover	1	Windham.	
Newport	1-4	Halifax	1
Washington.		Windham	1
Duxbury	8	Grafton	1
Payston	4	Stratton	1-4
Woodbury	3	Windsor.	
Marshfield	1	Reading	2
Middlesex	1	Springfield	2
Bennington.		Chester	3
Sunderland	1	Stockbridge	5
Searsburg	1	Baltimore	2
Pownal	2	Plymouth	23
Readsboro	1-5	Sharon	7
Chittenden.		Bridgewater	13
Milton	1	Cavendish	1
Bolton	1	Rochester	3
Colchester	2-4	Pomfret	1
		Weathersfield	1
		Barnard	1-64

Report by Counties.

	1898	1899	1900	1901
Addison	6	5	6	10
Bennington	4	4	10	5
Caledonia	2	3	5	7
Chittenden	2	2	1	4
Essex	10	6	2	3
Franklin	1	1	3	8
Lamoille	2	1	1	8
Orange	2	2	5	8
Orleans	4	4	5	4
Rutland	35	29	36	54
Washington	2	1	4	17
Windham	4	1	1	4
Windsor	58	35	48	64
	131	89	127	196

In 1898 the open season extended throughout the month of October. The report for 1901 includes those reported up to Nov. 6. There are several not yet reported. Open seasons for 1899, 1900 and 1901 were for the last ten days in October.

The Commissioners estimate that about 25 per cent. more deer are killed in the open season than are actually reported. Out of this 25 per cent., a number of does may be included. Some of these does are dressed and utilized, but frequently the man who shoots one leaves it to rot on the ground where killed. The actual statistics for the last four open seasons, by comparison, may be taken to show that the deer have increased in spite of the open season, but not in the same proportion as the increase in the number of deer annually reported as killed. There were undoubtedly more hunters in the Vermont woods this year than during any previous year. Many of the residents of Vermont who had not hunted deer for many years equipped themselves with rifles. More visitors have come in this year than in the previous years. Most of the deer killed, however, were killed by residents of Vermont; not over 5 per cent. were killed by non-residents.

In making up any report as to weight of the deer killed, it is difficult to make actual statements, because the weights may have been inaccurately reported. For example, it is reported that on Oct. 31 in the town of Pownal a deer weighing 530 pounds was killed by Fred Peckham, a resident of Pownal. This weight seemed too large for belief, although the report stated that it was the actual weight. It has since been reported that the actual weight was 236 pounds.

Among the lucky ones who killed deer weighing over 250 pounds may be mentioned these: Dr. Galvin, of Londonderry, killed one weighing 366 pounds before it was dressed, in the town of Mount Tabor. Elwin Leach, of Rutland, killed, in Bridgewater, a deer which weighed 300 pounds after the inwards were removed. This deer was weighed at the post office in North Clarendon, to obtain the above report, and measured, from tip to tip, 8 feet 3 inches. I should estimate that this deer would compare very closely with the one killed by Dr. Galvin. Geo. H. Soule, of Fairfield, killed in his own town one which weighed 328 pounds. Harry B. Ladd, of Island Pond, killed in that town one which weighed 325 pounds. Joseph Guyette, of Marshfield, killed in the town of Peacham a five-pronged buck

weighing 311 pounds. Alden Olmstead, of Hardwick, killed in the town of Woodbury a 300-pound deer. A 300-pound buck was killed in the town of Grafton by Mr. Turner, of Grafton. A 288-pound buck was killed in Fayston by N. L. Boyce, of Waitsfield. A deer weighing 255 pounds after being "hog dressed" was killed by Wm. H. Gardner, of Weathersfield, in the town of Cavendish; this buck would have weighed probably over 300 pounds when alive. Chas. W. Streeter, of Weathersfield, killed in his own town a buck which weighed 279 3/4 pounds. Hiram Moore, of Pomfret, killed in the town of Sharon a buck weighing 277 pounds. D. P. Mills, of Ripton, killed in his own town a deer weighing 274 pounds. Chas. Blake, of West Concord, N. H., killed in the town of Stockbridge, a deer weighing 249 pounds after it was "hog dressed." W. H. Vaughn, of Middlesex, killed in his own town a deer weighing 276 pounds, with an 18-inch spread of antlers. Geo. Bryan, of Sharon, killed in his own town a 280-pound buck. A. J. Durkee, of Duxbury, killed in his own town a 265-pound buck, with a 21-inch spread of antlers. W. Gardner, of Weathersfield, killed a 255-pound buck in the town of Cavendish. Ed Lucas, of Bridgewater, killed in his own town a 250-pound buck. Lindsay Turner, of Grafton, killed in his own town a 250-pound buck. V. S. Thayer, of Readsboro, killed in his own town a 250-pound buck. Undoubtedly there were many other bucks killed which would weigh 250 pounds or over. These are the statistics obtained from the reports where the animals were actually weighed.

Will the deer continue to increase under these conditions? Undoubtedly yes. Ten years ago the Commissioners did not have any reports about the deer being killed by dogs more than once or twice a year, and perhaps the same number of cases to investigate where poachers had violated the law outside of Essex county. As time has passed by, the increase in number of these animals has been made apparent to the Commissioners from the number of letters received about them. Not a week passes without the Commissioners having something relating to deer to investigate. Sometimes it is a case of dogs running at large chasing deer. This complaint comes at all seasons of the year; but the practice is most offensive and harmful when the crust will hold the dog but not the deer, and as the snow is leaving in the spring when the does are heavy with young. Many deer are undoubtedly killed by those who carelessly allow their dogs to run at large at this time. Many deer are found wounded, some of which have been killed and some of which have been cared for until sufficiently recovered, to be turned loose. Many reports come in regarding damages done by deer. Some of these complaints are well founded and some are based upon slight damages that are not worthy of passing notice, and perhaps the claimant does not approve of the protective law and wants the privilege of killing the deer. Some of these complaints are curious forms of letters. I quote a sample such as have occasionally been received:

"Dear Sir—The deer have damaged my crops to the extent of \$25. Please call and settle or you will hear further. Yours truly,

Many misunderstand the existing conditions and laws. They do not seem to be aware that the animals are the property of the State, and not either the property of the Fish and Game Commissioners or the Vermont Fish and Game League. No damages can be paid except by provision of the State Legislature, and it is probable that if the present policy of protecting the deer continues and they continue to increase, some provision will have to be made.

Why are not more deer killed in Essex county, from which county the appeal comes at every session of the Legislature for a longer open season?

Simply because the people do not hunt the deer during the last ten days in October, and very few hunters are out. The woods are less accessible and convenient to get at for the outsider than the covers of New Hampshire and Maine. Many of the residents prefer to get their deer in cooler weathgr, when they can be kept better, and when they can be more easily captured. Of course it is contrary to the law, but they get them just the same. From letters received by the Commissioners at various times as to the tracks and yards seen at various times, it may be inferred that there are as many deer in Essex county as in any other county in the State, proportionate to its wooded area. The deer are slaughtered there in great numbers and eaten in the lumber camps, and in spite of the fact that it is done openly, no complaint comes to the Commissioners about the violations. Of course the Commissioners could stop it by sending a special officer to inspect the camps frequently, but this method is expensive and the State does not provide the funds with which to do it.

Will the bucks hold out if constantly killed so that the does can all be made fertile each year? Yes, I think there will be plenty of bucks to line all the does for a few seasons to come. Our law permitting the killing of bucks only is not an unusual one except as applied to deer. In Maine and in Canada it is unlawful to kill the cow moose, and only bulls are taken by the hunters. It is found that the stock of moose improves because the old bulls are gotten out of the way, they being the ones sought by the head hunters. Perhaps the same condition will apply with reference to the deer.

Changes in the law I would suggest are:

That it specify that no buck with horns less than 4 inches in length can be killed. Some hunters shoot from salt licks, and kill anything that is a buck, even if it is nothing but a six-months old creature, on which the horns have not yet started through the flesh. I should also have the law changed so that if a person brings in a deer without the head or the pafis which indicate the sex of the animal it should devolve upon him to prove that the animal had horns when alive.

Do I recommend any further open season?

I hardly know what to say yet. The Commissioners have not discussed the matter jointly. I am inclined to think that ten days are enough, except for the northern part of the State. Essex county is peculiarly situated on the border of New Hampshire, and New Hampshire has a longer open season. I think it would be well to give Essex county a longer open season—possibly lengthen out the season a trifle throughout the State.

JOHN W. TITCOMB,

"Yes," sneered the engineer, "tenderfoot, fool, kid. Don't you know better than that, going in a room with a panther? You never saw one before, that's plain. Any mothers' baby would know better."

I stepped up to the door, saying, "Are you going to hold that light?"

"Here," he said, "give me a torch. Now go in and let the panther maul you; it will serve you right."

He held the torch at the door, and I stepped cautiously into the dimly lighted room. At first I saw nothing and stood for what seemed a long time, the engineer telling me to come back while I could, and that the brute was only hiding. I didn't like it very much, and had just determined to back cautiously out, when I heard something stir, and then over in the corner above a pile of flour bags two burning eyes appeared, glared at me and were motionless. There was the game. My chance had come. I raised the big .44-caliber revolver, took careful aim, shot, and then repeated, aiming at the same place. Something fell heavily to the ground, the engineer gave a sort of gasp, and exclaimed, "The tenderfoot kid, he did kill it." Then everybody crowded into the room.

We searched with great care, but could not find the animal. The general opinion was that it had been badly wounded; and had crawled in behind some of the stores, and we could get it in the morning. I moved a barrel and caught sight of a tawny fur, and made a grab for it, but one of the men caught my arm and held me back, saying, "Those animals have more lives than a cat; better be careful." However, the beast lay perfectly still, and I wanted to see it that night, and I put my hand down, feeling it carefully for a moment, then took hold with both hands, braced myself, laid my strength on for a big lift, and went over backward as if I had lost my hold. But I hadn't. My grip was good enough, and so had been my aim; but in my hands I held an unfortunate opossum, and not a very large one at that, except its eyes, and they were too big for its face.

I didn't mean to hurt that opossum. It wasn't fit to eat. I had nothing against it. Why couldn't it have gotten out of a hole in the roof before I shot, and have made big noise getting away? Then I would have had a thrilling tale to tell of adventure with a panther. As it is, I only killed a night-prowling opossum, of the kind that smell badly when one gets too near them.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

Collisions in Mid Air.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Seeing Mr. Hough's account of a flock of mallards meeting in mid-air and killing each other, reminds me of an experience some years ago at night.

I had been in a habit of going to a certain pond to shoot geese by moonlight. On this occasion I reached the pond just before the moon came up. Seating myself on a bunch of dry rushes, I lighted my pipe and waited for the first honk of a goose. It was exceedingly dark, and I had begun to fear I had not made the right calculation about the hour. I had heard the peculiar whiz of the ruddy ducks' wings as they passed very near my head, and while thus meditating I heard a loud report overhead, which sounded about like one clapping one's hands together while forming a hollow in each, followed immediately afterward by two splashes in the water. I was only a boy, and began to wonder if this was the spirits of the departed geese which had been shot by me around this same pond, haunting me.

But the moon finally came and likewise the geese. While wading out to retrieve my first goose, I found side by side a ruddy duck and a widgeon. The widgeon was so smashed up that it was unfit for food, but the ruddy was very little damaged, and went to the larder with the geese.

Three years ago I saw two flocks of redheads meet in the daytime, when one of them was wing broken, and I retrieved it. These are my only experiences along this like in thirty years of duck shooting.

MORE ANON.

Some Points.

From "811 Hints and Points for Sportsmen."

Weather in Bay Bird Shooting.

THE most favorable wind for bay snipe shooting in the summer and autumn is one that blows steadily from the southwest. The birds that are coming from the north, and flying against it, lower their flight and skirt the bars and meadows, and see the stools more plainly and decoys much better than when traveling with the wind in the clouds. A wet summer is also found to produce the best shooting, as the meadows afford plenty of feed, and should the birds arrive early in the season, they stop and make the large marshes their home, flying north in the morning and returning south toward evening. This flight baymen call "a trade."

Killing a Wounded Bird.

Many gunners bite its neck with the teeth. This will not break the skin. Others squeeze the bird on both sides close under the wings and at the same time press the forefinger over the wishbone. This stops heart and lung action and causes almost instant death, but it is impracticable to kill large birds in this way.

Preserving Dead Birds.

Draw and stuff with green grass; cover bottom of box with a layer of coffee grounds, then pack a layer of birds; then another layer of grounds, then birds, and so on until all are packed. The grounds should be perfectly dry.

Preserving Killed Game.

Take a supply of paper sacks (such as grocers use), just large enough to put a chicken into and tie snugly. Draw the birds and hang by the head until they have thoroughly dripped and the natural heat has left them. Stuff fresh leaves or grass inside; put into the sacks heads first, and tie sack tight enough to exclude air. Put them in a cool, shady place until ready to ship. Birds packed in this way have kept over fifty hours, and when used were sweet and fresh, and this during the hottest weather of August. Never put game on ice unless you can keep it here, until ready to use, for it spoils in an almost incredibly short time after being taken off.

A Narrow Escape.

THERE is so much in the papers nowadays relative to the awful waste of human life in the woods, caused by the careless use of firearms, together with the demand for more stringent laws bearing upon this subject, that I feel it a duty to write this sketch. While we deplore the fact that many hunters have been taken for deer, shot and killed, let us, if possible, have some charity for the man who all of his life must carry this awful burden of having killed perhaps his best friend unintentionally.

Three of us started out one beautiful day in October a few years ago after deer. We were the best of friends; two of us were hunters and one was new at the business. After traveling a while, we struck an old woods road, and although one of my companions—the one who was well versed in woods craft and the rifle—proposed traveling just back of the road a few rods, and parallel to it, so that if there might be a deer about he would be most likely to jump right into the road when startled, thus affording us a good shot, I did not agree to it, knowing its dangers. This plan I always had objected to, and so told him. It affords the possibility for an awful mistake.

"Let's keep together," I said.

A little later we were traveling through a beautiful clump of spruce, when, as quick as a flash, a deer jumped over a small ridge to our left and disappeared.

"Hold on! He has gone into that little ravine, and he will follow it," said my companion.

"Don't you remember where the road crosses that piece of swale just beyond? Now you are so much quicker on the shoot than I, let me go and drive him down that run, and when you see a piece of him as big as your hand, let drive."

"No, don't worry," said he, as he saw my hesitancy. "You can't hit me, for the ridge will be between us. You are too careful, you are."

Well, he went over into that ravine, and seeing nothing of the deer, would you believe it, he followed that run right down into the swale, where he said the deer would be, without a sign or halloo. He had on one of those dead-grass-colored shooting jackets—and, by the way, I have never put one on my back since, and would advise others to follow my example.

Standing at ready with my rifle at full cock, I was waiting for a snapshot, when I caught sight of what I supposed, of course, was the deer in the swale.

Remember that this was in a wild country, where there was no possibility of any others being about.

Now, I knew my man; of course he wasn't fool enough to be down there. Just that instant's hesitation while this thought passed through my mind was all that saved his life and my peace of mind.

Grasping my rifle more firmly and bringing it to my shoulder I took dead aim, and had already begun to press the trigger when I caught the outlines of his hat. Instantly throwing the muzzle of the rifle to one side, I began to grow first hot, then cold; I trembled, I vomited, and, although a man full-grown, in my excitement I cried like a child, and the hardest tramp that I ever took in my life was my trip back to camp.

Unmanly you may call the nerve collapse if you will, but don't judge too harshly till you've been there.

Silently my companion joined me, and we slowly wended our way back to camp. The occasion did not demand very lively conversation, and the latter was conspicuous by its absence.

He was never able to give a reasonable excuse for his action.

Had my friend been killed, who would have been at fault?

Would I have deserved a term at State's prison for my mistake?

Twice since then have I myself been mistaken for deer and saved an accident to myself and, at least, embarrassment to the other man by a quick, sharp halloo, and, although angered by the carelessness, my own experience made me very charitable, for I could very easily put myself in the other fellow's place.

J. A. THOMPSON.

A Visit to Mexico.

(For first paper see issue of Oct. 5.)

To continue our little hunting excursion through Mexico, I will give you, as promised, our trip from Tampico to the interior of Mexico and return via Tampico to New York city.

After a most charming stay at the ranch of our friend, Jim Cathcart, we left Tampico by the Mexican Central Railroad on the morning of March 27 for Mexico City. Of course we all had our guns and plenty of ammunition, and the party was a congenial lot of good fellows. Our only regret was, that our old chum and crack shot, Scott, was not along, but we shall hear more of him by and by. We reached Mexico City on the second day. I shall not try to tell you of the many little incidents that happened during our trip at sight seeing in the several cities we visited, nor will I undertake to tell you of the beauty and grandeur of this wonderful republic. I have never read anything relative to Mexico that has been exaggerated in the least. After spending several most delightful days in Mexico City, we went to Guadalajara, where we joined a friend, Mr. Blewitt, who was to take us to Lake Chapella, a beautiful sheet of water just south-east of Guadalajara. The next morning we were off for Chapella, the ride being several hours by train to a little station called Ocotlan, and thence by stage to the lake.

We had planned to stop at one of the several small hotels on the lake, but to our surprise both were full. People had been turned away for several weeks. We first intended camping, but when we found that guides were not to be had at any price, nor boats, we were certainly disappointed. Of course, the hotel guests had all the guides and boats in sight, and we had to abandon the plan of what we had so much anticipated—a royal hunt. We finally secured quarters by the loan of tents from several natives, and spent two days on the lake, going each day for a short journey in a naphtha launch. Of course we carried our guns, etc., but you cannot hunt ducks and geese to any advantage in a naphtha boat, especially when it makes the noise of a locomotive, as this

one did. We saw ducks by the thousand flocks, and lots of geese also. We saw every kind of duck that one could possibly mention, except the canvasback and spoon bill; even these had been here all through the winter. The natives tell us that the canvasback is found in larger numbers, though, on the coast, and especially on the Gulf side. We shot any number of ducks, especially mallard and teal.

There are all sorts of large game here, such as deer, which are very easy to get at. We saw on the first day's trip up the lake seven deer at the water's edge, and in one lot of this number there were five in a bunch. The second day we all carried along our rifles, and George got three and Jim one very large buck. We were awfully proud of this bag, because it so happened that one party had been out for three days after deer and only got two, but had wasted much ammunition. We bade adieu to Chapella with much regret. It seems hard to leave a place when you know there is so much game around, and you can't get at it, simply because you can't get guides and boats. It's really worth the trip to Chapella from New York or any city in the States, if one is a sportsman, just to see the game that is brought in to the two small hotels by the sportsmen every evening—ducks of all kinds, snipe, turkeys, pheasants, tiger cats and very often tigers. I saw a skin before we left that measured 8½ feet, and was most beautifully marked.

Not having had the hunt we expected at Chapella, Jim proposed that we should take another hunt on his ranch. The motion was adopted unanimously, and we were once more in old Tampico and at the ranch of our old reliable Jim Cathcart. We got there on April 14, and as the steamship Niagara was to sail on the 19th, we had four good solid days to enjoy Jim's hospitality.

By the time breakfast was over the next morning, the sun was away up high, and the temperature about 75 degrees. It looked a little warm for ducking, so we all sat on the front porch to discuss the matter and help to burn Jim's cigars. Before we left Mexico City Jim had telegraphed his overseer at the ranch that our party would be here about the 17th or 18th, and to have everything in shape. Well, as we were puffing away the good cigars on the porch, we saw a native on horseback approaching. He alighted and handed to Mr. Cathcart the message he had sent from Mexico City just nine days prior to its arrival at Tampico. We all concluded that when we had any more messages to send in Mexico we would carry them along ourselves.

We all go now to the rear of Jim's house, which overlooks the great duck flats, and discuss whether it is too hot or too late in the day to go ducking. It really is too hot, yet every one is only too anxious to go, because they can actually see ducks by the thousands, and the flats are literally black with them; but Jim knows best and decides we won't go to-day.

Scott arrived this morning, and he and Jim decided that we should go pigeon and dove shooting. After luncheon we set off on foot to the northwest of the ranch, where the flight would soon be on. We took certain positions so that there would be no danger, and the rule was to leave all pigeons and doves on the ground until after sunset. We waited for nearly two hours before there were any signs of this fascinating sport, though now and then there would be a straggler, but always out of range. But by and by they began to come. It's a pity we didn't have our camera; flock followed after flock, extremely swift in their flight, and they seemed to be in flocks of from fifty to a hundred. We kept firing until Scott called out in a little while and said his gun was too hot to hold, and George asked if the reports didn't sound like the battle of Gettysburg. The birds did not seem to mind it at all—they took a straight course—and seldom varied. When the shooting was over the game counted was as follows: Scott, 39 pigeons, 3 doves; Jim, 32 pigeons, 21 doves; George, 28 pigeons, 6 doves; myself, 21 pigeons, 19 doves. In summing up the separate lots, I found among George's kill three yellowhead parrots, and Jim had one. Jim was aware that he had killed a parrot, but George could not explain. These flocks of pigeons and doves feed in the big swamps, and come over every evening; but no one here ever cares to shoot them. Jim sent nearly all the birds to his neighboring friends.

By 4 A. M. the next day we were again in the skiffs in the large lagoon and off for the grounds, and the waters were as before alive with fish. We soon reached the flats, and as day dawned the ducks began to fly, and as soon as we were in our allotted places we began to open fire. We all killed in two and one half hours 107 ducks, 65 of which were teal and 22 the regular summer duck, the rest pintail and spoonbill. As the flight north had been on for the past month, it looked as if all the canvasback and mallard had gone, although we saw one bunch of mallards passing very high. We did not use any decoys at all, and I do not think it at all necessary. We also killed quite a number of snipe. The snipe we killed were mostly cycle bill, yellowleg, curlew, willet and graybacks, and several snipe that I have never seen before.

The remainder of the day was spent in a trip to the beach, several miles distant, where we had a sea bath, and returned home again in time for dinner.

With an early breakfast next morning, we were off before day to the big woods. Everybody scattered except George and myself, who did not care to venture far alone, as this is the cub season with the tiger, and no one knows what will happen. We hunted for five long hours and saw nothing but several flocks of turkeys, and they always found some way to get out of range of our guns. Scott turned up about 3 P. M. with the prettiest little fawn I ever saw, and told us that he had killed the doe, though he did not intend doing so—only that three deer jumped at once—and he picked this one, and the fawn was so young that he had no trouble in catching it. It was so weak that it could hardly stand. Finally Jim came in with a native and relieved Scott of the fawn. Jim said he had killed three turkeys, two pheasants and a small tiger cat, and soon the native turned up with the game on his horse. Nearing home Scott killed a very fine buck, and I got one turkey, and had several other shots, but missed. Reaching home we helped Jim skin his tiger cat, while Scott borrowed Jim's manager's baby's nursing bottle to give his fawn milk, and the little fellow took to the bottle at once. Jim is very much of a taxidermist, and has a number of birds and skins which he

has mounted and cured and will carry to the States.

On the last day we went fishing, but as we had no tarpon rigs, we could only fish for small fish, though we made a fine catch. That night Jim entertained us at the final dinner. It was simply a dinner that you couldn't buy. During dinner the wind blew out the lamps, but as soon as they were relighted Scott said, in his usual way, that the sudden darkness reminded him of an old ducky who had never been on the railroad train before. He told us the story: As he boarded a train one day in Virginia for Norfolk, he noticed a very tidy old colored woman in the car, who seemed to be very nervous, and upon inquiry he learned that she was going down the country to attend the marriage of a young lady whom she had nursed when a baby. As she had never been on a railroad train before, she seemed to be frightened, at every noise. When the train started, she commenced to mumble to herself the following: "I never did want to ride on dese yere cars nohow. Dey never was made for colored folkes. I knows somepins gwine to happen, from the funny way dis thing shakes. Lordy, I done most fell right out de seat what I sittin' in." She looked around at a gentleman opposite and said: "Mistah, does you think day's any danger in dese steam 'gine cars?" All of a sudden the train entered a long tunnel, and the old ducky exclaimed: "Fo' Gord, it done got dark all a sudden; dese her steam engines ride you clean out a day into the night time, and I know 'tis gwine suppen happen, sho." By this time the train was out of the tunnel and on a bridge, and a very high one, too, and the old auntie looking up said: "Lord, I knows I's foolish, but 'twas shortes' night I ever seen." And suddenly looking out from the train and seeing the ground so far below, she exclaimed, "My, if we ain't flying. Yes, sah, flying dis like a bird." As the train reached level ground the old ducky gave a long sigh and fell back in her seat and said, "Thank God we done lit. 'Tis de curioses travelin' I ever did."

With all our traps and the little fawn, we were off to Tampico to catch the steamer Niagara, and soon were once again on the good ship. Of course we were all welcomed aboard, and especially by the captain and the purser, who are always in the best of humor. As the ship would not sail until the morrow, on account of the heavy norther blowing outside, we went down to the beach to see the surf and maybe kill some snipe. On the beach we saw lots of snipe, especially cycle bills and graybacks, and could have had good shooting but for the wind and sand pelting us in the face so fiercely. In Tampico we saw some very fine tarpon that had been mounted by a taxidermist. Scott purchased a very fine one, measuring just 7 feet 1 inch.

We were off the next day for New York via Havana, and reached New York city Sunday morning, April 28, after one of the most delightful trips on record. All in our party have traveled quite a little, and we cannot recall the incident when we were better taken care of than on the Niagara. We offer many, many thanks to the good captain and the purser, who understand the wants of their passengers and try to make them happy and enjoy a sea trip as it should be. We shall never forget their funny stories and the songs the purser sang in good, old negro fashion.

DICK HAWKINS.

Boston and Maine.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—The finest string of deer ever seen in Boston markets was on exhibition in Clinton Market Wednesday. There were eighteen of them, the majority large bucks. They came from about 30 miles beyond Jackman, Me., and were brought out by a party of nine hunters, mostly Boston merchants and marketmen, who have been quartered at Henderson's camps in that region. In the party were Messrs. Stillman Noyes, of Somerville, who really had the party in charge; C. A. Currier, H. M. Munroe and G. A. Vickery, of Lexington; E. S. Lock, of Roxbury; W. F. Cobb, of Allston, and J. W. Smart, of Arlington. Each man brought out his two deer, and such seems to be the fashion this year, whether they shoot them or not. It was a most remarkable piece of good luck in hunting that should have given each man his two deer, especially considering that hunting conditions were bad, by reason of the noise of the fallen leaves, as dry as powder, and making a big noise at every step of the hunter, and it is a wonder that eighteen were secured in so short a time—only seven days. Deer are remarkably plenty in that section. The largest was a buck of 240 pounds weight, shot by Mr. Cobb. Mr. Noyes also killed one of 225 pounds. Two of the party got lost after hunting late one afternoon. There was a dispute as to whether the compass was right or wrong, and one of the lost men attempted to lead the other out of the wilderness. He led him into a blow-down instead. Then he decided that he could not find the way. Three shots were given—the signal of distress—and quickly answered by the boys at camp. It was not answered by three shots, but by "What's the matter there?" from a voice close at hand. The lost men were not more than 100 feet from the camp.

Deputy Game Warden Elsmere arrested six men last Saturday for dogging deer in the vicinity of Third Machias Lake. They were taken to Machias and arraigned in the Municipal Court. Chief Warden Ross was present and assisted in the prosecution. After a hearing each man was sentenced to pay a fine of \$40 and costs. They appealed and furnished bail in the sum of \$100 each to appear before the Superior Court. Wilbur Day, one of the party, was also arraigned on the charge of keeping dogs for dogging deer, and also for guiding without a license. The total amount charged to his account in fines is \$400. He waived examination and furnished bail.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—Last week was a poor one for the deer hunters, owing to the dry weather and fallen leaves, and hunting parties have had poor success, as a rule. A party of four Boston hunters spent most of the week in the vicinity of Shelburn, N. H., but got no deer. One of them remarks that he could hear his brother hunters' footsteps at the distance of 50 or 100 yards, as they moved over the dry leaves. Bangor makes a poor showing of deer shipped through for the week, the number being 350, and nine moose. This shows that the record for the season has nearly reached 2000, by far the largest number of any other year. Up to Saturday 125 moose

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Death of Buffalo Jones.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 9.—That well-known, unique, and picturesque western character, C. J. Jones, better known as "Buffalo Jones," died last Wednesday at Salina, Kansas. Thus there passes away one more of those large figures of Western life who have been for some years lingering on the stage of their early activities, surviving in a land which now contains few of the characteristics which once made it dear to them.

Buffalo Jones is well known to readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*, and also to a large audience who have read his book, "Forty Years of Adventure." To the writer, who knew this man familiarly and has shared with him the wilderness bed on the hard ground of the hunter's trail, this news comes with startling impressiveness and carries a deep regret.

Buffalo Jones was born in Tazewell county, Illinois, in the year 1844. His father was Noah Nicholas Jones, a man who possessed somewhat of the determination and resolution which made C. J. Jones famous in his later day. The elder Jones was once concerned in a lawsuit in which he was defended by no less a personage than Abraham Lincoln, who charged him \$10 for his services as attorney. This part of Illinois was in these days wilderness country, abounding in game.

The youthful hunter had abundant opportunities for taking lessons in the chase and in the capture of wild animals. When, as was decreed in the stars for him, he set his face toward the western sun, he was already well equipped with the education most useful to him on the plains. He engaged in different lines of business in the State of Kansas, being now nurseryman, now real estate agent, now farmer, as occasion demanded, in the fashion of those swiftly moving western days. He was once a member of the Legislature of the State of Kansas, and later in life we find him sergeant-at-arms in the Legislature of Oklahoma. Successful in the boom days of Kansas, he at one time held title to no less than eighty sections of land, and was rated a wealthy man. All his ventures were large ones, and he took his fortune or misfortune in the philosophical fashion of those days. In the day of the buffalo it was almost perforce that he joined the skin hunting parties, and it was in these times that he gained his great reputation as a buffalo hunter.

There was perhaps never in all the great army of plainsmen a better plainsman than C. J. Jones. His was the instinct by which he could travel by night scores of miles across the untracked prairie, reaching infallibly the point for which he had set out. He had, beyond any man known to the writer the instinct of locality and direction. He was never lost under any circumstances whatever. Moreover, he had a natural instinct for long range rifle shooting which personally I have never seen surpassed. He never used the rear sight of his rifle, but shot with the fore sight, raising or lowering his aim as he saw the bullet strike too high or too low. An antelope at 400 yards he was pretty certain to get before it could escape, and I have seen him make shot after shot, before the days of the more modern Winchester rifles, which would seem matters of luck were the sequences not so long.

In 1885 Buffalo Jones got four buffalo calves, the beginning of his once famous buffalo herd. The writer and a friend joined him in 1886 on his next buffalo hunt in the Panhandle of Texas and New Mexico. There were 13 calves captured on this hunt. Then Jones met with such success that he bought the Warder Bedson herd, of Stony Mountain, Manitoba. For a time Jones held these buffalo in Nebraska, where he managed to become involved in a heavy irrigation deal which practically cost him all he had, including his prized herd of buffalo. He sold some of the buffalo to real estate dealers in Salt Lake. Others went to parties in England, and three head were sold to the Czar of Russia, all these exported buffalo bringing very large prices. Jones himself crossed the Atlantic twice on these trips, and he is perhaps the only man who ever declined an invitation of the Prince of Wales to meet him. The Kansas hunter sent word that he had bought his ticket home and could not afford to wait for the convenience of the Prince.

The swiftly passing years of the last decade made many changes in the West and the old plainsman saw much of his early vocation gone. Still eager in his ambition, we find him now building a railroad from Galveston to Beaumont, across that very country now so fabulously rich in oil. Then in 1898 we find him returning from his wildest trip, that in which he undertook to bring out alive, musk oxen from the Barren Grounds of British America. This trip of 18 months from Edmonton to the Great Slave country, thence down the McKenzie River and back to Seattle did more to age Jones than any ten years of his life. He came back wrinkled and broken.

There have been several parties who have gone into the Barren Grounds after musk ox, but the story of most of these is tame compared with the experiences of Jones and his sturdy partner, John Rea. These men were absolutely alone, without any native guide, on a journey of 39 days to the northeast of the Fish River and the Doobaunt River, taking their fuel with them most of the time, hauling a pack of half savage sledge dogs, and running entirely by the compass. They returned over their trail across this frozen and unknown region, and only missed home by a couple of miles, surely proof enough of the wonderful resources of this born explorer and adventurer. The story of their hunt for musk oxen, of the capture of their musk ox calves and their continual battle with the wolves, has been printed in *FOREST AND STREAM* and is given in full in Jones's story of his own life. He writes thus regarding his experience after they had the five musk ox calves tied out on the long anchor line, precisely as we used to tie the buffalo calves in the Panhandle:

"No sooner had the king of day passed beyond our vision, than we heard a pack of wolves just over the ridge. It appeared as if they had not found the carcasses of the animals we had killed, but drew nearer and nearer our little live ones. Our dogs were loosened on the supposition they would be in danger as long as we remained outside with them, but little 'Scrapper,' one of our best

shepherd heelers, anxious to measure his strength with them, dashed over the divide after one, and that was the last we ever saw of him. Doubtless he was devoured in a minute by the pack. It was warm and pleasant that evening compared with others we had experienced; so I took my stand at the end of the rope farthest from the tepee; Mr. Rea at the other. We both had our guns and plenty of cartridges, and one by one we rolled the white monsters over as they appeared. We never pretended to shoot when they were more than forty yards away. Sometimes they would come singly, then in howling groups, two to a dozen in a pack. All night long—about nine hours of darkness—the crazy fools would trot up to be slaughtered; most of them running as soon as shot, unless we put a ball in the head or breast. Those wounded would drag themselves away, to be instantly devoured by the others. When morning came they were just as numerous as during the night, and the sun was high in the heavens before they commenced to skulk away or attempt to get under cover. About noon we determined to try to get out of the horrid place."

Jones told me that during the attack of these great wolves he was scared for the first time in his life. This expedition came nearly being fatal, for they ran out of ammunition and food and barely got through safely. The expedition failed of its original purpose, but gave a grand proof of the daring and vigor of this man's nature.

Personally, C. J. Jones was an example of the most tireless energy. There was never a man more utterly confident of himself nor more absolutely independent of the aid or counsel of others. He never asked advice, and rarely gave it. On the hunt he was disposed to be silent, apparently sullen or morose, always intensely pre-occupied. He was nowhere daunted except in the great cities. He admitted that when he came to publish his book the city men were too much for him. Then it was for the first time that his supreme self-confidence received check.

Some would have called Jones egotistical. Indeed, so are we all egotistical. Jones was frankly and ruggedly interested in himself, and he surely had basis enough for his confidence in himself. Underneath his somewhat cold exterior there was the warm and generous heart of the frontiersman. He was the type of the daring, fearless, resourceful settler of the western wilderness, nor shall we soon find another his equal in these days of swift and startling changes. The old breed is dying out.

Buffalo Jones made fortunes and lost them, carried out big enterprises and failed to execute them, was successful and was cast down. In all likelihood he died a disappointed man. Yet after all that man cannot be called a failure who prevails over the surroundings in which he finds himself. Hard, cheerless and rugged were those surroundings by choice of his own. In a day of heroes, he was a hero. One may be pardoned the wish to lay upon his burial place the tribute of a personal regard.

Fall Shooting Season.

To-morrow opens the deer season in Wisconsin and the bird season in Indiana. As to the latter State, Chicago seems not to take very much interest in the opening of the season. At the gun stores the clerks are busy advising the outfitters in regard to the conditions in Indiana, and hardly indeed is the shooter who can stand the statement of a \$25 license, no hunting on Sunday, and only 24 birds a day to the gun. Indiana ought to be chuckling to herself and rioting in the fat luxury of abundant game this year. So far as can be learned from the infrequent shooters who are back from portions of the State this fall, the bird crop is a good one, as indeed it is generally good all over this part of the West.

As to the deer hunting in Wisconsin and Michigan, it is much the old story. There have been parties of deer hunters from Ohio camped out in the Fifield Lake country of Wisconsin, on the Wisconsin Central railway, for more than a week. This I learn from Mr. Randall, who is just back from that part of the country. He says that if these gentlemen are doing any early shooting he has at least heard of no detection in the act. Non-resident hunters say that they intend to observe the laws, and will not do any shooting until the 10th of the month. It is to be presumed they just went in there a week ahead of the opening date in order to be on hand plenty early.

Yet it is not a bad plan to go into camp on a deer hunt enough ahead of time to learn the range of the deer, the runways, etc. The same informant states that there has been some use of hounds in Wisconsin this fall, but mostly by residents. We shall hardly see the time when the running of hounds will be entirely abolished in Wisconsin or Upper Michigan. Mr. Randall says that the reports indicate abundance of deer, but he says that he agrees that the "deer are going." They are going gradually to-day, but presently they will go all at once, just as the pigeons and the buffalo went. Then we will ask what became of them.

There are probably, according to Mr. Randall's estimate, over 100 shooters now in the Fifield country. I have seen in southern Illinois the agents of these northern railroads employed in the deliberate rounding up of parties of hunters in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, etc. When these excursions get fully under way one may believe that the woods will be literally full of hunters. Mr. Randall says that he talked with a guide who had arranged to take out a number of parties from Fifield. The guide said he intended to get these parties headed right and then hunt out a hollow made by some fallen tree trunk, or place back of some exceedingly thick tree.

Presently we shall begin to hear of the casualties among the deer hunters. It does not serve to appeal to the reason of those who have not reason. If we could lynch a few of these people who accidentally shoot their fellow men, we might perhaps jar the anatomy of this sort of person to the extent of rendering their ilk more careful for at least a short time on the next deer hunt which they take. As to writing about them, cautioning them and advising them—it comes to nothing. A great many of these people never saw the inside of a sporting paper. The best way to reason with them is by means of a club, or better still, a rope.

The state of affairs at Fifield is duplicated, or will be, at everyone of a dozen or a score of the most popular

had passed through Bangor for the season. Moose are very plenty in the near vicinity of Bangor. One passed through the University of Maine campus the other day. Some of the students were quickly out with a rifle, but it proved to be a big cow moose, and they dared not shoot. A moose was shot Friday at Clifton, only a few miles from Bangor. Game Warden Neal seized a moose on Friday consigned to a Boston firm, and shipped by a guide under a special tag. The shipment was illegal under the fact that it was being shipped to parties who had not killed the animal. A deer passed through the streets of Bangor about 2 o'clock Friday morning, and was seen by policemen and others. The animal was going towards Veazie at a high rate of speed.

The Harry B. Moore party came out of the Holch woods Saturday. They have been camped at Birch Island and have had great sport and remarkable success. They brought out their full quota of deer, two each, including several good bucks. Mr. C. M. Howell had the most remarkable success, shooting the largest bear killed in that section for years. In the party were H. B. Moore, R. H. W. Dwight, C. M. Howell and Leroy S. Brown. Their camp is near to the Canadian border. They found partridges plentiful. The weather was simply delightful. They attribute their success to having the best of guides, and have had some experience in the same section.

The hunt of the Ohio party, in the Maine woods, has ended in a terrible disaster. W. C. Tuckey, of Collinwood, O., has been accidentally shot and killed by J. G. Hostatler, of Toledo, O. It appeared in the evidence at the coroner's inquest, at Bangor, that Mr. Hostatler had actually seen a deer, which he shot and killed, the bullet killing his fellow hunter after it had passed through the deer. One of the hunters states that the shooting was purely accidental, and nothing but what any most careful hunter might have done. But the entire party of 32 is grief-stricken over the accident, and the hunt will be abandoned.

High winds have made a dull week with the off shore gunners. Several Boston parties have been down to Chatham, and other points along the Cape, but high winds have prevented shooting. J. A. Phipps and party have been in camp at Monomoy, but their success was poor, getting only a few coot and a duck or two. Mr. Augustus Nickerson and a party of shooting friends were at Chatham early in the week, but gave up the hunt, owing to high winds and few birds.

Kingfield deer hunters made a rather small record last week, although 12 deer came out over the Franklin and Megantic in one day early in the week. It seems that the game was mostly taken the week before. Dry weather and fallen leaves have made it slow finding big game. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Robinson are out from the Megantic Club preserve, and Mr. R. E. Traiser comes out with them. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Pierce are still in camp and Mr. Harry Sanborn, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson bring out a couple of nice bucks, and Mr. Traiser a buck and a doe.

SPECIAL.

Deer in Cumberland County, Me.

THE close season comes on to-morrow, Nov. 1, in Cumberland county, Me. The hunters were given the month of October to shoot deer for the season of '91, and they improved it. There had gathered a bunch of deer in the northern towns which had thrived by protection to quite a respectable number, but they have been scattered and shot out during the month. Here are the numbers up to date as far as I know: Leon Moody, one buck; Clyde Rand and Lewis Harmon, one between the two, all of Standish; Mr. Johnson, of Gorham, one; Carlton Marten, of East Sebago, one; Will Marten, of East Sebago, one; Geo. Shaw, of East Sebago, one; Loney Burnell, of East Sebago, two; Wilson Burnell, of East Sebago, one; Will Cole, of Standish, one; Geo. Seaton, of Standish, one; Mr. Tripp, of Standish, one; Charlie Shaw, of East Sebago, one; Edwin Spencer, of West Baldwin, one; Daniel Sanborn, of East Baldwin, one; Gilbert Emery, of Standish, one; Horatio Nason, of Baldwin, and Mr. Weeman, of Portland one; Harry Huntress, of Hiram, one; Gustine Thompson, of East Madison, N. H., one. I am sorry to say that they failed to follow up four of these deer at different times, and did not find them until spoiled. Moral—When you shoot at a deer follow until you know you have hit or not. Geo. Young, Freedom, N. H., one; Mr. Ridlon, of Kegan Falls, Me., a large buck, shot in Sandwich, N. H.; John Mitchell, of Naples, Me., one. And I have heard of three being shot in the town of Bridgton, but do not know the names; and another gentleman, of Standish, shot two deer.

Murray Watkins and Daniel Chaplin have just got home from the Moosehead region with four deer (one a noble buck that dressed 215 pounds) and a good bunch of ruffed grouse.

The hunting about this region is mostly on small game, which is very wild and not very plenty; it consists of ruffed grouse, gray squirrels, Northern hare, occasionally a fox, coon, a few ducks and once in a great while a deer. Trout fishing the same. Once in a while the sportsman gets a good one and a good string, but more often a slim string. This is speaking of Cornish and vicinity.

HUNTER.

Currituck Mallard Flight.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov. 4.—Never in my recollection were there so many mallards seen at Currituck as at present. They began to arrive about Oct. 15 in large flocks, and came from the southwest, until there are thousands upon thousands of them. There are hundreds of thousands of other kinds of ducks, too, but I never saw so many mallards before anywhere. I cannot understand why they should come from the southwest, unless they have found it too dry in Tennessee, Georgia or Texas. Blackheads are also here in great numbers; we have had very few of them at Currituck before in four years. The little ruddy ducks came a month earlier than usual, and are also more plentiful than last season. Wigeon, sprig-tails, black ducks and teal literally cover the shoals. Our season opens Monday the 11th, and if it is a good day for duck shooting, there will be some of the largest bags made that were ever heard of at Currituck.

MORE ANON.

deer hunting localities in the State of Wisconsin. Star Lake on the C. M. & St. P. in another popular point. This week several parties have started for that place, among these the party of J. Verner Ewan, of Cincinnati, who goes accompanied by Mr. Fred E. Harrison and Mr. Chas. Gray. They will be in the woods for a couple of weeks or so. There is any amount of good deer country left in the hardwood and pine country of Wisconsin, and there will be deer for some time to come. The influx of deer hunters is something remarkable, and indeed the numbers who naturally go into the woods after deer amount to a total of far greater magnitude than is generally supposed. It is mere guess work. There may be 10,000 hunters out next week in Wisconsin or there may be 20,000. Sometimes over 1000 licenses are taken out in a single county. This, it will be remembered, is not the non-resident license, but the common or garden license which costs one twenty-fifth of the amount which the State of Wisconsin exacts from aliens.

Mr. D. J. Hotchkiss, of Fox Lake, Ill., suggests that the Colorado law forbidding the shooting of any deer without horns is one which ought to be enacted by the State of Wisconsin. He thinks that the search for horns on a deer might save the life of many a man. Quite aside from this, it is high time that the disgrace of killing a doe should be legally promulgated by this State while there are still left some does to protect.

Ducks.

The duck flight is working South and just now it is principally mallards which are occupying the attention of the lucky ones. This week, at the Hennepin Club, Mr. Phelps Hoyt, of Chicago, killed 71 mallard ducks in a single day's shooting. It would seem that this ought to keep the wolf from the door of Mr. Hoyt for a few brief moments.

Mr. Harry Clark, also of Chicago, has returned from the Hennepin Club this week. He had very decent shooting and bagged 35 nice ducks in all, expressing himself quite contented with his sport.

At Senachwine Lake and in the Swan Lake country the water is low, and there was a freeze early in the week which temporarily sent the ducks out. Later in the week a very heavy flight was reported near Chillicothe, Ill. This Chillicothe country is perhaps the best natural duck marsh that ever lay out of doors in the West. The best part of the marsh is what is known as the "Rice Field," which has for some years been held as a game preserve by six gentlemen, all residents of the town of Chillicothe. They have a duck preserve which is simply priceless in its value and they handle it wisely and conservatively, not shooting every day in the week, but getting something every time they care to go after it.

Far to the south of our Illinois River country, in the timbered region of Arkansas, the flight of mallards is scattering down on its southern flight. Joe Irwin writes from Little Rock that a big flight has been in around that country, but that there is not water enough to hold the birds. The latter is a common complaint ever much of this part of the West.

About Wild Rice.

One has perhaps overlooked, if it has been printed in FOREST AND STREAM, instructions in regard to the art of planting wild rice so that it will make a stand of feed for a duck preserve. I was talking to-day with the veteran duck hunter, Mr. Abe Kleinman, of this city, and he says that the reason for the failure of duck clubs to raise wild rice on their grounds lies in the fact that the seed is usually sown in places where there is a channel or current of water in the spring time, or where the whole tract of sowing grounds is under the spring inundations. "The wild rice plant has a way of coming to the top of the water," said Mr. Kleinman. "If the water is shallow, the roots stay down, but if the water is deeper, you will notice that the roots seem to rise, the whole bog in which the roots lie apparently floating or coming up off the hard bottom below. Now, in the spring, the water finds these roots nearly detached and not fast in any hard bottom. The plants are frozen solid in the ice. There comes the rush of the freshet, perhaps the whole bottom being overflowed. The ice simply draws out the whole mass, vegetation, roots and all, and all you have left is a few struggling plants along the edges where the water is not so swift. The best places for wild-rice are always those with little or no current, and the plant grows the best in protected arms or coves where the ice does not sweep out with the current of the stream."

There may be something in what Abe says, and certainly he is a mighty well posted man in everything pertaining to ducks and duck feeding. This tip may be worth something to those who intend to plant wild rice on game preserves. Plant it in the stillest places possible and keep it protected from freshets or the grind of the moving ice field. Also plant buck brush and chinquapins.

Duck Calls.

There was a big argument at the Wishininne Club the other day about the original invention of the so-called Illinois River duck call. Bill Haskell claimed that he was the first man who ever made a round barreled duck call with the tongue fixed at the bottom of the call. There were about a dozen who challenged his statement promptly.

Mr. W. L. Wells stated that he had in his possession a duck call made by Fred Allen more than 30 years ago. Fred Allen himself, as I understand it, does not claim to be the originator of the duck call, but only the first extensive manufacturer. Yet another gentleman thought that Tim Wood, of the Swan Lake Club, was the first inventor, and this is perhaps closer to the mark. Abe Kleinman says, and his experience dates back to the early days of duck shooting, that Horner, a brother-in-law of Tim Wood, made a duck call before Tim experimented in that line. Tim Wood told me that the first duck call he ever used was made from a section of cane, to which he fastened a brass reed. Then he got to wrapping these canes with twine, and then to making them of wood. The earliest duck call of which the writer has any recollection was made of wood with a bell-mouthed horn mouth piece. The barrel was sawn com-

pletely through longitudinally. This call I remember to have seen previous to the year 1870. It was not very effective, although in those days ducks were not so highly educated as they are now.

Bill Griggs, the famous market hunter, told me he thought the best duck call made was that turned out by Nick Glodo, of Paw Paw Junction, Mo. Glodo now wants \$10 for one of his calls. He used to get \$5. The legitimate trade price of the duck call is about \$1. Bill Haskell has taken a sudden spurt of energy and is now manufacturing 500 duck calls which he intends to put on the market one of these remote days. There are a dozen different varieties of duck calls already purchasable in the sporting goods stores. Nearly all of these need retuning, and some of them can be made to do service in the hands of an expert caller. The fact is that most duck callers call too much, and with too poor an imitation. A poor duck call in the hands of an industrious shooter is apt to scare away more ducks than it brings into the decoys.

Abe Kleinman says that one of the best duck callers he ever saw was made out of the handle of an old tin dipper. It had a loud but accurate note. As for himself, he used to call ducks with the unaided mouth, but he says this is very hard work if one manages to produce a loud note. I have heard several market hunters along the Illinois River produce a very good imitation of the mallard call, and with the unaided mouth.

The probabilities are the artificial calls for the wild duck, like those for the wild turkey, antedate the hunters of this generation. One imagines that the first call was made by the southern hunter, out of a section of cane, just as Tim Wood made his first call on the Illinois River. Upon the contrary, Abe Kleinman states that he began hunting in 1851 in the Calumet River country, near Chicago, and that at that time he had never heard of a duck call. He seemed to think that the idea came from somewhere south of us, perhaps the Illinois River country. Upon the whole, the consensus of opinion seems to be that Bill Haskell was not one, two, eight in the invention of the instrument above specified.

Quail.

Mr. J. L. Jones, of this city, is now absent on a quail hunt at Neoga, on the Illinois Central railway, this State. Dr. Shallenberger, of this city, is also out in that vicinity. Mr. Oswald Von Lengerke is just back from the same point. He killed 41 quail one day and 48 the next, having a local guide who had with him three good dogs. Mr. Chas. S. Dennis, Mr. J. V. Clarke and Mr. W. L. Wells are contemplating a quail hunt, and will probably go to Watson, in the same district as Neoga. It is the general belief in that country that the quail did not breed three times and perhaps not even more than once. The last week has shown windy, dry weather, and the birds have been hard to handle, running ahead of the dogs like so many blue quail. The sport has not been of the best, but there has been enough shooting for those not too unreasonable in their demands.

The young son of Mr. J. G. Drennan, District Attorney of the Illinois Central railroad, goes to-night for a little trip on his father's lands near Taylorville.

Mr. W. A. Powell and myself, accompanied one day by Mr. Estill Harner, of Taylorville, had a pleasant little shoot near Sharpsburg, in this State, early this week. We found some very large bevy's of birds, numbering in several instances over 30, but on the other hand found in that part of the country someone had been shooting ahead of us, the bevy's being cut down to one-half their numbers, sometimes only a half dozen being left to the bevy. We did not care to kill all of them at once, but usually got from two to three dozen birds when we went out.

As to Mr. Powell himself, and his dog Dorothy, and the dog Rock, son of Dorothy, it is to be said only that they are, as ever, the best on earth. Dorothy does not grow older with the years, but can still eat three square meals a day, and wear out the average hunter at that. Mr. Powell himself is, if possible, a little longer in the leg and a little more tireless in the wind than he ever was before. I can recommend him to anyone needing physical training. As a quail shot, I think he improves as the years go by, and surely he frequently makes discouragingly long runs of straight kills.

In the matter of shooting quail, it is an odd thing, but I hear of all kinds of people who can kill all the quail they shoot at. One man writes a nice story about himself killing 15 or 20 straight. Another tells of a story told him by his father, who saw his uncle or cousin kill 40, 50, or 60 straight. Somehow I never have been around when these things were happening. Warren Powell is a good quail shot, yet he and I agreed that a man who bags half his birds is doing pretty well. For amusement I kept track of my own shooting for a while, and found that the score stood 2 birds out of 2 shots, 2 out of 4, 2 out of 6, 4 out of 8, 5 out of 9, 6 out of 11, 9 out of 19. Then it grew gradually darker and my gun did not prosper so well. If I recollect correctly, I pocketed only 10 birds out of 26 shots that day. The following day was very windy and cold and the birds were so wild that I did not get half my shots, and I think it puzzled Powell himself to account for half his birds that day. Incidentally I made a string of straight misses so long that I do not care to put it on record. On that windy day we found Bob White at his best as an enigma. Time after time we would put up a Levy and try our best to mark it down, but if we picked up more than two or three singles out of the scattered birds, we figured we were doing well. I never saw quail run so far or lie so badly to the dog. Dorothy was disgusted with the birds and once or twice bodily ran in after them, just to see if she could get close enough to smell them good and hard. We could absolutely see the annoyance on her countenance.

Doubles.

It is easier to talk about killing a double on a bevy rise than it is to do the same. Once in a while Mr. Powell and I would do this act, and on three different occasions we executed a little stunt which is rare when two guns shoot together. On three different bevy rises we each killed a double, bagging 4 birds each, each

killed by the single shot. When two shooters fire at a bevy rise they will nearly always double on one or both of their birds. I think 36 was the greatest number of birds we brought in but we had more than \$36 worth of fun.

Mr. Powell himself is as irrepressible as ever, and an exceedingly hard man to get away from. "I don't want you to come down here just to stay a couple of days," said he, "but want you to bring your wife, dog and furniture and spend the winter. What's the use of working? There is nothing in it."

Shooting with him and his friend, Mr. Sharp, over near Sharpsburg, I said that in such tall corn, with the wind blowing so strongly, I was a little bit nervous about shooting, lest I might land a few shot on Mr. Sharp unbeknown to myself. "Oh, don't mind him," said Powell; "shoot him all you want to. Don't pay any attention to him at all. If you did shoot him he would just think it was a joke. We want you to feel that you are getting near to the edge at least of southern hospitality." I should think as much, although, on the whole, I concluded it was best not to pattern my gun on Mr. Sharp's anatomy. He was a tall man, and very husky, and I was afraid that he might not agree with Mr. Powell in his estimate of the pleasure involved.

The Old Dog.

The saddest thing in a sportsman's life, if indeed, it is not the saddest thing in the world, is the sight of his faithful old hunting dog getting too old and too crippled to longer accompany him afield. On the morning when Mr. Powell and I drove out of town for our little hunt, we looked around and saw old Put, his ancient hunting companion, waddling along behind us in the road, whining piteously and begging us as plainly as dog language can, to wait for him. Put is one of those grand old gentlemen of dogdom which now and again turn up. Nearly every fellow has had one best dog in his life, one which did things which none of the others could do, one which was just a little dearer to him than all or any of the others. Dorothy is as grand a shooting dog as ever man could ask, yet ever Mr. Powell becomes reminiscent and tells what Put used to do when they were afield together. Put was a shooting dog, a meat dog; that is to say, he would never have won in a field trial, yet was one of the dogs on which one would put no price whatever. Tall, big boned, heavy framed, placid, equable and sagacious in disposition, old Put never needed much training, and after he reached his majority could give the average shooter much advice in the art of hunting birds. He always knew where to find the game, and he always knew how to handle it in just such a way that the gun would make the biggest possible bag.

Now here was old Put, a dozen years old, broken down with rheumatism, swollen out of all proportion with dropsy, just upon the verge of death, yet eager to go out with the gun just one more time before he laid him down to die. All summer the old fellow has been content to stay around the yard, never venturing outside the gate. On this morning, when he saw Dorothy taken into the buggy, and saw the guns go in under the seat, the old fire revived in his heart. He managed to push open the gate, and to waddle down the sidewalk, and when we heard his piteous voice, he was doing his best to overtake the vehicle. He followed us for nearly half a mile, and then Mr. Powell, just a little bit uncertain about the throat, got out of the buggy and gently led him back toward the house. He could not reproach the old fellow, and he took his own time about the pace of the homeward march. I suppose this was the last time in Put's life that the ancient fire is to kindle up with a trace of the old time vigor. He will hardly follow the guns away again. Pretty soon we will hear of his death. There is not anything much sadder than this, and so nearly any shooter can testify.

Lived up to Her Principles.

The papers print all sorts of things. The Audubon societies resolve all sorts of things regarding the iniquity of women wearing bird plumage on their bonnets. So far as is known, no kind-hearted but fashionable lady has ever been influenced by all these preachments, and there has been no recorded case of a milliner refusing to order the accustomed quantity of mounted birds for the heads of her patrons. Yet this week Miss Spanum, a milliner of Stoughton, Wis., did an act which is worthy of emulation by all those who believe in certain principles, and who ought to practice what they believe. Convinced that the use of these mounted birds was wrong, she packed up and shipped back every such article included in her stock. Now, there was courage for you, as well as wisdom. It is sincerely to be hoped that this milliner will receive the patronage of every lady in her town, just as she ought to receive the approbation of every Audubon society and newspaper writer, and every professor of good principles in this broad land of ours.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

E. HOUGH.

"With the Cougar Hounds."

BRETHREN of the FOREST AND STREAM, if there be any among you who have not read "With the Cougar Hounds," by our President, delay not in doing so. It will be the best hunting trip you ever had. When I was a boy I was preparing for a hunting trip, which I never took, because I was "taken down" with typhoid, and during the weeks which followed I dreamed I was in the Rocky Mountains, camping in a snow-bound valley, through which ran an ice-bound stream. I was continually chopping a hole in the ice and drinking the blue-black, delicious, icy water. I suppose that when the doctor lost my pulse and my breathing stopped and they thought I was dead, I was only down on my belly drinking out of that hole in the ice, and that when I got up I began breathing where I had left off. It was only a dream, but it was like Heaven—and "With the Cougar Hounds" was like dreaming it over again. It may be presumptuous to praise the President, but if the likes of us can't do it, who can? We'd speak well of Shakespeare and Izaak Walton and Oliver Cromwell if we wanted to.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Two Have-Beens Try It Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bostwick and I are in the "sere and yellow leaf" of shooting life. Years ago we wrapped our sporting blood up in brown grocery-store paper and laid it away in the archive of the "have beens." Time and again the odor from that parcel would bring back memories that would carry us back, down through the corridors of time, to the days of our youth—the old swimming hole, where we plunged in abbreviated costume and dressed on the bank, allowing our skin to dry on us; the old shooting ground, where we pulled the rabbit out of the "hollow" with a forked stick, and worried the opossum's very life out of him by making him 'possum too often. A cantilever-suspension bridge with a trolley car track has crossed the old swimming hole, and town lots 20 by 40, with paved streets (on paper), have desecrated the shooting ground. Yea, the old tree that we pulled a rabbit out of has been felled to make a post to make one of those town lot corners, and Bostwick says the sign "Keep off the grass" is supported by a tree he pulled "simmons" from.

But last Christmas week we thought we would try again and see what the "have beens" could do, and we got out our old guns and went to J. H. Gafford's farm in Baskerville, Va. We did our hunting on horseback, and Bostwick says the hardest work on the hunt was getting on and off his horse; that he always felt rich when he finally did "arrive" in the saddle, for the reason that he was "better off." To get off of his horse he would have to use both hands and feet, and he would always throw his gun down on the ground and then let "gravitation" do its work with his 185 pounds avoirdupois. The fall of Bostwick and his 9-pound gun generally scared everything in shooting distance. Bostwick said his gun weighed 9 pounds when he bought it. Bostwick was young then. Gafford tried to weigh it on the store scales, but a 10-pound weight was all the storekeeper had. Half of our time was spent in extricating Bostwick up and down from his horse. And then he would swear about the high horses in that country.

He caught one of Mrs. Gafford's tame turkeys, cut the "whiskers" off and mailed it to one of his friends in New York as the whiskers off of the biggest wild turkey that he killed. He gave Griffen, the old negro who did chores about the farm, fifty cents for an opossum, brought it back to New York and had a "possum and taters" dinner, and talked for six hours how he caught that "possum." He said the water down there didn't agree with him. The water he brought gave out and he rode six miles one night for "more." When he got back to New York, he sent Griffen his last "century" dress suit, and the very next Sunday morning Griffen went to church with a dress suit, white vest and silk hat.

But the hunt—well, if we (Bostwick and I) had killed a quail (I came very near saying all we shot at) every time we fired, we would have done very well.

Gafford, however, is a fine shot, a gentleman of the old school, and he loaned us the birds he shot to send home, and which were plenty. (Bostwick says Gafford looks like Buffalo Bill.) A more hospitable place could not be found. Every comfort and plenty of quail and turkeys for those who can hit, and dogs that not only find the birds, but hold them when found.

TERRY SMITH.

The Moso's Gun.

THE long-looked-for time had come, and we were on the train en route to the game fields of the Sierra Madres in Mexico, each with a .30-30, fitted with Lyman peep sights, Colt's six-shooters and knives—in fact our outfit was all that could be desired, and we were actually thirsting for wild animal gore. At the terminus of the railway we secured a guide and a moso (a moso is a Mexican servant of the peon class), and hired saddle and pack animals. I noticed that Louis, our moso, had a cartridge belt with four cartridges in it, and I asked him if he had a rifle. "Oh! yes, Señor, I have a very good one." "Where are your cartridges, then?" He pointed to the four. Think of it, going on a three weeks' hunt with four cartridges in a country full of big game. And then the gun—it was an old '73 model .44-40 repeater, the iron was gone from the stock and the wood-work cracked and minus varnish, made the gun look a century old, and caused quite a laugh when he produced it, but Louis swore by it, so I said, "Boys, we must get him some cartridges." And get them we did, though they cost 5 cents apiece down there. He was immensely tickled. For four days we had pushed westward, and then went into camp one noon. All went out for a hunt, leaving Louis washing dishes. When I returned it was sundown. I was tired and hungry, and had not had a shot. Arriving in camp, there hung a fine deer. "Who was the lucky man?" I cried. No answer. Finally the Colonel said, "Well, you see—why, it was that blamed moso, and here within 200 yards of camp, too!" The look of disgust on the Colonel's face was too much for me—I roared.

We were out two weeks, and every day that boy with that old blunderbuss bagged game; and when the hunt was over there were not over a dozen empty loops in his belt, while we had refilled our belts several times.

When we got back to the station, I took Louis into the store just as he was ready to leave for his home and bought him a full box of cartridges. Another one of the boys bought him a pair of shoes, and we gave him the provisions we had left—enough to last him a month; and blamed if I didn't almost feel like presenting him with my .30-30, for he had never mentioned the fact that he killed a single deer or turkey. Who would have thought that old blunderbuss would kill anything?

I. J. B.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

In Rhode Island.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of hunters from Wickford recently returned from Maine, where they enjoyed excellent shooting. One of the party sent home a handsome 675-pound moose.

Reuben J. Brown, of Chepachet, wrote the Providence Journal the past week that in the last few days with his dog, Ben, he has killed three foxes, and within the year,

according to the town clerk's record, he has killed twenty-four, and he doesn't consider himself much of a fox hunter after all.

So far none of the North Providence hunters, professional or amateur, has met with even reasonably good success, and the scarcity of partridges is very marked. Quail are quite numerous, but are extremely difficult to find, and woodcock have not been so plentiful for some time, and these birds afford good sport, but are the least valuable of the game birds.

W. H. M.

Kansas "Snowbirds."

WELLINGTON, Kan., Nov. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* To-day at the eating station at Caldwell, Kan., the passengers on the south-bound train were asked if they would "have some snowbirds," and on assenting were served with cooked birds, one of which—mine—was manifestly a quail. That served to my neighbor on the right seemed to be a dove. Can you tell me why this unusual name was applied to these birds? If I had with me a copy of the *Game Laws in Brief* I could perhaps answer the question for myself, but I have left mine behind.

I recently learned that in another State, which has a law forbidding the sale of game, a hotel keeper who had been out shooting and secured a good bag of prairie chickens, had them cooked and served to his guests. He was arrested for a violation of the game laws—selling game—and fined \$25 per bird. If Kansas has a law prohibiting sale that might explain the name given at the eating station above named to the birds served at the table.

Thanks, very largely to the efforts of FOREST AND STREAM, the non-sale law in Nebraska seems to be quite generally respected. Of course, there have been some attempts to violate it, but several such attempts have been stopped by the express companies, which appear to have taken up in good faith the question of enforcing the law as to shipping game. These common carriers are the most effective assistants the game protectors can have.

A consignment of game recently shipped from a point not far from North Platte, Neb., was examined by the express agent, and when the boxes were found to contain game, the whole consignment was returned to the shipper. Thus, daily, the road that the market-shooter has to travel is made more rocky.

As yet few ducks have come on from the North, for the weather continues warm. Prairie chickens are few and far between, but quail are abundant hereabouts.

KANSAS FARMER.

Resist the Gun Borrowers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I observe in the FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 2 an article entitled "The Gun Borrowers."

Let me add a word of encouragement to the contributor. May the good work go on. I would not only include the gun, but it applies equally well to the rod.

I am the fortunate possessor of a 20-bore gun. Not long ago I was asked the loan of it for a few days by a particular friend. After some hesitation and the usual caution, "Take good care of it," away went gun and man, leaving me in a doubtful and dissatisfied frame of mind. My friend in due course appeared with gun, reporting no game or sport. Looking through the gun I found dirt and rust. "Have you cleaned it?" I inquired. "No," he replied, with perfect candor and innocence, "I only fired twice and did not think it worth while." He had been camping four days—two raining. You can imagine the condition of the gun. He has since bought one. My experience no doubt is a common occurrence.

It should be an unwritten law among sportsmen not to lend gun or rod. If once broken, they are rarely ever repaired satisfactorily, and if used for years very hard to replace.

In discussing this question, I trust it will be brought to the notice of some who may be in the habit of shooting with borrowed arms and show them the error of their ways. May I thank Gun Borrower for drawing attention to this matter through the columns of your valuable papers? Let me be one to back him up in his not too harsh, but reasonable, statements.

X. Y. Z.

MONCTON, N. B.

The Ziegler Party in Canada.

OTTAWA, Nov. 1.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The report emanating from Ottawa that Mr. William Ziegler, of New York City, and Judge William J. Gaynor were being pursued through the wilds of northern Canada by the sheriff turns out to be a hunting story pure and simple. The annexed statement signed by Mr. N. E. Cormier, Provincial Game Warden of the Province of Quebec, and by Mr. H. Scudder, Secretary of the Caughnawana Fishing and Hunting Club, of which Mr. Ziegler is a member and on whose preserves Mr. Ziegler and Mr. Gaynor were hunting, gives the proper version of the matter.

HULL, Quebec, Nov. 1.—The report that Judge Gaynor and Mr. Ziegler were to be arrested grows out of a misunderstanding as to the liability of members of hunting clubs to take out licenses for helpers. All proper attention has been paid to the requirements of the game laws of the Province of Quebec by the parties concerned.

(Signed) N. E. CORMIER,
H. SCUDDER.

Importation of Game Heads.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 29.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Sunday evening, Oct. 20, I was a passenger on a Delaware & Hudson railway train from Montreal to New York, returning from a hunting trip to Canada, and had with me the antlers and scalp of a moose.

The United States Inspector of Customs informed me that moose heads were dutiable, and wanted to know what valuation I placed upon my trophy. I declined to place any value on it, and told the inspector that I had repeatedly brought moose heads (unmounted) into this country, and had never been required to pay duty on them. The inspector insisted, and said that he had collected the duty on as many as ten moose heads since the present season began. In one case the owner valued

his unmounted moose head at \$50, and that he had collected the duty on that valuation.

Finally I told the inspector that he could assess the duty at any amount he saw fit, and that I would get it refunded without any trouble whatever. The bluff went. No duty was collected.

Now, what I should like to know is this: If the inspector was right in demanding duty in the first place, why did he not insist on making me pay it; and if he had no right to collect the duty on my moose heads, was it not an imposition on those sportsmen whom he did make pay?

METAPEDIA.

[Mounted heads of animals are dutiable at 20 per cent. ad valorem, unmounted heads at 10 per cent. ad valorem.]

Long Island Ducks.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While down at East Quogue, Shinnecock Bay, L. I., last week, Mr. E. W. Reynolds, of the New Utrecht Gun Club, myself, and E. A. Jackson, guide, killed about sixty-five ducks, including spoonbill, teal, broadbill, widgeon, sprig-tail, whistlers, mallards, coots, black ducks and four canvasbacks and a few snipe. We were very lucky in securing canvasbacks, as Mr. Jackson said he had not shot any in twenty years.

ALBERT A. SCHOVERLING.

EAST QUOGUE, L. I., Nov. 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Since I can remember, there never was as many ducks in Shinnecock Bay as at the present time, and there are ducks that I have not seen in twenty years. At present time of writing, I would judge there are from 40,000 to 50,000 broadbills in the bay.

E. A. JACKSON.

The Safe Way.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Nov. 9.—Coming down from Hazelhurst yesterday (100 miles above Wausau) the cars showed plenty of patronage from the deer hunters. Naturally I overheard much of the conversation, and not a little of it was along the lines of personal danger and past experience when they came near being shot. One chap stated that he intended to wear a red head covering of some kind to "make sure." He'll make a good target and no doubt will get plugged before he returns.

But what's the use! It is safer to remain home and be presented with a haunch of venison than to take your life in your hands and hunt the live animal in the woods.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Pictures from Forest and Stream.

PICTURES FROM FOREST AND STREAM.—A series of pictures of Nature and Sport in America. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. New York. Price, \$2.

This beautiful volume comprises 32 pictures, handsomely printed on heavy plate paper, illustrating various phases of outdoor life and nature. There are reproductions of nine of Audubon's bird portraits, a series of the primitive hunting methods of the North American Indians, and pictures of shooting, fishing and yachting, and spirited portraits of the chief game animals of the continent.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

Mallards and Limburger.

I ONCE went on a duck-hunting trip with two Germans. We were to get pass shooting, so were burdened with no decoys, nor did we give any attention to boat, etc. Arrived at the pass before daybreak, we adjusted our blind and awaited the coming of the mallards with the first streak of dawn. The day proved to be one of those "lowery" ones, with a strong wind blowing, and until nearly noon the birds flew low and in good numbers. The shooting was all that could be wished for.

At noon we left our blinds and walked down the pass a short distance to a spring, where we dined into the lunch basket. When I had satisfied my appetite and was about walking to the spring for a finishing drink, I was urged to wait a minute, as the best part of the lunch was yet to come, one of my companions at the same time reaching into the basket and bringing forth a long, oval tin. I scanned the tin closely as the cover was being removed, and read the words "Limburger Kase" upon the label. This was confirmed by my sense of smell when the lid was removed, for it appealed to Heaven.

I sat at a distance and saw the contents of that can gradually disappear amidst exclamations of gustatory approval, until finally the emptied tin was thrown one side. The fact that I was repeatedly informed that I did not know what was good in no wise shook my refusal to join them.

A couple of hours spent in conversation, smoking and repairing our blind brought us close to the beginning of the early afternoon flight—in fact, before we had stowed our dead birds snugly away the cry of "Mark!" directed our gaze toward a string of mallards, mere specks in the distance, coming up wind. Straight as an arrow they followed the water course, until they had come within a hundred yards of us, when they cut off at a sharp angle to the right, avoiding us entirely. Funny! And this was repeated a second time. Something wrong with the blind; an open, exposed spot was suggested, and while the cover was quite as close as during the morning shoot, yet more dead grass was brought and the blind was made closer still. "Mark again, a lone mallard coming!" Straight as a bullet he made for our blind, flying low and hopefully within good gun shot when he reached our cover, when again this lone bird, taking warning at something, towered when within a hundred yards of us, so that as he passed over our blind a rifle- only would have reached him.

Something was the matter with the blind. What it was we could not make out. Again we made an attempt at improving it. More bunches of mallards came in sight, only to swerve to the right or to the left, well out of gun shot.

When the next and the next flock came, we lay flat upon our backs close up to the blind, keeping our guns

under us, but this made no difference, for again did the birds go sailing by to the right or far to the left.

We sat up and held a council of war, as the birds still came up wind only to rocket up in the air and pass out of gun shot. Our afternoon shooting was certainly hoodooed from some unknown cause. I got disgusted and started down toward the spring for a drink, and, walking too far, I had to come up wind again toward the blind, and in doing so I got directly in line with that discarded can of Limburger. Gee whiz! but it was strong and odoriferous. And the closer I got to it the more I thought. I got my drink, located the near-by tin, and when found I dug a deep rut with my boot heel in the black soil, kicked in the can, stamped on it, scraped in the earth, and packing it down started once more for the blind. My friends were yet in consultation, and stood bolt upright as a low-flying flock of mallards approached. On they came, closer and closer, but instead of either rocketing or swerving to the right or left, they continued their course and came straight for us, passing nicely over our heads and giving us an opportunity each to get in two barrels and have the satisfaction of seeing six mallards drop upon the open prairie.

Suffice it to say that the birds now flew steadily and low; there was no more swerving; the shooting was simply excellent, and toward sundown the birds kept coming in one continuous, steady stream.

I almost exploded a dozen times at the various explanations offered because of the changed conditions, but until the flight was over I said nothing about the burying of the Limburger tin. But while we could yet see, I asked my companions to come to the spring, and then and there I kicked up the dirt and exposed the buried tin, and then I gave my explanation. I told how, when I left the blind for a drink, I got too far down, and in turning I faced the wind blowing directly from that tin, and I said to myself, "I don't blame the ducks, I would dodge it myself. It is enough to stop a cattle stampede, let alone mallards, and I at once buried it. Did you not notice that I had hardly reached the blind before the birds flew low and right over us as in the morning? The moment they got wind of the unburied can you saw just how they acted. They knew something was dead somewhere ahead of them, and they simply steered away from it. The case is as clear as a pike staff. There can be no argument whatever. We had good shooting while the can was unopened in the basket during the morning, and we had good shooting after the empty tin was buried, but you know yourselves that we had no shooting while the can lay upon the ground, and the mallards had to fly up wind over it."

There was silence for a few moments after I had finished, when, as if in one voice, my friends exclaimed, "May be that was so after all."

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Snakes and Snake Stories.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Coahoma puts me in mind of old Joe Lewis. Joe was drinking pretty hard, and his friends, among whom was a physician, went to him one day after he had been on a little spree and told him the signs were about right for him to have an attack of delirium tremens the next time he touched liquor. The warning availed not, however, and in a week or two he was at it again, and his friends called upon him in a body the next morning about headache time, finding him in bed, as they anticipated, with a wet towel wrapped around his head. The last man to enter the room carried a live rat in a wire cage, and while his companions greeted the sick man, he turned the rat loose and it ran under the bed. The men made Joe believe they were really very much alarmed at his condition, and as they talked to him they kicked under the bed and out ran the rat.

"Look at that rat!" cried Joe, when he saw it. The men pretended they saw nothing, but that they were even more alarmed about their friend than ever. The rat had landed under the washstand, and when the doctor went there to wet the towel, he kicked him out again, whereupon Joe sprang up in bed and swore there was a rat.

"Now, Joe," said the doctor, as he and his confederates grasped him and held him down in bed, "you've got 'em at last. There is no rat!"

The poor fellow sank back in terror, and in a few minutes he had sworn never to touch liquor again. The door was opened a crack in the meantime, the rat scampered out when Joe was looking, and the men prepared to leave, and were going out the door when Joe called them back and exclaimed: "Say, fellows, I know I've been drinking too much, and I intended to swear off all the time anyhow, and I mean to stick to it, but I'm just going to let you in on a little joke. It's on you. I didn't see any rat at all!"

Now I fully expected Coahoma to say it was not so about that snake crawling on the picture moulding, and that he was just joking with us. That he didn't see any rat at all. But here he comes with a new story in which there are more snakes, and in greater variety, than in any case mentioned in the text books. He sees an old lady sitting in a cage with all those snakes, one at least of an extinct species, and one of them holding up his head to have his chin tickled!

I notice that he enviously speaks of my 10-foot snake as two 5-foot ones, and I now regret not having said it was eleven, as he would then have had to hire some figuring done for him or else let my snake alone. And why can't a man tell his own snake stories and let me tell mine?

In this connection the fair and impartial reader of FOREST AND STREAM will recall that some time ago Horace Kephart told a story about a snake crawling up a big white oak, like a fly crawling up a window pane, and I want to know if that man with his pneumatic tired snake didn't start all the trouble? And him a librarian of a big library, and every night when he locks up he can sleep on a stack of learned and reliable books, some of them on zoology! When I think of his trick snake and Coahoma's extinct viper that bites with his gums, I wonder that I am able to speak of either of them with that absolute calm which must be apparent to any one who reads this.

GEORGE KENNEDY.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

The Trout Stream.

FAIR river, flowing swift and free,
From fragrant realms of spruce and pine,
Where hemlocks wave their sombre plumes
And balsams turn the air to wine.

Now rippling on with music sweet,
Like some bright stream from fairyland,
While silken weeds like pennants green
Wave softly o'er the yellow sand;

And where thy course with graceful curve
Forms near the shore a crystal pool,
The lofty pines like minster towers
Reflect their shadows green and cool.

Now sweeping round a pebbly shoal,
To glide beneath some mossy bank,
Where the wild rose in beauty blooms,
And brakes and ferns grow green and rank.

Or rushing down with sweep and swirl,
Thy flashing waters laughing go,
Foaming among the mossy rocks,
To seek the quiet pool below.

Here, when the evening sunlight throws
Its dappled tints of green and gold,
The red deer seeks thy flowering moss
And drinks thy ripples clear and cold.

While from the silver beeches' towers,
Where day's last radiance lingers long,
The hermit thrush with voice divine
Pours forth its matchless even-song.

Here far removed from dust and crowds,
The greed and strife that never cease,
I come to find amid thy scenes
The healing balm of rest and peace.

To lightly cast the tempting fly,
And hear the music of the reel,
Or see the rainbow flash of trout,
And all an angler's rapture feel.

Flow on, fair stream, through coming years,
By forest green and flowery lea,
While other pilgrims seek thy shrines
In summer days I shall not see.

But let me feel thy charm to-day
And rest upon thy fragrant sod,
Here find my boyhood's faith again
And hear "the still, small voice" of God.

PRAIRIE RIVER, WIS.

HENRY J. SAWY.

A Day on a Trout Stream.

EIGHT o'clock on a beautiful morning last June found Diana and me jogging along over the road behind one of Hobbs' horses. Our destination was a little trout stream of which we had heard, but had never seen. The occasion was particularly interesting to us, from the fact that Diana had never caught a trout, and was also to christen her new rod. I had just broken the "chain," and looked forward to two or three days of freedom from the cares and worries inseparable from business.

The fresh morning air and sunshine, and the beauty of the distant mountains produced such a feeling of exhilaration that care rolled from our minds and left us as light-hearted as children.

We soon reached a place where a stream ran under the road, and judged it to be the one for which we were looking. Inquiry at a near-by farmhouse confirmed this, and, as we drew up into the yard, a young farmer who appeared on the scene told us it was the Nineteen-Mile Brook. He was clad only in a pair of trousers and a sleeveless shirt, but he also had on a beautiful coat of sunburn.

While putting up the horse I inquired as to whether our quest for trout was likely to be a success, also asking where, in all probability, we would have the best luck. After sizing up the outfit he slowly drawled, "Wal, most of them city fellers don't fish up any further than the woods, and they don't get many trout, either."

I replied that neither Diana nor I was afraid of a tussle with the underbrush, and asked him if there were any trout in the brook up in the woods. His reply, "Oh! there's trout there all right," seemed to give us the assurance that we need not return empty handed.

The horse made comfortable, we started off over the fields hand in hand, feeling that we had not a care in the world. We crossed a pasture with quite a high knoll in the center, and on arriving at the top, somewhat out of breath, we stopped, speechless as well with admiration of the beautiful view outspread before us.

A hard shower the night before had cleared the air, and the glimpses of the blue waters of the lake and the magnificent view of the distant mountains caused us to forget that we had only recently left the hot, dusty city.

Tearing ourselves away from the lovely view, we plunged into the woods at the foot of the knoll, and, crossing bogs, climbing blow-downs and pushing our way through underbrush, followed the course of the little brook at least a mile, noting with blissful anticipation the pools and ripples of the beautiful little stream.

Finally, not being able to pass any more likely looking spots, we dropped our lunch basket and other duffle on the ground and I jointed up Diana's Leonard for the first time, our plan being to fish down stream and let the line float ahead of us.

Putting on the leader and impaling a barnyard-hackle on the hook, I pulled off a yard of line and told Diana to cast into a little pool and let the bait float down the current.

I then started to joint up my own tried and true split bamboo, but had scarcely put on the first joint when I heard an exclamation. Looking quickly around, I beheld

Diana standing on the bank, her rod held high in the air, and dangling from the end of the line a lusty little mountain trout.

Diana's eyes were sparkling, and she exclaimed, "Oh, Nimrod! my first trout on my new rod"—I doubt not it was the proudest moment of her life.

I dropped my rod, and quickly disengaging the struggling beauty from the hook, laid him on the grass, where he was duly admired. After a few moments' admiration, pity seemed to take the place of exultation in Diana's gentle breast, and she remarked, "Oh, dear! what a shame to kill such a beautiful little fish."

When it reached this point I quickly gathered some wet moss and rolled the trout up in it, and told her to go ahead and get another one. She obeyed to the letter, and with baiting her hook and taking off the fish, it was well along in the forenoon before I was able to get jointed up so that I might do a little fishing on my own account.

The time passed all too quickly, and after having our lunch, we still had about half a mile of stream to fish.

We started in, Diana going ahead and first fishing the pools. She soon came to me, however, the appearance of which, to my mind at least, was a sure guaranty of a trout; but Diana only saw the swirling water and the submerged roots and snags, with which she had by this time become too well acquainted. She demurred at dropping her hook into this pool, saying she was sure she would get snagged. "But," I insisted, "there is surely a trout in that hole."

"But I am sure my line will get caught," she repeated, and so, knowing from long experience that further argument was entirely useless, I dropped my own hook into the upper edge of the pool, steering it clear of snags, and letting it sink to the bottom, in the dark, swiftly flowing water.

Instantly a savage rush took the line out, and as it straightened I pulled out on the bank the largest trout yet, eight inches to a dot, almost black on the back, and with crimson and orange spots on his beautiful sides.

I shall never forget the look of mingled shame, chagrin and envy on Diana's comely face. She almost wept.

"Now, why," she naively remarked, "didn't I know enough to do that?" Man fashion, I retorted, "You would have if you had taken my advice, but as you didn't, Diana, I wiped your eye." She wanted to know what that meant. On my explanation she said she would catch another one out of that same place, but it was not to be—there were no more there.

We continued taking here and there a lovely, spotted darling of the mountain stream, Diana minding not in the least the savage attacks of mosquitoes, or being obliged to climb over the piles of brush and fallen trees with which the banks of the stream were lined.

The sun was well down in the west when we finally emerged from the woods. As we found we had twenty-four splendid trout, every one well over the legal limit, and not caring particularly to fish the stream through the meadow, along which we could see the "city men's" path, we somewhat reluctantly unjointed our rods, both agreeing that the day had been a red-letter one.

We walked back to the farmhouse, hitched up the horse and were soon on our journey to the hotel which was our temporary stopping place, with glorious visions of a supper of broiled trout, which were afterward realized to the full.

NIMROD.

Weights of Salmon for Inches of Length.

MR. E. STURDY writes in the London Fishing Gazette: Though the possibility of arriving pretty closely at the weight of a salmon from one easily-taken dimension, like that of length, must have suggested itself to most old anglers, I do not remember to have seen the thing put in very definite shape, which I shall now endeavor to do.

My attention was drawn seriously to the question many years ago in this way: Towards the close of a season, when for a week or two I had only been getting grilse, sea-trout and small salmon, I landed one morning a very long-looking, ugly old male fish. My companion and my gillie, both very experienced, pronounced it a monster, the biggest we had ever caught, etc., and I myself, seeing it reaching nearly to the heels of the little man as he carried it some quarter mile to the boat, began to share their hopes. In the boat, however, was a spinning-rod, on which was marked the length of a 44-pound fish, and the new capture was found to be shorter than this by more than four inches. Calculating that the difference alone would make 12 pounds less than 44 pounds, and seeing its wretched condition, I did not hesitate to bet it was under 30 pounds, which it turned out to be, only scaling 28 pounds.

Some further observations showed me that even a very imperfect system was a great aid to the unassisted eye, and I set to work to find a suitable standard. First I tried and used for years the rule that the pounds were equal to two-thirds of the cube of the length expressed in feet. This system, which gives 18 pounds as the weight of a 3-foot fish, worked fairly well with small fish, and with very old ones, but gave too small a weight for well-conditioned fish, and was besides troublesome to work.

Looking around, then, for something more suitable in both these respects, I found that for simplicity of calculation nothing approached a scale based on a 50-pound fish measuring 50 inches. It was only necessary to multiply the cube of the inches by four, dot off the last four figures as decimals, and the thing was done—just one minute's work. This theory, which assessed a 3-foot fish at 18 2-3 pounds, still under-estimated the weight of a well-conditioned salmon, but answered my purpose sufficiently well, inasmuch as the only fish whose weight I was in a hurry to know were the very big ones, nearly always old males, light for their length.

Now for average fish. I have prepared the accompanying table for lengths from 30 inches to 50 inches, based on the supposition that a salmon measuring in a straight line 3 feet from tip of snout to fork of tail weighs 20 pounds. I selected this standard as being simple to remember, and as agreeing very closely with the proportions of the fish of which I was landing the largest numbers—namely, those of from 15 pounds to 24 pounds.

A comparison of the table with the actual proportions of a considerable number of fish from 11 pounds to 41 pounds showed the following results: Under 15 pounds the weights were rather below the standard; from 15 pounds to 24 pounds, both inclusive, the weights were very near it, rising to 6 per cent. over; at 28 pounds they were 10 per cent. over; from 29 pounds to 33 pounds they were from 10 to 24 per cent. over; at 36 pounds and 37 pounds they were 20 per cent. over. Of heavier fish I had only two, one of 39 pounds, which was 6 per cent. over, and one of 41 pounds, which was 2 per cent. under the standard.

At first sight, a system requiring an adjustment of from 5 per cent. under to 25 per cent. over would appear of small value, but in practice, knowing what a fish would weigh if it were in average condition, is a very great help, and will safeguard even a novice from the excessively wide guesses we have all made when estimating the weight of a fish much larger or much smaller than those to which we had become accustomed.

From the divergencies between the proportions of the fish experimented upon and the scale, some very obvious deductions as to the condition, or rather as to the shape of salmon at various stages of their growth, might be drawn, but such is not the object of this paper, nor might it be safe to seek to base any general law on a limited number of trials, carried out only for part of one season on one river.

Inches.	Pounds.	Inches.	Pounds.
30.....	11.574	41.....	29.544
31.....	12.770	42.....	31.759
32.....	14.046	43.....	34.082
33.....	15.404	44.....	36.516
34.....	16.848	45.....	39.063
35.....	18.379	46.....	41.725
36.....	20.....	47.....	44.506
37.....	21.713	48.....	47.407
38.....	23.522	49.....	50.432
39.....	25.428	50.....	53.584
40.....	27.435		

Writing on October 23, 1901, Mr. Sturdy says: "Most the fish of over 40 pounds caught in the last four years on the same water, by his tenants and himself, have closely approached the standard, and one of 44 pounds, which measured 45 inches was nearly 13 per cent. above it."

An Idaho Fishing Trip.

ON our trip to Fall River Meadows in the southwest corner of the Yellowstone Park, we reached St. Anthony at sundown on the first day out. When we started we intended to go to Island Park in the vicinity of Henry's Lake, for fishing, but after an interview with Mr. Fred Rising (leading taxidermist of St. Anthony), who kindly volunteered information in regard to the fishing, we changed our minds, and the next day continued up the north fork past Marysville and camped in the cañon where Warm River joins the north fork of the Snake. The next morning early we hustled back a mile or so and turned eastward. About 1 p. m. we passed Rising's cabin and that night camped at Wyoming Creek, near the park line. In the morning we pushed on four or five miles and coming out into beautiful Fall River Meadows pitched our tent on the west branch of Fall River, which was our permanent camp for two weeks.

Talk about fishing! A man who could not catch trout there is no fisherman. Although we were amateurs in fly casting, we had our 20-gallon crock full when we returned to the ranch. Not a single trout was wasted, each fish was weighed before being dressed and a record of it kept. The largest ones weighed 3¾ pounds, and the average was slightly under two pounds. Another party caught five-pounders, which was nothing remarkable in the absence of scales. We think there were none there at that time larger than we caught.

While we were there three bull elk and a moose came out into the meadows within 200 yards of where we were fishing on the east branch. The moose moved back to the timber when he saw us, but the elk showed no sign of fear and finally lay down.

Three days later the crash of some smokeless rifles tolled their death knell. At least we suppose this the case, as we heard the shots back in the timber near where we saw the elk and when we got back to St. Anthony a party told us that some hunters had recently come out from that country with three elk heads which they sold to him. The soldier and a marshal who had been camping near us moved out to the northwest a day or two before the shooting. There was also a bunch of 26 elk up the west branch about three miles above our camp.

There were plenty of beaver signs on both branches and duck and geese quite plentiful.

A. A. PAYNE.

OHIO.

My Angling Friends.

MY ANGLING FRIENDS.—A second series of "Men I Have Fished With." By Fred Mather. Forest and Stream Publishing Co. New York. Price, \$2.

This is a second series of the delightful character sketches Mr. Mather wrote for FOREST AND STREAM. The "Friends" number twenty-eight, and include a number of well-known anglers—President Arthur, Grand Duke Alexis, Congressman Cummings, Ned Buntline, Charles Hallock and Thad. Norris. This new book has all the characteristics that gave Mr. Mather's "Men I Have Fished With" such popularity—the same insight to human nature, the experience-taught philosophy of life, the kindly humor, and the touch that stirs to deeper feeling and moistens the eye. The interest is sustained throughout, and there is here, too, a quality which has been often remarked of Mr. Mather's writings, his faculty of imparting a vast fund of instruction in natural history and the art of angling without being in the least pedantic or assuming to set himself up as an instructor.

A. N. Cheney's Fishing Tackle.

MRS. BEATRICE R. C. LEAVENS, of Glens Falls, N. Y., sends us a priced schedule of the fishing tackle which belonged to her father, A. N. Cheney, and which some of his friends might care to possess themselves of.

The Megantic Trout Hatcheries.

BOSTON, Nov. 9.—Fishermen have been having great sport in taking trout from Big Island Pond, Megantic Preserve, for breeding purposes. The Commissioners gave permission to take trout for this purpose on the fly. They have risen very freely at times, and it has been rare sport for those who have enjoyed the privilege. For hatching purposes, the superintendent writes that 125 trout have been taken, weighing 250 pounds. Some of the trout weighed as high as 3 pounds. It is expected that at least 400,000 trout eggs will be secured for the hatchery, part of which are already taken. The managers of the club hatcheries are convinced that they have a good source of trout in Big Island Pond. Fish and Game Commissioner Carleton says that the Commission is now liberating small fish at the rate of about 30,000 a week. They go to all parts of the State, for restocking various waters. Applications for the young fish are more than can be supplied. It is already planned, however, to send 25,000 to the Commodore Club, Moose Lake, Hartland, Me., and about as many more to Holeb Pond. These lots are about all the young fish left to be distributed.

SPECIAL.

Big Output of Salmon Fry.

FROM the present outlook more young salmon fry will be turned into the Columbia River this fall than ever before in one year. Master Fish Warden Van Dusen has returned to Astoria from visiting the hatcheries on the Clackamas and Sandy rivers. He found that the State hatchery on the Clackamas will have about 4,000,000 eggs, and that on the Sandy 2,000,000. The United States hatchery on the former river is expected to turn out 8,000,000. The total amount of young fish which will be turned into the Columbia River this year is estimated at about 60,000,000, of which experts believe that at least one-tenth will go to sea, mature and return to this river. At the present time the annual pack of the Columbia River, allowing three salmon to the case, represents about 1,000,000 fish. Sixty times this amount will be released this year, with a good prospect of 6,000,000 returning. This estimate, of course, does not take into consideration any but artificially propagated fish. With the agencies now at work the output of the hatcheries in another year should be nearly double that of the present.—Portland Oregonian.

"My Angling Friends."

WEST WINSTED, Conn.—I am much pleased that you have published "My Angling Friends," for which I inclose \$2. "Men I Have Fished With" and "My Angling Friends" are almost priceless to those of us who have been among the scenes and have known the men Mr. Mather has so aptly described. It is sad to think that we never shall have anything more from his pen.

C. S. FOSTER.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 27-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's third annual show.
Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 12.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials.—W. B. Wells, Hon. Sec'y.
Nov. 12.—Hampton, Conn.—Connecticut Field Trial Club's trials. F. M. Chapin, Sec'y, Pine Meadow, Conn.
Nov. 19.—Robinson, Ill.—Illinois Field Trial Association's third annual trials. W. R. Green, Sec'y.
Nov. 19.—Ruthven, Ont.—North American Field Trial Club's trials. R. Baughan, Sec'y, Windsor, Ont.
Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's annual field trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-third annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 25.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.
Nov. —Paris, Mo.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials follow M. F. T. A. trials.
Dec. 2.—Glasgow, Mo.—Western Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. C. W. Buttes, Sec'y.
Dec. 4-7.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.
Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

Monongahela Field Trial Club's Trials.

SENECAVILLE, O.—The seventh annual trials of the Monongahela Field Trial Club began Oct. 29 with the Membership Stake, this being the first time a members' stake was run by this club. The trials were advertised to begin on Tuesday. The club therefore decided to use Monday for a members' stake, and to draw the grounds. It proved a wise move on the part of the club, as the grounds change each year by reason of cultivation. This enabled the judges to look over the grounds. There were five entries, drawn to run as follows:

Rod's Chic with Spectacle.
Mars Chan with Hal's Hope.
Dan Shirley a bye.
Result: Hal's Hope first, Rod's Chic second, Mars Chan third.

The Derby was drawn Monday night, and had twenty-six starters, as follows:

Gipsy Maid, setter, with Miss Wickliffe, setter.
Jingo's Nellie II., pointer, with Piet Joubert, pointer.
Dick Darrah, setter, with Penn Earl, setter.
Winnie D. II., setter, with Verona W. Gladstone, setter.
Rod's Dick Byers, setter, with Honest John, pointer.
Diomed, setter, with Verona P. Gladstone, setter.
Tony von Puhl, pointer, with Brimstone, pointer.
Duchess Honor Bright, setter, with Col. Sport, setter.
Hopeless, setter, with Count Oakley, setter.
Sister Babe, setter, with Mark's Sport, setter.
Blue Dan Stone, setter, with Major S., pointer.

Cuba, Jr., pointer, with Big Injun, setter.

True Blue, setter, with Lena Antonio, setter.

The attendance was large. Among those present were: C. K. Brown, Franklin, Pa.; W. P. Austin, C. R. Austin, Mansfield, Pa.; D. H. Darrah, Bellaire, O.; J. W. Phillips, New Wilmington, Pa.; Robert Gibbs, Homestead, Pa.; M. N. Cecil, Wheeling, W. Va.; G. O. Smith, Wheeling, W. Va.; H. E. Carroll, Middleburg, O.; Macabee Shaw, New Comerstown, O.; G. I. Hammond, Canton, O.; John Morledte, New Bedford, O.; Jos. Brown, Middlebranch, O.; G. E. Gates, Marietta, O.; Major J. M. Taylor, New York; N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn.; W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, Pa.; W. H. Beazell, Mrs. W. H. Beazell, Homestead, Pa.; A. M. Wise, Litchfield, O.; Nat. B. Nesbitt, Chesterville, Miss.; D. C. White, F. H. Gilchrist, Alabama; Dick Fox, Harrisburg; A. C. Peterson, Homestead, Pa.; C. S. Walker, Uhrichsville, O.; R. M. Dodge, Bakersfield, Cal.; Frank Richards, Stewart, Minn.; A. B. Caldwell, Alledonia, O.; Harry Brown, Albany, O.; E. D. Garr, Louisville, O.; Tide Houston, Logan, O.; J. Bell, Carmichaels, Pa.; C. W. Tway, Irwin, O.; A. Albaugh, Farmington, Mo.; W. W. Updike, Robinson, Ill.; A. B. Ferguson and T. J. Day, Senecaville, O.

The weather was warm and dry—conditions that made the work very difficult—the scent being poor.

The club provided the teams for conveying the dogs to and from the grounds, same as last year. The stakes were skillfully judged and handled. Every dog was given a thorough trial. The judges were: Major J. M. Taylor, New York; N. Wallace, Farmington, Conn., and W. S. Bell, Pittsburg, Pa. Their decisions gave universal satisfaction, as no word of complaint was heard.

The club has made another forward step by abolishing the useless rule of requiring first and second dogs to be run together.

The Derby had twenty-six starters, and was won by Miss Wickliffe, a black, white and tan setter of medium size, full of quality, speed and range, working earnestly and independently, carrying a high head and going to her game promptly. She was closely pressed for the place by Cuba, Jr., a liver and white pointer, owned by the Stockdale Kennels, Bakersfield, Cal.; he is an earnest worker, handles easily, and is perfectly broken. Gipsy Maid, orange and white setter, is a diligent searcher, ranging fast and wide, employing every minute looking for game; is staunch and steady. Sister Babe, black, white and tan setter, shared third, equal with Gipsy Maid, is a bitch of wonderful speed. When her handler brought her up for the start, he held her in his arms. Some one asked him if this was to be a flying start; he nodded assent. When she was loosed it looked as near flying as possible as she darted away; her speed was well maintained.

The All-Age Stake had thirty starters—sixteen setters and fourteen pointers—but when finished it looked like a pointer stake, and certainly was a pointer victory, as first, second and third were won by pointers.

King Cyrano, first, is a lemon and white pointer dog of grand style and intelligence; he is perfectly trained and thoroughly reliable.

Alix II., liver and white pointer, winner of second, is a grand bitch, fast and wide; withal, she hunts well to the gun.

Queen Mab, third, is a liver and white pointer of good range and speed, and fairly won her place by good, clean work.

Lad of Jingo, unplaced, is a dog of rare quality, but was unfortunate in not getting on birds in either heat. He is a dangerous competitor in any company and at all times. There were a number of very high-class dogs in this stake that were unplaced, and when they meet again conditions may change the order of their positions.

The purse was \$800—\$400 in each stake—divided as follows: \$200 first, \$125 second, \$75 third. The club is prosperous, having a good balance in the treasury.

The Derby.

Gipsy Maid, orange and white English setter bitch, handled by A. C. Peterson, and Miss Wickliffe, black, white and tan English setter bitch, handled by A. M. Wise, were put down in wheat stubble at 7:45, and ran until 8:27, both good speed and range. Two bevs of birds were flushed; on the singles Gipsy got two points, Miss Wickliffe one. Both steady.

Jingo's Nellie II., black and white pointer bitch, handled by Harry Brown, and Piet Joubert, black and white pointer dog, handled by Nat. B. Nesbitt, were put down in cornfield at 8:35. Piet flushed a bevy, and afterward pointed a single. Nellie backed. Up at 9:29.

Dick Darrah, black, white and tan English setter, handled by A. B. Ferguson, and Penn Earl, black, white and tan English setter, handled by Dick Fox, were cast off at 9:30 in stubble, and worked in weed field and woods. Dick found and pointed a bevy; Earl backed; both steady; worked on the singles. Earl secured two points, both steady to wing and shot. Up at 10:29.

Winnie D. II., black, white and tan English setter bitch, handled by A. B. Ferguson, and Verona W. Gladstone, lemon and white English setter bitch, handled by Frank Richards, were cast off in cornfield at 10:36. Verona flushed a bevy, pointed a single, which she flushed before her handler reached her. Winnie best in range and style. Up at 11:15.

Rod's Dick Byers, black, white and tan English setter, handled by Wm. Walker, and Honest John, black and white pointer, handled by Jack Bell, were cast off in clearing at 2:10. Up at 2:40, neither showing any merit. Dick was sick, and permission was granted to take him up.

Diomed, black, white and tan English setter, handled by E. D. Garr, and Verona P. Gladstone, black, white and tan English setter, handled by Frank Richards, were put down in large weed field, and worked to stubble. Diomed pointed twice; no birds flushed to points, but a bevy was flushed by handlers a short distance from where point was established. Verona best in speed and range. No opportunity on birds. Ran from 2:45 until 3:35.

Tony von Puhl, liver pointer dog, handled by E. D. Garr, and Brimstone, black and white pointer dog, handled by W. H. Beazell. Cast off in large bottom at 3:45. Both started well, but soon slowed down. Brimstone pointed bevy in good style, and afterward a single, which Tony flushed. Brimstone steady. Up at 4:15.

Duchess Honor Bright, black, white and tan English setter bitch, handled by Harry Brown, and Col. Spot,

black, white and tan English setter dog, handled by A. M. Wise, ran from 4:15 to 4:30. Taken up on account of darkness.

Wednesday, weather warm and dry. While the early hours were comfortable, the noon hours became oppressive.

Duchess and Col. Spot were put down in orchard to finish their heat, and ran from 6:45 until 7:30. No birds were found. Both good speed and range. Col. Spot best.

Hopeless, black, white and tan English setter bitch, handled by A. C. Peterson, and Count Oakley, black, white and tan English setter dog, handled by C. W. Tway, were cast off at 7:45 in large, open field. Hopeless cut out the work in earnest, but did no bird work. Count Oakley flushed one bevy, then across the creek pointed a bevy staunchly, and on singles got one good point. Up at 8:40.

Sister Babe, black, white and tan English setter, handled by E. D. Garr, and Mark's Sport, orange and white English setter, handled by A. Albaugh, were put down in same field where Hopeless and Oakley were taken up, and Sister Babe made her flying start, and was soon on a good bevy point. Mark backed, taken on singles, Sister Babe dropped to point. Mark backed, broke his back and pointed a different bird. Babe steady and Mark unsteady to flush. Down from 8:41 to 9:18.

Blue Danstone, blue belton English setter, handled by H. J. Gilchrist, and Major S., black and white pointer, handled by A. C. Peterson. Ran from 9:24 until 10:05. Nothing found; neither showed merit.

Cuba, Jr., liver and white pointer, handled by R. M. Dodge, and Big Injin, black, white and tan English setter, handled by W. H. Beazell, ran in open woods and large weed field. Cuba found and pointed two bevies. Big Injin backed both points. Both steady. Cuba made excusable flush of a single in very heavy cover. Down at 10:22; up 10:55. Cuba was very industrious, with good range and speed.

True Blue, black, white and tan English setter, handled by D. C. White, and Lena Antonio, black, white and tan English setter, handled by T. J. Day, were cast off in large bottom land at 10:57, and ran until 11:45 without finding. Both displayed good range and searching qualities.

Second Series.

Miss Wickliffe and Winnie D. II. started at 3:55; up at 4:25. Miss Wickliffe made one good bevy point and one single-bird point. Steady to shot and wing. Winnie flushed one single. Both good speed and range; Miss Wickliffe best.

Verona P. Gladstone with Brimstone ran an indifferent heat; neither up to first trial. Nothing found. Down at 2:25; up at 3:00.

Piet Joubert with Dick Darrah. Joubert ranged out and hunted well, excelling Dick in every way. Down from 3:05 to 3:35.

Gypsy Maid, with Jingo's Nellie II., was started at 3:36, and ran until 3:51. Gypsy soon proved best in every way, outclassing her competitor.

Thursday, weather still, dry and warm.

Cuba, Jr., with Sister's Babe, ran an even race in range, speed and covering ground. Although no birds were found, both will certainly be carried further. Down at 6:55; up at 7:25.

Lena Antonio and Penn Earl ran from 7:25 to 7:45. Nothing found, and both fell behind their first trial.

Count Oakley and Duchess Honor Bright both failed to embrace opportunities on birds, and are out of further competition. Down from 7:46 to 8:16.

Col. Spot, with Hopeless, ran 38 minutes in good ground, and both went well. A bevy was seen in the air. Both dogs out of sight and could not tell which was responsible. Col. Spot pointed a single; steady to shot.

Mark's Sport, with True Blue, ran from 9:03 until 9:20 in stubble. Mark pointed, jumped in and flushed, True Blue joining in the fun.

A short consultation and the judges started the third series.

Third Series.

Miss Wickliffe, with Sister Babe, started in stubble at 10:15. Miss Wickliffe soon had a good, single point. Steady to wing. Sister Babe pointed; no birds found. Both maintained good speed and range. Up at 10:30.

Piet Joubert and Cuba, Jr., started at 10:40. Joubert made game in oak thicket and passed beyond birds. Cuba, turning to left, pointed bevy staunchly. Steady to shot. On singles Cuba secured three good points. Up at 11:00.

Gypsy Maid, with Col. Spot, ran from 11:10 until 11:40. Both sustained their former speed and range. Col. Spot was hard to keep on the course.

Hopeless was put on marked birds to give her an opportunity on game. She flushed and chased, putting herself out of the race.

The judges, after a short consultation, announced the winners as follows: Miss Wickliffe, first; Cuba, Jr., second; Gypsy Maid and Sister's Babe, third.

After lunch the All-Age Stake was started, with thirty entries, as follows:

Elena B. Rush, pointer, with Sport's Maid, setter.
Nightingale, setter, with Queen Mab, pointer.
Jingo Charlie, pointer, with Eve Jingo, pointer.
Paul Boone, setter, with Petronella, pointer.
Verona Beauty, setter, with King Rap, Jr., pointer.
Alix II., with Antonio Chance, setter.
Della Blade, setter, with Verona Diablo, setter.
Dolly Manners, setter, with Hal's Hope, setter.
Annie B., setter, with Dot's Daughter, setter.
Gorham's Jingo, pointer, with Verona Cap, setter.
Rip Tick, pointer, with Daughter Noble, setter.
Gray's Pearl, pointer, with Bow's Son, pointer.
King Cyrano, pointer, with Pride's Blanche, setter.
Lad of Jingo, pointer, with Warsong, setter.
True Blue, setter, with Sam's Bow, pointer.
Elma B. Rush, a liver and white pointer, handled by E. D. Garr, and Sport's Maid, a black, white and tan English setter, and handled by C. W. Tway, were started at 2:01 in a large weed field, and ran until 2:55. Elma best in range, speed and searching. She flushed one bevy. No work on singles.

Nightingale, a black, white and tan English setter, handled by Dick Fox, and Queen Max, a liver and white pointer, handled by Tide Houston, were cast off on the

Doyle place at 2:56 in a large, open bottom, and ran until 3:42. After crossing the road Queen Mab found and pointed a bevy, Nightingale backing. Nightingale found and pointed two bevies, Queen Mab backing both times. Queen found and pointed one bevy and one single. Both dogs have good range and speed. Up at 3:42.

Jingo Charlie, a liver and white pointer dog, handled by Nat B. Nesbitt, and Eve Jingo, a liver and white pointer, handled by Tide Houston, were sent away at 3:45 in large stubble, and working toward a large weed field. In some willows on the edge a bevy was nicely pointed by Jingo Charlie, and backed by Eve Jingo; both steady to wing and shot. Birds not followed. In large, open stubble, Jingo Charlie pointed another bevy; steady to wing; and then Jingo Charlie pointed two singles and Eve Jingo one single. Both dogs backed and both were steady to shot and wing. Up at 4:18.

Friday.

The sun shone out bright and warm, and the dry weather continued. The heat seemed more oppressive today than any day since the trials began.

Verona Beauty, an orange and white setter, handled by Harry Brown, and King Rap, Jr., liver and white pointer, handled by G. E. Gates, were cast off at 7 o'clock in an orchard. They ran until 7:30 without finding, neither of them showing much merit.

Paul Boone, a black, white and tan setter, handled by T. J. Day, and Petronella, a liver and white pointer, handled by R. M. Dodge, were cast off in a large corn bottom at 7:33. Both showed good speed and range. Paul Boone the best. They hunted until 8:28, and were then taken up.

Alix II., a liver and white pointer, handled by Nat. B. Nesbitt, and Antonio Chance, an orange and white setter, handled by A. B. Ferguson, were sent off at 8:30 in an open stubble. Alex ranged good, and was seen on bevy point, and was backed by Chance. Both steady to shot. The course was changed up a big bottom, which they hunted without finding birds. Both showed good speed and range. Taken up at 9:08.

Della Blade, a liver and white setter, handled by A. B. Caldwell, and Verona Diablo, a black, white and tan setter, handled by Frank Richards, were cast off in a large cornfield at 9:25. Diablo flushed one bevy. About fifty yards distance he pointed another bevy, which Della Blade had passed. Steady to shot. Both were fair in range and speed. Up at 10:22.

Dolly Manners, a black, white and tan setter, handled by W. H. Beazell, and Hal's Hope, a black and white setter, handled by A. C. Peterson, were cast off in a large weed field at 10:30. Both dogs started fast and wide, and were soon found in a thicket, from where a bevy was seen to flush. Hal made one point on a single, and Dolly was not near enough to back. The course was then changed toward the road, and the weather was more oppressive. The dogs were taken up at 11:22, and the party went to lunch.

After lunch, at 12:50, Annie B., a black, white and tan setter, handled by A. M. Wise, and Dot's Daughter, an orange and white English setter, handled by W. H. Beazell, were started in the same field where the former brace of dogs had finished. They worked through this and open woods into a field of stubble. Dot's Daughter made two points, to which no birds could be found. Annie B. was fast in range and speed, and worked her ground with good judgment. Taken up at 1:43.

Gorham's Jingo, a liver and white pointer, handled by E. D. Garr, and Verona Cap, a lemon and white pointer, handled by Frank Richards, were started on the Miley place and worked toward town. Jingo pointed twice, to which no birds could be found. Cap backed to order and Jingo again pointed, but no birds were raised. About fifty yards away Cap pointed a bevy and Jingo backed, both dogs being steady to shot and wing. They ran from 2:03 to 3:07.

Rip Tick, a black and white pointer, handled by C. W. Tway, and Daughter Noble, a black, white and tan setter, handled by W. H. Beazell, were started at 3:08 in a large cornfield. Both started out well, and before going a hundred yards Rip was on point and Daughter Noble ordered up to back. Cast on opposite side of bevy and pointed; moved in and flushed two birds; balance of bevy near Rip. Both steady. Worked on singles; each pointed twice. Daughter Noble is best in speed and range.

Gray's Pearl, a liver and white pointer, handled by A. M. Wise, and Bow's Son, a liver and white pointer, handled by R. M. Dodge, were cast off in a stubble field at 3:51. Pearl flushed a bevy and Bow's Son flushed a single. Both fair in pace and range. Up at 4:25.

Saturday.

Weather was cold and frosty. An early start was made. King Cyrano, a lemon and white pointer, handled by W. W. Updike, and Pride's Blanche, a black, white and tan setter, handled by A. B. Ferguson, were cast off at 6:12, and ran until 6:56 without finding birds. Cyrano ranged fast and wide, and hunted out a lot of territory. Pride's Blanche went well at times, and at times potted considerably.

Lad of Jingo, a liver and white pointer dog, handled by A. Albaugh, and War Song, a black and white setter, handled by W. H. Beazell, were started at 7:05 in a stubble field. Jingo led off at a good pace, and War Song followed for about ten minutes, when he gave it up and hunted independently for the remainder of the heat. It ended at 7:55. No birds were found. Lad of Jingo had a good pace, and covered the country well. War Song has only a fair pace and range.

True Blue, a black, white and tan setter, handled by D. C. White, and Sam's Boy, a liver and white pointer handled by R. N. Dodge, were started in a large, open bottom. Soon after starting True Blue got lost in a thicket. Sam's Bow was sent on the course, and True Blue was soon brought around the thicket. Two bevies of birds were flushed, but were not followed, because they crossed the creek. Down at 8:10 and up at 8:52. Only fair in range and pace.

Second Series.

Annie B., with Dolly Manners, was put down in corn bottom at 9:20. Dolly found and pointed two singles and one bevy. Annie B. flushed one bevy and two. Both had good pace and range. Up at 10 o'clock.

Paul Boone and Hal's Hope were cast off at 10:15 and ran until 10:40. Both went fast and wide. Hal's Hope kept to the course, while Paul Boone seemed to be out for a run.

Alix II. and Diablo were put down in a large weed field and hunted into a stubble field. Alix II. pointed a bevy staunchly. Steady to shot. Birds not followed. They ran from 10:40 to 11:07. Alix II. was the best in every way, sustaining the former trials.

Nightingale and Jingo Charlie were next cast off at 11:20, and Jingo Charlie flushed a bevy. Worked on singles, each secured a point. Nightingale also flushed one bevy, but the birds were not followed.

Rip Tick and Antonio Chance started at 11:45, and ran until 12:07. Rip pointed a bevy and Chance, brought up, shared the bevy point. On singles Chance got one point, and both were steady to shot.

Lad of Jingo and King Cyrano were put down at 1:40, and both started out at a good pace. In a few minutes Cyrano was on a nice point, which Jingo backed. Both were steady to shot. The birds flew among the horse-men and were not followed. The course was then changed. In a stubble field Cyrano pointed another bevy, which Jingo backed. Both had good speed and range throughout heat. Up at 2:18.

Elma B. Rush and Queen Mab started at 2:15, with good speed and range, which they maintained throughout the heat. Queen Mab found and pointed two bevies. Elma B. backed both points. Up at 2:47.

Petronella and Verona Cap were called at 2:55 and ran until 3:10 without finding birds. This ended the second series. A short consultation of the judges followed and they announced King Cyrano as first, Alix II. second and Queen Mab third.

National Beagle Trials.

THE field trials of the National Beagle Club of America were run on the estates of Messrs. T. F. Hitchcock and W. C. Whitney. The judges were Messrs. T. Griffiths and T. Shallcross. In Class A, beagles, 13 to 15 inches, the winners were: First, J. L. Kernochan's Fabrian (Fearless—Florist); second, C. H. Stevenson's Swifter (Lee III.—Beauty); third, J. H. Caswell's Lottery (Langdon's Jack—Fan).

In Class AA, bitches 13 to 15 inches, the winners were: First, W. G. Rockefeller's Lucy L.; second, W. G. Rockefeller's Blanche; third, Somerset Beagles' Flossie Tyler.

Class B, all ages, was for dogs 13 inches and under, and resulted as follows: First, Waldingfield Beagles' Orator; second, Wharton Beagles' Wharton Champion; third, George Post's Rector; reserve, Rock Ridge Kennels' Caution.

Class BB, for bitches, 13 inches and under, resulted as follows: First, Bridget B.; second, Treble; third, Madcap; reserve, Ida Novice II.

The National Challenge Pack Stakes, for packs of four, was won by Charles F. Brooks' Bridget B., Bessie B., Bonnie B. and Cicely B. This pack also won Class E, for packs of four bitches, under 13 inches.

The National Derby was won by D. F. Summer's Florist; second, Geo. F. Reed's Thornfield Lester; third, D. F. Summer's Frank Summers; fourth, Geo. F. Reed's Toxie; reserve, J. W. Appleton's Freedom.

The annual election was held on Nov. 5 at Mineola. The following officers were elected: President, George B. Post, Jr., New York city; Vice-Presidents, William G. Rockefeller, Tarrytown; A. J. Purrington, Boston, and Charles R. Stevenson, Haddonfield, N. J.; Secretary and Treasurer, J. Mifflin Wharton, Islip; Delegate to the American Kennel Club, J. W. Appleton, New York city; Executive Committee, F. E. Thurton, Islip; George F. Reed, Boston, and J. W. Appleton, New York city. The judges elected for the season were: W. G. Rockefeller, G. Mifflin Wharton, J. W. Appleton, George F. Reed, George B. Post and A. J. Purrington.

Points and Flushes.

Mr. R. B. Morgan, his son, Mr. G. Dan Morgan, of Pryor Creek, I. T., informs us, died from heart disease after an illness of three weeks. He was about fifty-four years old. He was buried at Cleveland, O., on Oct. 26. Mr. Morgan was one of the most famous dog trainers of the United States. Some years ago he was a regular patron of field trials, North and South, but in the past few years he devoted his efforts mostly to breeding and training shooting dogs. He had a host of friends, who will deeply mourn his death.

Yachting.

Boats for the Seawanhaka Cup Trial Races.

As the season progresses it is very evident that the Bridgeport Y. C. is to receive the hearty support and co-operation of the other clubs on Long Island Sound in its endeavor to win the Seawanhaka cup.

The races will be held under practically the same conditions as were the races this year. Several minor points are under consideration by the Bridgeport and Royal St. Lawrence yacht clubs, and as soon as they are definitely settled the decision will be published.

It is already assured that four boats will be built, and there is a possibility that three or four more may be built.

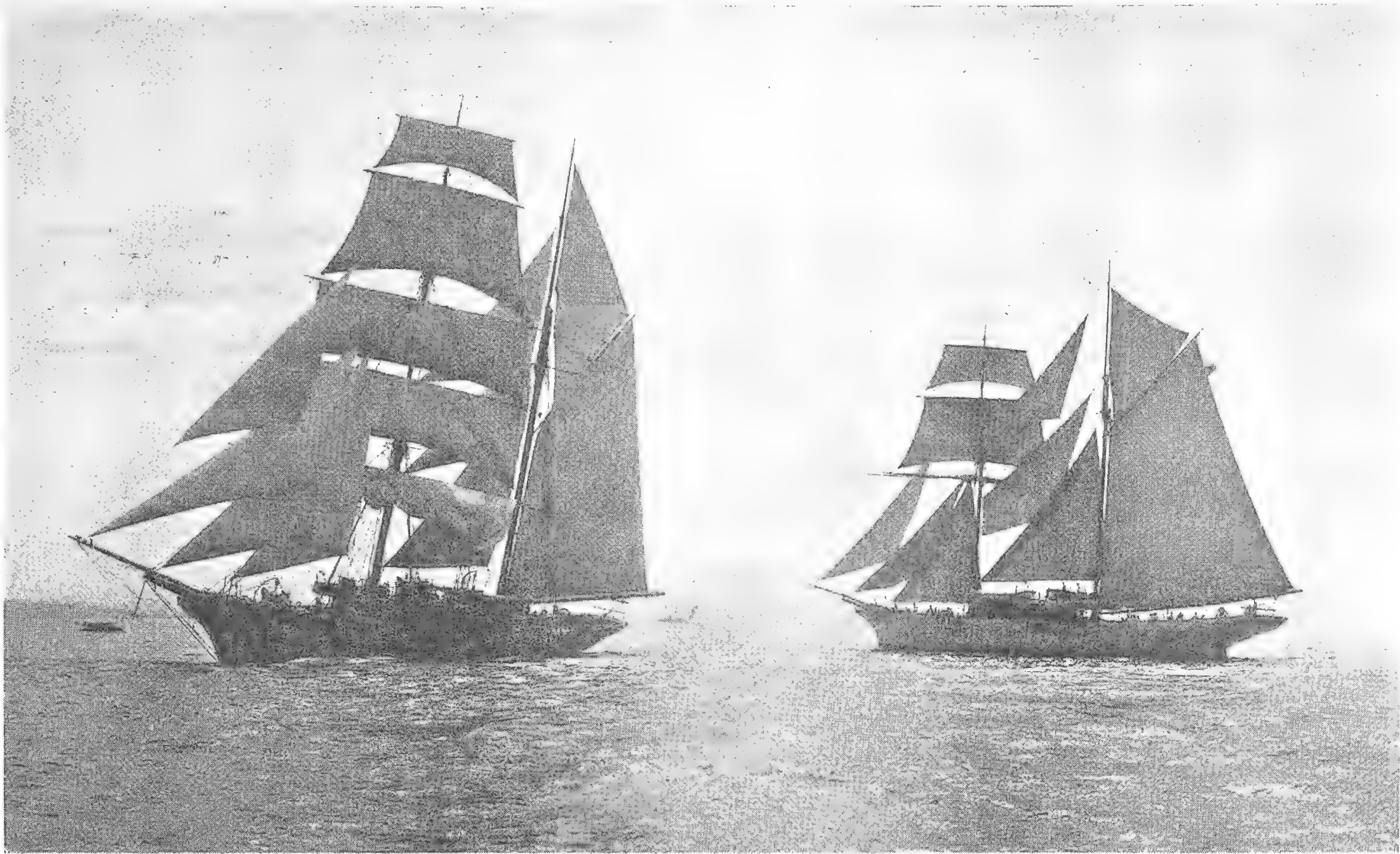
Mr. Charles D. Mower and Mr. Albert B. Hunt will have a boat built from a design made by Mr. Mower.

Mr. T. M. MacDonald, a prominent Bridgeport Y. C. man, has ordered a boat from Hanley at Quincy Point, Mass.

A syndicate headed by Mr. De Ver H. Warner will have Mr. B. B. Crowninshield design a boat for them.

Another syndicate, made up of Stamford and Bridgeport yachtsmen, will have a boat built by one of their local builders from designs made by one of the gentlemen interested in her.

Mr. L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, is working on the design of a boat for this class, and it is expected that he will close the order shortly. Mr. Huntington has had considerable experience with boats for the Seawanhaka.



ALOHA.

Photos by James Burton, New York.

LADY GODIVA.

haka cup trials, and if he does turn out a boat it is believed that she will make an excellent showing.

Mr. H. P. Clark, of the White Bear Y. C., is considering sending a boat on from the West. The yachtsmen on White Bear Lake have made great advancement in the designing of fast skimming dishes, and it is hoped that a boat may come from White Bear in order that comparisons can be made with our Eastern boats of the same type.

Aloha and Lady Godiva.

SATURDAY, June 29, the third and last day of the series of races held by the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. off Oyster Bay, Long Island Sound, was made most interesting by a match race between the American auxiliary Aloha, owned by Messrs. D. W. and A. C. James, and the English auxiliary Lady Godiva, which boat at that time was owned by Mr. H. C. House, but has since been sold to Mr. Tracy Dows.

It is seldom that one sees these boats under sail alone, and it is unusual for them to race against one another. For this reason we believe that the accompanying picture of Aloha and Lady Godiva will be of very general interest. Aloha won the race.

Aloha is an auxiliary screw brigantine. She was designed by Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, and was built of steel in 1899 by Messrs. J. N. Robins & Co. at Brooklyn. She is 160ft over all, 139ft. waterline, 27ft. beam and 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ draft.

Lady Godiva is a steel auxiliary topsail schooner. She was designed by Mr. St. Claire Byrne and built by Messrs. Laird Brothers at Birkenhead in 1890. She is 138ft. waterline, 23ft. beam and draws 13.35ft.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Nov. 11.—The past week has been a very quiet one for Eastern yachtsmen. Work in the shops has not yet commenced to be heavy, although it is expected that within a few days things will commence to boom. The designers have been busy since the close of the racing season, and there is no doubt that there will be enough new ones to keep all the builders busy.

Perhaps the most wonderful feature that has been shown thus far is the great interest that has been aroused in the Y. R. A. restricted 21-footers. Burgess has received an order for another of these boats, making three that will come from his board. For whom she will be designed and built is another one of those mysteries with which this class is surrounded, and it is likely that she will remain a dark horse until the work of construction has been started on the rest of the new ones for the class. It has developed within a few days that two more new ones for this class will probably be heard from. It will undoubtedly be the largest class of 21-footers that has ever been seen in Massachusetts Bay.

There were still many yachts at their mooring in Dorchester Bay last week, but undoubtedly the cold wave, which struck Boston yesterday, will drive these hardy mariners to the beach or basin. The first bunch of yachts to be put out in the spring is generally seen in Dorchester Bay, and it is always in these waters that the last straggler is seen late in the fall. The yacht clubs in the vicinity are not closed soon after the sailing season is ended, but are kept open all winter. Every day and evening a few members may be found in each, while on Sunday there is sure to be a gathering. They arrive early in the morning and by noon there is scarcely a subject connected with yachting that has not been thoroughly gone over. City

Point was the birthplace of yachting in New England, and it is quite probable that there is no other place on the coast where such a large aggregation of practical yachtsmen may be found.

Strangely enough, there have been very few yachts for the Y. R. A. restricted classes built and owned by members of the clubs at City Point or Dorchester. The majority of the yachts are cruisers, which are raced only in the handicap classes. On both sides of the bay there are classes of sailing tenders which take the place of the 15ft. over all class, which was so popular in these waters only a few years ago. The sailing tender class was started by the South Boston Y. C. three years ago, and was the cause of the development of the one-design sailing tender class at the Savin Hill Y. C. this season. A series of races was sailed between the South Boston Y. C. tenders for the championship, which was won by Eugene E. Merrill. The championship was awarded on points—10 for first, 6 for second, 4 for third, 2 for start and 3 for finish. The record of each boat is as follows, the boats having no names, are known by the names of their owners:

Name.	Points.
Eugene E. Merrill.....	52
Dr. W. L. Colson.....	50
F. O. French.....	41
H. L. Stickney.....	37
J. F. Trotman.....	24
C. M. Dolbeare.....	16

In former years there was a class of boats 15ft. over all, most of which were owned by members of the Mosquito Fleet Y. C.; in fact, it was to foster small boat racing that the Mosquito Fleet Y. C. was organized, and that is where it gets its name. Since the advent of great overhangs, interest in the class has been lost. Like the sailing tenders now, this class of the old days was raced mostly by the youngsters, and some of the cleverest racing skippers in the East had their first schooling in these little boats. A good school it was, too, for the skill required in keeping one of them on her feet and making her go was much greater than is necessary in any of the modern restricted classes. They invariably carried very large rigs. One of the most misproportioned was that of the Skipper. She was 14ft. 11in. on top, but her main boom was 22ft. and her jib 17ft. on the foot, truly a marvelous amount of sail for so small a craft. It was expected that this class, with a 15ft. over all limit would be revived again by the Colonial Y. C., many of whose members raced the little fellows in former years, but nothing has been heard of it up to date. The class is probably extinct, but there are few of the yachtsmen who will forget Tannum, Katydid, Bessie, Princess, Skipper, Midget, Nellie, Baby and many others of the Mosquito Fleet.

The work of breaking up Independence was finished last week. Her frames and floor plates are lying all about the west shop at Lawley's, but her plating has been carefully laid away. Because the easiest and best method of taking her apart, that of cutting away the rivets, and all of her plates laid away systematically and whole, that they would be more saleable articles, one scribe has discovered that this looks like grounds sufficient for the belief that she will be rebuilt from the same plates and frames. Poor old Independence! She is not allowed to rest quietly in her grave. There does not seem much likelihood of her coming to life again, either with old plates or new ones.

Among the new orders of the Boston designers are several cruisers, the yawl being the popular type. Small Bros. have two, one an auxiliary, 50ft. on the waterline, and the other a sailing yawl, 31ft. on the waterline. Both are wonderful examples of what can be done in getting a

large amount of room below decks. Starling Burgess has turned out a 30ft. yawl for his uncle, Vice-Com. Walter Burgess, which should prove a comfortable cruiser. Com. Burgess intended building a yawl 28ft. 6in. on the waterline, rating 25ft. Y. R. A. rules, to see what could be done with this type in the restricted class, but he later decided to add to the waterline and get a straight cruiser. The new boat is 30ft. on the waterline, 43ft. 4in. over all, 11ft. 10in. beam and 4ft. 8in. draft. She is a center-board and there is much bulk to her hull, her displacement being 23,000lbs., but her appearance above water will not indicate this, as her freeboard is quite normal and she has good but very moderate overhangs.

She is very well laid out below. There are two large hanging lockers, besides numerous smaller ones, while the space under the berths and transoms is all utilized for storage. There is 6ft. 3in. headroom in the main cabin, which takes up most of the space under the trunk. There are two full-length berths on either side, in front of which are wide transoms. A stateroom could easily have been provided, but the owner desired to have the cabin open. There is a good galley forward, in which is a three-burner Primus stove, ice chest, water tank and lockers, while further forward is a stationary and a swinging berth. This space will be well lighted and ventilated. Her sail area is 1,314 sq. ft., and is well balanced. She will carry a sprit topsail, the sprit being set forward of the pole mast, and the lower end made fast by a heel lashing, thus giving the appearance of a small topmast.

Crowninshield has an order for two 30-footers for the Long Island Sound Yacht Racing Association. One of these is for De Ver H. Warner, of Bridgeport, Conn., and the other for T. L. Park, of New York.

The new west wing of the South Boston Y. C.'s big house is fast going up, and will be entirely closed in within a few weeks. It will contain several lockers, besides bowling alleys and billiard room.

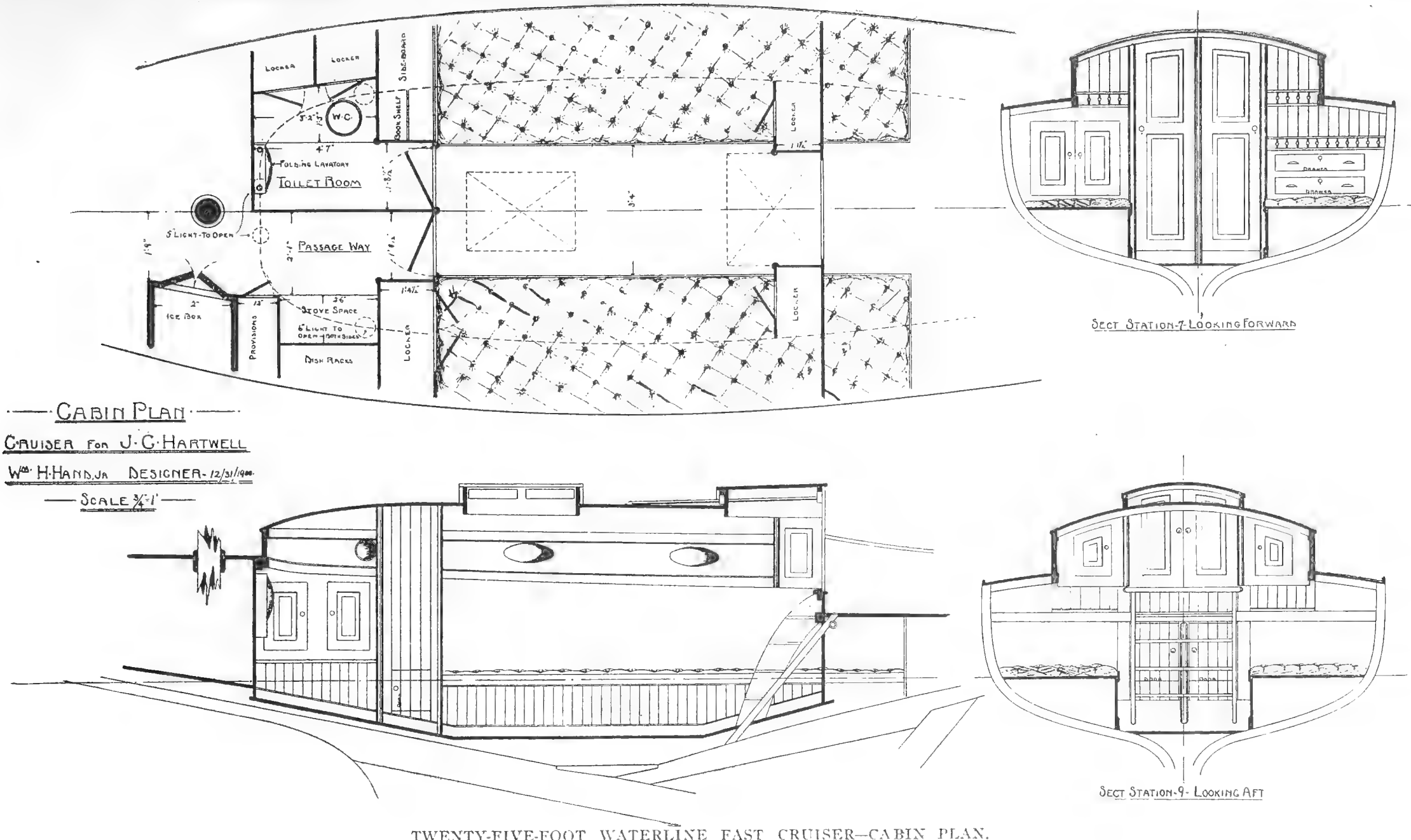
Small Bros. are turning out an open racing yawl for G. S. Mashek, of Cornell, Mich. She is of the semi-keel type, 20ft. on the line, 31ft. over all, 8ft. 9in. beam and 2ft. 6in. draft. They also have an order for a 15-footer for C. H. Kelley, of the Winthrop Y. C.

Burgess has turned out plans for four 18ft. knockabouts, Y. R. A., on the same lines. They were ordered by F. Hopkins Smith, and are intended to form a one-design class at Casco Bay, but two of them will follow the Y. R. A. circuit next season. They are now being built by Graves, of Marblehead. They will have mahogany planking and will be finished bright.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Yacht Club Notes.

At the annual election of the Jamaica Bay Y. C., the following officers were chosen: Com., I. R. Jagger; Vice-Com., William Schoer; Rear-Com., Joseph F. Sabin; Fleet Capt., A. P. Marion; Fin. Sec'y, A. C. Christopher; Cor. Sec'y, C. P. Daly; Treas., M. H. Christopher; members of the Board of Directors, John J. Jones, Benjamin F. Daly and James E. Lent; Chairman House Committee, Frederick H. Plate; Chairman of Regatta Committee, John C. Lefferts; Chairman of Membership Committee, C. V. Dykeman; Chairman Entertainment Committee, James E. O'Donnell. Owing to the fact that the proposed 70ft. highway, which the P. H. Flynn syndicate are building across the waters of Jamaica Bay, will cut the present course in two and make it very difficult to hold regattas, it was decided to move the club house, float and estate nearer the ocean. Several sites were visited, but the one that found the most favor was at Rockaway Park.



TWENTY-FIVE-FOOT WATERLINE FAST CRUISER—CABIN PLAN.

The steam yacht Turbese, N.Y.Y.C., Mr. A. Schwartzmann, will be rebuilt by the same company, very little of the present boat being allowed to remain. The yacht when completed will have a flush deck and be 137ft. over all. The owner's quarters will be finished in mahogany, maple and butternut. The deck houses, skylights, etc., are to be of mahogany. The after house will have stairs leading to the main saloon, and the forward house is to have a dining room and pantry, with bridge and steering arrangement on top.

This company has a contract to build a cruising sloop yacht, 32ft. over all, 23ft. on the waterline and 5ft. draft. She will be ready for delivery in the early spring.

The following yachts are laid up in winter quarters at the Greenport Basin and Construction Co.: The steam yachts Turbese, Aunt Polly, Willada, Altair, Magnolia, Alto Presto, Whim, Lucy, Claymore and Helys. The schooners Atlantic, Katrina, Miladi, Muriel and Fenella. The sloops Isolde, Effort, Mira, Bijou, Zenobia, Martha, Thalia, Wimpoy, Gretchen, Vorant II., Spasm, Altair, Marion, Senta, Katrina, Peri, Aloha, Lineta, Hebe, Sabina, Consternation, Drone, Minnie Rogers, Surprise, Lynx, Natalie, Poco, Asthore, Hermes, Winnie Wish, Helen, Arrow and Zenita. Also the yawl Vigilant.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold for Mr. Marcellis C. Parsons, of New York city, the 40ft. waterline cutter Kiaora to Mr. H. R. M. Cook, also of New York city. The yacht's rig will be changed to that of a yawl, under direction of Mr. Charles D. Mower. She will receive new sails and spars. The work will be done at Cold Spring Harbor, where the yacht is laid up for the winter.

The steam yacht Halcyon, owned by E. C. Potter, was sold at auction on Nov. 6 by Adrian H. Muller & Son, auctioneers, at the New York Real Estate salesroom. Bidding was started at \$1,000, and went up slowly to \$1,700, at which price the yacht was knocked down to the Manning Yacht Agency. The Halcyon is 125ft. over all, 106ft. 3in. on the waterline, 16ft. beam, and 6ft. 6in. draft. She has two masts, two large deck houses, four state-rooms and bath, and a large main saloon. Her coal capacity is ten tons, and her speed twelve miles. The Halcyon has not been in commission for the last two seasons. In the sale all the equipment and furnishings went with the yacht, including a large quantity of silver, linen, bedding, etc., as well as the sailing equipment. Manning's Yacht Agency have sold Halcyon to Mr. F. F. Ames for \$2,500.

The London Times states that Sir William Henry White, Director of Naval Construction, has resigned his position on account of ill health, and was not removed from office as the result of blunders made on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

Mr. Fred W. Martin, of Waukegan, Ill., has a large amount of work on hand. Among the orders for yachts already placed are the following. A steam yacht for Mr. Vernon C. Seaver, of Chicago, Ill., owner of the gasoline launch Kid that was blown up in Chicago Harbor off the Chicago Y. C. house last August. She will be 78ft. over all, 63ft. waterline, 14ft. beam and 4ft. 3in. draft. Mr. R. H. Adams, of Philadelphia, Pa., has ordered a keel schooner, which will be 50ft. over all, 35ft. waterline, 13ft. 6in. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft. Mr. F. J. Rogers, of Chicago, Ill., has ordered a keel cutter to be 32ft. over all, 21ft. 6in. waterline, 8ft. beam and 5ft. draft. This boat is designed to stand the heavy weather of Lake Michigan, but still to have some turn of speed. A cen-

terboard jib and mainsail boat has been ordered by Mr. W. C. Wheeler, of Ballard, Wash. This boat is 40ft. over all, 25ft. waterline and 11ft. beam. Mr. Martin has orders for two house-boats, and he is also designing a large number of smaller craft.

Mr. John D. Archbold has placed an order with the Gas Engine and Power Company and Seabury & Co., Morris Heights, for a steam yacht roof, long. The owners' country home is at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson, and the yacht will be used to convey Mr. Archbold to and from New York city. In order to make the trip in a reasonable amount of time, it was necessary that the yacht should be fast, and a speed of twenty-one knots is guaranteed. The cabins will be fairly roomy, and the dining room will be in the forward deck house. The saloon, owner's cabin and bathroom are below decks aft, while the galley, officers' and crew's quarters will be forward of the engine space. The yacht will be driven by two triple-expansion engines and a Seabury water tube boiler.

Mr. Thoma W. Lawson, of Boston, has presented to the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. a \$10,000 silver trophy to be raced for by gulf sloops. It represents a historical record of the past half-century of America's Cup racing, and is claimed to be the most beautiful trophy of its kind that artists' modelers and silversmiths have yet produced. It consists of a superb punch bowl stand, a set of drinking cups and a punch ladle.

Each of the cups represents a chapter in yacht racing, and bears an etching of one of the winning years, with name and date of race, as follows: America, 1851; Magic, 1870; Sappho, 1871; Madeline, 1876; Mischief, 1881; Puritan, 1885; Mayflower, 1886; Volunteer, 1887; Vigilant, 1893; Defender, 1895, and Columbia, 1899.

The dimensions give an idea of their massiveness and extraordinary size for a work of this character. The bowl and stand measure 25in. in height, the bowl has a capacity of seventy pints—almost nine gallons—and the entire set contains 1,360oz. of sterling silver—something over 173lbs.

Mr. Thomas Ratsey, the famous English sailmaker, sailed for America on Nov. 9. He is coming to the United States to complete arrangements for opening a sailmaking plant in this country. Americans wishing to have English sails on their boats have in many cases been prevented from so doing on account of the heavy duty placed on them. The great cost of these sails, however, has not prevented a number of owners from using them on their boats, and Mr. Ratsey will undoubtedly do a large business should he carry out his project of establishing a factory in Brooklyn.

Small Yacht Construction and Rigging.

BY LINTON HOPE.

Part II.—Chapter III.—Various Rigs.

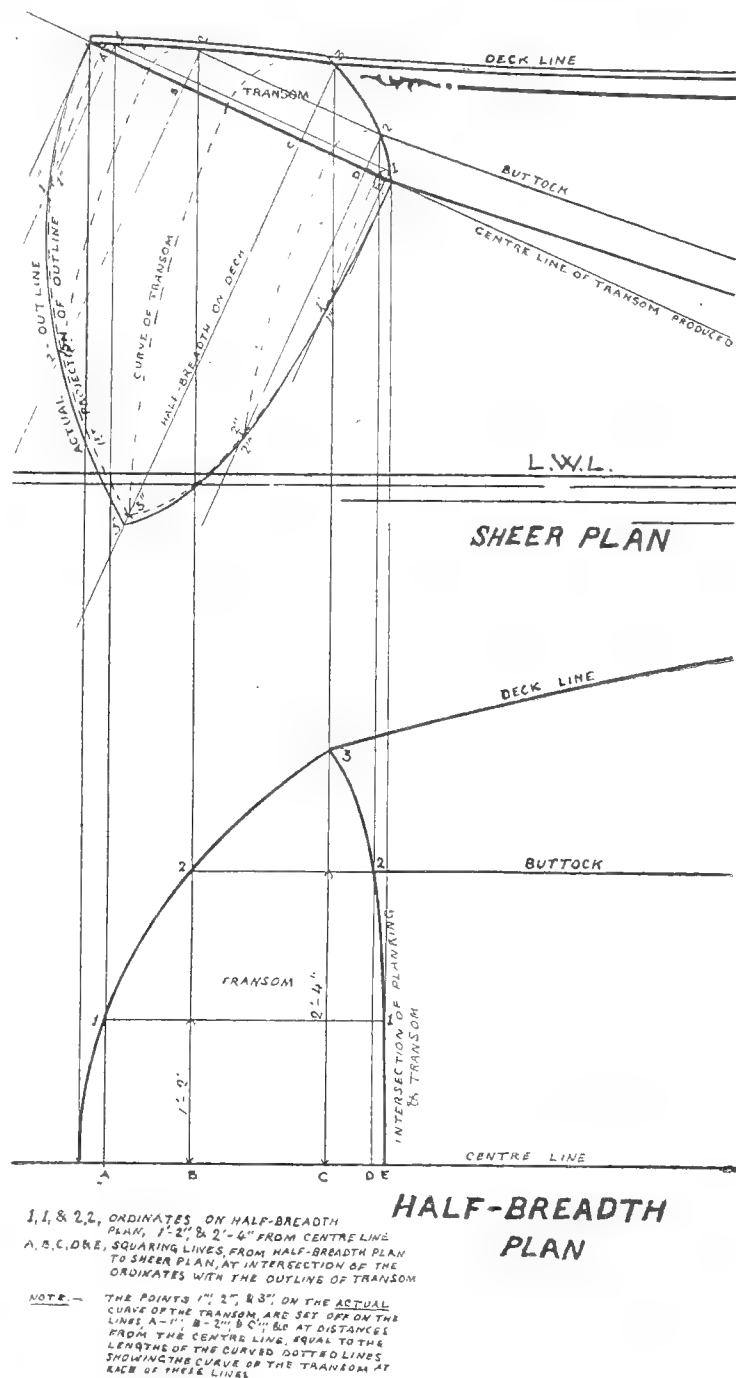
AMONG the various types now in use on small yachts and boats the most popular rig for either racing or cruising is the sloop, whether it is of the simple, two-sailed type, as shown in No. 1 sail plan, or the more elaborate arrangement with jackyard topsail and large spinnaker carried by the racing cruiser No. 2.

Other nearly allied varieties of the No. 1 type of sloop are the so-called gunter lugs and Solent or Clyde lugs, in place of the high-peaked gaff sail of No. 1. All these three are very much alike, and have been developed from the old standing lug still used by the fishermen. This development has always been in the direction of higher peaked sails, with smaller and smaller proportions of the sail forward of the mast, the Clyde lug having only a very small piece of the sail forward, while its next stage, the Solent lug, has only the heel of the yard alongside the mast, and nothing forward of it. This heel of the yard is hauled round the

after side of the mast every time the boat goes about, so that it is always to leeward; and to do away with this heel of the yard was fitted with jaws to keep it on the after part of the mast and alike on both tacks, the result being a combination of the old sliding gunter and the Solent lug, generally known as a gunter lug. This sail is a great improvement on the Solent lug, but has one fault, and that is that the jaws occasionally get round to one side of the mast and stop there.

To get rid of this very annoying habit, various plans have been tried, and among them the most successful is to sling the yard by

LAYING OFF A CURVED TRANSOM.



a long wire span fastened to the jaws and to the usual place for slinging the yard, with a shackle spliced into it at a point which will allow the yard to sag away from the mast at the slings for some few inches more than its proper position for setting the sail the yard being drawn into the mast to the correct place by a parallel line from the slings of the yard. This method answers admirably, especially if long battens are used attached to the jaws, as shown in the sketch; but as it requires two lines—viz., the halyard and the parallel—it is now considered better to use two separate halyards for throat and peak, which practically converts the sail into a true gaff sail, though it still has the same shape as before. The peak halyard is shackled to a long, tight wire span on the gaff, and in reefing, only the throat halyard is eased up, the peak halyard traveling up the wire on the gaff and always keeping the gaff at its proper angle with the mast. The throat halyard should be rove through a block as close to the jaws of the gaff as possible, to keep them from twisting round the mast; they will



take the whole strain of setting the sail, the peak halyards merely holding the gaff into the mast.

There have been many heated arguments among experts as to the respective merits of gaff vs. lug or gunter lug, and the partisans of the gaffs have increased the angle of the peak till the two sails are now identical, except in the halyard arrangements just mentioned. The high peaked sail, with rounded head, in No. 1 design has proved far superior to either Solent lug or ordinary gaff sail, and the moment the gaff is allowed to sag away from the mast to an angle of 10 degrees between mast and gaff, the efficiency decreases and the boat will not point so close to the wind, while if the gaff or yard is brought close to the mast, as in the true sliding gunter, and even to a still marked degree in the Bermuda sail, the boat will point very high, but has lost all life and will not go through the water. This is the more extraordinary as the Bermuda sail would seem to be the logical development of the high peaked lug; but it has been well tried by the writer and others, and proved to be inferior to any of the forms of sail previously mentioned.

The only objection to these high peaked gaff sails is that the whole of the sail area must be carried in two sails, and for cruising purposes this is very inconvenient, on account of the long and heavy spars required to set enough sail to drive the boat at a fair pace in fine weather. For this reason an ordinary gaff sail, as in No. 2 design, is preferable in a larger boat because it admits of a snug working sail plan, which can easily be increased by means of

The dipping lug is the most lifting sail known, and the gear is simple, but it requires a large and expert crew to work it.

Part II.—Chapter IV.—Reef Gears.

Roller reef gears of various sorts are now in general use in small yachts, whether used for racing or cruising, and Turner's reefing gear for the boom is probably the best known and most satisfactory. This gear is so well known as to need no special description, and the illustration given explains itself. An older variety of the roller boom is simply a drum on the fore end of the boom in place of the ratchet and a line to roll it up, like that on a roller foresail. This works very well on a very small sail, but on a sail of over 400 sq. ft. the roller line requires something more than hand power to work it, and is usually taken to a winch. The simplest of all is merely a flat shank to the gooseneck, sliding easily in and out of a slotted cap on the boom end. To roll, the boom is pulled aft till the flat on the gooseneck shank is outside the cap; it is then rolled up by hand to the requisite amount and slipped back on the shank, the flat preventing it from turning when in the cap.

There is no need to describe the various batten reef gears, as

Use the line of the transom on the sheer plan as a center line and set off the half-breadths on deck and L.W.L. at right angles to this new center line, from their points of intersection with it on the sheer plan.

The line of the transom should be produced downward till it cuts L.W.L. and all heights above L.W.L. marked on this line, taking them perpendicularly to L.W.L. and setting off their distances from the center line at right angles to the line of the transom from the point of intersection of the heights above L.W.L.

If the transom is curved as well as raked, as in No. 2, it is usually laid off in the foregoing manner first; but such a drawing only gives the shape as if it had no curve, all the half-breadth being incorrect.

To get a true drawing of it from this, a section of the curve must be shown forming a plan, of which the first drawing is an elevation.

To obtain this section of the curve take the distance at right angles from the center line of the transom on the sheer plan, to where the transom and planking meet at the deck. This is the depth of the curve, and must be set off on the center line of the transom, from the point of intersection of the half-breadth line of the deck, and the curve drawn through this point and the half-breadth, set off at right angles to the center line.

OMITTED FROM NO. 1 TABLE OF OFFSETS.

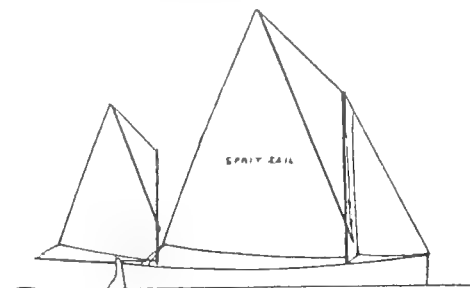
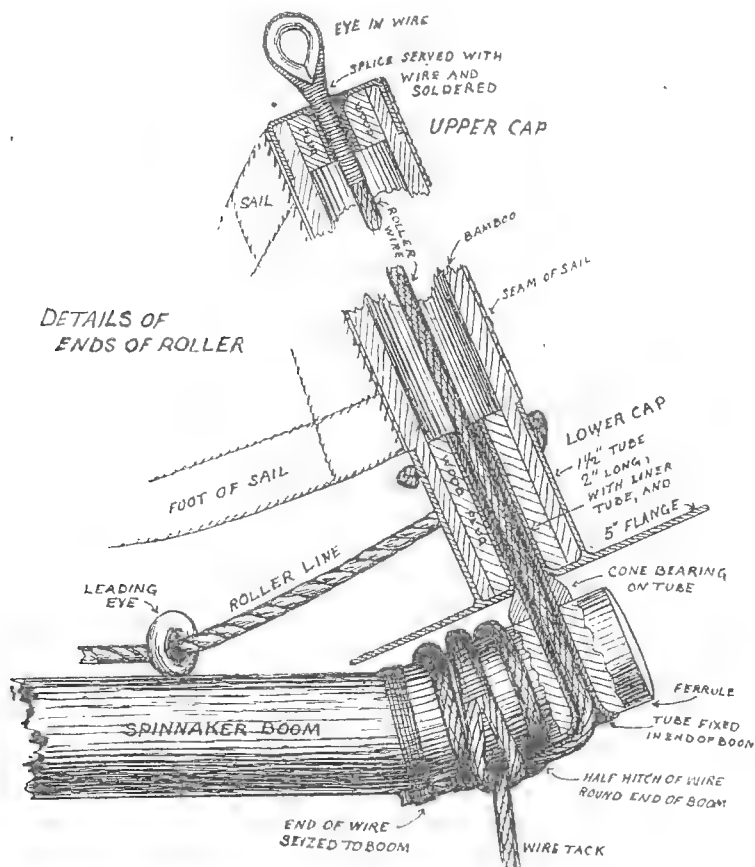
Nos. of Sections:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Transom.
	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
Half-breadths on D 1.....	1 4	2 0 $\frac{7}{8}$	2 6 $\frac{5}{8}$	3 0 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 3 $\frac{5}{8}$	3 5	3 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 2 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 4 $\frac{1}{4}$	1 9 $\frac{1}{4}$
Half-breadths on D 2.....	1 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 9 $\frac{7}{8}$	2 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 5 $\frac{5}{8}$	2 7 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	2 4 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 1	1 8	1 3 $\frac{1}{2}$

Intersection of D1 with center line, 2ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. above L.W.L. Round of deck beams— $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in 6ft., at point of greatest beam, or $\frac{3}{4}$ in. to 1ft. of beam.
Error.—Half-breadth on L.W.L. at No. 2 section should be 1ft. $\frac{5}{8}$ in., not 1ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in., as stated.

these are only used on canoes now and are fully illustrated in many of the books on that branch of the sport.

The most important reef gear of all is the roller headsail. In spite of many complaints of the liability of the rollers to get out of order and the extra windage, etc., there is little doubt that they are far superior for cruising purposes to any other in yachts of under about 8 tons T. M. Over that size, there is much difficulty in getting the roller stiff enough without being too heavy.

The smaller rollers should always be made of bamboo, as nearly parallel as possible, and the lower end must have a firm bearing either on the end of the spinnaker boom or on the stemhead or



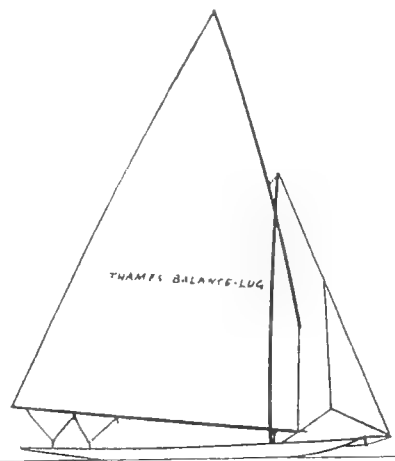
bowsprit, according to the arrangement decided on. The lack of this rigid bearing at the bottom of the roller is the main cause of all the trouble with them, and the method illustrated will work without any likelihood of getting out of order if ordinary care is used and the following rules observed:

Always leave the sheet very slack when it is rolled up.

Keep a light strain on the roller line when rolling.

See that the lead for the roller line is right and runs the line on the middle of the drum.

In conclusion, I must apologize for the rough-and-ready way in which these articles have been written, and can only offer as an excuse my entire lack of experience as a writer. I trust, however, that I have been able to make the instructions clear enough to enable any one to work from them. I may here say that the apparently contradictory methods which are occasionally mentioned are due to the fact that there are several ways of doing the same thing, all of which have certain good and bad points about them; in fact, as most people know, every boat is a compromise



between a number of opposing conditions, and this should always be borne in mind by both designer, builder and sailor.

I also wish to state that I am indebted to Mr. P. C. Crossley for the drawings of No. 1 and 2 designs made from my rough working drawings, and to several of the yacht fitters for the small illustrations taken from their lists.

Note to Part I.—Chapter III.—Laying Off.

To lay off the correct shape of a transom when it is not perpendicular to the L.W.L.:

a topsail and large spinnaker when required. On the other hand, it is not quite so close-winded as the No. 1 sail, and with the extra sails, etc., entails a lot more gear.

Among the other rigs in general use the cutter is most popular for racing and cruising in yachts of over 8 tons T. M., the single headsail of the sloop being too unwieldy in anything over this size. The cutter is practically the same in every way as No. 2 sail plan, except that she carries two headsails instead of one, and the outer sail is set flying, while the sloop's single headsail is set on a stay.

As the vessel increases in size the pole mast of No. 2 would give place to a topmast, and the whole of the gear would be more complicated; but, as these details do not apply to small yachts, there is no occasion to go further into the matter.

A yawl is merely a cutter or sloop with a short boom and a mizzen mast stepped aft of the rudder head. This is a very popular cruising rig, as it reduces the size of the working sails and enables the boat to be handled under a mizzen and headsail only. Whether this compensates for the trouble of setting and taking in another sail and looking after the extra gear is really a question for individual taste to decide; but there is no doubt that a yawl is inferior to a cutter to windward.

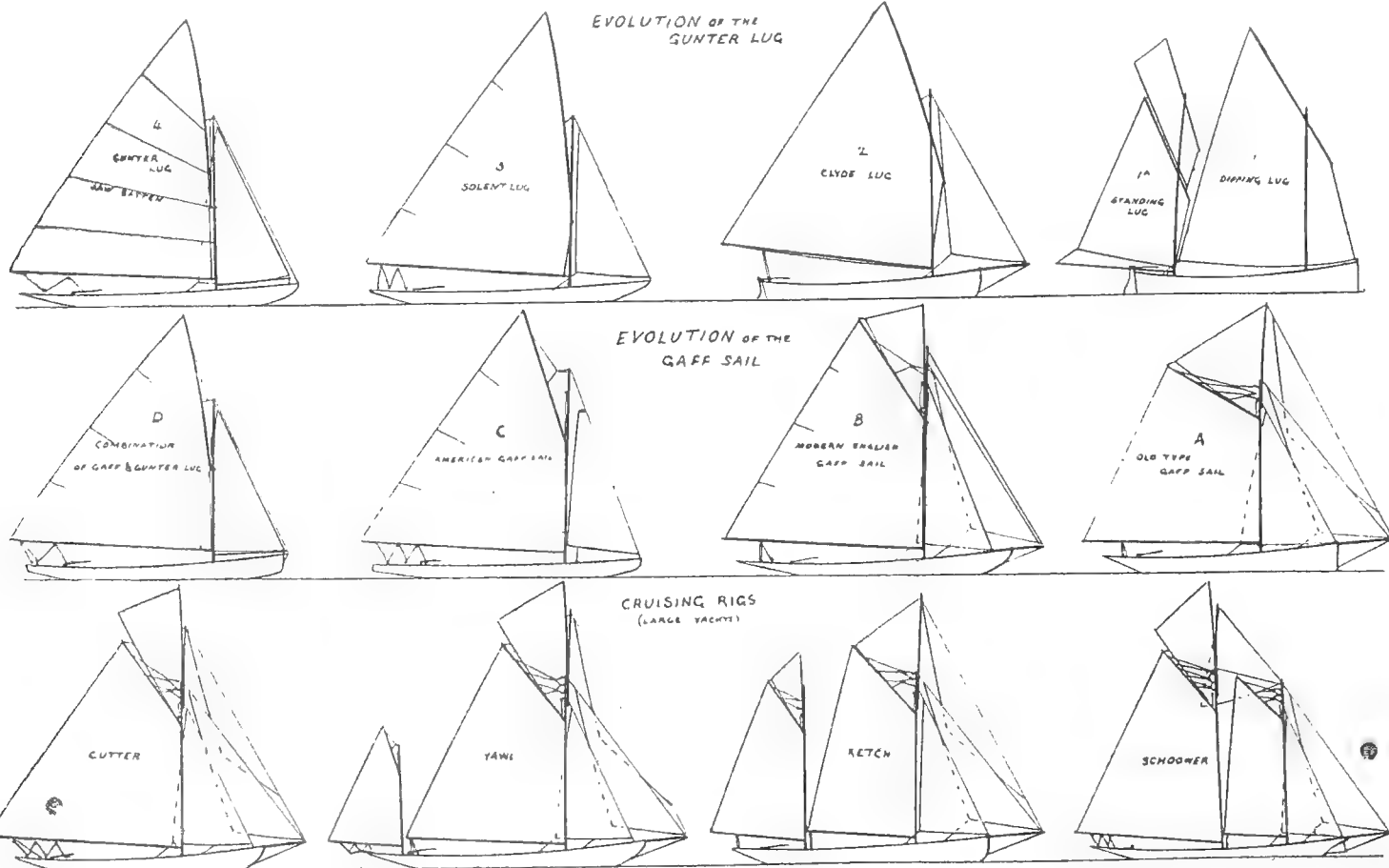
The yawl may have any of the foregoing types of sails and either one or two headsails, topmast, etc., according to size and the owner's fancy. The size of the mizzen may also increase in proportion to the other sails, to reduce the labor of working a big mainsail, till by stepping the mizzen mast forward of the rudder the rig becomes a ketch. This is considered an ideal rig for cruising by some people, but it is less efficient to windward than the yawl and is very ugly, its only advantage over the yawl being a further reduction in size of the mainsail and increased efficiency when sailing under mizzen and headsails only.

This may be carried to a still further extreme by making the vessel into a schooner, which is little less efficient to windward and much smarter looking than the ketch. A schooner is undoubtedly the best rig for a large, sea-going yacht, but is quite out of place in small craft.

Other rigs used on small boats are the balance lug, largely used on the Upper Thames raters; the spritsail, used on watermen's boats on the Lower Thames and many other parts, and the Dipping lug, used on the large fishing luggers all round the coast and on ships' boats.

The balance lug is a very flat-setting sail, with simple gear, but is pressing and requires strong and heavy spars.

The spritsail is only useful for boats going alongside other vessels, etc., when the sprit can be removed, leaving nothing to get foul aloft; it is a bad sail to windward and very pressing.



Omitted From No. 1 Specification.

Beams.—After the words "the beams are only let into the inwale for half their depth, with a dovetail on one side only," add "and these dovetails will be cut only half-way through the thickness of the inwale, so that the ends of the beams do not go right through the inwales, as shown in the half-breadth construction drawing." This was an error.

Omitted From No. 2 Table of Offsets.

Intersection of D 1 with center line, 2ft. 2in. above L.W.L.
Intersection of D 2 with center line, 1ft. 10in. above L.W.L.
Intersection of D 3 with center line, 1ft. 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. above L.W.L.
Intersection of D 4 with center line, at No. 2 W.L.
Round of deck beams—3in. in 6ft., at point of greatest beam, or $\frac{1}{2}$ in. 1ft. of beam.

FINIS.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 20.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club's regular shoot had conditions unfavorable for high scores. A. B. Dorrell led with fine rifle, Ed Hovey with repeater in military and repeating rifle match, Young in the pistol match, Brannagan in revolver match, and Dr. Twist in .22cal. rifle match. H. A. Baker, a new member, astonished us by making two scores in the 50s with pistol. Scores, Columbia target:

Rifle, 200yds.: A. B. Dorrell, 49, 51, 53; F. O. Young, 56, 61; W. G. Hoffman, 63; G. W. Hoadley, 86, 92; E. A. Allen, 117.
Military and repeating rifles, Creedmoor count: Ed Hovey, 47, 47, 46, 44, 44, 44, 44; E. A. Allen, 42, 42.
Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 44, 47, 48, 48, 49; G. W. Hoadley, 54, 54, 55; H. A. Baker, 52, 58, 61, 67, 67, 69, 72, 74; Dr. Twist, 55, 65, 64, 68, 73; C. M. Daiss, 56, 57, 64.
Revolver: A. J. Brannagan, 44, 47, 50; P. Becker, 63; W. G. Hoffman, 78, 81.
Twenty-two caliber rifle, 50yds.: Dr. Twist, 21, 26, 32, 34, 34; F. O. Young, 29; W. C. Prichard, 31, 39.

Our president, Mannel, is very ill, and Young came to the range on one foot, having a bad case of blood poisoning in the other from a pin thrust in it.

Nov. 3.—Our regular shoot took place to-day. Our president is pronounced out of danger. Dorrell is away in the mountains looking for bigger game. Young hobbled on one foot to the range and did good work for one foot, one hand, one optic; but Ed Hovey was the boss, shooting his Winchester .30-20 repeater. He made 13 straight 8in. bullseyes and 97 out of possible 100 Creedmoor, with 5 scores to his credit, only 1 point short of 48 Creedmoor average. Young made two 50-shot trials and 100 consecutive for records with his Sharps military. He made 233 on first 50 and 226 on record, or 459 in 100 shots. Hovey holds the record with same rifle, 236, made several years ago. Hoffman led in the .22 rifle match, beating Dr. Twist in 50 shots for a dinner by 20 points, with a total of 112. Young beat his own record with the pistol, making 31. A. H. Cady was high with fine rifle, and Becker led with revolver. Brannagan changed his .38 for a .32 barrel, and it loaded so he could not get good work. He bagged fifteen quail and twelve rabbits yesterday, however, with shotgun. Scores:

Rifle: A. H. Cady, 56, 86, 96, 98; G. M. Barley, 62; W. G. Hoffman, 79, 83; Gimmell, 113, 138, 186, 194; Allen, 119, 120.
Military and repeating, Creedmoor count: Ed Hovey (.32-20), 49, 48, 47, 46, 45; F. O. Young (100 shots), 46, 46, 47, 46, 48, 47, 43, 46, 45-459. Young made 58 and 66 for best two ring scores, which, with his pistol score, 31, placed him ahead of the all-round record made by himself and Pape; Dr. J. F. Twist (Krag), 44, 43, 42, 41, 40, 39, 38.
Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 31, 44, 45, 47, 48; G. W. Hoadley, 47, 53, 53, 58; H. A. Baker, 52, 55, 63, 67; C. M. Daiss, 49, 56, 62; Dr. Twist, 60, 75.
Revolver: P. A. Becker, 53, 65.
Twenty-two caliber rifle, 50yds.: W. G. Hoffman, 18, 20, 21, 24, 25; A. J. Brannagan, 21; Dr. Twist, 24, 24, 26, 28, 30.

H. Kroeckel, of the Stockton Pistol and Rifle Club beat our club and the Coast .22 rifle record, making 1, 1, 2, 2, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1—15, using Marlin rifle and .22 long rifle cartridges, Peters, I believe. We do not know that Kroeckel's score has ever been beaten under similar conditions.

Hovey used Winchester ammunition, and cleaned after every shot. Young used King's powders, and no cleaning.

F. O. YOUNG.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Nov. 10. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Strickmeier was declared champion for the day with the good score of 90. Weather, clear. Thermometer, 55. Wind, 10 to 2 o'clock:

	Honor.
Strickmeier	90 89 85 84 82—430
Payne	87 87 83 83 83—423
Gindele	87 83 82 81 69—402
Nestler	84 83 81 80 78—406
Hofer	82 76 75 74 73—380
Trounstone	81 73 71 63 ..—288
Bruns	80 77 76 74 74—381
Roberts	79 78 74 68 ..—299
Drube	78 77 76 67 61—359
Hoffman	72 68 64 62 61—327
Lux	71 68 59 59 ..—257
Topf	69 64 62 63 61—319
	7 10 9 9 10—45
	8 10 6 10 7—41
	9 7 10 9 9—44
	8 9 8 8 7—40
	6 6 8 5 10—35
	5 6 6 7 5—29
	8 7 9 6 9—39
	8 5 10 7 10—40
	5 6 8 9 5—33
	8 5 7 8 2—30
	6 6 6 5 8—31

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 20.—Sistersville, Va.—Fall tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club; \$60 added money. Ed. O. Bower (Dade), Sec'y-Treas.
Nov. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for the St. Louis Republic championship cup (Nov. 23) and three-day open tournament. Herbert Taylor, Sec'y, 1004 Chemical Building.
Nov. 26-28.—Phoenix, Ariz.—Ninth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, under the management of the Phoenix Gun Club. W. L. Pinney, Sec'y.
Nov. 28.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Roast Turkey. C. G. Blandford, Capt.
Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.
Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 20.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Shoot given by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who donates a Daly gun; \$10, 20 birds, latter extra; high guns; handicap; all entrance money goes into the purse.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.
May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.
May 7-10.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.
May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.
May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A recent issue of the Philadelphia Times states that "it was definitely decided Nov. 8 that a shooting tournament would be held in connection with the Sportsmen's show, which begins in the exposition buildings, opposite Franklin Field, on Nov. 27. There will be practically two separate tournaments, as in one of them none but real amateurs will be allowed to compete. Those familiar with shooting know the very lax definition that is generally accepted for an amateur at that branch of sport. Many of the so-called amateur tourneys are for money prizes, which, according to any definition of any regular amateur, such as the A. A. U. or the I. C. A. A. A., would at once debar from further competition. The events that will be held have not as yet been definitely decided upon, but they will be settled on at once and given publicity, so that all may enter. The shoots will take place outside the buildings, where there is every facility for such an event. The amateur tourney is given with the intention of encouraging the sport among our schools and colleges, and among such athletic clubs as the Philadelphia A. C., many of whose members have never shot for anything but a real amateur prize."

Dr. Geo. N. Thomas, the general manager, informs us that the programme of the Trenton Shooting Association's shoot, to be held at Hutchinson's Pond, near Yardville, Nov. 13, offers the following: "No. 1, match, 50 targets per man, for the Mercer county \$50 challenge championship trophy, between Wm. F. Vandersdale, holder, and John E. Thropp, Jr., challenger. (Lots of ginger in this.) No. 2, members' match, 30 targets per man, for gold and silver badges. (All to the mustard.) No. 3, first contest, 50 targets per man, for the T. S. A. challenge team cup (recently presented by a doctor of pharmacy.) This event is a free-for-all. Entrance, cost of the targets only. Open to any number of teams of five men each in Mercer county. (Very tobacco.) The captain of the winning team will hold the cup, subject to challenge, as per conditions published in the local press. The balance of the shooting will be 10 and 15 target events, arranged to suit. Our Thanksgiving Day programme will soon be on your desk. Live birds and targets for valuable prizes."

As showing the power of a high wind in blowing goose eggs into the scores of shooters, the following is taken from the Philadelphia Public Ledger of Nov. 5: "Three live-pigeon shooting matches were shot at Pottsville yesterday. The first was a team shoot between Peter Maurer, Mark Doland, Howard Smith and Edward Haffner on one side, and Frank and William McDurdy, William Evans and Thomas Golden on the other. Forty birds were shot at, but owing to the high wind, only 15 were grassed, the first team winning by a score of 8 to 7. In the above shoot Maurer and Evans tied with 4 birds each. Twelve birds were used in the shoot-off, and only one was killed, that by Maurer. The third event was a team shoot between Dolan and Smith on one side, and Evans and Golden on the other. The former won by a score of 3 to 2."

From Richmond, Va., a correspondent writes us as follows: "Mr. Franklin Stearns' many friends in the shooting world will regret to hear that he was the victim of a very painful shooting accident a few days ago, when in pursuit of quail. A bird flying toward Mr. Stearns was shot at by a gentleman who was with him, and both of Mr. Stearns' hands were badly injured, the right one having no less than fifty pellets in it. He hopes to be able to use a gun again in about a month; meanwhile he is taking his sport second-hand, as he sat alongside of Mr. W. A. Hammond on Nov. 8 and saw him pull down duck after duck. He says he did not enjoy it much."

The contest for the Daly gun arranged by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, of Jamaica, to take place at Interstate Park on Nov. 20 is exciting a high degree of interest among trapshooters, and it promises to be one of the star events of the season in respect to New York. The beautiful gun is a donation, independent of the entrance, the latter going into the purse. The conditions are 20 live birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, high guns, handicap.

On Dec. 4, at Interstate Park, there will be inaugurated a shoot called the Eastern Championship. The conditions are 25 live birds, price of birds only, \$10 sweep optional, handicaps 25 to 32yds., for a handsome trophy, donated by Interstate Park Association. Shooting will commence at 9 o'clock A. M. A 15-bird preliminary event, \$10 entrance, high guns, will be shot.

Mr. Hood Waters, erstwhile of Baltimore, Md., well known as a skillful and popular trapshooter, was in New York on Monday and Tuesday of this week, after a successful trip in the North in the interests of his company, the Lafin & Rand. He reported most gratifying success, and success he merits.

FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. W. L. Rhodes informs us that on Nov. 16, at the Middlesex club house, South River, N. J., commencing at 1 o'clock, there will be a match, 100 birds per man, between Messrs. S. M. Van Allen and J. E. Applegate for a purse of \$200, loser to pay for birds. Also, there will be a handicap shoot for an 800lb. hog. Stages will meet all trolley cars from New Brunswick and South River at Tanner's Corner.

The three-man team contest between Messrs. Banks, "Ramapo" and Piercy on the one side and Messrs. Morley, "Armstrong" (R. A. Welch) and "Fifty-five" on the other at Interstate Park on Thursday of last week resulted in a victory for the former. Each contestant shot at 25 birds. The first effort resulted in a tie on 68. The shoot-off, same conditions, resulted in a score of 66 to 65.

Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. C. McDermott scored the first win of the series of contests for the Sykes cup, at the Crescent Athletic Club's shoot on Saturday of last week. They scored 88. It is a two-man team event at 50 targets per man, handicap allowances. Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. H. M. Brigham at the same shoot tied for the November cup with a score of 47 each out of 50.

At Interstate Park on Thursday of last week a match was arranged between Messrs. Ed Banks and G. H. Piercy on one side and Messrs. R. A. Welch and T. W. Morley on the other; 25 live birds per man, the latter two standing at 30yds.; their opponents at 29yds. The match is arranged to take place early in December.

The contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, concerning which Mr. Geo. H. Piercy, of Jersey City, is the challenger, hangs fire. Mr. Piercy, though ready to shoot, and waiving one forfeiture, is still uncertain as to the date on which Dr. W. L. Gardiner, the holder, is pleased to shoot.

It is not unlikely that Mr. Geo. H. Piercy and Dr. W. L. Gardiner, the holder, may contest for the championship of New Jersey on the 27th of this month. Dr. Gardiner has been immersed in business cares, which prevented him from giving the championship matter the attention which he personally feels in it.

Three members of the Fountain Gun Club, of Brooklyn—namely, Messrs. Wynn, Lurgan and Stewart—shot at Interstate Park on Thursday of last week. The main event was at 15 birds, in which Dr. Wynn scored 14, Lurgan 13 with two dead out, and Stewart 8 with three dead out.

The forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be given under the auspices of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club, Rochester, N. Y., June 9 to 13, 1902.

The last shoot of the Great Northern Hotel cup series by the Garden City Gun Club was held at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Nov. 9. Four contestants tied on two wins in the series. In the shoot-off Mr. Comley won.

In the second contest for the Goodspeed diamond trophy at Denver, Colo., on Nov. 4, Mr. H. H. Dorsey scored a second win. With his handicap, he scored 98 out of 100.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Interstate Park.

THREE-MAN TEAM MATCH.

The match between Messrs. T. W. Morley, R. W. "Armstrong" and "Fifty-five" on the one side and Messrs. Edward Banks, "Ramapo" and G. H. Piercy on the other was shot at Interstate Park, L. I., on Thursday of last week. The match was originally arranged to include Capt. Money and ex-Sheriff Frank D. Creamer, both of whom are redoubtable artists with the scatter gun, but other affairs engaged their attention, thus leaving it a three-man contest instead of four.

The birds were a good lot. The contest was close, and stubbornly met, man against man. Each shot at 25, and each scored 68 out of a possible 75. This was through an unfortunate decision of the referee, Mr. B. Waters, who ruled a no-bird in a case wherein it was unmistakably a lost bird. The latter, though shot at on the ground, escaped out of bounds. But for this error the scores would have been 68 to 67 in favor of the Banks-Ramapo-Piercy team. However, as it was a friendly match, the contestants retained their good nature, and agreed to shoot off the tie at 25 birds under the original conditions, and this again resulted in a close contest, it being decided only in the last round, and then only by one bird. Piercy, Banks and Ramapo won by the score of 66 to 65. The tie was shot off in a sweepstake, but for the sake of clearness it is presented apart by itself, though a part of the sweepstake also.

The weather was clear and there was almost a calm—ideal conditions for good scores.

Team match, handicap, Ramapo two misses as kills:

T W Morley, 30.....21212211111121121212*12*2-23
R W Armstrong, 30.....2212210122211221221222-23
Fifty-five, 28.....2222202221112222112221100-22-68
Ed Banks, 29.....011122221111212111222122-24
Ramapo, 27.....12211*222111221222022222*-22
G H Piercy, 30.....22011121212221222222*12*-22-68

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Piercy, 30.....22122212212212121222*2221-24
Banks, 29.....12222222202122*222222211-23
Ramapo, 27.....1222120022222020102220122-19-66
Walch, 30.....112201221222*1111222222-23
Morley, 30.....*222212*2222221211222222-22
Fifty-five, 28.....122*21**2222112012111*-20-65

Sweepstakes, handicap, 25 birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra:

Piercy, 30.....22122212212212121222*2222-24
Walch, 30.....1122012211222*1111222222-23
Banks, 29.....12222222202122*222222211-23
Creamer, 28.....21012122222112220122211-23
Morley, 30.....*222212*22222212112222-22
Haff, 28.....2121222222222011202010112-21
Ramapo, 27.....0222020022222020102220122-17
Fifty-five, 28.....122021**21222112012111*-20

A sweepstake at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns, followed, with results as follows: Van Allen (30) 10, Banks (30) 10, Piercy (30) 10, Waters (28) 10, Creamer (28) 10, Fifty-five (28) 10, McConville (27) 7, Ramapo (26) 6, Haff (27) 5.

No. 5, Match at 25 pigeons, 30yds. rise:

T W Morley.....222122220221222221202221-23
G H Piercy.....22222202*1220112122101212-21

Same conditions:

Morley.....2221222122111212111122122-25
Piercy.....121222210222212222222222-24

Sweepstakes, handicap, 25 pigeons:

G H Piercy, 30.....22111222111211121222112-25
C F Dudley, 29.....12121211212111102221121-24
T W Morley, 32.....211022112122222*2222212-23
J H Hawes, 27.....111010112*22212200112210-18

A few sweepstakes also were shot, in which C. H. King distinguished himself.

The final event was a miss-and-out, which resulted as follows: Welch 6, Waters 6, Van Allen 5, Ramapo 5, Fifty-five 2, McConville 2, Piercy 1. McConville and Piercy's second bird respectively were hard hit and were dead out.

Greiff—Carman.

Baldwins, L. I.—On the grounds of Mr. Geo. A. Barker, at Baldwins, recently a match between Mr. Gus Greiff and Dr. Carman resulted as follows:

Dr Carman, 28.....000111020222221212*-14
Gus Greiff, 30.....222221222121*1222122-19

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 9.—The Sykes cup was a prize of keen

interest, and the first win on it was scored by Capt. A. W. Money and Mr. C. McDermott by the excellent score of 88. It is a two-man team contest, each man shooting at 25 targets from the magautrap and 25 from the expert traps. Owing to an injury to his gun, Mr. McDermott was obliged to use a strange gun. The scores for the Sykes cup, handicap allowances, follow:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Total.
	Hdcp.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Broke.	
Money	2	22	1	24	49
McDermott	3	19	2	15	39-88
Marshall	6	19	4	18	37
Palmer	9	18	7	19	50-87
Brigham	1	22	0	23	47
Keyes	5	16	3	16	40-87
Banks	0	18	0	22	40
McConville	9	17	7	6	33-78
Hopkins	5	13	4	13	36
Chapman	8	8	6	11	33-69

Mr. H. Brigham and Capt. Money tied for the November cup on 47. The conditions were 25 targets at the magautrap and 25 at expert traps, handicap allowances added. Scores:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Grand Total.
	Hdcp.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Broke.	
H M Brigham.....	1	23	0	23	47
Capt A W Money.....	2	21	1	23	47
Dr J J Keyes.....	5	17	3	21	46
H B Vanderveer.....	8	17	6	13	44
E Banks.....	0	20	0	19	39
L C Hopkins.....	6	15	4	14	39
W W Marshall.....	6	14	4	15	39
H L Meyer.....	13	6	10	10	39
L M Palmer, Jr.....	9	12	7	9	37
E M Maltby.....	9	10	7	8	34

Shoot for special trophy, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

	Hdcp.	Broke.	Total.
Brigham	0	15	15
Money	1	14	15
Vanderveer	4	11	15
Palmer	5	10	15
Hopkins	3	11	14
Banks	0	13	13
Marshall	4	9	18
Keyes	3	10	13
Maltby	5	7	12
McConville	5	6	11
George	0	10	10
McDermott	2	8	10
Meyer	0	6	6

Shoot-off, same conditions:

	Hdcp.	Broke.	Total.
Brigham	0	15	15
Money	1	13	14
Vanderveer	4	10	14
Palmer	5	8	13

Sweepstakes, 15 targets, expert traps: Marshall 10, George 9, Palmer 8, Hopkins 7, Chapman 6, Meyer 6.

Sweepstakes, 25 targets, expert traps: Money 22, Brigham 19, George 17, Palmer 16, Marshall 13.

Match 25 targets, expert traps: George 19, McConville 16. There will be five contests for the November cup, there being five Saturdays in this month. Of these a contestant, to be recognized in the final decision, must have participated in three contests. The standing of the contestants in the two contests which have taken place are as follows:

	Nov. 2.	Nov. 9.	Total.
H M Brigham.....	50	47	97
Dr. J J Keyes.....	47	46	93
L M Palmer, Jr.....	50	37	87
H L Meyer.....	45	39	84
E Banks	42	39	81
W W Marshall.....	41	39	80
A W Palmer.....	49	..	49
G W Cropsey.....	48	..	48
Capt A W Money.....	..	47	47
H B Vanderveer.....	..	44	44
E B Knowlton.....	..	43	43
C J McDermott.....	40	..	40
H A Kryn.....	40	..	40
J N Borland.....	40	..	40
W J McConville.....	39	..	39
L C Hopkins.....	..	39	39
C Kenyon, Jr.....	38	..	38
Platt Adams.....	36	..	36
C H Chapman.....	35	..	35
E M Maltby.....	..	34	34
Dr Raynor	31	..	31

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Nov. 9.—No. 1 was at 7 birds, for prize; ties shot off in No. 2. No. 2 was at 7 birds, for prize; ties shot off in No. 3. R. W. Haff won.

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C A Ramapo.....	222122-7	2210122-5	2221222-7
F D Creamer.....	2112211-7	1221122-7	1221212-7
R W Haff.....	2221211-7	2111212-7	1121212-7

Shoot-off of No. 3, miss-and-out: Ramapo 5; F. D. Creamer's first bird was dead out; Haff 4. Ramapo won.

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Nov. 11.—Clear weather, but very high winds. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25
Dr Bill	20	17	18	10	19	J Jones	9	15	20	20	20
C Dudley.....	22	18	21	19	21	O Mull	13	11	..	12	12
A Harris	14	13	..	12	..						

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Nov. 6.—The scores herewith appended were made on Election day, Nov. 5, at Ossining. There was no shoot advertised by the club for Election day, but one of the sporting papers got our Thanksgiving shoot confounded in some way with Election day, and called it an all-day live-bird and clay shoot.

Mr. H. S. Welles, of the Ballistite Company, was misled by the garble, so came up expecting to meet a shooting crowd. Luckily some of the boys came out, so it was not a blank day after all. Mr. Welles was shooting his 24-grain target load from the 30yd. mark at live birds, and did excellent work.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	10	10	10	10	15	Targets:	10	10	10	10	15
H S Welles.....	10	9	7	8	13	L Sherwood.....	..	7	6	7	..
A Bedell.....	6	10	8	6	..	C Blandford.....	7	7	..

The following events were at 5 live birds each:

H S Welles, 30.....	*2222-4	22*22-4	22222-5
M H Dyckman, 27.....	12111-5	00201-2	11111-5
Dr Sherwood, 27.....	11211-5	12121-5	12*11-4
J G Bang, 30.....	12222-5	22221-5	22222-5
L Sherwood, 28.....	102*1-3

C. G. B.

Frankford Club Shoot.

Nov. 9.—The Frankford Gun Club inaugurated a new series of club events at their grounds at Somerdale, for a gold medal. Conditions: 50 targets per man, handicap allowance of one-quarter of a target for every target missed at the previous shoot; unknown angles, 16yds. rise. This being the first shoot of the series everybody shot from scratch. Rodney King was high gun with 41 out of 50. The scores: King 41, Felix 40, Redifer 39, George 38, Hart 31, McMichael 29, Smith 25, Bang 25.

On Saturday, the 30th inst., there will be a team shoot between the several clubs for the Frankford Club trophy.

Limited Gun Club's Tournament.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—The tournament of the Limited Gun Club, Oct. 30 and 31, had its usual programme of target and sparrow events. The main event was the Grand Hotel cup contest at 50 targets, and this distinguishing honor was won by Mr. H. J. Sconce, of Sidell, Ill., by a score of 49 out of 50.

First Day, Oct. 30.

Forty contestants participated in the programme of to-day. Sconce was high gun, breaking 156 out of 160 shot at. The main event, the Grand Hotel cup, begun to-day, was unfinished, and further competition in it was postponed till 2 o'clock to-morrow. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	*6	*7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	15	15	10	15	15	10	15	15
Tripp	8	14	14	13	8	10	13	10	13	7
Cooper	9	13	13	13	9	12	14	7	14	14
Kirby	8	11	14	12	8	11	10	10	14	15
Arnold	7	15	12	13	9	12	11	9	13	11
Partington	9	14	15	13	9	9	9	15	14	11
Parry	8	14	13	14	8	11	12	9	14	15
Fuerst	8	15	15	15	10	10	11	8	12	14
Comstock	8	13	13	13	9	9	9	13	15	15
Delunch	6	13	9	8	7	7	7	7	10	10
Howard	10	14	15	14	9	14	14	9	14	13
Link	9	12	11	9	9	9	9	12	12	13
Drunmond	6	12	13	10	8	5	5	5	5	5
Graham	7	12	9	11	6	6	6	6	6	6
Farrell	7	9	11	13	8	8	8	13	12	12
Michaelis	8	13	14	14	8	11	11	10	13	15
Squier	10	14	14	15	10	10	10	14	14	14
Tack	10	11	12	14	11	11	11	11	11	11
Clark	9	15	11	15	10	13	9	14	15	15
Fisher	8	11	15	14	9	8	10	9	12	12
Sconce	10	15	15	11	10	13	14	10	15	15
Neal	10	12	11	14	10	14	14	7	12	13
Blake	9	14	15	11	8	11	9	10	15	14
Dunbar	9	12	10	15	10	9	10	15	14	14
Sayles	11	13	7	9	8	8	8	8	8	8
Stilwell	12	12	7	9	7	7	13	12	12	12
Moller	9	10	7	12	8	8	8	9	9	9
Owler	12	7	7	7	6	6	10	10	10	10
Loehr	7	7	7	7	3	3	6	6	6	6
Murphy	12	7	7	7	9	11	11	11	11	11
Shelburn	7	7	7	7	3	3	6	6	6	6
Ellsworth	11	7	7	7	7	11	11	11	11	11
Russell	12	10	10	10	9	14	9	14	9	9
Twenty-gauge	9	12	14	13	8	7	7	12	13	13
Jones	7	7	7	7	8	8	8	8	8	8
Meredith	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Beck	13	10	11	11	13	10	11	11	11	11
Jones	13	15	8	13	15	8	13	15	8	13
Mullen	9	9	8	8	9	9	8	8	8	8
Ackerman	9	9	8	8	9	9	8	8	8	8
Bell	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8

*Events 6 and 7 were sparrow events.

Second Day, Oct. 31.

There were thirty-six entries to-day, all told, and for this reason and the early darkness it was necessary to declare off two target events of 15 each. Sconce was again the high gun. He made the best score ever recorded on the Limited Gun Club grounds. The shooting was of a high order. The visiting shooters all expressed a desire to attend the next tournament of the Limited Gun Club, which will be held in February. The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	*6	*7	*8	*9	10	11	12
Parry	9	14	20	14	13	7	13	8	14	9	11	15
Meaders	7	15	16	14	13	9	9	9	9	13	19	19
Partington	10	14	18	11	13	9	9	9	9	15	20	20
Sconce	10	15	20	14	15	8	13	9	13	10	12	20
Squiers	9	14	19	12	13	9	9	9	9	15	20	20
Tripp	9	13	18	14	14	9	11	10	11	10	13	14
Dunbar	9	15	16	11	12	7	7	7	7	11	19	19
Michaelis	8	14	16	13	14	7	11	8	14	9	12	18
Kirby	8	14	18	14	15	7	7	7	7	9	14	17
Faust	8	14	20	13	14	9	9	9	9	10	14	20
Cooper	9	14	17	13	15	8	14	8	14	8	13	18
Clark	10	14	19	13	12	10	11	7	13	9	12	19
Blake	10	15	18	12	14	9	15	8	13	8	14	20
Neal	10	14	19	15	15	10	11	10	15	10	15	15
Jack Snipe	9	13	14	10	11	7	9	8	13	10	15	15
Moller	8	11	14	12	10	7	13	7	15	7	10	18
Ackerman	8	11	18	10	12	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Ellsworth	8	12	15	10	10	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Comstock	7	13	14	13	13	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Twenty-gauge	13	16	14	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Harcourt	12	15	14	8	9	14	7	14	9	9	9	9
Howard	15	17	12	12	8	12	9	14	10	10	10	10
Link	12	17	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Mullen	9	13	11	7	8	9	7	12	12	12	12	12
Swartz	13	15	13	8	10	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Tack	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Long	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Arnold	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Powell	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
A Tripp	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2
Seilken	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Van Noy	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Deschler	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Beck	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17	17
Craig	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12

*Events 6, 7, 8 and 9 were sparrow events.

Grand Hotel cup event, 50 targets: Sconce 49, Neal 48, Faust 47, Comstock 47, Kirby 46, Partington 46, Clark 46, Blake 45, Michaelis 45, Parry 44, Link 43, Arnold 42, Tripp 41, Cook 40, Dunbar 38, Moller 33, Squiers 47. Squiers shot for targets only both days.

The Recoil Due to Gas.

WE recently had the pleasure of inspecting a device for recording the recoil of a gun on the principle of the ballistic pendulum. It had been erected in the testing laboratory of the Kynoch Company, and was the special design of their Mr. Housman. The methods of taking the recoil of firearms have been many and various. Naturally recoil itself, from the energy point of view, varies according to the weight of the recoiling mass, but in any case efforts have been made in many directions to obtain an exact measure of recoil, whether in foot-pounds relating to a given weight of recoiling mass or in momentum (the product of weight and velocity), which provides a common ground of comparison for all weights of recoiling parts. Mr. Housman's line of research has been especially devoted to the separation of the recoil at the moment of the exit of the shot from the total recoil measurable after the gases have become free from the gun. It will be remembered that Capt. Journé and Mr. Griffith have both worked on the lines of measuring the velocity of recoil of a freely suspended gun, having a weight approximately equal to that of an ordinary firearm. For measurement of these small intervals of time a chronograph of the best possible construction is a necessity, and although many factories possess such chronographs, they cannot as a rule be applied to the measurement of recoil, since recoil measurement, to be of any value, must be accompanied by shot velocities, which must be taken simultaneously. The Houllengé chronograph and its modern prototype, the Holden instrument, are those most frequently met with, and neither of them is capable of taking more than one time record in single operation. The Smith chronograph, on the other hand, can take as many as five simultaneous records. For instance, it may take the time from hammer to muzzle, from muzzle to the point fixed for taking shot velocities, and the two remaining styles may be appropriated for recording the recoil velocity of the gun itself. Consequently, those laboratories which are equipped with the Smith chronograph have a ready means at their disposal for making systematic investigations in recoil by means of the velocity method. For laboratories equipped with the falling weight chronograph another method of measurement is available, and it is the one which has been turned to account by Mr. Housman.

He has built a gun—in fact a cannon—some 30in. long and 3in. in diameter. The gun has been most delicately suspended by means of four wire ropes, connected at their ends with a system of geometrical suspension bearings, which eliminate friction and other sources of error as far as is humanly possible. With a gun so heavy the amount of recoil experienced is very slight; in fact, an ordinary charge only swings the pendulum a matter of 9in. The

length of swing, taken in relation with the length of the pendulum and its mass, may be mathematically analyzed, so that by the use of a constant the distance recoiled, which is suitably registered on a scale, may be read off in terms of momentum. This reading is, strictly speaking, the total value of recoil of the gun. The whole of the energy of recoil, so far as is practicable, has been utilized in raising the weight of the gun, the amount of rise being directly ascertainable from the majestic swing of the gun, which compares in a marked degree with the buck-jumping action of Mr. Griffith's lighter weapon. In order to make the record as complete as possible plugs have been fitted to this gun, and across the muzzle is an attachment for taking velocity. The effect of this combination is that pressure, recoil and shot velocity may be directly measured. The elementary laws of motion have enabled us to derive from the shot velocity the value of recoil at the moment when the shot leaves the muzzle, and these are applied in the ordinary way to the readings obtained from this instrument. In this way Mr. Housman has provided an entirely separate means of determining recoil, which will prove a very valuable auxiliary to the velocity instruments working to produce the same result.

At the present moment we have not had an opportunity of studying in detail the readings obtained by Mr. Housman; but we hope at an early date to be in a position to institute some interesting comparisons between the two systems that are now available in addition to the spring method, which was so long exclusively used in our own testing department.—The Field (London).

Professional and Amateur.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The article on "Amateurs and Professionals," in your issue of the 5th, causes one of the 80 per cent. amateurs, as you term them, to stop and think a little. This question has caused quite a lot of discussion and a lot of thinking, and most of it that I have heard is from the class below and some above 50 per cent. shooters, and this class seldom air their grievances through sporting papers.

The experts are a fine lot of gentlemen, as far as I have met them, and I like them very much; but, as you seem to think they are the drawing card to a shoot, it is a pity that some arrangement cannot be made whereby the expenses of the expert should be lessened. But let me say to you that some of the novices do not think as you do. I know of one instance where a novice refused to continue to shoot a powder that he was shooting fairly good with, because he had just learned the expert was employed by the powder firm that made the powder that the novice was using.

You know, Mr. Editor, it is almost impossible to beat the builder or maker, and if I am to be beaten I would rather be beaten by one of my own kind, for then I will think I am not as proficient as the fellow that beat me.

You know, Mr. Editor, what it means to spend weeks in the factory testing loads, and you no doubt know what constant practice means with a gun, or you wouldn't have written such an article. Don't you think that a fellow would be foolish to lay his money against such odds?

Will you, through the *FOREST AND STREAM*, tell me and a lot of other amateurs why the manufacturers allow their agents to shoot for money? Is it to help pay their expenses, or to convince the novice he is shooting the wrong powder?

I have no kick coming myself, for my money has always been up, except once; if I had that to do over I would shoot with him; but there are others.

Mr. Editor, I am a firm believer in handicap proper, and am always willing to give to the poorer shot a chance for his shooting, but it is a hard question to solve correctly; and as you must be up in the art yourself to write such an article, I am going to give you a problem to figure out, one that I gave to one of the best expert shots this country can boast off, but I won't give you the rule he used to figure it out with:

Example: If an amateur breaks his targets 25yds. from the trap, standing at 16yds. from the trap, and the expert breaks his targets 20yds. from the trap, standing at 21yds. from the trap, now much handicap has the amateur over the expert? Or if an amateur kills live birds 8yds. from the trap, standing at 28yds. from the trap, and the expert kills live birds 4yds. from the trap, standing at 32yds. from the trap, what handicap has the amateur over the expert? Rule to figure by: The amateur seldom shoots; the expert shoots for a living.

[The foregoing luminous exposition in respect to handicapping seems to refer to Dudley in particular rather than to handicapping in general, since it embodies the arguments which he uses in private in respect to his personal interests in shooting. He shoots in middling slow time, yet has expert results—namely, 90 to 95 per cent.—and also he dislikes to be put back of 16yds. When there is any setting back to be done he magnanimously concedes superiority to the other fellow, and that the other fellow be set back accordingly. To show the fallacy of his rather circular process of reasoning, let us assume a competition in which there are two men, A and B, each shooting from the 16yd. mark and each breaking 95 targets out of 100. Let us further assume that A breaks his targets 5yds. nearer the trap than B does. Then, if a handicap was made according to Dudley's theory, A, who broke his targets 5yds. nearer, should be set back to 21yds., while B remained at 16, so that in theory both would break their targets at the same distance from the traps. Dudley overlooks the fact that A has new problems to solve when set back quite as much as B has. The exact number of yards, feet and inches at which each contestant breaks his targets from the traps is, as data, not of so much importance in estimating handicaps as is the number which each contestant can on an average break. B's skill in pointing his gun accurately may more than compensate for A's quickness. The results are what determine the relative degrees of skill, as shown by the scores, and not the number of yards, as set forth by Dudley.]

Our contention that the professionals are a material benefit to trapshooting we still maintain. Outside of the average amateur's immediate circle of friends and acquaintances but little interest is manifested in his performances at the trap, while the performance of the professional thereat is of general public interest. Moreover, we are firmly convinced that the professional has a right to live.]

Maple City Gun Club.

NORWALK, O., Nov. 8.—The second annual tournament of the Maple City Gun Club was held at Norwalk, O., Nov. 6. There were ten events at targets and three at live birds.

The targets were thrown from a magautrap; ground traps, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, for live birds. The day was an ideal one for a shoot, and the many taking part in the tournament enjoyed it to the utmost.

Good, of Bellefontaine, was high man, closely followed by Frank, of the local club. A. C. Holliday made a very efficient score, and Fred Cole, as a squad hustler, kept things moving along in good time.

Altogether it was one of the best shoots ever given by a local organization, and the boys feel proud of the record made by the Maple City Club.

Live birds:	5	7	10	Live birds:	5	7	10
Easton	7	7	7	J Gibson	1	1	1
Santemyer	4	6	8	Chapin	0	0	0
Purcell	5	5	8	Burton	4	4	4
G Frieland	5	6	7	Gallup	4	5	10
Vail	4	4	9	Reilly	4	5	8
F Gibson	3	2	1	Lane	4	6	1
Black	4	3	1	Good	3	3	1
Hoak	4	6	1	Hill	2	6	1
Sanford	5	6	8	Frank	4	6	8
W Frieland	4	7	10	Guthrie	1	6	8

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	Shot	
Targets:	10	15	15	15	20	15	15	10	15	15	at.	Broke.
Sanford	8	13	14	13	15	17	12	13	10	8	1:0	123
Vail	8	11	11	12	12	13	15	14	8	9	1:40	113
Santmyer	10	13	10	13	13	19	13	13	9	9	1:40	122
Frank	10	14	14	14	12	19	14	13	9	9	1:40	128
Reily	8	14	15	13	8	17	11	12	9	10	1:0	121
Hill	9	12	12	12	12	18	14	15	10	10	1:40	125
Lane	7	13	14	13	11	17	14	14	10	10	1:40	123
Good	8	14	15	15	13	20	14	13	10	8	1:0	170
Hoak	7	13	13	7	7	18	12	14	5	5	1:40	101
Black	8	11	14	13	11	18	12	13	10	8	1:40	118
W Frieland	7	14	14	11	11	18	13	12	8	7	1:40	112
Call	7	13	13	13	13	18	13	12	8	9	1:40	119
Gallup	7	12	10	13	8	17	14	12	7	8	1:40	103
Rascom	8	11	13	14	13	19	7	13	9	5	1:40	112
Burton	9	13	13	13	13	12	13	8	8	1:40	120	

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 21.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

THE BASIC PRINCIPLE.

THE game of this country belongs to the sportsman. By the designation sportsman as here used is meant the shooter who shoots for sport, not for the market. Do not make the mistake of assuming that the sportsman is the town dweller alone. He may live in the town or he may live in the country, in the city or in the most remote backwoods, or in the middle of the prairie. Wherever his dwelling, whatever his eminence or obscurity, his wealth, clothing, manners, outfit—if only he rejoices in the tastes, sentiments and practices of those who follow sport for sport's sake, rather than for what they can make out of it—if a sportsman, the game is for him. It is his, and he shall have it. To give it to him, to assure him in the privilege of its enjoyment, to secure that privilege to his children and his children's children, is the purpose of the FOREST AND STREAM'S Platform Plank—*The sale of game should be forbidden at all seasons.*

And that is the basic principle of all wise and defensible game legislation in this country to-day. It is the object and the justification of game laws.

Once this basic principle—the game for the sportsman—is understood by the people as it should be, the task of closing up the game markets will be simple and speedily and easily accomplished.

It is good doctrine to preach. Let it be proclaimed, repeated, reiterated, until even the men we send to our Legislatures shall comprehend it and act upon it and embody it in the laws they enact.

THE DOCKED TAIL.

THE daily press recounts that President Roosevelt, who is adding to his equine properties as becomes the Chief Executive of a great nation, will not purchase any horse which has had its tail docked. To the good men and women who have a warm place in their hearts for our dumb friends, and who have minds which abhor needless cruelty—and the number comprises the great majority of the people—this determination of the President, with its implied censure, will be appreciated as a beneficent gain in the cause of humanity in the present, and a source of hopefulness for still greater gain in the future.

There is nothing, past or present, either to justify or to condone the horrible mutilation called docking. It originated and has been perpetuated to gratify a mere whim of fashion. It is the more deplorable since, in most instances, those who sanction it, procure it and perpetuate it, are of the higher walks of life where wealth, refinement and leadership abide, and therefore where one might justly expect to find the best standards and the best exemplars of life in all its bearings.

It is but charitable to assume that, in view of the munificent donations for the cause of humanity and the rigorous laws on the statute books to enforce humane treatment, the full measure of cruelty, of which the docked tail is the exponent, is not comprehended by those who procure it, if it is by them comprehended at all.

As an operation, docking is one of inconceivable torture. An analogous operation would be if a man's foot were cut off with a huge pair of shears. Such is the manner of docking the horse, and it often is so excruciatingly agonizing that the horse shrieks and groans from the torture. Many days of pain are suffered before recovery.

While the tail thus docked to gratify a silly vanity designates that the docked horse is owned by some one who wishes to be exclusive even at the cost of mutilation, it also designates that the docked horse is defenseless against flies, gnats, etc., for life. The horse's tail is a most useful member in guarding against the ceaseless attacks of such insects. Nature provided it as an essential to his comfort and his well being.

It is presented, as being in favor of docking, that the horses so mutilated are cared for so well that flies cannot annoy them, and this may to a certain extent be true so long as they continue to be the servants of wealthy owners; but when they are cast out of the world of fashion into the world of drudgery, then the need of a

protecting tail is constant, and conversely its absence is a calamity indeed.

The practice of docking horses' tails, aside from its inhumanity, is further to be deplored since it violates the law of the land. It and other related forms, such as for instance the cropping of the ears of Great Danes, bull-terriers, black and tan terriers, and the docking of the tails of fox-terriers, spaniels, etc., are penitentiary offenses in the eye of the law, and also punishable by fines. When a conviction can be obtained, the punishment almost always follows to a certainty.

We anathematize the ruffian and his fellows who conduct dog fights in some sequestered place where the law cannot reach. The dog fighter, when engaged in his amusement, from necessity seeks concealment. He avoids openness and respectability. When the horse's tail is docked the operator does precisely what the dog fighter does in the matter of secrecy. He seeks darkness and seclusion. If the dog fighter is caught, conviction is swift and certain. If the docker is caught, the chances of conviction are remote indeed, for he is very likely to make the defense that the horse's tail was diseased, and that the docking was a necessary surgical operation in consequence.

However, the remedy for this permanent cruelty and injury, after all is said and done, is in the hands of the owners themselves. The veterinarians dock horses merely as a matter of business. The owners need not follow the behests of a cruel and ephemeral fashion. Then, in respect to docking, there would be no cruelty, for it would cease to be practiced.

It had its origin many years ago in aping of English fashions in that respect. Some years before her death, the lamented Queen Victoria prohibited docking in her own stables and discountenanced it in others, so that it has since been rapidly on the wane in that country. Also the mutilation of dogs was prohibited by the English Kennel Club some years ago, so that in matters of humanity to our dumb animals, we are at present a long way behind our friends across the ocean. However, with such a shining example as that set by our illustrious President, with its far-reaching beneficence, there is every reason to hope for rapid advancement in this special branch of humanity, and in the furtherance of so good a cause let every one do his best.

The horse is one of the noblest of all animals. Strong, courageous and docile, he has been an invaluable ally of man in man's rise from barbarism to civilization. By man he was made to bear the heaviest burdens of peace and to face the brunt of war. For his services to man from time immemorial as well as for his native nobility and dignity, no one should mutilate him for the gratification of an idle whim. "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel."

MORE DEADLY THAN WAR.

THE most prominent items of hunting news in the daily papers have to do with the killing of human beings by mistake for game. The fatalities this season will equal in number or surpass those of former years. Twelve casualties have been reported from Maine to date, and more than that number from Minnesota. They are of daily occurrence. We have in some instances received lists of the killed and wounded, but it is beside the purpose to give such lists in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

The most pressing necessity in the whole domain of sportsmanship to-day is the devising and application of the preventive of this horrible man-killing in the woods; or rather of a number of preventives, for it is certain that no one expedient can be discovered effectually to stop the slaughter. Several suggestions have been made. One is that every hunter should attire himself in a hunting suit rivaling the rainbow in color scheme, and should don a red hat whose fiery glow may give due notice to others that its wearer is a man and not a deer. This is effective in a degree as is related by a correspondent in another column; and all deer and moose hunters of America would do well to enroll themselves in the Order of the Red Hat.

Another expedient put forward is the legal prohibition of the long-range rifle in certain designated districts where its use is known to imperil the lives of men. This, if put into effect, would diminish the peril and in a measure shorten the death roll. There is no question about the

constitutionality of such a law. We have restrictions now in our game codes limiting the size of guns, and a limitation put upon the rifle would be of the same character and could be enforced.

Another proposed remedy is a law to make the shooting of a human being by mistake for game a punishable offense. This has been done in Maine, but the simple enactment of the law has not stopped the slaughter; nor can it be expected to accomplish anything until the penalty prescribed for the offense shall have been imposed in a way to impress upon public consciousness the penal character of the offense. The Maine authorities who are ignoring the law in this respect are making themselves in a measure responsible for the man-killing to follow. Is human life held so cheaply in Maine that the punishment fixed for taking is not in any instance to be enforced?

Mr. Rightmire expresses surprise that we should have shown a way in which live quail may be exported from the Indian Territory without violating the law. Such a suggestion, he opines, is not in keeping with our well-known position as to the sale of game. We are opposed to traffic in dead game, but we have never gone so far as to advocate stopping the sale of live game for stocking purposes. As to the Indian Territory quail, we believe that the very best use a proportion of them could be put to would be their netting, shipment and liberation to replenish the supplies in districts where quail are scarce. And if this may now be done lawfully, the traffic should not be broken up arbitrarily or by an assumption that the territorial law or the Lacey Act affects the situation, when it actually does not affect it. If there is nothing in the applicable section of the United States Revised Statutes or in the Lacey Act to forbid the exportation of Indian Territory live quail, there can be no justification for interference with it. On the other hand, if the export under pretense of stocking purposes is made a cloak for the shipment of birds to market, the proper course to remedy the situation is to change the law in such a way as to stop the export to market, and to restrict it to export for propagation. It certainly cannot be beyond the ability of Congress to frame a measure which would accomplish this purpose and provide for the shipment of live birds from the Territory under supervision of Government officers charged with the duty. This, we repeat, is the proper remedy to apply. There is no justification in the case of the Indian Territory quail, no more than in the case of the Illinois quail, for the executive branch of the Government to arrogate to itself the law-making power, and to make and enforce regulations according to its notions. Congress and the Legislatures are intrusted with the making of laws. It is for the executive officers to enforce the law as they find it.

Commissioner Titcomb's report in our last issue on the Vermont deer shows that the supply has steadily increased, and gives promise of continued increase in the future under the continuance of an extremely restricted open season. This experience of Vermont is a demonstration of the fact that even in the oldest settled Eastern States we may have a deer stock if only we care enough for it to give it the necessary protection. Mr. Titcomb, it will be noted, does not commit himself to a denial of the statement that in some parts of the State the deer have multiplied to such an extent that they have become a nuisance to the farmer; and it is bruited that the next Legislature will be asked to take some remedial action. In the end doubtless a way will be found to establish the proper balance of interests.

A notable event in journalism was the celebration last Saturday by the *New York Evening Post* of the hundredth anniversary of its establishment on Nov. 16, 1801. The *Evening Post* is, as Mark Twain proclaims of himself, "very old and very wise." Through the century of its existence it has been potent as a force making for progress, moral and intellectual growth, good government and high ideals in private and public life.

We invite a careful reading of Senator Hoar's exposition of the principle underlying Sabbath legislation in this country. It is well to have a clear understanding of this in order that the subject may be discussed intelligently when Sunday shooting and Sunday fishing are involved.

The Sportsman Tourist.

The Boy and the Apple.

A Study.

In a most curious and interesting book entitled "The Child," recently published, the author (W. E. Chamberlain) dwells on the fondness of boys for apples, and deduces from this the fact that apples must have formed a large share in the food of primeval man. However this may be, it is certain that the boy loves the apple. His love, indeed, may be said to amount to a passion, for is he not prepared to run all sorts of risks or dangers—nay, to take his very life in his hand—to gratify it?

The period at which the passion develops varies according to the temperament and physical constitution of the boy, but usually it is between the ages of five and seven, and thereafter it continues to twelve or fourteen. It is a nice question whether the passion would develop if the boy were never to see or taste an apple. My own opinion is that it would—being, in fact, largely hereditary. I can imagine a boy born at the North Pole, say, having vague visions of an orchard and hungering to be at large therein.

It has often been a cause of wonder to some why the boy loves the green apple so much more than the ripe one. The matter is easily explained. The green apple is the first to appear—the first to catch the boy's eye. He promptly lavishes all the desire of his open nature upon it. It is his first love. Later, when the apple is ripe and far more fair to the eye and sweet to the taste, the boy has been surfeited—well, not exactly surfeited, but pretty well satisfied.

I believe it has never been mathematically ascertained how many green apples a boy can eat. Some contend that the number is countless, but of course this is an exaggeration. There is no doubt, however, that the boy's capacity in this respect is very great, and there is certainly no doubt that his desire far exceeds his capacity.

The more or less painful results of green-apple dissipation make practically no impression on the boy's mind. I have seen a boy writhe in agony and howl so that he could be heard all over the neighborhood, in consequence of a dissipation of the kind referred to, and yet the following day I have seen that same boy accept with a smile an apple so green and malevolent looking that it might have been taken for the eye of jealousy. If painful physical experience is so quickly forgotten by the boy it is hardly necessary to say that warnings or admonitions stand no chance at all of being remembered. There is no time employed by a boy's mother so likely to be absolutely fruitless (paradoxical as it may seem) as that in which she beseeches—often with tears—her youthful son to avoid green apples. 'Tis truly love's labor lost. The boy can no more resist the green apple than can the moth the flame.

I pity the boy that does not live in the neighborhood of an orchard, as I also pity him that lives in the neighborhood of too many. The ideal state is to have one or two (preferably one) situated about a mile from the boy's home. Then all the conditions necessary to the gratification of the boy's predatory instinct exist. No sooner has he become cognizant of the orchard than he marks it for his own. No tree—no single apple—in that orchard shall escape him. Thus does his infant mind, swayed by limitless desire, determine. Then with remarkable acumen he takes his bearings. If the orchard is surrounded by a wall (as is sometimes the case), he observes the part most easily scaled; if by an iron railing with spikes he calculates how to get over these without being impaled (and he never gets impaled); if by an ordinary fence he simply chuckles at the ease with which he can force his way through. Then he takes the angle of the house, or of the windows looking upon the orchard, and lays out in imagination a route among the trees in which he shall be most hidden from observation.

Having done this, the boy, in a state of delicious excitement, proceeds to make his raid. It is extremely likely that during this first raid he will have no sooner got foot in the orchard than he will take alarm (even by the very beating of his own heart) and scurry back in all haste. But this failure only whets his appetite, and he returns a second time, determined to do or die. However, he is still a raw recruit, so to speak, and any slight noise, such as the fluttering of a bird, or the jumping of a squirrel, is apt to scare him, but instead of scurrying back as before he now only crouches, throwing his fearful eyes about him. When the noise ceases (if it be no more serious than that indicated), he advances cautiously under the nearest tree, plucks off a few apples within reach, or gathers up a few windfalls, and with these beats a retreat. The third time he makes his attempt he is far more bold, and actually shakes the tree. The noise of the falling apples, if any should fall, gives him a great shock, but he quickly gets over it, fills his pockets to their utmost capacity, likewise his cap, and makes his exit, glowing with a sense of victory.

The boy may now be said to have seen service, following our simile. With each succeeding raid he becomes bolder, until finally he will sit in a tree within full view of the windows and munch an apple. But the contemptuousness of this proceeding breeds trouble for the boy. One day he hears a shout—a most terrifying shout—or he may even hear the report of a shotgun. At this, the apple falls from his grasp—his shining cheeks, which vied with the color of the apple, become pale as death, and he really thinks that his last hour has come. But after that awful shout, or report (for of course it was only intended to scare off the boy) all becomes still. Urged by the instinct of self-preservation the boy drops rather than climbs down from the tree and like an arrow is out of the orchard.

One would think that this adventure ought to put the boy out of conceit with his amusement, but it does nothing of the kind. It only teaches him prudence. He now finds out all about the comings and goings of the owner of the orchard, and bides his time for a raid. As for the women of the household, he does not fear them in the least. 'Tis true he will fly if they disturb him, but he will fly plucking fruit as he goes and laughing scornfully. If, perchance, the owner should be too long with-

out making a trip from home the boy grows desperate and will even brave the shotgun, or what is still more extraordinary, he will get up at dead of night and brave ghosts and hobgoblins to get an apple, for the apple he must have.

Oh, that stolen apple of boyhood! How its taste lingers in the memory! It is recorded of an epicure who was wont to dine on the choicest productions of the cuisine, that having been asked what particular thing he had most relished in his life, he answered: "A green apple."

FRANCIS MOONAN.

Florida Lakes.

FOREST AND STREAM has many friends. Some of them may at present anticipate a visit to Florida to spend this winter in its climate. The peninsula wins more tourists to it every year. The sunny days are irresistible. Down there mockingbirds sing in every grove, and quail call through all the wild glades; wheels plow sand melodies, forests intone drowsily, and lakes wash shore-lines to lazy response. South Florida is only a nest of lakes, all of them round, each its own shade of blue, a magnificent clutch of eggs in which the hatching is but slightly separate. Shoals have in them fish that look to be suspended in air, and blue iris growing in connecting runs welcome approach with a friendly hello. The visitor to this part of the State, if he wish to have a pleasant time, besides providing himself with gun and tackle, should own a light boat, if only a cheap canvas canoe.

Plans for canvas craft are plentiful. FOREST AND STREAM advertises a number of pamphlets on the subject. With such help even a tyro can build a fairly good boat. Make it light for work on small lakes, if portages are to be accomplished, but spread the beam to at least thirty inches for stability. Ten ounce duck is a suitable canvas for cover. We bought a supply directly from the home mill, as the Southern market offered only slazy goods. Nearly every Florida settlement had its sawmill, at which framing could be had for little more than the asking, and paint or other necessary material could be purchased cheaply from any of the local merchants. As there was some difficulty in dressing the lumber with such tools as we had on hand, stout square frames extending from gunwale to gunwale, also six feet in length, served as coaming, this form of cockpit giving great strength to decks. Some of the boats had outriggers and oars, while others were driven with home-made paddles.

The three double-enders full in view of the photograph were covered with canvas. The one to the left was my first attempt at canoe building. When new it was yellow with oiling and nearly transparent. Uncle John, the husband of our laundress, seeing us afloat on the yellow thing, cautioned us against trying the lake on a pine plank. Our first trip is well remembered by both of the crew. A flight of bubbles and ripples discernible through the floor of our boat as they fled sternward impaired our confidence. We went up the home lake, through a run, across Sawmill Lake, down the outlet a short distance, then homeward, a pretty trip surely, but one on which neither of us saw much scenery, because of our close attention to the bubbles passing beneath the canoe. In time this view appeared less dreadful.

Of course our new idea aroused comment of an unfavorable kind. New ideas always do. Our fleet became the object of derision, and in heart-to-heart talks dearly loved friends called our boats ragbags—said they were pretty enough, and fast enough, but so dangerous that we ourselves ought to be looked after, if not everlastingly confined. A pleasing little episode during a stormy day, on which the smallest canoe went to the rescue of a large wooden boat, quieted somewhat popular censure. Defeating the Judge's large sailboat afterward with a small canoe, and driving Judge to his orange grove and flowers for future divertisement, also had a noticeable effect on the general public. The Judge might often be seen up in his yard looking wistfully seaward, but he never came out again, at least while there could be described in the offing the tiniest sort of small sail. We often wondered what he had in mind, if he was pronouncing life sentence on the designer of canvas canoes.

None of us had the slightest reason to be boastful. From the real estate man with his large umbrella to the most adventurous sailor with six feet of lateen, our extremists in area of spread, all would have been scorned by cruisers thought to be slow on other waters. In local parlance, we were "new" beginners, who had but little knowledge of proper rig, had discovered for ourselves the primary principles of navigation, through experiment or disaster. It became clear, even to our intelligence, though, after one or two disconcerting mishaps, that a mast stepped too near the bow caused our ships to catch the wind with heels dangerously, but stepped nearer the stern caused the bow to head toward wind safely. Even our best cruisers, having but minimum of keel, in windward work drifted so far that destination became a matter of conjecture, a pleasing uncertainty, in which the aim was ambitious but the result surprising, repeated ventures an argosy. The size of cockpit on larger boats enabled one to steer by shifting his weight, a desirable quality in stalking duck, also if the skipper wished to sail recumbent, with clouds for his gaze, dreaming of the yesterdays and plotting gay tomorrows.

Though we exploited more distant water, some that had never been tried with hook and line, the fishing in our home lake was fair, and the best of it was readily discovered by cruising. I do not remember a more delightful pastime than that we had while urging slowly along, our casts barely reaching the grass edge, or while at anchor in a productive cove and taking our bass fighters from either side. Minnows were caught by using a mixture of dough and cotton, or with bits of sawyer grubs found under the bark of deadened pine timber, on hooks smaller than I have ever seen except at the local stores. The best fishing, both bass and speckled perch, began with February.

The duck shooting to be had through the winter, though it seldom results in over-filled gamebags, will be found a test of marksmanship, as the sport begins when the flocks come from the flatwoods to the lakes after sunset, or at a time that affords only a half-light. Their speed is terrific, most of the flights being of the bufflehead or *Clangula* variety, nearly the swiftest flyer known

to hunters. Between lakes the best stands are in scrub from which a long view ahead enables the watcher to see approaching game. If the hunting party has been too eager in arriving at the place selected, there will be a long period of waiting for sunset, perhaps of sitting around on stumps and smoking, often until the after-glow has mounted overhead, when some one will exclaim "mark forward," or to other point in view, as signal for every one to be at attention. Then swiftly coming specks away off yonder will grow to size, become a streak above, receive a fusillade, and pass on, too frequently with none of their number missing. There was a good stand on the far shore of our home lake. Sailing over there with the sunset breeze, we returned with the first movement of night air, if very dark our course laid by town lights, the party well satisfied if any of us had secured even a brace of game, though better bags were made. At times we whiled away the afternoon with trying for bass in a brushy run, or carried a canoe overland to fish in the second lake; afterward to shoot at ducks from our unstable position.

But just idle drifting, especially on hot days, the canoe a shuttle, passed gently here and there, breeze whimsical, lazy fish rising at intervals, sound and view everywhere reduced to soothing perfection, course always heading for shores of mockingbird song, this boating is ideal enough to suit the most exacting fancy. Sunshine from above kindles sunshine in the heart. To avoid over-storage one has the shore trees, great mountains of lace, from whose shade there is such a pretty outlook through moss streamers, mirage often giving to all within sight a pleasing unreality. During the intense heat many bass, perch, shiners, and soft-turtles, besides rarer creatures, come for shelter to the grass edge and the dark shoals, where gliding the canoe reveals all of them to sight, and on retired lakes huge alligators exhibit for contemplation. The mind of human under these conditions, affected by heat and surroundings, knows not actuality from dream, nor does it care in the least for its confusion, or for its drifting subject only to the whim of fancy through regions of languor, through a voluptuous placidity, along sleep route in the domain of lazy-hazy or wake-me-not.

Toward evening, our own lake became more animated. Boating parties appeared. Shore teams plunged into the water of fords. Fishermen took position. One family waded neck deep into the cove and cast floating rods. Those afternoons were delightful. Bob White declared himself from every coast. Sirens on piers sang sentimental ditty to which mariners dared not pay heed. Cattlemen in the surrounding hills yodled unctiously as they approached, passed along our coast, then lost themselves in extreme distance. Twilight, the voice of chuck-will, and bright stars at last became signal for crews to hurry home, our boats roaring.

At those times, however, when wind sweeps the moss along shore into lashing throngs, the lake into a field of drifting plumes, one heads his canoe over white tumult, tossed high, just hitting unusual crests, the spray to strike his face a delicious bath. Crew bids good-by to land, cradles a short while amid seas, rushes toward the far coast, then comes about to repeat until a point of shore well to windward has been attained, when a grand race with the waves may be taken, the boat on its headlong course running on even keel without plunge. On stormy nights, with place of sail a conjecture, with uproar of water like outcry from a great mob, direction a matter of uncertainty and no care, one sails at random, with his soul full of supernal bliss, a joy that grows through close sympathy into a near comradeship with turbulent nature; and when he has landed one hears the lake plead with him to come back—come back and play forever, the whole being an experience to renew in dreams.

H. R. STEIGER.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

XL—Coos Meadows.

Next morning I shot a sheldrake in the stream, that gave us a full meal, and soon after setting forth we came upon the trail of a large party, and at night reached the camp of a number of our people, made up of small parties who had chanced to come together. They had all suffered such hardship as we had endured, but were now in high hopes of soon reaching the Coos. I was rejoiced to find Borden and Porter, whom I had given up for lost, among them, very weak and miserable though they were, for I doubted not they, as many another, had met such a fate as poor Murphy.

It was not a little to us that we were again under the lead of the commander, in whom we had such faith. He encouraged and strengthened every one by his own example of cheerfulness and fortitude, and, though he fully shared all our hardships and privations, he was still the strongest man among us. Before next noon we were gladdened by the sight of the open light of day and the gleam of the broad river shining between great trunks of pine, almost to their roots, and a glad sight to see the thin smoke of a camp-fire drifting up among the branches, for it assured us that our deliverance was at hand. All order of march was broken, and every one struggled forward in disregard of commands, the stronger thrusting aside the weaker in their eagerness to be first succored. Supporting my weaker charge, we came almost last to the river bank, and there beheld such a scene of rage and despair as I shall never forget. Some were cursing madly, some had thrown themselves prone upon the ground, some stood mute, others waded out into the river to gaze vainly past the nearest bend down the empty reaches. The relief, after brief waiting, had departed so lately that their fire was yet blazing; odors of cooking still lingered in the air, and cast away fragments of bountiful meals were strewn about or charred in the embers, in cruel mockery of starving men. The fragments were snatched eagerly out of the ashes and hurriedly eaten. Guns were fired to recall the men who had been sent for our relief, but only served to hasten their retreat, they believing them to be fired by the enemy, as we afterward learned. I never saw our brave commander so nearly disheartened, at one moment dumb with dejection, at the next breaking forth in fearful imprecations.

"Miserable cowards! Heartless scoundrels! Recreant to the duties of soldiers and humanity!"

But he soon recovered command of himself and of us enough to parade our starved crew in forlorn ranks and make us listen to him.

"Men," he said, in a clear, steady voice, that was in itself a strength to us, "I am going down the river to bring you help. If I do not overtake the relief party, I shall go to Number Four and get help there, and if I live I will bring it or send it to you in ten days. Such brave men can hold out as long as that. Obey your officers' orders, be helpful to each other; I will not fail you if God spares my life."

He instructed one of his officers in the Indian method of preparing for food a certain lily root that abounded here on the banks, for he was as wise as any Indian in every manner of woodcraft. He chose to accompany him on his dangerous voyage Captain Ogden and the Indian boy captured at St. Francis, whose name was Dodosun, and me, also, to my surprise and great satisfaction. It was a mark of the commander's trust that any might be proud of.

The first thing in the order of going was to provide a raft. This was done with all speed by many willing hands, in spite of waning strength and gnawing hunger. I parted very tenderly with Mercy, and sadly enough, too, though I knew she could not be left in better hands, for Angelique could find the lily roots when none of our company might, and was so fond of her mistress that she would spare no pains to provide for her. When we had said our farewells, with some constraint, though she did show extraordinary concern for my safety, she still detained me as if burdened with some weighty matter, which she would fain impart, yet hesitated through womanly modesty. After a little waiting, without further speech, I turned and went my way.

The raft was no sooner built than we set forth on our voyage, all the company gathering on the shore to bid us Godspeed. It was strange to see the man whom I had heard coolly ordering the death of a wounded prisoner so tenderly moved at leaving those who stayed at Coos.

XII.—The Voyage to Number Four.

Guiding and urging our clumsy craft with pole and paddle, we sped swiftly with the current, the unchanging shores seeming to glide on either hand in an endless, grim procession; now in silence, now singing the solemn psalm of the wind, beating time thereto with stately bowing of lofty heads and gesture of branches.

After a time the rush of the river from blending with this song of the wind arose above it to a sullen roar, ever growing louder, so that we knew we were coming to a fall, and so made for the right shore that we might disembark and in some way contrive to let our raft down easily. This we attempted to do with a long rope of withes, but to our grief and consternation it broke when the raft was in the midst of the cataract, where it was dashed to pieces and the fragments scattered beyond recovery. We were almost in despair, and knew not what to do, for we were too weak to chop logs in length for a new raft.

In this strait the ingenuity of the Indian boy came to our aid. He explained by signs and his few English words that we might burn off the logs at proper length.

The sun being not yet set, Major Rogers and Dodosun at once began burning off logs of dry driftwood, and I, by the Major's orders, went into the woods to hunt squirrels, which were the only game to be found, and they very scarce, just because they were wanted, so it seemed. When I was guided to one by his snickering, or his rasping of a hemlock cone, and discovered him sprawled head downward on a tree trunk, jerking out his scoffs at me, or with arched back and curved tail, chipping out the cone seeds, I was more nervous over my aim than ever I was when drawing a bead on a fat buck, or on an enemy where my life depended on the chance of a hit or a misfire. I must hit only the head to save all the precious meat, but I must hit at all events. So, in great trepidation, I did somehow have the luck to kill three little red squirrels, which made us a good supper. My portion nearly choked me for thinking of my poor mercy, and somewhat of the others, with nothing better than root broth to appease their hunger. But I was nursing my remaining strength for their sakes, and so picked every slender bone clean, and crunched it for its thread of marrow.

Next morning while the Major, the Captain and I bound the logs together with blue beech withes, Dodosun stole away with bow and blunt arrows. When we were ready to embark, as we were fearing he had deserted us, back he came as quiet as a shadow, with five squirrels in his belt—"mequasese," he called them. It took the conceit out of me—a grown-up Ranger with a rifle. It was our salvation more than once that our commander had brought this brown imp with us.

That day we voyaged prosperously, coming again to falls, over which we had the good fortune to ease our raft in safety, and again drifted along on a smooth current. Dodosun discovered some mussels on a sandy beach, whereof we laid in good store that served to fill our stomachs.

Fortune continued to favor us on our hazardous journey, though more than once we came perilously near being wrecked on hidden rocks. On the third morning we descried a smoke rising among the trees at some distance before us on the right bank, and our hearts beat fast with hope that we were about to overtake our unfaithful relief party, or at least some sort of help. But when we came to it, it was but a dismal, smoldering camp-fire, theirs of last night, no doubt. We fired our guns, which we afterward learned were heard by the party, but only served, as in the first instance, to hasten their speed, for they thought it the enemy in pursuit. Mocking our starvation were the fragments of their full feeding, pork-rinds and crusts of bread which we searched for more eagerly than if they had been gold, and devoured ravenously to the last burned morsel raked from the ashes.

That day our young hunter shot a muskrat, which gave us the fullest meal of our journey, and was as sweet meat as ever I ate. Dodosun had the best of us, for he added the entrails, which he roasted and ate with great relish. He was not over-nice in the cleaning, and we did not begrudge him the extra ration.

We met with no further adventure, and on the after-

noon of the fifth day arrived at Number Four. Many curious and anxious eyes watched us as our strange craft and crew hove in sight of the landing. Gaunt with meagre fare, tattered and torn with rough travel, and besmirched with the smut of our burned logs, we created much astonishment and stir among the good people.

A Walk Down South.—V.

WATERVILLE lies at the junction of Little Pine Creek with Big Pine Creek. It is tucked down in a cradle of high hills. On the railroad sidings are cars loaded with tanbark. Somebody had an idea thereabouts one time that a certain style of house was the proper kind to dwell in. No one else had any ideas on that subject, apparently, so the buildings look alike in the main. They belong neither to the farm country nor to the mountains. No where, save in a level village, could such an array of "cottages" look in place. Not once have I seen a building that was beautiful in a beautiful country. With enough rocks and stone slabs in a single hillside to rebuild the castles of the world, they draw their hemlock and knotty spruce, cart white lead and yellow ochre, stick it on the roadside, put the barn a story higher and the pig pen above all, with the well at the bottom of the hill, and then look to see if the porch timbers cannot be sawed in two and thus save half.

Some few show appreciation of the bounties of nature. The jobber in timber left hundreds of miles of second growth oak behind him.

"When I'm done with it," said Marshall Carson, of a great virgin hemlock hillside, "there won't be nothing left but red sandstone and fire weed."

When Carson is "done" next year, from Liberty to Waterville the valley of the Little Pine will revert to the original sandstone and the lovely fireweed. Here and there nature is remedying the ravages of steel and fire. Threads of silver birch are on many of the steepest inclines, and where destruction was wrought a score of years ago hemlock and pine spread dark green cones at intervals high above the level of the road at the bottom of the valley.

I asked at English Center why land owners did not plant hemlock seeds on their property.

"Do you know," was the reply, with a quizzical look, "I don't believe I ever saw a hemlock seed."

"I have," said the insurance agent, "it's them things red squirrels eat."

"Oh-h!"

The effect of a thousand bushels of hemlock seed judiciously planted in Lycoming and Clinton counties would open the eyes of property holders who are now selling their land for a state "forest" reserve at \$2.00 an acre, and are proud of their bargain. Not even the thrifty tannery owners have looked so far ahead. They are now bidding to see which can get the most of what is left.

At Waterville I lost my hold on the lay of the land. Hitherto my route has seemed to shape itself. The map showed nothing. There were little round dots with meaningless names scattered all over it. It said nothing of mountains into whose shadows one walked at mid-day as if under a cloud of snow. Of roads that followed "runs" or gullies for miles up and up to pikes on ridge tops, or down to rivers; of historic names there was no indication. I "guessed" that I would go to Caldwell from Waterville. It had never been heard of there, so far as I could learn, certainly no road led to it from there.

M. T. Renn and F. F. Stryker, of Williamsport, Pa., were at the hotel. They "hefted" my pack, and said I was making an old man of myself carrying it. Why didn't I go down to Jersey Shore and get a skiff in which to float down the Susquehanna River? It was a tempting suggestion. It meant a turn aside from my direct route, but I cared little for that. A heart-breaking rise was before me on the compass route to the southwest. I must turn to the left or to the right; and the left meant down grade and a boat ride clear to the Chesapeake Bay.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I sat down to write some letters in the Waterville hotel office. Guns stood in two corners, and a bunch of ten or twelve pheasants hung from a rail near one of the guns. Renn and Stryker had killed them on the steep side hills over dogs, then whining behind the stoves, and drawing in their feet as if to get out of the way of the stone bruises and briars in the pads. But let any one touch a gun and the ears and eyes lifted eagerly. Here were brave hearts.

In the morning I took all the developing material apparatus from my pack, boxed it up and sent it home. This six or eight pounds was enough to turn the tide. I got into my harness and went to the right; three-quarters of a mile up Pine Creek I crossed the Iron Bridge and a quarter of a mile further turned west up a run. One may know how steep the road was by the fact that I heard the running water nearly all the way.

Ordinarily a steep grade is the most discomforting thing for a walker on a long journey to face, but the time comes when it is a pleasure to buck over, and October 26 was one of the days when it was a pleasure for me to sweat 'er out. I stopped twice in four miles to talk, and then I came to an old portable steam sawmill, which is waiting for logs to grow again somewhere near. The mill hands had two shanties there, both of which have had some boards torn off to serve some repairing purpose somewhere else. On one of these a long while ago some one nailed the end of a two-inch plank and then tacked heavy paper on it. This was inscribed:

HOME
of the
FRIENDLESS.

I laughed at the way the thing gibed with my feelings that morning, and while my grin died away a wagon came along. Together the driver and I drank some of the sweet water that came out of the hillside into a bark spout, and then I rode for two miles further up and up the hill, till we came to the pike.

The pike is the old state road from Jersey Shore to Coudersport. Seventy or more years ago it was laid out through a howling pine wilderness. The pine has long since followed the pike to the mills, but the wilder-

ness remains in part. Where the wagon crossed the pike were two women. They were splitting wood with double-edged axes, and swung their blows so that their arms looked like those of men.

I turned up the pike and came to Harveyville—one of the villages to be recognized by the church. Otherwise I might have passed by unawares of my proximity to a name. The store was in a farm-house parlor. Bags of shot and an iron keg of powder were on the counter. I couldn't get a candle there for my dark-room lamp, which showed that it was not candle-wild in that region.

At the house where the well seemed furthest from contaminating influences I got some water in my five-pint graniteware pail, and beside a combination fence of stone and up-turned pine roots, built a fire. It was after three o'clock. I had worked and traveled for eight hours in an effort to get up an appetite, and it was come at last.

With oak leaves, hemlock twigs and chestnut limbs I builded a fire. While the flames gathered their strength I stirred my pancake batter. Sitting there I was spied by one of those saddening unfortunates whose minds are less well formed than their crippled bodies. He watched me, wide-eyed and silent. He longed to use my rifle, and almost saw that I would not harm him. Then Henry Cryder came down the pike with his hands in his pockets. His clear boy eyes took in at a glance what was in the situation. It was nearly night, and he knew of a barn where I could sleep.

He turned and walked back with me, sizing me up. A chipmunk was on a fence rail beside the road, a chance to shoot my little rifle. Twice he fired and come "blamed clost to it," and then I fired twice, the last time with fatal effect. I dressed the chipmunk, and the way my knife cut brought forth the information that his dad's cut just like that.

It was nearly dusk when we reached Cryder's home. "Bill" Cryder's it was, Henry being the oldest son. I sat down on the bench-like seats under the door shelter. The house was unpainted and small, but it, the table, and the best the place afforded were thrown open to me. Bill was there to welcome me, but there was a pheasant down back of the house most generally at sunset. He took a double-barreled muzzleloader from the wall, a powder-horn and leather shot pouch from the shelves, and a box of caps from a hold-all. He thought he might get a shot if he had good luck. But he did not—then.

In the morning Henry took the big gun down. We must go hunting, he said. So we did. Henry is just a developing hunter. He is in the chipmunk, the little bird, the anything-for-a-mark stage. At two rods he blowed junco to smithereens, and we couldn't find it in the oak leaves on the ground. Another was shot to try 'tother barrel. The healthy instinct to practice was upon him. His father, a hunter, his mother a good shot, Henry is a "likely" woods lad.

In spite of leaves and brush we spied a pheasant walking on a stone fence three rods away. He fired, but it was a pretty big bird, and besides there was a rock to catch a lot of the shot intended for the bird's body. It flew away, who can tell how badly injured? Henry nor his father ever waste a load on flying birds.

Soon I spied a black animal fifteen rods away, running and hopping. As much like a marten as anything else to me. It was the first black squirrel I ever saw. It treed and laid along an oak limb, where the boy's eye spied its back. He fired and it came down the trunk with tail straight out behind, its eyes looking very large for so small a creature, I thought. My bullet went wild. On the tree trunk, and on the leaves were blood and hair, but the animal escaped.

Then I saw a "new" bird in a distant tree. At 75 yards I brought it down—a stepped-off 75 yards—and in my hands it was still a stranger. We guessed that it was a dove, or something; and our guess was about the same as Bill Cryder's. It certainly was a dove or something, very pretty and very eatable, which travels in flocks. Wild pigeons are seen in this country occasionally, it is said, but this was not one of them.

We had no lunch, but hunted on with enthusiasm in spite of the chicken dinner to be had at home on the usual hour. It was nearly dark when at last we came back, munching some apples. We had killed enough for a cat's breakfast, but that was all; yet all had a taste and sighed for more.

On the next day we tried again, playing a waiting game, but saw only red squirrels as wild as gray ones and a pheasant beside the pike. This bird I plumped through the center of the body, in spite of which it flew to parts unknown. The pheasants all along the pike seemed tame, and would make great sport over a good dog I am sure. Mondays, Thursdays and Fridays the stage comes up from Lockhaven, and carries the mail to Harveyville, up through the Black Forest to the Pump Station. The pike, so far as I saw it, seemed to invite the wheelman gunner.

Everyone on the pike seems to know how to use a gun. Deer and bears are heard about from every lip. On the tracking snow bears are hunted to their dens. On Sunday night, returning from meeting, one of the boys told of seeing a bear wallow that day in the mud of a swamp east of the pike, a "regular hog waller, all clawed and dragged." Cryder and two neighbors once killed a bear whose meat filled a pork barrel full. It was a sheep killer, with a record of forty or eighty dead in a night. The bear squeezed under a rock, where it was shot, then it took hours to dig it out.

One time a catamount (lynx?) stole Cryder's finest chicken in broad daylight. It got into a trap and for two days eluded pursuers. At last Cryder broke down into a brush heap and was surprised to land on the cat. When he came back after his first jump or two, Cryder shot the beast dead.

Cryder hunts partridges in their feeding grounds by standing still at dawn or dusk. The noise of the birds' walking draws his gaze aright, and then he kills, usually. He got one in this way on Monday evening.

On Tuesday I started on. For six miles my path was along the pike on the broad back of the ridge, one slope of which is in Lycoming county the other in Clinton. A house or two, vacant, and two or three inhabited, with a school house, the iron pipe line of an oil

company and its telephone line comprised the evidence of civilization beside the road. In the sand were many cat tracks, for the makers of which I watched in vain. I longed for a couple of light-footed, large-jawed dogs with the proper dog idea of cats well developed. In those barrens cat hunting must be the ideal sport.

At Shives (the old Borden place) I got a drink of milk and some cookies. In return I tackled a sap-heavy, wind-toughed section of oak bottom with a dull buck saw—tackled it successfully; but it seemed too wasteful to burn wood with such a grain as that log had. Nevertheless I reduced it to proper stove wood, and then took the down grade to Hyner Run. It was five miles or more to the next house, but on a brook three miles down I found a deserted hemlock cutters' camp. I built a fire there, and made an extra large mess of pan cakes. I ate them all.

I fixed up a table and wrote on it for a couple of hours, and then, as it was a valley where the day dies slowly, went to bed in the straw-filled bunk upstairs. At dark a buggy passed by—it was not so wild after all! But I went to sleep listening to the cries of foxes on the hills, and straining my ears to catch the broad-chested yeowl of a tawny dweller in the scrub oak thickets.

A thick fog came over the moonlighted landscape, obscuring the view, and chilling the air, so that twice I awakened and drew a coverlid of straw over me to drive out the chill.

I ate breakfast—pancakes—at 10 o'clock a. m., basking in the sunlight meantime. My offer of pancakes to a driver and two pretty girls was rejected. They "missed it," for the cakes were good, though my month-old, fire-melted, sun-thawed, frost-bitten tinny butter is getting pretty strong. By the way, sugar is not so good in pancakes for "browning" as molasses. A spoonful of rich molasses is good eating, too, on pancakes. A four-ounce bottle will last weeks.

I intended to stay two nights at the lumber camp, but the day lured me on. I aired my tent and blanket, packed all, and, after a little writing, with my rifle handy for bluejays, I started on. I shot two bluejays, and too soon was back by the railroad at Hyner. Three miles away was North Bend, and I reached there late in the afternoon. I did not know which way to go from there, so I went to the most reliable atlas to be found—the loungers in a hotel barroom.

There I heard of a road 26 miles long without a house upon it, only some old hunters' camps, likely to be occupied on the first of November, when deer hunting begins. That road I propose to follow now.

The pack has been pretty heavy and on the thirty-first a doctor, O. R. Davis, relieved a distressed mind by saying it had not broken me down in the small of my back, a section which a pack-carrier does well to observe.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NORTH BEND, Pa., Oct. 31.

Natural History.

American Ornithologists' Union.

THE nineteenth congress of the American Ornithologists' Union convened in New York city, Nov. 11, and continued until Thursday, the 14th.

Monday was devoted to a meeting of the Council at Mr. Dutcher's, and to the evening or business meeting of the Fellows, which was held at the American Museum of Natural History. The public meetings, commencing Tuesday, Nov. 12, were also held at the Museum.

The Fellows present were: Drs. J. A. Allen, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., and R. W. Shufeldt, Messrs. Frank M. Chapman and Wm. Dutcher, of New York city; Drs. C. Hart Merriam, A. K. Fisher and T. S. Palmer, Messrs. E. W. Nelson and Wm. Palmer, of Washington, D. C.; Chas. F. Batchelder and Wm. Brewster, of Cambridge; Dr. A. P. Chadbourne, of Boston; Prof. Witmer Stone, of Philadelphia; Dr. E. A. Mearns, U. S. A., of Newport, R. I.; Dr. Louis B. Bishop, of New Haven; Ruthven Deane, of Chicago, and John H. Sage, of Portland, Conn.

The members and associates present during the sessions were: Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, Miss Mary Mann Miller, John Irving, Miss Eliza S. Blunt, Geo. K. Cherrie, J. Alden Loring, Louis Agassiz Fuertes, Miss Lucy F. Meyers, Philip J. McCook, Mrs. John R. Reynolds, C. Wm. Beebe, C. W. Crandall, H. C. A. Lentlof, C. C. Young and W. A. Johnson, of New York; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Davenport, of Vermont; Walter K. Fisher, of California; Dr. Wm. C. Rives, W. H. Osgood and H. C. Oberholser, of Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Julia Stockton Robins, W. E. Clyde Todd, Wm. L. Bailey, Geo. Spencer Morris, Samuel Wright, C. J. Pennock, Dr. W. E. Hughes, of Pennsylvania; Walter Deane, Mrs. Anna B. Phelps and W. R. Davis, of Massachusetts; Rev. H. K. Job, Dr. Edward F. Bigelow, Judge John N. Clark, W. G. Van Name and James H. Hill, of Connecticut.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam was re-elected President; C. B. Cory and C. F. Batchelder, Vice-Presidents; John H. Sage, Secretary; William Dutcher, Treasurer; Frank M. Chapman, Ruthven Deane, Jonathan Dwight, Jr., A. K. Fisher, E. W. Nelson, Thos. S. Roberts and Witmer Stone, members of the Council.

Outram Bangs, of Boston; Joseph Grinnell, of Palo Alto, Cal.; Dr. T. S. Palmer and Prof. F. E. Beal, of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Louis B. Bishop, of New Haven, Conn., were elected Fellows. Montague Chamberlain, of Boston, was elected to corresponding membership. Fifty-five associates were elected to the new class, known as members, and eighty-three new associates were elected.

By the adoption of certain amendments to the By-Laws, five classes of members are now recognized by the Union, and are known as Fellows, Honorary Fellows, Corresponding Fellows, Members and Associates.

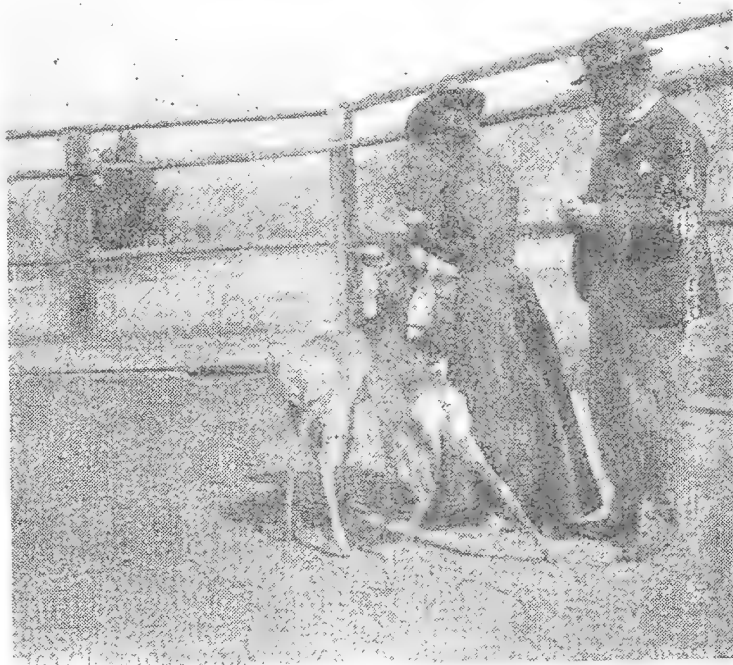
A technical paper of great importance was Dr. J. A. Allen's "The Present Outlook for Stability in Nomenclature." He dwelt upon the American method and its gradual acceptance by foreign ornithologists as well as by workers in other branches of science.

Mr. Deane spoke on "Auduboniana," and showed books and other relics from his own library which were once

the property of John James Audubon. Some original paintings by the artist-naturalist, belonging to the American Museum, were also exhibited.

From the report of the Committee on Protection of North American Birds, we gather that satisfactory results had been obtained the past year.

Mr. Dutcher spoke of the great good obtained for protection, made possible by the Thayer Fund—money obtained through the efforts of Mr. Abbott H. Thayer. Dr. T. S. Palmer and Mr. Dutcher had appeared before legislative committees in many States and new and bet-



YELLOWSTONE PARK ANTELOPE.

ter protective laws had been passed. Mr. Chapman referred to the abundance of bird life on Gardiner's Island, N. Y.—the result of rigid protection.

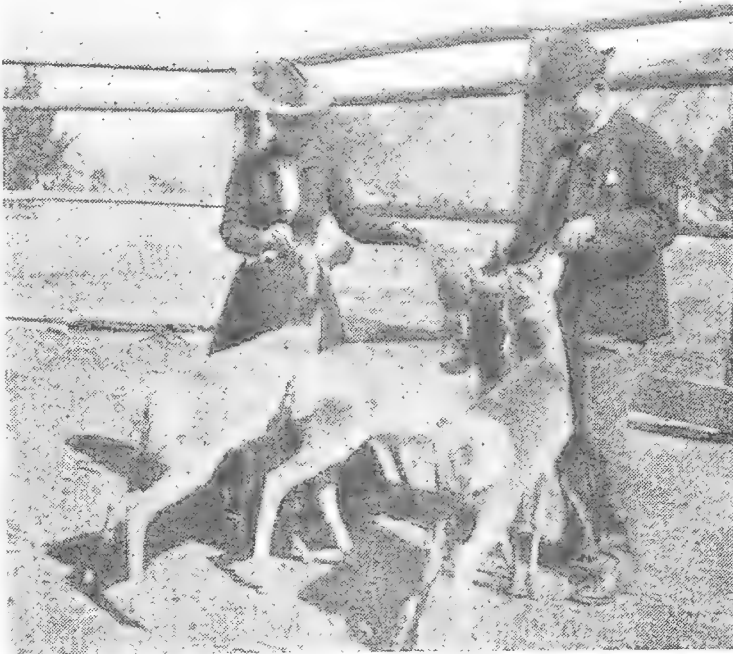
Rev. H. K. Job showed some remarkable lantern slides from photographs of birds taken in North Dakota. Mr. Job spent several weeks in obtaining the pictures. Ingenious expedients had to be resorted to to secure good results.

Mr. E. W. Nelson described a collecting trip which he took through portions of Yucatan. He discovered in that country, occupied until recently by hostile Indian tribes, more than one hundred birds new to science.

Prof. W. W. Cooke traced the routes of bird migration across the Gulf of Mexico, bringing out many new and interesting facts.

On the afternoon of the 14th a joint meeting of the Union and the Audubon Societies of the United States was held in the large lecture hall of the American Museum.

The New York Zoological Society invited the mem-



YELLOWSTONE PARK ANTELOPE.

bers of the Union to visit its park, and many availed themselves of the privilege on Friday, the 15th. Director Hornaday was on hand to conduct the party through the grounds.

The next annual meeting will be in Washington, D. C., commencing Nov. 17, 1902.

Following is a list of the papers read at the sessions:

The Present Outlook for Stability in Nomenclature. J. A. Allen.
The Plumages of the American Goldfinch (*Spinus tristis*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.
Routes of Bird Migration across the Gulf of Mexico. W. W. Cooke.

On Methods in Museum Bird Exhibits. Frank M. Chapman.
Ornithological Notes from Northern New Hampshire. John N. Clark.

Some Impressions of Texas Birds. Louis Agassiz Fuertes and H. C. Oberholser.

The White-winged Crossbill in Captivity. James H. Hill.
The American and European Herring Gulls. J. A. Allen.

Auduboniana. Ruthven Deane.
The Moults and Plumages of the North American Ducks (*Anatida*). Jonathan Dwight, Jr.

A Naturalist in Yucatan. Illustrated by lantern slides. E. W. Nelson.

Photography in North Dakota Bird Colonies, etc. Illustrated by lantern slides. Herbert K. Job.

A Reconnaissance in Manitoba and the Northwest. Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman.

Are Hummingbirds Cypseloid or Caprimulgoid? Hubert Lyman Clark.

List of Birds of Wequetonsing, Mich. Otto Widmann.

Notes on the Ornithological Observations of Peter Kalm. Spencer Trotter.

Report of the Committee of the Protection of North American Birds. Witmer Stone.

Results Obtained Under the Thayer Fund. William Dutcher.

National Bird Protection; Its Opportunities and Limitations. T. S. Palmer.

Gulls of the Maine Coast, and Miscellaneous Notes. Illustrated by lantern slides. Wm. Dutcher and Wm. L. Bailey.

Some Results of Bird Protection. Illustrated by lantern slides. Frank M. Chapman.

Park Animals for Washington.

GARDINER, Park Co., Mont., Nov. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I spent a day or two with Captain Pitcher at Fort Yellowstone. I was there to see about the animals for the National Zoological Park, as they are to be shipped soon. The antelope and young mule deer are very tame and interesting little pets. Everyone became very fond of the antelope especially. All the people at the post regret the fact that they are going. "Billy," one of the antelope, will watch people playing lawn tennis for hours, appearing to wish to join in the sport. The young deer and antelope have great times playing together, running races and dodging each other. When anyone enters the inclosure they gather around for something to eat. In the two pictures with this they had eaten all the oats and they were enjoying a feast of wild rose leaves. These they are very fond of. Capt. Pitcher gives me the pictures for *FOREST AND STREAM*.

I see bands of over two hundred antelope nowadays. The last snow sent them down off the high country they use in summer, Specimen Ridge and the country between Hell Roaring Creek and Slough.

In this part of Montana we are in want of a game warden. The coal miners, coke burners and others from around the camps below here do not understand the game laws of the State, it appears, or are unable to read them or any English print; for the other day two men came up from about Horr and killed two antelope, which are protected for the next few years by law, with no open season at any time. Measures are being taken to get after these people with officers from Bozeman or Helena.

E. HOFER.

Snakes as Climbers and Swallowers.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If our friend George Kennedy has any doubts about snakes being expert climbers he can easily satisfy himself by experimenting with a real live snake of almost any kind. I am convinced that blacksnakes can do wonderful stunts in climbing moderately rough surfaces. A tame six-footer which I had last year climbed to a windowsill and then up the casing and over the top of the sash. He took advantage of the groove in which the inner sash and cord runs, but did not twist his body around the cord. After that I repeatedly made him climb up the bark of a soft maple eighteen inches in diameter. He did not attempt to encircle the tree, but made slow progress upward by careful undulating, using his sharp tail in crevices and apparently getting a grip upon the bark with his belly plates, which he seemed to have the power of pushing out at an angle from his body. At one time the snake was almost horizontal, clinging to the tree with his neck and head raised from the bark. On several occasions he slipped and fell, but quickly tried to climb again when released from the hand at a height of four or five feet.

HARRIMAC.

NEWARK, N. J.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Nov. 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Mr. J. E. Loudon in last week's *FOREST AND STREAM* writes about snakes swallowing their young, and relates a case he saw of seventeen young ones entering the old one's mouth. I can go him nineteen better. My brother and I when boys one day had landed on the river bank to catch some small frogs for bait, when but a few feet from the boat we saw two large black water snakes. We started to kill them, when, to our surprise, we saw the ground alive with young snakes about four inches long, which were crawling into the mouth of the smaller of the large snakes as fast as they could crowd in. After they had all entered we killed the two large ones, and then counted thirty-six small ones that had entered the old one's mouth.

Your clipping from the Philadelphia Record this week in regard to bullfrogs eating birds, reminds me of another time while trolling we saw a bullfrog grab a spotted sandpiper, and by the time we got there had swallowed it all but one wing, which was crosswise in his mouth. He tried to get under the water, but was unable to do so, and we easily caught him. I have been attracted by the cries of a frog being swallowed by a snake that had too much of a mouthful, but never knew of another instance of a frog swallowing birds until I read of it in this week's *FOREST AND STREAM*.

W. P. DAVISON.

Albino Chipmunk.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just read in this week's issue of *FOREST AND STREAM* of the three albino red squirrels from Madison, N. J., which reminds me that I failed to report to you of an albino chipmunk brought to me a few weeks since by Mr. B. C. Covert, of this city. The specimen was pure white. I sent it to a taxidermist to be mounted, who reported that it had been dead too long. Mr. Covert said that he thought it was a weasel when he saw it. I hardly think he would have found a white weasel in October. Mr. Covert is the same gentleman who reported to the *FOREST AND STREAM* the good joke on himself of trying to shoot a deer while he had a live porcupine hanging on his gun over his shoulder. Mr. Covert certainly had plenty of time to find out that the deer was not a man while he was trying to drop that porcupine, which during the excitement had slipped down against the sweater on his back; and the deer was not waiting to see the finish of the hot time Mr. Covert was having. Mr. Covert knows a porcupine from an albino chipmunk after he gets them in hand.

J. L. DAVISON.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Game Bag and Gun.

Proprietors of shooting resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Hunting Caribou in Newfoundland.

ON Oct. 12th, C. W. W. and the writer left Boston on board the steamship Yarmouth bound for Newfoundland. We arrived in Halifax, N. S., the next night and left there the following morning for Hawkesbury, C. B., where we arrived in due time; there we spent nearly twenty-four hours waiting for the provincial express, which finally arrived, late, and we were whirled through to North Sidney, C. B., at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. At North Sidney we went aboard the steamship Bruce, which is a beauty, but the crankiest craft I ever saw; at any rate, I soon lost track of time, and forgot where I was going. We arrived at Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, next morning, much the worse for wear, but a day's ride on the railroad sort of revived us, so that when we arrived at Deer Lake station and found the one who usually takes charge of things had gone away on a vacation, and no one there to meet us, we did not drop dead, but took possession of the only house in sight and found it contained one full-sized bed. This we utilized to good advantage. When I awoke, it was to see my friend pounding the wall with his shoe. On close examination I found many red spots. He said I looked pale, but I think he was mistaken. Next morning I discovered, on a stick near the track, a telegram I had sent from Hawkesbury two days before. I asked my friend how it got there; he replied, "Wireless telegraphy."

We then decided to separate. He said I could walk to our guide's house, about four miles through the woods, and send a boat over after him. I went, arrived there about noon, and enjoyed a good chicken dinner. After a while I said to our guide, "There is another fellow over across the lake, who must be getting hungry, as he has had nothing to eat since last night; perhaps you had better go after him before dark."

I retired early, so did not see much of my friend until morning. A good night's rest had put him in good humor again, and no references were made to happenings of the day before. We soon started for camp, our guides and cook having everything in readiness for the trip up the Humber River to the hunting ground, twelve miles distant. It rained most of the day, but we didn't mind this as we were well protected by oil skins.

Much is to be said in favor of the beautiful scenery along the Humber River, where it empties into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at "Bay-of-Islands," and extending to its source above Adie's Pond. It is the Hudson of Newfoundland.

We arrived at camp in the afternoon, without mishap, although it is a wonder to my mind how the guide could pole a canoe up some of the rapids through which we passed, but this was apparently accomplished with the greatest of ease, by an expert hand. The only game sighted going up the river was a seal and some ducks. The former we shot at, but missed. We were informed that many seal inhabit these waters during the spring and summer months. They live on salmon, which are very abundant in the Humber River. Next day it snowed and blew so, it was almost unsafe to remain in the woods, so we moved on up the river, to another and better camp, where we spent seven days.

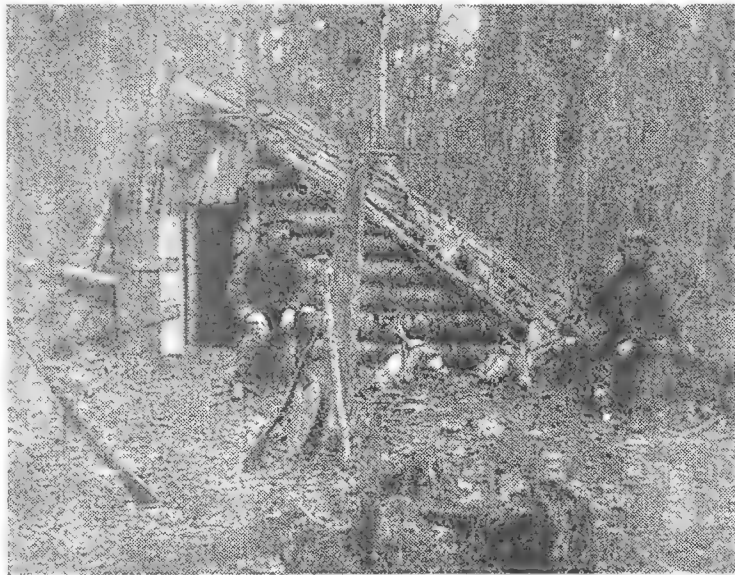
The shooting is done on the barrens or marshes, where caribou cross during their migration. These boggy places are generally covered with a kind of white moss, on which the deer feed during the late summer and fall months. Caribou usually travel single file, headed by the old doe of the herd, and the old stag brings up the rear. It is a fine sight to see them traveling across a barren on a brisk walk or tireless trot, their broad, flat feet clattering as they go.

The first caribou were sighted on the day of our arrival. There were nine, quietly grazing, almost in sight of camp. We were very anxious, of course, to kill one for meat, but we scored a clean miss, although several shots were fired. We had been told that caribou could run, but it was a revelation to us to see how quickly those white balls of hair disappeared, although we could see them for half a mile. We were told by a conductor on the Newfoundland railroad that a herd came up to the train, ran past and crossed the track ahead of the engine when the train was going at the rate of twenty miles an hour. This seemed a big story at the time, but we are ready to believe it now. Next day my friend was ill and did not leave camp; so I went out alone and secured a good head before dinner. The following day I remained in camp, and C. W. tried his luck, returning with a fine stag and doe. The third day he also carried off the laurels by securing two of the finest heads killed on the trip. On the fourth day one stag was killed from a bunch of a dozen. The fifth was a blank. The sixth day three stags were killed, two of them having record heads. These deer were killed at one hundred and eighty, two hundred and twenty-five and three hundred yards respectively. One was a very old and very large deer, probably the largest one killed on the trip. He was almost a pure white and his antlers very massive, and had a wide spread, but only twenty-one points. The other was a fine specimen of the middle aged stag, with thirty-one points to his antlers, and a very handsome brow pan, having the appearance of clasped hands. The last day we were in camp, only one deer was killed, just completing our lawful number.

Perhaps one of the most satisfactory outings one can take, from a sportsman's point of view, is a trip to this interesting country in quest of caribou. This representative member of the deer family is so abundant there that herds of fifty, or more, are often sighted crossing, or quietly feeding on the barrens. I have noted that some hunters claim caribou shooting in Newfoundland is no sport, because they are so plenty; but I think this is a mistaken idea. They are cautious, wary animals, keen of scent and hearing, and they take advantage of everything in their favor. The only point of vantage the sportsman has, is the fact of their appearing in sight sometimes three-fourths of a mile away. They move very rapidly,

and a run of one-fourth of a mile to gain a good position does not tend to improve one's marksmanship, and as the range is usually from two to three hundred yards, you will see that they are not so easy to get after all. You would be convinced of this when you had secured a good position just in time to see them disappear from your view, two or three hundred yards away at a 2.01¼ gait. The writer had this experience several times, and the grand old stag trotted out of sight with bullets flying in his direction.

An interesting sight is a fellow sportsman chasing a wounded stag across one of the bogs, or so-called barrens. He starts in with attack of "buck fever," of course, or he would never have undertaken such a thing. He goes about twenty yards, sinking in a foot at every step—then falls; he gets up bare-headed, shoots once or twice, then takes another run, his eye on the stag, and not where he is going. This up and down and forward movement goes on for a few minutes, when all at once there is a splash and a yell, and he finds himself in about three feet of mud and water; this dampens his clothing, but not his ardor. He scrambles to his feet out of breath and in no good humor, staggers rather than runs to a hummock a short distance away, on which he rests his gun and takes deliberate aim—pulls the trigger—and—snap—there are no cartridges in his rifle. He is now in about the same condition as the stag, more dead than alive. Not being able to go a foot further they both fall to the ground, one from exhaustion, the other to rise no more. But a few restoratives soon raise the fallen hunter, and he hastens to the spot where lies one of the finest deer of the season, a beauty, indeed, having forty-five points and double brow pans. This deer, I have no doubt, will adorn the home of my friend and fellow



A LODGE IN THE WILDERNESS.

sportsman, and will, I am sure, in the future be a pleasant reminder of his visit to Newfoundland, and "Camp Indigestion."

Several snowstorms and cold nights were signs not to be ignored, so we decided to break camp on Oct. 27. The trip down the river was much enjoyed, and we left Deer Lake the following day homeward bound, with a feeling of intense satisfaction. There were none of those disagreeable features present usually met with in camp life.

In concluding this article, it is no more than fair for me to speak of our guides. They were trustworthy men, well versed in woodcraft, boating, and the requirements of sportsmen. Their aim seemed to be to please, and they were entirely successful. To sportsmen who contemplate a trip to Newfoundland will say that they can do no better than secure the services of George A. Nichols, Deer Lake. A letter to him will receive careful attention, and any statement he may make can be relied upon.

-45-70.

Sunday Laws.

IN view of the growing agitation of a change in the Sunday law of Massachusetts to permit shooting, golf playing and other sports on that day, the following exposition of the principle upon which Sunday legislation is based is of timely interest. It was written by Senator George F. Hoar for the Defender, which is the organ of the New England Sabbath Protective League:

"I wish to state in a few sentences the true principle, as I understand it, upon which what are known as Sunday laws can be maintained without violation of religious freedom. I have not undertaken to go into the argument, or to define my position. I merely state it as if I were stating in a headnote the principle of the decision of some court. The people of Massachusetts do not mean to compel any man to any religious observance by law, or to prevent by law any religious observance which the conscience of any person demands of him, unless it interferes with the rights of others. No church sect, doctrine or creed is to be permitted to wield the powers of the State. So it is no good reason for maintaining our Sunday laws that it is believed by a large number, or even a large majority, of the people, that to keep the Sabbath day holy is a Divine command.

"But we have a right to establish holidays and to secure them against disturbance. We have the right to limit the hours of labor. And we have the right to secure our dwellings against disturbing noises in the streets or on other men's premises. We have the right to secure the quiet of the night. Nobody questions the lawfulness of this exercise of power by the State, and nobody deems it an undue restraint of individual conscience or individual liberty.

"Now the Sunday laws must rest upon this principle, if at all. If in any particular they go beyond, they are so far, I think, illogical, and should be amended to conform to it. Experience has convinced a majority of our people that a rest from labor of one day in seven is not only desirable but essential for the mental and bodily health of men and women in general. A great many persons think that that day of rest ought to be devoted to a consideration of spiritual interests, of the relation of man to

his Creator and the hopes of a future state, to the religious training of the young and the religious improvement of persons of mature age. The State has the right, I think, to secure this period of rest by law. There is the same right to do it as there is to secure the quiet of the night. Whether the curfew law be wise or unwise, I suppose no man would claim that such a law would be tyranny.

"Now, to secure the opportunity for that large proportion of the people who desire to devote one day in seven to rest, to religious study and meditation, or religious instruction of their children, it is not enough to enact that they shall not be disturbed in their houses or their churches. If business be permitted to go as usual, if the factories and shops may be opened, if teams are to go along the streets, and every kind of secular business may proceed at will of the individual, it will be impossible for those who want the religious holiday to get it. If Jordan & Marsh keep open on Sunday, every clerk who desires to have his Sunday as a day of rest, must lose his place, and every other dealer must keep his own store open in order to maintain his competition.

"The right to prevent this rests on the same principle as the laws which prohibit men, women and children in factories from working more than a certain number of hours in the week and requiring fourteen or sixteen hours of the day to be let free. There are many persons who might be willing to work twelve hours a day or fourteen hours a day, and could do it for considerable periods of time without suffering. But the law prohibits the factory owner from employing the individual operative more than eight or ten hours. This is simply to secure the remainder of the day for rest. Whether it be wise or unwise, no man claims that it is beyond the reasonable power of the State.

"Now the law which secures Saturday afternoon to workmen in the factory may for the same reason secure Sunday to all citizens alike.

"I suppose nobody would have deemed it an act of tyranny for the legislative power of the State to require the public to abstain from ordinary secular business on the day of the funeral of Lincoln, or Garfield, or McKinley. This would not be because the State would claim the right to compel men to profess to reverence the dead President whom they did not reverence, or to pay any hypocritical tribute to his memory. But the right of the citizens in general to pay such a tribute cannot be exercised while secular business is going on, and it is a reasonable use of the authority of the State to require men to desist from ordinary business.

"The factory bell and the steam whistle must be silent during the hours of the night. The trade procession or the torchlight procession shall not be allowed to pass my home at midnight. The trip hammer may properly be compelled to cease its din in the neighboring factory, that my family may sleep. The lot which is vacant next to that whereon I dwell shall not be used by its proprietor for boisterous games at unreasonable hours. The State has the right to compel the citizen, within reasonable limits, to respect the holidays of a majority of the citizens, and it may require a like respect for the holy days, whether other men consider their observation a religious duty or not, I consider it a religious duty, and also a necessity of my spiritual, moral, and indeed my physical nature.

"I do not therefore undertake, in advocating moderate and reasonable Sunday laws, to put any restraint upon the conscience of my neighbor or compel him to any religious observance which his own conscience does not demand of him. I do not enter into the question of whether the Fourth Commandment was a Divine commandment at all, whether it was for Jews alone, or whether it relates to the seventh or the first day of the week. I concede that the legislative power of the State has no right to be discussing such questions or acting upon such reasons. But I think the State may secure for its citizens reasonable periods of rest, and reasonable opportunity for worship, religious meditation and religious instruction, which, if desired by a large enough body of citizens, may be secure from interruption by the prohibition of secular business."

Montreal Sportsmen.

MONTREAL, Que., Nov. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While things are done in a quiet way here in this Canadian metropolis in the fishing and game shooting line, there is probably a greater number here who indulge in these sports than in Greater New York with its millions of inhabitants. In the early part of the season the railway trains running back into the Laurentian country are crowded with devotees of the rod and line. Now it is deer, duck and ruffed grouse shooting. Saturday morning, Nov. 2, there were seventy-two deer shipped from one station north of this city. It was the end of the dogging season. A few more years of this kind of work and our deer will be like the buffalo—a thing of the past.

In September quite a number of both woodcock and grouse are shot on this island on grounds that are easily reached by the street car lines—in fact, the largest woodcock that we have ever bagged were found but a short distance from the city limits. Some good bags of black and wood ducks have been made, but the weather has been too fine to get satisfactory sport with the migratory duck—bluebill and redhead. A few canvasback have been shot in this vicinity; they are a rare duck here; now and then one is found among their cousins, the redheads.

Nov. 16.—For the past week we have been in the midst of a howling snow storm, which will make it, or, rather, makes it, great still-hunting weather. Every north-bound train is taking several or more of the boys back to their favorite haunts. Woe be to any stray, half-starved hound that they find running loose through the woods after deer.

It may interest some of your readers to know that the city of Sherbrooke, Que., stands on the ground where Major Rogers' Rangers ambushed the French and Indians, "more Indians than French," as mentioned in Robinson's historical story, "In the Ranger Service."

STANSTEAD.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

In the Tobique Moose Country.

Editor Forest and Stream:

One-legged men don't often go up Tobique to hunt moose, but this fall the people up there actually saw a one-legged man on his way into the woods for moose, and when he came out he had his moose head and antlers to take home with him. He did not do as some two-legged sportsmen do—let the guide shoot it, but he shot it himself.

Our one-legged sport was known as Grandpa to his two friends, who accompanied him, and who, with three guides and cook, reached camp near the Right-Hand Branch on Tuesday evening, Sept. 17, 1901, wet, cold and hungry.

Our camp was a new one, having been put up in June by our guides for our use. Last year the Doctor and I decided we would rather have the camp where we could get some fishing when we could not hunt.

It is located near the end of the smaller of two lakes, which are divided by a narrow strip of land about 100 yards wide. Both lakes are full of fine trout, and the surrounding country is full of moose.

The morning after we got to camp the Doctor started out for a few days' hunt, going into the section of country we hunted in last year. I remained in camp to get things fixed up, such as cleaning up around the camp, putting up a veranda over the front door, bushing out the path to the lake and cleaning out the carry between the two lakes, and putting in some light landings in the lakes so Grandpa could get in and out of his canoe easily.

Saturday the Doctor returned, but had nothing but a kodak full of calf moose pictures, which have turned out very good. He hunted and called, and called and hunted, but no use—the wind was too high all the time he was out.

I made up my mind it was about time I was doing something, so told Charley we had better fill up the old pack with grub and light out for a big moose, as it was big moose I was after. The Doctor decided to try it again, so we both got away about the same time, but separated soon after we left camp, he going over to some ponds beyond the Branch, and I to a pond over near Square Lake. Charley and I took down an old lumber road for two and a half miles, then up over a ridge and along an old trail for four or five miles to the Branch; across that and out another old road for a mile or more, and fetched up at a bridge across a brook, where we stopped to "bile" the kettle and eat a bite or two.

While eating Barker remarked that his father used to tell him that there was a large lake at the head of the brook we were on. Charley said he had never been able to find it, although he had looked for it several times. I asked him if there was any reason why we could not take a look. He said no, if I would try it, and as that suited me, we were soon under way. We had not gone far before we found ourselves in a large alder swamp, that seemed to have no end to it, as the more we walked the worse it got. Having kept this up for four hours, I about made up my mind that the lake was a fake, and told Barker he had better shin up a tree and see if he could see any high ground or mountains. He was soon in the top of a big, white birch, and shortly called down to me that he could see an opening near by, and in it stood a cow moose and two bulls. The cow soon went into the alders, taking the small bull with her, leaving the larger bull in the opening. Barker came down and we went over, getting there just as the bull was leaving. I did not regret his going, as he was not just what I wanted. His antlers spread about 50 inches, but the blades were narrow and the points few.

The opening was a narrow piece of marsh, and as we looked up it we saw water, which we soon found belonged to quite a large forest lake about 500 yards wide by 800 yards long. That years ago had been the home of the beaver, as we could see the remains of many a beaver house and dam. This was the lake Barker's father used to trap on thirty or forty years ago. I don't believe many hunters or lumbermen have been on the lake in years, as there are no axe marks nor signs of fire to be found anywhere around it. We named it King Barker Lake, and left our mark on the side of a big tree on the north shore, so that if others get in there years hence they will know they are not the first.

It was an ideal home for moose, and will be for some time to come, if hunters don't get in there too often.

After taking a good view of the lake and the surrounding forests, we walked along the shore, and finding a good place to sit down under some bushes, where the ground was dry and the cover good for calling, we availed ourselves of the chance and were soon making the woods ring with the call of the cow moose. It was not long before, from back across the lake, came the deep, deep grunt of an old moose. Only old moose can grunt deep. He was slow in showing himself, but at last out he walked and stopped to take a good, long survey of the entire lake, so as to locate the cow, then, with a low, deep grunt, he walked to the water's edge and took a good, long drink—the old fellow was thirsty. It was a grand sight to see the great creature with his magnificent antlers standing there moving his head slowly from side to side. He looked over at us long and closely, as he had heard the call from our direction, and no doubt thought it very strange he could not see the cow. He was a long time making up his mind whether he would walk around or swim across, and at last decided he would not do either. Barker said I would have to shoot him from where I was. I said, "All right," but it was a blamed long shot for an old scrub like me. Still I would do the best I knew how. When he turned to go into the woods I let him have it. He jumped, turned and landed in the same position he had been standing before he turned. The second shot fell short, the third, fourth and fifth either struck him or went in the woods—500 yards is a long way. After the fifth shot he walked into the water and swam across a narrow cove and went out in the woods. We saw he was hit hard, but left him until morning.

The sun found us up the next morning, breakfast eaten, and everything ready to look up our moose. The first thing we found at the place where he had left the water was a small bunch of stones covered with blood, then some leaves spotted with blood. We worked the trail slowly up into the woods until we came to a place a little more open than the rest of the undergrowth, when we heard a jump, and, by running ahead a short

distance, I could see him swinging along on one side, like a broken down locomotive. A .30-40 in his shoulder rounded him up, and another, to make sure he was safe, dropped him dead. He was a big moose and carried one of the finest set of antlers I ever saw—well worth the hard tramp through the alder swamp.

The head was soon ready for carrying and we started on our long tramp out to the home camp. The day was warm and the loads were heavy, but we pegged away and by night were on the top of the ridge across the Branch, only five miles from camp.

We fixed up a place for the night and cooked our supper. While we were eating it, we heard near by two bull moose fighting, and as everything was dead quiet we had a fine chance to hear them bellow and roar and ram their horns together, making a noise that sounded like two locomotives hitting one another head-on. The sight of a fight of this kind in daylight must be a great thing, if you are provided with a seat on the grandstand out of the way of the fighters.

The next morning we were underway by 5:30, and at camp by 9:30. The Doctor arrived an hour or so later, not having seen hair or hide. I suggested that he take Charley Barker and go to "King-Barker" Lake and get one of the bulls we left there. He agreed to it, and the next day they left with grub for a four-days' stay.

I stayed around camp a day or two with "Grandpa," fishing and shooting partridges with .22 rifles, but this got slow after a while, so I took the Doctor's guide and we went over to our last year's camp, looking for caribou. Saw moose and deer galore, but no caribou. Called in a nice young bull, and had a large bull coming in behind the youngster, but he got my wind and turned back. The youngster came up to within 30 feet of me.

On return to camp found that "Grandpa" had killed a moose. He had been on the big lake fishing and had crossed over to the small lake bound for camp. "Grandpa" had a guide about the size of Pickwick's fat boy, who thought he was a great moose caller, so was at it all the time, but rarely ever got an answer. This time two answered—a young fellow near the head of the small lake and a large one on the ridge at the foot of the lake. The youngster came out first and "Grandpa" dropped a couple of .30-30's into his shoulder which caused him to lie down. "Grandpa" was about 250 yards away and made a fine shot. The moose was slick as a barber's cat, and carried a very pretty set of antlers.

On Sunday the Doctor and Barker got in with a fine moose head. They had had a hard time and been over a big section of country and seen a good many moose, but nothing to suit the Doctor. At last they ran across a bull with a cow and calf. The cow objected to the bull going to the new call, but the bull insisted, so the cow settled it by agreeing to go out into the opening first, which she did, marching from end to end; next came the calf, trotting after his mother, and Grandpa Moose brought up the rear, grunting and making some objections to showing himself in an open place so early in the day. The Doctor did not give him long to decide, as he downed him with a .30-40 as soon as he got out of the alders.

As we each had a moose, of course our moose hunting was over for this season; but there were still caribou, and as I wanted a caribou I was not satisfied until I should get one, and get him I did.

Charley and I started out one morning fully intending to be back before night. We did not hunt much, but kind of loafed along, expecting the game to come to us—which it did. The first to show up was a young bull moose, pretty as a picture, that came up to within 25 feet of us and stood and looked at us for fully five minutes. He had a head of antlers of about 36 or 40-inch spread, and 15 points with a 6-inch blade. He was a dandy. On our way home in the evening, as we were hammering along over a ridge at a breckneck gait, we ran upon a cow and bull caribou. The bull had a nice set of antlers and I shot him. This broke up getting to camp that night, as it was dark by the time we got the head and hide off; so we built our fire there, ate the little we had, rolled up in the caribou's hide and slept until morning, when we got an early start and were in camp before the boys had waked up.

The Doctor tried for caribou several times, but could not find them, and gave it up.

As there was nothing more to keep us in camp, we decided to break up and start for home. We made such fine time going out the 18 miles to Riley Brook that we were able to reach Jack Weaver's the same evening at 7:30, where we found good grub and good beds. The next morning we left Plaster Rock at 6:30 on our long journey home.

The Upper Tobique is a great moose country, and full of moose, but they do not all carry 55 and 60-inch spread of antlers. A man can get the big heads if he will hunt hard, but he can't find them in the camp yard.

Charles L. Barker, of Riley Brook, N. B., has guided me two years, and I consider him one of the best of woodsmen and guides. You will get no better anywhere. Sportsmen going to the Tobique will be in luck to get him.

W. W. KING.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 5.

Dutch Crow Catcher.

THE following unique trap is in vogue in Holland for catching crows, of which there is a gray variety as well as black:

Fill paper cornucopias one-third full of corn, and set them out in the fields or wherever crows frequent, having first applied bird lime or a narrow strip of fly-paper to the inside of the rim. The crow who attempts to pick out the corn will carry off the whole outfit! No crow ever fails to get caught around the neck or back part of its head. Now is a good time for the country boys to try them when the food supply is becoming short.

C. H.

Proverbial Philosophy in the Woods.

"HE laughs best who laughs last," chuckled the loon as it dived for the forty-ninth time.

With the Boston Sportsmen.

BOSTON, Nov. 16.—A gentleman of long experience in game affairs in Maine, says the boasted increase in big game in that State is all nonsense. The increase in the number of deer killed is owing to the great increase in the number of hunters. A few years, at the present rate of slaughter, will utterly wipe the moose and deer out of that State. Firearms are remarkably cheap, and every man and boy is crazy to kill big game. In Maine, especially, everybody of the male persuasion owns a rifle. The slaughter is simply tremendous; not only bucks, but does and fawns are destroyed. The hunters of Maine alone would soon exhaust any possible game supply, to say nothing of the great number of sportsmen from other States. The sad accidental shooting, he believes, is but the natural result of letting loose such a volume of firearms, in the hands of irresponsible novices. He would make it a penal offence to shoot a doe, a fawn or a cow moose. "Such a statute," he says, "would serve a double purpose. It would check the wanton slaughter of the females and young of these animals, and it would compel even the amateur and hairtrigger sportsmen to find out what they were firing at before shooting."

The Merrymeeting Zoo has been sold to the New York Zoological Society. The entire menagerie of animals that has for several years been one of the attractions at Merrymeeting Park, near Brunswick, Me., now goes to New York. The collection has constantly been added to, under permission from the Maine Fish and Game Commissioners, and from its numbers the several Boston Sportsmen's Shows have drawn a great many attractions. But for some time it has been a burden on the shoulders of its owners. The collection sold includes three buffalo, three elk, two caribou, one moose, four deer, one pronghorn antelope, two black bears, three timber wolves, one cross fox, one ocelot, one red fox, besides porcupines, raccoons, squirrels, as well as wild swans, geese and ducks.

Three farmers of North Attleboro, Mass., have been arrested and brought into the district court of that town for shooting and having deer in their possession. They disclaim any intention of wrong, and contend that the deer, a doe and a fawn, had been shot at and wounded by other hunters. One of the men claims that he found the doe in the very throes of death, and shot it, to end its misery. The men all testify that they heard shooting, and went to the woods to ascertain the cause, where they found the wounded deer. Their case has been continued. Chandler Moore, of Bingham, Me., is said to be the first man legally authorized to shoot a cow moose in that State. The animal was discovered in the town of Mayfield, with one leg broken. The finders dared not kill her, though in a shocking condition from the broken limb. Commissioner Carleton was notified, and he has directed Mr. Moore, who is a registered guide, to go into the woods and shoot the moose, said to be a very large one. Mr. Harry A. Chapman, of Bangor, Me., has lately returned from a month's hunting trip to the Barrenlands of Newfoundland. He brings home seven fine caribou heads, and says that the animals are still very plenty there, although being badly hunted.

A representative party of Boston sportsmen will spend a couple of weeks at Taylor Camp, Moose River Valley. The members are Dr. Heber Bishop, W. T. Farley, Dr. Rolfe, and Dr. H. H. Hartung. They left Boston this morning. The camp is beyond the Megantic Preserve, at the foot of the Boundary Mountains, in one of the best moose sections of Maine, where Dr. Bishop has taken at least half a dozen. Neither are the other gentlemen tenderfeet, else they would find the twelve or fourteen mile tramp from the last possibilities of a conveyance, out of their line. Mr. Farley has been there with Dr. Bishop before, and says that it is but the work of a few hours' hunting to get one's full legal quota of two deer. Both the hunters are after moose.

Snow in Maine has set big-game hunting off with still more vim. At Bangor, one of the biggest days on record has been noted. Friday 146 deer were passed by the wardens. The highest previous record at that point was on Oct. 23, 1899, when 133 deer were sent down. To Saturday night the shipments of deer through Bangor, for the season, had reached 2,413; with 131 the number of moose. This is a tremendous record, and becomes more astounding when it is remembered that Bangor is but one of the great arteries through which outside sportsmen send home their game, and does not include more than half the big game sent out from Maine. Then it is certain that fully as many more moose and deer are killed by local gunners and consumed in camps, that never appear in the records at all. It is not an unreasonable estimate that at least 10,000 deer have been slain in Maine, up to the present date in 1901. Concerning moose, the Bangor record cannot be multiplied in like manner, since there are not many of these animals taken in sections other than above that point of shipment. The real question is, Can the game supply stand such slaughter? At least it is well to sound a note of warning, and suggest to the Maine Legislature of next year that the number of deer to the hunter be limited to one instead of two.

A few deer are being taken in New Hampshire. William Hall, 80 years of age, shot a deer last week in the Connecticut Lake region. B. W. Kilburn and Mr. West were driving through the Franconia Notch last week, when they came across three deer. Each shot one, leaving the third to escape. Frank Sargent, of Tilton, has come out of the woods with a deer and a big bear. He found his game in the vicinity of Stark. William Stevens and Ralph Dodge have secured a fine buck in the vicinity of Mud Pond.

William B. Eaton and four friends from Boston, have been having good luck shooting at Mr. Eaton's preserve, near Buzzard's Bay. Mr. Eaton's preserve covers a tract of nearly 1,000 acres, and is close to the preserve of Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson. These sportsmen are frequently the guests of Mr. Eaton. Along the South Shore and on the Cape the week has been a very quiet one, by reason of the weather and high winds. Besides, the coot season is about over. Still the gunners are having some sport with the ducks, belated flights of which frequently appear. But they stop but a day or two at the best, when they are off for farther south. The cottages along Duxbury beach still shelter a good many

Boston gunners, who are after ducks. Black duck shooting is reported to be fair on the inland meadows and bays in the vicinity of Monomoy.

It has cost a Boston sportsman \$33 in fines for attempting to pass out a box of partridges, the result of his Maine hunting trip. They were seized at Bangor. A peculiar specimen of a deer head came out through Bangor the other day. It was taken at Greenville, and belongs to Mr. Henry Allen, of Natic, Mass. It is the head, evidently, of a good-sized buck deer, but has antlers more like those of a moose, being considerably palmated.

Boston gunners are getting some quail shooting within from twelve to twenty miles of the city. James H. Jones has been out several times in the vicinity of Lowell and Billerica. He has the best success in the morning, or early in the day, when the birds are in the fields feeding. He skirts along the edge of the woods, just inside, till his dog points the birds; when their flight is pretty sure to be in the open, giving a chance for good shots.

SPECIAL.

Spring Shooting.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am receiving letters from many counties in the State asking for advice as to how to proceed to get a law stopping spring shooting of wild fowl. I had intended to give the patient readers of FOREST AND STREAM a resting spell on the duck question, but the results are so great in Jefferson, and the appeals so urgent for information as to how we did it, that I ask the indulgence of FOREST AND STREAM and its many readers once more. The greatest opposition to the county bill was from Clayton and Alexandria Bay. I inclose clipping from Clayton correspondent to Watertown Daily Standard, Oct. 24:

"The Brown-Tallett duck law is winning over some of the early opponents to the closed season in the spring. There is now the best duck shooting in years, and it is attributed by the observing and fair-minded sportsmen to the natural increase in numbers. Eel Bay is a favorite resort for hunters, who are bagging some fine braces in the vicinity of Dr. Sargent's cottage. In two years there will be some old-time shooting if the law is in operation. It has been suggested, Mr. Brown, that it being a good thing for Jefferson county, why shouldn't it be a good thing for the State? Therein lies the only argument for those who so vigorously condemned the law at its passage."

Although this law met with great opposition, and we had a hard fight to push it through, I do not know of a shooter in this county who is not entirely satisfied with the result this year. All over this county where there was suitable water and feed we have such an abundance of duck and snipe as none of us ever saw before. I inclose a letter (one of the many received), also my answer, which can be applied to every county in the State. It is the duty of every sportsman to do all in his power to create a public sentiment in favor of game protection, for without public sentiment in favor of these laws we cannot pass them, or enforce them when passed.

W. H. TALLETT.

"AUBURN, N. Y., Nov. 6.—W. H. Tallett, Dear Sir: I take the liberty to write and ask your advice and assistance in passing a law prohibiting the sale of game in New York State, and also to stop spring duck shooting in Cayuga county, and also in New York State, if possible. I do not hesitate to write you in regard to this, as I know of the good work you have done for Jefferson county, and I think you can give me some pointers in regard to stopping spring shooting, and co-operate on stopping the sale of game. The condition of weather and water was such that few ducks were killed here last spring, and the result is that we have had the finest duck shooting this fall for past few years. In regard to sale of game, this nice duck shooting has caused from six to ten duck shooters, or rather market shooters, to fix their boats with canvas, etc., and for the past six weeks they have stayed on the shooting points of our two ponds in Montezuma marshes both night and day. They have sold hundreds of ducks and have frozen out the sportsmen who like to get out about once in two weeks and get a little duck shoot. Our people here are unanimous in favor of prohibiting the sale of game, but some may oppose prohibiting spring shooting. I am getting some petitions printed, and shall circulate one here, and also write to every county and see if each county can not get such a petition to their Assemblymen. With united effort we can get this bill through. My motto is, 'No Spring Shooting. No Sale of Game. Law Open on All Kinds of Game from Oct. 1st to Dec. 1st or 15th, and no guns in the woods at any other time.'

Truly yours, JOS. N. KNAPP."

"Jos. N. Knapp, Auburn, N. Y., My Dear Sir: I am pleased to know that there is one man in Cayuga county who wants the spring shooting of wildfowl and the sale of game stopped. There are sixty-one counties in this State, represented by fifty Senators and one hundred and fifty-two Assemblymen. The sportsmen of each of these sixty-one counties are responsible for the action of their representatives at Albany. If the representatives of any county are opposed to these laws it shows one of two things, either that his constituents are spring shooters and market hunters, or that the sportsmen have failed to do their duty.

"You had better do as I have done here in Jefferson. Form an association with yourself as president. Then pull off your coat and get into the fight. You will get very little help from the rest of them. (That, at least, has been my experience.) Get your arguments before the people through the local press. Convince the people that you are right and the other fellow is wrong, and they will help you. Ask every man of influence you know to write the members. Get out a neat circular-letter, have them sign it, and mail it yourself. After you have placed your arguments before the people, and you feel that a majority of them are with you, ask them to sign a petition, and you will be surprised at the number who will respond.

"Confine your efforts to Cayuga county. Pin your members down to the fact that you want these laws for Cayuga county and they will work all the harder to get them for the rest of the State. There are sportsmen

enough in each county of this State, who, if they would get into the fight, could secure the support of their members to stop the spring shooting of wildfowl and to stop the sale of game at any time of the year.

"W. H. TALLETT."

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Nov. 8.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Deer Hunting Casualties.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15.—In commenting last week upon the opening of the deer hunting season, it was stated that we should presently begin to hear of the customary numbers of casualties in the deer hunting country. The fatal list begins even so early and runs into appalling figures before the second week of the season has gone by. What the total of killed and wounded men may be in the deer hunting country of Wisconsin, Michigan and Maine no one can at this time determine. Probably there will be at least 100 victims in these three States.

From Ashland, on November 12, came report that two men were killed in Bayfield and Douglass counties by stray bullets fired by unknown parties, and traveling unknown distances. Similar news comes regarding a killing near Mason, in Bayfield county. In addition to these, there is the matter-of-fact statement that the woods of Ashland county alone contained in the early part of this week more than 3,500 hunters. Unconfirmed advices state that more than 1,000 licenses were taken out at Bayfield.

The writer today heard of another fatality which took place not far from Bayfield. Two hunters were out after deer and sat down upon a log to rest, one of these men wearing a fur cap. The customary idiot with a rifle came by, and seeing the fur cap, fired upon it, shooting the hunter through the head and killing him instantly.

Near McGregor, Minn., on Nov. 11, County Commissioner J. C. Jones was accidentally shot and killed. He was hunting with a party from Chicago. One of these Chicago men was removing the shells from a rifle, and while so engaged accidentally shot Mr. Jones through the chest. Death was instantaneous.

Two days ago a strange accident happened near Stephenson, Wis. A hunter by the name of George Richardson shot at a deer, the bullet passing through the body of the deer and striking a tree. Thence it glanced and struck a hunter named William Everhardt, first passing through Everhardt's wrist, then striking his gun stock, glancing up and entering his mouth through his cheek, lodging in his neck. The wound is a serious one. It shows well enough the danger of flying lead.

Advices from Wisconsin newspapers read like the casualty list of a battle. One special item to a Chicago paper reads as below: "The wounded hunters reported today are George Richardson, near Stephenson, Mich., seriously; Charles Gardner, Reedsburg, shot in the head, probably fatally; Adam Pleate, 11 years old, Junction City, shot through the body, will recover; Arthur Voyer, Stevens Point, will recover."

Yet another news item in a Chicago paper this morning is as below: "The first fatal shooting of the deer hunting season in Lake county occurred on Tuesday, when, in the company of Attorney-General Douglass, of Minnesota, a Minneapolis hardware clerk named J. E. McLean, was killed by George Jentisch."

There was some talk among a group of Chicago sportsmen today to the effect that the sportsmen of the State of Wisconsin are agitating a measure for the suppression of the use of a certain small bore rifle in the woods.

Deer in Minnesota.

The season opened in Minnesota with a very large number of men preparing for deer hunting. The number of licenses issued by County Auditor Johnson, of St. Paul, was, on the 10th of this month, only 172, and of these there were only two non-resident licenses. This is not in excess of the number issued last year. By this time the issue of licenses is doubtless very much larger than at the date specified.

Reports from the Iron Range territory, from Beltrami county, St. Louis, Cook and other good game counties, state that moose are abundant. The five days open season on moose in Minnesota is almost prohibitory for the non-resident.

The high power rifles are popular ones in Minnesota this fall. The .30-30s, .303s, .30-40s, etc., are in demand far in excess of all other arms for deer hunting in Minnesota. This demand has been existing in the local sporting goods stores for more than three weeks past.

One of the notable hunting parties to go out in Minnesota this week was that of Consul E. H. Hobe, who had as his guest Baron Straale, Secretary of the Swedish and Norwegian Legation at Washington. The party went into the Iron Range country, and will try to secure a moose. Among others on the special train were Gen. Brandt and Gen. Gjertsen, of the Governor's staff; President A. L. Alness, of the Scandinavian-American Bank, H. J. Boyesen and Dr. H. Sneve.

Western Men in New Brunswick.

Mr. Alfred Marshall, Mr. Harry Lee, and Mr. Nash, all of Chicago, are men who have been slated to take trips in New Brunswick this fall, though none of them has so far started for his trip. Mr. I. W. Morton, of St. Louis, and his daughter Alice were out with Henry Braithwaite and Tom Pringle on the Miramichi, and each got a good moose, the head of the young lady's moose having a spread of 48 inches. This party saw 30 caribou in one day. Henry and Mr. Irland left on Nov. 5 for a month on the Miramichi, well outfitted for a hard siege. Adam Moore, who will be remembered by everyone who visited the Sportsmen's Show here last winter, left for the Upsalquitch Lake country on Oct. 24, with Mr. George P. Bishop, of Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Bishop had killed a caribou and the two were then looking for moose and bear.

Mr. W. H. Allen, of Peniac, N. B., had out three parties, covering twenty-six days, this fall, and the parties each got moose, Mr. Allen stating the average spread of antlers to be 52 inches, certainly a very good showing. Three caribou were also killed, but none of these had very

good heads. All the guides of that country seem to agree that big game is as plentiful or more so than was ever known before. Allen has a special commission from the Government to kill two pairs of fine specimen moose for exhibition purposes. The exhibit which was here at the Chicago show has been sent to England. It is not altogether likely that the New Brunswick men will favor us again this winter, but they say that in the following year they may come to see us once more in case there should be a Sportsmen's Show.

Western Ducks.

At last we have got a little cold weather. Snow fell for a few moments in South Chicago today and the temperature is low over a considerable area to the north of us. The main flight of ducks is now well below this place, on the marshes on the lower Illinois River country. This includes pretty much all the northern flight except the last flight of mallards, which ought to be along within the next few days if the cold weather holds above here.

Very good shooting has been enjoyed at the Hennepin Duck Club and at the best of the preserved marshes near that point. The members believe that a spurt of mallards is about all there is left of the season for them now, but there are considerable numbers of birds hanging around in that neighborhood.

Swan Lake Club has had considerable fair shooting, several bags of a dozen to two dozen having been made.

Tolleston Club, just at the southern edge of Chicago, has had as good sport as any shooting club of the city. Indeed, the numbers of ducks rafting off the lake front in Lake Michigan are greater now than have been known here for several years. A great deal of hammering of the birds is done at long range from the different city piers along thirty or forty miles of the lake front from Fort Sheridan to South Chicago. Once in a while a very decent bag is made in that way. A great many of these Lake Michigan ducks work across the sand dune country and drop in to feed on the Tolleston marsh. About the only shooting the Calumet Club has had has been upon these travelers passing between Lake Michigan and the Little Calumet marshes of the Tolleston Club.

A Legal Duck Blind in Illinois.

A great deal of discussion arose today among members of a little gathering of sportsmen over the construction of the Illinois statute in regard to artificial blinds. The Game Laws in Brief says: "It shall further be unlawful at any time to kill any wild goose, brant or other water fowl, from any fixed or artificial ambush beyond a natural covering of reeds, canes, flags, wild rice, or other vegetation above the water of any lake, river, bay, inlet or other water course wholly within this State." It was stated by one sportsman that State Game Commissioner A. J. Lovejoy had made a ruling that he would not permit the use of any artificial blind whatever. Mr. Lovejoy may perhaps be wrongly reported in this, and it is not stated herein that he has made any such ruling. This, however, left open the question as to what was the edge or limit of a natural covering of reeds, etc., above mentioned. Some thought that a blind could be built only where the covering was thick enough to hide the boat. Others pointed out that no blind would there be necessary. Yet others, and these seem to have the best of the argument, since there has been no test case so far as known to decide the matter, hold that if the shooter could find a single spear of bulrush, reed, cane, flag, wild rice or other vegetation, he could legally build his artificial blind at that point, provided that such vegetation was growing from the bottom, and projecting above the surface of the water. This gives the shooter pretty much all the liberty he needs in the artificial blind business. The law is not of severe consequence at many parts of Illinois except on Fox Lake, and it was probably put upon the statute books because of the open-water blinds which were destroying the duck shooting of Fox Lake. These blinds were made of burlaps, attached to poles, and the boats were anchored inside of practically a solid wind-proof blind.

How to Make a Blind.

By the way, if you want to know how to make a very good and practical blind, take a section of woven wire fence made of light wire, in a length a little more than double that of your boat. This woven wire can be rolled up and carried in a fairly compact bundle. It is heavy enough and stiff enough to stand up in the water. Place this around your boat, fastened by stakes, and then execute your blind by weaving cane, rushes or grass into the meshes of this fencing. You had better ask Game Warden Lovejoy about the place where you set this blind, however, else you might get into trouble.

Small Bores.

Mr. Robert P. Allen, of the New Brunswick Guides' Association, under date of Nov. 6, wrote as below: "I address you at the request of our mutual friend, Henry Braithwaite, who is anxious to enlist your services in promoting a cause which is very dear to his heart. He wants you to have a whack at these small bore rifles which seem to be so popular with the sportsmen across the line. Henry declares that they are unsuitable for big game, and is prepared to cite cases wherein they have proved to be a dead failure. He has had three parties, consisting of six gentlemen and a lady, out so far this fall, and the casualties consist of three caribou killed and sixteen moose killed and wounded, as the war correspondents say. No less than eleven moose were hit by .30-40s and could not afterward be found. One was seen a few days later by a lumberman, dragging one hind leg behind it, and he made an unsuccessful effort to hamstring it with an axe. Henry claims that the .30-40 does not make hole enough in the moose's anatomy, consequently it does not leave a blood trail by which it can be successfully tracked. He is talking of agitating for a law to prohibit the use of small bores for big game, and wants you to discourage their use. Henry thinks that the percentage of eleven wounded moose to five dead ones is altogether too large, and that something will have to be done soon or the devil will be to pay."

The attitude of Henry and his friend, Mr. Irland, in regard to large bore guns is a generally known one among the sportsmen of the East. Doubtless there is

much justice in the contention which they establish, but I fear there is nothing can stop the triumphant march of these wicked little small bore guns. The proportion of crippled game mentioned above is a large one, and it seems to me an unusually large one. No details are given as to the kinds of ammunition used. With solid jacketed bullets, of course everyone knows that is no test of the stopping qualities of the small bore rifle. Nor is the soft-nosed bullet, much superior as it is to the solid jacket, a perfect test of the arm. Sometimes the soft nose acts differently from what it does under other conditions. Probably the best of these bullets is the hollow point .30-40, which has during the past year been used by a few American sportsmen.

There is little reason to believe that we shall ever be able to do anything to stem the popularity of these small bore arms. For myself, I should not care to go back to the old .45-90 or even the .45-70. You may tell a hunter that these guns are dangerous, and indeed so they are, but you cannot wear him from that flat trajectory. A good English double rifle costs a pretty penny, and the average man when confronted with the price will not hesitate when shown the cheap and deadly American repeater.

We shall for some time hear discordant reports regarding the results with the .30-30 and .30-40, but the average of opinion seems to show that they are good guns when properly understood, properly loaded and properly aimed.

Quail.

The cold and windy weather of last week has made quail shooting much a matter of sprinting. The birds do not lie as well as they should to the dog, not having as yet become used to the first cold of fall weather. Presently they will begin to come in from the prairies and corn fields to the creek bottoms and timber. Hence we will probably see better shooting next week than there was last week.

Among those who go out for quail this week are Mr. W. L. Wells, Mr. C. S. Dennis and Mr. George Walker, all of Chicago, who leave tonight for New Boston, Ill., for a hunt along the Mississippi River. They will probably find ducks and they have advices that quail are abundant in that vicinity.

Keep Your Hands Off The Muzzle.

Mr. Jacob Bernardy, of Porterfield, Wisconsin, while hunting on the afternoon of November 1, stopped to rest and placed both hands over the muzzle of his shot gun, just as you will see the trap shooters do. "In some mysterious way," says the account, "both barrels were discharged." Both his hands were blown off.

Buffalo Jones Still Alive.

Nov. 16.—C. J. Jones, or "Buffalo Jones," was surely born to an unusual life. Among the extraordinary privileges accorded him by kind fortune has been that of twice reading his own obituary, at dates separated by several years. When Jones was in the Barren Grounds country after musk ox, he was reported dead, the news coming to his people by long and devious route from the North. On Nov. 7 and 8 of this year he was again reported to have departed this life, the newspapers of the country generally printing extended notices, and some of the Chicago papers playing up the news with a good story and portraits. It was with sorrow that I sent this news to the *FOREST AND STREAM*, and with pleasure that I discovered it to be erroneous. The following dispatches addressed to the writer by Kansas newspapers yesterday will explain the origin of the mistake, which is this morning corrected by most of the Chicago newspapers. It will be observed, however, that the initials given do not tally in the two reports, so, after all, it remains somewhat uncertain just who is dead.

SALINA, Kas., Nov. 15.—Buffalo Jones, whose death was reported, was H. L. Jones, an early settler in this county, and not Buffalo Jones, of national fame.—*Republican Journal*.

TROY, Kas., Nov. 15.—Salina Buffalo Jones is J. R. Jones, a local character, died Nov. 6; got his name when in the Legislature; represented more buffalo than people. Buffalo Jones, the national character, is C. J. Jones, headquarters now in Topeka, Kas.—*Troy (Kas.) Chief*.

I wired Buffalo Jones asking him if the report of his death was correct, but have no reply; hence I have addressed him the following letter, which I think C. J. will accept as explanation:

I see all the papers had you dead again last week. In common with the others, I printed a very feeling obituary, which I take pleasure in inclosing you herewith, together with similar article from the Chicago Tribune. I am sorry that I did not have any portrait to run, as it would have made the matter more complete.

You seem to be born to a long life, and I do not doubt you are destined to land something big before the final reckoning comes. Meantime, you had better look out for infringements on your title out in Kansas. It seems that the real Jones concerned is H. L. Jones, of Salina. Of course, you will understand that I do not claim this is such a very good obituary, but I will try to do better next time.

At Hennepin Club.

Messrs. J. V. Clarke, Lou Clarke, W. W. McFarland, Geo. Davis and one or two others, of this city, all left for Hennepin Club tonight. They ought to meet pretty good mallard shooting.

By the way, some of these Hennepin men speak of the last flight of mallards as being the "long-billed mallards," and sometimes speak of them as the "yellow-footed mallards." They claim that these late birds are bigger than the early flight. So much for hunters' natural history. No doubt there is some foundation for the notion of the late flight, though most of us are apt to believe the length of bill of the adult mallard is pretty much a fixture, and the feet of the average mallard an orange color. As to the latter, however, I imagine most hunters have seen mallards with red feet, not orange and not yellow.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

To Alaska for One Caribou.

CANON CITY, Colo., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I returned some time ago from Alaska, where I went to kill one bull caribou for my collection. I killed a fine big fellow in the Kenai Mountains. I saw some others, but fired only at this one. Got some good photos and may write you short article later.

DALL DEWESE.

In Minnesota.

The Deadly .30-30.

So much has been said of late in connection with the use of the far-reaching smokeless, small-caliber rifle in the woods that the gun stores are displaying gaudily colored worsted head gear with the label attached, "Wear this and avoid the deadly .30-30 bullet."

While the small-bore smokeless is entirely out of place in the timber and thick undergrowth—unless one is hunting the grizzly et id omne genus—yet all the maimings and killings of human beings should not be charged up to it. Any kind of a rifle, if held straight at a human being moving through the brush (but which the other fellow is sure is a deer), will kill, let it be an old flintlock or of up-to-date make. Therefore, to wear red, white and blue head gear is just as necessary to ward off the death-dealing-black-powder-propelled bullet as the one of smaller caliber. It is when the unseen man is killed that the smokeless rifle gets in its deadly work. The man a mile or more away who drops wounded in his tracks and without the satisfaction of even hearing the report of the rifle, is almost invariably the victim of the .30-30 rifle.

The season for deer hunting opens to-day. I came down from the woods yesterday, where I had been on a business trip, and saw many parties "going in," and am pleased

coup de grace with a hunting knife behind the shoulder, was not Roosevelt the sportsman truthful? And yet, had we not his San Juan Hill record in front of us for bravery and absolute fearlessness, would we not think when he recited his cougar hunt that he was a little enthusiastic? He relates his experiences in a matter of fact, natural and withal intensely interesting manner, and no man questions or doubts the tales.

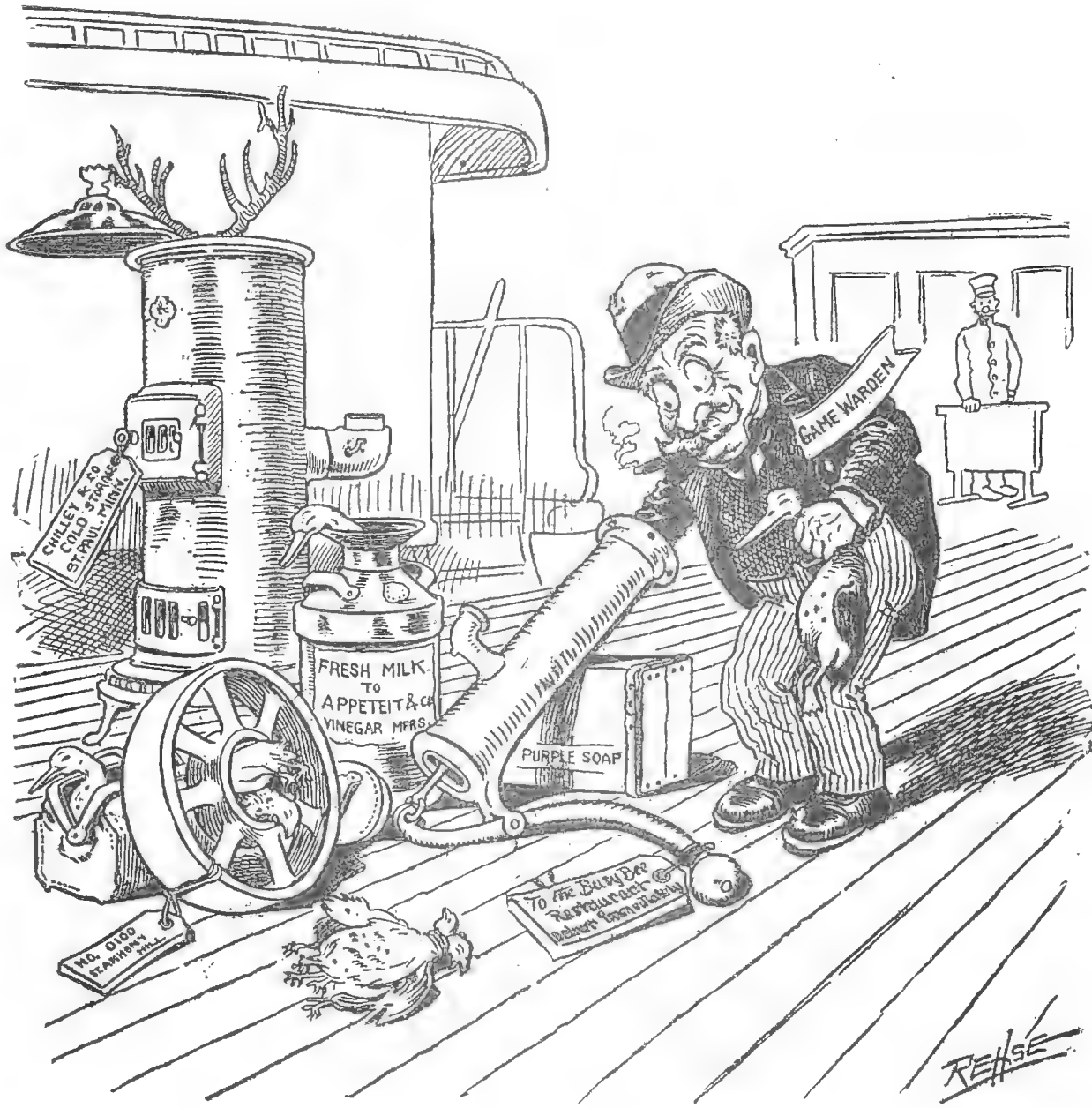
But as a broad proposition, I say confound the hunter or fisherman who cannot tell a story without some enthusiasm in it, for it would not be worth listening to otherwise.

Fooling the Game Warden.

Shipping game to market in Minnesota has become hazardous in the extreme. All sorts of expedients are resorted to in the way of containers. Coffins, milk cans, trunks, carpenter's tool chests, vegetable barrels with partridges and cabbages in carefully arranged layers and other packages too numerous to mention, have been used to carry the game safely to the cold storage house.

The local game wardens on duty at the depots have made good records, and have done some work in the way of pulling birds out from strange and odd places.

But in one case, as the story goes, the warden missed a trunk filled with ducks. It was up country. The local warden knew of a trunk filled with mallards being made ready for shipment to St. Paul as baggage. He was at



AS THE ST. PAUL PIONEER PRESS SEES IT.

to write that the old black powder rifles were in the ascendancy. I saw many rainbow-hued mackinaw jackets and much resplendent head gear, in all of which there seemed to be much method.

Well, the dual slaughter in this State commences to-day, and the list of human casualties will be duly reported in the daily press side by side with the record of deer slain.

An Echo from Heron Lake.

I talked with a friend who had tried to shoot ducks at Heron Lake when the gang, lately broken up by Game Executive Fullerton, was in control. So bold and grasping were these market-hunters that over night the blinds of the visiting sportsmen were destroyed, boats sunk and decoys ruined. And while Heron Lake was one of the best spots in the State for canvasbacks and redheads, yet was it left severely alone. The two or three years of this drove the regular sportsmen frequenters of the lake away. But all this is ended now, and the State is richer in fines and guns and boats and tents and decoys by and through Fullerton's nerve, pluck and attention to business. Heron Lake is again open to the legitimate sportsman.

Do Fishermen Lie?

Well, I don't know! I think when a fisherman tells a good story he may show an excess of enthusiasm, but I do not see why the same should be tortured by the listener or readers into a lie.

How about the man who tells you about the 150 prairie chickens he has shot, all of which but six spoiled before he could get to the cars with them? The man who killed his deer that weighed 1,500 pounds, woods-dressed?

Let us call all this enthusiasm, and that being allowed then is it not a case of enthusiasm on the part of the hunter as well as the fisherman? Enthusiasm and mendacity should not be confounded. I think if a drag net were thrown out and the contributors to the *FOREST AND STREAM* were housed under one tent with their feet under the festive board, one might be expected to grow enthusiastic over one's cigar. In fact, I could imagine much enthusiasm passing round. One man might get enthusiastic on snakes, another on fish, another on quail, grouse and woodcock, and yet another on big game. When our President—the man after our own hearts—jams his rifle stock into the mouth of a dog-infested-clawing, biting cougar and deliberately gives the ferocious beast the

depot, and he saw the game-laden trunk duly checked. Noting the number of the check, he at once wired Mr. Fullerton: "Look out for trunk No. 7852, due depot 8:30 to-morrow morning." The man who owned the trunks could read the ticking of the telegraph instrument by ear, and read the message as the ticket seller and operator ticked it off. He looked at his own check and found it read 7852. He did some quick thinking. Looking at his watch, he said that he had thirty minutes before the train was due. Going across the street to the village store he bought a small and very cheap trunk and carried the same to the depot, getting a check for it. Watching his opportunity when the baggage master was busy elsewhere, he changed the checks upon the two trunks; and when the game-laden trunk passed the ordeal and when the trunk 7852 was inspected, instead of game, old papers and rubbish were found. Whether this recital is based on enthusiasm or cold facts I cannot say, but I give it as I got it.

CHARLES CRISTADORA.

A Wolf Hunt on Ski.

WHEN traveling across the dreary fjelds of Norsk Finmarken we one day came across sign of a wolf, and that evening by the camp fire one of our Lapps, a smart, active, young man of about thirty, described how on one occasion he and a companion succeeded in running down and killing two of these beasts in midwinter. As the Lapps are admittedly the most expert ski runners in northern Europe, and as even among them such a performance is looked upon as highly creditable, a brief description may be of some interest. The men were in charge of a herd of some 1,800 reindeer pasturing on the inland wastes somewhere in the neighborhood of Kantokimo, and all had been going well. There was plenty of snow and good fore (i. e., going); the wolves had done little or no damage, and the deer, being undisturbed by the presence of these marauders, had given the minimum of trouble to the watchers. One day in the middle of February, however, the latter, on approaching the herd on one of their rounding-up visits, found that the enemy had been there during the night; there was a lot of blood on the snow, several deer had been killed and others wounded, while the rest were frightened and scattered all over the place. The Lapps had nothing in their knapsacks except some coffee beans, but they were five or six

miles from their headquarters; time was of great value, as after such a repast as they had indulged in, the wolves would in all probability lie up shortly, and they determined to chance it on this scanty provision. After following the tracks for some five miles at best pace, these led to a wooded hill which appeared worth investigating closely, and there, as a matter of fact, they found the place where the object of pursuit had taken his siesta, and from which their arrival had caused his abrupt departure. Encouraged by this, the two ski runners put on the steam, and after traversing five or six more miles they met the wolf returning on its own tracks. One man now went for the beast with his ski-stav, the other with an axe, but the former weapon broke, and they failed to stop it. After another severe run, however, they got close enough up to throw a lasso (suopunkin, as used for the reindeer) over the now exhausted brute, and dispatched it with the axe.

Perspiring freely from their exertions, the hunters had now to protect themselves from the effects of the cold by building a fire, but of fuel there was none on the spot, and in order to procure it they had to return to the wood where they had found the wolf, and on the way thither came across the track of a second. Darkness coming on, nothing further could be done, so the two Lapps built themselves a good fire, cooked their frugal meal of coffee only, and spent the night in the open. At dawn the following morning they took up the fresh spoor, and after following it for some ten miles, caught sight of the brute making for the protection of a wood. Before, however, it had time to reach this place of shelter the pursuers got up. Twice was the lasso thrown, but on each occasion the wolf bit it through with its teeth. One Lapp then tried to head it off, and so drive it toward him with the lasso, but the animal attacked, and both rolled over in the snow, the man cramming his broken ski-stav down his assailant's throat. His friend then came to the rescue with the lasso, and the *coup de grace* was dealt with the axe. The hunters then spent another night in the open, and next day performed the long journey back to where they had left their reindeer. With proper food this would have been a highly creditable exhibition of pluck and endurance, but supplied as the men were during the three days' severe work with a little coffee only, it was a most meritorious one.—Snowfly in London Field.

A Modest Nimrod.

CHARLES HALLOCK sends us the following characteristic personal mention of a gentleman (native of Ohio) whose prowess is noteworthy:

"Dr. Chase P. Ambler, Secretary of the Appalachian National Park Association, whose efficient propaganda work in its behalf is so commendably outlined by Prof. McGee, of the Washington Geographical Society, in the November issue of *The World's Work*, is not only an earnest conservator of the forests, but a forest ranger of no mean abilities. His pursuit of big game extends from ocean to ocean. The hall, library, dining-room and study of his ample suburban residence in Asheville, North Carolina, are made attractive by trophies of moose from New Brunswick, alligators from Florida, mountain lions from Colorado, grizzlies from Wyoming, and numerous deer, antelope, elk, foxes, badgers, raccoons, and other lesser varmints from regions afar off and nearer home. But the most remarkable phase of it all is that none of this revelry has been exploited in any publication that I know of; except that I called attention to it in a letter to the *FOREST AND STREAM* which was written last August, after a visit to the doctor's house, and for this he was inclined to take exception. Since that date the doctor has been on the warpath again, the results of which are partially summed up in the following extract from a letter just received. Although the quarry is notable, the hero vaunted not himself, and is not puffed up. He seems to make as little of his exploits as if he had shot a dog.

"My trip to Colorado and Idaho (he writes) was cut short by the illness of my wife's mother. I first went to Meeker, Colo., and from there to Marvin Lodge with John Goff. The hunting in that region with dogs was not good, for the reason that the weather was extremely dry. We saw thousands of deer, but were after mountain lion. The hunting being so poor there we left that part of the country and went over into the Bear River section, where we had better success; from there we crossed west into Idaho, then followed south along the Idaho-Colorado line, coming out again at Newcastle, Colorado. I secured my lion along the State line, and also secured a very fine antelope and two deer."

Long Island Duck Netting.

NEW YORK CITY, Nov. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Knowing you are interested in the welfare of sportsmen in general and the destruction of waterfowl, I have written this letter in the hope that it will be published in your valuable paper, and in this way come before the proper authorities.

It is against the destruction of vast numbers of wild ducks in Shinnecock Bay, Long Island, by men who claim to be sportsmen. There is a clique of men at Canoe Place who make a business of "netting" wild ducks, as I would call it. They stretch large nets in the bay, and when the ducks start to feed they are caught in the net and drowned. It is a known fact that as many as two hundred ducks have been caught in this manner in one day.

A gentleman from this city had occasion to go to Quogue duck shooting over Election day, and on the morning of Nov. 5 started out with his guide for a day's shooting. He was placed in a good position in what is called the East Bay, but as soon as the men from Canoe Place found he was in a position to get some game, one of them came out in his boat and sailed around his battery all day. Consequently there was no shooting to be had that day. Thus not content with slaughtering ducks by the hundred, they begrudge a stranger the few birds he may shoot.

There seems to be an understanding between some of the guides that they will not put a battery and gunner in the middle of the bay; no doubt this is where the nets are placed.

I hope to see this letter published in your next issue, but

if this is impossible, will you kindly give the name of the proper person to go to, to have this wholesale slaughter stopped?

Is it a wonder our game birds are rapidly diminishing when such a thing is allowed to go on? Also the spring shooting of snipe, etc., on the meadows of Jamaica Bay.

E. KING.

[Netting ducks is forbidden by the law. We advise you to communicate with District Game Protector J. E. Overton, No. 1 Madison avenue, New York.]

In the Old Home Fields.

MACOMB, Ill., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have just returned from the town of Orland, Hancock county, Maine, where I first saw the light of day. I went into a field which was a part of the old farm that my father once owned, about one mile from where I was born. It was just about light in the morning, and I thought I might find a deer there. I found the deer, but was not so fortunate as I was in 1856, when I shot two in this field by moonlight. This field contains about twelve acres, surrounded by a thick young growth of timber. I walked to the edge of the timber quietly, where I had a good view of the field and nothing could I see. After waiting a while I went into the middle of the field, where I found an apple tree filled with apples. The deer had been there through the night eating apples, and in a few minutes, in the edge of the timber, I heard an old buck blow his whistle; I just got a sight of his tail and off he went. I could hear him run for a half mile, striking his horns against the thick young trees. My disappointment was very great, as I had traveled some fifteen hundred miles to my old home, and I thought I would return to the west with a fine buck.

So the elapsing of forty-five years has not made much change in big game in Hancock county. A few days before I arrived there a moose came within a mile of Masson's Mills near my old home. The hunters got after him and ran him into the town of Bluehill. The last moose that was in this town was killed by Daniel Osgood one hundred years ago. I hear that two moose were seen near Dead River, in Hancock county. It looks as if the moose were coming out of the backwoods to the settlement. I shall try my luck in that section another year and hope for better success.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

The Pennsylvania License Law.

"ONE of our constables last week had \$88.44 as his profit for one Sunday's work in arresting violators of the game laws, and what he did could be readily duplicated by other constables, if they were only willing to keep their eyes open and do a little hustling."

The speaker was Dr. Joseph Kalbfus, Secretary of the State Game Commission.

"The game laws are being openly violated, not in isolated cases, but by the wholesale," continued Dr. Kalbfus. "Game is being carried out of the State, and the non-resident gun tax is flagrantly avoided. The act of 1899 made all constables ex officio fire, game and fish wardens. They have the power to arrest without a warrant, to search a man's baggage and person whenever they meet him, and have jurisdiction over the entire county. By the act of 1897, the constable received half of the fine imposed. The act of 1899 has added to this perquisite \$10 extra for each successful prosecution of a game law violator. If the party is found guilty and does not pay any fine, but goes to jail, even in this case the constable would get the \$10, and that is paid half by the county and half by the State.

"The trouble is that these constables are afraid to do their duty, as in many cases they would have to arrest the very men who vote them into office. Some of the letters I receive from the constables are rather amusing. One of these worthies wrote: 'I found a gentleman violating the gun tax law. When I spoke to him he became very indignant, in fact downright angry, so I decided that it was best to let him continue his shooting, and acted accordingly.'"—Harrisburg (Pa.) Patriot.

Ohio's Queer Law.

GERMANTOWN, O., Nov. 13.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I have never noticed anything from our locality, so I send you this as a view of the situation in Ohio, as taken by a common hunter. The hunting season opened here Monday last, and with it the much-discussed and also cussed question of game protection. The season opened well; quail are more plentiful than at any time in the last ten years, and rabbits are on the increase. It is surprising the number of good bags that have been made, considering the increased number of hunters. On the first day there were over a dozen parties of four or more from our town who reported a bag of twenty or more quail and as many rabbits. And I almost forgot to mention one lovely fox squirrel! Don't laugh; he was killed in season—that is, according to our law. I, for one, prefer squirrel hunting to any other; but it is a dead letter in this State. The writer in *FOREST AND STREAM* who said the Ohio laws were a muss was wrong; they're worse than a muss. It seems as though all other hunting has been sacrificed to protect the quail. The southward flight of ducks has commenced. Whenever a duck appears in sight I grab my gun and climb up to the roof and pray for him to pass in range. The law won't allow me to shoot him on the creek.

J. V. M.

The Vermont League.

BRATTLEBORO, Vt., Nov. 14.—The annual meeting of the Vermont Fish and Game League was held at the Brooks House last evening. President John W. Titcomb presiding. The report of the treasurer showed a surplus of over \$1,000 on hand.

The following officers were elected: President, John W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury; Secretary, Edward Bradley, of Swanton; Treasurer, Charles F. Lowe, of Montpelier; Vice-Presidents, F. L. Fish, of Vergennes; N. W. Fisk, of Isle La Motte; Edward C. Smith, of St. Albans; W. S. Webb, of Shelburne; Redfield Proctor, of Proctor; J. J. Estey, of Brattleboro; O. E. Luce, of Stowe. Executive Committee: J. M. Chapman, of Middlebury; W.

E. Hawkes, of Bennington; I. R. Styles, of St. Johnsbury; F. H. Wells, of Burlington; P. H. Dale, of Island Pond; H. J. Hublee, of Montgomery; E. S. Fleury, of Isle La Motte; H. G. Thomas, of Stowe; Horace W. Bailey, of Newbury; S. M. Brady, of Newport; Ira L. Allen, of Fair Haven; L. Bart Cross, of Montpelier; F. W. Childs, of Brattleboro; J. E. Pollard, of Chester.

It was voted to set aside \$500 of the surplus on hand as the nucleus of a fund to be used as a forest or game preservation or for such other purposes as may be deemed advisable. It was voted that the league entertain the North American Fish and Game Protective Association at a banquet to be held in connection with their first annual meeting in Vermont in January.

The question of admitting ladies to membership in the league which was laid on the table at a previous meeting, was voted down on motion of Mr. Chapman.

The attendance was not as large as on some of the former meetings as there was no banquet, but it was one of the most interesting business meetings that the league has held.

Red Hats for Safety.

DETROIT, Nov. 11.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: Will you kindly permit me to make a suggestion which I think you in your good judgment will favor and will warrant you supporting in your paper. That is, that all parties hunting will wear red hats. I believe without a doubt that in our State alone during the twenty days of deer hunting, when twelve to fifteen men are killed every year, 90 per cent. of them would have been saved if they had adopted the simple fashion.

I have for some years insisted on parties shooting with me in bird season having red hats. It saved my life once from my companion, who is one of the most careful men I shoot with, just as he was shooting seeing my red hat a few feet away—not seeing me, as one's hunting clothes resemble so closely nature in the woods at that time of year.

I have just returned from Turtle Lake Deer Club, one of the best ones in America, and they do not allow a member to go out without a red hat.

It is one of the most important things, to be in the game laws of each State, if it were possible, to compel every one to use a red hat when hunting. If one who has not had occasion to notice how far a red hat can be seen in the thick popple, partridge shooting or deer hunting, will only try it once, he will never allow any one to shoot with him without having one in the future.

Another example of a man being mistaken was in seeing a deer and not shooting, when a few moments later he saw the horns of a deer, and then was convinced he was right, when, as he pulled up his gun to shoot, one of the party stepped out with a dead deer on his back. A red hat would have settled it at first glance.

CHARLES A. RATHBONE.

Massachusetts Game Notes.

WAKEFIELD, Mass., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: We are on the last half of our gunning season. not much game or gunners here. It's more rifle target shooting than the shotgun. Some go down in Maine and shoot a deer or two. Mr. W. W. Tillson just brought a big buck from Dead River camp. There has been very good duck shooting on our lakes; more mallards shot this year than I ever heard of before. It's generally black and dusky duck, and the smaller species of scup duck and teal. Mr. Henry Eastic has just returned from a successful duck shoot at Merry-Meeting Bay, Me.; he is an old hand at this shooting, using live decoys of his own raising and training.

More quail this fall than ever before, but they have mostly been small, half-grown birds any decent gunner would not be guilty of shooting at. Saw one pot-hunter who says he has shot eighty so far. I hope they will forbid sale of quail as well as they have woodcock and grouse. I shot two woodcock Election day. We expect them to be all down south by this time. Haven't seen any geese going along as yet.

Mr. I. Newton Babbitt, of Dighton, Mass., is dead, aged seventy-one years. He was a gunner of the old school, and has probably shot more game and tramped more miles of woods in Bristol county than any other man. One by one they drop out, and their old pet gun is willed to their favorite relative and is hung up over the door as a relic of by-gone days. Peace to his ashes.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

Indian Territory Quail.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kan., Nov. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream*: I am greatly surprised to read in your issue of this date, under heading of "Indian Territory Live Quail Export," your editorial indicating a manner in which live quail can legally be shipped from the Indian Territory, as you have so long been the advocate of the preservation plank, "The sale of game shall be prohibited at all seasons." It is not more than one year ago that I called your attention, in a letter, which you published, of a shipment of quail from Purcell, Indian Territory, to Pittsburgh, Pa., of six crates of about 2,000 quail, alive, with crates marked "Strictly for breeding purposes," and the next issue of your paper contained a report of a banquet at Pittsburgh where 1,200 plates were laid, and the first entree on the menu was "Quail on toast," and 1,200 quail were served. By the way, have you ever had any account of any club or preserve locating or liberating in western Pennsylvania the 2,000 and more quail in that one shipment to Pittsburgh "strictly for breeding purposes"? I am glad that the Lacey law has been so construed that it stops this illegal shipment of quail "strictly for breeding purposes" to grace banqueting halls as "quail on toast," and hope it will still be enforced in spite of your "plea in abatement." Yours for game protection at all seasons of the year.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

Rhode Island Sportsmen.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 18.—Foxes and raccoons are more in evidence than usual in the vicinity of Swansea and in East Providence, three of each having been shot thus early in the season. Two foxes were recently killed

in one day by Henry H. Chase, and the same number of raccoons were brought down from one tree.

Duck shooting in the vicinity of North Pappoosequaw Point, Narragansett Bay, is followed now a great deal. The ducks are beginning to come inshore from the bay, but not many of them have been shot so far.

A prouder and merrier party of deer hunters never returned from the deer country than Elisha Buffington, his brothers, Ray and Paul, and George Young, of Swansea, who have been gunning in Flagstaff, Somerset county, Me., for a couple of weeks. Their headquarters were at the Ray Hill camp. Cliff Wing, a trusty guide, was the sportsmen's companion, as in previous years. Seven deer were shot by them, as follows: Elisha Buffington, an eight-pointed buck, weighing 162 pounds; Roy Buffington, an eight-pointed buck and a doe, weighing 174 and 100 pounds, respectively, also a small buck; George Young, a six-pointed buck weighing 116 pounds. Four deer were brought home by the party. A dozen or more partridges were also shot, but according to the law these could not be taken from the State. W. H. M.

In New Jersey.

NEWTON, N. J., Nov. 18.—We are now enjoying one of the most successful shooting seasons we have had in some time. Of quail there are many fine flocks of full-grown birds. Rabbits are plentiful. The woodcock flight this fall has been good, and the birds were all large and fat. We have a few English grouse up here in Sussex, and I was fortunate enough to flush a flock of six on Nov. 1, killing one. They are not a very satisfactory bird to hunt; those I flushed would not lay to the dog, who followed them the whole breadth of a large stubble field, and finally flushed when they came to a stone fence; they also make very long flights. The bird resembles a quail in many points, being about the size of a small ruffed grouse. Many of our local and city sportsmen are making fine bags daily. Among our most successful local sportsmen are A. B. Brickner, Lewis Morford, Theo. Morford, O. Westbrook, W. W. Woodward, Jr., Jas. E. Baldwin, R. Foster and O. Simpson. JAS. BALDWIN, JR.

The Blooming Grove Park Case.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 14.—Cases alleging violation of the Lacey National Game Law, which forbids game to be shipped out of the State unless properly labeled, brought six New York and New Jersey sportsmen, members of the Blooming Grove Park Association, of Pike county, before the United States District Court Grand Jury yesterday, and true bills were found against them. They will be tried at the March term of the Federal Court in Scranton, and from every indication there is to be a national fight and a thorough test made of the law. Former Auditor General Gregg and former Attorney General Kirkpatrick are attorneys for the defendants.

Long Island Deer.

THE four days of Long Island deer hunting this season yielded a normal quota of heads and haunches. The youngest hunter to score a success was the fourteen-year-old son of Dr. Robinson, of Sayville, who had the luck and the nerve to bring down a big buck, and there was not a prouder and happier boy on Long Island. As illustrating the good fortune of some favored hunters, it is told that a bayman got one deer in the morning and a second one in the afternoon.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Can the Sea be Fished Out?

From the Nineteenth Century.

Is the harvest of the sea ever likely to be exhausted? This question has frequently been asked, especially since steam has so greatly increased man's power, not only of getting in the harvest, but of distributing it rapidly to places far away from the coasts. Steam has opened up fresh mines of fish food, and created fresh markets for it.

The London papers of the 6th of April last published a note to this effect:

EASTER FISH—A RECORD.

The fish supply sent from Grimsby on Wednesday for Easter surpasses all previous records, the supply of fresh cod and halibut being unprecedented. One railway alone, the Great Central, sent 331 trucks, made up into several special trains.

This was only a fraction of the supply sent to London, and London is only one of thousands of places to which supplies were sent and are sent continually. How long will the sea be able to supply this great demand is a question which directly or indirectly affects everybody, inasmuch as any increase or diminution of one kind of food must affect the price of other kinds.

Until very recently it has generally been supposed that, immense as is the amount of fish life existing in the sea, there is a certain maximum beyond which Nature cannot go, a certain balance on which man can draw which she places to his credit on certain banks, limited both in number and extent. To make an overdraft on Nature's fish supply has long been considered by many well qualified to judge as not only possible but probable; they say, and there has been hitherto little but conjecture to contradict them, that as compared with its extent the ocean is a desert, a Sahara with a few oases on which alone fish life is possible. Further, they say that these oases are not only limited in extent, but also in their capability for supporting fish life, and that they are at the mercy of man, because they are confined to the comparatively shallow waters near the coasts on which he lives.

That some kinds of sea fish, especially flat fish, can be practically exterminated in certain localities is proved by the fact that in many of the in-shore fisheries round our coasts it no longer pays to fish for them; and because

they have been destroyed and the fishermen have year by year to go farther afield, or rather afloat, in the pursuit of them, it has been argued, on the *ex pede Herculem* basis, that eventually the limit of the fishing grounds and of the supply of fish will be reached.

Not many years ago the lobster and crab fisheries on the East Anglian coasts were seriously threatened through over-fishing, and Sir Edward Birkbeck, to whom our sea fisheries generally owe so much for wise legislation in their interests, got an Act of Parliament passed for restricting and regulating the fishery. But what man does in the way of destroying a fishery is child's play as compared with Nature's work in that direction. Within the last year or two a countless octopus army has advanced along the northern coasts of France, and, for a time at any rate, absolutely destroyed the crab and lobster fisheries; lately we have heard of them on our own southwest coast. Some years ago the menhaden fishery of the South-Atlantic coast of the United States was almost destroyed by some submarine disturbance—for some time ships sailed through a sea of dead fish. But not all were destroyed, and Nature is refilling the void she had created.

Some years ago a strange thing was witnessed on the most northerly coast of Scotland. For days a vast army of emaciated codfish, helpless, exhausted, drifted past with the current; one could only conjecture the reason for this pitiful procession. Had the fish been driven away from their usual feeding-grounds by the attacks of dog-fish or sharks or other sea pirates, or were they simply poor neighbors crowded out?

Only of very recent years has the subject of marine biology* been studied on any systematized plan, and with any definite object; but now that the North Sea has been mapped out for observation by an International committee of biologists representing the nations interested in its fisheries, British, German, Dutch, Scandinavian, etc., it is certain that we shall learn many things we did not know, and have to unlearn many things which we thought we knew to be facts, but which have proved to be fallacies.

It would be difficult, for instance, to over-estimate the value of the discoveries made last summer by the Norwegian Marine Biological Expedition in the steamer Michael Sars, under the direction of Dr. Hjort, a most interesting account of which has recently been published by another Norwegian biologist, Dr. Knut Dahl. Dr. Dahl reminds us that as far back as history extends there have been accounts of great fluctuations in the results from the Norwegian fisheries. In the time of the sons of Eric, the people almost perished of starvation owing to a total failure of the fisheries; they even sold their weapons to get food. The fisheries of Norway have always been subject to uncertainty, one season bringing a glut of fish to the coasts and the next perhaps a dearth of them. But never have the fisheries been worked so systematically and extensively as in recent times, and never has the sea furnished such a large proportion of human food as at present, and never have the complaints that the sea would be fished out been so loud as of late.

It is curious that this cry of the fisheries being destroyed and the sea fished out should be loudest at a period when the sea is giving us far greater supplies of fish than ever man has had from it before. There must be some ground for this persistent protest which is heard—last year in England, this year in Germany or Scandinavia, and presently we shall hear it again here. It is like the warning we in this country hear from time to time of the possibility of war bringing famine to our shores in place of foreign-grown bread. Never were bread and meat and fish and food of all kinds so cheap and plentiful as at present.

According to Dr. Dahl the reason for the fear of exhaustion of the sea fisheries rests on incorrect theories, due chiefly to the results of scientific investigations of the last forty years. Much the most important result in connection with this subject was the discovery, during the present generation, that most of our sea-food fish produce an enormous number of eggs, several millions, and that these eggs after being laid ascend through the water, the milt of the male fish ascending with them and fertilizing them, and that they develop while floating just under the surface of the sea. When hatched the young fish is carried about for a time hither and thither by the currents until it comes near the coast, when it seeks the bottom, and gradually as it grows older wanders out into the depths. For this reason it was said that the young brood of the food-fishes was never to be met with elsewhere than in the immediate neighborhood of the coast, where the nets of the trawlers sweep it up and destroy it wholesale.

Remembering, then, on the one hand that the mother fish produced an endless number of eggs, and on the other that a great proportion of these eggs is swept by the currents so far from land that the delicate brood when hatched would have no chance of getting near any coast, it was supposed that Nature's object was that only a limited number of eggs should survive. The principle of reproduction must require these millions of eggs being spread over the surface of the sea—the greater part driven out into the sea to be destroyed, the smaller number which remained near the coasts to grow to be decimated by enemies and to suffice finally to replace their parents in the ordinary course of Nature.

The aim of Nature in this fish reproduction was only, it was supposed, to make good the loss, and this was so from the beginning. According to this view, there existed a fixed relation or proportion between the numbers of each species, and reproduction only sufficed to maintain the balance between them. So soon as a new factor appeared, causing increased diminution in the numbers of a species, then the balance would be destroyed and could not, without artificial help, be set right again.

The whole theory may be set out thus:

a is the stock of fish with its chances of reproduction.
b is the amount caught by man and the destroyed chances of reproduction of the fish caught.

But, as Dr. Dahl points out, if this view was correct,

* One of the most recent discoveries of Prof. Hensen, the German State marine biologist, is of bacteria which keep the sea fresh by attacking the surplus organic matter in it. Other researches in Plankton show that in some places the sea is a mass of liquid food, which fish and birds inhale, as it were. Even round the Arctic and Antarctic Poles this minute life exists in such a quantity as to permeate and color the seas.

the final result of abstracting *b* from *a* would long ago have been 0. "No, not yet; but it will come!" we are told. And in the meantime the fisheries exist, and have always existed, and never before were such quantities of fish caught as now.

The untenable nature of the theory referred to has led several investigators, as a result of their investigations into marine economics, to adopt widely different views and conclusions. In Great Britain Professor William C. McIntosh, the leading British marine biologist, has strongly supported the view that the resources of the sea are practically inexhaustible; and in Norway Dr. Hjort and Dr. Dahl are stout apostles of the more hopeful prospect as regards our sea-food supply, and have demonstrated that a dearth of fish in some waters arises from the brood being carried away from them by currents, but that the great mass of brood on the coasts, and the great multitudes of fish which periodically visit them, point to anything but to a general dearth of fish in the sea. They could not, it is true, until recently, give any direct proof of the riches of the sea, as a vessel and means for investigating the open sea were wanting; but last summer, in the newly built fishing steamer Michael Sars, they were able to carry out experiments in the Norwegian seas and the Skager Rack, and to make what, in the opinion of Dr. Dahl, belongs to the most important zoological discoveries of the nineteenth century, and which justifies the hope that we are within measurable distance of the solution of many vexed questions in connection with our fisheries.

An Undreamt-of Discovery.

Undoubtedly the most important result of Dr. Hjort's researches was that he found the brood (fry) of all our round food-fishes in immeasurable quantities, not dead, as it ought to be in theory, but alive, and spread over the whole Norwegian sea and the Skager Rack. No one had the least idea that this was the case. That the young of cod, haddock, coal-fish and whiting could live out in the open sea would have been considered impossible a year ago. It was thought that they were only to be found quite in-shore near the coasts, as that was the only place where they had been found.

Dr. Hjort's discovery shows that there are many million times more young fish in the sea than man had any idea of, and the theory that the young brood carried out to sea perished is proved to be a fable. Nature is shown in her true light, not as the unnatural step-mother destroying all but a favored few of the brood of our food-fishes, but as designing that as great a number as possible should come to maturity. We now know that the rearing grounds of the young fry are not restricted to certain limited areas near coasts, but extend to the open sea itself. We may well exclaim with Spenser—

Oh! what an endless work has he in hand
Who'd count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitful seed far passeth that on land,
And also theirs that roam in th' azure sky,
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So vast their numbers, and so numberless their nation.

In view of this discovery, as Dr. Dahl says, all former speculations as to the exhaustibility of our sea fish supply fall to the ground.

But it was not only fish brood or fry that Dr. Hjort found in his investigations of the North Sea. He made the further remarkable discovery that away out in the open sea, where it was several thousands of metres in depth, he found fish, as it were, in layers or ocean strata. Some required a line as long as the Monument to reach down to them, others were in still lower depths which would submerge St. Paul's and the Monument on top, and with many thousand feet of water below them. There, in these still and dark and hitherto supposed barren regions of the sea, he caught great cod and haddock and coal-fish, sometimes in quantities. The importance of this discovery is that it proves that not only fish brood, but mature fish, also, exist out in the ocean, and that what have been looked upon as typical "ground fish" and "local" sorts are to be found at other places, as well as near the coasts. Not of least significance is the finding of cod in the deep places of the sea, as in this discovery we have the key to solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he withdraws from the coasts. In the great cod fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland the fishermen find the fish at the commencement of the season in April in the shallow water near shore, and use lines of thirty or forty feet, increasing the depth as they find the fish receding, until they have to fish at over two hundred feet for them in December.

It was formerly supposed that the killing of a cod in roe meant the destruction of more than two million potential codfish. Now, as Dr. Dahl says, it merely looks like improving the life-chances of the progeny of another cod. Formerly it was considered that the fish production of the sea was a fixed quantity, which was being continually decreased by man's inroads on it. Now it would appear to be an organism on which the attacks of man can make no real impression. It seems probable, indeed, that in every second, every minute, and every day more fish is produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time.

Who knows? At any rate, the marine biological investigators of the new century need have no fear that the ocean will not continue at least to provide them food for reflection. The more success they have like the discovery which Dr. Dahl has described (which applies more or less to the whole of the seas of the world), the more will governments, and let us hope ours among them, be inclined to encourage and support their efforts by substantial "grants in aid." It is a disgrace to our nation, depending so entirely as we do upon the sea for our existence, that we do less than almost any nation to encourage and support our fisheries, both inland and sea.*

Apart from the question of national defence—for our fishing fleets afford the finest recruiting ground for our fighting fleet—no one who knows the benefits which the United States of America derive from the great National and State Fisheries Departments but must regret that the United Kingdom does practically nothing in this way

* A correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette at Antwerp, writing recently, says: "Few realize that eight millions sterling is extracted from the North Sea in fish, and fewer still, perhaps, that more than half this great sum is secured by England."

beyond providing a gunboat or two for police duty. I do not believe in "grandmotherly legislation," but in a wise national development of our natural resources; such a policy, in fact, as has placed America first among the nations.

R. B. MARSTON.

A Reminiscence of Willememoc Lake

Editor Forest and Stream:

In looking back over my troutng trips of thirty or forty years I am often reminded of some occurrences which after the lapse of many years strike me as rather comical, although I did not so regard them at the time—and I know of none more so than a trip I took about 1869.

At the request of a mutual friend I had invited the Rev. Dr. E——, a minister then living in Brooklyn, to join me in a two weeks' trip to the Rondout and Willememoc Lake, and we took our trip in the month of June.

We arrived at David B. Smith's on Saturday, and on Monday, leaving the rest of our party behind, we started for the lake, which was full of large trout. After traveling some twenty miles we dismissed our team, and with our packs on our backs followed a trail two miles to the lake where a man whom I had engaged was waiting to serve and care for us.

Our accommodations were ample, but quite crude; our shelter consisted of a shanty made from hemlock bark some ten feet long by eight feet deep, which was open to the west, but with a profusion of hemlock boughs for our bed and a large camp fire in front, we had a most charming home and spent a most delightful week.

On the way some one asked the Doctor if he would not preach on the next Sunday, but he declined on the ground that he was not well and needed absolute rest.

The Doctor had brought with him a copy of the Bampton Lectures just issued, which I tried to master, but I soon found myself suffering from an acute attack of the theological dyspepsia, and resigned the book to him.

On Sunday morning the Doctor, after an early breakfast, was quietly resting in our shanty with his Bampton Lectures in his hand, while our man of all work had gone off to look for a bee tree, when I heard a man on horseback coming around the edge of the lake.

Presently he drew up in front of us, and after hitching his horse, said to the Doctor: "I have come for you according to your agreement to preach for us to-day."

"I have made no agreement to preach to-day."

"But the people in the neighborhood all understand that you will."

"How far from here is the church?"

"About two miles, and when I left, about eight o'clock this morning, the people were all flocking to it."

"But how could I get there?"

"You could ride my horse."

"But your horse is very small, and then you have no saddle, and I weigh 250 pounds."

"But there is a sheepskin on his back; I think the horse could stand it if you could."

"I am very sorry to decline to go, but if I should do so it might cost me my health, perhaps my life."

Just then the man remarked that he must go to the spring behind the shanty for a drink, as he was very dry, and on coming back said to the Doctor that after thinking the matter over he felt that he was right, and that he would hurry back and scatter the people who were coming to hear him—and in a few minutes he had disappeared in the woods.

After the man had gone the Doctor said: "It is very strange that anyone should expect me to preach to-day." To which I replied:

"No one has expected you to preach."

"But he said that the people were flocking to the church when he left."

"Do you think the people would flock to a church at 8 o'clock for 11 o'clock services?"

"Where is this church?"

"There is no church within six or eight miles."

"But how about his neighbors?"

"He has no neighbors. He lives in the woods and the nearest resident is fully a mile away."

"Do you mean to say that this man was guilty of willful peravication?"

"It is all a lie, Doctor—all a lie."

"What did he come out for, then?"

"Simply for a drink of whiskey, that was all—I met him at the spring."

J. S. V. C.

POUNCEPSE, N. Y., Nov. 12.

More About the Lake Trout.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In the last paragraph of an article in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 9, page 370, in defining the distribution of "The Lake Trout," you include "Henry Lake, Idaho." This is an error, as the lake trout does not exist in Henry's Lake, nor elsewhere in Idaho, so far as known; neither does Bulletin 16 or 47, United States National Museum, include Idaho as its habitat, but both mention Montana, which is correct. I am aware that in one of the Bulletins of the United States Fish Commission, though I cannot put my finger on it at this writing, the lake trout is said to inhabit Henry's Lake, Idaho. The error occurred in this way: A number of years ago Mr. J. Sherwood and Mr. Sawtelle, of Henry's Lake, took some trout in Elk Lake, Montana, twenty miles distant, and on the other side of the Continental Divide, which were new to them. They sent some specimens to the Smithsonian Institution for identification, and which were pronounced lake or Mackinaw trout (*S. namaycush*). I presume the gentlemen referred to did not specify the waters from which they were taken, and the presumption was that they came from the postoffice from which they were forwarded—Henry's Lake, Idaho. I am quite familiar with both lakes, as we have auxiliary stations for collecting eggs near each of them. I have seen fine specimens of the Lake Trout from Elk Lake, which also contains grayling, but neither species inhabits Henry's Lake, which is, moreover, quite shallow, while Elk Lake is a very deep mountain lake.

JAMES A. HENSHALL,

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Wisconsin Twenty Pounds Law.

Relative to an item in last week's FOREST AND STREAM, stating that wardens have in some instances made what seemed to be unwarranted seizures of fish belonging to Chicago anglers en route through Milwaukee, Mr. T. A. Buckstaff, of Oshkosh, Wis., has the following to say, which is worth the attention of all Chicago anglers who have been subjected to what they considered impositions or injustice at the hands of Wisconsin wardens:

"I was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature in '95, and was responsible for putting into the law the 'twenty pounds or two fish' clause. I was very much interested in protecting our waters from net fishing and one way to do it was to prohibit the shipping of fish out of the State. The bill was first drawn to limit the shipments to twenty pounds, but a letter from a keeper of a fishing resort in the northern part of the State led me to add the 'two fish' clause. He wrote: 'Non-residents often catch several muscullunge that weigh 25 to 35 pounds each, and, of course, are anxious to take them home. It costs them about two dollars for every pound of such fish they catch, and we get the two dollars.'

"If such shipments of two fish are being seized by our State wardens they misinterpret the intention of the law."

"GEO. A. BUCKSTAFF."

How to Use Fly Dope.

Dr. Herbert Kent Porter has made one of those little discoveries which every fellow would have made for himself in just about fifteen minutes more. He describes it as below, and his tip is worth remembering.

"Concerning fly dope, that I believe you recommended in FOREST AND STREAM a goodly number of moons back. I have hit on a scheme that adds to its efficiency and convenience—a scheme so simple that I wonder at my having so long used the usual wasteful and clumsy method of bathing in it. I think a great deal of my dope, but am ready to confess that it is not the most satisfactory toilet lotion. I find that by carrying my immediate supply in a bicycle screw-top oil can I can easily add a fresh coating whenever needed, and it is about bug proof when fresh. It also cuts down my supply necessary for trips about three-fourths. Perhaps you can help some of the blundering 'outer.' But I think the trick must have occurred to hundreds before, it is so simple and self-evident."

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Sawdust in the Tobique and Maine Streams.

FROM time to time comments from sportsmen have appeared in your journal relative to the throwing of sawdust into salmon and trout streams, and I was surprised to find on a trip through Maine and New Brunswick, this year, such notorious violations of the law in this respect, particularly at Plaster Rock, on the Tobique River, where there is a sawmill, and along some of the smaller streams emptying into the St. John River. Also along some of the streams in Maine sawdust was noticed floating on the water. It is a wonder that the Tobique Salmon Club does not make a vigorous protest against the state of affairs at Plaster Rock.

CAMPER OUT.

Rhode Island Trout Distribution.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 17.—The close season on lobsters went into effect on Friday last, and from Nov. 15 until April 15, the breeding season, it is a violation of the law to catch, sell, eat or even have in one's possession any lobsters. The effect of the law is to take them out of the market entirely between those dates.

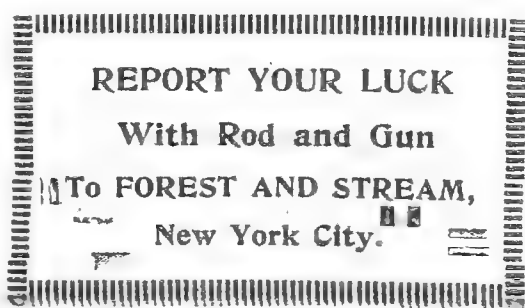
During the season just past, Fish Commissioner William H. Boardman has distributed more than 5,000 young trout in brooks where it was deemed best in various parts of the outlying districts. He has now another thousand to distribute, and if any person knows of any brook where they are wanted, Mr. Boardman will be pleased to accede to his wishes in the distribution.

W. H. M.

Free Fishing in New Jersey.

SUSSEX COUNTY, N. J., voted the other day, and sustained by a majority of 1,000 the Roe bill to make possible access by the public, for fishing purposes, to the following lakes situate in Sussex county: Swartswood, area, 505 acres; Culver's Lake, 486 acres; Long Pond (Owassa), 209; Puder's, 117; Losee, 137; Morris Lake, 136; Reservoirs, Stanhope, 339; Cranberry, 154; Wawayanda, 240.

"In the early days a British admiral by the name of Coffin, who was born in Nantucket, in returning to America told a fellow voyager that when he got to Nantucket he would show him lobsters a yard long. Well, the admiral's friend questioned it, and they made a wager. When they reached Nantucket he could not produce any lobsters of the required length, so he furnishes himself with affidavits made by many fishermen that when they and the admiral were boys the lobsters in Nantucket were a yard long, and on the faith of those affidavits the admiral claimed the bet. Naturally it had to be referred to arbitration, and the verdict of the arbitrators was, 'Affidavits are not lobsters.'—A New York Campaign Story.



The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Nov. 27-30.—Philadelphia, Pa.—Philadelphia Dog Show Association's third annual show.
Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Nov. 20.—Manor, L. I.—Pointer Club of America's annual field trials. R. E. Westlake, Sec'y.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—Eastern Field Trial Club's twenty-third annual trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 25.—Paris, Mo.—Missouri Field Trial Association's fifth annual trials. L. S. Eddins, Sec'y.

Nov. —.—Paris, Mo.—Interstate Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials follow M. F. T. A. trials.

Dec. 2.—Glasgow, Mo.—Western Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. C. W. Buttles, Sec'y.

Dec. 4-7.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.

Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

For Dog Protection.

Mr. W. G. L. Tucker, former Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Dogs, is now engaged in business in Duluth, Minn., and is already energetically engaged in promoting the welfare and advancement of man's best friend by taking the initiative in forming a new society. On this point the News-Tribune, of Duluth, states that "The object of the proposed society is the protection of dogs and the fostering of an interest in their breeding, by an annual bench show to be held alternately at Duluth and West Superior, and Mr. Tucker thinks the organization ought to be a success. Mr. Tucker said:

"The object of the projected society is primarily protection for dog owners. In this State dogs are personal property, and taxed as such. But if a dog is stolen the police make no particular effort to find the thief, and the matter is regarded a good deal in the light of a joke. With all other property it is different. If thieves take a horse valued at \$10 they are hunted down and generally get a term in prison. A dog may be five times as valuable, but people seem to think that it is no crime to steal him.

"The society should give no reward for the return of the dog, but should offer a reward for the detection of the thief or person concealing the stolen animal. This policy was found most satisfactory by the old society.

"With such a society in working condition it is next to impossible to steal a dog, and keep him concealed. The dog diagram, first used by the old society, when intelligently employed, is an almost certain tracer. The markings on the stolen dog are inserted in the diagram sent broadcast to the members of the society and the police, who are thus furnished with a picture of the animal. This, together with the name he responds to and his height and weight, make identification very easy. In the formation of such an organization one of the principal things is to secure a good attorney as a member, one who will prosecute dog thieves to the full limit of the law. There are no doubt many such lawyers in this city and Superior, men who love a rod and a gun, and admire a good dog, who will employ their best efforts for the animal's protection.

"Along with the annual bench show there might be annual field trials, but this is a detail which can be discussed later. The society should be distinctly social in its scope and no profit whatever should be derived from it. The meetings would bring together a large number of gentlemen, lovers of animals and outdoor life, and at each meeting the good and bad points of a given breed of dogs could be discussed. This would result in great improvement of the canine pets in the two cities.

"I hope to see the organization successfully formed, as I believe it is a good deal of a necessity, and will be of great benefit to dog owners in Duluth and Superior."

Points and Flushes.

The second annual event of the Pointer Club of America, held at Manor, L. I., last week, produced something sensational in the way of a winner, the latter described as a "yellow unknown," owned by Mr. F. E. Norton, of Patchogue, L. I. Mr. W. Ferguson's Frederica won second, Mr. C. Carter's Fred C. won third. It was stated that the contestants were all anxious to learn the winner's pedigree, with a view to obtaining some of his kin, but they may overlook the fact that good field performance is largely the result of actual field work, in which the matter of pedigree may have but incidental value.

The winners at the trials of the Ohio Field Trials Club, whose trials were held at Washington Court House, Ohio, are as follows: Members' Derby—1st, H. L. Brown's Jingo Osceola; 2d, C. W. Tway's Count Oakley; 3d, F. R. Murphy's Czar; 4th, W. H. Stambough's Mr. Jim. Members' All Age Stake—1st, C. W. Tway's Rip Tick; 2d, C. B. Wolfe's Queen Mab; 3d, H. L. Brown's Duchess of Honor Bright; 4th, Dr. D. W. Boone's Paul Boone. Open Derby—1st, H. J. Hoover's Mars Ben; 2d, Stockdale Kennels' Cuba, Jr.; 3d, O'Connell & Erwin's Col. Spot; 4th, Mendina Co. Kennels' Miss Wickliffe. Open All Age Stake—1st, C. B. Wolfe's Queen Mab; 2d, W. H. Dillman's Glen of Noble; 3d, C. W. Tway's Rip Tick; 4th, equal, L. Stuchmer's Count Whitestone and J. A. Morton's King Cyranos.

The Michigan Field Trial Club's trials, held on Nov. 5, resulted as follows: Derby—1st, C. M. Greenway's setter Count Holmes; 2d, Reynold & Perkins' setter Korin Noble; 3d, L. Hilsendegen's Little Cassino. All Age Stake—1st, Clugstone & Monroe's setter King B.; 2d, C. E. Sisson's Petrel's Count; 3d, divided, F. Holmes' Honest Monk and Clugstone & Monroe's Tony's Count.

A correspondent writes, says the London Field, that he has been aware that dogs dread the dark, ever since his

early days when, as a member of the committee of a certain dog show, his share in the management consisted in sitting up at night to see that the ordinary watchman did not slumber at his post. There were dogs which seemed to be able to slip their collars at will, including a great black and white Newfoundland, a savage brute under ordinary circumstances, which ought not to have been allowed unmuzzled. Time after time he got loose from his bench, invariably making his way quietly and fearfully to the small office in which watch was kept, attracted by the dim light. He whined outside for human company, and when this was obtained, the whilom ferocious beast became as quiet and as kindly as any pet lamb. The same correspondent goes on to say that he finds our London fogs, of which we are having such sad experience, seem to be detested by the dogs as much as darkness. Hardly one is seen about where the fog hangs thickly, and the two or three he keeps at home are disinclined to leave their comforts for the murkiness of the streets. We have noticed the same thing, and in our suburban quarters have not, during the prevailing period of typical November weather in town, been disturbed by the yelping and whining of the neighbors' terriers, nor the conflicts between Great Danes and collies, which are, under ordinary circumstances, of daily occurrence in our streets. Still, after all we could put up with the troublesome dogs if the unhealthy fogs would depart.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXIX.

BY F. R. WEBB.

THE river swept in a majestic curve around to the left. The valley closed in, and became a defile, and the defile became a gorge as the river ate its way down into the depths to join the Potomac, but a few miles below. A mile below Watson's Falls lie the Brick Mill Falls, the intervening reach being a conglomeration of reefs and swift water, only less difficult to navigate than the falls themselves, and requiring nerve and skill to avoid shipwreck. The boat channel, which formerly led along the left bank from lock to lock, is now, for the most part, abandoned and filled up, consequently we were unable to make any use of it, and had to take our chances in the open river.

The long, low, straggling mill dam, just above the falls, was finally reached, and was easily portaged by sliding our canoes over it; Lacy even made the trip without getting out of his canoe, and the head of the falls was reached. The river swings around sharply to the left, and a great reef extends across in line with the left bank, after the manner of many of the mill dams above.

The absolute chaos of rocks, reefs and islands here was confounding. In a word, the river simply disappeared from sight in a wilderness of rocks and bushes. Where it went to we could form no idea. We were bewildered, confused, and had apparently reached the end of it. That it went somewhere the swift, strong volume of water, steadily moving into the labyrinth with undiminished force, and the heavy, pervading roar of falling water gave ample evidence, and warned us to beware how we approached too near in our frail, canvas craft. The massive ledge was worn into fissures and crevices innumerable, through which the chafed and fretted waters made their way, and between which what remained of the ledge stood up in masses of stone of every conceivable variety of shape and size, fantastic beyond description. We had no idea—no conception—that solid rock could be worn into such a variety of shapes by the action of water.

The ever-present tough, hardy bushes—their roots gripping the barren rocks with a tenacious grasp—clothed and subdued everything in a mantle of living green the while they rendered the confusion and chaos the greater.



"Lacy and I made it without touching."

"Great Scott!" cried Lacy, as we paused in utter bewilderment as to where to go next, "I wish I was up a tree, or on top of a mountain, so I could look down and see what has become of the imprecated river."

"Well, we've got to go somewhere," said George, paddling desperately out above the wilderness. "Let's get out and take a look at it somehow or other."

We followed him, but the strong flow of the current down into the unknown labyrinth warned us not to be too brash, so we let our boats drift down upon a low, rocky island, which lay at the head of the ledge near the left side, and seemed to extend down over it, upon which we made a landing to take an observation, if possible.

"I'll tell you what," said George, taking a turn of his painter around the gnarled and twisted stem of a tough little bush at his feet as he spoke. "I'll tell you what. Suppose we shoot that channel there," pointing to a heavy volume of water, which shot around the head of the island-between us and the left bank, and, pitching sharply over the ledge, turned to the right, and, with undiminished

force, disappeared from sight among the shaggy, little islets a short distance below. "Look sharp for those rocks, there in the elbow of the bend; bring the canoes round to the right of them and then—"

"It will be hard to do," ventured Lacy, "and I don't know where we'll bring up when we do it."

"Yes, it's hard to do," George admitted, as he plucked a bunch of leaves from the bushes at his feet and chewed at the tough stems meditatively, "but it's all we've got to do, as far as I can see, and it must be done or there's liable to be a capsize or a smash. Well, we'll land on that point of rocks there to the left, 50 yds. below, at the end of the shoot, or what we can see of it, and see what to do next."

There appeared to be nothing any more feasible in sight, so, after re-embarking and back paddling a little distance up into the clear, swift water above, to get well in line with the shoot, we essayed it, George first, I next and Lacy last. The run was successfully accomplished at the expense of a few severe thumps all round on the dangerous rocks before mentioned, which were located exactly where they were hardest to dodge, and where they were calculated to get in their work to the best advantage, and the shipping of a few gallons of water apiece from the big waves as our canoes careened heavily on the rocks.

After landing on the high rocks indicated from above, we found ourselves below the first pitch of the ledge, and in position where we could get a partial view up the falls above. The water comes down over the ledge, not in a long, steady, sloping rapid like Watson's Falls, but in a literal cataract, some 6 or 8 ft. in height. The fall was not a smooth, mill-dam-like pitch, but a series of irregular, little, brook-like cascades, through channels and crevices among the huge masses of rock, which completely filled



"My canoe was seized by the remorseless rush and whirled away."

the river bed, so that no open water was visible above, and it looked as though one might step across from rock to rock, although in reality some of the channels were 20 or 30 ft. wide. All, of course, was impassable for any kind of boat.

From our new point of view numerous islands filled the river above and below, but a tolerably broad stream, formed by the union of numerous small streams and chutes over the falls, led away below. The channel down which we had just arrived led around the lower end of the rocky islands above and debouched into this main channel at a right angle. A huge ledge obstructed the exit into this channel, over which the water plunged in a foaming sheet, too shallow to admit of our shooting it.

"Now," said George, as he picked up his paddle from the bushes, where he had carelessly thrown it on landing, "we'll portage this ledge and make that point of rock there, on the left, where the channel seems to turn around it, and land and reconnoitre again."

"We can shoot it over at the right-hand end, beyond that mass of rocks, there," said Lacy, as he clambered down off the rocks and into his canoe.

"All right, go ahead," said George; "I don't think it worth the trouble, myself."

The shoot was rough, but deep, and Lacy and I made it without touching, while George, from his position on the rocks, drifted his canoe over the ledge by maneuvering her with her bow and stern painters, and we shot swiftly down to the rock indicated.

From our new point of observation the open channel, broadening as it went, led straight away for a quarter of a mile, until it finally rippled out into the smooth, open river below, whose lake-like expanse, with the little ripples sparkling in the sun, as it was caressed by the breeze, smiled tantalizingly at us, as we hung up on the rocks but half-way to its smooth haven, for, while we were below the falls, this channel was a rapid, so rock and reef ribbed that it was out of the question to attempt to run it; although close around its right side, or along the left side of the long, tree-clothed island, in midstream, which extended from above the falls to the still water at the foot of the rapid, a tolerably practicable shoot seemed to present itself.

"Ah, here we are!" I exclaimed in delight, as I hastily scrambled down into my boat again, as, having surveyed this rough, unpromising channel, my eye, in swinging across to the left side, upon which we stood, rested upon a sharp, little rapid which swung around to the left at our feet, swinging around the head of an island just below us, while, at the point where it was lost to sight, embowered among the trees and bushes on the mainland on the left, could be discerned the massive stone walls of an old lock, from whose open portals a swift, little stream of water shot out, and mingled with the stream below. "There's the boat channel again! We'll shoot this rapid and then we'll be in it, and I'll wager a beer to a biscuit we'll reach the mill without further trouble."

This view was, of course, shared by the other two, and, hastily re-embarking, we pushed out into the current and shot swiftly over the head of the rapid, and danced merrily down its rough slope.

As we passed the old, disused lock and straightened out around the bend, we saw that my prognostication was correct. We were in a swift, clear, little channel, over-arched with big trees on each side, which led straight

away for a quarter of a mile, at the end of which loomed up the walls of the brick mill on the left bank of the river, which we knew to be at the foot of the rapids below the falls, and, in a few minutes more, we made a landing on a sandy, shady beach below the mill, and sponged the water out of our canoes, where we were speedily surrounded by a little crowd of employees and idlers from around the mill, who listened with interest to our story, told while we were eating our noonday lunch.

After lunch I lit a cigar and wandered up to the mill—a large, brick structure—and took a look at it, and at the thrifty, little hamlet surrounding it, after which I crossed the race on the logs spanning the forebay, and strolled along up its shady banks a few hundred yards, until I came to the old lock before mentioned. It was substantially built, with stone walls, and, although out of use for years and years, could have easily been put in good repair again by the construction of a pair of lower gates, the upper gates still remaining intact and in good condition. It led from the race—into which the boat channel evidently debouched somewhere up above the dam—into the river below, and was some 15 or 18 ft. deep. Returning to the mill, I passed through its lower floor. A horizontal line on its whitewashed brick walls up near the ceiling of the first floor was pointed out to me as the high-water mark of the great flood of 1870; the high-water marks of ordinary years do not come nearer the mill than to wash its basement walls.

"Boys, I've got an idea!" I exclaimed, as I rejoined the party, and seated myself on my camp stool.

"You surprise me," Lacy responded, looking up abstractedly from his book, and utilizing the interruption by knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the heel of his shoe, and replacing the pipe in his pocket.

"Get it out quick!" exclaimed George. "It might expand if you keep it too long, and do you some damage in your thinking fixings."

"That's all right," I responded, lighting a fresh cigar from the stump of the old one. "I have them frequently, and never experience any ill effects from them. It is this," as the stump of my old cigar fell hissing in the water, while a tiny curl of steam hovered over the little ripple, where it floated. "The next time we come down over those falls just above there, we won't do it; we'll come down the mill race from above the dam until we reach the mill, and then carry the canoes down the bank just above the mill, into the river again. It's infinitely easier, and there's no sport in running the falls, and I, for one, have been cruising too long to care for working through such places just for the glory of it."

"Right you are, Roderick!" exclaimed Lacy.

"That's not a bad idea," said George. "When and where did it strike you?"

"While I was looking around up above there," I responded. "The mill hands told me the flatboats used to come down the race to the lock just above the mill, and the race is perfectly free and open from the dam clear down to the mill."

"How far is it?" asked Lacy.

"A half or three-quarters of a mile," I replied, "every foot of which is difficult and dangerous in the river."

"It is that," assented George. "Now, just to give you some idea of the fall of the river in this distance, you can see by the overflow from the race there that it is some 15 or 20 ft."

"Yes, and there is a good, stiff current all the way down the race, too," I answered, as I picked up the mess chest and replaced it in my canoe. "I was told at the mill that the fall of the river, from the old stone factory at the head of Watson's Falls to this mill here, about a mile and a half, is 37 ft.," as I finished my repacking and closed and fastened my hatches.

"It isn't but four or five miles to Harper's Ferry," said Lacy, as he laid his book aside, and settled himself comfortably back on his mattress, "and it's only a little after 1 o'clock, now; what's the matter with lying by here a couple of hours or so and taking a comfortable siesta? We've had a hard morning's work, and I'm tired, and there's no occasion for our rushing off so hurriedly."

"It won't do," said George, decisively, as he also set



"She was seized by the big surges and buffeted violently right and left."

about his repacking and other preparations for departure. "The distance is not great, but you've got the biggest afternoon's job cut out for you you've had yet on this cruise to get to Harper's Ferry this evening."

"All right," said Lacy, as he picked up his book and reluctantly rose from his mattress. "Just as you say, but it certainly seems to me there's plenty of time."

The river flowed broad, still and deep, a quarter of a mile wide or thereabouts, for two or three miles—a noble, majestic stream, in whose mirror-like surface the mountains, as they crowded in around us on every side and reared their great, green shoulders in stately confusion from the river, were faithfully reflected, their outlines broken in curious, quivering distortions by the long, gentle furrows that led away in wavering, V-shaped lines from the bows of our canoes.

As we rounded a stately bend to the right, we noted the tracks of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad winding

down out of a little chasm-like ravine in the mountains at our left, out of whose depths a little stream came brawling and foaming down into the river. The road, like the brook, seemed glad to join the river, and glided smoothly along the left bank in company with the stream down the gorge.

A familiar scream saluted our ears as we entered this reach—the first of the kind we had heard for some days—and a passenger train came spinning up the incline, and, with much bell-ringing, whistling of air brakes and hissing of steam, came to a stand at the little station opposite. Our graceful, little fleet, floating idly in the placid river off the station, and in full view of the train, attracted considerable attention and much waving of handkerchiefs from the passengers, one of whom was seen to rush out on the rear platform and energetically wave his handkerchief at us until, with a few sharp coughs and considerable slipping of drivers on the steep, up-hill track, the train got under way again and disappeared up the ravine. "Some Staunton man who recognizes us, probably," said Lacy, replacing his helmet on his head, after vigorously returning the friendly demonstrations.

"Yes, or possibly some traveling canoeist, who recognizes the kindred spirits in us," I answered.

The broad, still reach ended in a heavy rapid, or fall, so full of reefs that it looked from above, as we approached it, as though the river ended then and there. There is a good boat channel, clear, but very rough and swift, leading down, close along the railroad, down which we swiftly shot, and we were soon below the rapid, and in the short, smooth stretch just above Bull's Falls.

"I think we'd better all go ashore here and examine the falls," said George, beaching his boat on a broad, flat rock as he spoke.

"Yes," I replied, as I landed and stepped out on the rock alongside of him. "We'd better all take a good look at this place, and the rapids below as well, for they are fully as bad as the falls and in some respects worse."

We accordingly climbed the high, perpendicular stone wall upon which the railroad is sustained, and walked down the river on a tour of investigation.

Bull's Falls consists of a massive stone ledge, some 6 or 8 ft. high, extending diagonally across and down the river, from the right bank to the left, upon which we now stood. The water pours in foaming masses through gaps and crevices in its surface, rounded and worn smooth by the floods and storms of ages, while for a quarter of a mile below the river rolls and tumbles in a furious rapid, almost as rough as the falls. Close up under the railroad wall, a narrow, little canal, some 30 or 40 ft. long, leads around the end of the falls, from which it is separated by a long, narrow, tree-clothed island. The descent, of course, is equal to that of the more perpendicular falls outside, and the water rolls and pitches down this narrow, little incline with irresistible violence, while the foam-crested surges pitch and toss from side to side in a manner very threatening to the equilibrium of such delicate craft as ours.

The mountains closed in on either side, rearing their almost perpendicular, rock-ribbed sides sheer from the water, far up toward the light, fleecy clouds overhead, until the cañon became a mere defile, along the bottom of which the river chafed and fretted its way, while far away, at the end of the long, down-hill vista, the perpendicular cliffs and ledges of Maryland Heights, on the other side of the Potomac, closed squarely across the prospect, and the houses and spires of Harper's Ferry were faintly visible, looking like little, white, pasteboard boxes, scattered around here and there over the giant mountain flanks.

At the bottom of the defile the river turned and twisted and rolled and tumbled, as it worked its way, far down at the rock-ribbed bases of the mountains, on its way down to the level of the Potomac.

"The shoot's all right," said George, as we reached the foot of the rapid below the falls and turned to retrace our steps, "and the rapids are all right."

"Yes, but both are horribly rough," replied Lacy, "particularly the shoot."

"We can run it safely enough," I answered, "and the rapids also."

"Oh! yes," he replied, "there's no question of our making the run safely enough."

"Now," said I, as we paused a little, to take a final look about us, "I move that we run the shoot and then the rapid, and then pause here, in this little basin above that fish dam, just below there, and then take another survey, and see what's ahead of us before going on."

"I think that will be best," said George, as we walked back up along the railroad toward our canoes. "This gorge is not to be run carelessly without investigation."

"That it is not," I responded.

"Now you fellows wait a little," said George, as we again stood on the wall above the foaming boat shoot around the falls, "and let me go up and get my canoe and drop down to that still water just above the falls. I'll land there and work down along the rocks at the water's edge, and get a position on that broad, flat rock, there, just below the head of the shoot, and take you with the kodak as you go down."

No one objecting to this reasonable and thoughtful proposition, George departed, and was soon in position on the rock indicated.

"I tell you it's rough," he shouted up at us, as we still stood on the wall above, looking down at him, "but it's clear of rocks, and can be safely run. Come ahead, one at a time, and close your hatches tightly."

Lacy and I returned to our canoes and clambered down the wall and re-embarked, and pushed out into the still water, setting strongly down toward the falls. He went first, while I, after reaching a good position where I could see him go down the shoot, held my canoe stationary by back paddling, to see him go.

With a friendly shout to George he entered the canal and dropped over the verge of the fall. As I watched I noted him drop down in a series of little jerks or plunges; first his canoe disappeared; next only his head and shoulders were visible; finally, with a lunge, in which I got a fleeting glimpse of the uplifted stern of his canoe, he disappeared entirely from view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25 ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4 ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5 ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4 in. = 1 ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No top-sail will be carried.

A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than February 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound.

AN adjourned meeting of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound was held on Friday, Nov. 15, at the Hotel Manhattan, New York city. A committee which had been appointed by the Association to confer with the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs regarding some modifications that might be made in the new measurement rule that was under consideration for adoption by the Association, reported at this meeting. It was found that the rule was perfectly satisfactory to both the Larchmont and Seawanhaka Corinthian yacht clubs, and they did not see their way clear to make any modifications.

After some discussion the rule was unanimously adopted by the different clubs belonging to the Association. The rule we reprint for the benefit of those who are not familiar with it:

$$\frac{1}{2} L.W.L. + \frac{1}{2} \sqrt{S.A.} + L = R.L.$$

i. i.

The quantity L is to be obtained in the following way: B is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length from forward end.

B' is breadth of load waterline plane at 1/8 of its length after end.

B'' is breadth (greatest) of LW plane.

C is any excess of (B + B') over B''.

D is draft at MS + 2-5 of any greater draft aft, and all of any greater draft forward.

E is any excess of (B'' + D) over 3 1-3 \sqrt{MS} submerged.

C + E = L.

The rest of the rule as modified reads:

Any yacht launched before Jan. 1, 1902, whose measurements are made under the rule of the previous year, brought her within the limits of a class, shall continue to be eligible to race in such class, although when meas-

ured under the rule of 1902 she may exceed the limits of such class, or may fall below it, and all such yachts shall be rated for time allowance at their actual measurements under the rule of 1902. All such yachts may be entered and raced during the season of 1902 under their measurements made under the rules in force in 1901, or under the rules of 1902, at the option of the owners.

Yachts launched after Jan. 1, 1902, shall not be entitled to time allowance except from yachts launched prior to that date whose measurements may exceed the class limit. Yachts launched after Jan. 1, 1902, shall allow time to smaller vessels launched before the date named.

Western Yachts.

Both Want the Fourth.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 15.—The Columbia Yacht Club and Chicago Yacht Club have rather fallen afoul of each other in the matter of the date of July 4. This is the date which was formerly accepted as the annual regatta day of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association. It has been held by the Columbia Yacht Club for its annual regatta for the last two years, and the latter claims that since it has invited Sir Thomas Lipton to be present at the regatta July 4, 1902, it cannot now surrender this date. Chicago Yacht Club asked for this date at the annual meeting of the Lake Michigan Yachting Association at the Briggs House this week. No conclusion was reached, but it is to be hoped that the matter will be amicably settled between now and the date of the next meeting, Dec. 9.

Chicago Yacht Club is in a highly flourishing condition and thinks of increasing its membership to 500 instead of 400. The dissolution of the injunction which so long forbade the building of the club house has had a very salutary effect upon the club's affairs. Several new boats are planned for next year, and all in all the club seems to be on the best footing it has ever known since its beginning. It is probable that the anchorage for the boats of the Chicago Yacht Club will be moved to the southward next spring, and that the present anchorage will fall to the use of Columbia Yacht Club. There were something like seventy yachts in Chicago harbor last summer, and the number will be largely increased next season. The new club house of Chicago Yacht Club is now being rushed on in an attempt to finish it before extremely cold weather sets in.

E. H.

A New Marine Turbine.

IN a recent issue of the Scientific American there appeared the following interesting account of a steam turbine that was designed by Colonel John Jacob Astor. It is expected that the new turbine will be an improvement over the famous Parsons engine with which the greatest speeds have been made:

"The Astor turbine is distinguished broadly from the best known existing forms by the fact that it has no stationary parts other than the journals and foundation frames which carry it, the casing of the turbine revolving as well as the shaft, but in an opposite direction. The general construction of the motor consists of an interior shaft which extends from the forward journal through to the rear propeller. Upon this shaft is formed a series of spiral blades, which have a steady increase in diameter from the forward or admission end of the turbine to the rear or exhaust end. The shaft and blades rotate within a flaring, funnel-shaped casing, around the inner surface of which is formed another series of spiral blades, also of increasing diameter, whose twist is in the opposite direction to that of the blades on the shaft, the two sets of blades or vanes being respectively right and left handed. The tubular casing is drawn down at the exhaust end to form a hollow shaft, which incloses the central shaft, and extends through the deadwood and the sternpost. The propellers are right and left handed to match the direction of the blades of the respective shafts to which they are keyed, the two propellers thus rotating in opposite directions.

"The casing increases in diameter at the proper rate to secure an even rate of expansion of the steam, which is conducted from the exhaust through a length of piping formed in the keel of the launch, the keel thus being made to serve the purpose of a condenser. The condensed steam collects in a well from which it is drawn by the boiler feed pump. Steam is admitted to the forward end of the turbine, and, striking on the two sets of blades, the shaft is rotated to the right and the outer movable casing to the left, the respective propellers being, of course, driven in corresponding directions."

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has been commissioned by Mr. Wilbur C. Fisk, of New York city to make plans for the alterations to the sloop yacht Annie, changing her from sloop to yawl rig, lengthening her eight feet and installing a gasoline motor. Mr. Nock has also gotten out plans for a 30 ft. half-cabin launch for Mr. W. E. Pearson. Mr. Nock has recently made the following sales: The sloop yacht Tally-Ho for Mr. Edward G. Anderson, of Providence, R. I., to Mr. Ulric Dahlgren, of Princeton, N. J.; the launch Sitka for Mr. F. A. Bayer, of Newport, R. I., to Mr. E. J. Mills, of Boston; the 40 ft. launch Spray for Mr. E. W. Coon, of Westerly, R. I., to Mr. John E. Beebe, of Mamaroneck, N. Y.

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The Electric Launch Company, of Bayonne, N. J., have made numerous improvements in their plant. A marine railway has been built and when the new cradle is completed boats up to 200 tons and 10 ft. draft can be hauled out. This firm is now building a 50 ft. launch for Mr. J. D. Johnson. The boat will have two pole masts and will be schooner rigged. She will have a clipper bow and an overhanging stern. A 16 horse-power Globe motor will furnish the motive power. The following yachts are either hauled out or lying in the basin at the Electric Launch Company's works: Yawls, Alcatorda, Kittie and Jester; sloops, Desiree, Annie and Wahneta; raceabouts, Ora and Alice; catboats, Fugitive, Drift, and Arab. In addition to this list there are a number of launches in winter quarters from 50 ft. waterline down,

Alcatorda.

THE auxiliary yawl Alcatorda, the plans of which boat appear in this issue, was the first sailboat built by the Electric Launch Co., of Bayonne, N. J. She was designed by Mr. Charles G. Davis, the designer for the company, for Messrs. Eugene and E. D. Lentilhon, of New York city.

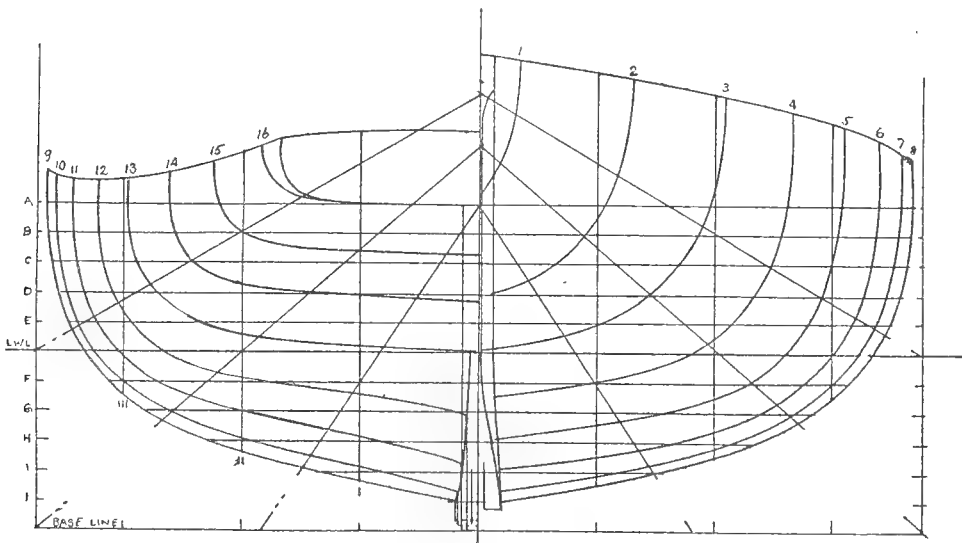
After a season's constant use the owners speak most highly of the boat, as she has proved fast and able under all conditions of wind and weather. Alcatorda won the only race she was entered in, which was one of the regattas held by the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bayshore, L. I. The rest of the time she has been used for cruising between New York and Newport, R. I. Her best point of sailing is to windward in a strong breeze of wind, and under such conditions outpoints and outfoots other boats of her size.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—	
Over all	55ft.
L.W.L.	35ft.
Beam—Extreme	15ft.
Draft—Board up	3ft.
Freeboard—	
Least	3ft.
Bow	5ft. 1in.
Taffrail	3ft. 9in.
Overhang—	
Bow	8ft.
Stern	12ft.
Sail Area—	
Jib	200 sq. ft.
Mainsail	1,200 sq. ft.
Mizzen	320 sq. ft.

Total 1,720 sq. ft.
Displacement 13.5 tons

The motive power is furnished by a 10-horse-power Globe motor, which propels the boat at a speed of eight



miles an hour. Her gasoline tanks have a capacity of seventy gallons.

Alcatorda's sail plan is very moderate considering the boat's great power. It is very seldom that it is necessary to reef, and the boat sails in a very erect position.

The interior arrangement is shown clearly on the cabin plan, and may be open to some criticism, but it was laid out to meet the requirements of the owners. There is 6ft. 3in. headroom under the cabin house. The cabins are fitted with raised panels of light figured cypress with stiles and rails of dark cypress. The balance of the cabinet work is of mahogany.

The hull has an oak keel, stem, deadwood, tail feather and false transom. The frames are steam bent oak, not beveled, but bent square to the plank while hot. The frames are 1 3/4 in. by 1 3/4 in., spaced 11 in. on centers. The planking is of long lengths of yellow pine, 1 1/2 in. thick when finished, screwed to frames and plugged. The clamp and shelf are of heavy yellow pine. The chain plate timber is of double size, with another timber bent inside of it running in one piece from shelf to shelf and riveted to the heavy timber.

The chain plates are of white metal straps let into outer face of timber, being inside the planking. The deck is laid in narrow strips of 1 1/2 in. by 1 1/2 in. white pine. The sides of the cabin house are of oak. The cabin top is of pine covered with canvas. The cockpit is staved inside with mahogany. Skylight and companionway is of mahogany.

The spars are of clear spruce and the standing rigging is of plow steel wire rope, set up with turnbuckles. The bobstay is of phosphor bronze 3/4 in. in diameter.

Two boats are carried on the davits. All the ballast is inside. Her crew consists of one man and a boy.

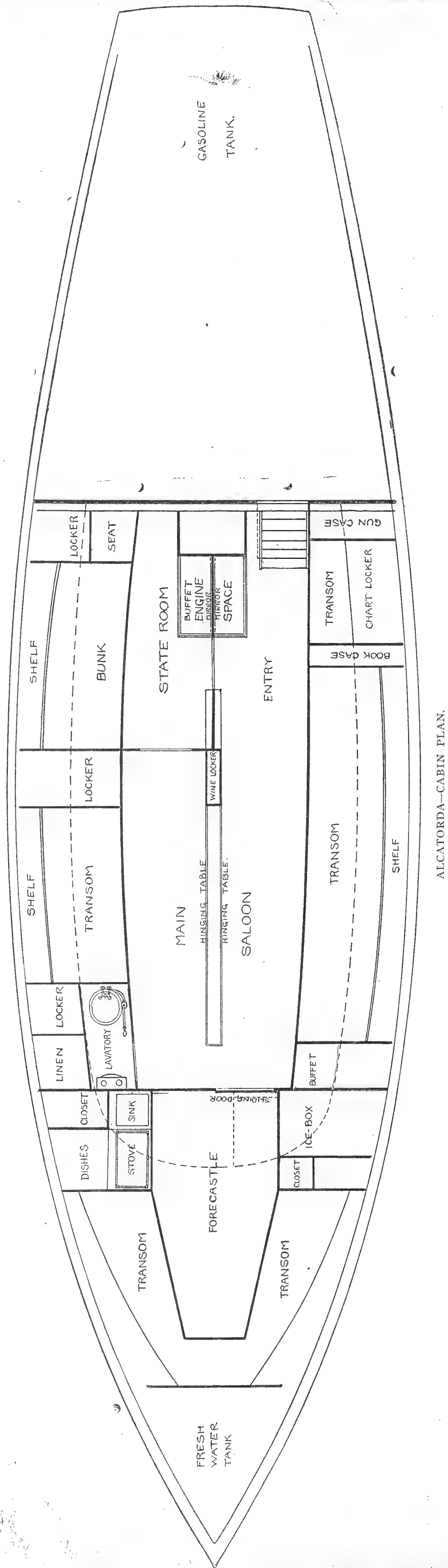
Alcatorda was started on March 10, 1901, and launched on May 8, 1901. Although this may seem a short time to turn out so large a boat, she is a splendid piece of work and a credit to her builders.

Yacht Club Notes.

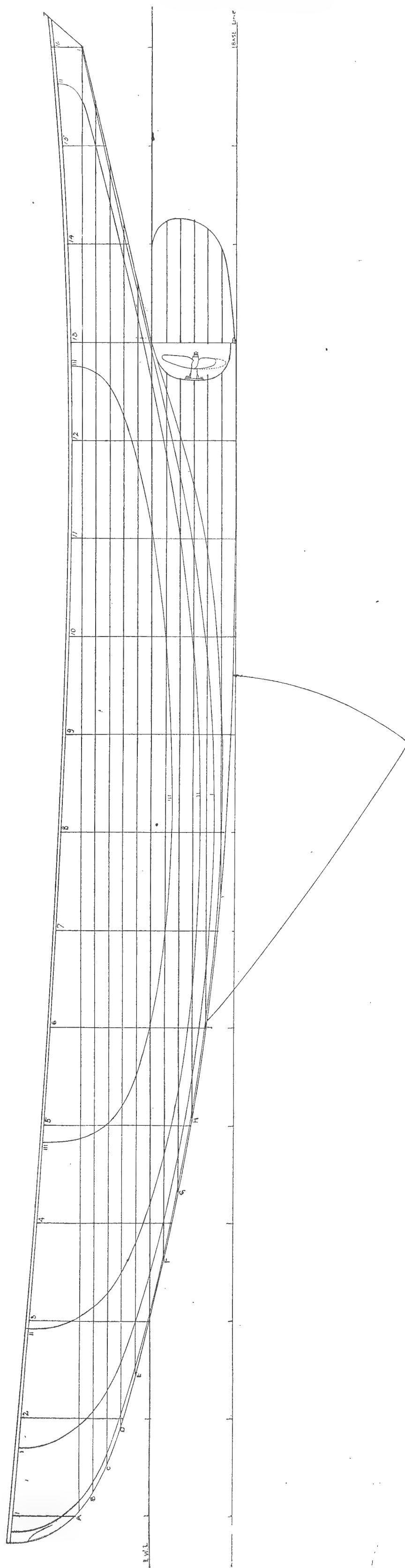
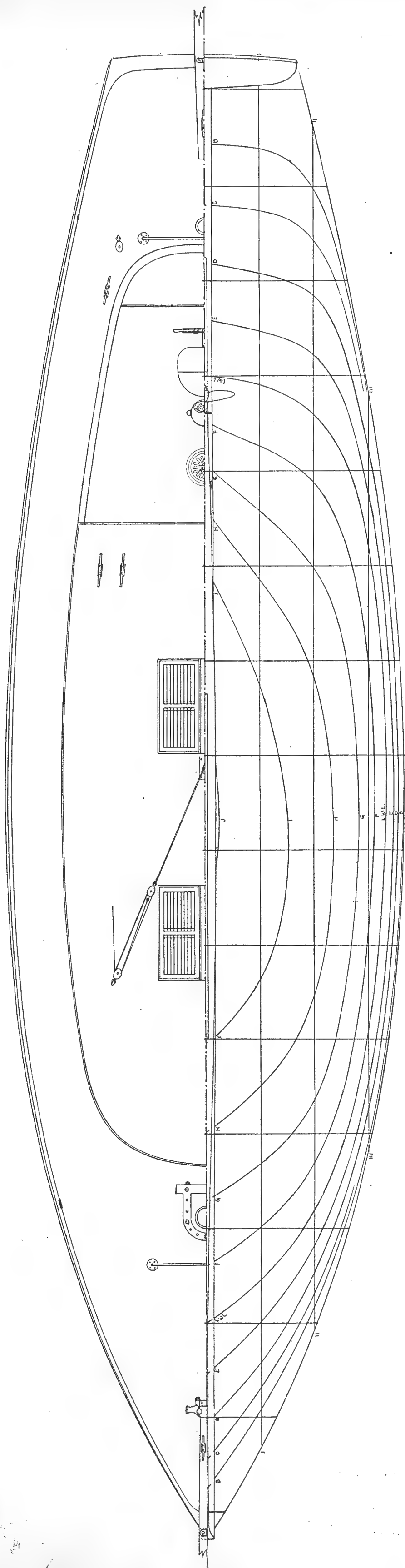
The fifth general meeting of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club was held at Delmonico's on the evening of November 12. Mr. Frank S. Hastings presided. Resolutions of regret at the death of Mr. Frederick H. Benedict were adopted. It was decided to hold monthly meetings throughout the year. Supper was served to the forty members who were present after the meeting.



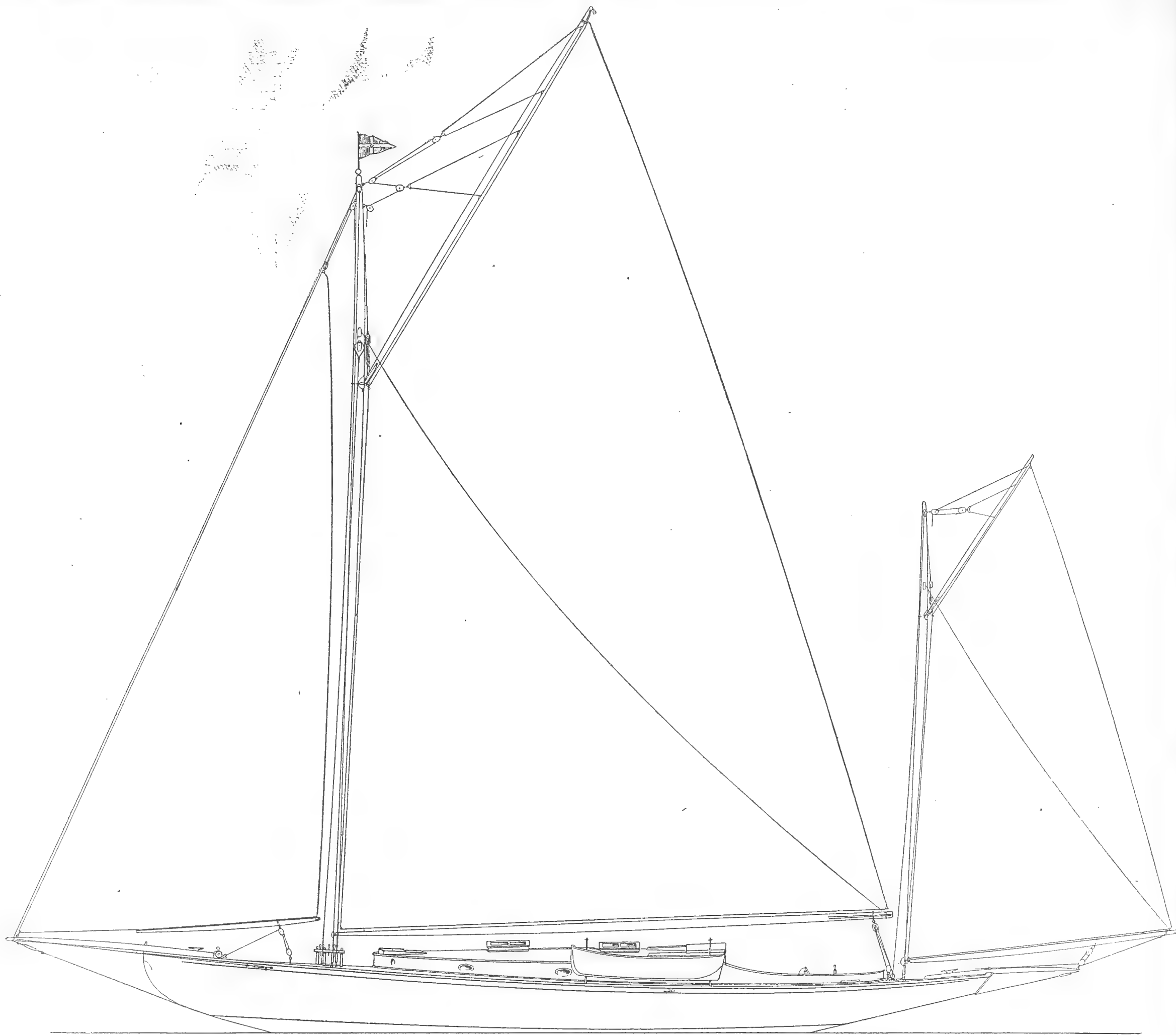
The work of transferring the club house of the New Rochelle Y. C. from its old location in Hudson Park to the new site on Harrison Island was completed on Friday, Nov. 8. The work of getting the building in shape for the trip across Echo Bay took nearly a month. Mr. J. C. Burdsal, an architect, has drawn plans which call for the connection of the club house and the old Harrison mansion, and when the work is completed the New Rochelle Y. C. will have one of the finest club houses on Long Island Sound. The club has leased Harrison Island from Mr. Adrian Iselin for ten years.



ALCATORDA—CABIN PLAN.



ALCATORDA—DESIGNED BY CHARLES G. DAVIS AND BUILT BY THE ELECTRIC LAUNCH COMPANY, 1901.



ALCATORDA—SAIL PLAN.

The Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup.

We reprint in full the circular issued by the Bridgeport Y. C. regarding the conditions governing the cup and the general regulations governing the match and trial races for 1902. It reads as follows:

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, Canada, having accepted the challenge of the Bridgeport Y. C., of Bridgeport, Conn., for the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for Small Yachts, and the conditions governing the match having been arranged, the Bridgeport Y. C. can now announce both these conditions and those that will govern the trial races for the selection of its representative yacht.

The contest being an international one, the Bridgeport Club hopes to interest other American yacht clubs in its effort to regain the cup. To this end it proposes to hold open trial races for the selection of the challenger, in order that the fastest possible American boat may be sent to Canada next year. A cordial invitation is extended to all American yacht clubs to enter boats in the trial races which will be held off the Bridgeport Y. C. on June 30 and July 1, 2 and 3, 1902. Suitable prizes and a trophy for the yacht selected will be awarded to the winners in the trial races.

For the information of any who may be interested in the subject, and especially for the guidance of those who may contemplate making entries in the trial races, the Regatta Committee announce the following general conditions governing the cup, which are extracts from the Deed of Trust executed by the Seawanhaka Club, and the following general regulations for the control of the match which have been agreed upon with the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C.

Conditions Governing the Cup.

Article I.—The cup shall be known as the Seawanhaka International Challenge Cup for Small Yachts, and shall be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup for friendly competition between foreign countries. The term foreign as used in this instrument shall be so construed as to permit contests for the cup between any country and its colonies and dependencies and between such colonies and dependencies themselves.

Article II.—Any organized yacht club in good standing in any country, foreign to the country of the yacht club in whose custody the cup may be, shall always have the right to challenge for the cup and to sail a match therefor, provided that such challenge shall be made and such match be sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument.

Article III.—Matches for the cup shall be limited to yachts propelled by sails only, whose racing measurement or size shall not exceed the maximum limit of the so-called "Twenty-five-Foot Racing Length Class," or fall below the minimum limit of the so-called "Fifteen-Foot Racing Length Class" of the Seawanhaka Club, as such classification exists at the date of this instrument, or whose racing measurement or size, according to the rules of the club having, at the time of the challenge, the custody of the cup, falls within limits of size substantially corresponding to the limits above specified.

Article IV.—All matches shall be sailed between a single yacht on behalf of the challenging club and a single yacht on behalf of the challenged club. Neither club shall be required to name its representative yacht in advance of the races, but the match shall be sailed to a conclusion between the yachts selected for, or sailing the first race thereof, and no substitution of one yacht for another shall be permitted after the preparatory signal of the first race has been given.

Article V.—A match shall be constituted of not less than three or more than five races, and shall be awarded to the club whose representative yacht shall win a majority of such races.

Article VI.—The representative yachts of the challenging and challenged clubs must be designed and constructed in the respective countries of such clubs. Centerboards or plates, or sliding keels, shall always be permitted in construction, and no restriction shall be placed upon their use. All ballast must be fixed.

Article X.—The helmsmen, sailing the representative yachts in the match, must be amateurs and must be residents of the countries of their respective clubs. The challenging and challenged clubs must name, in writing, each to the other, or to their respective representatives, at least twenty-four hours before the day appointed for the first race, the helmsmen who will sail their representative yachts, and such helmsmen shall sail such yachts in all the races of the match, unless prevented by illness, or other substantial cause, in which event substitutes will

be allowed.

Article XI.—The challenging and the challenged clubs may by mutual agreement fix and decide all the terms and conditions of the match, whether relating to dates, courses, rules of measurement, sailing regulations, notices or any other matter whatsoever pertaining to the match or preliminary thereto, and may also by mutual agreement waive for such match such of the provisions of this instrument as would otherwise govern the match or the preliminaries thereof, provided, however, that the limit of the racing length or the size of the competing yachts shall in no event exceed the maximum limit as established by this instrument in Article III. thereof, unless the consent, in writing, of the Seawanhaka Club to so increasing such limit shall first have been obtained.

The following general regulations governing the match for 1902 have been arranged by the Bridgeport Y. C. and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., subject to such modification of detail as may hereafter be agreed upon between the clubs.

General Regulations Governing the Match and Trial Races for 1902.

Article 1.—The course shall consist of a triangular course, and a course to windward or leeward and return. Each leg of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles in length, and shall be sailed over three times, making a total of twelve miles. The course to windward or leeward and return, shall have a total of twelve nautical miles; each leg shall be, if possible, two nautical miles, and shall not be less than one nautical mile.

Article 2.—The match shall be awarded to the yacht winning three of five races. The races shall be sailed alternately over the triangular and the windward or leeward and return courses. The first race to be triangular, or windward and return, as the winner of the toss may elect.

Article 3.—The races shall be sailed under the management of three judges, one shall be appointed by each club and the two so appointed shall elect a third on or before July 1, 1902. They shall act as judges and timekeepers, shall direct laying out the course, shall decide whether the contestants come within the prescribed measurements and scantling restrictions, and shall settle all disputes. The decision of a majority shall be final in all matters pertaining to the contest.

Article 4.—Each club shall name its representative yacht five days before the first race.

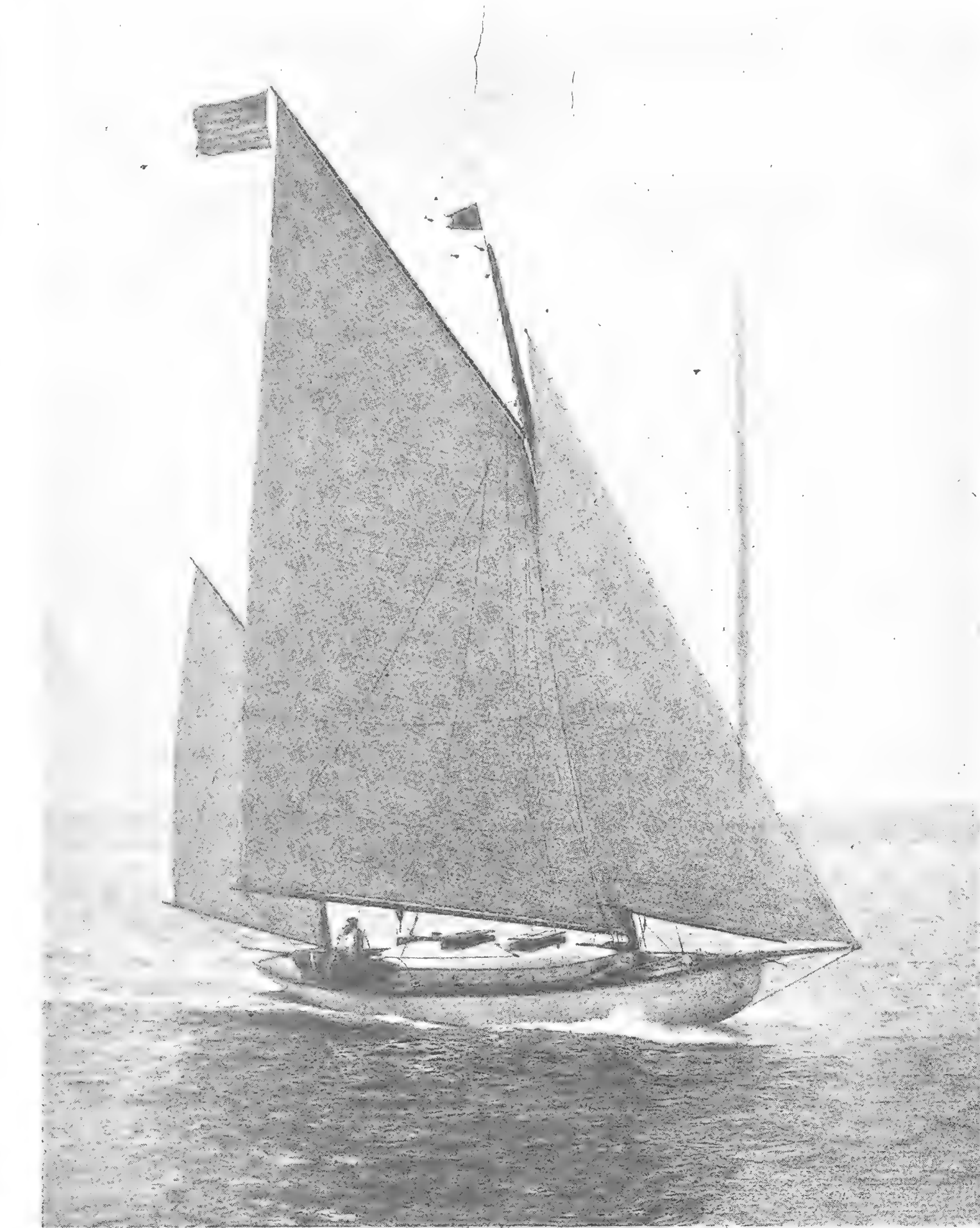
Article 5.—The start shall be a one-gun flying start, with a preparatory signal.

Article 6.—The races shall be sailed without time allowance.

Article 7.—Yachts must not exceed 25ft. racing length, measured under the following rule: L.W.L., plus the square root of the sail area, divided by two, equals the racing length. Yachts shall be measured without crew on board, but with a deadweight of 450lbs., which shall be carried amidships, approximately at the center of buoyancy during measurement. The sail area must not exceed 500 sq. ft., as determined in Article 8. A yacht's draft of hull or keel shall not exceed 5ft., and with centerboard down shall not exceed 6ft. Draft shall be determined when yachts are in trim for racing. Center-

boards shall be so constructed that they can be wholly housed without leaving any projection below the hull or keel.

Article 8.—The factor of sail area used in determining racing length, shall be ascertained by adding to the actual area of the mainsail computed from its exact dimensions, the area of the foretriangle. The hoist of the mainsail when measured, shall be plainly marked on the mast, and its outer points on the boom and gaff or other spars used to set the sail, and the sail shall not be set beyond these limiting points. The foretriangle shall be determined by the following factors: (1) The perpendicular shall be the perpendicular distance between the deck and a point on the forestay, where the line of the after leech of the jib intersects the forestay, above which the jib shall not be hoisted. (2) The base shall be the distance between the forward side of the mast at the deck and the point of intersection of the forestay with the bowsprit or hull. Any jib when set must not extend beyond the upper and forward points above defined. Sails shall be limited to mainsail, jibs and spinnaker. The total area of the mainsail and foretriangle shall not exceed 500 sq. ft. The area of the spinnaker measured as a triangle, whose base is the length of the spinnaker boom measured from its out end, when set to the center of the mast, and whose perpendicular is the distance from the deck at the fore side of the mast to the spinnaker halliard block, shall not exceed twice the area of the foretriangle. All jibs and spinnaker must be triangular sails, but each may have a small club on the head, not exceeding five per cent. of the base of the foretriangle.



ALCATORDA.
Photo by James Burton, New York.

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Article 9.—The spinnaker boom, when used in carrying sail, shall not be lashed to the bowsprit or stem head, nor

shall the spinnaker boom be allowed to rest against the forestay, but a yacht shall not be disqualified if it go forward by accident and is not allowed to remain.

Article 10.—Shifting ballast shall not be allowed. (Centerboards shall be considered as fixed ballast.)

Article 11.—No outrigger or other mechanical device for carrying live ballast outboard shall be allowed.

Article 12.—Centerboards shall not be loaded except to overcome flotation, but metal plates may be used under the following restrictions. The centerboard may be of steel, or iron plate, of practically uniform thickness, and not weighing over 450lbs. The centerboards, if of brass, bronze, or metal other than steel or iron, may not be over $\frac{3}{8}$ in. thick at any point; shall be of uniform thickness, and shall not weigh over 300lbs.

Article 13.—Yachts must sail throughout the series of races with the same amount of fixed ballast, and center-

of trust.

Article 18.—The provisions of the Declaration of Trust, so far as the same are inconsistent with the foregoing articles, are hereby waived, but in all other respects shall govern the match.

Trial Races.

The trial races will be held off the Black Rock red spar buoy on June 30 and July 1, 2 and 3, 1902.

The courses will be alternately triangular and to windward and leeward and return. The legs of the triangular course shall be one and one-third nautical miles each, and the windward and leeward course shall be two nautical miles.

In the trial races the committee will stop the boats at the end of each round of four miles. Five minutes after the last boat finishes the second round will be started. The third round will be started in a like manner. Three rounds will be sailed each day.

Starts and Signals.

The start will be a one-gun flying start with a 5m. preparatory signal, and will be made at 12 o'clock noon across a line between Black Rock buoy and the committee steamer.

First Signal—Preparatory. The club burgee on the committee steamer will be lowered and a blue peter hoisted.

There will be an interval of 5m. between the first and second signals.

Second Signal—Start. The blue peter will be lowered and a red ball hoisted.

Note.—Attention is called to the fact that the flags and balls constitute the signals; the guns merely calling attention thereto.

Special Conditions.

(1) The yacht selected to represent the club shall be the one, which, in the judgment of the Regatta Committee, shall be the best adapted therefor, and not necessarily the winner of a majority of the trial races. The committee will exclude from competition any yacht possessing peculiar or "freak" features, which in their judgment are objectionable and unfair. Additional races may be ordered by the committee between such contestants as they may select.

(2) The owner of each yacht entering for the trial races must on or before June 28, 1902, furnish to the chairman of the committee, the racing measurement of his yacht certified by the measurer of the Bridgeport Club.

(3) Each yacht must carry a racing number, fastened securely on both sides of the mainsail.

(4) In the event of any race being postponed or ordered resailed, it will be sailed at as early a date as may be practicable.

Entries.

All entries for the trial races must be made by the clubs to which the owners of the respective yachts entered belong. Clubs intending to make entries are requested to notify the chairman of the Regatta Committee, and will be furnished with printed or written blanks, upon or in accordance with which entries must be made, and full instructions relative to the match, and, at the request and upon the responsibility of any club entering a yacht to compete in the trial races, all the privileges of the club house at Black Rock will be extended to the owners and amateur crew of the yacht so entered during the period occupied by the said races, upon the same terms as to members of the club.

T. H. MACDONALD, Chairman,
1590 Fairfield avenue,
CARL FOSTER,
C. BARNUM SEELEY,
E. D. CHITTENDEN,
W. M. RICHARDSON,
Regatta Committee Bridgeport Y. C.

Mr. Peter Donaldson, the famous Scotch yachtsman, has purchased the composite cutter Bona.



One of the Buzzard's Bay one design 30-footers has been launched from the Herreshoff yard at Bristol, R. I., and a few days ago had a trial trip. The boat was in charge of Mr. Nat. Herreshoff, and showed up well under sail.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

One Hundred Shot Rifle Championship Match.

On Election day, Nov. 5, there was a match of unusual interest shot at Greenville Schuetzen Park, Greenville, Jersey City, N. J. This contest was for the 200yd. outdoor championship of Greater New York and vicinity. This match has been shot for several years past, and is regarded as one of the great events in the match rifle circles of this country.

While this particular contest is confined to New York city and vicinity, riflemen in different parts of the country have become so interested in the event that it is customary to shoot a similar match, elsewhere, in order that their scores may be compared with the Eastern experts.

The event this year was a hard-fought contest for supremacy. It was won by F. C. Ross, of the Zettler Rifle Club and the Elite Schuetzen Corps, formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., but now of Chicopee Falls, Mass., his score being 2,238 points. The conditions of the match were 100 shots on the German ring target, at 200yds. off-hand—a severe test of skill for any marksman.

Mr. Ross, Dr. W. G. Hudson, of New York city, and L. P. Ittel, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the two latter winners of second and third places respectively, used Kink's Semi-Smokeless powder. The records of the contest show that the first nine men used this powder, and out of the sixteen contestants in the match, fourteen used it.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 20.—Sistersville, Va.—Fall tournament of the Sistersville Gun Club; \$60 added money. Ed. O. Bower (Dade), Sec'y-Treas.
Nov. 22-24.—St. Louis, Mo.—Contest for the St. Louis Republic championship cup (Nov. 23) and three-day open tournament. Herbert Taylor, Secy, 1004 Chemical Building.

Nov. 23.—Bullshead, Staten Island.—Championship of Richmond county at live birds. John S. Lewis, Sec'y.

Nov. 26-28.—Phoenix, Ariz.—Ninth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association, under the management of the Phoenix Gun Club. W. L. Pinney, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Bullshead, Staten Island.—Live-bird shoot of the Chelsea Heights Gun Club. J. S. Lewis, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Trenton, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association, live birds and targets. E. S. Applegate, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Silver Lake, S. I.—Target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Silver Lake, S. I.—Live-bird and target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paterson, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club; live birds and targets. Open to all. Garry Hopper, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Roast Turkey. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

Dec. 11.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Team contest, New Jersey vs. New York.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Nov. 20.—Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Shoot given by Mr. S. M. Van Allen, who donates a Daly gun; \$10, 20 birds, latter extra; high guns; handicap; all entrance money goes into the purse.

Dec. 4.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Eastern championship, 25 live birds; \$10 sweep optional. Trophy. Entrance, price of birds.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-10.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

A long and attractive target programme has been issued by the Interstate Park Association, Queens, L. I., for the season of 1901-1902, from Nov. 19 to March 27, inclusive. Many of the events are handicaps by distance from 14 to 25 yds. The Interstate rules will govern. Targets, 2 cents, and their price is included in the entrance fees. The Sergeant system will be used. The competition will begin each day on the arrival of the 12:24 train from New York. There will be several distinct series of events, such as monthly cup contests, special trophy contests, team matches, and the Metropolitan Individual Championship, the latter a weekly event, the winner of which scores three points; second winner, two points, and third winner, one point. At the final shoot on March 27 the contestant having the highest total number of points shall be awarded the trophy. The winner of a weekly shoot shall have 50 per cent of the entrance money; second, 20 per cent; third, 15 per cent. Fifteen per cent of each week's entrance will be retained for the purchase of the championship trophy. The programme for Thursday of this week is as follows: Fifteen targets, \$1.30 entrance, high guns; Interstate Park Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50 entrance, Rose system; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, \$2 entrance, high guns; 15 singles and 5 pairs, \$1.50 entrance, high guns. The programme for Tuesday of next week is as follows: Trophy shoot, 20 targets, \$1.40 entrance, high guns; Jamaica handicap, \$1.50 entrance, Rose system; November handicap, 50 targets, \$2 entrance, high guns; 15 targets, \$1.30 entrance, high guns. For a copy of the programme, address Interstate Park Association, Queens, L. I.

The Trenton Shooting Association has arranged a most attractive programme for its Thanksgiving Day shoot. The live-bird events will be in charge of Mr. Wm. B. Widmann, assistant manager. Of these there are three—one at 5 birds, \$3 entrance, class shooting, handicap, 60 and 40 per cent. division of the moneys; one at 7 birds, \$5 entrance, class shooting, handicap, 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and one at 10 birds, \$5 entrance, handicap, high gun, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. Birds included in the entrance in each event. In the 7-bird event there also is a Parker hammerless to first; \$10 in gold to second; \$5 in gold to third. Ties miss-and-out. Handicaps, 25, to 31 yds. The bluecock events number ten, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1 entrance. Rose system, ratios 5, 3, 2, 1. The main target event is the Winchester Handicap, at 10 bluecocks, first prize being a Winchester repeating shotgun, 12-gauge, \$30 grade. Shooting commences at 9 o'clock. Lunch served at 12 M. at a nominal price. Shells and guns shipped care of E. S. Applegate & Co., express prepaid, will be delivered on the grounds free. Shells for sale on the grounds. Take electric car marked Yardville to Hutchinson's Pond. For further information, address the General Manager, Dr. Geo. N. Thomas.

Col. A. G. Courtney, whose home is 202 Leavenworth avenue, Syracuse, N. Y., has severed his business connection with the Remington Arms Company, which company he has ably represented during several years past. While the Colonel is famous as a man of nimble wit, and a good performer with the scatter gun at the traps, he is also famous as an earnest and successful worker. He has a large acquaintance with the trade from ocean to ocean, and both with the trade and his brother shooters he is one of the most popular of the useful body of men who devote their talents to the commercial interests of the manufacturers.

The Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club, of Tunkhannock, Pa., announces a Thanksgiving Day (Nov. 28) target shoot, with a few live-bird events added. Bluecocks, 1 cent. A magautrap will throw the targets. Manufacturers' agents may shoot for targets only. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. A light lunch will be served on the grounds. There are fifteen events on the programme, at 15, 20 and 25 targets; entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1; and two events at \$3 and \$5 respectively. Guns and ammunition shipped to the secretary, Spencer D. Reed, will be delivered on the grounds free of charge.

The daily press recounts the death of Henry Trenchard Chanfrau, the actor, but best known to trapshooters as the manager of Elkwood Park during the period when that place was famous in the annals of the trapshooting world. Mr. Chanfrau died at the home of his father-in-law, at Long Branch, N. J., on Saturday of last week. His death was due to consumption. In the plays of his father, the "Arkansas Traveler" and the "Octoroon," he took leading parts after his father's death, and for two seasons he supported Mrs. James Brown Potter in her plays.

We have been informed that ex-Sheriff Frank D. Creamer, of Brooklyn, well known among the trapshooters as one of the most popular and skillful of their number, met with a serious accident one day the latter part of last week. While out driving, whether from a runaway and a collision or a runaway, we did not learn which, Mr. Creamer was thrown and his shoulder was severely injured. While the injury is severe, we are glad to know that it is only temporarily serious. Time and Mr. Creamer's magnificent physique will no doubt pull him through all right.

The Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club's programme for its Thanksgiving Day shoot presents eleven events, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, entrance 50 cents, 75 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Targets, 2 cents; to manufacturers' agents, 1 cent. Trolley cars direct to the grounds, from N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. Fine lunch served at lowest prices. Loaded shells can be obtained on the grounds. Shells shipped to L. A. Sherwood, Ossining, will be delivered on the grounds free. Mr. Charles G. Blandford is the captain.

Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, was recently the recipient of a beautiful jewel, a present from Altair Lodge, of which Capt. Dressel is a member, and which was presented in commemoration of his advancement to the Thirty-third degree, an honor conferred on very few. It is a heavy, beautiful work of the jeweler's art, in gold and enamel, emblems of the order forming the main features of the design, all worked in symmetrical harmony.

Dr. A. A. Webber, who has five wins on the Dewar trophy, informs us that he has entirely given up shooting at the traps, and is willing to waive all claims on said trophy if it is put in open competition and the contests for it started anew. Otherwise he will hold to his wins. The conditions have been so vaguely enforced, he says, that it is difficult to determine the real status of the matter. Dr. Webber starts for Pennsylvania early next week for an outing in the mountains.

The following, taken from the Philadelphia Public Ledger, recounts a soul-stirring test of endurance and nerve: "Adam Maley and Harry Showers shot a live-pigeon match at 9 birds each for a purse of \$50, at Pottsville, yesterday. The match was won by Maley, who grassed 3 to his opponent's 2 birds. After the match William Roscop, a crack shot, killed a veteran bird of many matches, winning a side stake which was put up."

Mr. F. G. Hogen, of Cleveland, O., writes us that the Ohio Trapshooters' League claims June 3, 4 and 5, 1902, as dates for the league's tournament, to be held in Cleveland, O., under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club Company; and that every possible effort will be made by the Cleveland Gun Club Company to make the 1902 meet the most successful in the history of the league. Mr. Hogen is the league president.

In the 25-live-bird race at Peru, Ind., on Nov. 7, Mr. W. R. Crosby, from the 32yd. mark, killed straight, Messrs. Head and Wiggins being next with 24 each with a bird dead out. Mr. Crosby was the first straight score in a 25-bird race ever made on those grounds. On the first day, in the 5, 7, 10 and 7 bird events, Crosby and Gilbert, from the 32yd. mark, killed straight.

In FOREST AND STREAM of last week was published the substance of a communication from Mr. W. L. Rhodes, of South River, N. J., concerning a 100-live-bird match for \$100 a side between Messrs. S. M. Van Allen and J. E. Applegate. Mr. Van Allen informs us that Mr. Rhodes' statement as aforementioned was wholly unauthorized, as no such match was made.

In the contest for the November cup, at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club, Bay Ridge, L. I., on Saturday of last week, Capt. A. W. Money, Dr. H. L. O'Brien and Mr. H. B. Vandever scored 50, the limit. The two-man team shoot for the Sykes trophy was won by Messrs. J. N. Borland and C. G. Rasmus, with a score of 92.

Mr. Frank Harrison, of Newark, N. J., the popular traveling representative of the Troisdorf Powder Company, contemplates a trip to Florida, leaving for that land of game abundance on the 30th inst. While in the far West this fall he enjoyed some duck and prairie chicken shooting, with results satisfactorily successful.

The Philadelphia Times states that "a match at 25 live birds, for \$300 a side, Hurlingham rules, will be shot on Nov. 20, at Black's Island, between Daniel N. Black and Harry Williams. These two crack shots have met once before, when Black won by a close margin, and Williams, not being satisfied, arranged this contest."

The many friends of Mr. C. M. Lincoln will grieve to learn that he is afflicted with typhoid fever, in Atlanta, Ga., in which city he made his headquarters as a representative of the U. M. C. Co. While the affliction is a most grievous one, there is consolation in the report that he is not considered as being in serious danger.

The team contest to be held at Interstate Park on Dec. 11 is assuming important proportions, for there is a probability that there may be twenty or more men on a side. The managers are earnestly endeavoring to bring out their best men. The contest is likely to be very evenly contested.

Mr. John S. Lewis, secretary, informs us that the Chelsea Heights Gun Club will hold a live-bird shoot on Nov. 28, at Bullshead, Staten Island, and at the latter place, on Saturday of this week, there will be a live-bird contest for the championship of Richmond county.

Messrs. W. Losee and Ted Riley, nobs de fusil of two eminent members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, arranged to leave on Wednesday of this week for the coast of Virginia, where the ducks congregate in great swarms and where the shooting is accordingly good.

An all-day shoot will be given by the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club on their grounds in East Rutherford, N. J., Thursday, Nov. 28. Live bird and target shooting for turkeys are on the programme. Shooting will commence at 10 A. M.

A match was shot between Messrs. H. H. Stevens and J. E. Applegate, at South River, N. J., on Saturday of last week, for a consideration not specified. The conditions were 25 live birds. The scores were Stevens 23, Applegate 17.

Mr. A. Schoverling, secretary of the Richmond Gun Club, informs us that the next target shoot of the club will be held on Thanksgiving Day, at Silver Lake, Staten Island. Shooting will take place from 10 to 4 o'clock.

At a recent meeting, the Gilbert Rod and Gun Club, of Amityville, L. I., elected a list of officers as follows: President, Beers Frost; Vice-President, Richard Shannon; Treasurer, N. K. Gilbert; Secretary, T. M. Tompkins.

Mr. Wm. Dutcher, of Paterson, N. J., informs us that the Jackson Park Gun Club, of Paterson, will give an all-day live-bird and target shoot on Thanksgiving Day, open to all. The competition begins at 10 o'clock.

Mr. J. A. R. Elliott has signified that he will name place and date for his contest with Mr. R. O. Heikes, of which the Review championship cup is the theme, as soon as his business engagements will permit.

Mr. Carl Von Lengerke, traveling representative of the American E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, started on a short trip through New England in the interests of his company the latter part of last week.

The Richmond Gun Club, of Silver Lake, Staten Island, will give an all-day shoot at targets and live birds on Thanksgiving Day. Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, 302 Broadway, New York, is the secretary.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club, Rockaway Park, L. I., will hold a target shoot on Nov. 24. Targets, 1½ cents. Trains leave East Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush avenue at 9 and 11 A. M.

The East Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., announces an all-day live-bird shoot, open to all, on Thanksgiving Day. Competition commences at 10 o'clock.

Dr. F. L. Judkins won the championship medal, the prize of a series of contests inaugurated by the Lynn (Mass.) Gun Club the past season.

Mr. T. W. Morfey has challenged Dr. A. A. Webber, of Brooklyn, to contest for the Dewar trophy.

BERNARD WATERS.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Nov. 16.—There was not a large attendance of members, but those present were quite active. A number of short matches were made and shot off, and a number more were proposed and declined. The club event at 7 birds was won by J. P. K.

Club contest, 7 live birds, for trophy:

Banks0*W	Waters1122210—6
Ted Riley2121212	J P K1111111—7
W Losee2121112—7		

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Ted Riley2110	J P K222112
W Losee121220		

Van Allen vs. Banks, 10 birds:

Van Allen111121222—10	Banks1*2212111—9
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Match, Van Allen vs. Ramapo, 5 birds:

Van Allen12112—5	Ramapo22202—4
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Match, Ramapo and Frank Butler, 5 birds:

Ramapo22022—4	Butler222*2—4
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Shoot-off:

Ramapo1122*—4	Butler12202—4
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Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

Ramapo022	Butler020
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Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Nov. 16.—The contest for the November cup developed some keen competition, three scoring the limit, 50, with several others close up. The conditions were 25 targets from expert traps and 25 from the magautrap. Handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Total.
	Hdcp.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Broke.	
Capt A W Money23	1	24	50	
H B Vandever8	19	6	19	50
Dr H L O'Brien7	19	5	20	50
L M Palmer, Jr.9	15	7	17	48
H L Meyer13	12	10	12	47
W W Marshall6	15	4	21	46
C G Rasmus8	15	6	16	45
L C Hopkins6	19	4	15	44
H M Brigham1	20	0	23	44
W J McConville9	10	7	17	43
C H Chapman8	8	6	15	37

Team shoot for Sykes trophy, 25 targets expert traps, 25 targets magautrap; handicap allowances added:

	—Expert—		—Magautrap—		Total.
	Hdcp.	Broke.	Hdcp.	Broke.	
J N Borland7	20	5	15	45
C G Rasmus8	17	6	16	47—92
L M Palmer, Jr.9	13	7	15	44
W W Marshall6	15	4	21	46—90
Capt Money2	16	1	22	41
C J McDermott3	17	2	18	40—81

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap allowance added:

	Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
C G Rasmus5	11	15
H B Vandever4	14	15
L C Hopkins3	11	14
W W Marshall4	10	14
H M Brigham0	13	13
L M Palmer, Jr.5	8	13
H L Meyer7	6	13
W J McConville5	7	12
Capt Money1	10	11
P E George0	11	11

Sweepstake, 25 targets, expert traps: Money 25, Brigham 23, George 20, Palmer 14.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—The birds today were a good lot. The three events made a total of 25 birds, and of these, Hollowell, McCoy and Geikler killed all. The club handicap, 10 birds, resulted as follows:

Sanford, 29*22222222—9	Hollowell, 292221221222—10
Davis, 282220112221—9	McCoy, 30222222222—10
Waters, 291212222212—10	Van Loon, 28*22101111—8
South, 272221111122—10	Brewer, 2802222200221—8
Huttenlock, 260222220202—7	Russell, 28*221210121—7
Ridge, 271211221212—10	Geikler, 27222222222—10

First event, 8 birds, handicap rise: McCoy 8, Russell 8, Geikler 8, Hollowell 8, Brewer 7, Waters 7, South 7.

Third event, 7 birds, handicap rise: Hollowell 7, South 7, McCoy 7, Van Loon 7, Sanford 7, Brewer 7, Geikler 7, Russell 6, Davis 5, Huttenlock 4.

Florence Gun Club.

FLORENCE, Kans., Nov. 6.—Fine weather and \$105 in added money brought out a fine field of shooters at our tournament today. High average was won by Ed O'Brien, of Florence. Second high average was won by E. W. Arnold, of Larned, Kans.

A banquet was given in the evening, and a concert by the Florence band helped to entertain the shooters.

Every one voted that Ed O'Brien and the rest of the Florence Club knew how to carry out a shoot and take care of the shooters.

The scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	15
O'Brien9	10	10	13	9	14	10	13	9	12	15
Arnold8	9	9	15	9	14	7	14	8	14	12
Heaton4	6	9	10	5	8	9	..

										REMARKS.	
Make of Gun.	Length of Barrels, Inches.	Weight Lbs.	Drop at Comb, Inches.	Drop at Heel, Inches.	Length of Stock, Inches.	Pistol or Straight Grip.	Target of Right Barrel.	Target of Left Barrel.	Trigger pull, Lbs.		
Beesom, W. E.	Parker 32	7.15	1 7-16	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	For game, 20-bore, 6lbs., 28in. barrels.	
Boyd, W. L.	Parker 32	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	For game, 20-bore, 6lbs., 28in. barrels.	
*Budd, C. W.	Parker 30	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Stock very full at comb; gun shoots high.	
Colquitt, W. H.	Parker 30	7.12	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	For game, 20-bore, 6lbs., 28in. barrels.	
*Crosby, R. C.	Smith 32	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Uses thick pad. Uses 20-bore on game.	
Dargan, V. C.	Parker 30	8	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Dickey, O. R.	Parker 30	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	For game, 20-bore, 6lbs., 28in. barrels.	
Ellis, E. E.	Parker 32	8	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Etheridge, F. C.	Parker 30	7.6	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	1/2 P.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
*Fanning, J. S.	Smith 30	8	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Frank, A. H.	Parker 30	7.12	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Fulford, E. D.	Remington 30	8	1 7-16	2 1/2	14 1/2	Both	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Large 12-bore, and uses No. 10 or No. 11 wads.	
*Gilbert, Fred.	Parker 30	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Recommends 32in. barrels.	
Hammond, W. A.	Parker 32	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Harrison, J. W.	Parker 28	6	1 1/2	2 1/2	14	Pistol	Cyl.	Mod.	R 4 1/2	Recommends this 20-bore as ideal game gun.	
*Heikes, R. O.	Various 30	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14	1/2 P.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Used Parker in Europe with great success.	
Hutchings, S.	Parker 32	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Jordan, J. F.	Parker 26	6 3/4	2	2 1/2	14	St.	Cyl.	Mod.	R 4 1/2	These are measurements, etc., of his 28-gauge game gun.	
Lyons, H. J.	Parker 30	7.10	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
McAlpin, G. S.	Parker 30	7.6	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Is in doubt as to length of barrels. Will try 32in.	
McMurry, H.	Smith 30	7.12	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Recommends 7lb. 14in. stock. Right, imp. cyl.; left, mod. for game.	
Malone, J. R.	Parker 30	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
*Merrill, R.	Parker 32	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	1/2 P.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
*Marshall, T. A.	Webley Scott 32	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Money, A. W.	Various 30	8	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	3/4 Chk	R 4 1/2	Prefers heavy-muzzled gun.	
Morrison, J. L. D.	Parker 32	7.11	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
*Parmelee, F. S.	Parker 32	7.12	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Monte Carlo stock and cheek-piece.	
*Powers, C. M.	Parker 32	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Shoots 20-gauge at upland game.	
Rawson, W. C.	Parker 32	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Very extra thick along comb.	
Rhoads, R. S.	Parker 30	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Robbins, C. E.	Parker 32	7.11	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Recommends small bore for upland game.	
Simpson, F.	Parker 32	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Uses small bores afield.	
Stearns, F.	Parker 32	7.15	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	1/2 P.	3/4 Choke	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Shooting of this gun caused much favorable comment in England.	
*Tripp, E. H.	Parker 30	8	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Recommends 28in., 7 1/2lbs., 12-gauge for field.	
Tucker, S. A.	Parker 32	7.14	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Upson, D. A.	Parker 26	7	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	1/2 P.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2	Recommends this 20-bore as ideal game gun.	
Van Gilder, R.	Parker 27	6.2	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	Cyl.	Mod.	R 4 1/2	Shoots small bores afield.	
Wagner, Wm.	Parker 30	7.10	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Williamson, Dr. J. E.	Cashmore 32	7.8	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
Wilson, Dr. F. C.	Parker 32	7.10	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	St.	F. C.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		
*Woodward, Le Roy.	Parker 30	7.18	1 1/2	2 1/2	14 1/2	Pistol	Mod.	F. C.	R 4 1/2		

*Means member of All America team who shot in Great Britain.
When not otherwise stated, measurements, etc., of all of above guns are strictly trap guns.

Hugg	6	8	8	13	7	11	10	12	6	12	10
Johnson	9	10	6	10	9	12	8	10	3	12	12
Williams	6	8	10	13	9	11	10	14	9	13	12
White	8	6	9	12	6	14	5	12	7	11	9
Boyd	5	5	6	5					7	7	
Luner	6	4							7	7	
Worthington	8	8	8	13	5	12	6	10	6	6	6
Jannette	8	8	7	12	9	14	7	9	8	10	11
Walters	6	2			3						
Sisco	7	7	9	12	8	12	8	9	3	10	10
Gilliam	8	6	6		3				3		
Hume	9	8	7	14	8	14	7	11	7	13	11
Ray	7	8	8						9	2	7
Hoyt	9	7	7	12	9	11	9	9	6	9	13
Emerson	5	5	7	10	7	12	8	11	9	12	13
Haywood	7	6	6	8	5	8	4		5	7	
Plummer	7	5	5		6	4			4		
Allen					8	13	8	13	6	12	13
Hastings					7	5			7	8	
Fisher					3	4					
Wells					7	9	4	7	7	9	12
Walters					1				6	10	11

Measurements, Etc., of a Few Celebrated Guns.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Thinking it might interest your readers, and perhaps serve as a guide to so many beginners (many of whom are desirous of information), I beg to submit herewith a table giving measurements, weights, etc., of guns now in use by many of our most prominent trap shots.

The writer is but too well aware that two men of identical build may use guns with entirely different stocks, and that others of very different size, weight, length of arm, etc., may still use stocks of very similar bend and length; but as a general broad rule he believes that some good may be derived by studying this table, and if for no other reason, submits it as a matter of statistics, heretofore unpublished.

As an illustration of how men's opinions, or, rather, what habit and long-continued usage may do regarding the length of a man's gun stock, I need simply point to the fact that Messrs. Crosby, Heikes and Dickey have theirs at 14in., while Mr. Fulford's is 14 1/2. I do not know Mr. Crosby's height, but at a rough guess I would say over 6ft.; Heikes' say 5ft. 9in.; Dickey about 5ft. 6in., and Fulford 5ft. 8in. So, if Crosby's gun stock is right for him at 14in., then Dickey's should, if all men held their guns alike, be not over 13in., and Fulford's about 13 1/2in.

Now, as these men have gone through the entire gamut of length, bend and shape of their gun stocks, and as each one is an expert of rare ability, it goes to prove that he at least knows what suits him best; but it may also happen that, having when a youth used a short stock, Crosby, for instance, has not deemed it advisable to change, and as it is probable Heikes and Dickey have not grown very much in height or length of arm since they commenced shooting, they also have adhered to about the same length as they used when beginners. Many of our best shots, when shooting targets, use their left barrel exclusively, and in pigeon shooting, where both are allowed, use it first and reach forward for right trigger. This method enables one to use a longer stock than when habitually shooting the right barrel, and furthermore, it allows of a more comfortable hold being had of the grip of the gun, as the hand is not stretched out to enable the forefinger to press the front trigger. Here again habit rules; but it makes a stock appear more crooked if one uses the rear trigger. So if a gun is too straight at the bend, the use of this trigger may be an advantage, and vice versa with too crooked a gun.

In the matter of weight for a trap gun, the consensus of expert opinion places it at say 7lbs. 10oz. to just under 8lbs., as experience has proven that for long-continued shooting, especially at flying targets, when from 200 to 300 shots a day are sometimes fired, a light gun causes discomfort from its excessive recoil when loaded with its most killing loads. Large loads are in general use among the best shots; excessive ones seldom if ever. A moderate target load for a 7 1/2lb. 12-bore is about 3 to 3 3/4drs. of bulk nitro powder and 1 1/2oz. of shot, cases ranging in length from 2 1/2 to 3in., wadding to vary accordingly. A well wadded and properly crimped case holding from 3 1/2 to 3 3/4drs. of standard bulk nitro powder and 1 1/2oz. of shot will do all that any greater load can accomplish when shooting at targets, especially at 16 to 18yds. rise, and many great records have been made on these with less than 3drs.

If, however, the shooter can withstand recoil without discomfort, and the gun makes steady, even and close patterns when using more powder, even up to 3 3/4drs. may be used, but such excessive loads, when target shooting, are not to be thought of unless the shooter stands at the extreme distance of handicap or if using a much heavier gun than 8lbs. Even then it is extremely doubtful if any advantage is gained by going over 3 3/4drs.

So much depends on the gun's performance and the shooter's ability to shoot continuously without flinching—and really it is the writer's firm belief that more men have gone off in their shooting from using excessive loads and consequent flinching than from all other causes combined.

To break targets with regularity at long rises—say 21 to 23yds.—one must have a very close, even pattern, and furthermore one must be able to shoot without the least bobble or trepidation; and as heavy, kicking loads are certainly not conducive to steadiness in holding or accuracy in shooting, they should be avoided if good scores are to be made.

When pigeon shooting, the standard charge may be put at 3 3/4drs., though many use less in the first barrel, and some only 1 1/2oz. of shot; this to reduce the recoil and increase the speed of the load as well as facilitate the placing of the second barrel in case the first one fails to stop the bird.

Shooting at some of our crack Eastern pigeon clubs is of a very different order from what one generally gets at tournaments or on many grounds where very little of this work is done. At Watson's, for instance, in Chicago, one is almost sure to get first-class birds, and at the Cincinnati Gun Club they are now doing much better than formerly; but at the Westminster Kennel Club, Carteret, certain days at Riverton, and by the way, at Mr. Norvin T. Harris' private grounds on his glorious Hurstbourne Farm in

Kentucky, one is almost sure to get the very best of pigeons—birds that fly to the last gasp and that start the very instant the trap is opened. Any pigeon ground exposed to the sweep of the wind is apt to be a fast one, especially when there are buildings in front of the traps; and better still, if the coops are in that direction. At some places, 30 and 40 cents apiece is charged for birds, and as they have been kept in very best trim, properly fed—not overfed—feathers fresh and clean as those of wild birds, it stands to reason they are much faster than birds which have been cooped and boxed up, starved, soiled, drooping, and oftentimes unable to fly. Therefore, at such good birds, and on such fast grounds many of our best shots prefer slightly lighter guns, faster handling because a heavier one impedes their speed in shooting, and after all a cannon ball will not score a pigeon if it misses it. So on such grounds guns of about 7lbs. 6oz. to 7 1/2lbs. are much in vogue. Another thing should also be considered—i. e., the size of the boundary, which is generally 50yds., while in some of our best clubs it is only 30, everything tending to develop speed in the marksmen and militating against heavy, ponderous guns, however well they may perform, albeit the shooter himself must be his own judge, and experience, after all, is the only infallible tutor.

Regarding the drop at comb and heel of gun stocks used by our best shots there really is not very much difference—not nearly so much as one might suppose, judging from the disparity in size and build of the men themselves. It is safe to say that within 1/2in., either more or less, most of their guns measure 1 1/2in. at comb and about 2in. at heel. The comb drop is of very much greater importance than that at the heel, because the gun is guided by the face resting at some point along the stock toward the comb, and while the drop at the heel regulates to a certain extent the comb drop, yet a slight difference at the heel is imperceptible as compared with what the same amount would be at the comb. The pitch of the stock, so little heeded by many, may mean a great deal, especially with very full chested, stout men, or very lean ones.

Cast-off is another vaguely understood quantity and quality, and yet in many cases men who would otherwise be good shots miss and miss and keep on missing and never know the reason, and all because they do not look straight down the center of the ribs of their guns.

There are some broad, general rules, however, that may, if properly applied, be a guide to an intelligent beginner, if he will only study out his own case, which means try to discover what makes him miss.

A muzzle-heavy, long-barrel gun should not have a crooked stock or much pitch, else it will generally be found to shoot low. A very heavy gun at breech with light, thin barrels forward—especially short ones—will, unless held very firmly, be found to pump at the muzzle upon firing the first barrel, and such guns are very difficult to hold in place and are apt to cause frequent missing from being hard to control. A long-barrel gun is aligned with greater accuracy than a short one, provided it is properly balanced and can be easily and steadily brought to place. Such gun will generally improve the shooting of most men who exercise patience enough to give them a fair and thorough trial at all kinds of trapshooting, which, of course, is done in the open.

When using heavy charges of powder a 32in. barrel gun, if properly bored, should shoot a shade steadier than one with only 28in. barrels; and while the actual difference in this respect may be very slight, yet it is all in favor of the longer gun, for one can certainly align a long barrel more accurately than a short one. Very much depends on the strength of the shooter and the balance of the gun. If a badly balanced, heavy forward gun is to be used, then the shorter the barrels the better, because weight being at less distance from the left hand the less it will be felt. But to assert that such a weapon is equally effective as one of greater length and of equal or less weight is not conclusive, because the chances of error in alignment are greatly magnified with the short barrel.

The above remarks apply to trap guns exclusively, and a trap gun, if not entirely too straight at the comb, is a first-class duck gun of its gauge, also very serviceable for open prairie shooting, such as grouse late in the season, when one needs long-range and greatest killing power.

Regarding game guns, the two principal requisites are fit and lightness. A man may accustom himself to almost any sort of gun when trapshooting, now that he is allowed to adjust it to his shoulder and assume any position, and, so to speak, fix himself to fit his weapon. Nor do a few ounces more or less signify where a gun has not to be carried. But let a game bird dart into a thicket, or a duck come from behind going 60 to 80 miles an hour, and whizz overhead unexpectedly, then see how much time one has to adjust and arrange one's self in such an emergency; and yet these very difficult shots, when made, are the ones that stand out as flaming beacons, serving to illumine the long tramp home after many a weary mile of travel.

Small-bore guns are at last beginning to find their place. A good 6lb. 20-gauge or 16-30z. heavier—will serve every purpose for all upland shooting, with very rare exceptions.

Toward the close of the season, or when large game birds are extremely wild, a wider bored gun has advantages, for no small charge of shot can possibly do the execution that a larger one can, all things being equal, at very long range; nor can a 12-gauge equal an 8 in this particular. But for portability of gun and ammunition, as well as speed in handling it when very quick shooting is imperative, it is extremely doubtful if any gun can be found to excel a good 20-gauge, bored and regulated to do the work in hand, to say nothing of reduced weight and bulk of its compact ammunition, 100 loads of which weigh 3lbs. less than the same number of average 12-gauge charges.

GAUCHO.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Hopes for the Watson Handicap.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 15.—Mr. C. R. Stephens, vice-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, writes from Moline, Ill., under date of the 11th inst., that he now expects to be able to advise, not later than Saturday, Nov. 16, that the trapshooting table will be spread full, as per original schedule; that is to say, that the 100 signatures for the big \$100 sweep will have been

secured by that time, and that the shoot may then be considered a certainty. It is much to be wished that the big shoot may be pulled off as planned.

St. Paul Review Cup.

Following are the scores for the St. Paul Review cup at Inter-city Shooting Park, St. Paul, Minn., Nov. 10:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.	
1 3 1 4 8 1 5 4 4 1 4 4 4 1 1 4 2 2 4 1 1 8 5	
Morrison, 29.....	2 2 * 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 0—21
5 2 2 1 1 3 1 5 5 2 1 2 5 3 5 1 8 5 8 5 5 4 4	
Hirschy, 29.....	2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2—21
4 4 5 4 2 5 1 4 2 1 8 2 1 2 4 5 5 1 1 1 5 1 1	
Dr. Bill, 27.....	* 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 1 2 0 2 0 1 0 1 1 2 1 1 1—19
5 2 2 1 5 2 5 8 8 5 2 5 2 5	
McKay, 29.....	2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 2 * 2 2 0 * w.
4 2 5 8 2 8 8 1 4 2 8 5 4 2 5 1 4 3 8 3 4 1 2	
Wilkinson, 28.....	1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 * 1 2 1—22

Wilkinson won.
The initial shoot of the season for this cup brought out only a small crowd, but the wind blew 25 miles an hour, and the birds were good. The cup had been won three times by Minneapolis shooters, J. O. Gilfillan winning it twice and French once. The last winner, C. H. Wilkinson, is a St. Paul man, which lends additional interest to the contest. This cup will be shot for every Sunday morning until May; if not won by one shooter three times before then, E. Hough.

Audubon Gun Club.

Watson's Park, Chicago, Nov. 16.—The day was dark, cloudy and cold. The scores made by the Audubon Gun Club members follow:

November club event, 15 birds, allowance:	
Jim Crow, 3.....	21111021012210110w
C E Felton, 3.....	2*22*20101w
C S Wilcox, 3.....	111121222121202
J H Amberg, 1.....	1112221222122
Leffingwell.....	211102101122121
R B Mack.....	11112220*12211
J B Barto.....	22222122112222
Sweepstake, 15 birds per man:	
S Wilcox.....	*1221012211111—13
Leffingwell.....	2*2012221221121—13
	R B Mack.....
	*12211220*012—11
	RAVELRIGG.

Peru Gun Club.

PERU, Ind.—The second annual high-gun pigeon tournament of the Peru Gun Club, held here on Nov. 6 and 7 was, without question, the most important tournament as regards numbers in attendance, depth of interest, quality of birds, etc., that has been held in the West for several years. We had the best of weather for pigeon shooting—clear and crisp, with a good stiff breeze, all of both days—and as to the quality of birds, they would have to be seen to be appreciated. The club had provided some 2,000 country birds, and I think I am safe in saying that 2,000 better, stronger and faster birds were never provided for any tournament. The ground arrangements were perfect; the traps were arranged with a quick-wire pull run through a half-inch pipe, that allowed no slack, and at the call "Pull" a trap was sprung instantly, and the shooter had to be up on his toes or the score read "Dead out" or a clean miss. The club had also provided a splendid large, circular tent more than 50 ft. in diameter, with good, tight side walls; and it was a mighty comfortable place between shots, as the weather was hovering about the freezing point. A good and sufficient working force was provided for every detail, something usually lacking at tournaments, and everything went off very smoothly.

The tournament was under the management of John Parker, of Detroit—"nuff said." You all know how it was run. The retrieving was done by Fred Erb, undoubtedly America's premier dog handler, with a string of dogs which he had in training; and no matter how far out the bird fell toward the boundary, it was seldom indeed that a shooter, no matter how quickly he got to the score, had to wait upon the dog.

Taking this tournament altogether, it was pronounced by those present as the smoothest, best managed, fairest and best conducted live-bird tournament that they had seen in years.

The following were the participants in this pleasant event: W. R. Crosby, O'Fallon, Ill.; Fred Gilbert, Spirit Lake, Ia.; Guy Burnside, Knoxville, Ill.; C. W. Phellis, Cincinnati; Jones, of Posey county; Herman Scheffer and Chas. B. Lamme, of Attica, Ind.; John Parker, Detroit, Mich.; J. B. Barto, Chicago, Ill.; Emile Werk, Cincinnati; J. B. and Chas. Rose, Hugh M. Clark and Eliza Aukerman, of Wabash, Ind.; John M. Lilly, Horace Comstock, Capt. John W. Cooper and Geo. J. Marott, Indianapolis; C. B. Wiggins, Homer, Ill.; T. Savage and L. J. Savage, Macy, Ind.; Ed Robinson, Huntington, Ind.; Joe Blistain (Slow), of Lafayette, Ind.; C. R. Stephens, Moline, Ill.; Chas. E. Adamson, Muncie, Ind.; Dr. R. B. Short and Uncle Henry Mills, of Union Mills, Ind. and the home contingent, consisting of J. S. Butler, William Daniels, J. L. Head, Chas. Bruck and your humble servant.

First Day, Nov. 6.

The first day was a beautiful and bright one, the attendance large, and the birds indescribable. Owing to the number of entries the last event on the programme, a miss-and-out, could not be shot. Of the other events, a 5, 7, 10 and 7 bird race, making a total of 29 birds for the day, Crosby and Gilbert, from the 32yd. mark, scored them all, and J. L. Head was close up with one dead out, closely followed by Wiggins, Phil and Burnside. Considering the conditions, the work of the sportsmen present was wonderful.

Event No. 1, 5 birds, handicap: Butler, 27.....1220*-3 Slow, 28.....22*12-4 L J Savage, 26.....10002-2 Werk, 28.....11010-3 Dunbar, 27.....12111-5 Head, 30.....22222-5 Jones, 30.....21120-4 J Rose, 26.....01102-3 Robinson, 27.....00222-3 Clark, 29.....22022-4 Daniels, 27.....22222-4 C Rose, 26.....11121-5 Lamme, 29.....12121-4 Lilly, 28.....22122-5 Scheffer, 27.....01221-4 Cooper, 28.....02112-4 Parker, 30.....22202-4 Marott, 28.....11122-5 Gilbert, 32.....11121-5 Comstock, 28.....11120-4 Burnside, 31.....22121-5 Phellis, 31.....22222-5 Barto, 30.....22222-5 Wiggins, 29.....22222-5 Crosby, 32.....22212-5 Adamson, 28.....20022-3

Event No. 2, 7 birds, handicap, high guns. On account of the number of entries and the shortness of the day it was agreed that contestants should drop out after two misses:

J S Butler, 27.....222*0 C Rose, 26.....2011* Dunbar, 28.....20101 Marott, 28.....* Jones, 30.....1120* Wiggins, 29.....22222-7 Scheffer, 27.....22*0 Comstock, 28.....21010 Lamme, 29.....211*11-6 Lilly, 28.....012210 Head, 30.....22222-7 L J Savage, 26.....1221221-7 Daniels, 27.....1*221* Phil, 31.....22222-7 Parker, 30.....222*0 Cooper, 28.....112122-7 Gilbert, 32.....22222-7 Robinson, 27.....202120-5 Burnside, 31.....* P Savage, 26.....1010 Barto, 30.....20* Slow, 28.....1020 Crosby, 32.....22222-7 Adamson, 28.....1100 Werk, 28.....201112-6 Stephens, 29.....1022* J B Rose, 26.....121210-6 Short, 26.....0*2 Clark, 29.....12221*6 Mills, 26.....1121201-5

Sevens drew \$10.45 and the sixes \$4.85.

Event No. 3, 10 birds, handicap, high guns, \$7 entrance, three misses out: J S Butler, 27.....0210122 Werk, 28.....20202222-8 Dunbar, 28.....210111221-9 Clark, 29.....21221221*2-9 Jones, 30.....22*012122-9 Phil, 31.....222102222-9 Scheffer, 27.....02*2 Lilly, 28.....222102220-8 Lamme, 29.....*12121*121-8 Wiggins, 29.....222202222-9 Head, 30.....221*22222-9 Cooper, 28.....112210120-8 Daniels, 27.....1*20* Flynn, 26.....01100 Parker, 30.....2*2121022-8 Stevens, 29.....221222212-10 Gilbert, 32.....222122121-10 J B Rose, 26.....020* Burnside, 31.....211222122-10 Mills, 26.....*1010 Barto, 30.....22222*222-9 Marott, 28.....121122010-8 Crosby, 32.....22*211221-10 Adamson, 28.....102221210-8

The tens received \$16.20 each and the nines \$6.15 each.

Event No. 4, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, high guns, one miss out, on account of darkness: J S Butler, 27.....212* Clark, 28.....2222 Jones, 30.....1112122-7 Lilly, 28.....22220 Dunbar, 28.....2111111-7 Phil, 31.....2210 Comstock, 28.....1111111-7 Wiggins, 29.....22*2 Lamme, 29.....2022 Cooper, 28.....1110 Head, 30.....222222-7 Stevens, 29.....222212-7 Parker, 30.....222212-7 J B Rose, 26.....210 Gilbert, 32.....2111122-7 Ackerman, 26.....111* Burnside, 31.....222222-7 Bike, 26.....22*1 Barto, 30.....2220 Marott, 28.....211* Crosby, 32.....1221222-7 Slow, 27.....1111121-7 Werk, 28.....110

The sevens took the entire purse.

Second Day, Nov. 7.

The second day's programme opened up with a \$2 miss-and-out as a warmer up, and showed twelve entries as a starter, and was won by Clark, of Wabash, Ind., on the tenth round. This day was not so bright as the first, the sun failing to appear at all after 10 A. M., and prior to that time was a little stingy with himself. However, it was great pigeon weather, great pigeons, and the wind, blowing from No. 1 trap straight across to No. 5, made many right-quarterers, and also made the 50yd. boundary look mighty close when a bird got out of No. 5.

The big race, 25 birds, \$20 entrance, birds included, showed fourteen entries, a goodly number at a country shoot, and considering the conditions to be sure; and while the club had all the shooters it could well take care of, and used all birds possible over one set of traps, yet there were ten pigeon shooters almost within the immediate vicinity of Peru who were kept away by business or sickness; and these, too, were men who would have shot this race. The club would like to have seen a few more entries in this one race, though it was as fine a race as one cares to see. Old T. Bill Crosby certainly showed his true form. From the 32yd. mark he scored straight, making the first time this feat has ever been performed upon these grounds in a 25-bird race. It was simply remarkable, considering the distance, the conditions and the quality of the birds. The scores:

Miss-and-out, \$2 entrance: Head, 30.....221* Dunbar, 28.....* Lilly, 27.....2222220 Clark, 28.....2222222222 Burnside, 31.....212* Wiggins, 29.....2222222222 Barto, 30.....* Werk, 28.....12212220 Crosby, 32.....221220 Lamme, 28.....1 Stevens, 29.....222220 Gilbert, 32.....12222222*

Event No. 2, 25 birds, \$20 entrance, high guns: Crosby, 32.....121221222222222222121212-25 Head, 30.....2222222222222222222212-24 Wiggins, 29.....22222222222222222222-24 Stevens, 29.....2122222222222222222222-23

Phil, 31.....22222222222222222222-23 Gilbert, 32.....22222222222222222222-22 Lamme, 28.....11*22221212121212221*22-22 Burnside, 31.....22222222222222222222-20 Butler, 27.....211121222102102*W Barto, 30.....22*222222222222*W Clark, 28.....0121221*220*W Lilly, 28.....2011220201*W Werk, 28.....220*022*W Dunbar, 28.....0*02*W

In accordance with a rule adopted, four misses were out, with a chance to shoot up if no straight occurred. The money went as follows: Crosby, first, \$48.10; Head and Wiggins divided second and third, \$38.50 each; Stevens and Phil, fourth and fifth, \$24.05 each, and Gilbert and Lamme divided sixth money, \$9.60 each. This ended the big race, but not the tournament, as there were plenty of birds and plenty of shooters keen to shoot, so "On with the shoot!" was the cry, and a miss-and-out, \$2 entrance, birds extra, was the next event. The scores:

Money divided by Lamme and Burnside, \$34. Head, 30.....2212* Stevens, 29.....220 Burnside, 31.....222222222 Phil, 31.....2* Lamme, 28.....11122122 Wiggins, 29.....2* Crosby, 32.....121212* Dunbar, 28.....0 Gilbert, 32.....121222* Werk, 28.....0 Clarke, 28.....221220 *Dunbar, 28.....0 Lilly, 28.....21* Bruck, 28.....0 Daniels, 27.....11* *Bruck, 28.....0 Stevens, 29.....* *Re-entries.

Clark took the money. Extra event No. 2, 5 birds, \$3 entrance, birds included, two moneys, class shooting:

Gilbert, 32.....12111-5 Daniels, 27.....11011-4 Crosby, 32.....11121-5 Butler, 27.....1*022-3 Robinson, 27.....01102-3 Phil, 31.....2222*-4 Burnside, 31.....22221-5 Lilly, 28.....21201-4 Clark, 28.....222*2-4 Wiggins, 29.....22222-5 Lamme, 28.....*2222-4 Head, 30.....22222-5

Extra event No. 3, 10 birds, \$7 entrance, three moneys, class shooting:

Burnside, 31.....222212122*-9 Wiggins, 29.....2222*02222-8 Gilbert, 32.....211122121*-9 Phil, 31.....2222222222-10 Clark, 28.....2222*22221-9 Crosby, 32.....121111111-10 Lamme, 28.....222*11111-9 Daniels, 27.....221102200-7 Butler, 27.....12 0102222-7 Lilly, 28.....2222*2110-8 Head, 30.....22222*2222-9

Extra event No. 4, 7 birds, \$5 entrance, two moneys, class shooting: Clark, 28.....2112221-7 Gilbert, 32.....22*2121-6 Burnside, 31.....2222102-6 Head, 30.....2222222-7 Wiggins, 29.....2220222-6 Crosby, 32.....1211112-7 Phil, 31.....1221222-5 Lamme, 28.....22*12-5 Dunbar, 28.....2121021-6 Lilly, 28.....1001122-5

Extra event No. 5, miss-and-out, \$1 entrance, birds extra: Head, 30.....222222 Clark, 28.....212120 Wiggins, 29.....222222 Phil, 31.....22220 Crosby, 32.....111112 Burnside, 31.....1120 Gilbert, 32.....121122 Lamme, 28.....10

Here the shooting was brought to a close because it was too dark to even see the traps, much less a pigeon. Lanterns had to be provided to divide the last purse, and in a few moments all the shooters except the home boys were on their way to the hotels and depots. These, with their help, were like the Arabs, silently folding their big tent, clearing up what was the remains of a most pleasant event to all concerned. It reminded one of a circus packing up to see the lanterns, stake pullers, etc., and in one sense it had been a circus, for everybody had a good time.

Notes

Billy Crosby was easily the star performer of this tournament. It is not seldom that a pigeon shooter in this day and age kills 25 pigeons straight in a 15-bird sweepstake, but seldom indeed does the 25-straight man stand at 32yds. and make that score on the kind of pigeons that were served up here. I doubt very much if Billy Crosby himself ever did such wonderful shooting in his long and splendid career as a shooter as he did upon this occasion. It was worth going miles to see this splendid physical specimen stand back at the 32yd. mark and center his birds with apparent ease. In fact to the outsider Billy seemed extremely deliberate, but to a shooter making his time, there was little difference in the time of his calling "Pull" and the firing of the first barrel; and generally with the sound of the first barrel a pigeon fell dead. Then T. Bill glanced deliberately along those 32 inches of cold steel and poured an ounce and a quarter of chilled 7s into that pigeon in such a manner that there was never any question of his being retrieved. Billy's score was 94x96 from the 32yd. mark, and it was never beaten by any man under similar conditions. Truly he is the greatest.

Fred Gilbert also did splendid work from the extreme mark. The birds scored against Fred were usually marked with a *, and the kind he lost would hardly have been killed by any one else. Fred made many friends by his pleasant and gentlemanly bearing toward every one, and he is an easy loser. Many of us can win and be jolly, but we can take lessons from Fred when it comes to letting a valuable one fall dead out.

It is a pleasure to conduct a tournament where such retrieving is done as was performed by Fred Erb's dogs. He is a fine handler and had some splendid dogs in his string, notably one owned by Pop Werk and another by Thos. Follen, of Lafayette, Ind. The spectators were greatly interested in the work of these splendid animals. On top of his handling Fred makes a splendid referee.

A new face to the Peru shooting public and most of the amateurs was Phellis (Phil), or Chief Mustang, as his fellow chiefs of the Scattershoot Tribe are wont to call him; but he had taken his place at the 31yd. mark but once in his quiet, gentlemanly way when dozens were inquiring as to who he was. Well named Chief Mustang. You are all horse, and a thoroughbred at that, with a head full of horse sense. Your kind is what makes us love to shoot, not because of the simple matter of killing a pigeon, but because of the association. Long may your shooting career continue, for it is bound to continue a brilliant one; 23 in the big race and a number of straights are not so bad for this tournament.

One Guy Burnside, Chief Spoon River, was again a welcome visitor to his staunch friend and brother, old Chief High Temper Jim Head. As a strictly high-class all-round shot and gentleman of the old school, Guy cannot be beaten. He stood on the 31yd. mark with Phil and drew the fastest birds—or, so it appeared—of any man shooting through this tournament. Most of his lost birds were dead out, but they only brought a smile from Guy. He knew that on that kind any man will stub his toe. Guy is the only amateur who has a "look in" for the final shoot-off for the Republic cup at St. Louis this week, and while his brother amateurs want to see the best man win, they are pulling for Guy to be that "best man" among that crowd of world beaters. Her's luck to you, Guy.

Charlie Wiggins, of Homer, was in grand form. He was centering his birds as well as any one, unless it was Crosby. It broke the boys all up to see Charlie lose his last one in the big race, but had he drawn that bird at any other time he would have lost it just the same, and so would have most anybody else. It was as good a bird as was trapped during the shoot.

Joe Barto, who kills as many of John Watson's fast birds as any man in Chicago, says these birds were just a little too fast for his present form. Joe can "kill 'em" for a week when he is in shape, and he is nearly always in shape, too. He helps a shoot along nicely, as he is in for everything. Come again, Joe.

Charlie Lamme, of Attica, an old Peru boy, was shooting grandly for one of his limited experience on live birds. He has a great first barrel, and all he needs is to speed it up a little and he won't have to use the other many times. He shot a fine up-hill race in the big event; after losing two in his first five he finished, with Fred Gilbert, in the 22 hole.

Hugh Clark, of Wabash, is another good one for his experience. He needs a little more practice at this kind of a game, but he is certainly "game." He was in every race, and pretty close to the top at that.

John M. Lilly, of Indianapolis, is certainly a "corker." He, with Charlie Stevens, of Moline, and one or two other "wits," kept everybody in a fine humor. If everybody had as much fun as John Lilly there would not be much grief going the rounds.

Indianapolis was well represented, as it always is at Indiana shoots. The Limited Club is the parent organization of the Indiana Trapshooters' League. No wonder their tournaments are always well attended.

Some one asked, "How many Peru shooters shot through the programme?" Billy Crosby looked them over and spoke for the first time in two days. "Four!" said he; and that is about three more than one usually finds at a country shooting tournament where the game is the hardest that can be put up. Our boys certainly stayed well, and put up pretty fair scores at that. No

body but Crosby beat Jim Head out on the tournament unless it was Gilbert, and their scores were pretty close together.

Uncle Henry Mills, of Union Mills, Ind., an old-time sportsman, was present for the first day, and he shot mighty well for one of his age. Many is the game bird this gentleman has dropped. He was accompanied by Dr. Short, a well-known sportsman of Northern Indiana and a member of the Legislature from his county. The Doctor seldom gets an opportunity to shoot, but he certainly loves the sport.

Charlie Stevens showed splendid form, and will make one of the best in this country. He was very enthusiastic over the prospects for his 100-bird, \$100, race, to take place in December, at Watson's. Charlie deserves lots of credit for his efforts on behalf of the shooters.

Chief Rio Grande, Emile Werk, was again with us. In fact, he was here by special invitation to see that Chief High Temper did not suffer at the hands of the tribe as he did a year since for a small transgression in the way of a tent. Pop looked over the shelter provided upon this occasion, announced that it was satisfactory, and informed the warlike members present that there would be no monkeying. His word went.

It was most gratifying to the members of the Peru Club, though they are few in numbers, to be the holders of such a tournament, and what was indeed gratifying to them was the fact that the event passed off so pleasantly. Not a criticism, not a protest of the referee's decision, not a kick as to the scoring (which was so ably performed by Mr. Floyd Tillett), and in fact not a ripple or jar of discord was heard throughout the two days; and upon behalf of my fellow club members I desire to thank every man here for his attendance, for his efforts to make our shoot the success that it was, and for your pleasant and agreeable ways, thus making our tasks very easy. If you had a good time, it is the Peru Gun Club which enjoys that fact.

FRANK DUNBAR,

Sec. Peru Gun Club.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 15.—The Jackson Park Gun Club had a very pleasant afternoon shoot to-day at their handsome club grounds, situated on the road to Singac. Everything is completed except putting down the live-bird traps and the harrowing over of the ground. The latter was used as a cornfield this summer. When completed it will be one of the finest club grounds in the country. The membership is still growing. Several new applications came in to-day. They have upward of fifty paid in members and almost as many more to act upon at their next meeting. A number of the members are new at the shooting game, and have not taken any active part in the competition yet, but are very jubilant over the affairs of the club, as they have shown by putting up the handsome club house and furnishing the grounds with a magatrap and five expert traps and a set of live-bird traps. They expect to have everything ready and will have an all-day shoot on Thanksgiving Day at both live birds and clay birds, starting at 10 o'clock. This shoot will be open to everybody. This club intends to be a factor in the shooting world. It has a set of live officers in the following: President, Game Warden Wm. Stalter; Vice-President, Aaron Doty; Secretary, Garry Hopper; Treasurer, Ed Morgan; Captain, John Powers; Lieutenant, John Doty; Ground Manager, Arthur Crooks; Official Scorer and Referee, Wm. Dutcher.

There was quite a large crowd present to-day to witness the shooting. Among the visitors was seen Mr. Jackson, the owner of the club grounds, after whose private park the club is named, and who was persuaded to try a few shots at the flying saucers, as he calls them. He is one of the regular members.

Among the other visitors were Harry Stone, Frank Ludlam, Harry Alyea, Judge Senior, Charles Lenone, of Passaic, who took part in the shooting.

Events:	1	2	3	6	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	25	15	10	15	10
A Doty	9	10	9	12	8	20	10	9	11	8
J Hopper	9	12	5	12	6	13	8	8	11	8
G Powers	8	10	9	15	7	19	12	9	12	8
J Doty	7	11	7	11	9	20	13	8	11	9
Ed Morgan	9	14	9	11	9	22	12	9	13	8
G Bird	5	8	5	7	4	12	7	6	6	5
C Wright	9	9	6	15	9	22	10	7	12	9
C Lenone	8	14	6	14	10	7	12	8	..
C Raynor	14	10

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 18.—No. 5 was at 5 pairs. No. 7 was the star sweep, 6 birds, 5 cents entrance and 5 cents for every target of the 6 missed, then miss-and-out for the pot; it was won by Van Dyne with 9 straight.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	25	25	25	5	10	6	7
Bock	19	20	20	15	1	3	5
Banta	19	22	19	17	6	5	5
Barker	10	12	11	13	4	7	1
Duke	14	16	18	14	2	8	3
Taggart	11	16	11	15	..	4	4
Van Dyne	13	21	19	10	..	1	6

J. L. H., Sec'y.

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y.—The attendance was not large at the weekly shoot of the Ossining Gun Club, Saturday, Nov. 16. Many of the members are off on their usual fall shooting trips. From the trap-shooting report in the papers devoted to sports afield other clubs are similarly affected:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	10	10	15	15	15	5p	5p
Ed Garnsey	6	8	14	14	12
C G Blandford	9	6	6
H W Bissing	5	5	8	7	9	4	4
Geo Edgers	4	3	..
I T Washburn	8	4	5
McBeth, H. M. A.	9	5	..

Prize events, 15 birds, scratch, allowance handicap: Garnsey, 18.....15 15 14 Washburn, 17..... .. 8 C. G. B.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Winter Tourist Rates, Season 1901-1902.

The Southern Railway, the direct route to the winter resorts of Florida, Georgia, the Carolinas and the South and Southwest, announces excursion tickets will be placed on sale Oct. 15 to April 30, with final limit May 31, 1902. Perfect Dining and Pullman Service on all through trains. For full particulars regarding rate, descriptive matter, call on or address New York Office: 271 and 1185 Broadway; or Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1185 Broadway.—Adv.

Pennsylvania Railroad's Winter Excursion Route Book.

In pursuance of its annual custom, the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has just issued an attractive and comprehensive book descriptive of the leading winter resorts of the East and South, and giving the rates and various routes and combinations of routes of travel. Like all the publications of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, this "Winter Excursion Book" is a model of typographical and clerical work. It is bound in a handsome and artistic cover, in colors, and contains much valuable information for winter tourists and travelers in general. It can be had free of charge at the principal ticket offices of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, or will be sent postpaid upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—Adv.

"Forest and Stream" Pays.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 16.—I have been well satisfied with the results of advertising in FOREST AND STREAM. I have sent tents to Texas, California and other parts of the United States, as well as to the Danish West Indies. T. U. BURGESS.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 22.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

WORKING OF THE LACEY ACT.

THE report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1901 summarizes the work of the Biological Survey under the Lacey Act, and the record is one which demonstrates the practical usefulness of the measure. An important branch of the work has to do with the control of the importation of birds and animals from foreign countries. Under the rules in force all importations are inspected by agents of the department, and the operation of the system has been successful in securing the main purpose of the law, which was to exclude undesirable species, such as the mongoose. There were issued during the year 186 permits for importation, which covered 350 mammals and nearly 10,000 birds. The birds were mostly cage birds from Germany, China, Japan, Australia and Mexico. There is a large traffic in pheasants from Canada, which goes chiefly to small pheasantries and to the stocking of game preserves. A business of which the proportions are not generally appreciated is that of bringing live quail from China to the San Francisco market for consumption by the Chinese, who, it is not unlikely, relish the birds from their Asiatic home with something of the sentimental regard an American in China might feel for Bob White. If the Chinese birds would make a desirable addition to the game supply of the Pacific Coast, it is manifest that here is an opportunity to secure the material for the experiment without much trouble or expense.

A no less important division of the work is concerned with the regulation of interstate commerce in game. It is said in the report that fifty-seven cases of illicit transportation have been investigated, of which twenty-seven have been referred for action to the Department of Justice; but as a rule the evidence has been submitted to the authorities of the State concerned. "For the first time in the history of game protection," says the report, "it has been possible to secure convictions in cases involving illegal shipment of game months after the offenses were committed, and with evidence obtained a thousand miles or more from the point of shipment." The results attained in the operation of the Lacey Act have been due in large measure, it is popularly known, to the activity of Dr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, who has been the active agent in the work.

THE PHEASANTS OF ST. HELENA.

A ROMANTIC incident of the acclimatization of the Chinese pheasant in various parts of the globe was its introduction into the island of St. Helena. In the sixteenth century St. Helena belonged to the Portuguese, and was even then used for a place of exile. Fernandez Lopez, of the Portuguese army at Goa, in the East Indies, deserted from his command and was banished to St. Helena, with a band of negroes. They were supplied with roots and seeds and poultry and pheasants, which upon their arrival they put out. This was in 1513.

In the later years of the century, 1588, John Cavendish on his way from China home to England, called at St. Helena, and in the pages of Hakluyt he has left us a most enticing picture of the island with its valley, "marvellous sweet and pleasant, and planted in every place either with fruit trees or with herbs"; the "fig trees which bear fruit continually and marvellous plentifully for in every tree you shall have blossoms, green figs and ripe figs all at once, and it is so all the year long," and in the same way the orange and lemon and the pomegranate and date trees. According to Cavendish, the island was a richly stocked game preserve; there was great store of swine, very wild and very fat, and of a marvellous bigness, and which kept together upon the mountains and would very seldom abide any man to come near them. There were thousands of goats, very wild, and sometimes seen "in a flock a mile long," some of them "as big as an ass, with a mane like a horse and a beard hanging down to the very ground," and they were given to climbing up the cliffs, "which are so steep that a man would think it impossible for any living thing to go there." Of birds there were "a great store of Guinea cocks," and "a great store of partridges"; and of the pheasants introduced by Lopez it is noted: "There are likewise no less store of pheasants on the island, which are also marvellous big and fat, surpassing those which are in our country in bigness and in numbers of a company."

Three centuries later we find a like report on the

pheasants in Melliss' "St. Helena," written in 1875, in which it is recorded that "they still exist abundantly and quite maintain the characteristics mentioned by Cavendish. They are protected by game laws, which permit them to be killed, on payment of the licenses, for six weeks in the summer or autumn of each year, and hundreds of them are generally killed during one shooting season."

Thus the desertion of a Portuguese soldier from his command in the sixteenth century gave to St. Helena a stock of game birds brought originally from China, which has afforded sport to the inhabitants of that lovely spot to the present day.

AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.

THE American Athletic Union, by the promulgation of a recent ruling, the purport of which is to define what constitutes a professional trap shot and to govern him accordingly, has evoked a lively public interest, both in respect of the novel idea which the ruling embodies, and of the authority of that distinguished organization to make any such ruling at all. It is reported to be as follows: "Resolved, That a trapshooter who shoots for a sweepstakes is a professional athlete."

The foregoing resolution has several distinctly suggestive features. It suggests more of the novice than of the amateur. It in a way is a possible attempt from a well-meaning body to benefit trapshooting, and it in a way may be a possible attempt of that body to benefit itself. Such inference is fairly to be drawn from the peculiar wording of the resolution.

So far as it concerns trapshooting in general, it may fairly be assumed to have no significance of material importance, and indeed, the more so for the reason that the A. A. U. does not assume that it can legislate on the subject outside of its own membership. But, even under that limitation, as a matter of fair criticism, it is open to discussion. To ascertain the value of the ruling, we may ask some questions in respect to the causes which brought it forth and the manner of bringing it forth.

It seems to have had its origin in a letter from Mr. J. H. Daggett, captain of the Boston Athletic Association Gun Club, to the A. A. U., in which he referred to the rapid growth of trapshooting as a sport of amateurs, members of colleges and athletic clubs, many of which had teams in the field, and in that connection asking for advice on the question of what makes a professional trapshooter. As a result, the A. A. U. ruled as quoted.

Were the members of the committee who by rule so limply transformed a trapshooter into a professional athlete for a possible ten-cent, ten-minute cause, thoroughly conversant with the practical phases of the subject? If they were not trapshooters or were not thoroughly informed concerning all the details of trapshooting competition, it is possible that they were no better qualified to pass upon the true merits of the question of trapshooting professionalism than they are to pass on the question as to the best route to reach the North Pole.

If they, however, were ruling upon it purely as a Union matter—that is to say, for the furtherance of the organization in the matter of power, prestige, revenue and jurisdiction—it has no particular technical significance even within Union limitations. Organization politics cannot be truly representative of sportsmen's interests at large.

Even within the A. A. U. jurisdiction the ruling should have come from a committee representing practical trapshooting interests rather than from athletic academic theorists. From even the view point of amateurism, there should be an observance of what is correct and what is just to all.

Considering for a moment the matter of accuracy of statement as set forth in the ruling, what is more absurd than solemnly to declare that a shooter, who shoots in a sweepstake, is a professional athlete? The subject and the predicate are not necessarily related, and in fact, in a majority of cases a trapshooter is not an athlete, either amateur or professional. The real significance seems to be that the A. A. U. in reaching out for a phantom peg whereon to hang a pretense of jurisdiction—and greater jurisdiction implies greater revenues—was forced to use the term "professional athlete" notwithstanding its self-evident absurdity. To have resolved that a trapshooter who shoots in a sweepstake was a professional trapshooter might, when so worded, at once raise a question in respect to jurisdiction, but if such shooter was declared a professional athlete, the A. A. U. might risk the

absurdity for the possible advantage of arrogating jurisdiction.

However, the question, stripped of all the fancies, politics, possible revenues and powers with which it in some places is encumbered, is exceedingly simple. There is much long-time usage pertaining to the subject and, in the present, much common sense, all of which concurs in this: That any shooter may contest in a sweepstake without any prejudice whatever to his amateur standing, so far as mere sweepstake circumstance alone is concerned, and this also without any danger to the amateur interests of the sport in general from the inroads of professionalism.

The analogies of professionalism as they concern other sports and as they relate to trapshooting are so remote or unimportant that they are not sound data from which to make deductions or rulings.

If the A. A. U. can arrogate to itself supervision over any acts of its members which are competitive, simply by virtue of a resolution, then it would be an easy matter for the world at large to become athletes by asking the A. A. U. for a ruling on a game of marbles or a game of euchre.

Nevertheless, this new and peculiar phase of the question will not in the least affect trapshooting at large, as it concerns amateurism and professionalism. Matters of trapshooting for a long while in the future will continue on the lines of the past and present. Until the trapshooting world has a central trapshooting body, duly recognized as authoritative, no accepted ruling need be expected from any other source.

The directors of the Maine Sportsmen's Association held a meeting in Augusta on Monday last to provide for a public meeting in Bangor on Jan. 7 to agitate for the imposition of a license fee of \$10 on non-resident hunters. They manifestly have the not uncommon notion that the foreigner is a "good thing" and should be taxed all the traffic will bear. They sustain their proposition by the assertion that the non-residents travel on "foreign railroads" bring in their own supplies, refuse to employ licensed guides and cart away immense quantities of game without leaving any money behind them. And the Maine people, these directors say, ought to get at least \$10 out of every visitor, and ought to make sure of it by collecting it in advance.

Without wishing now to dispute the view here taken of the general unprofitableness of the Maine visiting sportsmen, we venture to point out that the argument advanced is in direct conflict with the one upon which the Maine Commissioners have for years founded their pleas for fish and game appropriations. Their contention has been (see their report for any year) that the sportsmen brought into Maine immense sums of money, and that because of this considerable and important revenue the Legislature would be warranted in appropriating generous sums for game protection. Was all this revenue to the Maine people a pure invention of Commissioner Carleton and his associates? It must have been if we are to credit this new reasoning that the visitor leaves nothing behind him and must be made to disgorge in advance for his license.

Numerous holders of real estate suitable for fish and game preserves, who have used the advertising columns of FOREST AND STREAM for bringing their properties to the notice of purchasers, have found the agency a very satisfactory one. To advertise in this journal is the simplest and most direct way of getting into communication with the right parties. The demand for tracts of land and water which may be used for sporting purposes is greater to-day than ever before, and it is continually growing. The owners of really desirable tracts may reasonably expect to dispose of them to individuals and clubs. Many people, however, who have farm or wilderness territory which is absolutely worthless from a game or fish point of view, appear possessed of the notion that when they can find no other use whatever for their land, they can work it off on sportsmen for a preserve and the price expected in such cases is usually in inverse ratio to the worthlessness of the property. There must be something to a tract whether of land or water, some native attraction of scenery, and a well-determined adaptability to the support and harboring of game, if it is to commend itself to the sportsman.

The Sportsman Tourist.

Adventures in Tropical America.

VI.—Alone in an Indian Village.

IN camp when troubles come, life is a serious problem. A party of us were in the Honduranian jungles, miles away from anywhere. The superintendent of our expedition had gone to look for men to help him on some impossible plans of navigation with heavy boats up the Rio Patuca, which the Indians living near us said would be an impossible task. On account of their fear of these boats the Indians refused to come near our camp; the engineer was dangerously sick, and the cook objecting violently to the burden of work. That morning he said to me: "Mr. Frank, it ain't no ways reasonable, me to be cooking and cleaning, cutting wood and fixing stores; and with him sick and kicking mor'n' enough, there won't be no getting along with it." Then he sent the axe crashing into the log he was chopping, and shouldering a quantity of wood, marched away to the kitchen. Just then I heard the engineer asking for water, which I hurried to give him. Something had to be done. Salt provisions and heavy work promised to make us all sick. It was still early in the morning. I knew that seven to nine miles across the jungles and savannas there was an Indian village, and I resolved that I would go there and find help. I took my rifle, gave some directions to the cook and hinted to a little Spaniard who hung around camp that if he would mind his own business it would be appreciated. Then I hurried out on the trail to look for help. I had never been alone in the tropical jungles, and was all excitement with a sort of fear because of the unknown in the wilderness about me. Gradually this feeling wore off, and as the day passed my only anxiety was that night might come before I could find the Indian village. I knew that it was a long way before I started, but now as the narrow trail led me on and on, sometimes through a dense jungle, again in and out and among the great trees of an open forest, or through tangled bushes along the edge of the savanna, it seemed as though I would never reach the end, and now anxiety and fears of a lonely night in the jungles were my constant companions. I was alone, and, perhaps like a lost man, becoming panic stricken, yet I hurried on, and late in the afternoon saw a group of trees and little houses some distance ahead across the savanna. Urging my steps, I presently reached the village, tired and hungry, only to find the place deserted. Sometimes the Indians go away for days, and I looked anxiously for signs of life. Then from one of the houses I heard voices, and on hurrying to the door and looking in, I saw one of the most beautiful examples of Indian life that I have ever known. The house was full of children, little and big, all perfectly contented, talking together and laughing pleasantly. The boys were mending bows and arrows, or swinging in hammocks. The girls were busy at miniature housekeeping, and the very little ones were either asleep or staring contentedly at the others. Outside it was all burning sun, but in the hut there was subdued light and cool air, like that of the deep woodlands.

For an instant I watched the half-naked children, as healthy and graceful as little wild animals; then they saw me. The bigger boys caught up their knives, their bows and their arrows, and stood defiantly in front of the girls; but just for an instant; the next moment some of the boys who had been at our camp recognized me, weapons were thrown aside, and I was receiving a welcome such as can be had only in the boisterous good will of healthy children. Then some got a hammock for me, others took off my boots, while still others ran to bring fruits and cool water. In a very short time I was most comfortable, and had quite forgotten the burning sun and long tramp. Presently some of the children came, bringing an old woman—the grandmother of all the village. She could speak a little English, and on learning that I wanted some men, said that they had all gone hunting, but would come back at night. Then she had the children gather up my things, and we all went to her house, where she and some younger women immediately began preparing a good dinner for me.

When all was ready I was brought a large wooden plate, and the food was placed around my hammock in gourds, each presided over by a bright little Indian child armed with a forked stick, with which to pick up the food and transfer it to my plate as I might want it. I had baked chicken, rice, yams, plantain, smoked wild pork, yuca, and various fruits. The children were eager in their service, and it was a beautiful dinner. Before me was the intense sunlight and deep blue sky over the open savanna; around me a pleasant shade and soft breeze blowing in at the wide open door, and the children, pretty little creatures, laughed and climbed together, each eagerly pressing me to eat of what he or she had to offer, while the old Indian woman sat looking on all smiles at my enjoyment of her things, her satisfaction in creating every moment, and I must confess that I did eat a lot, but then there was plenty. After dinner I saw the people showing them my watch, compass and a few other things I had with me, and presently evening came, and with it the people of the village; men laden with game from their hunting, and women bearing fruits and vegetables from their gardens and cultivations among the woodlands.

So soon as my Indian friends learned that the superintendent had left camp, they were all quite ready to go with me, but I wanted only two men, and having picked out a pair of sturdy-looking fellows, we all went to the chief's house to sit around and have a talk. The children came, too, but now they were quite subdued in the presence of the men, and sat meekly looking on. From time to time women came in to look at the white stranger; each carried a torch, and generally an arm full of gourd dishes, all very much alike, which probably they had been washing; these were all laid on the ground in front of the house, while the Indian women came in to satisfy their curiosity. Presently one came along with her torch and a good supply of gourds in her arms. She placed them on the ground with care, laying the torch beside them, and came stalking in with a savage look at the boys. Evidently she was no favorite with them; there was a whis-

pered consultation, then the little scamps sneaked cautiously out of the door, went to her torch, and carefully made two torches of it, putting each in a separate place a little distance apart; then they divided her gourds, placing some by each torch; after that they hid behind some bushes and waited. Presently the woman, having satisfied her curiosity, went out, and walked up to the nearest pile of gourds with a puzzled expression; she had brought eight, now there were only three, with a small torch, and hers had been a big one; then she went to the others, then she came back to the first, and went angrily toward the others again. Evidently she wished to be careful about touching what might not belong to her, and now stood looking about her with an angry, puzzled expression. Then a stifled laugh came from behind the bushes; instantly she seemed to grasp the situation; with one sweep of her long arm she gathered up her gourds and made a dash for the boys, but they were too quick for her, and, scattering in all directions, the half-naked little scamps went dancing about among the houses, screaming with laughter and delight at her efforts to catch them. For some time she kept up an angry, determined chase, but finally gave in and went to her hut, with loud expressions of opinion that sounded like very bad words. The men laughed heartily, and, encouraged by this, the boys came with doubtful steps into the house, but the chief made a sign to the young men, and the boys made a wild dash for the door. It was no use this time; they were soon caught, their ears were soundly boxed and for a time lamentations filled the village.

I talked with the Indians late into the night, and then slept on a mahogany board under a good mosquito net, and would have been comfortable if only I could have found one soft spot on that board. In the morning I and my two men tramped back to our camp, where the Indians soon made us comfortable.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

In the Ranger Service.

BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

XIII.—Succor.

Two canoes put out to meet us, and, coming along side, took us on board. Then there was no more paddling for our weary arms, nor aught to do but lie at lazy length munching the biscuits that were prudently dealt out, and answering questions that were put with less stint. But questions were few compared with the curses that were bestowed on the faithless wretches who had been sent to succor us. If they could have been delivered into the hands of the rescued survivors and their friends at Number Four, the trouble and expense of a court-martial would have been saved, and a juster measure of punishment dealt out.

Captain Ogden being sick, Major Rogers did me the honor to send me up the river with the relief party, as it was needful the Major should remain at Number Four to prepare his report and dispatch it by a messenger to General Amherst at Crown Point. There never was a kinder nor a braver leader than Major Rogers, nor a more useful service than that of his Rangers. Years afterward, when fortune frowned and slander befouled his name, I could not forget the cool courage, the ready change of plans to suit sudden contingencies, the steadfast holding to his purpose, that distinguished this foremost of Rangers and master of woodcraft.

Two boats laden with ample provisions, and manned by strong and faithful crews, were despatched at once for the relief of the sufferers at Coos, while other boats proceeded more slowly up the river on the lookout for stragglers who might strike shore below. Some such were found who had followed the small streams down to the great river, and were delivered from the jaws of death at the last moment.

We made good progress, but to me who could but dwell upon Mercy and her scant fare of lily roots and birch bark tea and whose desire outran all possible speed of water craft, it seemed as if boat never moved so sluggishly. We made long days, borrowing beginnings and ends out of the night, and before the close of the fifth day, well within the Major's promised time, had the happiness to come to our people whose forlorn camp now became a scene of rejoicing. All were in better heart than seemed possible for men in their plight.

One like to another in weary waiting, their days had passed. The stronger ones had built shelters of boughs and bark, wherein they passed the nights and rainy weather, and the sick moped out the unchanging dreariness of their hours. Those who were able went hunting with little profit, or dug the roots which were their main food. But one of our people had died since my departure. Three who had wandered away during the receding meantime come straggling into the rendezvous more dead than alive. These took most nursing to restore, and a good trouble to prevent all doing themselves more harm in gorging than they had got in starving. Though it wrenched us sorely to persevere in cruelty that was kinder than indulgence, yet we withstood prayers as bravely as curses. During the whole St. Francis expedition, over two score of our force were killed by the pursuing enemy or died of hunger and hardship.

Mercy had borne up bravely, so Angelique said, till near the last, when, very weak and despondent, she took to her bed of hemlock with the notion she was never to leave it. I did the best that so sorry a being as I felt myself and must have looked, to cheer her out of this mood, but she shook her head feebly, and said: "No, Paul, I am near the end of my troubles. They have been heavy to bear of late, not so much for my body as my heart, and that concerning you. Oh, I cannot leave you forever without telling you of it, and asking—"

I was sure she was about to confess and ask my forgiveness, and had no mind that she should torment herself with such an unpleasant duty.

"You need tell me nothing!" I broke in. "I know it all, and I bear you no ill will, as I hope I have proved. I will hear no last words. We shall soon be on our way down the river, and before a month goes by you will be safe with your husband."

She looked at me in amazement and almost affright.

"Poor Paul," she said, as if to herself, "are you, too, getting light-headed with all these trials? 'Safe with my husband?' What can you mean?"

"Why, Mercy," I cried, both grieved and angry that she should longer try to hoodwink me. "I heard of it almost as soon as you were married to Lot Witherell. Poor Billy Jarvis told me just before the Ticonderoga fight, where he was killed."

"And you believed it? O, you poor, poor boy!" She put her arms about my neck and drew my face to hers, and fell to kissing me and crying, for all Angelique was looking at us in great wonderment.

"And that is why you were so cold and hard at St. Francis, and it was not a week since I waked myself thrice one night, calling your name! If I had believed the tales told me I would have been as merciless as you. Nay, I would not have spoken to you at all. Paul, how could you believe I would ever forsake you?"

Then, indeed, I besought her to live that I might prove an equal constancy in the future, and I greatly blamed my haste to believe poor Billy's lying story that he doubtless repented of as he lay dying at Ticonderoga. Food and hope and a happy heart did much to mend the ravages of famine and despair. We were soon ready for our voyage down the river, and we bade a willing farewell to Coos. I little thought that so many happy years of my life would be passed in a homestead on these same meadows, but not till I had played my part as Ranger in the Revolution.

The separation from my poor girl that had seemed to me more hopeless and final than death, was ended. Now there was naught that could put us asunder but death, nor that even save for a little while, so we told each other as we voyaged leisurely down the beautiful Connecticut. There were days when the lowering sky hung low over the river, whose dark sameness was unvaried by no reflection, though the scarlet flames of the last maples still blazed here and there along the shores. Then came other days of Indian Summer, when the November sky arched the sparkling stream and the wide forest from snow-capped eastern hills to the western range with as soft a blue as a sky of June; and as we, resting in comforting laziness in the gliding batteaux's stern, looked abroad on the day of gloom or the day of sunshine, we saw in neither the shadow of separation, and the river shone before us like a path one might journey on to the gates of eternity.

A Cruise on the Connecticut.

SPRINGFIELD, Vt.—Six o'clock on a clear fall morning found us on board the electrics, with carefully packed outfit and spirits keyed to the highest pitch. On the six-mile ride to Charlestown, N. H., we saw from the car three deer—a handsome buck and two does—which we took for a good omen. We were still viewing the world through rainbow glasses when the early accommodation train for the north drew into the station. The outfit was thrown aboard, the canoe carefully lifted and shoved into the baggage car—almost. Turn it as we would, there was two feet too much of that canoe. "She won't go. Pull her out. All aboard." We hadn't looked for this; it was a bad case of "rattled." The train had gone with our luggage, and we stood on the platform with an eighteen-foot canoe, and said nothing. There was nothing to say. The English language was never designed for emergencies like this. The next train was five hours later. We were very happy.

Well, we killed those five hours, but they each contained sixty of the longest minutes we had ever known.

If you buy a canoe to travel with, don't let it be over sixteen feet long, or a combination baggage car is likely to interfere with your plans.

The noon train came, only an hour late. A full-length baggage car took the canoe all right, and we rode for the next few hours along the beautiful Connecticut and studied the river as carefully as we could from the car windows in the hope of getting valuable information for the return trip.

At Wells River we change, again at Wing Road, where the good wife of the station agent got two hungry men a supper that warmed their hearts.

We started again at 8:10, changed at Whitefield Junction, again at Coos Junction, and here we struck the Maine Central Railroad, which landed us at West Stewartstown, N. H., at 10:16, right on time. During all these changes we had looked after the canoe ourselves, and although an 18-foot boat is a mean thing to shove on to a hurried baggage agent, we everywhere received the most courteous treatment, and for our part we saw to it that the boys lost nothing out of it. Good cigars placed where they would do the most good made the canoe slide very smoothly.

Hotel Pike, at West Stewartstown, is the headquarters for visiting tourists and sportsmen. We were warmly welcomed by the genial proprietor, Mr. Pike, and every want was supplied; he can give sportsmen full information, as he knows the country thoroughly.

After breakfast the next morning, with a two-seated wagon and pair, and Jim Duranty holding the ribbons, we left at 8 A. M. for the twenty-six-mile drive to Second Lake. It was a beautiful morning, clear and cool; the foliage was just commencing to turn, the fields were yet green, and the bright sunlight flooding the hills made the old earth seem a very good place to live in. As we followed the winding stream and breathed the dry air, fragrant with the odor of balsams, we felt very "fit," and wished we were already in the woods. The horses seemed to share in the exhilaration, and took us along at a rattling gait.

Seventeen miles from West Stewartstown is First Lake, the largest of the chain of three lakes which form the headwaters of the Connecticut River, about five miles long and one and a half miles wide. It is a fine body of water, and I understand that the fishing is good; but for a man who wants to get away to the woods there are too many people here. Camp Metallack, nicely situated on the shores of the lake, is the best place to stop if you come here. To me it is the least beautiful of the three lakes, as the shores show the effect of the raising of the lake by the big dam at the outlet, made by the lumbermen for the purpose of storing the water to run logs down the river.

Second Lake is nine miles further in. The roads are

as good as the average country roads anywhere, and the drive is charming all the way, especially the last part through the woods.

We arrived at Coon in four hours, the usual time for making the trip. Idlewild is a comfortable camp, capable of accommodating thirty guests. Mr. O. C. Bumford is running the Second Lake camp this year, and we everywhere heard the highest praise for him as a landlord. The fishing commences as soon as the ice goes out in the spring, from May 20 to June 20 being the best time for the lake trout, "lunge," which are taken best with a troll on a light rod. The last season was most successful; there was not a single party but what caught all the fish they wanted. There is good stream fishing, and several bogs and inlets where speckled trout can be taken with bait, and only six miles away is Third Lake, teeming with beautiful speckled trout; but more of this lake later.

Second Lake is approximately one and a half miles long and one mile wide, surrounded by hills, unmarred by the lumberman's axe, with the forest stretching unbroken for hundreds of miles across Maine and Canada. Here is found as wild country as any man can wish; here you can get away from civilization, and also get lost. No stranger should enter the big woods without a compass; a guide is safer. The woods come clear to the water's edge, except where the sandy beaches and low bushes make ideal places for the deer to come in.

This is a great deer country; seventeen were in view at one time from the piazza of the camp one day last summer. The house possesses an excellent glass, and to watch for deer is one of the diversions of the guests. It is not given to many to enjoy the solace of an after-dinner pipe on a shady veranda and watch wild deer come down to the water. Opportunities for photographing are excellent, and if you have never done it, it is exciting to have a skillful guide silently paddle you within snap-shot distance of a group of six or seven beautiful deer.

The afternoon of our arrival was rainy, and we sat around the cheerful fire in the great stone chimney and smoked, occasionally poking the great open fire to warm the backs of the two little British red coats who form the curious andirons. Mr. J. O. Reynolds is connected with this camp as guide. Jimmie has guided here for years, and knows the country as well as your milkman knows the way to your back door. There are many other good guides near here who can be secured on short notice, and if more are wanted, Mr. Bumford will hitch up the old mare and have one for you in two hours.

Next morning Jimmie filled his pack with the few necessities and we got into an Indian rock, as they call the Adirondack boats, rowed across the lake and up the stream a mile, then took the trail for Third Lake. This trail is kept in good condition; a number of ladies went over it this summer, and we made the five miles in two hours.

A trail through an unbroken forest always has a fascination for a lover of the woods, and a five-mile tramp through these forests, fragrant with the smell of the beautiful balsams so common to the woods of northern New Hampshire is alone worth the price of admission. Deer tracks were numerous, and we saw one of which I would have given much to see the maker.

At Third Lake are two log cabins, one set boldly out on the lake front; this is furnished with bunks, which fold up against the wall out of the way; good springs and mattresses with an abundance of blankets make them very comfortable. An open fire adds to the cheerfulness. A little back is a larger cabin, equipped with cook stove and all the necessities of the art of camp cookery. These cabins will accommodate a party of six with guides.

Third Lake is a gem, the prettiest of the three, 500 feet higher than Second Lake, about a half-mile wide and three-quarters long, surrounded by high hills covered with both hardwood and spruce; it lies like a diamond in an emerald setting. The virgin forest comes clear to the water's edge. This lake is very deep in some places, and is full of trout, but the nature of the shores does not make it a good deer country.

There is a so-called Fourth Lake a short distance from here, but it is nothing but a duck pond, and we did not visit it.

After dinner we cross the lake and take the trail for the "Settlement." After about half a mile we cross the boundary line between the possessions of Uncle Sam and John Bull. Here are two square iron posts, on the four sides of which are cast the following legends:

Boundary, Aug. 9, 1842.

Albert Smith, U. S. Comssr.

Treaty of Washington.

Lieut.-Col. I. B. B. Estcourt, H. B. M. Comssr.

Another landmark is a new wooden post, replacing an old rotten one, which lies at its foot, marked:

SOPHIE.

Grave of an Indian Woman.

This squaw was with the surveying party which laid the boundary line, and the sign marking her burial place has, strangely enough, been preserved.

Coming out of the woods we have a magnificent view over part of the domain of King Edward. Jimmie has an errand in the Settlement, whose scattered houses lie far below in the valley, so while he is away. Tom and I wander down to the first farmhouse with the intention of buying a chicken to increase the camp fare. I put on my most winning smile and inquire of the dark-eyed, healthy-looking young woman who comes to the door if I can buy a chicken. She shakes her head. I offer to pay liberally, but while she looks willing, she says nothing. It suddenly dawns on me that this is Canada, and I address her in French, and, presto! her tongue is loosened and she talks a streak.

Inside the rough frame house is a most interesting sight—four generations, great grandmother, grandmother, mother and two sturdy, rosy, cheerful youngsters. The three women are all at work combing, spinning and weaving, making the gray homespun which you have to travel far to find these days. They bring out a pair of trousers priced at four dollars. How soon can they finish a pair from the cloth on the old hand loom? Two days. The trade is made; my measure is taken with pieces of yarn and it is arranged that Jimmie shall call and get them the next time he comes to the lake and send them out to me. I haven't got them yet, and am just a little curious to see the fit.

I bargain for that chicken now, but as the cockerel will not hold his head still I have a good deal of leg work, and burn considerable powder before I succeed in shooting him. Jimmie comes up with a huge loaf of French bread under his arm, and we make a quick return to the lake.

It is near sunset, and with a light rod and three small flies I have an hour's good sport. It is still, and the trout are rising all over the lake. Two at a time, sometimes, oftener one; beautiful trout are taken, running from one-half to one and a half pounds. All but four are returned to the water, and even these proved to be more than three hungry men could eat.

The fishing here in the spring is said to be fine. The trout are taken then with bait or troll; the fly-fishing comes at the end of the season. We dined royally that night. Tom made himself a birch bark horn and went outside and gave moose calls till a great horned owl across the lake started a rival entertainment; Tom initiated him until the bird got so mad he would do nothing but squawk.

In the morning a helldiver on the lake furnished us an animated target for the rifle. Tom distinguished himself by hitting his bobbing neck at 100 yards, and he went out with the boat and gathered him in as another addition to our collection.

The camp put in order, we struck the homeward trail a resounding whack. On the way I had a chase after a sheldrake, which couldn't rise in the limited space he found and bumped awkwardly into old logs and finally escaped by hiding up under the bank. When we were nearly to the boat six or eight partridges crossed the trail; the old cocks with tails and ruffs spread seemed angry at the intrusion; their contempt added three plump birds to the camp fare.

When we reached the lake a strong head wind was blowing, and after a hard pull across we reached Idlewild in time for one of Mrs. Bumford's splendid dinners.



THE MIDDAY LUNCH.

After a good tramp and paddle, supplemented by a hearty dinner, a pipe of Dill's Best before a great open fire makes a man feel like giving away all his money.

Next day at 4 P. M. we row across the lake, walk a mile and a half by trail to what is called the East Inlet. At the dam we take an old flat-bottomed boat and paddle a mile and a half up the winding stream. Here we are treated to a rare sight; the clouds break away and in the east is a beautiful double rainbow. As we carefully work our way, following the current around old stumps and fallen timber, a great blue heron asleep behind a bunch of tall marsh grass rises with clumsy haste and flaps away over the tall dead trees. Three whistlers shoot away over our heads, and to the observant lover of nature the forest and stream are full of interest.

Further up, the stream becomes still more tortuous, the banks more grassy and less wooded. We suddenly come on a snug little cabin beside the stream; the old boat lays her nose up on the sandy beach, and we get out a bit stiff and chilly. We have made the trip up, it is nearly dark and we have seen no deer.

Jimmie's cabin is about 8 x 15, built of boards, roofed with bark, tight and warm. The bulk of the floor space is occupied by a bunk filled with fragrant freshly cut hay, in which four men could sleep comfortably. A little fiend in the shape of sheet iron stove, which devours birch bark and dry wood ravenously and roars for more, serves to heat the cabin and cook the grub. Jim spends part of his time here in the spring trapping muskrats, sable (pine martin), mink, fishers and bears. Plenty of bedding and cooking utensils make this camp a good place for any one who wants to get away from the crowd, the best hunting and fishing grounds are at your very door.

Hot tea and luncheon put us in fighting trim, and putting on all our clothing we take our places in the old red boat, which proves to be, as Jimmie says, "like a singed cat, better than she looks." For the next two hours we have rare sport, although the night is too clear for using the jack to the best advantage; we see four deer and hear two others. It is a strange trait in the character of these timid animals which holds them spellbound at the sight of the bright light.

New Hampshire has a wise law prohibiting shooting with the jack, and the writer always failed to see the sport in approaching the game in this manner and killing it with a shotgun loaded with buckshot.

There is something fascinating in being on the water at night—the strange noises that occasionally break the deathlike stillness, the little musquash silently swimming or feeding on the bank and disappearing with a loud splash as your boat comes on him suddenly, the frightened ducks rising noisily, and what your ear is constantly strained to catch—the splash, splash, splash of a deer among the lily pads. Our first deer is seen soon after leaving camp—a small doe with a fawn. We round a sharp bend and come on her suddenly; she floundered around and finally succeeded in mounting the steep bank, and when safe behind the alders stamped and whistled,

whereupon her fawn gave a tiny imitative snort and we saw his small blazing eyes peering at us through the bushes.

We saw next a big doe which splashed through the stream to a small island, where she stood while we worked our way silently nearer and nearer. Soon a great head and ears with blazing eyes were outlined against the sky. We approached within 30 feet before her fear overcame her curiosity, and with her immense leaps her white flag sailed over the high alders on the bank.

The fourth one must have been an old hand at the business. From his whistle we took him to be a large buck, for he went off snorting and blowing with a noise like a small express.

Two more we heard further behind the alders, but their curiosity was evidently satisfied, for they kept back in the bush.

It was growing chilly, the fog was now so thick we could feel it, and the grateful warmth of that little sheet iron stove appealed to us, so we made a quick return, Jimmie handling the old scow with rare skill. It was an art the way he kept in the only clear channel, winding and twisting in and out among old dead stumps and trees, never losing his bearings for a moment, while half the time Tom and I couldn't tell whether we were going up stream or down, and it was all done as quietly and easily as you climb your own front stairs with your shoes in your hand at 2 A. M. Another luncheon, another pot of tea, another pipe and sleep—such sleep.

The morning dawns clear, and as we paddle homeward with the genial warmth of the sun on our backs, we see the great North Woods in all the beauty of a fall morning. The old blue heron is discovered at breakfast, and makes another wild break of life. Two helldivers eye us curiously and apparently at a given signal disappear, leaving only a few widening circles to mark the spot. We look in vain for their return; without doubt they are watching us from behind some clump of marsh grass. A flicker flies from one tall stub to another; a small hawk gives chase, but is either not quick enough or hungry enough, and gives it up. A kingfisher sounds his rattle on ahead. The marsh is full of life. We reached Idlewild at 9 A. M. Later in the day the sky became overcast and promised rain. Just before supper we paddle down the lake to see what we may see. Rounding the point into South Bay, we discover a deer feeding near shore; his head is under water, and when he raises it, behold a buck, and a beauty! Jim paddles us to within 75 yards before his majesty catches sight of us out of the tail of his eye. He raises his noble head and takes a long look, then plunges ashore and disappears over the fallen tree trunks.

In the open season a man with a cool head and steady hand might have had that head to hang over the fireplace in his den; but then in the open season he would not have been there. Our only regret was that the thick weather prevented our getting a photograph.

Saturday was cold, with gray clouds driving hard from the northwest, which we hoped meant that the last night's storm had ended the equinox. We spend the day taking pictures and paddling around the lake shores. We once got within 50 feet of a small doe, but she jumped just before I pressed the button and the negative was a blur. Jim Duranty came in at 6 P. M. with our team, bringing welcome letters from home. I found but one important entry in my note book for this day, it reads, "We are running out of tobacco; this is serious."

Sunday morning is frosty, and our heavy sweaters feel very comfortable on the drive out to West Stewartstown, where we arrive at 1 P. M., and after a substantial dinner with Landlord Pike we go across the street to a grocery store, which the proprietor kindly opens for us, and buy supplies for our trip down the river. Our outfit proved in every way admirable.

The 18-foot canoe (which should have been 16 feet), canvas covered, cedar planking, was built by the Indian Old Town Canoe Co., their Guides' Special Model and extra light, weighing 68 pounds. As will be seen later, we gave this rough usage, and it came out better than we had a right to expect.

The tent, a 7 x 6 Baker shelter tent of waterproof silk, which rolled into a bundle 6 x 20 inches, with ground cloth, was made by the David T. Abercrombie Co., as were the waterproof clothes bag and food bag; the latter with its twelve small bags for food is the most convenient scheme we ever used. From the same firm we had a cooking outfit of aluminum, all nesting nicely together, light, durable and easily cleaned.

Our canoe cushions we found very comfortable for the bow man, who paddled on his knees and at night they made the best of pillows. From the same firm again came our camp lantern, of aluminum, weighing 4½ ounces, folding up flat and burning "non-dripable" candles, which received unstinted praise on the whole trip.

The above, with extra clothing, blanket, ponchos, guns, fishing tackle and camera weighed about 70 pounds.

We believed we had an ideal outfit in the most compact and lightest form. I would be glad to give any reader who is interested full details regarding any of our equipment.

We left West Stewartstown at 2 P. M. We found the river very low, and ran the first night to Colebrook. The next forenoon the river below Colebrook grew more shallow and full of rapids, through which we ran, and in spite of our best efforts, giving the canoe hard knocks, it was often exciting; but as we neared North Stratford about noon the river became one continuous shallow rapid. We ran for several miles, but concluded we would be unwise to subject our canoe to more such treatment, so we went ashore, and I made a sortie in quest of a farmer with a pair and hayrick. At the first house I was evidently mistaken for a suspicious character, and as the good housewife did not seem to be enjoying the interview, I tried another place with better success. Here the farmer was just sitting down to dinner, and pressed me to accept his hospitality. We had paddled since early morning; it was half a mile from Tom and the canoe, and I reasoned that he had the grub bag any way—so I let him wait. After dinner we drove back, and loading everything aboard the hay wagon went to the railroad station in good form.

From our experience I would not advise any man to put his canoe in above Wells River. From Wells River down the stream is larger, the rapids have water enough, the carries are not bad, the current is most of the way very appreciable, and one will find the trip altogether delightful.

We put in one night at White River Junction, and camped the next near Windsor, under the shadow of Ascutney Mountain. Next morning we dropped down to the village, drew the canoe up on the bank, changed our moccasins and lumberman's stockings for more civilized footwear and visited the Vermont State Prison. Windsor is a beautiful old Vermont town, where many New Yorkers have beautiful summer homes. Across the river is a colony among whom are today's popular novelist, Winston Churchill, and St. Gaudens, the sculptor.

At 3 P. M. we were under Cheshire Bridge, between Charlestown, N. H., and Springfield, Vt., and soon had our baggage by the track waiting for the electric.

The canoe upon examination showed several cracked planks and much lost paint, but the canvas was unbroken, and so far as service goes as good as new. The trip, especially the latter part, was eminently satisfactory. The weather was fine all the way down the river. We found ducks quite plentiful, and other game, which afforded much sport for the rifles. We tried trolling for pickerel, but you cannot troll down stream.

We were as brown as Indians, could sleep all night on the sand, and each had an appetite like a hired man's. If one knows how to camp it is much pleasanter to go, as we did than to stop at hotels. These are often far from the river bank, your canoe must be hidden, a risky operation, or carried somewhere for safe keeping, and you lose the close contact with nature in all her varying moods, which is half the charm.

The farmers along the river may be depended on for eggs, milk and bread, or, in fact, almost anything, and so many towns are passed it is not necessary to carry a heavy stock of provisions. I had tried to give a brief account of the run down the river without wearying with detail.

One could write columns on the scenery of the beautiful Connecticut Valley, the river, the life along the shores, the fun at every camp, the delights of the noonday lunch, with the pipes afterward, and all those things which so delight the heart of the lover of outdoor life and make a trip like this linger long in the memory.

W. W. BROWN.

SPRINGFIELD, Vermont.

A Walk Down South.—VI.

At this writing I am somewhere in the Pine Barren which fills that part of the map of Pennsylvania in the loop caused by the north sweep of the Susquehanna River between Lock Haven and Keating. My exact location, geographically, I don't know, and I am waiting for some one to come along and set me aright, rather than go back the eight or nine miles to Renovo, which probably would be necessary to find some one able to direct me aright. As I could follow my back track to Renovo, I don't consider myself lost, but this is no sign that I will not be if no one happens along to tell me which way to go. According to my map Beech Creek lies a little east of south of Renovo. If I strike due south, compass in hand, I will get to that village, which is about twelve or fourteen miles from here.

I left North Bend on Friday, Nov. 1—two days ago. I followed up the Susquehanna River a couple of miles, most of the way along the side hill. I was in good spirits, in spite of the fact that there was medicine in my pack prescribed by a Dr. Davis of that village. He had assured me that I could travel on without danger—relieving a sort of panic which had seized me a day or so before, at which I laugh now, for I never was so strong nor more healthy than at present.

Some men were making a new bridge at Paddy's Run. I hoped from the name on the map that Paddy had climbed a tree, or something of that sort after he had fled awhile. But I was disappointed. Up in the Adirondacks we would have called Paddy's Run Paddy's Brook, or creek, and no one unfamiliar with the vernacular would have mistaken it as the memory of an adventure. The men set me aright, though none knew who Paddy was.

I had a ride for the pack from Paddy's Run to Renovo. A small boy with a horse and a wagon load of wood was overtaken. He gave the pack a ride and asked the usual question as to how much the rifle cost. When the village came in full view from the top of a little grade in the road, there was a surprise. Instead of a clump of houses and a name, here were dwellings for thousands—four or five. It is one of the delights of a traveler to find the unexpected. I shouldered my pack after a bit and walked for a mile through this place. It is a railroad town; the passenger and freight divisions of a railroad begin and end there. Such a town was Sayre, Pa., and, like Sayre, it lies by a stream at the foot of steep mountains.

At a meat store I bought a little bacon and a little pork—half a pound of each. On the street that leads to the bridge I bought some oatmeal and baking powder. I was about to venture into the wilds and needed to prepare for it.

They said at North Bend that the road from Renovo to Beech Creek is twenty-two miles long, and that for eighteen miles there was only an occasional hunter's shanty at intervals. Moreover, it was no common wagon road. Wagons had been driven over it, but not often. If I "kept to the blazed trail it would be all right," otherwise I might come out at Glen Union or Keating, or any other place save Beech Creek. But I was assured, if I once got to Peddler's Hill all would be well. Beyond that I could not miss the way.

I crossed the bridge over the Susquehanna about 11 o'clock A. M., and asked an old man on the South Renovo side for the road to Beech Creek. He had heard of it, but not lately. At the store I had better luck.

"Get on one of the prop wagons and they'll point the way for you," I was told. So I waited till some wagons engaged in getting out jack pine timbers to be used in the coal mines came along. They went only a few rods, and then stopped at their shanty for dinner, of which I partook, for one cannot stop at a lumber camp at meal time and not have a chance to eat. The meal was astonishing. There was an abundance of fresh, sweet milk and apple dumplings—none of the dried apple affairs, but fresh-picked apples, and there were at least two dumplings for every person present. Added to this, there was a pie. For the rest, the fare was similar to other lumber camps that I have visited—tomatoes, potatoes, fried smoked meat, bread, coffee or tea, etc. If it hadn't been for that

eighteen-mile stretch of road with no dwellings along it, I should have applied for a job at once, on the strength of the milk and new-apple dumplings. After dinner the boys stood around awhile before hitching up—more of the remarkable!—and then I put my basket in the reach of the wagon of a man who looked most talkative, and was ready to move.

The wagons were blocked in front of the shanty to prevent their backing down into the Susquehanna, a hundred rods down hill, and for almost an hour there was not a place where a wagon could stand unblocked. No one rode up the hill. The wagons weigh about a ton—the reach is a white oak tree trunk 25 feet long and 6 to 8 inches in diameter—and the horses sweat before the empty wagon on that hill. It was a big lift I got when my pack was carried up there.

The driver hadn't killed many rattlesnakes this year—only five or six. He was going hunting Saturday, and had a man engaged to take his place. His brother-in-law (another driver) had seen deer tracks overlooking Renovo the other day—fresh tracks, too. It is hard getting them still-hunting, he said, and they were watching dogs pretty close. Even with dogs it is not so easy, for deer don't come to water like they used to; just "play" over the mountains till they lose the dog in the tangle. Bears were plenty. One man above Renovo got five in traps from Sept. 1 to Oct. 28. The driver's wife knows how to cook bear meat—"most women hereabouts is pretty good at cooking game," he said. "They has lots of it to do. Now, my wife's father and mother are both good shots, and, of course, she learned to cook, and since I've had her she hasn't got out of practice any."

Near the top of the hill the driver suggested that I go to a camp a few rods down in the woods from there. I was glad to do that, for I was in no hurry. The wilderness was all about me, and I could now see a change from the semi-wild life which so far marked my route.

The camp was a board shanty. It once belonged to a hill top saw mill, but now only hunters live in it, if any one. The bunk room was boarded up tight, and the door braced shut. The place was hay-softened and had a suspicious old quilt as a cover. In the light the suspicions proved groundless. Having seen that the place was fit and found for passing the night, I took my rifle and went on a walk. Twenty rods away where the ground was wet I found in the mud the tracks of a cat; each track was over an inch across. On both sides of these tracks were those of some kittens—two or three, I judged by the number. It was a genuine pleasure to think that I had such untamable neighbors as wildcats. I wished I could see one, and looked, but I succeeded in killing only a chipmunk; for the cats are night prowlers.

Toward night I built a fire in the middle of the camp road, far from the dry leaves. I sliced up a potato which I had carried clear from Eaton, N. Y., where I dug it while in the employ of Mr. Johnston. Fried with bacon this vegetable brought back pleasing memories of miles I had covered. I scattered the dying embers of jack pine branches and prepared to go to sleep for the night. I laid my woolen blanket on the bunk, folded over, and on top drew the ragged cotton-stuffed quilt, then I propped the outside door shut and tied the inside one shut with a cotton string. I crawled in between the folds of my woolen blanket and dozed for a while. Soon I was asleep.

Suddenly there was a loud bang and jangle, while a bright light stared into my eyes. I had visitors. Two hunters, brothers, left Renovo at 7:30 o'clock, and by the light of a lantern found their way over the familiar trail to the shanty to spend the night. It was then 8:45 o'clock. Every night that I have slept in a barn or open I have wondered at least once what effect a sudden visit in the night by strangers would have on me. I did not doubt that it would make me tremble for a moment, perhaps unnerve me completely. In spite of their noise the visitors did not awaken me till they were at my feet; but if they had been bent on mischief they would have found a lot of it to do, for I was on my feet before my eyes were able to see, ready for the emergency.

But it was handshakes instead of blows that I had awakened to, and although one of the pair was on the under side of a liquor bottle, they were good company. We ate bread and butter, and for the second time since I started, I tasted liquor because it seemed churlish to think of refusing the good-natured offers. At hotels I find no difficulty, by pleading the truth—that alcohol would weaken me under the pack.

They told me that in the previous spring berry pickers found a dead wildcat in the shanty we were in. It had got in through the stove pipe hole in the roof, presumably, and died upstairs, unable to get out.

We rolled in for the night. The old quilt was used by one to wrap up in; the fellow who was drunk took a thin coverlid of large size, which I had not noticed. I doubled up under my own blanket. At 5 o'clock A. M. they stirred up and built a fire in the box stove. The chimney only went to the next floor, but the smoke went out all right. I fried some bacon and at dawn we ate bread and butter, bacon, coffee and molasses. They had a half-pint can of molasses with them; everywhere hereabouts I find sweets, and nowhere do I enjoy them so much as in the woods. I think it must be because one uses up so much fat when at woods work, at least at physically hard work.

At sunrise the two went on, with fine shot in their guns. I suspected their dog of deer hunting proclivities. They said, however, that it was just a young house dog.

I loitered around for a couple of hours, and then started on. One of the prop teamsters put me on the right road. Strong coffee which I made for the two visitors tasted good and freshened me for the walk, I felt sure.

It was bright and clear. The spiders' webs glistened among the tree branches toward the sun. I saw nothing to shoot along the road, which led up side hills and over the back of a long ridge—the ridge that is shown in maps on the south side of the Susquehanna River. Scrub oak and jack pine were the principal trees; the latter were conspicuous as individuals, but the former as underbrush, covered every hill and valley that I could see for miles—brown, dry and rattling constantly in the wind.

I reached Peddler's Hill without doubt. There was the watering trough by which I could identify it, but I did not see the grave of the unfortunate buried there. Twelve or fourteen years ago in the spring the body of a man with a peddler's pack by it was found at the trough dead

and far decayed. He had carried too big a load and frozen to death there during the winter. He was wrapped in a table cloth and buried "between a tree and a stump on the up-hill side."

I followed the ridge top, then, for nearly two hours—say five miles. The road came down hill always, doubling from west to east in its effort. Near the foot two great ruffed grouse roared into the air and flew majestically away, the best chance for a double at that bird I ever saw. I leveled my rifle for a shot even with that, but out of the corner of my eye I saw a cock on the ground twelve feet from me. On him I turned the sight and fired. He flew with both legs hanging, and only with strong effort. But it took the bird over the crest of the ridge eighty yards away, and I could not find him again. This was the second pheasant I have shot through with a .32 rim fire long bullet to get away this trip.

Thirty rods beyond I came to the forks in the road, one branch leads southeast, the other southwest. The one southeast seems well traveled, considering. The other is blazed and each blaze is painted white. I was told to follow "the blazed trees" road.

An old camping site suggested dinner, and I ate pancakes, wondering which way I should go. The pancakes were of flour and broken wheat—"oatmeal." They were exceedingly good. I used bacon grease for shortening and molasses for browning. I tried sugar this side of Waterville, thinking to lighten my load an ounce or so, but at North Bend I got a four-ounce bottle of Swain, the druggist, and had it filled with table syrup (maple flavored) at the hotel. Rich molasses I am sure now is the best sweet for the woods. It has a flavor, and variety is what one craves. I now want something strong or rich. I never could eat onions, but within a week I have swallowed them fried with relish. Ruskin attributed the condition of European peasants to their garlic. I wonder if Ruskin ever worked as the peasants work, in the open with axe and hoe from dawn to dusk for a month at a stretch? Judging from my own feelings, Ruskin would have loved garlic and not blamed it for the appetite created by his own labor, had he done so.

While I was eating I wondered what I should do. I took the rifle and went back to the forks—ten or twelve rods—and followed the southeast for a ways, but could see no blaze marks on the trees. That seemed to settle the matter, but inside of ten rods the other trail became a mere foot path with blazed trees—all the gashes being painted white. I kept on and inside of fifty rods I came to a tent, twelve feet square. I put my pack on the table and waited for the owners to come back. It was then 2 o'clock.

Hour after hour passed. At 5 o'clock I built a fire six rods from the camp and put two bluejays and a chipmunk into a pail of water on it. I parboiled them, and then into the new water put some oatmeal. I stirred up a thick baking powder, flour, salt and water batter in a cup, and dropped the dumplings into the pail and covered it over. At the end of twenty minutes I began to eat. But I made two mistakes. The game did not need parboiling, and the oatmeal overcame the other flavors. Nevertheless it was pretty good, and I ate all but a little—say a quart. The rest I gave to a lame-footed dog that came up while I was eating, and seemed to indicate the coming of the campers.

In the last shades of dusk I entered the tent. Everywhere was the evidence of recent occupation. A dish pan was hung to a tree, bread crumbs were on the table, the dishes were upside down and dirty; a rag was on the gun cleaner; in a kettle was some potatoe peelings. The dog indicated an early return of all hands.

I built a fire in the box stove (sheet iron), and, after a while went to sleep, expecting the coming of the hunters. I hoped that they would be good natured and not blame me when they found that it was to learn my way that I stopped and made myself at home in their tent.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

The Doctor's Turkey Shoot.

In all our experience in the woods I do not recall a time when we were favored with such perfect weather as we had that year. It was almost too warm for hunting during the first two weeks of our stay, and November had set in before a sign of frost was visible. We loafed about camp, or took long tramps through the woods, contenting ourselves with such small game as crossed our path. The days slipped by unheeded by us until one day Jack broke the spell.

"Say, do you know," said he, "that next Thursday will be Thanksgiving Day? We'll have to be thinking about getting back, because this weather won't last forever."

"And leave without a single deer?" I remonstrated.

"We must take some venison home with us," the Doctor chimed in.

"Jack is right," Jim asserted. "It doesn't seem possible that we have been here a month or more. You see, our wives—"

"I understand," I interrupted, "but I intend to stay here till I kill a deer if it takes all winter."

"And I'll stay with you," the Doctor cried, enthusiastically.

"We'll compromise," said Jack. "We'll stay until Monday, and if we are any good we can get a deer in that time." After some hesitation the Doctor and I agreed to this proposition, and the four of us then laid our plans for a big hunt to begin on the morrow.

During the night the wind shifted around to the north, and by morning it was cold enough to make a man step lively while dressing. Jack shot a deer that day—a good-sized doe—and felt very proud, and wanted to break camp immediately and start for home. The next day I killed a big buck. Jack emphatically declared, with a mild oath, that he would be blanked if he returned without shooting a buck also. Thus it came about that Monday morning found us still in camp with no thought of immediate departure.

Tuesday morning the cook thrust his head in between the tent flaps and aroused us with the announcement that it was "Snowin' like the very devil, an' was a-goin' t' snow wusser, b'gosh." We sprang out of bed, dressed hastily and stepped outside. The cook had not exaggerated. The ground was white with snow, and the air was filled with the flying flakes.

"I told you we ought to have broken camp last week," this from Jack, who secretly rejoiced because of an evil prophecy fulfilled. "I knew such weather couldn't last. We're in for it now, and no mistake."

"How about that buck," I began, but he interrupted me. "He'll have to wait, that's all," he asseverated. "I'm going home."

"But how beautiful the woods are," cried the Doctor. "It's worth being snowed in to see such a sight."

I heartily voiced the Doctor's sentiments, for truly the forest looked very lovely in its new winter mantle. It was a new world upon which we gazed, and the fast-falling snow was rapidly changing the picture before our very eyes. The branches of the pines and hemlocks hung drooping beneath their unaccustomed load like great white plumes; even the stunted jack pine took on an added beauty of its own; contending for second honors with the more stately spruce; a muffled stillness seemed to envelop the wilderness like a heavy pall shutting us off from the rest of the world, and our voices sounded loud and unnatural.

"One of us will have to go to Hale's for the team," said Jack.

"Let me go," Jim quickly responded. "I hate breaking camp."

Hale's place was five miles away on the Peshtigo River. He was our nearest neighbor, and had agreed to haul our outfit to the Junction when we were ready to leave. So soon as we had finished our breakfast Jim wasted no time in arguing, but set out on his journey accompanied by the Doctor, a self-invited companion.

The breaking up of camp is never a very delectable task, and in the present instance was attended with more than the usual discomforts of mind and body. The snow got into everything and melted before we could brush it off, consequently all of our belongings were more or less in a state of humidity. We made but slow progress, and Jim and the Doctor returned with Hale and his team before we had the tents down.

"Guess you'll have to put up to my place to-night," said Hale when the wagon was loaded and ready to start. "I'll have to git the runners on the box afore I kin make the trip to the Junction. Ef we don't git a blizzard out'n this I'll miss my guess a lot."

This prophecy was not conducive to gaiety. We were glad to assent to his proposition, however, as he had ample accommodation for us a this place, and it was with a feeling of thankfulness that we gathered before the big fireplace that night and listened to the fierce wind howling about the cabin walls. A tent would have been a poor shelter in such a storm. By the next morning our snow storm had developed into a full-fledged blizzard—a blustering nor'wester. Jack sulked in his bunk, morose and uncommunicative, puffing at his pipe like a veritable Wouter van Twiller, and occasionally arousing himself from his dejection long enough to consign the weather to regions where snow is not supposed to abound; Jim employed the time in vain recriminations, the burden of his song being, "Three hundred miles from home and Thanksgiving Day to-morrow! What will my wife say?" The Doctor entertained me with wonderful stories of his experiences in Dakota during one winter, where, he informed me, such a storm as was now raging outside would be considered a mere flurry—a boisterous zephyr. In this wise did we pass the long, gloomy day.

Thanksgiving morning dawned clear and cold. When Hale had shoveled the snow away from the door, we were glad to step outside and breathe the fresh, bracing air. The light, fluffy snow was piled up in great drifts on all sides, and fitful gusts of wind whirled it about and sent it flying in our faces and down our necks. Winter had come upon us with a rush. It was an abrupt change from balmy Indian summer to cold mid-winter weather.

"No use tryin' to make the Junction to-day," Hale informed us. "Ef we could git thar afore dark 'twouldn't do no good, 'cause the cars'll be stalled. They ain't no injine puffin' could keep a-goin' in this yere weather, an' that's what."

"Don't know as it makes much difference," Jack growled, "so long as we get home before Christmas. Our wives will mourn us as dead, but of course that won't matter."

"Their joy will be all the greater when you finally appear," I assured him. "Can't we do something to while away the time?"

"When I came down with Jim for the team," the Doctor replied, "I saw some turkeys walking around here. Why can't we get up a turkey shoot—an old-fashioned Thanksgiving turkey shoot? It would be just the thing to relieve the monotony. What do you all say?"

"Great idea," Jim declared. "I second the motion."

"There might be some sport in it," I added. "What do you say, Jack?"

"Anything to kill time," the latter responded. "Bring on the turkey, Doctor."

"You have some turkeys, haven't you?" the Doctor inquired, turning to Hale.

"Yep. Four or five," Hale made answer.

"Where are they?"

"Hard tellin' jest now. See that onusual big snow bank over thar near the barn?"

"Yes."

"Waal, that's the hen house—that's t'say ther's a hen house somewhar thar'bouts. Like's not the turkeys is in thar—that's t'say ef they ain't over in that other big drift whicht was onced the corn crib whar they was fond o' roostin'. I reckon we'll find 'em in one o' them places alive or friz to death. Want t' dig 'em out?"

"Of course," the Doctor cried enthusiastically. "Get us another shovel and we'll help."

"You'll excuse me, won't you?" Jack requested as Hale went in search of the other shovel. "I'm troubled with rheumatism, you know, and shoveling never was in my line."

"There's no sense in all of us trying to work with one shovel," I added. "I think I'll go inside with Jack. He might get lonesome. Call us when you're ready."

"You fellows are quitters," Jim declared. "I am going to see this thing through to a finish. Come on, Doctor."

Headless of Jim's scorn, Jack and I sought the warmth of the cabin, where we hugged the fire and smoked our pipes in unsocial silence. In the course of an hour or two Jim burst into the room, closely followed by the Doctor. They looked like two snow men.

"Well, we found the turkeys," Jim announced in breezy tones. "We'll thaw out a bit while we make arrangements for the shoot."

"Were the turkeys alive?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" he replied. "They were a little numb from the cold, naturally. We're going to use the liveliest of the bunch for the shoot."

"What are the rules for this shooting match, anyhow?" Jack inquired.

"The turkey belongs to me," the Doctor promptly answered. "Jim loaned me the money to buy him. He cost one fifty. I am going to charge fifteen cents a shot at sixty yards until one of you kills the bird. To the victor belong the spoils."

"But you have to kill the turkey," Jim added. "A mere wound doesn't count. By virtue of my loan I get five shots for nothing."

"We don't want to take unfair advantage of you," the Doctor continued. "The turkey is pure white, so I shall stand off to one side and call your shots—that is, whether you are too high or too low."

"That sounds like a fair proposition," I remarked to Jack.

"I'll bet you a dollar I kill the bird," was his only reply. Of course I was obliged to take the bet.

"Get your rifles ready," said Jim. "The Doctor will place the turkey. He has asked me to keep score and collect for the shots in advance."

The Doctor hurriedly left us, and we got down our rifles and sallied forth to exhibit our skill as marksmen. I was doubly anxious to kill the turkey and win Jack's bet, because of his air of self-assurance, but there was that in his manner which warned me I would have to shoot my best in order to accomplish my purpose. As we emerged from the cabin we caught sight of the Doctor wallowing through the snowdrifts some distance ahead of us with the turkey under his arm.

"That fowl is the dearest live thing I've seen in some time," Jack observed.

"It's the cold," Jim informed him. "It makes it all the easier for you. He won't flop around so much."

The Doctor paused and looked back at us.

"It's just sixty yards to this stump," he shouted.

"It's the longest sixty yards I ever saw," I shouted in answer. "How did you measure it?"

"I just paced it off. It's exactly sixty yards."

"It's all right," Jim interposed. "The snow makes the distance deceptive. It really isn't quite sixty, I should judge. He didn't count right." The Doctor placed the turkey behind the stump, leaving nothing but its head and neck exposed, and withdrew to one side.

"Blaze away whenever you're ready," he called to us.

I fired first.

"Too high," the Doctor announced.

Jack laughed, struck an attitude and raised his rifle to his shoulder.

"Four feet too low," was the Doctor's report on Jack's shot, and it was my turn to smile.

When we had each fired three times without scoring our interest became aroused.

"I don't understand it," I paused to remark. "It must be the snow."

"It's the color of the turkey," Jack disagreed. "I can hardly see the blame thing. He hasn't moved an inch since the Doctor stuck him up there."

"All the less reason for your poor shooting," Jim replied. So far he had taken no part in the affair, but stood off to one side, keeping score on the back of an envelope, and incidentally favoring us with advice.

Jack and I fired a dozen shots apiece, and still the turkey went unscathed. By that time I had become suspicious of the Doctor's coaching, and without commenting on the fact ceased following his directions; but aim as I would, I was either "too high or too low, or just a trifle too much to the right or left." And then Jim stepped forward and announced that we had had our chance and that he would now show us how to shoot. He fired twice without giving us a practical demonstration of his skill, and just then Hale called to us from the barnyard:

"Say, ef you boys want that thar turkey fer dinner," he shouted, "you'll have to bring him in right away. It'll take an hour t' thaw him out—that's t' say, ef they's anythin' left t' thaw."

Jack and I exchanged meditative glances.

"What in thunder does he mean?" Jack inquired, suspiciously.

"Give it up," Jim responded, and hastened to add: "Let me have just one more shot. I've got the range now, I think."

He took quick aim and fired.

"You killed him that time," the Doctor shouted. "Hit him just below the neck."

He held up the turkey and started toward us.

"With his whiskers and that queer-looking fur cap, the Doctor resembles some sort of a retriever," Jack observed.

Jim received his prize from the Doctor's hands with unnatural modesty.

"Let's have a look at him," Jack requested. "For a freshly killed bird he's the stiffest propoition I ever ran up against."

"I don't believe Jim hit him at all," I asserted.

"Yes I did," Jim retorted. "I plunked him square in the gizzard." He raised the feathers and showed us where the bullet had entered. "Hale is waiting for the turkey," he went on. "We can settle the question later as to who shot the bird."

He hurried away in the direction of the barnyard without giving us a chance to examine the turkey.

"Something tells me that we are a couple of simple-minded suckers," Jack murmured in my ear as we followed the Doctor into the cabin.

"Ditto, hic," I assented. "There wasn't a drop of blood on the bird. Did you notice?"

"I did. And we fell for a dollar eighty apiece," he sighed.

In due course of time Hale's "missus" summoned us to partake of our Thanksgiving dinner.

"Sorry to hev kep' you waitin' so long," she apologized, "but that turkey was froze solid. I swan I jest thought he never would thaw."

Jim turned red and the Doctor began to fidget about and look uncomfortable. Jack, who had insisted upon carving, winked at me and smiled grimly.

"Is that why you punched him so full of holes?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Hale.

"Fer ever sakes! You don't think I done that, do you?" she questioned in reply. "Jest as ef you men folks didn't shoot the poor bird all t' pieces yer own selves, an' him dead's a door nail the hull time. I declare t' goodness I don't see why you done it."

Jack rose to his feet and glared accusingly at Jim and the Doctor, like a judge about to pronounce sentence.

"Of all the scheming, foxy, nerry bunco-steerers, you two are the limit," he declared. "Doctor, I am surprised at you. How many times did I hit that bird?"

"I couldn't swear to a single shot except Jim's," the Doctor unblushingly replied. "You see, the stump was hollow and I set the bird inside of it, and the bullets must have gone right through the stump, bird and all."

"Well, just ante up some of that dollar eighty I paid you, then. You can't convince me that this wasn't a put up job, you know."

"Don't give up a cent, Doctor," Jim interposed, struggling to keep from laughing. "Why should he?" he added, turning to me.

"Why should he?" Jack broke in in scornful tones.

"Why should he? Why, because we shot that turkey full of holes before you fired your rifle once, that's what for. Laugh, if you want to. What you holding in for?"

"The agreement was that one of you was to kill the turkey," Jim rejoined. "How could you kill a dead bird? It had been frozen for hours," and Jim gave way to his mirth.

"That's what I call a skin game," Jack began.

"A mere friendly bit of fun," the Doctor interrupted. "Come, we'll leave the matter to Hale. If he says refund, why, we'll refund."

Thus appealed to, Hale thrust his hands in his pockets, threw his head back and gazed reflectively at the rafters.

"How much did your shootin' cost you?" he asked, after a moment's pause.

"Three sixty," Jack and I replied, in unison.

"Waal, this is Thanksgiving Day, ain't it?" he continued. "I wouldn't a-knowned it ef you boys hadn't happened 'long here to-day, cause I ain't celebrated Thanksgiving since my old man died, fifteen years ago it was. I fer one am thankful you had yer turkey shoot, an' it seems t' me," he lowered his eyes and gazed at Jack and me, "seems t' me I wouldn't say too much 'bout that thar three sixty. I'd fergit it, and jest be thankful it wasn't more. Ef it hadn't been fer the missus here you'd be shootin' yet, I reckon. And that reminds me, jedging from her looks, that the turkey's gittin' cold."

"He's right, Jack," said I. "It is on us, and a good one, too. Carve the turkey."

FAYETTE DURLIN.

Natural History.

Animals and Men.

It goes almost without saying that animals and men have always dwelt together here on the earth since the very long time ago when both first had an existence. Of course I do not mean that they were from the first as well-acquainted with each other as some of them are now—that the primitive man had a well trained and lovable riding horse which carried his master around with evident pride—that he had a friendly dog so closely attached to his skin-clad person, and a domestic cat so in love with the little ash-heap which then constituted his fire-side, that neither of them could be driven away, even with a club. I only mean that the same localities which were occupied by man were also frequented by numerous representatives of the wild animal creation; and that when the animal left its den, lair or nest, and the man left his cave, grotto or hole-in-the-ground, the two were liable to meet. In this sense, each dwelt "in the presence of" the other.

I think it equally clear that the first or original relationship between animals and men was one of hostility. Neither party loved the other, and in fact had at first no occasion to. Primitive man wanted clothing and food, and doubtless got both by the chase. The carnivorous animals (which were largely dominant) wanted food, and a specimen of genus homo, served rare, was, as we may reasonably believe, as acceptable to the tiger-taste then as now. Possibly it was then first acquired, and by constant use has become little short of an inherited instinct.

Out of this relationship of mutual hostility, there have been evolved three very singular developments:

1. The talkability of animals as a part of the once current belief of mankind.
2. The institution or cultus which we now know as "Totemism."
3. The investment of certain selected animals with a sacred character.

Now, so far as I am aware, there is no existing human record, nor any extant reliable tradition which shows, or even tends to show, the origin or beginnings of any one of the characteristics of animal life involved in these three phases of development. An inquiry as to their origin involves many matters of interest, but in making such an inquiry, our only guide is (1) conformity to collateral facts which are known, and (2) reasonable probability.

Let us take first the question of talkability. What can be safely said as to it?

In the slow evolution of humanity from a state of savagery—and probably during the era of barbarism—there was a time when a belief in the power of animals to make intelligible use of human language was a part, and a somewhat important part, of the common thought of the race. And so common was this belief that intelligent and instructive conversations between animals and men were not regarded as matters of wonder or even surprise. They talked with each other, or were so represented, on subjects of common interest, as freely and as sensibly as men with men. Nor was it a sign language that is said to have been used, but veritable human speech.

These conversations, also, as usually narrated, had this noticeable feature,—they were strictly characteristic of

the parties; that is to say, each animal is always represented as talking just as that particular animal might reasonably be supposed to talk if, being still an animal, it had acquired in some way a knowledge of language and the gift of speech. The mistake is never made of representing an animal as talking just as a man would talk. We can usually recognize some animal trait in animal speech as reported, even though in some cases some men may possess and express the same or a like trait. Neither does one animal habitually talk just like another animal of a different species. The individual traits of the particular animal crop out in its speech. Nor yet again, are there any incongruities in respect of age or sex. A wolf never talks like a horse, nor is a young fox represented as possessing the matured wisdom of its ancestor; while a mother wolf which, like "the modern woman," should strive to ape masculine ways, would be a strange anomaly indeed.

It is true, however, that while animals in such conversations are represented ordinarily as possessing many traits which are common to them and to men, such as cunning, craftiness, deceit, etc., at the same time still other traits, peculiar to humanity, and rarely if ever found in animal life, are also attributed to them, such as honesty, good faith, a sense of justice toward others, etc. These latter not infrequently enter largely into the narratives. But what is a more singular fact (of which more will be said presently), the animals not infrequently exhibit, according to the stories told of them, the possession and exercise of still higher traits, such as border closely on the superhuman—sometimes using their superior wisdom solely for their own benefit, and sometimes for the benefit of their friends in human shape, or for the punishment of their enemies.

I do not think that I need to stop to illustrate and prove what I have thus said. Our literature is full of both illustrations and proofs—the books of Folk Lore, Æsop's Fables, Uncle Remus, Little Red Riding Hood, or any one of the dozen other equally familiar books. In fact, the Bible is an excellent authority on some of the points suggested, as we will shortly see.

Now, how and when in the growth of civilization, did this idea arise and become a part of the common belief of men—that animals could talk—when everybody knows, and always did know, that they cannot? It is an old saying that:

"The impossible cannot be done,
And very seldom comes to pass."

But in respect of this matter, "the impossible," if it did not actually "come to pass," was believed in as implicitly as if it had; and men who understood the impossibility, still thought, believed and acted as if it were not only possible but also true.

Beliefs, whether true or false, do not exist in the absence of a sufficient cause by which to account for their origin. We may not always know the cause, but we may be sure that there once was one.

It almost goes without saying that this belief in the talkability of animals, as a portion of or one element in a human cultus, belongs necessarily to an exceedingly early period of human development. There is no place for it in the life and thought of a civilized or even of a semi-civilized people, except as a relic of an earlier age. It is not based, however, on the first or earliest impressions which men in a state of savagery would or could acquire from their observations of the habits and capabilities of wild animals. Such early observations would indicate the existence of a feeling of hostility rather than of friendship; while, as a general rule, the conversations as reported clearly imply the existence of a friendly relation between the parties, either real or assumed. Conversation on a friendly basis necessarily implies friendship, and friendship is not the growth of a day, especially as between a wild beast and an equally wild man.

Hence it cannot be assumed that the first Nimrod was the first inventor of animal talk. Time must first be allowed, and probably many centuries of time, for the creation and growth of friendly relations between men and animals. We may reasonably conjecture that the taming and domestication of the first progenitors of our domestic animals, marked the inception of such friendly relations. This work itself must have required several centuries—we cannot even guess how many—for while even yet individual members of a wild family of animals are sometimes easily tamed, man had not within the same period, covering several thousand years, so far domesticated any animal so as to establish in the progeny a well settled habit of regarding himself as an object of trust from its owner. At least I know of no record of that kind. Such animals have been tamed within the past few centuries, and associated with the zebra, the lion, the elephant, and sundry singing birds, but without success. All our domestic animals were tamed and brought into friendly relations with the lords of creation long prior to the existence of any known records of human history—and some of these records are very old.

We must therefore premise the existence of somewhat intimate friendly relations between men and animals before the idea of friendly conversations between them could possibly arise; and such friendly relations could only follow complete domestication, not necessarily of all, but at least of some. And when the gift of speech became, in common thought, a trait of domestic animals, it was but a step to the further idea that non-domestic or wild animals could also talk, as in Little Red Riding Hood, and in the Biblical story of the temptation of our Grandmother Eve.

After men became sociably intimate and on terms of good-fellowship with a domestic animal, say with his dog, it is not at all surprising that he should wish to talk with it, especially if cut off from other company, as in long-continued hunting or herding; or, on the other hand, that he should imagine that it wished to talk with him. And if a man really wanted to talk with his favorite and faithful dog, he would have no difficulty in getting up an imaginary conversation, which, if sufficiently interesting to others, might easily become, in time, a part of the folk-lore of his people.

Nothing is more common in childhood, even now, than for a little girl to extemporize an imaginary con-

versation with her doll; and the subject which we are discussing necessarily takes us back to the childhood of our race.

Now, I do not pretend to say that this is the way in which was originated the opening chapter in our voluminous records of animal folk-lore. As to this, we have no positive knowledge whatever—nothing but theory, and theory is but another means for guess-work. But I feel safe in saying that it is a possible way, that it is the best I can think of, and is much more probable than any other yet suggested, so far as my reading has gone.

It is possible that our primitive ancestors at some time formed the conception (to a certain extent true) that animal vocalization, though unintelligible to human ears, really constituted a means of conversation as between themselves; that is, as between one animal and another. With this conception, well formed, the next step—imaginary conversations between animals and men—might naturally follow. That is, after relations of friendliness or good fellowship had been established, but not before. In support of this as a possible theory, Holy Writ informs us of a belief, once existing, that the trees could talk with each other—in fact could consult with reference to the furtherance of their common interests, and decide and act. (Judges 9; 8-14.) If trees could talk, why not animals?

As we are now in the field of pure speculation, another possible conjecture will do no hurt.

In the early conceptions of barbarous nations, it was generally believed that every existing object or thing had a life or spirit of its own. Every growing tree not only was alive, but it had, in popular thought, a life separate and distinct from its physical structure. In Hebrew thought, this belief continued to exist even down to the time of our Saviour, as appears from the account of His cursing the barren fig-tree (Mark 11; 12-14, 20-21).

Life of this kind in a tree, as well as anywhere else, would imply, or naturally lead in course of time to a belief in an accompanying intelligence; and a belief in intelligence having thus arisen, the idea or conception that such intelligence must find expression in some form, in a highly imaginative age, naturally follows as a necessary inference. And when barbaric thought had reached that point—which, however, may have taken many centuries—imaginary conversations for the expression of such intelligence would be a natural sequence; and the frequent repetition of such conversations would produce a resultant belief in their genuineness among the non-skeptical people. I have heard even civilized persons repeat impossible stories of exploits and adventures until they seemed to believe them themselves.

Next, what about Totemism?

This subject is one which possesses peculiar difficulties. How the idea of allying one's self by blood or by descent with a wild animal, and of making such alliance the basic fact of both religious and social organization, ever entered the mind of man, savage or civilized, is a question which has puzzled our best sociologists and antiquarians—and, so far as I know, it has not been satisfactorily answered. Starting, however, from totemism, the theory is somewhat generally held that all our animal cultus—animals as talkers, animals in religion, animals in art, animals in heraldry and animals as national emblems—are but relics of an exceedingly old totemism which prevailed among the ancient Aryan and Semetic tribes while still in a state of barbarism, but which, except as to the features thus preserved, completely died out and was forgotten prior to the discovery of writing as a means of preserving knowledge in the earth.

If we could account for the origin and existence of totemism, and could show that it was prior in point of time to all other developments of animal folk-lore, the theory above referred to might perhaps be accepted, as at least highly probable; but it is of no use to say, as was said in an old cosmogony, that the world rests on an elephant, and the elephant stands on a tortoise, so long as we have nothing for the tortoise to stand on. We gain nothing by attributing animal folk-lore to totemism, so long as we can neither account for totemism, nor prove even the probability of its prior existence.

But there is one thing which I think that we are safe in saying—that totemism could not have arisen during the primitive period when men and animals were universally hostile. In totemism the relations of men and totems, usually, if not always, are relations of friendship at least. The idea of any normal or continuing hostility between a man and his own totem is utterly foreign to the system. In fact, they are more than friendly; an intimate relationship by blood or descent is believed to exist. The very idea of a totem carries with it a belief in the beneficence of the totem; and the believer in the totem responds to this feeling of beneficence by the way in which he treats and regards all animals of his totem class. He carefully refrains from doing them any harm, and protects them from injury so far as he can; nor does he use them for food unless driven thereto by extreme hunger, and then only with manifestations of great sorrow.

If I am right thus far, I think we may safely conclude, at least as something highly probable, that out of the original hostility of man and animals there was evolved: First, domestication; second, friendly relations; third, talkability; and that totemism comes in somewhere later in the evolutionary process.

To find a place where it might have come in, let us go back a little.

In discussing the conversational powers which have been associated with animal life, I referred to the very singular fact that some animals, at least, were believed to possess a wisdom or intelligence that were superhuman—that is to say, that certain animals, and more particularly the serpent and the raven, possess a much larger knowledge than man in respect of those things which ordinarily are thought to lie outside of or beyond human cogitation and control. From all we can gather on the subject, this idea lies at the basis of serpent-worship, as formerly practiced by many nations, and as even yet resorted to not infrequently among the Hindoo peasantry. By such the serpent is thought to have an intelligence and knowledge which is in some way super-

human, and consequently its favor is to be purchased or its hostility placated by the usual acts of worship. The account given us in the Bible of the temptation of Eve, presupposes or assumes that on the subject then under consideration the serpent knew more than Eve did. No matter that the serpent lied and knew he was lying. Eve, as is represented, believed that his knowledge was superior to her own, and trusted him accordingly. Liars never deceive except on the assumption of possessing superior knowledge.

By the time writing was invented, the idea that animals could then talk had for the most part dropped out of human thought, though it was still believed that in earlier times they could, and hence the earlier traditions of their doing so were preserved. The case of Balaam's ass, however, (Num. 22) is an exception. The art of writing had at that time been long in existence, but a relic of the old belief that animals could talk still lingered, and was there used, partly, at least, to state and illustrate the other fact (which was still believed) that animals in point of knowledge and discernment, were superior to men. For the ass, even though it was nothing but an ass, is represented to have had better powers of observation and to have known more than its master—and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that its master was a genuine prophet of high rank and international reputation.

We are so accustomed to looking to the Bible for our religion that we frequently overlook the fine irony sometimes incidentally concealed in its pages.

Holy Writ also gives us another case in point, some five or six hundred years later. By this time, the raven had lost, in popular apprehension, its supposed ability to talk, but when in the reign of Ahab of Israel, the Prophet Elijah had made things rather hot for his own safety at court, and consequently had been compelled to fly and hide, though his friends could not find him, nor the King, either, the ravens looked him up and fed him—"bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening." 1 Kings: 17; 1-7.

In selecting incidents from Biblical history for the purposes of illustration, I do so for the reason that a Bible is supposed to be easily accessible to every man, while books specially devoted to animal lore are sometimes less so. There is a good deal to be learned from the Bible besides religion.

How, now, did the idea that animals exceeded men in knowledge and wisdom, get into human thought? I do not know, and I can only suggest one or two possibilities.

The idea already alluded to, that everything which lives, moves or grows, had some sort of personal life of its own, independent of its physical organization, was very old, and also, in an ignorant, credulous and highly imaginative period of human existence, would be very natural. The blooming of a flower, the formation of a leaf, or even the springing of a shoot from the ground, would involve a mystery which to the primitive man would be explicable only on the theory that some superhuman agency—some spirit—caused it, and he would naturally locate the spirit in the flower, leaf or shoot. So, also, as to a spring or fountain bubbling up from the soil. It, too, must have a spirit. Naturally all nature would come to be pervaded with spirits, and as they were invisible, they were believed to be in concealment—in the depths of the waters, in thick forests and mountain glens and caves. But these places were the ordinary and natural dwelling places of the animal creation. What more natural than that the animals should learn from the spirits of the forests and of the waters and of the mountains, things which to human apprehension were unknown? The birds, too, were in apparent fellowship with the spirits of the sky, of the sun, the wind, and the tornado. They, too, should know more than men.

It is also true that animals have a wonderful, though silent, power of expression. A common dog, standing by my side at table, and looking up wishfully for food, appeals to me more strongly by his eye, attitude and tail, than the neediest and most persistent human beggar, with the possible aid of a pathetic voice. Was the primitive man less susceptible to such silent appeals than I am? Might he not naturally conclude that the silent dog knew more than the vociferous beggar?

A number of like citations could be made; but as I am not seeking to prove a rule, but only to illustrate a probable theory, the above will suffice.

Now, while suggesting this as possibly, if not probably a correct theory to account for the fact, I do not mean to intimate that the primitive man ever followed any such line of thought, step by step, from premise to conclusion. Nor was it necessary that he should. Untutored minds, in the presence of facts, commonly reach results without apparent or consciously thinking at all, and apparently by some process which closely resembles what we call instinct.

Now if, as I believe, we are justified in concluding that in the evolution of animal folk-lore a belief in the superior wisdom of animals generally, or even of some animals, preceded the rise of totemism, then the latter system can be easily accounted for, as also that feature of religious and sacrificial systems under which some animals were held to be sacred and others not. It then became simply a question of rank and classification. If the animal ranked high in wisdom, he might easily become a favorite tribal emblem and grow in time to the position now held by the totem. In the degeneracy of totemism, undesirable animals would naturally be picked up and appropriated, until the whole system would become a degrading superstition, as is now the case among the aboriginal tribes of Africa and Australia. Or developing in another direction, in the cultus of nations where sacrifices became early a part of religion, the animals especially esteemed or valued might naturally come to be regarded as the proper objects of sacrifice, as in ancient Judaism or even of worship as in ancient Egypt.

But all these things go back to an exceedingly remote period in the world's history. Take, for example, the account of the temptation of Eve. Regarding it, as I do, as allegorical—as much so as the parable of the prodigal son, and for pretty much the same reasons—I do not feel bound to date it, as does Bishop Ussher,

B. C. 4004. The human race is much older than that, but how much older nobody knows. But even back of the date of the story, no matter what its date may be, many centuries must be allowed for the conception and slow evolution of the ideas involved (1) that animals can talk at all, (2) that they can talk intelligibly with each other, (3) that they understand and can use human speech and talk intelligibly with men, and (4) that they excel men in a knowledge of human affairs. Allow a reasonable time for each of these and count back of any date which can possibly be assigned to the Adamic story, or back of the date at which a somewhat similar story appears in the old records of ancient Babylon, and it will be found that we are dealing with something which must greatly antedate any known existing human record or any extant historical tradition—and antedate, too, by years which in number must be counted by the thousand.

In a general way I would conclude, at least tentatively, as respects the evolution of the relations of animals and men:

First. That there was originally a state of normal hostility.

Second. That this was followed by the domestication of our home and farm domestic animals.

Third. That the supposed or imaginary talkability of animals as an evolutionary step came next.

Fourth. That through or along with domestication, and the evolution of talkability, friendly relations were established between man and the domestic animals, and in the course of time such friendly relations came to be conceived of as possible and as sometimes existing with wild animals also.

Fifth. Out of these conditions and relations and the facts incident thereto, there was evolved the further idea that animals, or at least some of them, possessed a wisdom that was super-human.

From a belief in the super-human wisdom of animals there was evolved:

Sixth. Totemism, and,

Seventh. Animal sacrifices.

The last two, however, representing and following diverging lines of thought.

Eighth. That totemism, in so far as the lower animals are included as parts or elements of its cultus, represents a degeneracy of the system. And,

Ninth. That all this antedated any known human records or extant traditions; and while not capable of proof or disproof, may be accepted as probably true, at least until some theory more perfectly consonant with known facts is submitted. GEORGE H. CHRISTY.

PITTSBURG, Pa.

Antlers Locked in Death Struggle.

WANANISH, N. C., Nov. 18.—Deer are fairly plentiful in this section. Lands are generally posted. Myself and party of five killed four on the 14th, 15th and 16th. While following the hounds on the 16th I found two large bucks with their horns locked, one of which had apparently just died, while the other had the appearance of having been dead a few days. The backs of their necks were together, with noses pointed in opposite directions.

J. P. COUNCIL, JR.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Safe Use of Arms.

PORTLAND, Ind., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This shooting of men for animals is a terrible thing to contemplate, and to one who loves to tramp the woods in quest of game, and who has taken and continues to take his chances for life or death, it becomes a burning question.

One of your contributors suggests that hunters wear red hats. I am acquainted with a party who goes him one better. They all wear red shirts over their other apparel. They admit that a deer can see them more readily, but as a preventive against being mistaken for a wild animal it is the best thing conceivable.

As for being hit by stray bullets, all colors must take their chances, and so far I have escaped in a green coat. But it makes one feel a little nervous when he reads of the many accidents that are happening to those who go into the woods. Greater caution would curtail the death list measurably. No person is justified in carrying a gun at full cock, nor in any manner that it could injure anyone should it be discharged by accident; nor in leaving a cartridge in the chamber for any great length of time, especially if he has occasion to cock and uncock his gun a number of times, as the continued touching of the primer may have it on the point of explosion.

A sad accident occurred to a party that went from here to near Brownsville, Me., this season. Five of the party met by appointment about a mile from camp, reported their luck and separated. Two of the men struck into the woods, leaving the other three discussing the plan for a return hunt toward camp. One of the three was holding his gun under his right arm, the muzzle pointing downward. He chanced to be standing directly in the rear of a smaller man, and as he made a move to turn to one side the muzzle of his rifle struck the leg of the man in front of him and was discharged, the ball, a large explosive one, going through the leg of his unfortunate friend above the knee. Luckily the bones were not injured, and the man was brought home, and is now on the road to recovery, but the accident ended the hunt prematurely, and it was a sad party that returned. The immediate cause of the cartridge exploding is still a mystery. Possibly the hammer caught under the hunter's belt, was pulled part way back and then released. And again, the hammer may have been let down on the plunger or firing pin a number of times with such force that the jar caused the gun to be discharged. While this

case was purely an accident, there was a lack of caution.

As for mistaking a man for something else and shooting him intentionally, there is certainly no excuse. I see no grounds on which I could possibly acquit a person of the criminal charge of manslaughter. The rule should be, and is with me, shoot at nothing without first seeing the object distinctly and knowing just what it is. This extreme caution saved the life of my hunting companion two years ago, and I would much prefer to lose all the game in the woods than kill a human being by mistake.

No animal in the game woods looks like a human being. If you see a man sitting on a log and he looks like the bear you would give a piece of money to get to kill, watch him until he changes his position a few times; he will look different when he gets on his feet and begins to move away. If you see a fur cap that looks like a lynx, coon, turkey or anything your excited imagination pictures, wait; don't be in a hurry; let it show its shape; it may be a part of a human being.

If you saw the weeds or bushes moving you would show yourself to be a very poor hunter if you pulled up your gun and emptied it in that direction. If you saw something just the color of a deer, and making just about the noise a deer would make, moving along on the other side of some brush, and you felt almost certain it was a buck, and you would get him sure if he kept on coming, and for fear he might change his course and escape you caught a bead on him through one of the thinnest spots and dropped him, you would have done the reverse of what I did, and you would have killed a man.

Two friends were hunting ten miles southeast of Republic, Upper Peninsula of Michigan, two years ago this month, and became separated. One was sitting down and saw his friend draw his gun to his face and fire; the ball whistling by or the fact of the gun being pointed toward him caused him to spring to his feet and throw up his arms as a signal to his friend. The friend, however, for reasons known only to himself, quickly fired a second shot with fatal aim. What excuse could he possibly have had for such a deed?

As to certain guns being outlawed, it would not be a bad thing if they could be. The poorest are deadly enough. A poor workman finds fault with his tools, and a poor hunter, or poor marksman, will charge his failures to his gun. It doesn't take the hardest hitting gun to stop the game, if the ball is properly placed. I have tried them from .32-20 to .45-90 on deer, and dropped them with the pop-gun, as the boys called it, and I found I could not kill them any deader with the big gun. If hunters would make it a point to hit their game in a fatal spot it would necessitate their seeing the game, and they would not shoot into moving bushes or at indistinct objects. Accidents may happen, but there is no necessity for looking into the muzzle of a gun or pistol, or pulling a gun through the fence or brush, carrying it full cock, setting the breach on a log or stump, much less pointing it at a human being, or shooting at an indistinct object.

The man behind the gun in a game country will get game to his credit. The fool behind the gun is liable to kill anything, to his discredit.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The hunting season of 1901, which is drawing near to its close, seems to have been a most successful one, so far as game is concerned, but a decidedly unfortunate season, when we stop to contemplate the many accidents causing injury and death to human beings. Probably the so-called accident list for the year is not yet complete, but enough have been reported to convince everybody that fear of Maine's new law makes no difference with reckless men. Now, we must wait and see if this law will be enforced as it should be, trusting it will lessen the danger in the future.

Considerable has been said and written on this subject of late, and some of your correspondents seem inclined to sympathize with the careless hunters, because they have been in similar positions. In my opinion there are no words in the English language suitable for framing a reasonable excuse for the man who shoots another in the woods in the manner this shooting is usually done. Nearly every instance of fatal shooting in the woods of Maine comes to us tagged with the time-worn excuse, "I thought it was a deer." It is most strange how closely men resemble deer and bear in their movements, while there is not the least thing human about the moose or caribou. Of course, there is a reason for this distinction. Hunters must not kill caribou at any time, so this animal roams the woods in safety; neither is he ever mistaken for deer. If a hunter kills a cow moose and is detected, the law says he must settle, and the law is enforced. This state of things is rather unfortunate for the man who goes into the woods prepared to shoot everything that moves, for he finds his range of big game down to a disagreeable limit—deer, bear and men.

Now, if we accept the Darwin theory, that man descended from the monkey, we might assume that men, while in the woods, look and act like our ancestors. Then the hunter, wishing to add a head of this description to his collection, might be excused for killing a human being. There certainly is no other plausible reason, but the monkey is usually at the safe end of the gun, and, with natural cunning, always avoids injury to himself.

A man who does this kind of sight unseen shooting might reasonably be expected to fire the contents of his gun into the show window of a millinery store, thinking he saw a flock of birds.

If there is any one time in a man's life when he forfeits the right to think, it is when he raises his rifle to shoot at some moving object in the woods. That is the time he should know, and know for a certainty, what he is shooting. Let the law be enforced in such a manner that it will keep out of the woods, or severely punish, the man who can easily see all protected game, but readily kills a friend, rather than take a chance of losing what he thinks may be a deer.

ROXBURY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

READING J. A. Thompson's account of his narrow escape from shooting a friend, brings to mind something that happened in the Minnesota woods a few years ago, while I was hunting deer up there. I was stopping at

the Lamere place in Aitkin county, Minn., during the open season on deer. Ben Lamere was the best still-hunter I ever knew, and could get three or four deer to my one, as it was my first effort at still-hunting in the big woods.

One day Ben came in from the hunt looking harried and nervous, but no one said anything until supper, when his daughter asked what the matter was. "Well," said Ben, "I came very near to shooting Mr. J. (naming a neighbor) today."

It had happened like this: Ben was following a deer track in the snow when the track led into a thicket. It was a likely looking place for a deer to lie in during the day and Ben made a complete circuit of the thicket, and, finding no track leading out, he started in to find the deer in its bed. When Ben found the thicket a deer was lying in, he carefully located and shot the deer in its bed without his own presence being detected by the deer. Peering this way and that, Ben soon saw the deer lying behind a fallen tree-top; watching it intently, to make sure he saw a slight movement, and throwing his rifle to his face pulled the trigger, and at the same instant the deer straightened into the form of a man. Ben just had time to tilt his rifle a trifle and sent the bullet whistling harmlessly through the woods; but it was a close call, and scared both pretty thoroughly. The man had crossed Lamere's track and entered the thicket after Ben had made part of his circle, and of course his track had not been seen by Ben. In the thicket he had stopped and stooped over to lace his boot, and was sighted in that position by Ben. It was a treacherous combination of circumstances, but hardly an excuse for shooting a man for a deer.

Again, in early days, I was hunting elk in the Loup River country in Nebraska. There were four of us, and we halted one noon on the river bank near a small willow island or tow head. The day previous we had scared five elk from a similar island by shooting at some sandhill cranes sitting on a sand bar. At another time we had scared a deer from one while fooling round and not expecting any game. In this case I made up my mind to investigate and see if there was any game on the tow head. Taking my rifle I slipped away and made a circle round the thicket, using up some time in peering into the willows. At last I heard a crackling, as of something moving through the bushes. Later I saw the tops of the willows shake as though something moved along. It came toward and passed me. At one place, through a small opening, I saw something move along like the top of a deer's back. I waited with rifle at ready for the something to walk out on the bar.

When it did, it proved to be one of the boys from camp. I was startled, but never thought of it as a close shave. The true hunter does not shoot at a deer, but at some vital spot of the deer's anatomy. Neither does the true sportsman shoot at a flock of ducks, but at some member of the flock. Anyone not having this quality stamped on the label should be shunned as a base imitation.

At another time I was out with one companion; we had only a pack outfit, and camped at night in a deep washout or pocket in the edge of the hills, some hundred yards from the river. The deep pocket made a good wind-break, and there was no danger of rain. It was in a wild country, and we had been out for weeks without sighting strangers. My companion was a trapper, and we had a few traps along. He was also cook, and after supper, while he was straightening up, I cut a dry, red willow stake and started out to set a trap on a beaver slide I had previously located. I had left my gun on the top of the bank above camp, and when I started out I climbed the bank to get it. When I reached the top I was surprised to see a hunter (a veritable Daniel Boone in a coon-skin cap) crouched almost astride my gun, with his own leveled at my head. He was fully as much startled as I was. He was hunting, and as he came along the bank had heard me coming up, and, expecting some game animal, had crouched in waiting. The trap stake I was carrying with its prong made a very good imitation of an elk's horn, as they poked up ahead of me, but he did not shoot at the horn. When the head appeared it had a felt hat on it and he stayed his hand. Though almost astride my gun, he had not seen it, and did not know there was anyone else in the hills.

He stayed all night with us, and kept us awake until near morning, telling some of the most outrageous hunting and shooting stories I ever heard, and almost made me wish he had fired when he had a less excruciating drop on me.

Now, this is not intended as making any excuse for shooting a human being for a deer, but quite the contrary. Had Mr. Thompson or any of the men in the cases I have cited, fired and killed their "man" it would surely have been murder. The man who fires at something with intent to kill and said something proves to be a man and is killed, it is surely murder. It cannot fairly be classed as an accident, where the deed was done with full intent. Where a deer is sighted and shot at and an unseen man is killed, it is pure accident, and the unfortunate one who did the shooting is entitled to full sympathy, though there is no reason why he should not pay the victim's heirs the value of an ordinary life insurance policy, just the same as he might be expected to pay for a horse he had killed in the same way.

No sympathy should go to the man, however, who allows his gun to "go off" by accident and kill someone, though such cases cannot be denied the privilege of being classed as accidents. I have no love for the man who, while he frowns darkly at others, and accuses them of carelessness, leaves his own gun loaded about camp, or, after he has established a reputation by accusing others, forgets himself and swings his gun in all directions, and points at everything in sight, animate or inanimate. I like the man who studiously avoids allowing his gun to point at anyone, and says little. There are many men who would be safer companions afield if they would let their heads work more and their tongues less.

I remember two cases, both of which I saw, where the man, who is careful with his mouth met reverses. One happened when I was sixteen years old. I was out hunting with a muzzle-loader, when I met a party of

men out hunting. I had a much better gun than the average of that day. One of the men requested to be allowed to examine it. While he was looking it over, he engaged in a tirade against allowing boys to trapse about the country with a gun. Before he had finished the gun was discharged, and narrowly missed blowing a companion's head off, the shock rendering him deaf for several days. In the other case, I was out riding with a man who had a Winchester rifle along. Coming to a town, we drove into a livery barn and put the rifle in a corner of the office. There was no cartridge in the barrel of the rifle, but several in the magazine, where they were perfectly safe. A loafer about the barn, seeing the rifle, picked it up, and finding cartridges in the magazine resolved to teach the owner not to leave loaded guns standing round by taking the cartridges out and keeping them. Working the lever he got a cartridge into the chamber with the gun cocked, of course, and then pulled the trigger and sent a bullet up through the mow floor and through the calf of a leg of the liveryman, who was in the mow throwing down hay. The poor fellow who did the shooting had to hunt another fire to sit by that winter.

I once knew a farmer who had two sons who did not always agree on all subjects. One morning at milking time he saw them throwing clubs about the cow yard in a very spirited way. At breakfast he asked them which won the fight. The boys said they were not fighting. At this the father flew into a passion and gave both a thrashing, warning them, meantime, that he would repeat the operation every time he caught them throwing clubs when they were not fighting.

The moral is, Don't point your gun at anyone unless you mean it; then the other fellow can understand you, and act accordingly. There is no trouble if one will set their head to it. Make up your mind that you will not allow your gun to point at any animate thing you don't intend to shoot—not even your favorite dog. This will require some mental effort at first, but will soon become a habit, and no further effort will be required, any more than it requires a mental effort to put on your hat when you go out into the sun. With the best of training, accidents are liable, but I have no sympathy with the charity that calls shooting a man for a deer an accident.

E. P. JAGUES.

Birds the Novice Didn't Shoot.

A MORNING in the early part of November found three eager sportsmen and their three dogs about to enter a peach orchard in quest of that much sought after American gentleman, Bob White. The scene was laid in Orange county, N. Y., in a region made famous in gun-lore by the pen pictures of that charming writer of long ago, Frank Forrester. Of the men, the Veteran was the guest of honor. This veteran, though nearing the three score and ten mark, has retained all his fondness for dog and gun and still has the faculty of placing shot where it does the most good. The second member, the Expert, was the breeder and breaker of the dogs, and a better shot or truer sportsman I have never met. The last of the three was the Novice. The dogs, Imp, Belle and Jim (English setters), were all high bred, and a glance at their pedigrees discloses the name of more than one of our noted crackjacks.

Imp was first over the fence, and landed plump into a half-dozen birds, which flushed and flew into a patch of woods above the orchard. In making for this woods, four more birds flushed out of shot, taking the same direction. This bevy had apparently been scattered by rabbit hunters, as it was almost too late for them to have been feeding. Almost all the birds found that day had been previously disturbed, were badly frightened, and wouldn't lie worth a cent.

Passing through the woods and reaching the upper edge we found Jim on a point at a brush heap and Imp backing him. The Veteran, walking in, put up a single bird, which he hit hard, but failed to stop. This bird reached a thick scrub oak lot, and the most diligent search failed to bring it to light.

Leaving the woods, Jim flushed two more birds, but no one got a shot. Master Jim was here warned to be more careful or something would drop. We were unable to raise any more of these scattered birds, and left that locality.

The field yielded the next covey, which, sad to say, was flushed but within reach of the Veteran. The Novice, and the Veteran killed a bird. How about the Novice, you say? My friend, the Novice made the maximum amount of noise and the result was nil. I don't know what was coming to him in the form of a good thing. I often wonder if a little of the same medicine wouldn't improve the Novice's work.

After a vain endeavor to find these birds, which took an extremely long flight, we were crossing a young orchard when the Veteran walked up to another bunch of birds, killing one. Following the direction these birds took, and passing through a wooded ravine, a rabbit started in front of the Novice, running up hill through the brush, but offering a good mark. The right barrel was fired in a fit of buck ague before the rabbit had fairly cleared the end of the gun (spasmodically, as it were), but at the crack of the left the quarry sank to rest in a grass patch on the hillside. Not waiting to reload, this mighty huntsman rushed forward to secure the prize, when, to his utter disgust, the beast broke cover and went bounding over the hill, unharmed. It had merely squatted at the second shot to "wait till the clouds rolled by." Peals of unrestrained mirth from the ravine below told the disappointed one that the little scene had not lacked an appreciative audience.

Leaving this woods and passing into an open field, Jim pointed. Belle came up fast, and not seeing Jim's point crossed twenty yards in front of him, swung half round and also pointed. Imp backed both dogs beautifully, the whole making a very pretty scene, and the Veteran added to the completeness of the thing by killing the single bird that rose.

Several single birds were after this found and killed by the Expert (none over points, however), and several more were found by the Novice, and were not killed.

The last incident of the morning, or, as it might more properly be termed, a tragedy, occurred while on our way back to the wagon. Traversing the lower end of the scrub-oak lot of which previous mention has been made, a woodcock rose and, weary of the life of the hunted, deliberately committed suicide by flying into the space at that instant occupied by the contents of the right barrel of a gun in the hands of your humble servant,

THE NOVICE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.

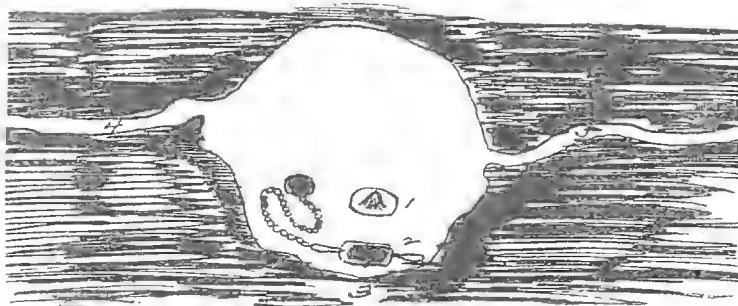
Fox Trapping.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I might occupy much space by talking about the devious ways and home life of the crafty gentleman under consideration, as I have made him a study for many years, and, to quote from Mr. Wells' very excellent article on the cougar, "I know how he lives, what he eats, how he catches his game and what he does with it after he catches it," but so much has been written of late by close students of animal life that the field has been pretty well covered.

For many years I followed trapping and fur buying as an occupation, my field of operations being the northern wilds of Wisconsin, then an unsurveyed and unsettled country. The sound of an axe had never at that time been heard on the since denuded tributaries of the great Wisconsin river, and for my training as a woodsman I was indebted to friendly Indians of the Chippewa tribe, who were in the days I speak of—prior to the Civil War—the finest and most intelligent body of Indians alive. I had many good friends among them. We had many beaver in that country, and with otter, mink, martin, lynx and an occasional bear, we had heavy packs of well-cured peltries when we came down each spring to Lacrosse or Prairie du Chien to mingle for a season in the busy haunts of men. Yes, we had foxes, too, and occasionally I would get one in a trap set perhaps for fisher or cat, but little I then knew of the ways of Reynard; and my dusky companions, although "up to beaver," were not able to teach me anything about the fox. In fact, I never learned him till years later, when I lived in a well-settled and sparsely timbered country, where he alone of all the fur wearers held his own with man.

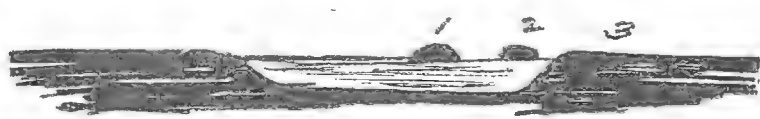
And now, with your permission, I will give in detail my way of trapping the fox, a part of which I must claim as the result of observation, and much of which was taught me by a trapper by the name of Kittridge, whose death some years ago excuses me for publishing the secrets he taught me. First I will make a diagram of trap and surroundings as used in what is called the water-set—the only reliable method of trapping the fox.



ARRANGEMENT OF FOX TRAP.

This will show you at a glance my method of setting the trap. No. 2 is the steel trap, with a very thin sod on trencher or pan. No. 1 is the sod on which bait is placed. The fox comes up at No. 3, as that is the nearest point to the bait which he has located by smell, and notices the nice dry sod at No. 2, which seems to have been placed there for his especial benefit. He steps on this to avoid wetting his feet, and meets his Waterloo. I have seen this drawing published somewhere, but without the details to enable one to get his fox, and it is the minute details that count in this contest of wits. No. 4 and 5 is a brooklet, which has been enlarged by digging, as explained in another place. A very small brooklet, even a few inches wide, can be enlarged to answer the purpose, or any open water can be used until it freezes. A small stream can often be led off from a larger one by digging a trench. The place should be prepared during the month of September or before, and trapping begin about Oct. 1; this gives the premises time to take on a natural appearance, by reason of rains, etc., and if anything is to be avoided it is the appearance of nature having been disturbed. When preparing your place for trap, step into the stream and follow up or down until you find a place where the ground is dry and the grass short (a pasture usually contains such places) and with a very sharp hoe dig out a place as shown in the drawing. If the grass is high, you can cut it close, giving it the appearance of having been eaten off by animals, and be very careful to leave no mud on banks or grass. The place should be quite shallow, and when the trap is set, about 1½ inches deep. When ready to begin trapping, enter the water as before some distance up or down, and at one edge set your trap. Have the water cover the trap about ½ inch, then carefully cover trap and chain with fine mud, so no part of it can be seen. Then with your hoe cut a sod with short grass and the same general appearance as the grass on the land where the fox comes up. Have the sod about ½ inch thick and somewhat smaller than the inside of the jaws of the trap. This sod must be of good solid and natural appearance, and, as I said, with grass short, as though cattle or sheep had grazed it closely. Lay the sod on your trap carefully by means of the hoe. Place another larger sod at No. 1 for the bait, and you will see by drawing that only one sod is placed where the fox can step on it, and that is on the trap. As a fox will never wet his feet when he can avoid it, he steps on this sod to reach the bait. The sod, No. 1, must also have short grass on it and be laid so that it just appears above the water, and on this sod you lay a piece of bait the size of your fist, also a drop or two (no more) of scent. Put no scent on bait or trap, and above all, put nothing on land where fox is to come up. Then carefully cover the bait by digging up small pieces of sod with the corner of your hoe. This gives the bait the appearance of having been covered by a fox. The ground should be as smooth and level as pos-

sible, and the land at the side where the trap is must be very little higher than the water, thus—side view:



SIDE VIEW ARRANGEMENT OF FOX TRAP.

If you have the sod on trap much lower than where fox comes up, you will have no luck, or if grass is long at No. 3 the fox will not be trapped. This point is very essential.

Never step on the land at No. 3, and if you put a foot on the land anywhere within ten rods of your trap it lessens your chance of success. I never fasten a trap, but put a heavy weight on the chain—a big stone will answer, fastened by a strong cord, and must, of course, be covered with mud, same as trap and chain. If your trap is dirty or rusty, clean it and sandpaper it bright, then heat it quite hot and smear every part, chain and all, with bee's wax. This kills the scent of the iron and prevents its rusting, and is not necessary more than once a year. Always wear a pair of light gloves when trapping. They must be clean to begin with, and should be worn to handle trap and when skinning game, but for no other purpose. Never let them touch a gun or a pipe, and if you use tobacco be very careful. A fox won't excuse anything of that kind.

For bait use common house cat if you can get it; muskrat or skunk also is good. Don't shoot your animal for bait, as the shot will give it a powder scent. Skin the bait with your gloves on, cut off head, tail and legs and divide rest of meat into pieces size of a goose egg. Now place the meat in a slow-running stream or swampy place for a week or longer. It wants to get old and give out a strong smell. Never touch the meat with your hands after putting it in the water. Use a sharp stick and place on sod No. 1 as directed. You see how careful you must be to leave no scent of hands or feet.

The best scent I know of is the dog bag from a female fox or dog in heat preserved in alcohol. Muskrat scent is also good, and it should be obtained in the spring and mixed with oil from a muskrat, raccoon or fish. A little skunk's musk added is an improvement. The fish oil is obtained by cutting up small fish and exposing them in a well-corked bottle for several weeks to the sun. You will get a small quantity of very highly perfumed oil which can be used as above and which by itself is the greatest known attraction for otter, mink or coon. The scent from any of the musk pouches will be improved by standing all summer in the oil or alcohol. When you catch a fox he will scent the spot so strongly that it will attract others a long distance, and your chances at that place be much improved.

Never carry a gun when trapping the fox, and do not spit on the ground. The main and all important thing in trapping wild animals is to leave no human taint where you wish the game to come. There are various ways of trapping the fox on dry land, and I guess I have tried them all. By some methods I can catch a fox once in awhile, but the chances are largely in favor of the fox. With the plan I have endeavored to explain, Sir Reynard has very little show. I have caught as many as thirty-eight in one season between Oct. 1 and frost, and I never used more than a half-dozen traps at a time. Do as I have told you and think no detail too small to be important, and you will catch your fox without a doubt.

TRAPPER.

The Maine Woods.

BOSTON, Nov. 23.—A party of six Boston bankers and merchants, consisting of J. L. Richards, John Toulmin, C. L. Dennison, Charles Carter, Mr. Parker and Mr. Richards, is just out of the Maine woods. They had great success with deer, and considerable hardship. They went into the Sebois Lake region before the recent heavy snowstorm. They found the leaves so dry and noisy that they got only occasional glimpses of deer, shooting one or two as they ran. Two of the party got discouraged and came out. The others were caught in 15 to 18 inches of snow. Then their troubles began. It is true that they readily secured their full quota of deer, but saw no moose. The moving about was terrible. They could scarcely make more than a mile a day in some cases, while the weaker ones of the party were soon completely exhausted. They say that there is game enough in that celebrated section, but they never want to encounter 15 inches of light snow in the woods again. Other big-game hunters in Maine also suffered from the unusual depth of snow for the season. Mr. W. Hall was found dead in the woods at Skinner Saturday morning. He, with two other men, started out hunting Wednesday forenoon from Lowelltown. At night two men returned, but Mr. Hall was not with them. They had been separated from him in the woods, and as he did not come in that night, they concluded that he was lost. Thursday morning a searching party was formed, but it was with great difficulty that the men could cover much ground. It continued to snow till nearly two feet had fallen. Mr. Hall was not found till Saturday morning. He was dead, doubtless from exposure. He had evidently wandered about a good deal, as he was nearly three miles from where he had left the other hunters. Novices should avoid the Maine woods, and even hunters and guides should carry a compass, and follow it, if occasion requires. Not only is the big-game hunter in danger from the weapons used, but life is frequently sacrificed from being lost. Two instances are recorded this season, and it happens every season. I suggested yesterday the red-hat scheme, proposed in the *FOREST AND STREAM*, to a gentleman just returned from a deer-hunting trip. He laughed, and remarked that doubtless it might prevent other hunters from shooting the wearer, but it would also "scare the deer all out of the woods." Another hunter says that he has tried it this fall, and that he was unable to see that it scared the deer at all. He got his full quota, and shot almost the first ones seen. Two Auburn, Me., hunters have lately returned from a deer hunting trip to Shelburn, N. H. They secured two fine deer, one a buck, apparently five years

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bigger Man than President Roosevelt.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 22.—We have not heard much of late of the Minnesota National Park, though the matter cannot yet be called outside of the realm of news interesting to sportsmen and those in favor of the partial preservation of the American forests. As to the future of the park, that is much a matter of politics, or rather politics and lumbering interests combined. It has earlier been shown in these columns how the treachery of Tom Shevlin, of the Shevlin-Carpenter Lumber Co., of Minneapolis, practically defeated the original purposes of the Congressional expedition to Minnesota two years ago. Mr. Shevlin, as the hero of the "split train" of the abandoned expedition, deserves at least the credit which belongs to a successful schemer.

That, however, is ancient history. Here is a bit of modern history, which goes to show that Mr. Shevlin has expanded in his ambitions of late, and has perhaps grown even more confident in regard to his own accomplishments. Never mind how the news got out, but these are the facts: One day this fall Mr. Shevlin, while speaking with a friend, was accosted by the latter in regard to the possible attitude of President Roosevelt toward this same Minnesota National Forest Reserve. "Roosevelt?" said Mr. Shevlin. "Don't you be afraid about him. I hold Theodore Roosevelt in the hollow of my hand!"

That is something of an assertion. President Roosevelt has not yet been heard from in regard to the matter.

More Deer Hunting Casualties.

On Nov. 18 Wm. Kampf, of Chippewa Falls, Wis., while hunting near Boyd, in the same county, saw something moving in the bushes and fired upon the object. It proved to be Wm. Shaffer, who was struck by the ball and killed. Here is the curious part of it, for in fact the same bullet killed two men. In the hunting party was James White, an old man perhaps troubled with some affection of the heart. As he stood over the dead body of Shaffer he suddenly threw up his hands and fell prostrate, dying almost immediately after.

There is considerable of a stir up in Wisconsin among the Chippewa Indians of Marinette county. The superintendent of the Peshtigo Lumber Co. reports that these Indians are very much excited over the killing of one of their number, who was shot by some unknown white party who took the Indian for a deer. Search is being made for the body of the Indian reported killed, and it is said that if the Indians find it, they purpose to take vengeance on the white hunters who are in the woods in that neighborhood. On Nov. 18 all the hunters were warned to leave the woods in that country as soon as possible. The early termination of the deer season at that date would perhaps take them out at any rate, but it would be pardonable of the Indians if they did make some sort of demonstration. It need hardly be said that the Indian is not guilty of such criminal carelessness in his hunting operations.

Warden and Fishermen War on Lake Michigan.

Deputy Warden C. E. Brewster, of Michigan, has this week been cruising with a party of armed deputies near the foot of Lake Michigan, close to the Indiana line, in search of net fishermen who are alleged to have been fishing illegally in Michigan waters. Brewster on Nov. 19 had seized a few nets and was making ready to annex an unlimited quantity in addition. On the 18th the warden's tug gave pursuit to three fishing boats accused of illegal fishing. One of these boats was rammed by the tug and the other two taken into custody and ordered to report at St. Joseph. Only one of the three, the tug Edwards, turned up as ordered by the warden. The defense was made by the fishermen that they were in Indiana waters at the time of the raid.

On the 19th Brewster found the fleet of fishing boats all lined up well across the Michigan line in Indiana waters. Brewster himself stood pat, well inside the Michigan line. It is reported that in case he goes across the line he will be attacked by the whole outfit, and certainly these men are in a bad humor and disposed to make trouble. The nets seized on the 19th made a considerable bundle, but the largest mileage of nets had not yet been tackled.

Later information shows that on yesterday, Nov. 21, the plucky deputy returned from his cruise in the big waters of Lake Michigan. Success had crowned his efforts. The seizure of nets is the largest one ever made in the Great Lakes. The capture included eighteen miles of new netting belonging to A. Booth Co., of Chicago, representing a value of \$10,000. It is alleged that these nets were all found well within Michigan waters, and were set there in direct defiance of the laws of the State and the officials, delegated to execute those laws. The Booth fishing tug Harrow was sighted during the day, but no conflict took place between the two. Brewster went out again yesterday with a full force of armed deputies, and the probabilities are that, if any of these fishing tugs tangle up with the warden, there will be a serious difficulty as result. About 5,000 pounds of fish were confiscated with the nets.

The fishing tug Edwards, which surrendered a few days earlier, is still in charge of the warden, and the tug Perry, which was also obliged to strike its colors, came into St. Joseph yesterday.

All these seizures are made under the game and fish laws of the State of Michigan. It is not the first time that Deputy Brewster has met trouble with lake fishermen, and his experiences among the Beaver Islanders at the upper extremity of Lake Michigan were sufficient to give him considerable experience in the game with which he is now engaged.

The Small Bores Again.

This week I had a little talk with Mr. Alfred W. Church, earlier mentioned as a member of the Peary Relief Expedition of last year. Mr. Church's battery while in the icy North was composed of a .30-40 rifle with Lyman sights, and he used both the hollow point and the soft-nosed bullets prepared by the Winchester Company for that arm. This armament he tried on the large game of the North, killing deer, bear and walrus. The latter animal, of course, offers the hardest test for the stopping

qualities of the rifle. Much to my surprise, Mr. Church said that he did not find the hollow-point bullet so effective on walrus as the soft-nose. He thinks that it is necessary that the hollow-point strike a bone in order to get its full efficiency. In one case he fired three shots into the neck and head of a walrus. One hollow-point went through and lodged against the skin of the neck on the opposite side, not striking any bone. A soft-nose, which had almost the same course, was found much more mushroomed and battered down than the hollow-point. The third bullet, a soft-nose, was properly placed in the head of the walrus and destroyed the animal at once. Mr. Church said that in shooting deer very frequently he would hear the hollow-point sing on its way after passing entirely through the body of the deer. Much to my further surprise, he stated that the .30-30 in his opinion was a better game gun than the .30-40, and he declared that in case he went to the far North again he would take a .30-30 rifle, leaving the .30-40 at home. Here be contradictions indeed, and an experience entirely the opposite of that of the average shooter of these days. Every one knows what a horrible looking gun the .30-40 is, and how hard to use in running shots on game, on account of its tall foresight, yet I imagine few would be disposed to believe that the .30-30 in stopping quality surpasses the heavier arm.

Lieut. Peary himself, commander of the expedition, uses neither the .30-30 nor the .30-40 in his big-game hunting. And what weapon do you suppose he chooses out of the long catalogue possible to-day? Nothing else than the old-time little .44-40 Winchester carbine. Lieut. Peary uses this simply as a killing tool, and he finds it efficient. On one hunt he killed eleven musk ox and one polar bear with thirteen shots from this gun. He said he would have killed the bear with one shot had not the animal moved his head just as he fired. Of course this kind of shooting is possible only at close range, and the close range can only be made possible by the use of dogs, which bay up the animals and allow the hunter to approach very close. Lieut. Peary uses this little carbine for reasons of portability. He has even cut away the stock of the gun until it is a mere shred of wood, barely strong enough to support the recoil of the charge. In that desperate Northern country ounces count for a great deal.

Southern Ducks.

Mr. J. M. Muldon, of Pensacola, Fla., writes: "A friend and myself intend to go to Texas in December on a duck shooting trip, and would like snipe shooting if the two can be secured close together. From your articles in the FOREST AND STREAM I judge that you will probably know the best part of Texas for good shooting, and shall be obliged if you will advise me regarding same. A friend suggests Winnie, in Chambers county, and I also hear Aransas Pass mentioned."

I have advised Mr. Muldon to take the Chambers county location in preference to Aransas Pass. All that country back of Galveston is good snipe country under certain conditions, and at the same time it is good duck country. The Moody preserve does not include all the brackish lakes and bayous twenty-five or thirty miles out of Galveston, although it covers the best of the canvas-back shooting—that at Lake Surprise. Upon the contrary, while Aransas Pass would offer splendid duck shooting and while Rockport, the entering port for the Pass, is a fine place to outfit for the coast shooting and the Madagorda Island, etc., it is not ordinarily the case that good snipe shooting can be had in that vicinity. The Bludworth boys told me that sometimes they had snipe shooting along there, but not very often. Aransas Pass itself is located in nothing but a vast sand key, where a snipe might perhaps properly burnish his bill, but would find it a long time between worms.

Closing the Season.

There has been a sudden freeze up along the Illinois River, and the hunters just back from Hennepin Club state that there was 2 inches of ice all over the marsh. The Clarke brothers, just back from Hennepin, killed one mallard each, and considered themselves very fortunate at that. They state that it was an oversight on their part not to take along skates instead of rubber boots. Swan Lake is closing in, and it looks now as though our duck season was pretty much tapering off, although a rain to-day seems to be softening things up to some extent. A few shooters have gone down to Swan Lake to close the week in the hope that they may get a whack at the last flight of mallards.

Private Car Trip.

Mr. Frank Peabody, owner of a number of coal mines in the lower part of this State, will, on Monday next, take his private car and make a run over the C. & E. I. R. R. with a number of friends for a hunt in lower Illinois. Among the number will be Mr. C. S. Dennis, Mr. Orton Wells, Mr. Pringle and possibly Mr. J. V. Clarke. The stop will be made not far from this side of Cairo. The gentlemen expect to find quail, mallard ducks, and, if fortune should be especially kind, a few wild turkeys. This is the same locality visited last fall by some officials of the C. & E. I. R. R., who killed five wild turkeys, mention of which fact was made at that time.

How the Indiana Law is Observed.

A shooter of this city, in the course of conversation this week, remarked that he had been shooting quail in upper Indiana and had killed something like seventy or eighty birds in all. Asked if he liked the idea of taking out a license, he said he didn't have any license. "They haven't caught me yet," said he. "Hope they will," said I. "Hope they won't," said he.

Sport in the Magazines.

The monthly literary magazines continue to come out once in a while with some heavy information on sporting topics. My friend, Warren Powel, points out an instance of recent date. "I notice a story in a November magazine," said he, called 'Nigger Jeff,' wherein a sheriff kept a mob at bay with a 'double-barreled Winchester.' Later on they close in on him and he 'pulled both triggers,' but they knocked the gun up and the loads went 'whistling in the air.'

"In another November magazine," says he, "there is a cock fight story, which is pretty nearly as bad. It is illus-

of age. One of the ears of this animal had evidently been snipped by a rifle ball, since it was slit out something the same as farmers mark sheep. The wound had been healed for some time. One of the hunters told the crowd that was examining the game on his return that the slit was the private mark of the New Hampshire Game Commissioners.

Boston, Nov. 25.—The week ending Nov. 16 was a great one for deer hunters in the Maine forests, but last week shows a greater record; the greatest ever known. For the week there passed through Bangor 616 deer and 18 moose. For the season there have been shipped through Bangor already 3,191 deer and 151 moose. The total shipments of deer through Bangor for the year 1900 was 3,183 and 138 moose. Hence the record of this year is almost up to that of last in deer, and already 13 moose ahead. For the whole year 1899, the record-breaker on Maine deer, the total shipments noted at Bangor were 3,444 deer and 139 moose. This year has already eclipsed 1899 in moose, and bids fair to go far ahead in deer. It would be nice if we could believe that this increase in big game came from an actual increase in the animals, but it must not be forgotten that the increase in the number of hunters is far greater than in the amount of game taken, while the game is being pressed farther and farther back each year by improved means of reaching the more remote sections and the establishment of trails and camps.

Other sections than Bangor show an increase in the number of deer taken last week, doubtless largely due to the body of snow on the ground, which makes tracking easy, and is also causing deer to congregate into yards earlier than ever. The hunter has but to find, by easy tracking, where a deer yard is being established, when he is sure of his game, if he only remains in that vicinity. The deer may start off in alarm, but they are pretty sure to return; if not that day, certainly before the end of twenty-four hours. It is true that novices and tenderfeet have suffered a good deal in getting about in snow anywhere from fifteen inches to two feet in depth, but snowshoeing has been good, and some of the hunters have greatly enjoyed the exercise. A party of Boston hunters returned early in the week from the vicinity of Stacyville, Me. In the party were two ladies, Mrs. C. F. Forristall and Mrs. M. I. Southwick. They were accompanied by their husbands and Mr. S. P. Smith. The party brought home nine deer, of which Mrs. Forristall shot two and Mrs. Southwick one. J. C. Spellam, D. P. Power, J. F. Muldoon, J. N. Muldoon and F. A. Barney, of Boston, got back Friday night from a successful hunting trip to Irving Hillard's camp, Connecticut Lake, N. H. They brought home six deer. H. B. Good-enough, of Boston, shot two deer in Dorchester, N. H., last week. C. F. Priest, of Boston, came home Thursday from Enchanted Lake, Holeb region, Maine, with two deer and a moose. A great many deer were shot in the Kingfield and Carrabasset regions last week, the snow making good hunting for local hunters and guides, accustomed to getting about in deep snow. But tenderfeet found it hard work, and generally employed local hunters to bring down the game for them. Over twenty deer have been shipped out from stations along the Franklin and Megantic Railroad within a few days; one to F. B. Smith, Boston, and one to C. B. Chandler, of the same city. W. F. Jenkins, of Boston, had a tough time at Joe Merry Lake last week. He was caught there in about thirty inches of snow. With the help of two guides he succeeded in reaching the railway station, after battling with the elements all day, with only a few miles to make. He secured two good deer. J. F. Francis and J. Meddley have been on a hunting trip to North Twin Lake. They secured their full quota of deer.

Calais returns a great record of big game shipments from Washington county. The Washington county railway has opened a good deal of game country that is comparatively new. One day last week eighteen deer and one moose came out over that road tagged to Boston hunters.

Boston gunners are having good sport on Nantucket. Therough weather and storms seem to have caused a great many birds to seek shelter in the vicinity of the island. A half dozen gunners went down Friday to remain over till Monday. They encountered the gale of Sunday, which made things too lively for hunting, and kept the wicked ones in camp.

SPECIAL.

Buzzard's Bay Ducks.

WILLIAM B. EATON and four friends from Boston have had good luck shooting at Buzzard's Bay. Within a few days they have bagged forty redheads, mallards and black ducks. The game was shot on Mr. Eaton's preserve, located at Eagle Hill, Bourneville. It covers a tract of 1,000 acres close to the property of Grover Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson, who are frequent guests of Mr. Eaton during the summer.

Eagle Hill is one of the most beautiful in Barnstable county. Among historical curiosities are two English holly trees, said to have been planted by Myles Standish. They are very large.

The house, 100 feet above Manomet Lake, gives a beautiful view, including the little village of Cedarville, made famous by "Cape Cod Folks." Manomet Lake is three and a half miles long and about a mile wide. At the north end, connected by a river, is Little Herring Pond, about 100 acres in area. Primeval forest surrounds it. In these lakes ex-President Cleveland and Joseph Jefferson find good sport, with the gamy black bass as the objective.

Massachusetts Bay is a mile away, and Peaked Cliff two miles away. Eagle Hill, so named for the large number of eagles seen there, contains forty acres of cultivated land, including two fruit orchards and a big cranberry bog. The place has a comfortable shooting box, and the shooting is fine. The house contains many souvenirs of Mrs. Eaton's foreign tour.—Boston Herald, Nov. 17.

A Timely Hint About Christmas.

For Christmas giving one would look long and far for a better gift than a paid-up subscription to FOREST AND STREAM. If the subscription is so dated that the first number will reach him Christmas week, that will be only the beginning of a whole year of good reading, new and fresh every week.

trated with pictures of Dorkings or Leghorns, or something of the sort."

Protective Matters in Chicago.

The New State Game Commissioner, Mr. A. J. Lovejoy, is not saying much these days, but is splitting a heap of wood all the same. He has appointed more than 400 deputy wardens all over the State, and has what is probably the largest force of deputies ever enlisted in the work of protection in the State of Illinois. He has collected a lot of license money and raised the biggest protective fund ever yet known in this State. He has also made more seizures of game in the city of Chicago than were made last year, and seems to be lucky in getting advance notices of illegal game shipments. Mr. Lovejoy is a man of good balance and judgment, and is making a cracking good executive officer. All the game dealers report that game is scarcer this year than it ever was in the history of Chicago. Partridges this week brought \$10 a dozen, prairie chickens \$9 a dozen, venison 30 cents a pound. Ducks are the only sort of game which bring moderate prices. Quail are reported in good demand. The wardens here meet the same devices which are employed at St. Paul for the evasion of the game laws. The latest scheme is to ship quail in butter crocks, with a layer of about 3 inches of butter on top of the birds. One such seizure as that was made here in Chicago not long ago.

Mr. M. R. Bortree has been appointed Special Deputy U. S. Marshall for the District of Northern Illinois, and also Congressional Warden for the Seventh District of Illinois. Mr. Bortree will have authority to make seizures of game shipped contrary to the requirements of the Lacey Act. The reputation of this gentleman in protective work is too well known to require comment in these columns. On the whole, the outlook for an air-tight market here is better than it ever was.

As to the amount of game left alive in the fields, opinions differ. The men of New Boston, on the Mississippi River, say that last spring there were as many ducks as they had seen for twenty years. That may all be for one locality, and yet there may not be all together one-half the number of ducks alive that there were ten years ago. There would seem to be more hope eventually for the upland game than for the wildfowl. In parts of Wisconsin game is more abundant than it was three or four years ago. For instance, at Post Lake, where there is a little shooting club, there is now no market-hunting, and the partridges are quite abundant. The partridges (ruffed grouse) were nearly shot out in that locality. In South Dakota this fall the game supply seemed to be picking up. In Illinois the quail supply is not cut down seriously. Upon the whole the upland game of this group of Western States seems to have a very good chance of survival. The probabilities are that the trend will be toward increased strictness in the game laws and a greater respect for the laws as the days go by. The first stages of the battle for the protection of Western game have been won.

Pretty Good Fine.

As instancing the occasional seriousness with which the game laws are accepted in the courts of this State, one might cite the case which was brought before a certain Illinois justice of the peace of one of the lower counties this fall. A man was convicted of having 100 quail in his possession, and the justice promptly fined him \$4,000. The man said he thought that was a little high, and the justice finally let him off with an imprisonment of fifteen days in the jail. The J. P. seemed to think, on second thought, that it would be just as well to restore this offender to his family as to keep him in durance for the rest of his natural life. This is not such a bad sort of an enforcement of the laws, when you come to reflect that quail are not protected under the statutes of this State.

Where the Forest Went.

On the morning of Nov. 19, at Marinette, Wis., the Menominee River Lumber Co. sawed its last log and quit the lumbering business. A mill was located on the present site of the company so long ago as 1851, Jesse Spaulding, of this city, being interested in the enterprise from that time to this. This mill has been burned down two or three times, but replaced. It has cut over one billion feet of lumber from 150,000 acres of land, this lumber being valued at over \$15,000,000. This mill is one of many. Presently we shall hear of yet others going out of business. The great pine forests of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are being wiped out with greater rapidity than the average man realizes.

Davy Crockett's Powder.

Having occasion this week to do a little reading about that pioneer Western hunter, Davy Crockett, I ran across one of his political speeches in which he remarked regarding a certain gentleman, Mr. P. B. Barbour, "I'll be blamed if that old Barbour isn't quicker than Dupont's treble." I wonder if he meant the old Dupont treble FG which a good many of us knew in our boyhood days? Reading further, I discovered that when Crockett was on his trip to the North in 1834 he was asked by "Mr. Dupont, the powder manufacturer," if he would accept a few canisters of powder. Davy said he would, and he was later the recipient of a dozen canisters of powder, as history goes on to state.

Old Time Rifle Man.

By the way, speaking of old-timers and old-time riflemen, one just receives the following letter from Mr. G. W. Cunningham, of Portland, Ind. "I send you a local paper containing a sketch regarding my worthy sire, who followed west in the wake of General Wayne's victories. He was one of the finest rifle shots in the country, and today is not bad when at the business end of a gun." The portrait of Isaac Cunningham above referred to, is that of a hale and hearty man now past eighty years of age. He followed the front across the Ohio, over the line and into Indiana, and saw the days of turkeys, deer and Indians. In those days they used to train up rifle shooters. I don't think that any of us repeating-rifle, blaze-away, hit-or-miss sort of shooters are worthy to be called rifle shots as compared to some of the handlers of the old-time muzzleloaders.

E. HOUGH,

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Hunting and Game in Alaska.

FIVE years ago Mr. Geo. G. Cantwell, a young taxidermist whose push and capabilities are well known at the Smithsonian Institution, started for the Klondike with his rifle and camera, after having spent some two or three years in field work along the coast of southeastern Alaska, with headquarters at Howkan. The result of his efforts in the higher latitudes involved a deal of hardship from exposure, and a modicum of danger, and are now presented to the public with most vivid and impressive force through the medium of a "Klondike Souvenir" of 300 half-tones, put into attractive form by San Francisco artists and pressmen, and far surpassing any emanations in this direction from that sub-Arctic region. The illustrations not only cover the summer and winter aspects of every phase of social and industrial life with its natural environment and meteorological adjuncts, but present in consecutive orders the coming and going of the gold seekers and their camp followers and parasites, their mining methods, the vicissitudes of the old-timers and the comforts of the new, the phenomena of the weather, the amusements of the people in the long winter nights, the life of the soldiers, the wonderful evolution of Dawson, the mountain and river scenery, the aborigines in native costumes, the camps of the hunters and the game of the country with methods of chase. Sun dogs, parhelia, the aurora borealis, moonlight, and even the bones of the mastodon are faithfully shown. As a whole, the matter presented is an astonishing revelation, even to men who have read much of this region.

No one could have dreamed five years ago of the wonderful introduction and spread of civilization and its appliances into such a remote and inhospitable country. All the frosty rigors of that zone have been mitigated or counteracted, so that life and existence is as tolerable there as in most other places. The gloom of interminable winter has been dispelled by electric light and social functions—pianos, bicycles, dress suits, department stores and even pleasure craft are no more novelties. The transformation is unsurpassed in the tales of the Arabian Nights.

Now, as to that particular section of Cantwell's "Souvenir" which comes within the scope and embrace of *FOREST AND STREAM*, we find realistic pictures of the big-horn sheep and its pursuers in almost inaccessible haunts among the high mountains; the abundance of trophies demonstrating the courage, tact, skill and perseverance which is indispensable to success. Once it was disputed that this animal existed in Alaska. It was said to be confounded with the mountain goat which makes a large portion of the coast range its habitat. The camera, however, is truthful. One specimen, shown in the picture of the hunter's camp, represents dead sheep standing erect, the intense cold having frozen it stiff in that position. In the half-tone which illustrates a caribou hunt is the snowshoe pattern, which is different from any on view at the National Museum. Another pattern of shoe is shown in the photo of the dying moose taken some dozen years ago by Hartmann and Weinland, the Moravian missionaries. Cantwell's sketch of a moose country is very graphic, and tells its own story. The bunch of ptarmigan on the rock side above timberline is a great triumph of art and perseverance in climbing mountain heights, and recalls our Admiral Beardslee's descriptions of Alaska hunting scenes published in the early volumes of *FOREST AND STREAM* some twenty-five years ago. Bears, however, seem not to have engaged the camera's attention.

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Sowing Wild Rice.

PORT HOPE, Ont., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I see in your issue of Oct. 19 that you would like to have full directions for planting wild rice. I buy the rice from the Indians, as they gather it in their canoes. They fetch it to me every evening. I spread it on the floors of my drying house (no fire in the house), and my man turns it four times a day for nearly three weeks, until it is perfectly dry. I then put it through a flouring mill and take out all dirt and chaff and then I pack it in barrels.

Directions for Planting.

Put the rice in coarse linen bags. Sink the bags in water over night before sowing, and let the rice soak until morning. The husks are dry, but after being soaked the rice will sink at once to the bottom into the mud. Take the rice out of the bags and scatter it on the water. Sow in water from 6 inches to 6 feet deep with soft mud bottom, or low marshy places where it is covered with water the year round. If sowed in lake, sow in the bay. Drowned lands make a good place when there is water the year round. All the drowned lands round Rice Lake are full of rice. Once get it growing and it will crowd out all other weeds.

The best time to sow the rice is just before the water freezes and the diving ducks have gone south, such as redheads, bluebills, canvasbacks and whistlers. They are sure to find it, and will pick every seed from the bottom if a small quantity is planted, and is planted in October or fore part of November.

I received a letter from a man fifty miles north of here last year to send him a barrel. I sent it to him in October and gave him directions for sowing. I warned him about the ducks finding it. I received a letter from him this fall saying he had a fine bed of rice and a big crop, but he had had hard work to save it. The ducks found it. He went to the place where he had sowed it the next day and he said there were several hundred ducks on the bed diving for all they were worth. He and his son had to be there all the time. He killed a good many, and finally drove them away.

The great trouble with parties getting rice is that they have some persons sow it, hired help, who don't care how they sow it, on gravel beds or in 10 to 15 feet of water. I sowed two barrels in a pond hole three miles from here fifteen years ago. The pond is about 400 yards long and 150 yards wide. I sowed it the 20th of November, and the pond hole froze up that night. It is about four feet deep. The next spring the rice all came up. It seeds itself every fall, and comes up in spring. Last report it was a big crop of rice.

I have given about all I know about planting rice. If parties who get rice will follow these directions they will have no trouble in rearing good crops.

CHAS. GILCHRIST.

Virginia Shooting Notes.

CUMBERLAND COUNTY, Va., Nov. 22.—Not within the memory of the perennial oldest inhabitant of "Cumberland county" has there been anything in the way of a dry spell at this time of year which has exceeded, in length and persistent severity, the drought that prevails throughout this part of the State. No rain has fallen since the latter part of September, and at the present writing none is in sight. Day after day the sun shines out of a cloudless sky upon fields and forests long since bereft by the winds of any moisture. Night after night the moon and stars look down at a frosty landscape, on which the rising sun throws its warm melting beams, and so it goes. Cutting out all poetry, the cold fact is that the "sacred soil of Virginia" is dessicated (accent on second syllable, please), and pulverizes under the foot of man or beast. A rifle ball shot into a wheatfield kicks up a cloud of dust, and much of the seed wheat sown six weeks ago has not begun to sprout.

Streams are running nearly dry, and many wells also. The Appomattox River, which last June rose more than a foot above the wagon bridge at Farmville, is now far below ordinary low-water mark. The tobacco industry, of which Farmville is an important center, is at a standstill owing to dry weather. Hundreds of thousands of pounds of tobacco in the leaf, possibly millions, hanging in the numerous barns throughout the surrounding country, is so dry and brittle that it cannot be handled, and prices are rising in consequence. What all this dryness means to the sportsman must be obvious, at least to sportsmen. Quail, known here as partridges, are abundant—in fact, more plentiful than they have been in years. Yet the dogs find them with the greatest difficulty, especially after the covey has been flushed and scattered. The cover is very dense and heavy, and the woods are thickly strewn with dead leaves, which rattle loudly at every movement of man or dog. Moisture is essential to a dog in scenting game, whether furred or feathered, hence the quail, rabbits and foxes have had a comparatively easy time of it this fall so far. The Farmville fox hunters have not had a meet in over a month, as it is idle to chase old Reynard over dry and dusty ground. A good rainstorm, however, will change all this. Three of us with a good dog got only twenty-one birds in a six-hour hunt yesterday. We would have killed fifty or sixty had the ground been moist, and we will do it, too—after a rain.

J. L. K.

Nov. 23.—You may "kill" all that drought stuff I sent you yesterday, if you want to. The Lord has sent a gracious rain upon His inheritance, and refreshed it when it was weary.

K.

New York League.

SENECA FALLS, N. Y., Nov. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the New York Fish, Game and Forest League will be held at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, N. Y., at 10:30 A. M. on Dec. 5, 1901, and a full attendance is hoped for.

The objects of this Association are to create and foster a more general public sentiment in favor of fish, game and forest protection, to procure the enactment of laws for the protection of fish and game, and for the preservation of our forests, and to promote the observance of such laws.

In order to carry out these objects, we most earnestly ask the co-operation of all fish and game clubs and associations within this State, who are not already enrolled in the League, and urge upon them the great desirability of joining forces with us in order to secure yet more united effort in attaining these objects.

The initiation fee of \$5, including as it does, the dues for the year commencing on the first Thursday after the first Monday in December, when our annual meeting takes place, gives to each club the privilege of sending two delegates to the annual meeting.

The game laws of our State are at present in much better shape than they were a few years ago.

The constant tinkering by the Legislature with the game law is, however, a serious menace to fish, game and forest protection. Bills are constantly being introduced which, aiming to grant exceptional privileges to certain localities, create a general feeling of distrust, and seriously interfere with the enforcement of good measures.

The careful weighing of the merits or faults of proposed game legislation by the persons most interested, the indorsement of what is deemed desirable, and the opposition to what is deemed objectionable, in the main business that comes before our annual meetings, and after election of officers for the ensuing year, and one adjournment of the said meeting, our Legislative and Law Committee keeps careful watch, during the entire session, of all proposed legislation affecting the game laws. In order that they may be fully discussed at the annual meeting, all proposed amendments to the present game laws should, if possible, be forwarded to the chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee, Mr. Charles H. Mowry, Journal Building, Syracuse, N. Y., prior to the first day of December, 1901.

Applications for membership should be made to the secretary, who will gladly give any further information which may be desired.

ROBERT B. LAWRENCE, President.

ERNEST G. GOULD, Secretary.

New Hampshire Deer.

BRISTOL, N. H., Nov. 23.—Deer hunting is now the rage with our local hunters, as after a light fall of snow, which came the first of the week, they were all out, and good results were shown, deer being brought in from Cardigan Mountain, Bridgewater Hills, Tenney Hill, Crosby Mountain, Kimball Hill and other places, all within a radius of ten miles from the post office.

S. H.

An Heroic Measure.

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—I am sending you, under separate cover, copy of Milwaukee Sentinel, showing the casualties in the State of Wisconsin for the hunting season. Query: As it is impracticable to kill off all the fools that go shooting, would it not be better to exterminate the deer than to allow such a loss of life?

M

Notes.

THE Watertown Standard reports that in the vicinity of Gouverneur, the farmers in the old Scotch Road settlement have had many cattle killed by the deer hunters. Many hunters have mistaken heifers for deer, and the loss has been so great that the farmers have posted signs on the trees forbidding further hunting on their lands. Some of the shots which killed the cattle have been spent bullets, but to the novice a red heifer may resemble a deer at a distance.

Ex-President Grover Cleveland has recovered from a cold which threatened to develop into pneumonia. It was contracted when on Monday of last week Mr. Cleveland was on a hunting trip at Cape Charles and lay for many hours in a duck blind.

President Roosevelt went on a duck hunting trip down the Potomac last week, going by the Government vessel Sylph to the club house on the island owned by the Metropolitan Club, of Washington, in the mouth of Chappawsic Creek, near Quantico. The weather was such as to prevent any shooting, however.

The twenty-eighth annual banquet of the Cuvier Club, of Cincinnati, was held in the club house on Nov. 20, and was in every way a most successful affair. President Alex. Starbuck and his fellow officers welcomed the more than 200 guests. The game on the menu comprised venison, prairie chicken, ruffed grouse, snipe, quail, blue-winged teal duck, wild turkey. The object of the Cuvier Club is not simply, as this great banquet might lead some to assume, to feast on the good things of the land once a year; it has other and more serious aims. Its purposes are to preserve, protect and increase the game and fish of Ohio, rigidly enforce the laws concerning them, to promote and advance field sports, and to create a meritorious museum, for the benefit of the public and public schools. The organization also holds that spring shooting of birds when breeding, or the taking of fishes when spawning, is most reprehensible and should be absolutely abolished. It also holds the non-export laws and license for non-resident sportsmen, should receive due attention and that a uniform system of laws should prevail as the most efficient means of protection to our rapidly disappearing game and fish.

Elmer Butler, a well-known Adirondack guide, when near Aden Lair Lodge in the town of Minerva, on the Boreas River, one day last week, came upon a bear, which he killed with a single bullet through the base of the brain. These dimensions are given: "The bear weighed 515 pounds, measured 17 inches from the top of the head to the tip of the nose, 12 inches from eye to eye, 7 feet 3 inches from tip to tip, and 5 feet 4 inches around the body. It was apparently about four years old. The bear was jet black, except about the nose, where it was brown."

Robert J. Schoonmaker, the proprietor of the Hunter's Home at Black Lake, near Monticello, N. Y., and well known to many sportsmen of New York city, committed suicide on Nov. 22. It is recalled that ten years ago his father, Smith Schoonmaker, was gored to death by a bull, and three years ago his brother, who was then a member of the New York Police force, was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun while hunting.

A number of new animals have just been added to the New York Zoological Park, including a pair of Kuldscha bears from the northwest of China, a pair of Russian brown bears and a pair of sloth bears, two Gelada baboons, three mandrill baboons, two Barbary apes, two blue-gray lemurs and two entellus or sacred monkeys, a pair of Egyptian geese and some fifty other water birds.

Wild Life in Maine.

AUBURN, Me., Nov. 20.—Mr. W. P. Davidson says that he hardly thinks that Mr. Covert would find a white weasel in October. But the weasels are white in the northern Maine woods in October. While I was at Roach River I went picking beech nuts, which were quite plenty. I found the red squirrels very numerous, and they had piled beech nuts in piles of half a gill to half a pint in small hollows in the ground; but the nuts were always covered over with leaves or dead wood. We picked several pints of these nuts that had been piled up by squirrels. They were always good nuts. It is said that the red squirrel never lays by a winter store, but it would seem that they do. I got a ten-pointed moose with a finely proportioned head, with a spread of 45 inches. This is a fine moose country, with the best of camps and guides at B. A. Runnels, twelve miles from Lily Bay. We saw many bear signs and more moose than five years ago. I believe the moose have increased the past few years in Maine. GEO. W. CARTER.

Currituck Ducks.

CURRITUCK, N. C., Nov. 15.—Our opening day for ducks, geese and swan, Nov. 11, was "a winner." I estimate the total number killed at ten to twelve thousand. In many instances 200 to the gun were killed. The largest bag to a single gun so far reported was 243. There were more mallards and redheads killed than I have seen before in many years, and I never saw ducks in finer condition. It is next to impossible to give you the individual bags at this time. Will write more on the subject later. I hear of one club that killed nine hundred. I think, altogether, we shall have the finest sport we have had at Currituck in many years.

MORE ANON.

The Kind They Were.

Two men, claiming to be from Boston, have been staying at the farmhouse of a well-known and well-to-do farmer in the foothills of the Adirondacks. They have spent several weeks this fall hunting, and seemed to be in good circumstances. Having related their places of business, address, etc., to the host, they were considered guests whose wants should be well attended to.

One day last week one of the men went into the woods

hunting with the farmer's son, who was also enjoying the company of the metropolitan acquaintances. In the meantime the other hunter said that it was very queer that he had not received a check from home, but went further to say that if he was out of coin his partner would have it.

Evening found the sportsman back to their hostelry, and in changing his clothes he was very surprised to learn that he had lost his pocketbook.

The farmer, of course, offered them money, which they declined, saying it was unnecessary and they would probably receive a check before they needed it. Next day one of the men asked the farmer for a few dollars, which the host went to his strong box and procured. The men ate supper and said they would probably go camping in the evening.

When Friday morning came the men were not back to the farmer's. He and his family were somewhat worried. Knowing how easy it is for those not accustomed to the woods to get lost, he concluded that perhaps that fate had befallen them. The day was then spent in search of the hunters, but all effort to find them was in vain. By chance the man went to get some money, but found the box empty. There had been about \$40 taken by the city guests. The farmer and his son are now wearing out some of the old clothes which they cherish in memory of their friends who were lost in the woods.—Watertown (N. Y.) Standard.

A Massachusetts Partridge.

WHITINSVILLE, Mass., Nov. 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send inclosed a photograph of setter dog and partridge which I think is good enough to be illustrated in FOREST AND STREAM. The partridge is an extra large one—an old cinnamon back—and was one of a nice bag of four that a friend and myself secured on a short half-day's trip a few days since. It was by far the largest bird of the lot.

We do not find partridges as plenty this fall as we had



A BIG FELLOW.

hoped for here in this section of South Worcester county. I do not hear of bags of over five or six partridge to two guns for a day's shoot, and not often so many as that. Perhaps the old market-shooters get more, and I hear that in some other sections near us there are more birds, but here all agree that partridges are scarce and seem to be more so than last year. We have had quite a number of woodcock for us, more than usual, and quail are met with often enough to give quite a taste of the sport. Quail should be plenty next year with a good winter, as there will be a good many left for seed.

C. A. TAFT.

Indian Territory Quail Again.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Rightmire is all wrong. His letter reads "six crates of quail containing 2,000." There never was a coop made that contained over sixty—total 360, instead of 2,000. They were shipped to Pittsburg two weeks before the shooting season opened. After the law was off, four gentlemen bagged thirty-one birds. The banquet spoken of as numbering "1,200" was just twenty-two, and "quail on toast" was roast quail à la turkey. PHILIP.

Gun Borrowers.

THERE is an old English saying in a sporting journal, "Never loan rod, gun, dog or wife." L. I. P.

Long Island Deer.

It is estimated that 125 deer were killed on Long Island this year.

"Forest and Stream" Sells Real Estate.

MOODUS, Conn., Nov. 22.—Please stop my advertisement and send bill. The preserve was sold through the FOREST AND STREAM advertisement to Mr. Lanier, of New York. F. C. FOWLER.

100 Sportsmen's Finds.

Some of the Queer Discoveries Made by Those Who Are Looking for Game or Fish.

76

Mr. Charles Hallock contributes to our list of sportsmen's finds a soldier's priming wire, which had been lost near Fort Capron, Fla., in the Seminole War, and was found in the crop of a wild turkey in 1878. It is now in the museum of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island.

77

Charles Hallock also refers us to a collection of curiosities which Capt. J. W. Collins once showed, and which had been taken from stomachs of codfish at sundry times while being split and dressed by the bank fishermen off Newfoundland, the process usually taking place on deck. Among the lot were a splitting knife with a wooden handle and blade 6 inches long, a small brass-handled knife of quaint workmanship, a rough piece of red granite weighing 3 or 4 pounds, an old felt hat, two counters and part of a euchre deck (five cards), a fragment several inches long which the scientists thought was lignite, and a brass lamp! Talk about the gorge of an ostrich! It isn't a circumstance in comparison. There is an undercurrent of whisper that the lamp fell overboard while lighted and was swallowed and fed for a time on cod liver oil, but that the supply failing, it went out and left the stomach of the cod in gloom, with a general feeling of goneness about the diaphragm. With regard to the so-called lignite, it is more probably a fragment of charred wood which fell overboard from some vessel and became heavy with the salt of the ocean, it being the habit of the fishermen to make wood fires on deck in large tubs filled with sand.

78

Two hunters in the woods near South Meriden, Conn., found a hermit eighty-four years of age dying of starvation and exhaustion. This is only one of numerous hermit finds by sportsmen.

79

Two New Brunswick, N. J., fishermen fishing in the Raritan River thought they saw a turtle, and pulled it out with a hook, and then found it was a mail bag, the top of which was cut off. In it were two bundles of letters, water-soaked, and an iron railroad brake. The letters were from Baltimore, and the pouch had evidently been thrown in the river that morning. It was delivered to Postmaster Price, who notified the Post Office Department.

80

All sweet things come to the soldier. Asa Witham, on his return from hunting, was met by a summons to join his company. He threw his hunting coat on a tree and started. This was in Maine in the May of the Spanish War year. On his return from hard living at Chickamauga he found a swarm of bees in possession of the coat, drove them off with a snudge, and reaped a harvest of 22 pounds of honey from the pockets.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Winning from Adverse Conditions.

WHY is a fisherman so constituted that the successful attainment of what others deem impossible yields more contentment than the largest catch in favorable weather, under favorable conditions? This is a question that has been constant with me this evening of Nov. 22, while thinking of my fisherman's luck yesterday afternoon and this forenoon.

Your columns in other years have borne articles from my pen praising the Cottonwood River of Kansas as the home of that "lord of streams," the large-mouth black bass; but the excessive drought of the past summer has stopped the springs and smaller tributaries from their usual musical flow, and with low water in the river this fall's fishing has been very poor, and a catch of a half-dozen bass or a dozen crappies for two or three days' fishing has been counted a lucky catch. I have always been partial to that portion of the river below the mill dam, and my boat is kept there; but friends who use the boat and have fished here several times with poor success have urged me to "put the boat above the dam, for the bass have all left or been caught out below and there are none down below," until I was almost ready to grant their request, but concluded that I would investigate for myself before the boat was taken above the dam.

Having leisure from the duties of the law office yesterday afternoon, I spent an hour with a minnow net on the rapids turning over rocks, and finding, after the most tiresome hard work, that I only had fourteen chub minnows, but saying in thought "if there are no fish I have plenty of bait, and if there are fish, and the old saying is true about an east wind, I have enough bait anyway." I started down the river with a minnow dragging after the boat, and for a mile and a half of river no sign of a fish was apparent. Finally, in the deepest hole in the river my hook caught on a snag, and in working to loosen it I made the discovery that the bottom of the river resembled a forest "windfall" from the trees and limbs strewn over it. Adjusting the float, a small piece of soft pine, but slightly larger than a penholder, just large enough to support two No. 000 shot, to the depth of the water, I let the boat drift over the submerged forest, and caught two fine two-pound bass. As I was turning the boat to pass over the fishing ground again, I saw the approaching boat of a market fisherman with four poles over the stern, and to my question, "What luck?" he answered, "Not a bite." While I plead guilty to wishing him at some other place—on the river—he

showed by his eyes bulging in surprise that my small float was a new idea to him, whose four floats were two inches in diameter, resplendent in red and green paint, and as I raised my hook, a No. 1 Sproat snell, and he saw its size and the two small three ooo shot sinkers, he gave me the gratuitous advice, "You'll never get a darned thing on that hook of yours, for them sinkers won't take your minner down, and if it did and a big minner bit it he'd break that hook mighty quick. I'll tell yer, Jedge, you can't catch any bass with that there fool rig." How much more advice he would have given if uninterrupted I will never know, for seeing a slight movement of the float I gave a twist of the wrist holding the bamboo, and then a few turns of the reel, and lifted into the boat a good three-pound bass. As I looked at my fisherman friend, his eyes were "bulging out," to use an apt western expression, and to my question, "What do you think of that?" his only answer was, "Well, I'll be hanged." His boat was kept near to mine as I passed back and forth over the good fishing water, but without a bite as far as I could see, until in pity I asked what kind of bait he was using, to be told, "Black suckers, and there hain't no better bait for bass," but I persuaded him to put one of my chubs on each of his hooks, and was sorrowful when I saw his hooks, No. 5-0 Carlises, but it made no difference in the result, as he caught nothing, and my supply of ten chubs was soon used. But I had seven good bass and a giant crappie in the boat, all caught on a hook so small that he had said "A good minner will break it."

This morning brought a cold, stiff north breeze, with a cloudy sky, and one of the editors of a Topeka paper, who called at the office, and opened up with, "So you made a big catch of bass yesterday, the boys have told me, Jedge. Can you go down with me a little while today and show me how it is done?"

Fearing for my laurels, I spoke of the unfavorable weather, and of work that ought to be done; but my partner stopped all excuses by saying: "I will do all the work there is to do, and you can go without any trouble on that account."

Realizing that I could find no available excuse, I soon had on the rubber boots and overcoat, with woolen mittens, and started with the editor. After about two hours of hard work turning over the stones on the rapids, I found that I had in my minnow basket thirteen chubs and seven black suckers—"hoodoos," as to numbers. Entering the boat I rowed directly to yesterday's fishing ground and found it so exposed to the wind that waves more than a foot high were ruffling the surface of the water. Dropping the anchor of the boat, we fished and froze for about two hours until the chubs were gone, and we had learned that, although my friend of yesterday had said "there hain't no better bait for bass than black suckers," the bass would not even notice them. We then returned to town, bringing ten good bass, of which it had been my luck to catch eight. We were in time for my editor friend to catch his train for home, taking with him as fine a string of bass as has been caught here this fall, and what was on, to all appearances, one of the most unfavorable days that could have been selected.

While the catch on either day was small, as compared with results in other years on this stream, and on other bass grounds that I have fished, yet tonight I cannot recall any other two days' sport with bass, that gave such complete satisfaction as these two days have given in the retrospect. Hence, the question stated at the beginning of this article, and my solution is that the adverse circumstances that contended against success, in being conquered, have added to the pleasure of the victory.

Hoping that some of your contributors can give a better solution if I have not found the right one, I am tonight, at least, a satisfied black bass fisherman.

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, KAN., NOV. 22.

League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, NOV. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular meeting of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, held at 106 West Thirty-first street, President Albert Baywood in chair, about 125 members were present. Mr. A. N. Hoxie, of Massachusetts, who is and has been fighting against pound netters setting and maintaining pounds in navigable waters as a public nuisance, etc., addressed the boys in his able manner, and at the finish a rising vote of thanks was tendered to him. We also had Mr. Chas. A. Shriner, of Paterson, N. J., with us, and were very much pleased to hear his address to the boys. New life was put in the League at once. The League is in need of funds to help us carry on this fight, and our financial secretary will be glad to hear from any one who has some sportsman's blood in him. So please send in your little mite, no matter if small; it will surely help a great cause. Our fight is against pounds in navigable waters; no other nets are mentioned, as they do not obstruct anything. Come, boys, send in a check of any amount, and you may rest assured it will be used for the purpose named, and the donor's name will be withheld from the public if desired. If you cannot subscribe something, do help us by becoming a member of the League; it costs only one dollar per year, and that is all, so do join us if nothing more. You know the wrong that is being done right along, and you wish to help stop it, so here is a chance for each salt-water fisherman of New York to show himself in his true color. United we stand and divided we fail. Help us to swell the funds that some of the generous have started; write to the office for any information desired.

At the close of the speaking a novel surprise was sprung on the members present, when ex-President T. Biedinger unveiled a frame with the officers' pictures in it. In fact, it was such a surprise that even our President found it hard to find words to express his admiration of the work, but he said enough to thank the donor (the ex-President) in behalf of the League. Mr. Biedinger responded in a few well-chosen words, saying that he had been prompted to show his good will toward all the officers and members. A rising vote of thanks was extended to ex-President Biedinger for the kindness shown, and the hope was expressed that we would live many years to enjoy the fruits of our efforts to restore good fishing in our near-by salt waters, a thing that so many believed would never

be accomplished, but which they now see will be done in the very near future. Pounds are no longer visible, and they will be known and treated as the modern pirates. The time is near.

The frame was an elaborate affair, which bore as decorations the button of the League, trolling spoon, pearl squid hook, float, sinker, crossed hooks, fishing rod, reel and line, landing net and gaff, eel spear, clam shell, tarpon scale, starfish, horseshoe crab, skate egg, mussel shell and high-water mark. There were also set forth the League's objects as follows:

The objects of this League are, namely, to obtain legislation looking to the enactment of beneficial laws for the protection of salt-water fish, the co-operation of fishermen at large in conforming to and enforcing the same, and, generally, in furthering and aiding all lawful methods looking to prompt action in all violations of law appertaining thereto.

The portraits contained in the design were of the officers and directors:

Officers for 1901-2—A. Baywood, President; H. Kotzenberg, Vice-President; J. M. Wheeden, Recording and Corresponding Secretary; E. Flidner, Financial Secretary; D. A. Nesbitt, Treasurer.

Directors—T. Biedinger, Chairman; J. Taxter, H. Berge, F. Hochgraef, Sr., H. Graeter, J. Demand, A. E. Medard.

T. BIEDINGER.

Tame Fish in Upper Burma

WHEN in camp the other day I was riding through a village, when the village headman asked me if I would like to see "the fish." I, not knowing what the headman meant, at once went with him down to the banks of the stream, followed by several villagers with baskets of sesanum and paddy mixed together. Then the Thuggi called "Lay, Lay, Lay, Lay," for a few moments, when, lo and behold! a large herd of ngatwê, or big, short, flat-fish came up just under our feet, and were promptly fed by the Burmans. The fish were amazingly tame, and tolerated being stroked and petted even by me! There were in all about thirty-three of them, varying in size from 18 inches to 3½ feet long, the larger ones having a girth at the gills of about 30 inches or 36 inches. They would go away, and come back whenever they were called.

The villagers told me, and I see no reason to doubt what they say, that these same fish come up against the monsoon flood at the end of June, and go away about October every year. They can recognize individual fish by marks, scars, etc., which they pointed out to me.

The Môn is nearly dry in the cold and end of the hot weather, and the fact that these fish return to this one village landing stage every year regularly, and never go or more to any other is quite worthy of remark. A villager who kills any of them has to undergo a penalty of 10s. by common consent, and great care is, in consequence, taken of them.

The ngatwê of Upper Burma is a very short, thick fish, tapering very rapidly from behind the gills to the tail, has long feelers on both upper and lower lip, and has no noticeable teeth. He makes very good eating, and has but few bones. I have often heard of tame fish in tanks, but a herd of tame fish in a monsoon river connected with the great Irrawaddy is a very *bizarre* phenomenon.

Another question, answered in the negative by an eminent authority in Burma on fish, is whether the fish hear the human voice or feel its vibration, or whether they see people on the bank through the pea-soupy water.—Burman Correspondence London Field.

The very interesting note by Mr. E. D. Duckworth recalls to my mind the similar observations made by the late Dr. John Anderson during the expedition to Upper Burma in 1874-75. The short description given by Mr. Duckworth of the tame fish of the River Môn points to a silurid or catfish, probably allied to, if not specifically identical with, the one described by Dr. Anderson as *Rita sacerdotum*. This fish, Dr. Anderson tells us, was observed in the long reach of the Irrawaddy in which the pagoda of Thingadaw occurs, where it was considered very sacred, and was under royal protection, a mandate of the sovereign existing which made the death of one of these fishes by hook or by net a very serious offense, and fishing for three miles above and below the little island of Thingadaw was prohibited. The fish were daily fed by the priests who resided on the small rocky islet, and also by passing devotees. The most interesting feature, however, connected with this fish is its peculiar habit of responding at great distances to the call of tit-tit when oft repeated. After many calls of tit-tit, Dr. Anderson observed the fishes, at some considerable distance off, rise to the surface, apparently answering to the call by making straight for the banks of the island, where they soon showed themselves. Many were of great size, measuring, in all likelihood, nearly 5 feet in length. They were so tame that they raised their heads above water to be fed, and even permitted him to introduce his hand into their mouths. They also offered no objections to their barbels being felt and pulled, and the devout Burman was wont to adorn their heads with gold leaf as a work of merit.

There is no doubt that most fishes are sensitive in the water to noises made on the banks, as all anglers know, and the Romans are credited with having trained some fishes to answer their call. Catfishes, like *Rita*, are especially sensitive to sounds, the vibrations being conveyed to the acoustic nerves through the air bladder, which is in direct contact with the thinned skin of the sides of the body above the pectoral fins, and connected with the ear by a chain of ossicles, the so-called Weberian apparatus which is common to them and the cyprinid and characinid fishes. Many among the silurids are also provided with sound-producing organs.—G. A. Boulenger in London Field.

"Kentucky" and "Frankfort."

THE courts have just decided, after long litigation, that Messrs. B. C. Milam & Son have the exclusive right to use the names "Kentucky" and "Frankfort" as applied to fishing reel.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

The Campers.

THE Woody Printing Co., of Kansas City, Mo., send us a copy of their Proof Sheet, which is devoted to a chronicle in verse and picture of the summer vacation experiences of the eCampers, in their Uneeda Rest Camp, which is reached by handcar from a railway station in northern Minnesota.

Mr. Sidney F. Woody, who figures in the story as Sinless Fabrica Woody, sends us one of the cuts, a "Pretty Face," and we quote the Act. II. just to show how the Campers camped, and how the Kansas City Shakespeare handles his subject:

ACT II.

Scene I.—A camp in the woods near a lake. Scipio getting wood to build a fire. Time, early morning.

Enter the Doctor.

The Doctor. Come, Scipio, unjoint thy city slothfulness and hasten breakfast, while I wake up this sleeping camp. (Goes to tent where Hercules and Justus are sleeping.) Come, wise maker of a nation's laws, and honest Justus, wake up! Come out and let this biting air brace up thy limping livers. The Judge (within). I am awake, good doctor, nor have I slept this night. The noble Hercules hath snored so loud that not a wink of sleep hath closed my eyes. The Lawgiver (within). So am I awake, friend Melampus, and so I have been all night long, for never hath mine ears heard such sounds as Justus makes in sleep. Sometimes 'twas like a winter's wind sighing through a leafless forest; then, gathering



A PRETTY FACE.

force, 'twould seem as though some awful storm was sweeping through the trees, and mountain waves were thundering on some rocky shore.

The Doctor (moving away). Oh, I heard you both, and could, had I not half an ear. (Goes to Romulus and Petronius' tent, sticking his head in.) Hello, my merry Nimrods, know ye not morning is here? Arise, and let the hoary frost drive out thy wish for sleep; and this may help you up. (Raises the cover and throws a cake of ice in their bed, then retires; a great noise with much tumbling about within.)

Voice of the Professor. By golly, was that the north pole? The Doctor (coming to Sinless and Isabella's tent). How now, happy Sinless and sweet sister, why slumber on when every fish in yonder lake is waiting but the chance to take your hook.

Isabella (within). Good brother, my worthy mate has been gone this good hour, and said he'd bring a fish, that we might have some meat for breakfast.

Scene II.—All up and strolling about the camp or washing their faces in the lake.

Enter Sinless, coming from lake with large fish. Sinless. Good morning, friends and fair companion of my joys and ills, you see I've kept my word, and here's as fine a fish as ever stretched a line. Here Scipio (gives it to Scipio), have it broiled to taste and do it soon, for hunger presses on my appetite. Presently Scipio appears and announces that breakfast is ready, and all go into cabin.

Newfound Lake.

NEWFOUND LAKE, Bristol, N. H., Nov. 23.—The State Fish Commissioners have finished their annual work of taking spawn from the large fish in this lake for artificial propagation. From the lake trout have been taken about 40,000 eggs; from the salmon from 60,000 to 70,000.

There have been taken for exhibition purposes from these waters eight lake trout, averaging 15 pounds each, also six landlocked salmon, it being the intention of the Fish Commissioners to have them placed in tanks at the Sportsmen's Show soon to be held in Boston, to let the angling fraternity know that there are plenty more in Newfound Lake just as good as these. If the intentions of the Commissioners do not miscarry next year and future years, we may expect to have fingerling salmon and trout placed in our waters, when even a better result will be expected and attained than from the usual method of dumping in thousands of young fry on the live or die principle. The fingerlings will be large enough to take care of themselves until later years, when the boy with the "hoe" and the fish pole, or the man with the hackle and fly-rod comes along.

New York Fish Commission.

At the meeting of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission Nov. 19, Commissioner Babcock, who has charge of the distribution of fish from the hatcheries of the State, made a report. The number of fingerlings distributed is by far the largest ever made by the Commission in one year.

During the period, 1,631 applications for fish were received and 1,259 were granted. The number of petitions rejected was 193, which included ninety-two for black bass, twenty-seven for pickerel, four for bullheads, four for rock bass and three for catfish, none of which the Commission has for distribution. The summary of the fish distributed from the various hatcheries of the State during the year beginning Oct. 1, 1900, and ending Sept. 30, 1901, is:

Shad, 19,675,000; whitefish, 32,250,000; pike, 46,900,000; muscallonge, 4,520,000; frofish, 4,900,000; shrimp 158,000; ciscoes, 100,000; tom cods, 35,000,000; bullheads, 50;

perch, 4,500; bass, 1,500; lake trout fingerlings, 399,210; lake trout yearlings, 46,450; rainbow trout fingerlings, 132,325; rainbow trout yearlings, 109,975; brown trout fingerlings, 131,600; brown trout yearlings, 102,475; brook trout fingerlings, 351,500; brook trout yearlings, 65,368; lake trout fry, 2,405,000; rainbow trout fry, 20,000; brown trout fry, 1,187,000; brook trout fry, 2,262,000; Scotch sea trout yearlings, 1,700; redthroat trout yearlings, 13,350; steelhead salmon, two years, 12; redthroat fingerlings, 22,000; lake trout, four years old, 12; rainbow trout, five years, 76; brown trout, five years, 507; brook trout, five years, 646; total, 150,760,856.

He Would Take Something Off.

EX-CONGRESSMAN BEN CABLE, of Illinois, recently told this story of a titled Englishman, who spoke at a dinner party, of a tiger he had killed in India. It measured, he said, twenty-four feet from nose to tail-tip. Everybody gasped a little, but nobody ventured to express lack of faith in the accuracy of his memory for figures. However, there was an old Scotchman present, who proceeded to cap "my lord's" tiger tale with a fish story. He said he had once caught a fish which was so heavy he could not land it. He had to call on six of his friends to help him bring it to the shore. "It was a skate," he said, "and it covered two acres." The tiger-hunting nobleman glared at the unmoved Scot for a moment, and then left the table in a rage. The host flew after him, and returned much disturbed. "Sir," he said sternly to the Scot, "you have insulted my lord, and I beg you to apologize." "I dinna insoolt him," declared the Scot. "Yes, you did," persisted the host. "That two-acre fish story of yours was a gross reflection on him—an insult. You must apologize." "Weel," said the Scot, "just you go back to the injured gentleman and tell him that if he will tak' ten feet off that tiger's tail I'll see what I can do with the feesh."—New York Times.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- A pole mast sloop.
 - 25ft. load waterline.
 - Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
 - At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
 - 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.
- All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft., showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than February 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs. The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

LATE in the afternoon of Saturday last the northeast wind that had been blowing for several days previous increased greatly in force, and all Saturday night and Sunday blew with unabated fury. The gale has caused much damage to yachts all through New Jersey, New York and Connecticut, and although detailed reports are difficult to obtain, the losses in the vicinity of New York alone will probably reach over \$100,000. Fortunately, almost all pleasure vessels had been put out of commission and were either hauled out or lying dismantled in the basins at the different yards, but the usual precautions taken when laying up did not protect them, for the tide rose to such great height that in many cases the boats were floated and hurled about in great disorder, injuring many of them beyond repair.

Charmer.

THE many new orders that the different designers have received this fall for schooners of moderate size show plainly that this rig has met with very general satisfaction.

For a number of years the Burgess schooner Monhegan, a boat 46ft. on the waterline, was about the only schooner of moderate size on Long Island Sound. Then Mr. Arthur Binney turned out Columbia, a boat of 40ft. waterline length. Then several of the old 40 and 46 footers were altered from cutter to schooner rigs. All these boats proved so successful that it was not long before a one-design class of schooners was started. These boats were 46ft. on the waterline, and several were built from designs made by Mr. A. Cary Smith. Then the Eastern designers began to get frequent orders for boats, schooner rigged, varying from 35 to 50ft. waterline length, until now there is a large fleet of these vessels. To meet the demand for designs of this type of boat, we began to publish in our issue of Oct. 19 the first of a series. In that number were the plans of the schooner Clarissa, a flush deck boat, 54ft. on the waterline. In this issue we publish plans of a cabin house boat with schooner rig 46ft. on the waterline. In a short time we will publish plans of a still smaller boat, 33ft. waterline, which is also rigged as a schooner.

The schooner that is illustrated in this issue is called Charmer, and she was very properly named, for she is a most attractive little ship in many ways. She was designed by Mr. B. B. Crowninshield and built by the Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., at South Boston, this year for Mr. T. Parsons. The dimensions are as follows:

Length—	Over all	67ft. 3 in.
	Waterline	46ft. 0 in.
Overhang—	Forward	9ft. 2 1/2 in.
	Aft	12ft. 1/2 in.
Beam—	At deck	15ft. 7 in.
	At waterline	14ft. 10 in.
Freeboard—	At stem	5ft. 4 in.
	At taffrail	4ft. 0 in.
	Least	3ft. 0 in.
Draft—	Extreme	6ft. 6 in.
	To rabbet	4ft. 3 in.
	Board down	12ft. 3 in.
Displacement		65,780lbs.
Outside ballast		24,835lbs.
Pounds per inch at L.W.L.		2,590lbs.
Area—	Lateral plane	257.5 sq. ft.
	Wetted surface	808.6 sq. ft.
	Sails (four lower)	2,054.0 sq. ft.
	Rudder	18.6 sq. ft.
	Centerboard	27.5 sq. ft.
Ratio—	Ballast to displacement377
	Sail area to wetted surface	2.54
	(Stem to C.B.) to L.W.L.540
	Overhangs to L.W.L.462
	(Stem to C.L.R.) to L.W.L.555
	C.E. to C.L.R.) to L.W.L.0435
	Rudder to balance lateral plane078

The lines show the very healthy character of the design, the boat having large internal accommodation on very moderate draft.

The trunk is quite low, but it still gives full headroom throughout all the cabins. The cabin plan gives a fair idea of the internal arrangement, but the cabins are far more attractive in reality than the plans indicate.

The finish in the staterooms and cabins is of white enamel paint, while the doors and some of the trim are of mahogany. The simplicity of the fittings throughout is most restful and attractive, quite a relief from the usual ginger-bread work found in the interiors of nearly all yachts.

The main saloon is 12ft. long; on each side are wide transoms or lounges. Behind the transoms are berths; forward and aft of these berths are large lockers for clothes, linen, wines, etc. At the forward end of the cabin on each side are sideboards with drawers for silver, etc. Above these are the doors to the china and glass lockers. In each of the doors are leaded glass panels of simple design. There is a large skylight over the main saloon. A door opens from the forward end of the main cabin into a passageway, on the starboard side of which is the owner's stateroom, an apartment of good size and fitted with a wide double berth, hanging lockers, set basin, sofa, etc. On the port side opposite is the lavatory, and here in addition to the usual water closet and basin are located lockers for linen, etc. Just forward of the lavatory is a space for the stowage of luggage, which is a great improvement over the usual custom of permitting it to lay about the floors or in the bunks. Next forward is the galley, which is of good size; directly overhead is a large skylight, which makes the room very light and cool. Opening from the galley on the starboard side is a room for the sailing master. Next forward is the forecabin, which has accommodation for four men. In the after end on the starboard side is the crew's water closet.

The cockpit is water tight. All trim on deck is of mahogany. The deck and cockpit flooring is of white pine. Two boats are carried on the davits.

What there is of the centerboard trunk above the cabin

floor is just forward of the mainmast, and the cabins were so arranged that one does not realize that the boat has any centerboard at all.

The rig is clearly shown on the sail plan and requires no explanation.

Remarks on the Rating Rules for Yacht Racing.

BY THALASSA.

THE New York Y. C. has often done yeoman's service for the sport of yacht racing, and seldom better than in its recent action of appointing a special committee to investigate and report upon the much-debated question of the rating rule, under which racing yachts are measured for competitive sailing.

Mr. G. L. Watson commenced a most interesting chapter in the Badminton Series, headed "The Evolution of the Modern Racing Yacht," by emphatically declaring the immense importance of the rating rules on the history of the development of racing yachts.

This forms a complete answer to those who consider it funny and witty to revile and ridicule those whom they describe as "rule mongers." Yachtsmen who really care for the efficiency of the sport they pursue should be only too thankful to the small number of enthusiasts who have given a rather dry subject so much attention and laborious investigation.

It is not necessary to examine the very numerous rules which from time to time during the past fifteen years have been proposed for adoption.

The following rules, however, should be known because the development of the racing yacht has been intimately connected with them all.

"Thames" tonnage is expressed in terms of L. = length of hull from forward side of stem to after side of sternpost on deck, and B. = the extreme beam of hull. Thus:

$$1 \quad \text{Tons} = \frac{(L - B) \times B \times \frac{B}{2}}{94} = \frac{B^2 (L - B)}{188}$$

This was used as the racing rule in British water from 1876 to 1878, on which latter date a change was made by measuring L. on the waterline, the rule still being employed for racing until 1880, inclusive. This rule is still the usual method employed for gauging yachts for sale or charter, and gives her "tons," by which most of the yachts in Lloyd's Register are described.

The Yacht Racing Association produced a new tonnage rule for racing in 1881, and it lasted for six years, viz., till 1886, inclusive.

$$2. \quad \text{Tons} = \frac{B (L + B)^2}{1730}$$

Under this rule very long, deep, narrow boats with heavy keels and outrigger channel plates were eventually produced, and the type not being very favorably regarded, a change was again made in 1887, which lasted for six years, until 1893, inclusive.

$$3. \quad \text{Tons} = \frac{L \times S}{6300}$$

S. being the sail area in square feet.

Prior to this, however, in 1882, the Seawanhaka Y. C. in America had adopted a similar rule, but expressed in sailing length (feet) and connected with a rectified time scale.

$$4. \quad \text{Sailing Length} = \frac{L + \sqrt{S}}{2}$$

and in 1883 the New York Y. C. adopted a modification, viz.:

$$5. \quad \text{Sailing Length} = \frac{2L + \sqrt{S}}{3}$$

The evolution under these three length and sail area rules was very similar, and Mr. Watson's remarks on the English edition (which the late Mr. Dixon Kemp claims to have first proposed in 1880) may be accepted as applying equally to its American cousins.

He wrote in the Badminton chapter already referred to, that under this rule the variety of type which successfully competed was enormous. "Broad, narrow, deep, shallow boats with centerboards and boats without; * * * plain keel, fin-keel, bulb keel * * * have each had its successes." And he added, "But few of these types could have succeeded under the old tonnage rules, and few of them may be successful under rules yet to come." This, written as it was in the early nineties, was almost prophetic—foreshadowing as it did the shape rules of the present day—rules which aim at the forcible adoption by all designers of those particular forms of mid-section which the framers of these rules for the time being believe to be the best possible. The apostles of this creed—Mr. R. E. Froude, F. R. S., and Mr. Benzon, the former with a great following in England, and the latter with numerous disciples in Germany and Scandinavia—have, for the last decade, persuaded European yachtsmen to adopt the present reactionary systems.

The French were the first to employ a shape rule for tonnage, which varied as G.² (2 L. — B.), the item G. being greatest girth from top of deck planking post, round keel to starboard, plus extreme beam; and in 1892 the Union des Yachts Français adopted a modified rule for racing tonnage, which varied as

$$6. \quad (4L - G) G \sqrt{S}$$

This introduction of sail area into the French rule was no doubt copied from the English and American rules.

But G. was the defective item in the French rule—especially for small yacht racing—because it cramped the draft and tended to reduce grip and seaworthiness. In larger vessels its ill effect would not be equally observable, for the very simple reason that their draft is thoroughly kept within moderate bounds by the depth of water over the bars of the harbors and estuaries they frequent. The tax on G. was the thin end of the wedge, was the commencement of the pernicious shape rules.

In 1894 the Y. R. A. (British) introduced B. and G. into the L. and S. rule—in fact, copied the French rule in this respect, for the French G. contained B., whereas the English G. did not.

"Tonnage" rules, however, went overboard, and the

"sailing length" of the American rules was introduced as "linear rating," and this varied as

$$7. \quad L + B + \frac{3}{4}G + \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{S}$$

The division employed to bring it to feet was 2, the variables in the formula being exhibited in feet or square feet.

This wonderful rule, the outcome of immense labor on the part of Mr. R. E. Froude, F. R. S., was fully expected by him and by most of the British professional experts to produce a wholesome and seaworthy type of craft, whereas during its six years of life it produced precisely the contrary—a shallow-bodied, lightly ballasted and lightly built craft, with a large sail plan. On the one hand the power to carry sail was attacked by the rule through G., and on the other hand an increased S. was encouraged, both by reducing the sail tax 50 per cent., and by adding other taxes to accompany it, so that its proportional reduction in taxation was much more than 50 per cent. The inevitable consequence was a crank and unseaworthy boat that sailed on her side in anything but the lightest airs, and required a very competent crew and helmsman to sail her at all, even in smooth and landlocked waters.

The resulting craft became speedily unpopular, and racing under the Y. R. A. rule of rating was soon restricted in the small classes to the Solent—all the small yachts racing elsewhere in England, Scotland or inland being either for restricted boats—in boats built to some local rule of restrictions, or for handicaps. In short, the Y. R. A. rule was inoperative so far as the small classes were concerned, except on the Solent, and there the numbers of boats in the various classes became greatly reduced as compared with those which came to the starting guns under the length and sail area rule.

The rule was an evident failure—and the final outcome, say the Saknuta in the 36-footer class, although very speedy under a few favorable conditions, was simply a terror in a strong wind and lumpy sea.

Many men who had pioneered small yacht racing in England left the Y. R. A. classes and organized classes of one design, or of restricted design, or of one design as regards hull, but optional as to rig—like the Redwings on the Solent.

In the large classes the change of rule and its effects were not so easily or quickly observable, but there can be little doubt that the same tendencies would eventually have worked in a similar manner as in the smaller classes.

Such being the state of affairs, the Council of the Y. R. A. were urged to change or modify the rating rule, and after a somewhat hasty and hurried examination of experts in camera, the present rule was pressed upon the Association and passed into law. Do a thing in a hurry and repent at leisure is an old English maxim, and the latest rating rule of the Y. R. A. will be no exception.

It is a shape rule pure and simple, and quite throttles design. It is true that Mr. Herreshoff, Jr., has in Nevada produced a fairly successful boat that really defies the rule in all its apparently essential particulars, but it is extremely doubtful that she will continue to do so when other boats are built to profit by the peculiarities of the rule. She is for sale. The linear rating by this new Y. R. A. rule varies as

$$8. \quad L + B + \frac{3}{4}G + 4d + \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{S}$$

all the variables being expressed as in the previous Y. R. A. rule and d. added—this new item being found by measuring chain girth and skin girth near the midsection, d. being their difference.

A mathematical examination of this item discloses the fact that the tax is unimportant so long as the sagitta between the hollow of the boat and the girth measuring chain does not exceed one-twelfth of the chord, but the tax becomes rapidly increased when this limit of hollow-ness is exceeded.

The rule has only been in force for one year, and it is consequently no easy matter to foretell the evolution which it will produce in British racing yachts. It will heavily handicap yachts of hollow section, like Meteor, Sybarita and the two Shamrocks. In the smaller classes its worst effect will be the heavy tax it puts on any form of projecting keel, and the consequent loss of seaworthiness which small racers had attained under the L. and S. rules, both in England and America, and which they need so greatly.

Mr. W. Fife, Jr., has so far been the most successful designer under the new rule, and an examination of the elements of his boats, as published in the Field tables of certificates, displays the fact that he takes plenty of L. and S. and reduces the other variables as much as possible. Probably he reduces G. by giving his hull a keel raking aft at a steep angle, like his Red Lancer, which, when beached for a scrub, looked like a terrier half down a rabbit hole.

The same description of rating rule has been adopted for German and Scandinavian racing, and it is quite on the cards that the new British rule will be adopted for these northern waters.

There is, however, a new French rule which has taken a novel departure, and has adopted the broad idea of Mr. Herreshoff's proposal in 1892, viz., to put a premium on tonnage.

The new French rule rates by tonnage, which varies as:

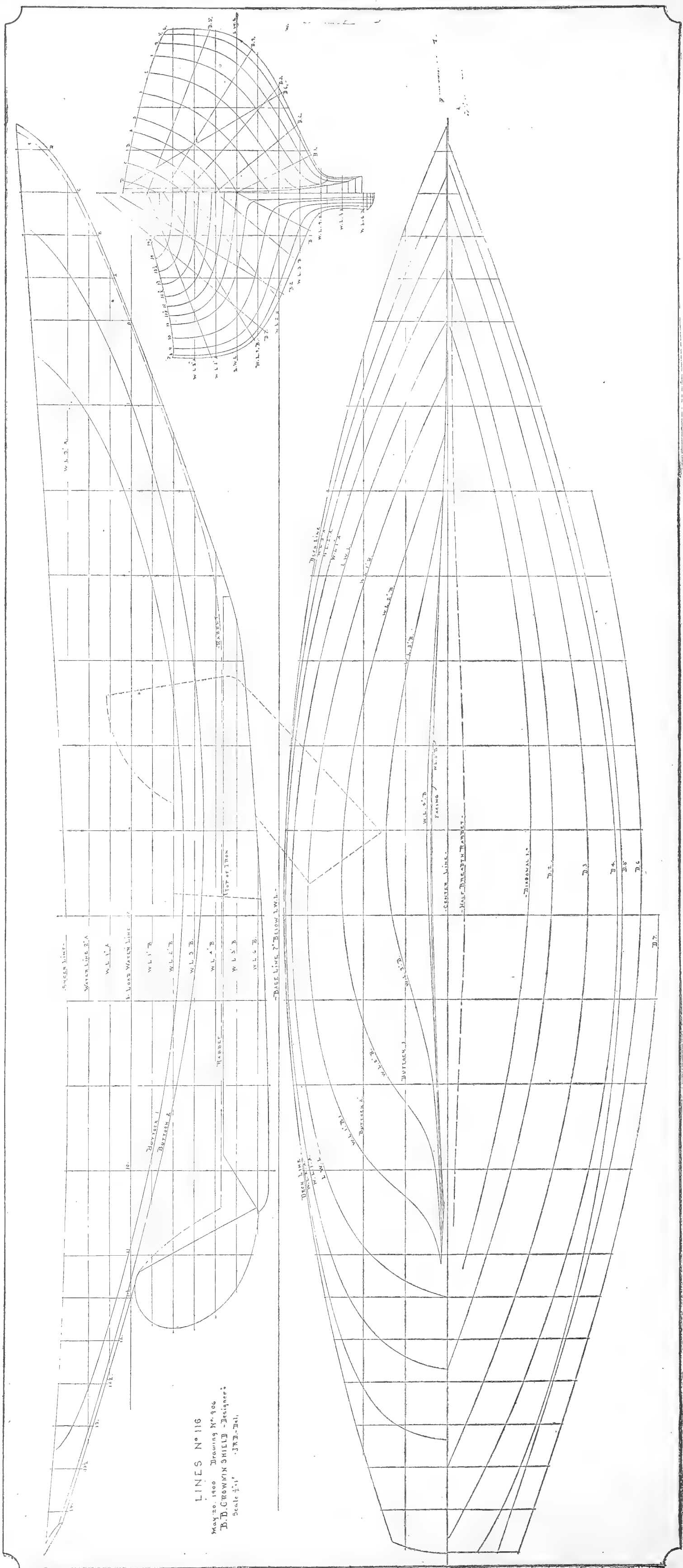
$$[(L - \frac{1}{4}P) \times P \times S + \sqrt{M}]$$

P. being extreme chain girth from waterline to waterline plus extreme beam, and M. being the area of the yacht's immersed midsection.

The divisor employed in this rule ought to have an excellent effect. It will certainly give boats built of good scantling and possessing a fair amount of ballast a much better chance than was possible under any of the recent rules of rating. It is a good rule, but it might have been better.

The manner in which M. must be measured is complicated and troublesome. I read over the detail three times carefully, then lay the paper down with a sigh, as my head began to swim. Moreover, the employment of \sqrt{M}

instead of $\sqrt[3]{D}$ (the cube root of displacement) is not to be recommended. A premium on M. tends to produce short hulls, whereas a premium on D. tends to produce long hulls. A little consideration will confirm this statement. Of course they both tend to produce heavy hulls, whether the tendency be strong enough to overcome the





This broad fact the Council of the British Y. R. A. cannot or will not see, and the result has been the practical ruin of small yacht racing, so far as the Y. R. A. classes are concerned. But, some may exclaim, how will a rating rule with a premium on displacement alter mat-

ters? The reply is simple—that such a rule will at all events give those yachts which are heavily constructed (and they can be built far more cheaply than the light displacement boats) a much better chance of winning prizes than they have had for the past ten years, and if the rule also taxes sail area in a reasonable manner, the present cost of a racer's annual upkeep would be greatly reduced, both as regards hands and gear.

I, for one, deny that an L., S. and D. rule would produce a wide hull and shallow depth at quarter beam, although five leading English designers apparently anticipate such a result, and I base my disbelief on the comparison of *Pente* and *Flat Fish*, the former designed by myself and built for a very moderate sum, indeed, and the latter built in a great hurry, and therefore of good scantling.

In the following year, *Sea Shell*, designed by Mr. Watson and built in the north, of light scantling, cost more than twice as much as *Pente*, and raced on very level terms under the L. and S. rule. Had they raced under a rule giving a reasonable premium on displacement, *Pente* would have beaten *Sea Shell* handsomely by the time allowance, or have carried more sail and have beaten her actually. *Pente* was not designed to give "good living accommodation"—far from it—but she was an ideal day boat, very handy, fast (for her sail area) and weatherly.

A man and a boy for paid crew was ample, whereas the 36-footers, which have replaced the old 5-raters, now carry four paid hands, and want them.

If wide hulls are to be discouraged, the introduction of a tax on beam in her formula is perhaps advantageous.

Thus, comparing *Edie* with *Heartsease*, two 36-footers built when the late Y. R. A. rule (the girth rule) was first introduced:

	<i>Edie</i> .	<i>Heartsease</i> .
Sail	1499.00	1804.00
1/2 Sail	88.90	86.12
Length	88.41	81.23
Beam	8.27	9.14
Displacement	9.87	6.10

8. Late Y. R. A. rule, L rating	86.00	86.00
10. Thalassa's rule without B tax	88.55	88.40
12. Thalassa's rule with B tax	88.45	42.02

Edie is the type of yacht to be encouraged in the 36ft. class, and it is therefore evident that from this point of view a tax on B. is advantageous. But care must be taken not to unduly encourage a very narrow beam, with the deep hull of the yachts evolved by the early Y. R. A. rules, which gave enough "living accommodation" in all conscience, and too much of the article, the cavernous space of 8 or 10ft. depth below the cabin floors, which those vessels carried in the large classes being useless for comfort, and the whole ship producing a most wet and comfortless dwelling place in windy weather, and a slowly moving one in light breezes.

A heavily ballasted, narrow boat is a terror whether as a cruiser or as a racer, whether a 90-footer or a 19-footer.

On the whole, therefore, I think that the simpler formula containing only the three variables—L., S. and D.—is preferable.

If American yachtsmen are thinking of introducing a new rule, let them try some special classes under different rules for a year and see how they answer. It is really the only way to get at a good rule. The ablest yachtsmen and the most profound mathematicians are not able to say with certainty what a rule will or will not bring forth as the most successful type or types under its taxation.

Then try two or three of the most promising rules in two or three different localities in small and special classes and note carefully the apparent evolution produced by each rule. Compare these types and then decide which is the best to encourage. Unfortunately one year is often quite insufficient for this purpose, and the real child of the parent only appears after an incubation of several seasons of hard, competitive racing.

Of one thing, however, we ought to be fairly sure—viz., that an international rule, if such a desideratum be ever achieved, must be simple and deal with the principal elements of a yacht in a broad manner, leaving design unhampered by the rule as much as possible. It should also be constructed so that it will be applicable to differing climatic conditions, and even to differing national types of vessel, so that the same racing rule might be used with equal sufficiency on American, European and Asiatic shores, for the competitive sailing of yachts.

Thus, to take a very extreme example, I think a good rating rule should be applicable for the racing of a catamaran against an English or American yacht; should be applicable for the competition of centerboard boats against keel boats, or of barges with lee boards against fishing boats of equal size.

All this can be done by my simpler form of rule; but the addition of a tax on B. would at once prevent the catamaran from racing against an English yacht, or a barge against a fishing boat.

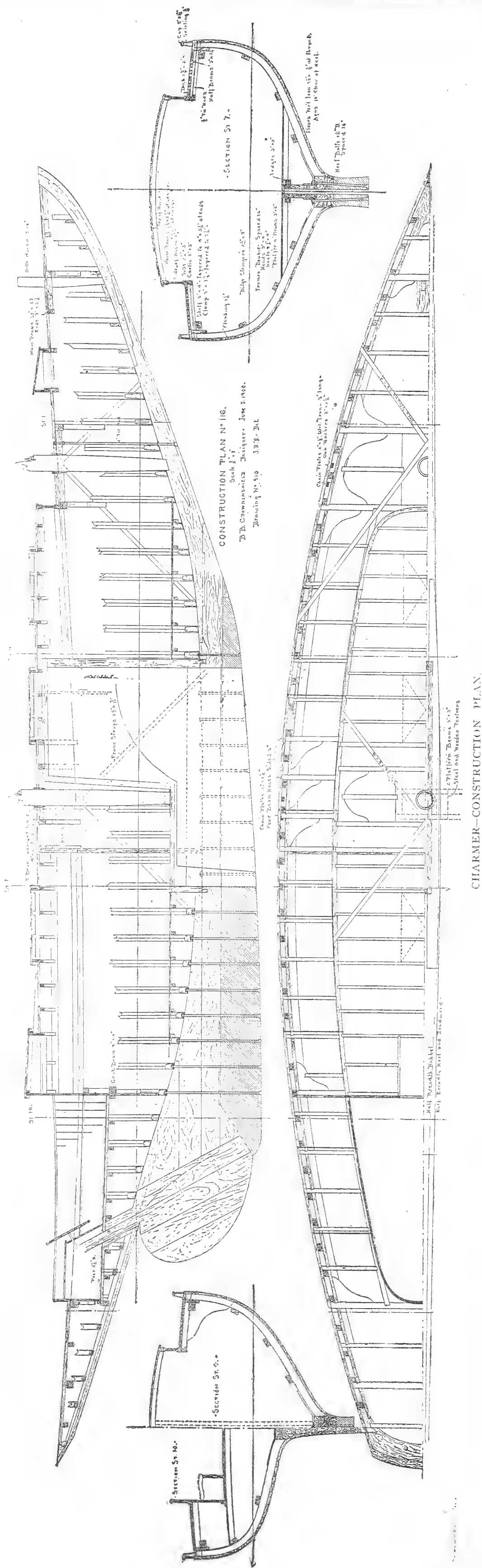
These, of course, are only stated as extreme examples. But in designing to a new rule, a knowledge of such extremes, and of their speeds under various conditions, is essential for the production of, for instance, either the modern scow, or the up-to-date Cup challenger.

As regards difference of climatic conditions, it is absolutely nonsensical to suppose, as some have done, that a rule which succeeds in producing a good type of yacht on one side of the Atlantic may fail on the other, or, on the contrary, that a rule which on trial has failed, say, in Long Island Sound, will ever succeed on the Solent.

Different climates will cause small variations in type under the same rule, but a good rule anywhere is a good rule everywhere, always assuming that the main objects of attainment are acknowledged.

The British Y. R. A., curious to relate, is the main obstruction to an international racing rule. The Council of this Association occasionally has expressed an academic desire for such a rule, but this wish is invariably accompanied by the idea that the British rule should be adopted by other yacht racing peoples. Directly any outside attempt has been made to commence a new rule for universal adoption, the Council has managed by various excuses to avoid the discussion.

It, therefore, appears that if the American clubs really desire an international rule, the best procedure will be to scientifically examine the subject with the assistance of efficient mathematicians and to adopt a rule founded on broad principles, which would probably last much longer than the usual life of a rule, which averages only five to





There will be lots doing in the 21ft. restricted class next season from the present outlook. At present there are thirteen new ones which are known to have been ordered for the class. Starling Burgess has five of these, Crowninshield four, Small Bros., two, and Fred Lawley and Hanley one each. One of Burgess's latest ones is for F. H. Adriance, of Hartford. It is likely that she will not be raced throughout the entire season in Massachusetts Bay, but will be in the waters around Bristol, R. I., part of the time. Mr. Adriance summers at Bristol, and spends much of his leisure time upon the waters of

Narraganset Bay. His 21-footer will be built by Fenton, of Manchester. Another of Burgess's 21-footers is for Reginald Boardman, of the Manchester and Corinthian Y. C.'s. It is likely that she, too, will be built by Fenton; in fact, four out of the five Burgess boats will be built at Manchester. Smith, of Quincy, has started work on the C. H. W. Foster 21-footer, designed by Crowninshield and the Crowninshield designed 21-footer for Hon. Charles Francis Adams 2d, will be laid down at Lawley's this week.

It is expected that work will be started very soon on the 21-footer designed by Fred Lawley for Vice-Com. H. H. Wiggin, of the Annisquam Y. C. The 21-footer which is to be turned out by Hanley, was not heard of until last week, but the information was received from a yachtsman who is in close touch with the Quincy builder, and there is little doubt that the news received is authentic. It is likely that one of the Crowninshield 21-footers will be built by Fenton.

There is not quite such a lively interest shown in the restricted 25ft. class. There are three new boats so far. One of these is from Crowninshield's design for F. G. Macomber, Jr., of the Burgess and Corinthian Y. C.'s. Mr. Macomber is greatly interested in the class and is doing all he can to boom it. He has been endeavoring to interest a number of Marblehead yachtsmen to such an extent that they will build new ones and it may be that more will be coming before the winter is over. Burgess has two boats for this class, but it is not known for whom they are to be built. Even with only three new ones there will be a very respectable showing in this class for next year. Besides the new ones there remain Flirt, Jingo, Chewink, Tarpon, Early Dawn, Marion, Cyrilla, Little Peter and Areyto.

Cruising boats are taking up much of the attention of the designers and builders, fully one-half of the orders received being for either straight or auxiliary cruisers. At the different offices there is much to be seen of ingenious contrivances in utilizing room in this type of boat, and in some of the designs the results gained seem wonderful. In the designs for cruisers every inch of available space is used for some practical purpose, overhangs and all. A 46ft. schooner for W. S. Eaton, Jr., of the Eastern Y. C., by Fred Lawley, is one of the neatest that has been seen.

This boat will be called Agatha, and will take the place of the 40-footer which was built at the Marblehead Yacht Yard for Mr. Eaton in 1900. The old Agatha has been sold and her name changed. The new schooner resembles John M. Richmond's 46ft. schooner Indra, except that she is a trifle easier and is expected to show a little better turn of speed. She is cut up below decks much after the style of Indra, only more available space has been utilized. She is flush decked with companionways leading to the main saloon and to the galley. There is a skylight over the main saloon, while entrance is gained to the forecabin through the fore hatch. Aft of the main companionway there is a large stateroom taking up the entire beam of the boat. This is fitted with double berths and transoms, while under the companionway stairs there is a wash bowl. On the port side of the main companionway there is an oilskin locker with chart locker above, and forward of this is a bath room and linen closet. On the starboard side of the main companionway is the owner's stateroom, fitted with berth transom, bureau and wash bowl. A door leads to the main saloon, which is fitted up with berths, transoms, bookcases, buffets and lockers, while there is plenty of space for an extension table. A door also leads from the main saloon to the galley, which is very roomy, and is fitted up with every convenience for cruising. A steel bulkhead shuts off the galley from the forecabin, but there is a slide through which food may be passed. The forecabin is quite roomy, and contains four hanging berths, while there is good room for stowing chains and other anchor gear.

This is but one of many that are being turned out by the Boston designers, of all sizes and types. The auxiliary cruiser is gaining popularity in this district as well as in other sections, and there are several new ones which will be turned out this winter. Small Bros. have rather a remarkable 25ft. cruiser, which contains a fair sized main saloon, a stateroom, and quite a roomy galley, with hanging berth forward for a deckhand and plenty of room for stowage.

The table of percentages of the 18ft. knockabout in Duxbury Bay has kindly been furnished me by Com. L. H. Goodspeed, of the Duxbury Y. C. From the records of the boats it seems that the racing in the bay has been very even throughout the entire season. Miladi, which took the championship, is one of last year's boats. Trouble is a new boat, designed by Fred Lawley and built by Shiverick of Kingston. She did not get started early in the season, and, in consequence, was not in very good tune during her first races. When she got into shape, she proved slightly better than the old boats. The Eighteen Foot Knockabout Association was started by members of the Plymouth, Kingston and Duxbury Y. C.'s, who have raced for the local championship under the auspices of the Duxbury Y. C. The following are the records of the yachts figured on the same percentage basis as that which has been used by the M. Y. R. A.:

	Starts	1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Fins.	Bks.	Per Cent.
Miladi, F. R. Adams.....	11	5	2	3	1	0	68 2-11
Trouble, J. H. Hunt.....	9	3	1	2	3	0	53 3-9
Oom Paul, G. Cushman..	11	3	2	1	3	2	46 4-11
Kittiwake, H. M. Jones..	11	0	3	3	5	0	34 1-11
Dazzler, Goodspeed Bros.	12	0	4	1	6	1	32 1-12
Lobster II., C. C. Clapp..	11	1	0	2	8	0	26 4-11

Crowninshield is designing a 45ft. launch for W. F. Beal, which will be built by Roger Eccles. He is also at work on three 18-footers, one for W. B. Rogers, another for William Russell and a third for New York parties. It is expected that all three will be sailed on Lake Champlain. One of Crowninshield's latest orders is for a 50ft. steam launch for Rt. Rev. Robert Codman, Episcopal Bishop of Maine. Bishop Codman owns an island in Casco Bay, and will use the launch in traveling to and from it. The same designer has also been commissioned to make alteration plans on the 50ft. schooner Woodmansee, owned by B. Farquhar Curtis, of New York. Her freeboard will be increased, her stern lengthened out slightly and she will be given a yawl

rig. The work will be done by Davidson and Griffin, of Portland.

At Lawley's the Eaton 46ft. schooner is planned and her deck is being laid. An 18-footer has just been finished. Work is very quiet in the shop yet, but it is expected that within a few weeks both sheds will be filled. The auxiliary 30-footer for C. Bancroft Davis will be started this week, also two Y. R. A. 21-footers and a 103ft. waterline steam yacht.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

The Yachtsmen's Club.

At a meeting of the Yachtsmen's Club, held in the Hotel Manhattan on Wednesday, Nov. 20, it was voted to reduce the dues to \$6 yearly, instead of \$20, as heretofore.

This decision is the result of one year's trial of the idea that a club with quarters could be maintained in New York city, and which would bring into closer relationship the members of the various yachting organizations in the vicinity. Experience has shown that the chief obstacle to the success of the undertaking was the fact that there were already too many clubs in New York city. The quarters in the Hotel Royalton, while not large, were especially well adapted for the purpose intended, expensively furnished and well provided with books and current periodicals devoted to yachting, yet except on the evenings when informal "talks" were given, it was the exception to find a member about the club's rooms.

The experimental stage of the club's existence demonstrated that the measure of success had been due to these "talks," which were well attended, because the knowledge gained was mainly of a technical character which could not easily be secured in any other way. This being the case, the necessity for maintaining expensive quarters did not exist, and it became possible to reduce the annual dues to merely a nominal amount, sufficient to cover the expense of a lecture room when required, printing, etc.

The lectures given last winter by acknowledged experts on the various subjects covered, proved a notable success, among them being:

"Sails; Their Construction, Care and Handling," Gilbert H. Wilson, Esq.

"A Talk on Navigation," Capt. Howard Patterson.

"Marine Engineering," Prof. C. C. Thomas, New York University.

"Cruising Yachts; Their Design and Construction," Clinton H. Crane, Esq.

"The Racing Yacht; Its History, Development and Design," William Gardner, Esq.

"The Measurement Rule," John Hyslop, Esq.

"Ocean Steam Vessels and Their Management," Capt. P. C. Petrie.

"High Speed in Steam Vessels," Charles D. Mosher, Esq.

"Methods of Determining Position at Sea," Commander Henry H. Barroll, U. S. N.

"The American Yacht; Its History, Development and Design," Thomas H. MacDonald, Esq.

"The Samoa Disaster," Capt. H. W. Lyon, U. S. N.

The first "talk" of this season will take place on Wednesday evening, Dec. 18, and the entire programme, which is now being arranged, will shortly be announced.

The only qualification for membership in the Yachtsmen's Club is membership in a recognized yacht club, and it is believed that the very nominal amount of the dues, coupled with the unquestionable advantages offered by the course of lectures, will result in a largely increased membership. Application blanks will be mailed on request by E. M. MacLellan, Sec'y, 90 Water street, New York city.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have sold the following knockabouts: Star, owned by Mr. Renne Martin, to Dr. Forbes Hawkes, of New York city; Reverie, owned by Mr. Charles A. Winter, to Dr. W. H. Clayton, of New York city; Nirvana, owned by Mr. F. W. Robinson, to Mr. E. C. Griffin, of New York city.

The Earl of Rosebery has purchased the steam yacht Zaida from Mr. Alfred Shuttleworth. She was designed by Messrs. J. S. White & Co., Ltd., and built in 1900. Zaida is 136.7ft. on the waterline, 22.8ft. beam and 12.3ft. deep.

The London Field states that Mr. Whitaker Wright's racing yawl, Sybarita, which is hauled up at the yard of White Brothers, Itchen Ferry, has been purchased by Mr. M. B. Kennedy, owner of the Maid Marion, cutter. It is rumored that Sybarita will go to the Mediterranean for the Riviera regattas.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Savage Club was recently organized at Martins Ferry, O., of which Dr. Diven is the secretary. The Savage Arms Company presented a silver cup to the club, to be shot for by the members.

In this column last week, under the caption "One-Hundred-Shot Rifle Championship Match," by a misprint King's Semi-Smokeless powder was referred to as "Kink's Semi-Smokeless powder."

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Nov. 28.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Tunkhannock Rod and Gun Club. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Bullshead, Staten Island.—Live-bird shoot of the Chelsea Heights Gun Club. J. S. Lewis, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Trenton, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Trenton Shooting Association; live birds and targets. E. S. Applegate, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Silver Lake, S. I.—Live-bird and target shoot of the Richmond Gun Club. A. A. Schoverling, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Paterson, N. J.—Thanksgiving Day shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club; live birds and targets. Open to all. Garry Hopper, Sec'y.

Nov. 28.—Ossining, N. Y.—All-day target shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. Roast Turkey. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

Nov. 28.—Cleveland, O.—Shoot of the Cleveland Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Milwaukee, Wis.—Tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

Nov. 28-29.—Topeka, Kan.—Topeka Gun Club's amateur tournament.

Dec. 2-6.—Brantford, Can.—Pastime Gun Club's tournament.

Dec. 4.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Competition in third target series of Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day target tournament of the Boston Shooting Association.

Dec. 11.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Team contest, New Jersey vs. New York.

Dec. 18.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Competition in third target series of Keystone Shooting League.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Dec. 4.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Eastern championship, 25 live birds; \$10 sweep optional. Trophy. Entrance, price of birds.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utesht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-10.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Club.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

One of the New York visitors to the Maine woods this season is P. D. Froeligh, superintendent of the Iron Steamboat Company, of this city, and also one of New York's most enthusiastic trapshooters. "Super's" duties during the summer months, when all New York and half the surrounding cities want to get down to Coney Island, keep him too busy for any sport with the shotgun or rifle. But he gets even in the winter months, and has just returned from Maine with a full bag—that is to say, with all the deer and moose the law allows. Deer were, he states, so numerous and troublesome that they had to keep a man in camp to prevent the hungry animals from eating the bedding. His moose story shows that luck figures considerably in hunting. He was camped, let us say, Trout Lake. From Trout Lake he and his guide went one day to another camp at, let us say, Mud Lake. The camp had not been used for weeks, and the country all around was quiet. Right in front of the door of the camp was a sign left there by a large bull moose. As the leaves were a foot thick everywhere, and everything dry and noisy, they returned to, let us say, Trout Lake once more—and waited for snow. The snow came in a few days, and the return trip to, well, Mud Lake was made the next day. Camp was reached in good time, and early the following day Mr. Froeligh and his guide started out to look for "the big bull." Almost immediately after leaving camp his tracks, freshly made, were struck, and, as Mr. Froeligh puts it, "within fifty-five minutes from leaving camp I had my moose!" He is enthusiastic about the head; the spread he gives as 32in., while the horns are very massive, and the palmation very broad. The trophy will be on exhibition at the Sportsmen's Show, in Madison Square Garden, next spring.

The latest illumination of the somewhat hazy line which differentiates the amateur trapshooter from the professional comes from the A. A. U., in the form of a resolution recently promulgated, as follows: "Resolved, That a trapshooter who shoots for a sweepstakes is a professional athlete." While the intention of the A. A. U. is evident, the expression of it borders on the absurd. First of all, trapshooting does not come under the head of athletic sports. Indeed, a trapshooter may be first rate in point of skill and yet not be an athlete at all. According to the resolution, the trapshooters are the most athletic body in existence, as all of them having shot for sweepstakes, all therefore are professional athletes. According to the resolution, a man may be a cripple at one moment and a professional athlete the next, by virtue of a sweepstake. It would have been more accurate if the A. A. U. had resolved that a trapshooter who shoots for a sweepstakes be subject to the rules which govern professional athletes, and it would have been much more sensible if the A. A. U. had not meddled with it at all. It is true that the colleges have trapshooting clubs, but it is equally true that they have private societies and a lot of other interests which would strain the powers of any one body which attempted jurisdiction over all. Further comments on this subject are presented on the editorial page.

On Thursday of this week at Interstate Park, Queens, there will be target and live bird shooting. There are five target events on the programme—one event at 15 targets, the Interstate Park trophy event at 25 targets, the Thanksgiving Day handicap at 50 targets, a trophy shoot at 25 targets, and the Metropolitan Individual Championship. The target programme at Interstate Park next week is as follows: Tuesday, Dec. 3.—Interstate Park trophy, 15 targets, entrance \$1.30; Long Island Handicap, 25 targets, entrance \$1.50; first shoot for December cup, 50 targets, entrance \$2; team race for teams of two, 25 targets per man, entrance \$1.50 per man. Thursday, Dec. 5.—Interstate Park Handicap, 25 targets, entrance \$1.50; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, entrance \$2; Interclub match, open to all gun clubs, 50 targets per man, three men to constitute a team. A club can enter more than one team if it so desires. Entrance \$2 per man; Interclub Handicap, 25 targets, entrance \$1.50.

The New Utrecht Gun Club announces that, "Commencing with December, two midweek shoots will be held each month, the trophy for each day being a silver cup. Conditions will be advised later. First shoot Dec. 3. On Thanksgiving Day the usual all-day shoot will be held, the moose head now in the club rooms being the trophy for the principal event of the day. If ten entries are received for this, the club will pay for balance of the cost. Commencing with December a monthly cup will be shot for. No entrance fee will be charged, and this will constitute one event in each Saturday's programme. This cup will go to the member making the best average during the month, participation in at least three of these events being necessary for qualification." The club holds its shoots at Interstate Park.

On the grounds of the Carteret Gun Club, at Garden City, L. I., on Thursday of last week, Mr. R. A. Welch, of New York, defeated Mr. C. S. Guthrie in a match at 100 live birds, for \$250 a side. Mr. Guthrie was shot out in the 95th round, at which time Mr. Welch had scored 88. The boundary of the Carteret Gun Club's grounds is 30yds.

Mr. F. C. Riehl, from St. Louis, Mo., under date of Nov. 25, sent FOREST AND STREAM a telegram, as follows: "Mr. C. R. Stevens, of Moline, Ill., is here to-day, and authorizes the announcement that the big 100-bird sweepstakes which would have been held in Chicago next month, is declared off. He could secure only forty-six entries; fifty-nine guaranteed. The contest therefore is withdrawn. All forfeits will be returned immediately." This is to be deeply regretted, as it gave promise of being a grand affair in the trapshooting world. However, forty-six entries would have made a very good shoot in itself, under the conditions, 100 birds, \$100 per man.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., has recently added another shooter to his family list, the last one being Annie Oakley Gilbert, who weighed 10½ lbs. on the second day after the arrival of the official stork. Miss Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank E. Butler) has sent her namesake a very valuable present. Thomas Marshall Gilbert, who antedates the recent arrival by about two years, is a strong, alert boy, who is likely to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious father, Mr. Fred Gilbert, as he shows the keenest interest in firearms and their use. There is plenty of room in this broad land for more shooters.

Under date of Nov. 25 the following two telegrams were received by us from Mr. F. C. Riehl, of East Alton, Ill. The first one: "Stevens wires to-day from Moline, 'Stop report calling off shoot; have enough entries if Watson will consent; have wired him.'" The second one: "Stevens wires this evening that John Watson will not extend time, and that the big Chicago shoot is off for sure."

The Boston Shooting Association announces that it will hold an all-day tournament on its grounds, at Wellington, Mass., on Dec. 7. Targets 1½ cents. There are twelve events on the programme, at 10, 15 and 20 targets, various angles; a total of 165, with a total entrance fee of \$11. Shooting commences at 10 o'clock. Lunch served on the grounds.

On Dec. 4, at Interstate Park, there will be a two-man team match between Messrs. Edward Banks and George H. Piercy on the one side, and Messrs. R. A. Welch and T. W. Morfey on the other side; 25 live birds per man. The race, so far as the date is concerned, is contingent upon the circumstances as to whether Mr. Welch can arrange to attend.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, in a warm competition, won the final contest for the Republic cup at St. Louis last week, the account of which, written by Mr. F. C. Riehl, will be found in our trap columns. Three—Messrs. Elliott, Gilbert and Burnside—tied for it on 21 out of 25. In the shoot-off Gilbert won in the 44th round.

Stormy weather was an unfavorable condition at the St. Louis tournament last week. Mr. W. R. Crosby committed a noteworthy event by missing one target on the first day, there being 150 targets on that day's programme. Mr. Herbert Taylor made a run of 100 straight.

In the contest for the championship of West Virginia, on Nov. 20, between Messrs. Ed. O. Bower and W. A. Smith, the former retained the medal emblematic of that honor by a score of 78 to 72. Neither contestant shot near up to his average form.

The gun which was won at John Wright's shoot some weeks ago, was raffled off by a gentleman who purchased it, and one ticket was purchased for Mrs. O'Grady, Mr. T. W. Morfey's fat fox-terrier, and in the draw, Mrs. O'Grady won.

On Wednesday of this week Mr. Geo. H. Piercy, the holder, and Dr. W. L. Gardiner will contest for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey, if nothing occurs to prevent.

On Wednesday of next week, at Interstate Park, L. I., the cup donated by the Interstate Association, emblematic of the Eastern Championship, will be a matter of contest, the first of a series.

The Cincinnati (O.) Gun Club was recently the recipient of a Parker gun, presented by Capt. A. W. du Bray on behalf of his firm. It will be a prize of a series of club contests.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the American E. C. & Schultze Co., left for St. Louis on Thursday of last week to take part in the tournament to be held in that city.

The Haverhill (Mass.) Gun Club announces an all-day shoot for Christmas Day. The programme will be issued at an early future date.

BERNARD WATERS.

Sistersville Gun Club.

SISTERSVILLE, W. Va., Nov. 23.—We are sorry to have to report that our fall tournament, which was held here on Nov. 20, was not a howling success. With \$5 in cash added to each of the twelve events, we feel that we should have had a better attendance. Of course, now that the shoot is over, we can see where we made a great mistake in trying to get the boys to turn out during the hunting season. In Ohio, where they only have twenty days open season, they naturally want to be in the field as much as possible, and we certainly cannot blame them. We have learned that several of our West Virginia fellows were kept away because of sickness, so we must love them still. Mr. F. E. Mallory, one of our old reliables, had the misfortune to get his face badly poisoned and was compelled to go to the hospital. From a letter just received we learn that another one of the regulars was detained on account of the serious illness of his wife. He, however, promises to come to our next shoot, even though he has to walk. While we had expected at least twenty guns, we had but seven. We must confess that we are feeling just a shade blue to-day, but we are not going to give up. We will get up another programme and try to get the boys together during the holidays. If they don't come then, we will think they don't like us.

Mr. Howard Serger, of the Lafin & Rand Powder Company, was the only trade representative present. Howard, after plastering Lafin & Rand stickers all over our club house and on all the nearby fences, acted as referee and general manager. He was also appointed special policeman and legal adviser, and the Sistersville Gun Club feels under many obligations for his valuable services. He was also elected to honorary membership in our club, and will be known hereafter as Judge.

Mr. L. B. Fleming, of Pittsburg, with Winchester gun and Lafin & Rand infallible combination, carried off the honors by breaking better than 90 per cent. Lou did very well, considering that he wore his hat during the entire shoot and had on a new pair of shoes. He tried to tell us that he wore the new "kicks," to make sure of getting back home in the event that he had to walk; but he didn't find a ready sale for his stock in this kind of talk. We have never been out with him yet that he didn't go home in the parlor car.

Messrs. S. T. and John F. Mallory were close on to Mr. Fleming, winning second and third places. Sid was always lucky to fall into a hole all by his lonesome, and to-day he is giving us the laugh because he carried off some of our good money. He had better make good use of it until the holidays, for it will all come back then.

The race between Dade and Mr. W. A. Smith for the championship of the State, was very much of a disappointment, both contestants shooting away below their usual average. Dade retained the medal by breaking 78, while Mr. Smith scored but 72.

Other scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
Targets:	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	15	15	20	15	15
L. B. Fleming,	11	14	13	18	12	14	14	18	14	15	15	19	177
S. T. Mallory,	12	14	14	17	12	13	15	18	15	14	12	18	174
J. F. Mallory,	15	13	15	12	14	13	16	14	10	14	16		167
Dade,	13	14	13	20	14	14	14	13	12	11	15		166
J. Y. McNaught,	15	11	13	18	12	11	13	14	8	13	17		156

J. W. Stewart,	12	11	15	19	11	14	8	17	9	9	8	16	149
W. A. Smith,	13	12	10	13	13	11	11	13	9	9	11	12	142

Mr. Smith, while shooting in exceptionally bad form all day, rejoices in the fact that by capturing low average he wins the only prize we had to offer, a fine silk umbrella, worth \$6. It usually rains whenever we undertake to give a shoot here, so it possibly occurred to him that he might be able to use this prize to pretty good advantage before he got out of town.

ED. O. BOWER.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Intercity Shooting Park.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 22.—At the Intercity Shooting Park, midway between Minneapolis and St. Paul, on Nov. 17, there was held the second shoot for the St. Paul Review trophy. The birds were a good lot, and the scores are therefore creditable. Hirschy again took the cup to Minneapolis.

The shooting grounds are open for matches at any time, as well as for private practice. The St. Paul Review trophy is shot every Sunday at 10 A. M., at 25 live birds, \$5 entrance, birds extra, Riley handicap system, 26 to 32 yds. Mr. R. McNeill is manager of the park.

The practice sweeps at this park during the past week were of a good order. The following are the scores of the events mentioned:

St. Paul Review trophy:													
Morrison, 29,	12212212222220	20	122110	—21									
Hirschy, 29,	2222112221*21	22	22221222	—23									
Bull, 29,	21212221212023	20	2021121*	—21									
Dr. Bill, 27,	111000122011010w												
Mulligan, 28,	222111222210220	1221	1112	—22									
French, 28,	0 20221*2222221222220202	—20											

Preliminary sweep, high gun:													
Morrison, 30,	2222221222	—10	Bull, 30,	2201122111	—9								
Hirschy, 30,	2222222222	—10	Brown, 27,	2211210011	—8								

Nov. 13.—Ten-bird sweeps:													
Adams, 30,	2220211221	—9	Moore, 28,	1222*02202	—7								
Hirschy, 30,	2222222102	—9	Monk, 27,	*221011210	—7								
Bull, 30,	122202211	—9	Parker, 28,	22*1201212	—8								

Nov. 16.—Twenty-five birds:													
Monk, 27,	111211111211011012111212	—23											
Hamilton, 27,	2211101110*1231111022012	—20											
Bill, 27,	0002*1101201000001011011	—12											

Garfield Thanksgiving Shoot.

Dr. J. W. Meek, the present secretary of the Garfield Gun Club, of Chicago, paid the FOREST AND STREAM office a pleasant call. He wore an expansive smile and attributed his good feeling to the fact that he had just been using some of the new E. C. powder, the most recent output of the E. C. & Schultze Powder Company. He said he thought he liked it better than anything he had seen for quite a while. Incidentally, he said that everybody ought to go out to Garfield grounds on Thanksgiving Day. There is to be a big turkey shoot for the members of the club, and open sweepstakes for the public. There will be an old-fashioned Garfield time, and that is full enough description.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Burnside Crossing, Ill., Nov. 23.—To-day, in a four-cornered match, 25 birds, \$10 entrance, birds extra, high gun to take the purse, Elbert killed 25 straight and won. The scores:

McGinty	220221222022222201011102	—20											
J. H. Amberg	2221221222122221022212	—24											
J. B. Barto	02021211111222112120222	—22											
Elbert	222212222121211111212222	—25											

Same day, practice:
W. B. Lefingwell, 0211112211211211212—19

Nov. 19.—Day clear; light, outgoing wind; birds good:													
J. M. Sellers	1211212122121*121111112	—24											
	2112122112121221222121	—25											
	*121212121221121211211	—24											
	12121212121212211110222	—24											

Nov. 20.—Practice:													
A. E. Rupel	22*211221201122	—13											
Chas. Grass	12020*1000*020122020*0220	—11											
Chas. Grass	220002212100110	—9											

Nov. 22.—Practice:													
A. E. Rupel	2022111212221*	—13											
Sweepstakes:													

	No. 1.		No. 2.		No. 3.								
Hoyt	1120112120	—8	121212102	—9	21221	—5							
Sellers	1121212211	—10	2212222012	—9	12122	—5							
Drake	11111*1101	—8	221111122	—10	10*10	—2							
Thorn	1010022110	—6	001112221*	—8	22022	—4							
Thompson			2122220220	—8	22022	—4							

Birds:	15	10	10	5	Birds:	15	10	10	5				
Hoyt	13	8	9	4	Thorn	9	9	9	4				
Sellers	13	8	9	4	Thompson	8	9	9	4				
Drake	11	6	6	6									

RAVELRIGG.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Philadelphia.—At the shoot of the Keystone Shooting League on Saturday of last week Mr. F. W. Van Loon won the challenge championship live-bird trophy in a closely contested race. The scores:

Challenge cup match:													
Henry	2222222222	—10	Geikler	222222222*	—9								
McCoy	220220w		Brewer	2*22222222	—9								
Van Loon	2222222221	—10	Jones	2*21111101	—8								
Anderson	2222222220	—10	Darby	2222222222	—10								
Bowers	21222220*2	—8	Leek	*22212112	—9								
Sanford	2222222222	—10	Busby	12200*121	—6								

Shoot-off:
Henry 221 221 222 222 222 122 212 202 022
Van Loon 221 222 222 221 221 211 122 *12 222

There were twelve entries in the club handicap, each shooting at 10 birds, handicap rise. Geikler and Leek killed out straight, and Jones, Russell, Bower, Anderson and McCoy scored 9. The scores follow:

Geikler, 27,	2222222222	—10	Russell, 28,	*21222212	—9								
Brewer, 27,	2202220202	—7	Bower, 26,	222222201	—9								
Jones, 27,	2122011122	—9	Van Loon, 28,	021112210	—9								
Darby, 27,	2122022022	—8	Anderson, 28,	2222220222	—9								
Leek, 27,	2221212222	—10	McCoy, 30,	*2*20221*	—9								
Busby, 27,	120*222102	—7	McGrath, 29,	200200020	—8								

Rochester Rod and Gun Club.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 25.—Herewith are the scores of the last shoot of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club. There seems to be a good deal of interest shown at these shoots for medals. It is bringing out a good many of the poorer shots. These medals are to be shot for each week, and the one winning the most times during the year has the medal to hold for good. The club is making an effort to have a good State shoot next June.

Following are the scores made for the handicap medal:

	Shotat. Broke.		Shotat. Broke.										
Mosher	29	17	Meyers	25	22								
Weller	25	24	Broeker	30	16								
Borst	28	23	Bonbright	27	25								
Wray	32	24	Karle	35	21								
Kershner	26	22											

Bonbright, of Colorado Springs, won the medal with the score of 25 out of 27—excellent, considering conditions. Wray and Weller were next. Weller has done some very good shooting of late, with a new gun which he recently purchased, and the boys have to do their best to keep up with his pace.

For the championship medal there were eight entries. Bonbright put up a score of 24 out of 25, but as he is not a resident of Monroe county, was not entitled to the badge, Kershner winning it with a score of 23 out of 25. Following are the scores, each man shooting at 25 targets: Mosher 20, Karle 18, Kershner 23, Weller 20, Broeker 19, Borst 22, Meyers 22, Bonbright 24.

The next contest for the medals will take place next Wednesday afternoon. Every shooter is invited to compete.

OOM PAUL.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Nov. 26.—There has been no shooting over the traps of the Hamilton Gun Club since the opening of the game season, but our members are now home from the field, and preparations for our twelfth annual tournament are moving steadily ahead.

The plans for our new club house have been accepted, and the building will be erected on the grounds occupied by the club for the last two years. The scores will be moved to higher ground. We wish to place our traps in their permanent positions before the frost sets in, and would like to have a house warming about Christmas or New Year's Day.

The programmes are nearly ready, and shooters desiring a copy of them will kindly drop a card to our secretary, Mr. Geo. Crawford, Hamilton, Ont., he will be pleased to forward it, along with any information desired.

American shooters wishing to have ammunition forwarded from warehouse or factory should have shipments made not later than the first week in January, and if our secretary is promptly advised, we will be able to handle the goods satisfactorily to parties concerned.

Ducks have been more plentiful in Hamilton Bay this season than for some years past. Many excellent bags have been reported, but Harry Dynes has proven the most successful over the decoys.

Our president, Tom Upton, Charlie Briggard and John Hunter went to Quebec with Jeb Ketchum, of Ottawa, for deer, and returned after a pleasant trip to complete arrangements for a little pigeon match between Charlie Briggard and Tom Upton, as they did not care to quit on drawn honors. Dr. Overholt was chosen as referee, but fearing that John Hunter might be lonely and the Doctor might get tired watching them, their two names were dropped into the hat, and the boys drew for partners and arranged to shoot off the match on an early date.—Overholt and Upton vs. Briggard and Hunter. The match to be shot at 25 birds each, for the suppers and incidentally one plunk per.

I am dead out, and must quit.

BEN IT.

Woodlake Gun Club.

WOODLAKE, Neb., Nov. 20.—The initial shoot of the Woodlake Gun Club was given to-day at the club grounds, just east of the stockyards.

There was a goodly attendance, and much enthusiasm was manifested, which promises well for the future of the new club.

Considering that only two of the eleven entries had ever shot over the traps before, the shooting was high-class, and demonstrates the fact that good shots at game will always make creditable scores at the elusive saucers.

The writer, in all his experience as a gun club organizer, has never found a crowd of novices who

The St. Louis Tournament.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 24.—The tournament incidental to the final shoot-off for the Republic cup, pulled off here this week, proved a pleasant affair, but the dates were unfortunately chosen, as the long season of beautiful Indian summer weather which had prevailed here through the fall came to an end Thursday, and was succeeded by a cold, raw northwest, which made shooting anything but a comfort, and greatly cut down the attendance.

A good programme at targets and live birds was arranged for Friday, the opening day, and was faithfully followed. While the conditions were not favorable to good scores, some splendid work was done in the target events. Will Crosby lost but one in the ten 15-bird sweeps, with a run of 96 straight; Herbert Taylor made a run of 100 straight. Frank Rogers lost 3 and Fred Gilbert 4 all day.

Money was divided in this event on the Rose system, so that with the small entry and high average scores the winnings of the topnotchers were inconsiderable, but losses, on the other hand, were correspondingly light, so that, on the whole, the result was probably quite satisfactory. The scores are appended:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Gilbert	13	14	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	15
Burnside	15	14	14	14	13	15	13	14	14	15
Rogers	15	15	14	14	14	14	15	15	15	15
Fanning	15	14	14	13	14	14	15	15	14	15
Crosby	15	15	15	14	15	15	15	15	15	15
Mermod	14	14	14	14	15	14	12	15	15	14
Marshall	14	15	15	14	15	14	15	15	15	14
Spencer	13	15	13	15	13	15	14	14	14	13
Taylor	14	15	15	15	15	15	13	12	13	14
Orvis	13	6	14	13	13	11	13	12	13	13
Dr Sims								11		
Parmelee					14					

The first live-bird event was a miss-and-out, with four entries. All killed 5 and divided.

Second event, at 10 birds, high guns, had ten entries, and seven straight.

In the third event Gilbert, Crosby, Sims and Burnside divided. The scores:

First event, miss-and-out:										
Gilbert	22121	—5	Burnside	22122	—5					
Marshall	22222	—5	Crosby	22221	—5					

Second event, 10 birds:										
Marshall	122221222	—10	Burnside	112222112	—10					
Parmelee	121222221	—10	Fanning	112121221	—10					
Taylor	12120w		Orvis	222122111	—10					
Money	222222222	—10	Mermod	22220w						
Gilbert	11110w		Crosby	111112122	—10					

Third event, 5 birds:										
Gilbert	22111	—5	Money	02222	—4					
Crosby	11112	—5	Burnside	12211	—5					
Sims	12212	—5	Orvis	22010	—3					

During the day a meeting of the four men interested in the Republic cup—Parmelee, Elliott, Gilbert and Burnside—was held, and the boys decided to open the trophy to one more general contest, to be shot Saturday, under the original rules, except that 25 per cent. of the net purse should go to the present winners of the cup.

Saturday, Nov. 23.—Weather continued raw and cold, with clouded sky and northwest wind sweeping over the range in the faces of the shooters. On account of the open contest for the Republic cup, the target programme was made a secondary matter, and attention for the day centered in the live-bird circle.

As an opening warmer a \$2 miss-and-out was shot, with eleven entries. The birds were fast, and it took just 20 minutes to decide the contest, Gilbert, Crosby and Stevens dividing on the eighth round.

In the second event, 10 birds, three moneys, Parmelee, Gilbert, Burnside, Stevens, Capt. Money, Harold Money, Dr. Sims and Spencer killed straight; Orvis, Crosby, Mermod and Riehl scored 9, and Fanning was alone with 8. The straight men decided upon a shoot-off. As only one man lost out, and finally on account of time, seven divided \$23.

Owing to illness of Mr. Elliott, as he did not feel that he could stand the strain of two long races in one afternoon, it was decided to call off the open race for the Republic cup, and the tie match between the four men interested and present was shot, beginning at 2 P. M. Charlie Young, the first winner of the cup, was unable to attend the tournament, and therefore forfeited his rights in the match.

All contestants stood at 30yds. The birds were a very good lot, with only two sitters during the match.

Parmelee was the first to lose on a low driver, which was hard hit with the second and died outside. In the next round Gilbert lost a swift incomer, also dead out. Elliott then lost a hard right-quartering driver from trap 3. The match then went merrily on without a mishap until Burnside drew a corking incoming curver on the 21st round, and lost it hard hit. Elliott dropped his second bird on the 22d round, and finished with 23. The other three contestants finished on a tie with 24.

The three remaining contestants agreed to decide the tie in a series of shooting in blocks of 5. Parmelee was the first to lose a corkscrew of an outgoer from the center trap. Gilbert and Burnside continued to the 44th round in the shoot-off, when the latter lost a hard right-quartering towerer, and Gilbert, killing his next bird, won the match and trophy. It was a hard-fought battle throughout, and characterized by some splendid work by all parties in the match.

The remainder of the day was devoted to live-bird miss-and-outs and several informal target sweeps. The scores:

Shoot-off of Republic cup ties:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4 2 4 2 1 2 3 2 3 1 5 3 4 3 5 5 4 1 5 4 3 2 5	
2 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	Elliott
1 1 2 4 4 1 4 4 3 4 3 3 2 1 2 3 1 2 4 5 5 1 5 4	
2 2 1 2	Gilbert
4 5 5 4 5 5 1 5 5 4 1 1 5 3 1 2 5 4 3 3 2 5 5 4 5	
2 2	Parmelee
5 2 4 1 3 2 5 1 4 2 1 2 3 2 4 4 1 1 5 5 4 3 2 2 2	
2 2	Burnside

Shoot-off on ties of 24, same conditions, 5 birds, in frames of 5:

4 5 3 5 4 1 2 5 2 3 1 5 2 5 4 5 5 5 2 5 4 4 2 5	
2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1	Gilbert
2 5 3 3 4 2 5 3 2 1 3 5 3 2 5 4 3	
2 2	Parmelee
3 2 3 3 5 3 1 2 3 4 5 5 4 1 2 1 5 5 4 5 2 5 3 3 1	
2 2	Burnside

Second shoot-off:

1 5 2 2 2 3 3 4 2 3 3 3 4 1 4 1 2 3 5	
2 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 2	Gilbert
2 4 4 3 4 1 5 4 2 5 2 3 5 2 1 1 3 2 3	
2 2	Burnside

Ten birds, three moneys:

122211222	—10	Capt. Money	221222221	—10
011121212	—10	H Money	222222221	—10
111212112	—10	Mermod	222222222	—9
121212122	—10	Riehl	222212222	—9
211221201	—9	Dr Sims	222221211	—9
*21111101	—8	Spencer	222212122	—10
222212222	—10			

Shoot-off ties on 10:

2221212222222	—15	Capt. Money	221222112222222	—15
1121222112221	—15	H Money	2222222222222	—15
0	—0	Dr Sims	2222222222222	—15
2222212222222	—15	Spencer	2222222222222	—15

Miss-and-out, 32 entrance:

Parmelee	2210	Capt Money	220
Burnside	10	Rogers	0
Stevens	22221222	Mermod	220
Crosby	1121221	Orvis	121110
Gilbert	1121221	Fanning	10
Fanning	0		

Old Shots.

The shoot was in charge of Alec Mermod and Billy Mason, managers of Dupont Park, and the boys earned the commendation of the crowd by the courtesy, promptitude and careful attention that characterized the service.

Dinner was served in the club house, and was one of the very successful features of the meet.

J. A. R. Elliott was not at all well Friday and Saturday, but shot splendidly under this physical handicap.

The birds were throughout better than the average, and the Fulford underground traps worked to perfection.

KILLMORE.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Van Allen's Shoot.

Interstate Park, L. I., Nov. 20.—The Daly gun and the prospect of good competition brought out an extraordinary attendance at Mr. S. M. Van Allen's shoot to-day. In the main event, there were forty entries, many of them famous as skillful trapshooters. The gun event was at 20 birds, \$10 entrance, handicap, high guns. The gun went to first high gun, and the moneys were divided among eighteen high guns. Mr. H. C. Koegel and Sim Glover tied on straight scores, and Mr. Glover's share of the gun was bought by Mr. Koegel. A second gun, a Palmer, was shot for in the first 15 birds of the 20-bird event, and this also was won by Mr. Koegel. The birds were a good lot:

No. 1, miss-and-out, 28yds., \$2 entrance; all at 28yds.:										
B W Le Roy	22222222	—8	Capt Jack	221110	—5					
T W Morfeys	1121221	—8	Apple Jack	220	—2					
S M Van Allen	2121221	—8	C G Blandford	1*	—1					
J R Hull	2121212	—8	G H Piercy	10	—1					

No. 2, miss-and-out:										
J J Halliwell	212222	—6	J H Schorty	12220	—4					
W Hopkins	222222	—6	J C McCoy	220	—2					
J R Hull	111222	—6	G H Piercy	210	—2					
C Steffens	212112	—6	Morris	20	—1					
J P McKay	222222	—6	E Banks	0	—0					
Apple Jack	22220	—4	J C Kroeger	0	—0					
Hood Waters	22220	—4								

No. 3, 7 birds, handicap:										
S M Van Allen	31	221221	—7	Capt Jack	28	*21222	—6			
G H Piercy	30	221222	—7	B W Le Roy	30	D	*21222	—6		
C G Blandford	27	221222	—7	W Hopkins	29	202222	—6			
J R Hull	29	112221	—7	D S D	28	211201	—6			
Apple Jack	29	212221	—7	Dr J D Carman	28	212102	—6			
I Martin	28	221221	—7	Smith	28	121101	—6			
T W Morfeys	31	122022	—6	Sim Glover	31	2220w				

No. 4, gun event, 20 birds, handicap:										
H C Koegel	31	222222222222222222	—20							
S Glover	32	222212222222222222	—20							
Dr J D Carman	29	222222222222222222	—19							
H Morris	31	222222222222222222	—19							
Capt Bunk	31	222222222222222222	—19							
Dr G V Hudson	28	211222222222222222	—19							
J P McKay	30	*222122222222222222	—19							
S M Van Allen	33	*222222222222222222	—18							
C G Blandford	28	021122211222222222	—18							
B W Le Roy	32	222222222222222222	—18							
W Hopkins	33	222222222222222222	—18							
W P Super	30	*222122222222222222	—18							
F W Creamer	29	121021212111222222	—18							
J C Kroeger	29	211222222222222222	—17							
G H Piercy	29	021202122222222222	—17							
I McKane	32	222222222222222222	—17							
V McCoy	31	222222222222222222	—17							
C Steffens	31	122121112222222222	—17							
E Banks	31	12*1210222122121012	—17							
C F Ramapo	28	210222*220222222222	—17							
J Fischer	28	210212201221111122	—17							
C F Lenone	28	211120210110211202	—16							
D Mohrmann	28	20210122221110220212	—16							
J P Sweeney	29	22*210222020221012	—16							
J R Hull	32	102222*22021110222	—15							
Capt Jack	29	222122222222222222	—15							
Apple Jack	30	101022220011022222	—15							
D S D	29	02122121212121032	—15							
L H Schorty	32	002122202*212*222221	—15							
W H Sanders	28	02212220101222*1022	—15							
E Steffens	29	220222202102020212	—15							
W A Sands	29	020002222222222222	—15							
J Martin	29	022220002222222222	—14							
Hood Waters	32	222222002222222222	—14							
J H Hoff	29	212*011122*211101100	—13							
C E Langdon	29	11*10221222*210101	—13							
J H Halliwell	33	2222220020202220022	—13							
T W Morfeys	32	2022220222222222w								
C Von Lengerke	32	2022*1222222222w								
J E Applegate	32	022202202222222222	—16							

Emerald Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Nov. 19.—The club shoot of the Emerald Gun Club, held at Dexter Park to-day, was well attended, there being twenty-two participants. Of these, Dr. Hudson and Mr. L. H. Schortemeier killed straight. The scores:

W Joerger, 28.....	12102*1012	—7	O Brown, 25.....	0101110101	—6
Dr Hudson, 28.....	221121222	—10	Rathjen, 28.....	0022100100	—4
Schortemeier, 31.....	221221122	—10	Henry, 28.....	2120000001	—4
C F Wash, 28.....	121222222	—9	H Dressel, 28.....	100102122	—7
T Short, 28.....	222212*20	—8	H Anderson, 25.....	1012211212	—9
R Regan, 25.....	1110112*01	—8	Sands, 28.....	100002011	—8
E J Roberts, 28.....	0222021212	—8	T Kay, 28.....	211101012	—8
A Schoerling, 28.....	222222220	—9	Hansmann, 25.....	101022101	—6
F Kall, 25.....	0010112121	—7	R F Amend, 30.....	222222222*	—9
O N T, 25.....	0120202222	—7	W J Amend, 25.....	012222111	—8
I H Moore, 28.....	0311101011	—6	H Quinn, 28.....	0002001010	—8

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. {
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

{ VOL. LVII.—No. 28.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

A little feather droops downward to the ground—a swallow's feather fuller of miracle than the Pentateuch—how shall that feather be placed again in the breast where it grew? Nothing twice. Time changes the places that knew us, and if we go back in after years, still even then it is not the old spot; the gate swings differently, new thatch has been put on the old gables, the road has been widened, and the sward the driven sheep lingered on is gone. Who dares to think then? For faces fade as flowers, and there is no consolation.

Richard Jefferies.

THE FOREST RESERVES AS GAME PRESERVES.

Two subjects of great interest to the western country, and to sportsmen and naturalists at large, ought to receive attention at the session of Congress which has just opened. These are the enlargement of the Yellowstone National Park and the care and government of the Forest Reserves. While long steps toward the preservation of our game, our forests, and our water supply have been taken within the last few years, a vast deal remains to be done, and the need of action becomes constantly more pressing.

Few people recognize the completeness of the extermination of wild game in the West, in all settled countries, or how rapidly that extermination is continuing in regions where there are as yet but few inhabitants. It is obvious that when a region once wild is cut up into farms, with inhabitants, domestic animals, fences, and all that, there is no longer any place for large game. A region which is full of people cannot contain wild animals. In States where of old great game was most abundant, it is now all gone. Many people fondly imagine that game is still found in abundance on Indian reservations, and that the Indians still subsist by hunting. This is not true. For the most part, these reservations have been swept bare of wild animals, and not only are the Indians unable longer to kill game for food, but even the buckskin desired for moccasins or clothing is imported from the East, and the Indians have reached a point where they dress beef hides, horse hides and hog hides for moccasins, and also use canvas patched with fragments of old boots and shoes, if they can obtain either, for this purpose.

Practically the wild game is gone from all regions, except the high mountain or the absolute desert. The only situations in which it is still found are those protected either by their inaccessibility or by the stern hand of the Government. Thanks to the Hon. John F. Lacey, of Iowa, an effective law was passed some years ago for the Yellowstone Park, but not, unhappily, until after the practical extermination of the buffalo there. The country south of the Yellowstone Park was formerly a great winter range for the herds of elk which summer within the Park, but it is now being fenced in all directions, so that the trails by which they have descended to their winter range from the higher mountains can no longer be passed over, and it is also being turned into a dry and dusty desert by vast hordes of domestic sheep driven into it by persons from the south, many of whom are wholly irresponsible, and do not own a foot of land, but who drive their herds over the Government domain, sweeping it bare of vegetation, making it unfit for game to pasture on, expelling the cattle and ruining the small ranchers who are striving to make for themselves and their families a subsistence and a home. The Yellowstone Park should be enlarged, and should be extended south, at least as far as Big Piney, and it is to be hoped that persons interested in this subject—and they are many—will get together during this session of Congress and will agree as to the detail of how this should best be done. The claims of settlers within the region should be purchased by the Government and thus the pleasure ground for the whole people should be enlarged and protected from the aggressions which now threaten it on the south.

In the western country there are something like 47,000,000 of acres of forest reservation, for the most part valueless for purposes of settlement. On the preservation of the forests which clothe the greater portion of this vast area depends the water supply of a great population. To-day we hear constantly of some of the greatest rivers of the West going dry, because their flow is taken out near their heads to supply the farmers there, with the re-

sult that the people who live lower down on their banks are without water for irrigation, and are likely to lose their crops and to suffer. If it was worth while to establish these forest reservations—and about that there exists to-day only one opinion—it is worth while also to manage them to the best advantage and not to neglect them until the carelessness or greed of irresponsible persons shall have so injured them that hereafter many years of care must be expended to repair the damage done now. The present Congress should enact a general law providing for the government of these reservations, forbidding the cutting of timber, except by proper authority, absolutely forbidding hunting on such reservations, and in general providing for all contingencies likely to arise in connection with these reservoirs of nature. The present slipshod method of throwing the responsibility of caring for these reservations on the Secretary of the Interior, who lacks sufficient authority to enforce his regulations by punishing those who infringe them, should not be continued.

It is not to be doubted that if Congress will act in this matter and pass a reasonable bill covering the subject, the various States in which the reservations lie will do their part, and will work together with the general Government to make the most of these reservations, which for every dweller in their neighborhood, and more remotely to every inhabitant of the whole country, have such an enormous economic value.

These two subjects may be commended to the thoughtful attention of sportsmen and sportsmen's associations all over the country, and every confidence may be felt that if such an association as the Boone and Crockett Club shall take hold of this matter it will find persons eager to work with them throughout the length and breadth of the land.

BOB WHITE.

IN our supplement this week is portrayed one of America's chief game birds, *Ortyx virginianus*, provincially known as quail in the North, partridge in the South.

Quite the equal of any of its congeners in physical symmetry and perfection, alertness, power of wing and beautiful coloration, it possesses other qualities peculiarly its own, which enhance its value to sportsmen, and which endear it to them and all others. For of all the game birds, it is the only one which deigns to make its habitat near the domicile of man. From early spring till fall it is a part of the active life of the cultivated areas. It makes its nest with little pretense of concealment; and the farmers' crops afford a good part of its food supply. Then, any kind of cover of reasonable area is approved by it for shelter and protection.

In the breeding season, its ventriloquistic whistle of "Bob White," uttered mostly in the morning and evening hours, is musical to the ear, and suggestive of sport with dog and gun afield at a later time when autumn is yielding place to winter.

From the sportsman's viewpoint, if we consider the abundance, variety and high character of the sport which the quail affords, it should be esteemed as the best of game birds.

While the ruffed grouse, feathered wizard of the dense woods, affords a high grade of sport, its habitat is limited to a relatively small area in comparison with that of the quail, whose range is from the ocean on the East to the far West, and from the far North to the far South.

The prairie chicken is strictly a child of the open. There are no trees, no dense covers, ledges, old walls and fences wherewith to complicate the game of hide and seek. As a matter of sport, there is much of a constant sameness to it which makes it monotonous and tame. Under the same conditions, the ruffed grouse would find itself equally helpless, and afford sport equally commonplace. The quail, however, affords sport which is a compromise of both. In its pursuit betimes one encounters all the difficulties of ruffed grouse shooting, and all the ease of prairie chicken shooting, as the pursuit varies from cover to open, and vice versa. If one chooses to hunt with the greatest comfort, the saddle horse and broad plantations of the South afford the maximum of sport with a minimum of effort. On the other hand, the rugged fields and tangled swamps of New England offer fatigues and difficulties enough to win the esteem of the finest athlete.

A bird of the cover and open, swift of wing and cunning of device, beautiful in form and color, and toothsome withal, the quail is worthy of the sportsman, the artist, the epicure.

NEW JERSEY FREE FISHING.

THE free fishing question is exciting much interest in Sussex county, N. J. There are in the county several lakes of considerable size and well stocked with fish, but which by reason of private ownership are closed to the public. In the old days, before fishing had come to be so esteemed, the waters were open to everybody, and resident and summer visitors alike enjoyed them; now that the lakes have been posted, the Sussex county people have sought to have them opened again by the State. A measure was adopted at Trenton last winter, known as the lake and park law, which provided for the appointment of a commission to condemn the lakes as public parks, and to determine the proper compensation to be paid as indemnity to the owners. The measure was made operative conditionally upon its ratification by the county; and at the last election the county vote endorsed it by a majority of 1,112. The commission has now been named and the condemnation proceedings would have followed, but have been interrupted by the action of Mr. Andrew Albright, of Newark, who is the owner of the greater part of Swartswood Lake, one of the waters affected, in the township of Stillwater; and who has secured a writ of certiorari to forbid the commissioners to act, and so to test the constitutionality of the law. The opponents of the measure declare that it can be overthrown because it is special legislation, and an unwarranted taking of private property.

The situation in New Jersey has its parallel in other States, where the conflict between public and private interest in fishing waters is every year becoming intensified. We have mentioned before the Percy Summer Club case in New Hampshire, which has been dragging along in the courts for years and the settlement of which appears to be a long way off.

The fawn may be docile and pretty, as a pet, but the full-grown deer is by no means the timid and defenceless creature he is supposed to be. Quite recently several instances of assaults of tame deer upon their keepers have been recorded in the newspapers, all of them "more or less fatal," the latest being that of the vicious attack of a pet deer upon the well-known California breeder, Mr. C. T. Boots, at his paddock near San Francisco, on Nov. 3. the horn of the animal goring the breast and penetrating one lung. The buck elk in particular needs no odds in a scrap. He is a match for the predatory beasts of the forest and plain—bear or catamount—in a fair and open field.

One of the best illustrations of his prowess is depicted in a bronze group at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, where one of these stalwart cervidæ has given a mountain lion his *coup de grace* by thrusting him through the breast with his prongs.

In the case of Mr. Boots the assault was aggravated and unprovoked. As he was leaving the paddock, after feeding his herd of black-tails, one of the ingrates chased him, and before he could leap the inclosure had him impaled. Doctors regard his injury as serious.

The leasing to the United States Fish Commission of the lakes on the Grand Mesa in Colorado, owned by William Radcliffe, presumably brings to an end a bitter trespass feud. Mr. Radcliffe, an Englishman, had converted these lakes into a fishing preserve, and provided guards to keep out trespassers. Last spring one of the guards killed a man who was trespassing, and this aroused intense feeling among the people of the locality. Mr. Radcliffe was driven out of the country, and his buildings were destroyed. He appealed from the Colorado authorities to the National Government, and on the strength of being a Briton sought to enlist Great Britain in the securing of his rights. In all of these efforts he had been unsuccessful, so that the taking over of the waters for Fish Commission purposes means the dawning of peace on the Grand Mesa.

The Sportsman Tourist.

In Idaho.

THE town of St. Anthony lies on the eastern side of the State of Idaho, not far from Jackson's Hole. Jackson's Hole, which catches the overflowing or migratory bands of elk from the Yellowstone Park, is well filled annually with hunters, divided by the natives into two main classes—dudes and Mormon meat hunters. Possibly some of the meat hunters may rank themselves under other religious teachings, but they are all lumped as Mormons for the purposes of popular nomenclature.

In the early part of October I found myself in St. Anthony, and, as I was not very desirous of killing elk in Jackson's Hole, either as a dude or a Mormon, I engaged a spring wagon and started to drive west across the State. I had with me Lon Dawe, an excellent and efficient companion, four horses in harness and an assorted load of 900 or 1,000 pounds weight, the assortment including oats, pack saddles, riding saddles and the two men.

There are some interesting features about central Idaho which are set forth doubtless in scientific reports, but seem fresh to the layman. The soils of the eastern part of the State for the most part overlies deep gravel deposits. The streams, like Birch Creek, Big Lost River and Little Lost River, rise perhaps at a little distance from the mountains, whose drainage is fed to them mainly by underground percolations and not by surface flows. A line of willows in the center of the valley may mark the watercourse, which continues on until the plain widens out, and then sinks again into the spongy subsoil, to reappear perhaps in the distant Snake.

The sinks of Birch Creek—three days' drive west of St. Anthony—hardly make a mark on the broad desert of gravel and sage brush, while a few miles further on the former location of the sink of the Big Lost and Little Lost rivers is indicated by a dusty flat of 100 acres extent or more. These two rivers, rising on opposite sides of a long mountain ridge, after flowing around the end of the range, almost or quite united in a common point of disappearance in earlier times. Since the development of irrigation, however, there has been a great change of conditions. The porous soil requires much water to raise crops, and so many ditches and canals are taken out that few streams in the farming regions reach their former sinks, and even the great Snake went dry this year at Blackfoot.

Aside from the ranches, which become less numerous as you go west, the country is in great part a waste of sage brush and gravel, frequented by the domestic sheep and seamed by long mountain ridges, which, until you reach the tributaries of the Salmon River, are singularly bare, showing a few trees now and then in some gully, but for the most part stretching their yellow flanks unshaded even by brush.

We started from St. Anthony in a drizzle, and saw only one prairie chicken, properly called a pintail grouse, I believe, and one jackrabbit, with a rather long black tail. All the jacks I met on the journey had tails like this, though my memory called for tails of grayish color on the jacks of my early acquaintance.

Three days more of driving by a southerly bend brought us into the valley of the Little Lost River, beyond the plain, where the southern horizon hid the range except "where misty island peaks or purple domes loomed in the distance."

The rains had made the roads fine, but the country we had passed was almost lifeless, and we were glad to get through. We were now out of grain, but rather than

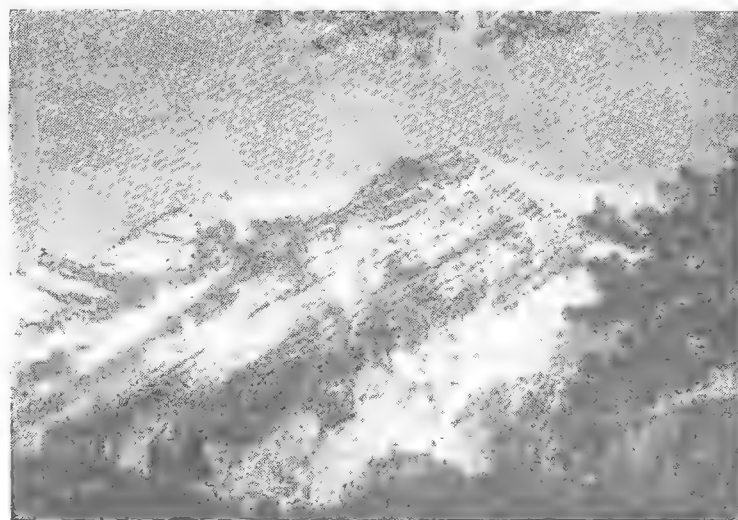
marsh of mud. Cattle were rather numerous, and bands of sheep were disgustingly plenty.

Deer thus far had not been seen. The country throughout seemed good for deer or antelope, but in the eastern part the cover was very scanty, and elsewhere cattle had driven back the deer, while the more recent advent of sheep had forced away the antelope, who do not dislike cattle, and had done much even to dislodge the cattle themselves. Great white-tilted sheep wagons fitted with stoves and bunks and all the apparatus of the herders rolled over the country like the moving habitations of the Scythians of old, while the flocks ate the pasture clean and cowboys swore strange oaths.

The rifles of cowboy and herder and the pressure of these waves of domestic invasion have made the game of Idaho wonderfully scarce and shy, and the hunter who gets trophies in that region is likely to earn them.

There were still a few antelope around the hills of the Pah-sim-e-roye, and we saw eight or ten at various times in the distance, but bagged none.

We set out for our first hunt by riding up the west fork of the creek till we got about ten miles from camp, and then starting to climb the mountain. The cañon was



HEAD OF PAH-SIM-E-ROYE.

clothed with small fir timber, and, at first, the slope was easy, but finally we reached the slide rock and began to rise in earnest. Patches of grass, banks of snow, plentiful sheep sign, and then more rocks led us on up, against the cold wind, till at last our heads were above the rim of a little open rocky basin, and down in the bottom of the basin were four sheep, stretching up their necks to learn who was intruding. There were no good heads among the sheep, but we were thus far meatless, and were entitled by the laws of Idaho to poor heads if we could get them. Lon did some fine shooting at a running sheep, which he finally captured, and I, after a preliminary miss, got a small one for my share. These victims were dressed and hung up, and, as it was now too late to bring up the horses, we hastened homeward, and got late to camp after twenty-five miles of travel, enlivened by incident.

The next day Lon went with a friendly cowboy to bring the game down, and I hunted another branch of the stream. This fork lay nearer, and on this day I climbed over the snowbanks of the crest and went a little way among the forbidding precipices around the head of the Big Lost River. There was no fresh sheep sign, however, and at last I got to my horse and prepared to seek a new route back to camp. Now, this horse was a tall animal of gentle habits, recommended as a hunting horse. So far I had found him of meditative disposition, prone

leader too hard and too often after that, I am sure he was quite unjust.

The next day I went for the hams, and found them after an extended search. I was looking for the ribs on the ground, as the more easily to be seen, when at last I found the hams hanging right before me, and no ribs anywhere in sight. The hard gravel showed no tell-tale footprints to explain this, but I had seen the old tracks of a small bear in the snow before, and I fancy that he was the robber. If so, this was the best bear sign of the trip. I had on this day seen two grouse and a coyote, and Lon had seen a lynx, but no other game nor fresh sign thereof.

There still remained a province of sheep land untried up another fork of the stream, and we determined to inspect it.

The great bare cliffs showed the geologic history of the region like an open book, if one only knew how to read it. Thick ledges of limestone, slate, quartzite and perhaps other rocks stretched long even lines for a certain distance, and then twisted and folded into most intricate contortions.

We went up through the snow for a mile or more, and finally got on to the crest of the ridge, so as to view the adjoining valley, but we saw no game, and no fresh tracks, only where the snow had been blown off the slide rock there were hundreds of little depressions such as the sheep stamp out for beds, seeming always to prefer a resting place lined with jagged stones utterly cold and bleak. I remember once noting a similar trait in the seals of the Gulf of California, for the herds there "hailed" at all times on the rough boulders of the shore, and never once went to the sandy, grassy, protected cove that lay just adjoining.

While we were on this ridge I took a snap of Lon standing on the landscape and inspecting the chasm over the edge, which was filled at the time with nothing but a strong wind.

Our return trip was diversified by the rather rare sight of a badger out in daytime. His color was not of the proverbial gray, but brown, nearly as dark as a lady's muff, and he looked very like such a muff undulating up hill at a great rate.

One more observation I made, which sounds like a paradox. When a chipmunk sits up he stands up. That is to say, an erect chipmunk does not touch the ground with tail or stern, but is supported by the metatarsal bones with the hock on the ground, so that, as the hock represents the human heel, he may be said to stand.

By this time we were getting restless, and I decided to leave the Pah-sim-e-roye neighborhood and strike for Stanley Basin by way of the Salmon River.

It was a long drive, and the first day only found us on the Thousand Springs Creek, which feeds the Big Lost River. We camped in a pasture lot and soon received a visit from a young woman. Our acquaintance ripened fast. Within five minutes I knew that her name was Laura Lucille North, that she was "going six and a half" (this doubtless referred to her years), that her poppa had two guns and her momma was a "crank" and had "licked" her. This was encouraging news. I now felt that I had entered the realm of lawful order, and therefore assumed the dominant position due to superior weight and age.

The only real fault that Laura Lucille found as she munched our provisions was that we had no butter.

From Thousand Springs Creek we drove over a divide to an extensive plain called Antelope Valley. The name is probably more of a memory than a fiction, but there are no antelope there now, nor, in fact, anything else.

Pursuing our route, we reached the east fork of the Salmon in the afternoon, and driving down that and up the main stream came to the village of Clayton quite late.



LON ON THE LANDSCAPE.



THE OUTFIT AT THOUSAND SPRINGS.

leave our road to look for it, we made a long march and found a worthy German, who sold us abundant oats and told us about Sherman's march, which he shared. He had found out, too, that the "salt grass" land, hitherto supposed to be useless, was better than the "sage" land. You only needed to keep plowing it continually for a couple of years, harrowing carefully and picking out all the roots of the salt grass with your hands! Truly his German thoroughness deserved success.

The next day after this we saw some packs of sage chickens quite wild, and very, very far off glimmered the flanks of a few antelope, just discernible through the field glasses. I got out and walked after the antelope, while Lon made camp, but they had already passed a mile beyond the point where the land hid them when I reached that place, and I had to take comfort in the healthiness of my exercise.

A long march next day brought us across the divide, at the head of Little Lost River, and down the slope of the watershed of the Salmon.

We turned south to the headwaters of a creek called the Pah-sim-e-roye on the maps. The name is said to mean "Two Waters." It is pronounced as if you had begun to say p'simmon and ended with "rye." We made a poor camp at a spring of good water rising from a

to pause and ponder before each step, especially in going down hill, but I was soon to see a great light on this subject.

We had hardly gone a mile through the timber when I saw a deer, got off and shot it, and then tied the horse while I dressed the game. It was not a large deer, but it weighed more than I could lift, limp weight, so I put a rope around the forequarters and began to pull them up to the saddle horn.

Just here the hunting horse began to show uneasiness, so I blindfolded the animal, which did not help matters at all. I then tied up a foreleg, leaving the blinders on, and skinned out the forequarters of the deer, leaving a load that I could lift on the saddle. Meanwhile, the old horse awakened to temporary activity. He was tied to a tree, blindfolded and three-legged, but he pulled back so earnestly, against very forcible remonstrance, that he broke his tie rope and in some way smashed his bridle, coming up standing, still blindfolded and on three legs. After that I hung up the hams, tied the loins and liver in the hide, strapped that behind the saddle, got on myself and get back by unsparing exertions just before Lon brought the sheep in. I was displeased with my horse to a high degree, but I never told him so, and if he imagined that, when I was driving, I flicked the off-

The Salmon is a clear, brawling river, perhaps 60 yards wide, and 3 or 4 feet deep at low stage of water at Clayton. It flows here through a fine rocky gorge, and once deserved its name. Even last year there was a small summer run of fish at Clayton, but this season none have been observed there, though I was told that a few had been noticed in a pool in a brook in Stanley Basin above. It may be concluded, however, with substantial truth, that the salmon of the river have gone to join the antelope of the valley in the land of myth.

Beyond Clayton we stopped for several days at a Bar once famous for its placer diggings. We were told that the entire hill, which constitutes the Bar, stood on timbers put in the bed rock workings made in early days when miners were actively burrowing here. A few old-timers still wash the dirt here for scanty returns, and live partly upon ancient memories. Some twenty years ago precious metals were mined in considerable quantities with much enthusiasm in central Idaho. Now even the landmarks of that day are vanishing. The town of Crystal, though it figures on the map, has not a building left; you can just see a few foundations. The towns of Vienna, Sawtooth and Galena have buildings to be sure, with roofs, crushed by the snows of winter and gaping holes for windows, but there is not a human inhabitant

in either of them; only the sage hen and the coyote hold revel there, if so minded.

But we have not yet reached Galena. We are at the Bar. Here we made a fine camp in the firs, and after receiving and disregarding some mistaken advice about the haunts and habits of game animals, we set out on a hunt. Our friends at the Bar had lots of stories, but no venison, and we hoped to supply both.

By mid-day we had left our horses well up the mountain, and had passed on foot up a long wooded basin furrowed by a frozen stream. There were quite a number of tracks, as if a band of deer on the march had passed that way, but there were no indications that we were on a regular feeding ground. We advanced, noting a small bear track and a squirrel nearly black, which I collected later, thinking him an instance of melanism. He was not a perfect specimen, however, for the middle of his back was only a dark brown.

And now as the sun began to decline rather fast, we were thinking of return, when Lon's sharp eyes saw a deer dart from the timber far in front of us and go quartering up the steep slope on our right. When he got high enough to feel secure, he stopped to investigate, though he had really come much nearer to us than his

.30-30 about an inch less. The wood was frozen, and this may have influenced the result.

These incidents summarize our pleasant drive. The October weather was cold and splendid. Ice formed nightly on the pail in our tent, sometimes very thick, but we had a stove inside, and the morning fire made the bath a luxury instead of a mere sanitary shivering fit. The inhabitants of Idaho that we met were, in the language of Brigham Young "a white and delightful people," and the dogs were fine, cordial tail-waggers, who would put their heads on your lap and look at you with eyes full of brown benevolence.

Game was either absent or scarce and shy throughout, yet we got enough, except, perhaps, for trophies, and were able to give much meat to deserving friends. We delighted especially in seeking sheep. Though we got few, we went joyfully wandering amid their haunts, the high, rocky swales with frozen tricklets of water and scanty grass and moss, the stunted trees below, the snowy steeps above, the lofty cliffs, the slants of slide rocks with the sheep's nests hollowed out in them. We saw their network of trails up the ridges and their tracks, and we felt that we had lived among the mountaineers.

Some wise man has said that if he held all truth in

last glowered at her from the thicket of hollyhocks, nor has she felt his presence; yet without any help of witchcraft he may have come near, for black cat skins have a market value and there are mercenary boys and furriers who are no honestest than other people.

A lady told me that her furs were "river mink." They were handsome enough, but not the thickest. When blown upon, there was a wide parting of the fluffy under fur upon the skin. I knew who originally wore them, for I had been at the first owner's house, a well-built if not handsome structure in the edge of the marsh, with plenty of water on one side and an abundance of food, lily-roots, and sedges, on the other.

When the mink has eaten his flesh that perhaps becomes mink, but his fur is always that of a muskrat, and though in his life and habits he is much more interesting than the mink, his raiment is not so fine nor valuable. Yet it has long been in great demand, formerly for the manufacture of hats, now mostly for export, to be made up into cheap furs, its offensive name and dull color changed to more attractive ones that better suit the taste of fashion.

If these humble creatures could know to what estate their furs would be exalted, the sounding names given

THE GOODNIGHT HERD.

starting point was. With his flank presented and his high head turned to gaze, "he stood like Germany in arms facing embattled France."

His distance was at least 250 yards from us, and any friend who wagers that I will consistently hit the center at that range, will probably want his money back very soon. On this occasion, however, the shot struck home, to the loud astonishment of my companion, and perhaps some silent surprise of my own, and the deer, after trying to steady himself a moment, toppled over backward and rolled a hundred yards down the slant. We climbed the rest of the way to meet him and found a fine buck with a rather good head.

I will not estimate his weight, but when he was dressed, headless and frozen stiff by a night's exposure, two men had hard work to get him on to a pack horse. The tips of the two most distant tines of his horns (the second ones) were 28 inches apart.

Both the deer killed on this trip were mule deer, and I noted that the body of the tail above the black tip was entirely white in each case—that is, that there was no black line down the back of it such as is usually or always seen in the small California variety, and sometimes seen in other individuals.

It was my intention to take measurements for the sake of getting a basis for comparisons, but I found that my steel tape had been left behind, so I only got some dimensions of the horns, and the breadth of one forefoot, which the men brought down, and which was three inches across.

While at the Bar we made a brave endeavor to penetrate another province of sheep land, and after a climb, which I confidently estimate at 3,000 vertical feet, we reached an eminence that gave us a view of cold, snowy, rocky basins of encouraging appearance, but the land of promise, though not very far in an air line, was a great way off if measured by hours of effort, and we did not reach it.

From the Bar we went to Stanley Basin, and made two expeditions in that vicinity, looking for the foundations of certain bear stories told us by scarred veterans of the chase. Wounds made by fangs or claws of bears were shown me on the person of one old gentleman, though I am bound to say that the stains of his daily toil had hidden the scars. At all events, we searched for these foundations, and though we discovered that they had been used up in propping rainbows, and that more bears would be usually seen on Fifth avenue.

We prospected in several places and panned out clean gravels and desperately pure granite sands without a trace of color; we also looked casually at some mines run on the assessment plan, though we did not have time to visit the good ones, and, among other curious things, we saw in a little lake on the very crest of the divide between Cape Horn Creek and the waters of the Payette River, a lot of good-sized fish that looked like trout. Now this lake had no inlet nor outlet, and was quite a distance from any running water. Were the fish planted? Did they come overland or are they relics of the glacial age?

There are two other fish problems of interest near Stanley Basin. One is the existence of a redfish netted annually for about a month in Redfish Lake, one of the supply reservoirs of the upper Salmon; and another is the existence in another similar lake of a fish 9 or 10 inches long, which the natives call a smelt. This fish limits his season to ten days each year, when he runs up the inlet to spawn. Except for these brief periods the fish go into retirement, and are not seen or captured.

A few penetration tests were made with .30-40 and .30-30 rifles, using soft-nosed bullets at close range. A flat surface was hewn on a fir tree, which was afterward cut down. The .30-40 had penetrated 6 inches and the

his hand, he would let it go that mankind might be elevated and strengthened by searching for it.

So, if I held in my grasp the whole tribe of mountain sheep, I would, after taking certain measurements and photographs, send them back to their secure fastnesses that future generations might behold the ideal of self-reliant freedom.

H. G. DULOG.

Fact and Fancy.

A FAIR fur-wearer, day-dreaming over her soft wraps, lets her fancies run far northward and gives her thoughts an arctic airing. In the shadowy frost pictures she sees a Hudson Bay Company's hunter making the slow round of his traps in a wintry waste beyond the farthest post; then, bringing in his furs and spending in one reckless week the hard earnings of months; or Indians in Alaskan wilds, setting their primitive springes for their four-footed brethren but little wilder than themselves; or exiled wretches begrudging their traps the meagre bait in the frozen hell of Siberia.

It will take some of the romance from her pictures to make them more truthful, but it may not entirely spoil them. New England mountains from which the lumberman and wood-cutter have reaped their tall harvests these fifty years, grassy hillsides of farms, trout brooks known to many a city angler, meadow rills where school-boys catch minnows with pin-hooks, marshes shorn by the husbandman's scythe when the upland hay crop is short, and streams troubled by the frequent keels of traffic, shall form the tamer landscapes of these pictures.

The figures, less picturesque than the hali wild Hudson Bay hunter and the wholly wild Alaskan savage, and with nothing of the tragic in them, shall be only a matter-of-fact Yankee who is a farmer many more months of the year than he is a trapper; the ruddy and tan farmer's boy, whose few steel traps and deadfalls furnish the purchase money for his new jack-knife, his skates and his first gun; an Indian of St. Francis, briefly visiting at rare intervals the hunting grounds of his fathers; these are our trappers, and their spoils make a considerable share of the furs exported and manufactured.

The one who by birthright first wore the mink furs of the fair lady, took his frequent baths and fares of small fry in the same stream wherein her brother casts his fly every summer, only a day's journey from the city.

The original wearer of her "Alaskan sable" two years ago was doing the farmer good service in digging the grubs in his fields and an ill turn by sucking his eggs and stealing his young chickens. He was always in bad odor, yet his fur, deodorized and dyed, does not proclaim his name to ears polite. The trimming of her cloak was once the coat of a robber of cornfields whose call to his brother bandits may have been mistaken in August evenings for the screech-owl's uncanny note.

The fashionable boa of a year ago, with the pointed black ears and the fluffy white-tipped brush, when adorning its first owner, never coursed over Russian snows in the long Arctic night; but once clad a cunning thief who stole the soring chickens our lady's host had raised for her and the turkey which might have found its way to her Christmas feast. That bright Christmas was a holiday for her, but not for him, with the farmer's hounds bellowing on his trail, a melodious storm that drove him to destruction. With his life and his tawny pelt he paid for misdeeds and a still more satisfactory price in the sport of his pursuit.

Of the rural household, she may remember one of whom she stood in awe, for he was a witch's familiar, black as a starless night. She has had no tidings of him since he

them, and the gentle wearers they would warm and grace, possibly a sigh of content would mingle with the shriek and moan as the trap's jaw pinches or the trapper's blow descends.

ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Adventures in Tropical America.

VII.—A Race Against Adversities.

CONTENTION is rarely of any benefit, yet who can always avoid it? On one of my expeditions to Central America I found myself in the depths of the jungles of Spanish Honduras, miles away from where I should have been. I was striving to serve the interests of some New York capitalists, yet I was not the leader of this expedition, my mission was simply to smooth the way, and make an effort to see that the party reached certain mines, where it was supposed a fortune awaited. We were in the jungles now, and to the best of my calculations were trying to reach the mines by an impossible route with no prospect of getting on. Then contentions arose. I wanted to go on with the Indians, who offered to take us in canoes up the Rio Patuca, and then across country to the mines; but the leader of the expedition had designed some clumsy boats, which he now declared in tragic words should be forced up the river even if the expedition remained there for months; and, in order to accomplish his purpose, he now demanded that I should make heavy drafts on New York. He had about exhausted our supplies of money, and his proposition did not look like good business; I agreed, however, that if he would go on with the Indians I would sign the drafts, but how he expected to get money for them in the jungles was past my comprehension. Nothing would suit his purpose except money to spend in efforts to force his clumsy boats up a river in which all the Indians said such boats could never live. I consulted carefully with the Indians, and finally decided that no more money could be spent on those boats.

Then there was a scene, threats and wild language; the leader had been drinking, and was little better than a mad man. Presently his thoughts centered on an idea that he would go back to the settlements, and up the road to the interior, and there revoke certain transfers of property before I could have them registered. This registry was one of the most important matters that had been entrusted to me. The question was rather serious, and I consulted with others before answering him; while he, all complacent, thought I was cornered.

I was assured that if he went back to the coast he could not get through the dead line, because yellow fever was raging in the settlements. The dead line is a rather peculiar though effective quarantine; a line is drawn across the road from an infected place, and a notice is posted up; a guard stationed to protect the line, and who ever attempts to cross from the infected side is immediately shot. I hardly believed this statement, but I was convinced that there was some impediment to travel, and that to reach the interior from the infected coast would be difficult, and probably slow work. Fortunately we were above the dead line, and I determined to make my way across the wilderness to the capital; if my companion came with me I could claim the right of registry, and if he went by way of the coast I could probably beat him in.

Once more I tried to persuade him that our best interests were to go on, but words were useless, and a race for the mines was in order.

I arranged as best I could. Of the money we had, I took \$150 in silver, and gave the balance, several hundred

dollars, to the engineer of our expedition, telling him to remain at camp till I could send help from the capital. Then with the few things packed which were to be my outfit, I waited anxiously for an opportunity to begin my journey.

The next day a crew of Sumo Indians came up the river and stopped for the night at our camp. They agreed to take me with them as far as they were going, but did not think I could succeed in getting over the mountains. They said that there were plenty of men at their village, a place called Gualpatante, and as I felt sure I could arrange with some of them, I determined to push on.

I got my things together and next morning we started. Their canoe was unusually large, made from a single mahogany log, and capable of carrying six or seven tons.

Eight men made up the crew, rough looking fellows, such as I had never seen before, and I wondered what was to be my fate with them. The captain of the crew was old and bent, looking almost like a hunchback; his arms reached down below his knees; his neck was long, skinny and protruding; he had only one tooth, which had grown up to the length of a boar's tusk; one eye was knocked out, his nose and chin almost met, his long, unkempt hair hung about his naked shoulders; and to make his appearance more frightful, one-half his face was painted black, which brought his protruding cheekbones into peculiar prominence.

I looked at him in astonishment, not unmixed with fear, and he was in truth a strange, forbidding-looking object. The Indians quickly put my things in the canoe, the old Indian motioned me to a seat and my journey had begun, my companion sneeringly remarking that he would wait for me at the capital, where I would find the property made away with, and all because of my headstrong folly in refusing his orders. The time for words was past; I invited him to go with me, but he would not; and then the men pushed out in the stream, and began a vigorous paddling which soon took us around a bend in the river, and I was alone with these strange, half-naked Indians, perplexed and doubting the wisdom of the course I was pursuing.

I was not long in finding out that I was in good company, and the strange old Indian was as careful of me as if I had been his child. I soon forgot my fears in the novelty of my surroundings, and then anxiety gave place to thorough enjoyment.

As we ascended the river the scene gradually changed, and presently we were among the first undulations of the mountains, and after two days had reached the lower foothills, and were surrounded by all that one could dream of in a tropical paradise. At night we camped on the sandbars, and in a few minutes the Indians would have game and fish in abundance. Then we would eat, and it seemed as if I could not get enough, and fortunately there was no end to the supply.

Two days more, and we reached the Indian village, a place called Gualpatante; the men took my things to one of the larger houses, and the people crowded around to see me.

I immediately began negotiations for men to take me on my way, and was meeting with some success when all my hopes were ruined at a sign from the old Indian, whose name, I learned, was Fusa. He was a most remarkable person; the oldest people in the village said that when they were children he was just as I found him—old, temperate in all things, and powerfully strong. While we were coming up the river the men had on several occasions been unable to make headway against the current, which at times was very swift. Old Fusa carried a great paddle, bigger than himself, and at these times he would give one long sweep with it deep in the water, and the great canoe would tremble at the force; then another sweep of his broad paddle, and the canoe would move ahead slowly; then the men would get it in control again, and we would sweep steadily on to quieter water; the old Indian making himself comfortable in a lazy attitude in the stern of the canoe. And this was the man who had me in his power, and I began to be anxious again, and wonder why he was unwilling that I should go on.

I was well treated, and if I could have spoken to them fluently or understood what they said, I felt sure that all would soon be arranged; but my few words of the Indian language seemed to be lost on old Fusa, who spoke only a very little English and Spanish. Conversation was not brilliant. Each morning old Fusa would come down to see me and say: "Where going to-day?"

"Up the river," I would reply.

"No, can't go."

"But I want to—I must," I would protest.

"No, can't go."

"But I will," I would say, angrily, at times.

"No can't go. Where going to-day? Stone tings; flower tings; butterfly tings; hunt what?"

I was interested in collecting specimens, and would generally choose one or the other excursion proposed. The old man would give a satisfied grunt, and then, after a brief direction to one of the young men, who apparently never thought of disobeying him, I would be taken out in the woods; and game, insects, botanical or geological specimens would be found to my fullest satisfaction.

But as the days accumulated, I gave up going out, and all my thoughts were concentrated in getting away from that old Indian. He would have taken me back to the camp down the river at any time, but he would not take me on, nor would he let me go, and I began to fear that he had an understanding with the superintendent to detain me. Twice I nearly succeeded, but he stopped me each time, and I grew more and more anxious.

What he meant to do I could not tell, and I was in despair, even expecting that later he intended to have me killed.

The Indians were drinking a good part of the time, and how I learned to hate those drunken feasts. Fusa never went to them, but the other men would soon become hopelessly intoxicated, and then would promise to take me anywhere, and that would be the end of it, only promises. They drank fermented sugarcane juice which was prepared by women who sat around a big trough chewing cane and spitting the juice till they had filled the trough; then it was allowed to ferment. When properly fermented, the boys would gather with their reed pipes and the men would drink to the accompaniment of their droning music, just the same thing over and over again, all in disorder, yet not displeasing in its effect; and finally

the men would fall into a helpless drunken stupor, though at times angry quarrels would take place, and the Indians, wild with drink, would threaten all sorts of violence. At such times old Fusa would hurry over to my house, and forbid my going out. Usually he staid with me until the row was over, and I could not understand why he was so careful of me, and yet kept me so closely guarded.

A few days later I learned why this was. I had lost three weeks when a large canoe came up the river filled with Indians, but among them there was a white man, a fine fellow who was building up a trade in rubber with the Indians. I had been living in his house, and old Fusa proposed to deliver me safe and sound to my host. This he did with but little ceremony, and as he went out of the door he said to me: "Now can go," and walked off entirely satisfied.

My new friend said that the old Indian had done me a great service, as I would certainly have been killed if I had gone on without being properly prepared; and as it was he did not think it would be possible for me to get through, and advised me most seriously to go back, and give up the idea. It was no trip for a white man not accustomed to the most trying exposures. Then, if one did not die from the exposure, there were the wild animals; and if not these then the Indians, almost as dangerous, and altogether he thought it would be impossible for me. But when I explained the situation, he said he thought it was taking big risks, but he would do the best he could for me.

He told me I might take my choice of evils. He could give me Mosquito men who would take me up the rapids safely, but might lose their way in the woods, which would mean death; then he could give me men from his village, but though they knew the trail well, they would perhaps have an accident in the rapids; which, if it did not kill me, would certainly mean the loss of all my things; or he could give me the wild men, who would be coming down with their rubber the next day. These were perfect river hands and sure woodmen; but they were murderous, and not to be depended on, yet if I was careful with them they would probably take me through safely. I determined to cast in my lot with the wild men, and then my friend gave me careful directions how to treat them. Their last murder had been to secure \$40 silver, quite a fortune to them. I now had only one hundred dollars silver, little enough with the journey ahead of me. This I was not to show on any account. Then I was not to give them directions, but simply allow them to take me. I would fall in with a tribe called the Piyu Indians, some of whom were very dangerous, and though cowardly would sneak up to one at night, cut one's throat and run; and on no account was I to sleep in their houses till I got to the interior valleys; when there they were perfectly reliable, and I would be safe.

Then I gave my friend the money to pay the men, and he proposed to tell them he was advancing it to me, and that I had none. He said he would engage three men and two women as my guides and pack bearers, because the men rarely murdered a person when the women were near.

All preparations were quickly made, and, true to their appointment, the men came down next morning, a whole lot of them, with several canoe-loads of rubber. I was glad to see that a number of women were with them, and was overjoyed to learn that they proposed to go back to their mountains the next morning. They looked as wild as monkeys, but their stout muscles spoke well for their ability as wood and river men.

A bargain was quickly made; my friend gave them their money, and, after making some presents, in which old Fusa was especially remembered, I set out again with a fair prospect of reaching the interior settlements. The first day the men did excellent work, and the next reached the Wampo River, and continued on the way to their village at a junction with it and the Po River. It had been a long, hard day's work for them, and just as I was congratulating myself on our quick time they announced that they must rest one day before starting out again.

There was no help for it, and so I determined to amuse myself as best I could, and when night came I began to think the time had not been a loss, for these were a strange people, and it is seldom the lot of a traveler to fall in with them.

That night the etiquette of the woods required that I should hand my fire arms to my host, to prove my confidence in him; usually they are handed back at once, but this Indian kept them, and I began to wish I had not been so particular, and I missed my good friend, as I call my pistol, sorely that night, though I didn't have any occasion to use it; yet there is something companionable about a pistol, and I would have slept more soundly if it had been by my side.

The following day the men continued resting, but in the afternoon I was delighted to see them making preparations to start the next morning. A little later I threw the town into a state of excitement because of some paper pin wheels that I made to amuse the children. The men wanted them at once, and I used up numerous pins and nearly all my paper before they were satisfied. When all were supplied, it was an amusing sight as these fully grown men pranced and ran about among the houses, shouting and kicking up their heels like a lot of children; the women following around after them equally delighted, and full of excitement. The fun lasted for about an hour, and then the pin wheels wore out, and the village settled down again.

The next morning the chief said they were ready to go on, but to my surprise and alarm I found that five men were to be my companions, and that the women were not going at all. There was no help for it, now; to return was impossible, and if they intended to murder me I could not escape them by going back; so I made the best of the situation and we started. The men made good progress and about noon we reached a little Indian village called Po. Here my chief and the chief of Po sat down to have a talk together.

After a time the chief of Po said to my chief, "Well, are you going to kill this one?" To which my chief replied, "I don't know yet; I must get him up in the woods first and see if he has any money, and besides the trader takes care of him and perhaps he will only die in the woods." I could understand some words of their language, but they fell to talking about other things, which I could not understand, and I went to sit alone and con-

sider my prospects. It did not seem very encouraging, but the road led on, not back.

We soon were under way again, following the river as it wound ever on up, and still up among the mountains.

Sometimes the rapids were really dangerous, and it was wonderful to see the way in which those Indians managed the shallow dugout or pet pau as they called it. One stood in front of a long pole to keep it off the rocks, two paddled, one bailed the water out, and one stood behind steering with a long pole. When we came to a rapid they would shout to me to sit still, which was all I could do, I was so frightened I scarcely dared to breathe, while those men, shouting with excitement, made their way along the sides of rapids, which to me seemed impossible.

At times we would come to long stretches of quiet water, and then to other rapids, and so on up and up, the men shooting iguanas and catching turtles and fish as we went.

Iguana is said to be very fine eating, but after a time I could not bear the sight of it, though it seemed good at first. There was plenty of turtle at all times, however, and so I got along very well.

It was strange to see the Indians catch turtles and fish. A turtle would slip off a log into the water, and at the same time an Indian would dive lightly from the boat, and it was rarely indeed that they missed them. A certain Indian named Wee Wee was particularly expert, and if he saw a frightened fish hide itself as we passed on up the river, he would slip quietly over the side of the canoe and nearly always succeeded in catching it.

At one part of the journey we found ourselves in a deep ravine, which was so high up among the mountains that we could look back out of it over a great stretch of country and lower mountains, and as we sat in the cool shade of the cañon, where the water was still and deep, and where the rocks were all covered with orchids, ferns and mosses, it seemed, looking out over the distant country, as if something was about to overwhelm us or that we were soon to be swept over a cataract, it was all so strange and unearthly.

One morning, after sleeping by the river bank, I noticed two little red spots on my arm, considerably above the elbow; at times they were very painful, and after a day or two became almost unbearable and had grown quite large. I tried to press them out, thinking they were boils, and that the sun made them hurt so severely. I was sure something was in there, so getting a bunch of flesh up between my fingers I pressed with considerable force, and to my astonishment a white thread-like worm began to appear, and as I pressed harder a large grub popped out and fell in my hand. It looked like a bottle with a long neck tapering to a thread, and had black hair at the folds of its skin. Then I took another out of the smaller sore and thought I would have no more trouble with them; but in this I was mistaken, and my arm began to swell rapidly, aching miserably, while green matter collected in the openings left where the grubs had been. After a time these conditions became so alarming that I showed my arm to the chief, who said it was very bad, that it was the mosquito grub, and that I should have told him sooner. Then he went to the woods and brought back a root, which he masticated with some chewing tobacco and placed the mass in the sores, after which they healed with what I thought unusual rapidity. I am told that I made a lucky escape, as the sores following the expulsion of these grubs are at times dangerous, rarely so, however, if taken out while they are yet small, and only those who are ignorant in respect to them suffer any damage.

It is said that a long black mosquito lays the eggs that produce these grubs. How, nobody has any idea, and at times they are very annoying. After that experience I was careful to sleep under my mosquito bar, and have been careful to do so ever since while traveling in the tropics.

After we had gone a short distance further the Indians stopped, saying that we had reached the limit of canoe navigation, and must now make our way across the mountains on foot. Our things were soon landed, the canoe drawn well up on the bank, and then the men said they would have to rest for three days. Here was more trouble. We had been unusually slow ascending the river, we had rested a day and a half at Wampo, and I had lost three weeks at Gualpatante. With such progress as this it seemed only reasonable to expect that my rival would gain the victory and destroy the company's titles before I could succeed in having them registered.

I was anxious enough, and tried every possible means to start the men on, but it was of no use, and we lost the balance of that day, and there seemed no prospect of moving for all the week.

Next morning I tried again, and offered to throw away a lot of my things and make their packs lighter, but it was of no avail. Then I thought of a bottle of brandy in one of my cases, and offered it to them for the evening if they would go on.

This suited their fancy. They will do anything for whisky or brandy, and arrangements were soon made. I threw away a lot of my things and gave a woolen shirt to one of the young men, who was really sick from cold and exposure, and I threw away all the things in his pack, so he had nothing to carry. Among my clothes was a canvas hunting coat, having the usual brass buttons with animals' heads. The chief took a great fancy to it, saying, "Give me this," a number of times. I was not well pleased, and told him I would see him further first, yet he took such a fancy to it, going back time after time to look at it, all the while regarding me with glittering, envious eyes that I thought if this man would murder to secure \$40 from a person who trusted him as guide, he would probably do as much to secure the coat that he fancied so avariciously, consequently I gave it to him, and then all were contented.

It was a pity to throw away so many useful things, but regrets were unavailing, so shouldering my rifle, which I had been told never to trust out of my hands, we started, the chief leading the way.

At first the trail was easy, and I began to think that reports were exaggerated, but presently we came to a stream that must be forded. I started to undress, as it was deep, but the chief said, "No use; can't stop; must walk river," which was literally true. We had to scramble along its rough banks, in and out of the water, make thirty-three deep fordings and climb up and down all sorts of places.

The novelty kept up my enthusiasm, but about the middle of the day I became very tired, and once slipped over quite a precipice, and would have fallen headlong if one of the young men, who was just below me, had not caught me in his arms. I fell right into them, and though I am pretty heavy, his strength did not yield to my weight. It seemed as if I had fallen against a well-braced pair of posts, and then the way he lifted me to a safe place, as though I weighed nothing, made me regard him with unusual respect, and there was something about the care with which he handled me that made me feel much more secure with these wild men.

After struggling on for a short distance, we fell in with a number of wild hogs. I was too tired to shoot, but telling the chief how to use the sights I handed him my rifle, knowing that in the excitement of the moment he would think only of the wild hogs. He took careful aim, and to my surprise his first shot with a rifle was a success, and we had a large wild hog that would give plenty of meat. We now pushed on higher up among the mountains, and finally made camp in a grove of giant mahogany trees.

The men built a rancho of broad vijou leaves, and then asked about the whisky I had promised them. I told them we would have it as soon as I put on some dry clothes.

Then they went to work preparing the pig, and presently I called them to me, holding up a bottle covered with a neat straw case, so that they could all see it. They came at once crowding around me, and I stood there holding the bottle, still covered with its straw case. It was a scene that I will never forget, and even now I can fancy, almost, that their wild excited faces are pressing close about me. It was a repulsive sight, with the cords of their necks rigid, their bloody hands clutching their great knives, their eyes protruding, indicating the intense strain of beastly anticipation. The Indians stood with their whole beings rooted hungrily on that covered bottle.

I held it up for an instant, and then with a flourish drew off the straw case—and found that the bottle was empty.

The dark rage of disappointment that came over those faces sent my frightened wits to the winds. For an instant my life was not worth a cry to save it, nor could I realize what was happening. In his rage, the chief standing next me, raised his knife, but, as he was bringing it down on me, the instinct of self-preservation caused me to start back, and to accuse the man at my side of stealing the whisky; then the knife that was intended for me was turned and thrust at him, and but for my interposing my hand he would have been killed. He had carried the pack containing the whisky, and now the maddened Indians turned on him, giving no heed to his protests; he had carried the whisky, and it was gone. His face changed with fright to a brownish gray, and then my wits coming back, I threw myself between him and the threatening knives. Now I saw what had happened; the top of the bottle was broken, and I led the men over to my pack; they followed, probably expecting a fresh bottle. Then I showed them my clothes soaked with brandy, and their rage turned to despair; they almost wept, and the five sat on a log together, a pitiful sight in their disappointment.

Taking advantage of the lull in the storm, I promised them that, on reaching the settlements, they should have as fine a drunk as the law would allow. They were quieted at this promise, and with a sort of mournful acquiescence went dejectedly to work again preparing the pig and getting dinner. We had roast pig and a kind of biscuit that they made out of flour, salt and water; the dough rolled up in thin strips, protected by leaves, and roasted over the fire.

The dinner was good, and we ate nearly the whole of that pig and all the biscuit. I was soon ready for bed, and on turning in took the precaution of getting under my mosquito net and keeping my pistol in my hand.

The men were holding a consultation together in subdued voices, but I did not notice this, and presently they all went to bed. I fell asleep holding my pistol in my hand, and I can remember indistinctly that a torch was held near the net so as to light up the inside for a time, and half-awakened I seemed to see ugly faces peering through at me. Perhaps they saw the pistol, and so kept off, but it might have been that I was only dreaming.

A Walk Down South.—VII.

ON Sunday morning, Nov. 3, I awakened. The tent was damp, cold and still. The fire of dry oak long since had died away. Moisture from my breath glistened on the cotton fibers of the thick quilts and every respiration caused a cloud of steam. It was some time before I could recall where I was, and then probably the same feeling which early explorers had in the caves of the cliff dwellers came to me. Everywhere was the evidence of occupation and recent presence by men, and yet nowhere was there a man whom I could see. All that day it was the same—every moment expecting some one, and yet no one came.

I fried some potatoes from a sack at the head of the bed, and we—the dog and I—ate generously of them.

The dog was black, with a white tip to his tail and light-colored feet—a short-eared, smooth-coated mongrel. I thought I would try him. A note left pinned to my pack told any visitor not to be in a hurry. Where I shot the partridge the dog displayed some interest, but over the hill where the bird must have fallen, it showed no sign. The dog looked up into trees, ran on logs, nosed under brush heaps. One moment it seemed to be a squirrel dog, the next a fox or rabbit. For a couple of hours we rambled around, and at last reached the top of a ridge grown to jack pine and thick with scrub oak. Suddenly the dog was missing. I listened. Around near the foot of the ridge I heard a yelp, followed by a long-drawn bay. Away went the dog barking on a trail in a fashion that brought to mind hunts in Adirondack forests. It was a deer hound yelping after its natural prey. In an hour or less the dog came back, out of breath, and soon began prancing around the root of trees, with now and then a sniff at distant hillsides, and then the playful looking beast would part its lips over clenched teeth. I suspected that the camp owners would not return while I was there.

I went back to camp and made a soup of turnips, onions,

potatoes and bacon. Both of us relished it, especially with some bread just beginning to mould, which I found in a box, under another. The lawlessness of the dog made me reckless. I would wait till the owners came. I chopped up some jack pine branches and then took a crosscut saw and sawed a dozen lengths from a 9-inch fire-felled oak tree. I split each length in four and piled it at the tent entrance.

After noon I went to the forks of the trail again to study out the problem there presented. A little guide board nailed to the tree at the junction did not help me. On one side was drawn with pencil:

"PACKER & WELSH."

On the other:

"STATE ROAD 125"

The hand pointed along the painted blaze trail. Even with this evidence it was with difficulty that I determined to follow the mere footpath in that direction, instead of the wagon road, should I go before any one came.

Living there in the wilderness "alone" with the myriad scrub oaks, the many jack pines and the sense of isolation given by unknown routes was a kind of luxury. Repeatedly I looked at my compass and map, and almost wished I would have to travel a compass course, but to have done so needlessly would have been rather too reckless.

I watched the day wane and felt the first chill breeze of the dusk. It came while the sun was still in view. The jack pines felt it, too, and seemed actually to shiver under its influence. There was something pathetic in the spectacle of these trees just far enough apart to be individuals, obliged to stand alone, and travel down the weather, through all seasons, entirely unsupported. It is no wonder that these pioneers are rough barked.

I stirred up the fire and drew down the tent flaps and put on a mess of oatmeal. By using a basin half full of water to set my oatmeal pail in, I was able to cook it without burning. I lighted the coal oil lamp and enjoyed the luxury of a bright light. On my oatmeal I ate some of the thick, amber molasses, which was in a jug under the box cupboard, and the dog ate his with a bit of pork for seasoning. The stuff was filling and satisfying, but before we went to sleep both of us were hungry again, so we ate some bread, butter and jam.

Meantime a large basin of water on the stove grew warm and then hot. In spite of the strong frost outside the tent became cosier every moment. Soon after 8 o'clock I bathed from head to foot, washed out my clothes and then turned in to sleep for the night. I watched the flickering of the lights from the stove for a long while, regretting the steady advance of drowsiness which I could feel. At last, there was no one in camp to see the time fly.

Long after daybreak I awakened. It was a dull, leaden morning. It was raw and rain-like. The sturdy purpose of the jack pines—to travel far in time—seemed more apparent than ever. I looked at them sharply to see if they expressed a thought about the weary migrants. They were far from me on that morning. I was lonesome, and not until I ate a great mess of well-cooked—parboiled—beans, was I able to shake off the feeling. It disappeared only when I attacked a log with saw and axe. Before 10 o'clock I decided to start on the following day—Tuesday—and take my chances on the trail of painted blaze marks.

At noon I took the axe and began to split some kindling—jack pine. At the fifth blow, or thereabouts, the dog sniffed. Two men were coming, and I met them. One was Albert Tripp, of Shintown, Pa. To him the tent belonged. The other said he was F. F. Bender, of Renovo. To them I explained my presence, which I judged was not entirely welcome. I was told that I could get clear to Beech Creek before dark, down the wagon trail. The painted blaze marks was the State land line merely, and lost itself in a windfall a few miles away.

I ate what was left of my beans—a half-dozen spoonful—and prepared to start. They assured me that a few miles down the trail I would find other hunters with a large camp. They expected a wagon with six or seven companions, who would fill the tent to overflowing, and they would have to put up another tent. There was no place there for me at best. At 2 o'clock I started, with rain just beginning to fall.

I knew when I started that the difficulties of my route had not been exaggerated by the two. I made haste along the road lest night overtake me upon it. Usually I walk twenty minutes and sit down for five. Now I had traveled for an hour steadily, while the rain poured down. The rubber blanket drawn over my pack and shoulders protected me to the hips, but the scrub oak, which covered all save where the wagon tires had beaten the ground, saturated my legs from their clinging brown leaves.

The road led mile after mile along a ridge top, gradually ascending. It was grown over with the inevitable oak bushes and the jack pine, the latter sometimes in quite thick clumps. For the most part I could see to the right and left for miles, between showers. I watched for the camp of the hunters, but did not see it. Nor was there a brook or spring at which I could camp, though I might have found one down in the draws or runs off the ridge.

In an hour I came to a sign which said, "Two miles to Beech Creek, Alfred Rupert." It was at a wood's cross-road, and there was nothing to indicate which way the creek was. I kept straight ahead, according to directions, the reliability of which I suspected. A fresh wagon track was to be seen at the sign—a light hunter's wagon, doubtless—and this indicated that the hunters had driven far into the woods for a day's sport. I must hurry on to reach the shelter, I presumed.

At 4:30 o'clock there was no change in the woods or grade. Soon the hidden sun went down, and for fifteen minutes the whole west was aglow with rich yellows and gold, the setting of a gray-blue cloud, very somber to look upon. No direct ray of the sun came through to the wilderness. During this interval a distant mountain range showed up running at right angles to the ridge upon which I was tramping. I knew that in the valley between was my goal.

It grew dark slowly, but far too fast for me to make the valley before dark.

At last I raised the crest of the ridge, and my road began to descend; shale rock, white, gray sand, yellow

sand, rock and red sand—down these strata I made my way until at last I could see the road only as a line before me. Fortunately it was a smooth road, and the novelty of the situation was one to stir the pride rather than to dismay. The rain had ceased, and it was not very cold.

There was a brook across the road at the foot of the first long descent, and I was tempted to camp there, in spite of the wet, but thought better of it. Some ways beyond there was a clearing, and here I saw what seemed to be a pile of lumber a dozen rods down hill to the right. It proved to be a shanty nailed up tight, so back to the road I went and followed the road a few rods. It vanished in the grass, for no driver had followed another in or out. I could not see where the road entered the woods again. I returned to the shanty, wrenched off the board that nailed the door shut and entered.

By the light of a match I saw a number of wheelbarrows, a lot of hay, and beside the door a large tin can, likely to contain benzine, oil or some other explosive or inflammable substance. I extinguished the match instantly and wished I had a lantern.

In the dark I stripped off all my wet clothes, put on thick woollens, shoved a wheelbarrow one way, hauled hay another and then curled down to sleep, having eaten a raw potato for supper. In spite of a bed full of edges and corners, and in spite of hunger, sleep soon came, which lasted dreamless and refreshing until morning at sunrise—a bright clear one it was.

A good fire drove the morning chill away, but for fear of a cold I foolishly drank some whisky. Some beef tea I made a few minutes later would have done best. I followed the tea with many oatmeal and flour pancakes, stirred up with water from a spring a couple of rods from the shanty.

The shanty was equipped with blacksmith's tools, and near by was a brush horse shed. Its object I was unable to tell. About 9:45 o'clock I nailed it up and started on again. Within a couple of miles the road crossed a brook three times; it was rough, stony and full of roots. It was fortunate I did not find it the night before. My compass indicated that the course was nearly southeast, which was about right. At 11 o'clock a man driving a team said that I was really on the Beech Creek road. Half an hour later I came to a crossroad on top of a ridge. One led on along it, one to the left and the other down a draw to the right. The one to the right seemed likely to get somewhere soonest, and so that was my course. It was a steep down hill—the kind that explains the brakes on every wagon one sees in central Pennsylvania. It led almost due south for a ways, then turned to the west along the face of a valley nearly 200 feet up. Then I saw plainly the Muncy Mountains, which continue the Bald Eagle Ridge on the northeast end.

I went down to the farm land, and at the first house inquired my way. Woodchuck skins and tails were nailed to the woodshed, and hanging to a fence was a 'possum hide. I not only learned the way, but received a great meal of potatoe, pork, coffee, bread, apple, milk and butter.

While we ate the farmer and his son told about their hunting. Only four gray squirrels were killed by them this fall. They got the 'possum in the chicken coop, and not infrequently killed coons among the corn shocks at night. The boy, a large lad of fifteen, with another youth, caught two coons one night a while ago. The .44 repeater was reinforced by a rifle and double-barrel shotgun, both "pops" or muzzleloaders. Here, as everywhere in the barren region, I heard that bears were plenty.

After a while I went down to the village of Beech Creek, nearly two miles away, where I received and sent mail. In a couple of hours I was ready to start on again. It was Election Day, and as I tramped for a couple of miles through Beech Creek and the adjoining village of Eagleville, there were many observers who turned to look twice at me. I added a pound and a half of bacon to my provisions at Eagleville.

An old man met me above Eagleville a little way. "Good evenin', stranger," he said. "Where mout you be goin'?"

"Evenin'" at 3 o'clock in the afternoon—it was certainly a sign of the South. So, too, he wanted to know what kind of a "shooting iron" I carried, and dodged when I cocked and unbreached the rifle to show him. "Some mighty clevah people down the road," he assured me as we parted. It was with new interest that I looked up the valley of Bald Eagle Creek to the south of west.

After a while I stopped at a house and asked for the privilege of earning or buying some bread and milk. If I would wait till the men folks came I could have dinner. I waited, and from the farmer learned the reason for the many cattle signs and tracks I had seen clear across the pine barren from Renovo to Beech Creek Valley.

That is a cattle range. The farmers around the borders of the wilderness turn their steers and young cattle, or cattle for beef, loose there to live for the summer. In the old days a cowman used to tend a herd for the season for a dollar a head. He lived with from 200 to 300 cattle during the summer, aided by a dog, a gun and a salt lick to live and keep the herd together. But the farmers discovered that a salt lick alone was as good as the man. They turned their cattle loose with metal tags in their ears to identify them. The cattle returned every day or so to the lick, and there every week one or other of the farmers saw them, while renewing the supply of salt.

The cattle do not get very wild as a rule, but occasionally a bunch ranges far from its home lick and is found ten or twenty, even more, miles away. The meat takes on a flavor imparted by the browse that satisfies the farmer's taste better than any other meat; but a butcher whom I talked with a few days later told a different story. He said the cattle came off the range lean and useless for the shop, to his way of thinking.

A couple of years ago some men over at Snowshoe took to hunting their neighbor's cattle for market. They shot and sold several head, and then some farmer-woodsmen found their trail and ran them into the penitentiary.

After supper I went to the barn to sleep in the hay, and after a breakfast I loaded corn shocks till noon, and was nearly buried in the mow in an attempt to pass the shocks as fast as they were thrown at me. Chicken, biscuit, mashed potatoes, coffee, pumpkin pie, apple butter, jelly, etc., rewarded my labor, and soon after noon I started on. It was hard to leave—hard to face the unknown when the known was so pleasant.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History.

The Final Flight of the Pigeon.

A GLORIOUS spring morning in the middle seventies! The dun and emerald slopes south of Ithaca, N. Y., were aglow with the radiance of the sunshine.

On a farm located along the Ithaca and Owego turnpike traversing this section of country a certain alert youth and his bewhiskered uncle were preparing to unearth a huge bank of potatoes, which, as was customary at that date, and perhaps even now, had been buried beneath buckwheat chaff, straw and earth during the winter months. The work was progressing satisfactorily, when suddenly, as if tossed out of some vast inclosure, a great mass of writhing, twisting, swift-speeding birds darkened the eastern sky. This tremendous movement of birds was a blood-stirring spectacle, and for hours there was a steady flight of pigeons, moving in companies, battalions, regiments and tens of regiments. The man with the hoe and his sportive assistant viewed the kaleidoscopic picture until the spirit of the hour moved them to hurry to the near farm house and unlimber a ponderous double-barreled shotgun, to properly handle which great prowess and strength were supposed to be necessary. A single-barrel gun, chiefly noted for its kicking propensity, was there, too; and after considerable hesitation on the part of the family gathered in conference over the matter, the writer was permitted to carry it abroad.

Powder and shot were a precious commodity those days, and so, while pushing across meadow and stubble and pausing amid interspersing wood lots, we played a waiting game, hoping thereby to get a more favorable line of shooting than was offered by the flying squadrons whirling through space at every point of the compass. But none came, and as the call of the dinner horn clamored for our return it found us empty handed. For an hour preceding the dinner call, I had been stationed on the south side of a piece of timber, then known as the Rhodes woods. At regular and quick intervals there came from the north boundary of this cover the loud, fierce boom of a 10-gauge, evidently loaded to kill.

It was later learned that a pair of Ithaca gunners had during the forenoon been located in the north edge of the timber, the land from which pitched down sharply into a level reach of country, and from this point of vantage shot a bushel basket full of birds. The flight swept around the base of the hill, then uprose with the incline of the land to the line of timber to clear which the birds made lightning convolutions specially adapted for a deadly raking fire. Into this mass of birds, as it ever and anon rolled together that spring morning, to clear the tall pines, the two gunners poured a terrific cross fire. What the slaughter would have been had these men been outfitted with modern breechloaders is a question not pleasant to contemplate.

But the birds have disappeared, leaving not even the shadow of a substance, and the writer, as he reverts to the wondrous beauty of that morning, and last great flight of the lovely passenger pigeon, as it swept in a mighty host across central New York, is heartily glad that he failed to ruffle a feather.

To have browsed in the gracious field of nature; to have seen much that outdoor life has to offer; to have breathed the clean, fresh, pure air that broods over a fair land, without having contributed to the annihilation of a species of bird life the practically total extinction of which sportsmanship deplures, is a compensation more satisfying than gold—yea, than much fine gold.

M. CHILL.

SAVRE, Pa.

A. O. U. Bird Protection.

THE American Ornithological Union sends out this appeal for assistance in the work of bird protection:

"The few people who really care whether our seacoast birds disappear forever, or increase to their former beautiful throngs, are now summoned to rally about the standard, unless the noble work for which their subscriptions have backed the American Ornithologists' Union committee in the past two years is to be undermined or undone. The great achievement of this committee has been the procuring of effective State laws and effectual wardening of all remaining sea-bird colonies along our Atlantic coast. The American Ornithologists' Union committee has begun several suits in New York State, with good hope of success, but this winter's fight looms big before them, and is wholly dependent on the subscriptions for which we are now soliciting.

"Short-sighted dealers have in the past few years changed, from New Jersey to the Gulf, a beach thronged with millions of exquisite white sea-birds, filling the air with their wild voices, to a waste, silent but for the sound of the surf, and where there is little hope that a distant object will prove to be anything more inspiring than an old shoe.

"This devastation (wrought by attacking the birds in their breeding colonies, as they madly hover over the invader) was only complete as far northward as New Jersey, while in Long Island, Vineyard Sound and in Maine good colonies, both of terns and gulls, remained. These, and some remnants in Virginia and Maryland, the dealers were about to finish, when, two years ago, they found themselves confronted by a system of wardens, paid by subscriptions of this small body of beauty-loving Americans. Our triumph has been complete. Nearly every colony has greatly increased each year.

"The dealers plead that we are crippling an industry. That which passes like a blight across the fields, leaving no seed for the morrow, is not an industry.

"Half our work is the securing improved laws, and then watching them to see that they be not scuttled in the next Legislature by amendments instigated by the dealers.

"The American Ornithologists' Union committee, consisting of two men who can ill spare the time and who give their services gratis, will conduct the whole warden system and be present at the meetings of Legislatures all over the United States east of the Mississippi, if we

can raise the money for their expenses. The committee have used almost the last of our remaining funds, and every one who wants the work to go on must send them at once any money he can spare, as their winter and spring campaign will involve heavy expense.

"There is every reason to believe that a few years' struggle will put this cause on a more stable and less expensive basis, if not wholly abolish its need, but in the meantime we are in crying need of an organization and funds enough to meet emergencies, and any one promising to stand by us with a certain annual contribution will do yeoman service.

"The Legislature work is to cover the protection of all birds threatened by milliners, and to watch for violations of this protection, and of the Lacey Act of Congress, which prohibits sending unlawfully procured bird-skins from State to State.

"Sea-birds are wholly essential as scavengers of the coast and harbors, and as pilots for fishermen to schools of fish. English fishermen allow no one to kill them.

"The work already accomplished is only a beginning, and if the committee can get the money they will extend the protection to the breeding colonies of the Gulf Coast and those of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, as well as to inland breeding colonies, and will strengthen the protection of the Florida pelicans and the comparatively few herons that remain there. Sportsmen, too, will find themselves indebted to our wardens, who have not only protected sea birds, but, equally, rails and shore birds.

"The smallest subscriptions will be thankfully received, and if every one east of the Mississippi who has even a slight desire to perpetuate this beautiful form of nature would send a small contribution, the aggregate result would go far toward accomplishing the desired end.

"The whole work of patrolling our coast from New Brunswick to Southern Virginia, Louisiana, and the long journeys to visit Legislatures and inspect the work of wardens cost about \$2,000 during the past year.

"Money should be sent either to William Dutcher, 525 Manhattan avenue, New York City, or to the undersigned, ABBOTT H. THAYER, Monadnock, N. H."

Frogs and Snakes.

I HAVE been reading of frogs swallowing birds, and snakes climbing trees and swallowing frogs, etc., and would like to add an incident of which I was a witness. I was born in the country, in the State of Connecticut, and when a stripling of fourteen years was owner of a .22-caliber rifle; and on one of my frog shooting trips over at a mud hole called Spalding's Pond, one mile due east from the village of Wauregan, a favorite ground of mine, I shot the largest frog I have ever seen, even to this day. There were the remains of an old wall running into the pond, and close up to it sat the big fellow. I fired, and knew I must have hit it at the short distance away, but instead of sprawling out with all fours, as usually they do when hit, he never moved. I was surprised, and walking out on the wall, got directly over him and shot him through the head and picked him up. On account of his large size, I cut him open, and found two young robins, one pretty well digested and the other one perfectly fresh and probably just eaten. I have told this story, and have refrained from telling it on several occasions, for I don't believe I ever told it without some of my hearers doubting it.

About snakes swallowing their young: I was after huckleberries over at Green Hollow, Conn., when a small boy, and saw a blacksnake open her mouth and swallow twenty-seven young ones, but I did not kill her—I did not get a chance. I have also seen snakes climb trees when closely pursued, but not the tree trunk; they went around on the limbs which stood out of young pine trees and rested across them when near the top.

I know people who follow up the woods and streams see many remarkable things which it is hard for others to believe. Only last month I was pickerel fishing, and a fish took my live minnow and also my friend's, and we both struck at the same time. My friend hooked the fish and my hook brought up his minnow nicely hooked alongside of my bait. Of course we did not know it was the same fish until we struck.

SELDOM.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Citron for Snake Bite.

IN "A Neue Herbal, by Wylliam Turnour, Anno 1551, Imprinted at London by Steven Mierdman, and they are to be soolde in Paules Churchyarde at the sygne of the sprede Egle," is this useful little story of the citron and the serpent:

There was a certayn sherif in Egypt whiche tooke ij. naughty murthuring robbers and condemned them to be slayn and poisoned to deth of serpentes in the great theatre, that all men myght se them dye. But whylse they were led of the souldyers to the place of execution, ther met them a woman that had a citron in her hand, the which the murderers begged of her, and she clove it in two peces and gave eche of them a pece, the whiche they eat very gredely. But when as they came into the appoynted place and were caste amongst the myddes of a grete hepe of serpentes and aspides they abode unhurt, and receyved no harm of them, and so came hole and sound forth agayn, beyond all men's loking for. Then the sherif axed diligently of them that kept the thieves, what they had done or what myghty preservative they had taken. But they answered that the thieves had eaten nothing sayving theyr accustomed pottage, and sayd further that they eat a citron by the way. Then the sherif commanded them to go to the prysone agayn, and the one sholde eat only hys accustomed potage, and the other sholde only eate citrones. These thynges done, the theves were agayn brought into the great theatre. And there he that eat the citrones continewd all the daye safe and sounde, although certayn of the serpentes had bitten him. And the other who had but eaten hys common meate, at the bytyng of one serpente fell down sterked ded. Athineus, a very noble and ancient autor, wryteth that he saw thys hys own self. Wherefore it were wisdom that men that are bydden to dynner of theyr enemies or suspected frends, before they eat any other thyng, should take a pece of citron.

Brünnich's Murres in Erie Canal.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., Nov. 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Yesterday I was called into a place to identify some "queer ducks" that Mr. Ephraim Elwood had killed in the Erie Canal, about two miles east of Lockport. They proved to be Brünnich's murres. The first occurrence of this species so far inland was reported Nov. 9, 1894, when three birds were taken on Niagara River below Buffalo. On the 8th of the same month and year a young friend living on Red Lake, Theresa, N. Y., reported to me that he had killed "four ducks unlike any he had ever seen," and "they had bills like crows, and smelled so fishy they could not be eaten." I asked him to send me a head, wing and foot. I identified them as Brünnich's murres. November, 1896, two specimens were taken at Point Breeze (Lake Ontario), Orleans county. The species have also been reported on Oneida Lake.

J. L. DAVISON.

Stragglers.

TORONTO, Ont., Nov. 26.—On Monday, Nov. 18, a good specimen of the little auk was shot just outside of Toronto Bay in Lake Ontario by a local fisherman, and a few days ago an American three-toed woodpecker was shot by a boy on the outskirts of Toronto.

Both these birds are so extremely rare here as to justify their coming under the above heading. In fact, a taxidermist informed me that the last-named bird was rare everywhere.

There have been three or four cormorants about Toronto Bay at different times during the past two months, and while they cannot be called rare, still, they are only occasional visitants in this locality. Wildfowl of all kinds seem to have been more numerous than usual this fall in this vicinity.

JNO. TOWNSON.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Duck Shooter's Lament.

A MISTY morning on the beach,
A lonely cross, a reedy reach,
A solitary bittern's screech,
And deep in meditation
A hunter stood before the mound
Whereon the cross, and in it found
Sad theme for speculation.

Long whiles he mused, and nothing broke
The silence save the bittern's croak,
Whose sad, sepulchral cry scarce 'woke
Faint echo's imitation.
Long whiles he mused, and who shall say
On what sad themes one's thoughts will stray
When standing mute at break of day
Before a nameless grave;

Thought of the devouring deep,
The wild, resistless, engulfing sweep,
The cruel, crawling, cowering creep
Of treacherous wave.
The rising sun dispelled the hosts
Of gloomy, soul-confounding ghosts
Of morbid mind's creation;

And then as he the cross drew near,
And read thereon its legend clear
He said, "If this ain't sheer
Emotional insanity;
To think I've shed a silent tear
O'er a 'Posted' sign, 'No hunting here.'"
His subsequent remarks, I fear,
Savored of profanity.

FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

Adirondack Notes.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As usual, I spent part of the summer and fall in the Adirondacks, and from long acquaintance there think I know something of the real conditions.

The past season witnessed an unusual scarcity of deer in some quarters, and unusual numbers of them in other places. This is believed to be due to the many lumber jobs in operation. Indications were not wanting that the lumbermen had plenty of trout and venison in camp when they wanted it. Also that their presence and operations had served to drive out surviving deer from many sections, massing them in more remote and undisturbed places.

The average sportsman did not, therefore, find his usual reward, in Hamilton county at least. Or, if he did, he had to go much further back for it.

On the other hand, partridges were abundant and in fine condition.

The tenderfoot was in evidence, as usual. One had a personal experience worthy of record. He had a penchant for going into the woods without a guide. With two friends he searched out a pond neither had ever visited before. Starting after dinner, night overtook them on the edge of a swamp, and they were obliged to camp. Next morning he climbed a tall tree, discovered the pond, and six minutes' walk brought the party to its shore. A deer was in a clump of bushes opposite. All could see the movement, but not the deer. Rightly, they would not shoot till they could see what they were shooting at. The deer got away, and they saw only his tracks.

The two friends had to leave camp. Monsieur Tenderfoot, with his compass, piloted them out of the woods and then went back and spent four days alone in the woods. He hunted diligently, and saw seven deer, but did not get a shot. A momentary glimpse of the animal, or more often a whisk of the flag was all. But he had a good time, and learned much about the habits of our noble game.

Another tenderfoot was taken into the woods by the writer to a familiar and promising place. The new man had a double-barreled gun—rifle and shot combined. After a long watch a fat and beautiful deer came into view about 100 yards distant. "Shall I shoot?" "No; wait for a broadside." "I think I can fetch him now." (The deer was feeding toward us.) "Well, wait; you will have a better chance. Then aim high; let both barrels go at the same time." I did not feel the assurance of my friend regarding his skill, so told him to aim for the junction of neck and shoulder and shoot both barrels at once. Soon the broadside was on, and I said, "Now." After much effort to pull trigger and a long wait, the old gun roared. The deer looked, hesitated a moment, saluted merrily with the flag, and was off. My friend looked up in amazement. I had listened in vain for the sharp rifle crack, and said, "What's the matter?" "I—I—guess I pulled the wrong trigger!" The rifle barrel was still cocked, and the unexploded cartridge in place. The woods rang again, but this time to explosions of laughter. He wants to try again next year, and as he is a good fellow he will be welcome in our camp.

The game law, as it now stands, is neither respected or observed by a large number of the residents in the Adirondacks. Whether guides or other residents, the great majority view the present law with disfavor. Its operation creates dissatisfaction about guiding and the opportunity to earn, and disgust as to the preservation of game. One guide told me, "For seven years before this law I had earned on an average \$250 by this time, and now I have earned only \$50." He had a family to support. Another guide with a family said, "The deer are not worth anything to us, except what we can eat. Why should we take an interest in their preservation?" This is substantially the view of most. I was told, "Not one man in twenty thinks differently." Let it not be supposed that these views are peculiar and confined to some narrow locality. These statements represent conversations with men from widely scattered places, and among the most noted hunting resorts. One guide said, "The law will have to be changed, or in ten years there will be no deer to speak of outside the private preserves." I beg, therefore, to suggest some provisions for a new game law.

1. Open season, Aug. 15-Oct. 31, both inclusive.
2. No person to be allowed to kill more than one deer each season; except a man with a family resident in the Adirondacks, to be allowed two deer.
3. Jacking to be allowed Aug. 15-31, inclusive.
4. Hounding to be allowed Sept. 25-Oct. 15, inclusive. Only bucks to be killed before the hounds.

I am aware that these provisions are liable to opposition; nevertheless, I believe such a law would make for the real preservation of the deer, and I beg to offer the following considerations in support of the suggestions:

1. Such a law would suit that large class of sportsmen who are obliged to take their vacation in August and return home early in September.
2. Would suit the many who believe in hounding.
3. Would give opportunity for selection of bucks and sparing of does. (A few years ago, during a big hunt with dogs, seven does were thus spared in one day.)
4. Would suit the still-hunter by giving him the best of the season.
5. Would greatly lessen the liability of the accidental shooting of men in the woods.
6. Would suit the great majority of residents in the Adirondacks, whose sympathy with the game law and its enforcement are indispensable to that end and to the preservation of our noble game. Many said to me this fall, "Such a law as you propose would be respected and generally observed."
7. Would promote the happiness and well-being of the greatest number, which is the professed object of all law.

JUVENAL.

In Camp on Spanish Peak.

ONCE upon a time five of us had got together at my ranch on Rita Azul, Colorado, and had been on a succession of hunts during October and November. We had killed deer, turkeys, mountain grouse, and a good deal of time. We at last rounded up at the home ranch with a wagonload of game, and very tired, so the boys concluded when I proposed to go to Trinidad and sell what meat we did not want that I had better go, and decided that they would stay at home and rest. We skinned out about thirty hindquarters of deer and antelope, and Madam Inez (my home cook), an Indian lady of uncertain age and by no means an uncertain temper) put each one separately in a clean 50-pound flour sack. We put some hay in a big wagon, laid in an open wagon sheet and packed the venison carefully so as not to bruise it; also eighteen grouse and about a half dozen turkeys; then covered them with the rest of the sheet and my camp blankets to keep the dust out. On top of the load went two big bucks whole, and it was ready. My foreman, Miguel, hitched up two Texas ponies and I saddled another. Dearden, Ted and York each gave me a list of what they wanted, and we pulled out.

I rode in the wagon to keep my horse fresh, and just before we got to town I dug up some of the grouse and tied a couple on each deer horn and laid two turkeys between the deer. It pays to have a load look attractive. I got on my pony, who was fresh and felt just lovely, and we drove into town and stopped before Davis & Sherman's supply store. I did not want anything just then, but we wanted the load to attract attention. Miguel held the horses and looked as wise as possible, while I went in and got a cigar and saw Smith, the chief clerk. When I came out my load was being looked over by several men who were asking Miguel questions. I knew them all but two men who were examining the deer. One of the strangers was a big, rosy, red-faced man, the other was small, thin and wiry looking; both were dressed in corduroys that fitted though they were old and camp and travel stained. "Is this your wagon?" inquired the little man. "Where did you get the game?"

"Killed it forty to eighty miles east of here."

"What have you got?"

"Thirty hindquarters of venison, six turkeys, eighteen mountain grouse, and the two bucks."

"Did you and the Mexican kill them?"

"Not all of them. There are five of us that hunt together. We killed these and more in the last ten days."

"Are you a cattleman?"

"Well, yes, I guess so; I have got a ranch and about 150 head."

"Oh, you are a Yankee, ain't you?"

"Yes; but why did you think so?"

"Because you said guess instead of reckon. I would like to see you this evening and make your acquaintance."

He dug up a card which said, "Lieut. W——" and handed it to me and I told him my name and told him that the only card I had on me was the ace of spades. He looked a little queer and the rosy man grinned.

"If you hadn't said you were a Yankee, I wouldn't have offered you that card." And I at once apologized, and told him that I was only joking, and that I had a card case at home, but that most people here do not use them.

They went away with an "Au revoir" from the rosy man, who seemed to understand me and I knew we would be friends if we ever got acquainted. The little man was a trifle stiff, like most army officers. After I had given away a little game to a few friends, we sold the rest to a butcher for about \$60. Miguel went to the Mexican quarters to see his Compadre with five Mexican dollars in his tobacco pouch, and I went to the hotel, where I met Messrs. W. and T. They wanted to go up to the head of the Purgatoire (Rio de Las Animas) on a hunt; were expecting an eastern man on the stage that night and wanted me to go up there with them in a day or two. "Well, gentlemen, I will tell you how I am fixed. My three hunting companions are down on my ranch; I can't go without them. We have a big outfit of wagons and horses. If you would like to have us all go, I guess they would like to go along. I have an Englishman named Dearden, Ted Harwood, Gen. Harwood's brother, my most intimate friend, and Addison J. Whitman, commonly called New York. He is a cowboy who is a good hunter. They are all good fellows. York works for me summers, Dearden is rich and is trying to pay our expenses, though we don't let him always, but is very peculiar—as clean as a cat, bathes every day, and is rather fussy. He is paying New York wages at present, though I don't know exactly what for. Pretty much all York does is take off his hat and look wise when he does anything for him, and Dearden accepts it without a smile. I am—" Then I told them who I was.

Mr. W. studied a moment. I thought he was studying expenses, and told him, "If the boys go they will have a wagon and separate outfit and I don't expect you to pay any of their expenses."

"I was not thinking about that. T. and I can get along with anyone; but, excuse me for saying it, you people seem to be a queer combination, and our other man is—well I am not well acquainted with him. He will be my guest and I want him to have a good time."

"Well, I don't know; but if the boys want to go I'll take chances, and if Mr. X don't like my style I'll fetch you back to Trinidad at any time."

"All right. When can we start?"

"I'll start Miguel for home in half an hour and the boys will probably be here to-morrow night and start the next morning."

I found Miguel in a Mexican tendahoon (saloon) discussing various things with his Compadre, told him what I had done, and in a few minutes he rode up to the hotel on my pet horse, took my letter to the boys and disappeared down the road bound for the ranch.

"You seem to have that Mexican well trained," said T.

"No, he is my friend. He would do anything I asked him to; but I also generally do anything he asks me to do for him. He is my cook. A good hunter. None better. Honest and a good man in the way that a Mexican is good."

"Is there good hunting at the head of Purgatoire?"

"Yes. Sometimes very good when the deer commence to come down from the snowy range for winter, and this is about the time. I propose, if it suits you, to camp near the head of the north fork of the Purgatoire, between the Spanish Peaks and the snowy range. There is timber, good water and the deer cross from one mountain to the other quite often."

W. went to his room and T. and I went out down town and proceeded to get acquainted. I took him to every place of interest I knew in town, wise and otherwise. He was a very nice fellow, and at about 12 o'clock we finished the evening by going into a Chili restaurant and eating some tamales and a bowl of chili, and went home to the hotel to bed.

Barlow & Sanderson's stage from Kit Carson rolled up at about 7 next morning, and Mr. X. alighted with a travel-stained grip and a .45-70 Sharp's rifle in a well-worn leather case. I am not going to describe him for you, Mr. Reader, might know him, and I am going to tell a true story. I respect him for his good qualities and I never will go hunting with him again for reasons which I will hereafter set forth in this story. In all probability he would rather go out with five Brazilian apes than go again with our crowd. He was duly introduced to me. We had several mutual acquaintances in the East, but I didn't talk much to him. He had been on the stage from noon one day till 7 A. M. next morning without sleep; but after a bath and breakfast he was as fresh as a daisy, and looked fit to fight his weight in wildcats. We went down street and he and W. proceeded to buy supplies for a two weeks' hunt. W. had a tent and camp outfit and they proposed to hire Miguel if he came back as a cook. I told them that Miguel would be back at 5 P. M. if he was alive and his horse didn't get away from him. He came to the hotel at about 4, on my horse, and driving his hunting jackass packed with his blankets and mine, and my 12x14 tent with the poles dragging Indian fashion. Diabalo (the burro) looked rather sad, as Miguel had cracked him through at a fast gait for thirty miles, and my good little horse was a little tired. When X. saw old Miguel with his long muzzleloading rifle across the saddle in its case of buckskin, with its long cleaning rod sticking out of the muzzle, and his foot-long knife in his belt, he smiled for the first time.

"Is that your man, Mr. D?"

"Yes."

"Well, if he is as good as he looks we will have a good hunt. Can he talk English?"

"No, not much; but he can understand if you talk slowly and distinctly. Do you speak Spanish, Mr. X?"

"No."

I didn't tell him so, but I was glad of it.

"Where are the boys, Miguel?"

"Coming, will be here in an hour. In the big wagon; York is driving the saddle horses; Ted is on the wagon; Al. is asleep."

"Go put up the burro and Lead." Lead was my horse; his full name was Leader because he used to lead a band of horses, but his pet name was Lead. I will not tell you all his good qualities, but I hope to see his bright eyes and his beautiful form again when I end this weary journey and take my place in the happy hunting grounds with Miguel and my other friends, good men and true, that have gone before and left me here alone—for I am old in years though still young in spirit, and they are almost all gone.

The wagon came in after awhile. The boys went to clean up while I took their wagon down to the store and put in the supplies that Dearden saw fit to order. When I came to supper, I introduced the gang to each other, and we proceeded to get acquainted. Mr. X. cottoned to Ted and my little Englishman, but I could see he didn't like me one bit. Perhaps I talked too much. T., York and I went out after supper and did the town, ably assisted by Miguel, and had a funny time. I hate to go to bed and equally hate to get up, and when the boy called me next morning and I had driven him away and York came up, he told me that Mr. X. was anxious to start. So I told him to hitch up and pull with the wagons and Miguel; that they could all start if they wanted to, only leave me Lead and my saddle and that I'd be there by the time they were ready to camp. Miguel knew the road. I still felt sleepy, and so slept some more and got up and at dinner put on my old clothes and by dark rode into camp. They were all there, well up the north fork, camped in a beautiful saucer-shaped meadow by the side of the swift-running water under some big cottonwoods. The camp looked homelike as I rode up. W.'s tent, Dearden's little bedroom tent and my old big one were all up, and I could smell meat broiling and the delicious aroma of good coffee and frying bacon. The horses were eating grass, they had all been fed grain and Miguel's burro was standing tied to a tree, and occasionally sounding his trumpet with a loud hee-haw.

I told the boys that we had better move six miles up stream to within about a mile of its head; and in the morning we moved and camped in a glade of about twenty acres, with the stream running through it at the southwest corner of the southern Spanish Peak. There was good hunting all around. There are some mountain sheep around the Peaks. At that time they were not protected by law, and Ted and I crawled around on those confounded old mountains for three days after them, and then we got a stand on six. Ted killed a ram at about 200 yards with his .50 caliber needle gun; I devoted myself to a fat, dry doe and she fell over a bank about forty feet and was, as Ted said, "Somewhat mushed." We had to cut them up and pack them about two miles on our backs. The ledges were so rough that we made two trips, and hung the meat in a mountain oak. Ted took his horns into camp and I packed in a hindquarter of the doe for a change of meat. Mr. X. killed a black-tail deer the first day and one or more every day he was up there. But how he worked—up at 4 o'clock making life miserable to Miguel till he got breakfast, out before light on foot or horseback, not in till after dark. He had a wonderful sense of direction, and could come straight to camp in the dark from anywhere. W. and T. did not hunt much, but moved around with hammers and magnifying glasses, pounding rocks and making notes. In the evening Ted, Dearden, York, Thompson and I used to play poker till quite late, and at times make a little noise. X. said it reminded him of a pack of hounds in full blast, and that he couldn't hunt all day and stand such an infernal racket all night; so we moved our tent about 200 yards on the other side of the little grove from X.'s, and continued our innocent pastimes.

X. told Mr. W. that he didn't believe that I amounted to much as a hunter; he said that a man who played poker all night and slept half the day in a good hunting country had poor taste. It got to me, of course, next day, and it made me study some, for it was about true. So I told my troubles to Miguel. That night we went down to the Plaza, horseback, leading Diabalo; bought 200 pounds of salt at five cents a pound, by the way, and took it up a side cañon where there was a spring and an alkali lick that the deer used some, and salted the lick good. I knew that if X. didn't find it I'd be all right, so I got York to stall him off over toward the head of the Huerfano, northwest from camp, for a couple of days. X. almost walked the legs off poor York both days, but the deer found the salt and told their aunts, uncles and cousins all about it; and the evening I went there with Miguel the mud around the spring was all cut up with deer tracks. We took the big square camp lantern with a reflector and a heavy blanket to cover it, Dearden's 8-bore double shotgun and my rifle, Winchester model '73. We picked the horses away back, and got on the bank about forty feet away from the spring, as far off the trails as we could get. The wind came down the cañon in fitful blasts, and it was dark and inclined to be stormy. The rocks and banks made the air change and eddy at times and some of the deer got a smell of us, but finally they began to come in right, and when I punched Miguel with my foot he pulled off the blanket. The light glared down in to the lick and showed six or seven very much surprised blacktails. I got two and Miguel one out of that bunch. Then we went down and carried them up the bank before we bled them. We had a crack at several bunches before day, and when we hung them all up we had ten. Miguel had to go back to get breakfast, so we put for camp, and I went to bed. Miguel called me up for breakfast. I remarked that I thought that it was about time for me to go out and get a load of deer, for we must go home pretty soon. I got York to cook for the day in Miguel's place, and we went out and trimmed up the deer so that the buck-shot wouldn't show, and Miguel killed another buck with his own rifle. We then packed them all down to where we could reach them with a wagon, got them down to camp and had the forequarters out and the saddles hung up on a long pole by night. That evening we packed

Diabolo with all the forequarters we had in camp that were cut out and not needed for our own use, and went down to the Mexican plaza and traded them for various things; and then made a dance. Thompson seemed to think it was very funny. W. and X. did not go. X. asked me the next day how many of the deer Miguel killed. I told him two, and he told me that he believed I could hunt, but that there was something queer about it, for the boys laughed when they talked about it, and that Dearden said that I was a Yankee and then grunted and wouldn't talk.

The next evening Don Jesus Perea came into camp in his ambulance on the road to Walsenburg from Bernalillo. He had heard I was up there hunting and knew he was always welcome at my camp. We had quite a seance that night. We had a nice breakfast next morning and the Don went north with our good wishes, declaring that he would stay right there with us till we quit if he could, but that he had to go. He and his family have many thousand sheep and cattle and horses on a hundred hills. He was a fat, jolly Mexican gentleman, but has gone before. God bless him; he was as good a man as they make.

The next morning we decided to pull for Trinidad. We tore up camp and started the wagons for Trinidad, driven by Miguel and York; and the rest of us saddled up and drove Miguel's jack ahead of us as hard as we could tear for Trinidad, and got in a little after dark. The wagons came in next day all right. We had quite a time with the jack going down. He went everywhere that he ought not to and got the whole pack off once. We had some grub and a cooking kit on him, also a few other things.

The night we got in Mr. X. told me that he thought \$5 a day for me was about right, and I told him that I didn't want pay; that I never guided anyone for pay; and that I just went for mountain air and a change of scenery. He then told me that if he had known that he wouldn't have been so dictatorial, as he thought that I was hired by Mr. W. He then warmed up and said that he would like to go out and see my ranch. So he and I rode out home the next morning. We went out that afternoon on fresh horses, looked over the cattle and then went hunting, and he killed a whitetail at 250 yards. The next day we went out again and X. almost walked me down. He was as strong as a horse and a good man, but as stubborn as Miguel's jack, and the worst of it was, to tell the truth, always in the right.

But I wouldn't go hunting with him again for \$25 a day. He is too much inclined to make work of play. He went back to Trinidad next day in my buckboard, and I have never seen him since. There, I haven't half told you the story. I meant to when I started, but my heart has failed me. We all tried to be as mean as possible to tease X., and we were rather worthless. If I told you who X. was this would perhaps interest you more than it does; but I won't.

W. J. D.

Grouse Shooting on the Manistee.

ON the morning of Nov. 11 Verne Moore and wife and myself took the 3:18 train for Wellston, Manistee county, to shoot quail and grouse and take a casual glance at deer tracks. No railroad in Michigan extends greater courtesy to hunters than the Pere Marquette. Arriving at Baldwin the train made a twenty-minute stop, and we took supper with our old friend, H. C. Crosby, who is a great lover of the dog and gun, and a first-class shot. After leaving Baldwin we changed our minds about our stop and concluded to get off at a little station called Bretheren. Leaving the car at 9:10, looking in every direction for a light, we saw one in the distance, and found that it came from a house recently built by an enterprising man by the name of May, who is preparing to keep all comers. We found the family had just moved in, and were ill prepared to entertain strangers, but they gave us a hearty welcome and the best accommodations they had. I slept on a cot with an open wire mattress, covered by a blanket, my only cover being another blanket folded. The wind was blowing a perfect gale from the northwest, and bringing snow with it. My weight took the cot down about four inches in the center and left the cover resting on the edge. It made the most perfect ventilation for sleeping that I've ever found inside a house. The people were astir early in the morning, and at 7 o'clock we sat down to a good substantial breakfast. After breakfast Mrs. Moore donned her short skirt and full hunting outfit, and we started for a cedar swamp, which was plainly visible three-quarters of a mile away. When we reached the swamp we turned neither to the right nor the left, but plunged into its dark, mysterious depth, expecting every minute to hear murmuring or expressions of disgust from the lady. But not a single complaint did she make, no hanging back from climbing over logs or brush, but a merry laugh when some roguish branch snatched off her hunting cap. For two hours we kept up our line of march, going as near southeast as we could judge, and at last came out of the swamp where the ground was dry and the burnt pine stumps were thick, and where poplar and white oak brush were scattered. We were making our way toward the home of Frank Hendricks, an old acquaintance, who has a log house and barn on the north side of the Big Manistee River, and in sight of that crooked and muddy stream, on an eminence 200 feet above the water. To the east and northeast from this place we could see the clusters of jack pines and the roofs of the houses of settlers six and seven miles away. We could also see from his home the bare bluff where the Pine River, or what is there called the South Branch, whose waters are full of trout and clear as crystal. It almost seems to hesitate to mingle its bright and sparkling waters with the muddy Manistee. Frank Hendricks and his good wife Netta gave us a hearty welcome. At dinner the son, Alpha, came in. He said he was glad we came, because there were so many partridge and quail around there they were a nuisance.

As soon as dinner was over, Verne and I took our guns and started afield, thinking that Nina would want to rest after the long walk of the morning, but not so. We were not fifteen rods from the house when the old dog, Krankie, by motions we understood, told us there were birds very near. Within fifteen rods of the barn she anchored, immovable as a statue. We walked up to her side, and with a roar up went twenty or thirty quail.

There were five quick reports and five beautiful birds lying in the stubble. We followed them a short distance and got six more; then thinking of what our friend Hendricks had said, that he "hoped we'd leave enough for seed," we desisted from an attempt to kill any more that day. Making a short detour through the woods adjacent to the field, we flushed several grouse without getting a shot at them. The dog in trying to locate the grouse raised a large white rabbit, which we shot as it ran by us. It was a novelty to my companions, who had never seen one before.

The next morning bright and early we started out. The ground was covered by an inch of damp snow, sufficient for tracking partridge, quail or rabbits. Following the directions of Alpha, who told us there were plenty of grouse in the thick timber a mile to the north, we had not gone far along an old trail among pine stumps and logs before the dog said there were grouse very near, and he came to a point but a few feet from the wagon track among some sweet fern and burnt chunks. The boy Alpha said: "I see her. Shall I shoot?" He had never shot on the wing, and did not have much chance among so many guns, so I told him to hold high and "let her have it." He barely raked the top of her head. It did the boy more good than it would have done an old hunter to kill a dozen. We then went on to the body of heavy timber, consisting of beech, elm, basswood and an occasional hemlock. We had barely entered the timber before Nina—Mrs. Moore—said she could hear a partridge flying ahead, so we went in the direction she gave and there the tracks showed that they had been feeding and running in every direction. I told them the birds had in all probability taken refuge in the scattered hemlocks, and if so, none but the keenest eye could detect their whereabouts. While discussing the matter, Whirr! right above our heads, went two or three of the swift-flying beauties. Verne has eyes as black as coal and bright as stars, and he said he believed he could find them, knowing where to look, and that he and Nina were not so proud but they would shoot at a standing bird. After looking for a short time, Verne said: "Hold on" (we were all looking up into the thick tops of the hemlocks). "I believe I see one." Bringing his Marlin pump gun quickly to his shoulder, the sharp ring of the nitro powder had hardly reached our ears before we saw tumbling from the top of a near-by hemlock one of those wary birds, and Verne and Nina never desisted from scanning those dark, mysterious-looking trees till they had eight grouse in their hunting coats.

The next morning while the snow was soft, as I was hunting alone, for I prefer shooting on the wing, I counted forty-three grouse tracks crossing the track I was following in going sixty rods. As it had snowed until daylight, and it was now 8:30, the tracks must all have been made that morning. We hunted in this locality from Monday noon until Saturday night, and the next day Verne and Nina wanted to go and look for the light-footed deer. Bright and early Alpha had their sleek team hitched to the double wagon with a good supply of hay and corn in the box, and all taking our dinners in our pockets we climbed into the wagon, and arriving at our destination, a deserted lumber camp, put the team into a small log stable. We started out through a beautiful two-inch tracking snow, and had not gone far when we came upon the track of a small deer. Following this for a short distance, we came upon the track of a much larger deer, which we judged by the track had been gone but a short time. Following the newly made track a short distance, we came upon the tracks of three more. Alpha and I told Nina and Verne we would make a short detour and try to drive one by them if they would remain there. We started out, and returning after a two hours' tramp, we found them pretty well chilled. We were all tired and sick of tramping except Nina, and so concluded to make back tracks for home. Going the mile back to the team, we crossed several deer tracks made since we had been over the route. It was about 3 P. M. when we left the barn, where we had put the team, and we arrived home before dark, after a good day's sport. In going over the route in the morning we started a grouse every now and then, and went on telling them we would "see you later."

As Verne had put in all his vacation, he and his wife started for home the next morning, but I stayed and hunted a couple of days longer. They brought with them forty-one birds.

That the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM may know something of grouse shooting on the Manistee, let me say we shot away almost 300 cartridges, and with the exception of four rabbits and twenty quail, were all used for grouse. I would say to any one who wishes to shoot grouse to their heart's content, although the bird is wild and wary, and will often lie close to the dog, there is no better sport than grouse shooting in Manistee and Wexford counties. We have engaged board and lodging for next season. We came home on the train with a party of five hunters from New Buffalo, who had seven deer. They were, so they said, readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. The largest ones weighed 305, 265 and 220. They were a nice lot, and were killed in the Upper Peninsula.

SULLIVAN COOK.

Providence Sportsmen.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 24.—The new line of cars between Providence, R. I., and Danielson, Conn., has opened up some new hunting and fishing ground to our sportsmen, and each Sunday a special car is run for their convenience, and it goes out and comes in crowded with men, guns and dogs, and some game, too. But not every one who hunts gets game; it is just like fishing, the more some people fish a place the better it is for some others, as some go just to feed them.

Birds seem to be scarce up that way, but a few foxes, a good many rabbits and quite a number of coons have been shot. A man showed me two pheasants which came from Narragansett Pier way a week ago. The law is not off them until 1903. Game wardens, keep your eyes open; the gunners are shooting your close-season birds.

A man told me a short time ago of his getting fourteen trout, the largest 11 inches long, down in the vicinity of Wood River Junction. I suppose it is every one's duty to make trouble for this illegal poaching, but one hates to get his friends in trouble.

SALMON.

Experience with Big Game.

MORGANTOWN, W. Va., Nov. 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It is little wonder that heated discussions so often arise in regard to wild animal life, hunting, etc., when the experiences of different people, of equally good authority, have such a wide range of variation.

Only recently I read the writing of one of our very best authorities on big game and its pursuit, and one whose experience has in a general way come nearer to harmonizing with that of my own than any one whose writings I have ever read.

In speaking of deer, he said that deer, when startled, would frequently run twenty miles before they would stop. Now, to me this seemed ridiculous, as in all the hundreds of deer which I have followed after they have been startled, none ever went half of that distance, and I dare say very few have gone a fourth of that distance. It is hard for us sometimes to even conjecture how people who are perhaps much more experienced than we, can arrive at a positive conclusion and assert the fact, where to us it may seem an utter impossibility for such to be correct, according to our observations. Where distance is one of the factors coming into dispute, it might be accounted for largely by the great elasticity of hunters' miles, which, we may safely say, range in distance from 100 rods to 500 rods to the mile, varying according to grade, growth of timber and bushes, absence or presence of rocks, logs, etc., kind of weather, condition of the stomach, mental and physical condition generally, and many other environments.

Charles Cristadoro, in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, in commenting on the portrait of an elk by Wallihan, says, "He stands there, an elk in all his grandeur and beauty, sleek and graceful." My imagination can only see him as being anything but "sleek." He is certainly very poor, as the picture will indicate, and, as would be the natural condition in midwinter, as this evidently is, his long coat of hair is rough and shaggy, and he has that far-away, dreamy look in his eyes which all elk have in midwinter, when they are poor—so different from the bright, alert look of the early fall, when they are fat, strong and vigorous. That is the feature of the picture which appealed to me most strongly; and had his eyes had that keen, alert look, and his coat been sleek and smooth, with the surroundings showing midwinter, all would have been unnatural.

Truly, Mr. Cristadoro is justified in commenting on this picture, for no picture has ever come to my notice which so vividly and naturally shows the elk at home. It is a warrant of my appreciation of the picture to say that it occupies a conspicuous place in my scrap-book, which I have been working at for years, pasting therein only the very choicest of illustrations, and reading matter, all pertaining to game and hunting; a large portion of it clippings from FOREST AND STREAM, starting with E. Hough's "How Fur is Caught," in seven chapters.

One who has hunted much and observed closely the hunted animal, will notice some striking peculiarity at a particular stage of the animal's contact with the hunter, and will learn to look for and expect to see that certain peculiarity until it becomes so common to him that he comes to regard it as one of the well-known characteristics of the animal, when perhaps not one in fifty hunters have ever noticed the same trait in the animal at all, while at the same time the others may have, during their experience, been attracted by some other just as noticeable peculiarities, which we have failed to notice. For instance, I noticed among the first deer I killed a certain little action which they performed when shot through the shoulders or heart, and I learned to watch for that, and if I saw it, I was as sure of that deer as if I had it already packed on my horse. It was a vicious bound in the air and kicking straight out behind with both hind feet; then of course always dashing off a few jumps before falling dead. While many may have noticed this action, I have never yet heard it spoken of, and yet a large percentage of the deer I have killed have gone through exactly the same performance. This experience only refers to black-tail. Hunters of white-tail tell me that a sure sign of one's being hit hard is for it to drop its tail. Of course their big, white tail, being so conspicuous when they have it raised, would make it an easy matter to determine whether its tail was up or down; but the tail of a black-tail, not being noticeable, it would be hard to determine whether or not the carriage of their tail would indicate whether they were or were not hit.

A person may hunt for years and kill much game, and perhaps some one individual animal may "cut a caper" entirely different from all others. It would be hard to explain why. One fall I was helping my near neighbor to do some work. His brother and wife from the city came to visit him, and found us out of meat. One evening I suggested that I go over to my cabin, about eighty rods, and bring over my rifle and go out next morning at break of day and try for some venison. The city people thought it most remarkable to think of trying to kill a deer before breakfast. It was Sunday when I started over, and when I got my gun, an extra pair of boots and some other things and started back it was getting quite dusk. Looking across the meadow along the edge of the green timber, I saw three deer coming out into the pasture to feed. Dumping my duffle down in a pile, I lay down flat and started to crawl toward them, and they were coming toward me. By lying flat and keeping in the lowest places, I managed to keep out of their sight till I got within 50 yards of them—it was by that time getting so dark that I had to get close.

Of course, I had to rise up in their sight to shoot, but had a good idea that they would tarry just about long enough in their astonishment to give me a quick shot. I cocked my rifle, got all ready, and then rose up in position for a knee rest. The nearest one to me was so startled at my sudden appearance in the very midst of them that it went off a few jumps, then stopped to look. As it turned around, facing me, I shot it in the breast; then it did what no other deer in all my hunting experience ever did: It bounded high in the air; higher than I ever saw any deer jump, and lit on the ground on its back, making the ground fairly quake. I thought the way it sounded the critter had burst wide open. It jumped to its feet, made three or four bounds, and fell,

then got almost on its feet again and dropped dead.

The difference between the actions of a deer and elk when struck by a ball is remarkable. While a deer shows in a very lively way when it is struck, an elk, on the contrary, seldom ever flinches, so that you may be watching it closely and yet not know whether or not it is hit.

A great difference is also shown between the two animals when wounded and being followed. No matter how badly a deer is wounded, it is hard to approach, always using its usual caution in selecting a place to lie down, while an elk with a mortal wound will often lie down with its head behind a log or tree, so that its head is hid from view as it is approached from behind, while its body may be exposed to view, thus giving the hunter every advantage.

Before reaching the age of having opportunity to be among big game, I eagerly read everything I could get on the subject, either in the way of natural history and information concerning their habits and living, or simply narration of experiences; but found most of my reading of no practical benefit when it came to getting into the woods among the real, live game; and only by hard experience can we learn fully of their ways.

The old maxim, "Learn to do a thing by doing it," would apply to no pursuit better than that of hunting. A novice who was very desirous of learning how to hunt bees once traveled many miles to see old Peter Fyock, one of the old-time veteran hunters, who was the last of such characters of my acquaintance to pass away, to secure from him the desired information. After learning his mission, old Peter said to him, in his slow, deliberate way, "Oh, it's a trade, and you have to learn it!" That was all the information he received for his trouble.

It was always my habit when hunting on snow to follow the first track of game I came to, no matter whether it was fresh or not, so long as its direction did not conflict too widely with the general direction I wished to hunt. Once, while following an old track of a single buck, I crossed a very fresh track of a fawn. The tracks crossed at right angles, the fawn going directly toward home. I halted and reasoned with myself thus, "If I keep on after this big deer, old as the trail is, I may get it, and the chances are about equal that I won't get it. If I switch off after this fawn, it being alone, I can be sure of getting it, but I won't have so much when I do get it. Which shall it be?"

After weighing the chances and balancing them with the weight of the deer, I decided that, as I needed some meat at once, I had better be sure of a small piece than take chances on a larger. I started after the fawn, full of confidence. In an hour I had it scared up, without having seen or heard it. For six hours I pushed on after it, with a grim determination to have it. After dark I tramped wearily home without having seen it. I declared that I would not be outdone by a fawn, and before the sun was up next morning I was on its trail where I had left it, and by 9 o'clock was so close to where it was feeding that I found its droppings still smoking. It was an ideal morning to hunt; the sun was shining warmly and made the snow soft; but notwithstanding all the favorable conditions, and my extreme caution, that blamed critter got out from under my very nose without my seeing or hearing it; and all day long I followed it, using all the caution and strategy I knew, and at night I left it about where I had the night before, and went home, tired, but so much wiser than I was two days before.

Two years of argument could not have convinced me that a fawn with five or six months' experience, alone in the woods, on a good tracking snow, could so completely outwit me, with several years' successful hunting experience, that in two days I could not so much as get a fleeting glimpse of it or even hear it; but two days of hard experience did the business. I hope it is living yet, a wise old deer, successfully baffling all pursuit.

EMERSON CARNEY.

Maine Hunting.

BOSTON, Nov. 30.—Still the big-game hunters who have suffered from the deep snows and early winter weather in Maine are coming in. Mr. William G. Harding and Mr. Theodore Ripley, both of the Boston Herald mechanical force, have just got home from their annual hunting trip. They went to Patten, Me., and thence to the Sebois region, as they have done in each other's company for several seasons. Last year, it will be remembered, that Mr. Ripley shot the big moose, an account of which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time, and early this season a most readable article concerning the same hunt. This fall they intended to go in fourteen or fifteen miles on foot, toward the Allaguash, further than the transportation of twenty-five miles by buckboard from the railroad. They took tents, and intended to make a thoroughly out-of-door trip, away up the East Branch of Sortle Brook. But the first day in the woods it snowed, at which they were much rejoiced. The second day it snowed, and snowed nearly two feet, at which they were considerably disturbed. They came upon a deserted camp, after making not one-half the distance they had intended from the buckboard road, and concluded to stay in this camp. They did not pitch their tents at all, as the snow lasted all the time they were in the woods, with occasional augmentations. They easily got their two deer each, handsome bucks, while the guides took a couple for food at the camp. They saw a number of moose of the spike-horn sort, but these neither wanted, as both have splendid moose heads to their credit already. The novelty of buck deer fighting they looked upon with wonder, seeing the battles several times. In the midst of one of these battles Mr. Harding shot one of the bucks. The other got away, after giving his fallen foe a parting gore. Partridges were unusually scarce, and Mr. Harding attributes this to the great abundance of foxes, black cats or fishers, sables and weasels. They at once found their camp infested with weasels—little white fellows with only tips of brown at the end of their tails. They tracked sables and saw a number of foxes. Fishers they tried hard to get sight of and within shooting distance, but did not succeed. They say that they had little idea of the amount of such game in that region till they saw the tracks on the fresh

snows. Breaking camp and tramping out to the buckboard road was particularly difficult for men not accustomed to wading through two or three feet of snow, but they came out alive, and feel well repaid in experience and the novelty of being in the woods with so much snow on the ground. They are not just ready to try it again, however.

Maine gunners have been reaping a harvest of deer since the snows have fallen. The animals are being killed nearer to the settlements than ever before. It is certain that the number of deer killed by Maine citizens is greater than the number killed by non-residents, and still there is talk of taxing sportsmen who come from outside of the State.

MOLUNCUS, Me., Nov. 29.—Here we are in the Maine deer country. The snow is deep—nearly two feet—but there are sportsmen here, and they are getting game. Nearly seventy deer have been forwarded from James Millmore's place this fall, and eight go to-morrow morning. Sportsmen have no trouble in getting their full equal quota. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Connell go out with four deer to their credit. Mrs. Connell shot one yesterday herself, and Miss N. Knight, of Newburg, has shot two this fall. Both women are brave about the weather. They go out dressed for braving the snow—rubber boots and sweaters. The best feature of this point is that the deer are to be found within a mile of Millmore's place. Dr. Chapin, of Springfield, also goes out to-morrow with his full quota of deer. A sister of Miss Knight had a funny experience last fall here. She is accustomed to the woods; shoots partridges every fall. Last fall she came up with a lady friend, also in love with shooting. Miss Knight took her friend around the woods, hunting, and they had good luck partridge shooting. Somebody told the story down at Bangor. They informed the game warden that Miss Knight was guiding without a license. The warden came up to investigate. He looked into the case, and wisely concluded to let the lady hunters alone. Prof. J. F. Moody, of Auburn, is here, and out after deer.

SPECIAL.

Some Thoughts Upon Moose Hunting.

A FORTNIGHT ago, while sitting with a companion beside a New Brunswick barren, I discovered a cow moose and her calf feeding toward us. We had a small but hot and almost smokeless fire made of branches of dry juniper. The day was raw and the sky overcast. It was noontime, and we had just finished our luncheon. The moose were not more than 100 yards away and were absolutely in the open. We arose, and when I saw that there were no horns, I laid down my rifle and got out my camera. The cow was large, probably weighing 900 pounds, and to my surprise, she had a good-sized bell. The calf (perhaps a yearling) was nearly as tall as the cow, but of course slender. They fed slowly to within 70 or 80 yards of us, then turned about and finally wandered again very slowly in our direction. We were standing in plain view. The cow came on, while the calf seemed to have found particularly attractive ground and lingered behind. At 60 yards the cow observed us, looked intently a few moments, then resumed her feeding and advanced slightly to one side. She looked several times, and at last, when 25 yards away and exactly down wind, receiving both the smoke from the fire and our scent, she looked at us, laid back her ears, and we thought had a generally cross expression. After smelling and looking, she went on feeding. It has been suggested to me that the smoke may have destroyed or obscured our scent.

In the meantime I had made three exposures, and as the calf came on turned and snapped him. He saw my movement, looked a moment, then trotted toward the cow and nearer to us. She appeared alarmed at his action, and together they trotted perhaps 40 yards, then walked on through scattering trees and out of sight.

Last year a woodsman met a bull moose coming out of a thicket into a logging road, and not over 20 yards ahead of him. The moose saw him, looked a little while, then stepped out into the road, apparently to get a better view, and stood gazing until shot. This year the same man met a bull moose in such a road, and having a heavy pack on his back, and not wanting a moose, he stood and waited for the animal to leave. The bull moose showed no fear, and at length the man slipped his arms out of the pack straps, laid down his burden, and after giving his lordship ample time to escape, shot him. The moose turned partly around and fell dead.

These and similar experiences lead me to the following suggestions:

First—That the moose is not particularly keen of vision, and is warned of danger chiefly by hearing and smell.

Second—That the knowledge of man's presence, gained by sight only, and in the open, does not greatly alarm the moose and does not spell danger. I take it that man appears rather insignificant, is regarded with curiosity, and so long as he remains in sight, excites little fear. However, once let him vanish after being seen, and the moose departs in haste.

Third—That the moose, unless frequently shot at and concurrently followed or hit, has little regard for the noise of a gun; in other words, he pays no attention to the report unless it be accompanied by other signals of danger. I know a gentleman who some years ago fired an old army musket twelve times at a moose in the open about 250 yards away, without disturbing his feeding, though he looked about once or twice. Of course, the moose would have been alarmed had the bullets struck under or near him, but they plainly went high and struck far beyond, and he heard only the report of the gun. Of course, the moose does not comprehend the nature of man's weapon, nor the flight of a death-dealing missile, nor possible injury to himself from a creature at a distance, but he may know by bitter experience, or more likely the noise of bullets striking objects near alarms him.

Fourth—It is my belief that the moose fears, more than all other enemies, the bear, which constantly destroys the young, and often attacks even the cows. Of course

the bear travels silently and stealthily, and the first warning of his presence is often the fatal rush. Therefore, let the moose hear any unusual sound when he cannot see its cause, and he waits not an instant; he says, "Bear!" and flees in a panic.

I suppose in the cases mentioned above, where the woodsman shot the moose, had the man been wearing a fur coat and walking on all fours the moose would instantly have shown great excitement and would either have charged at once or have fled.

It should be remembered that moose, like men, have various dispositions, and that the same moose at different seasons or in varying states of health will behave diversely. A rutting bull moose of mature years fears nothing which lives in the woods, nor even man, while at other times he may show much caution. There are times, as in summer, while there is no shooting, when all moose seem to realize a truce with mankind. At a lake I know a few miles from a New Brunswick village, both bulls and cows frequently appear unconcernedly on one side while men and boys gather cranberries on the other side only a few hundred yards away in plain sight.

I heard a good deal of complaint regarding the small-bore rifles, and rumor had it that Henry Braithwaite's parties had this year wounded and lost many moose, much to his disappointment as well as sorrow. Further, that he attributed the loss to the use of the small-bore rifles. The question to my mind is one largely determined by the temperament and experience of the hunter. The cool and experienced shot will kill cleanly and surely with either style of gun, and naturally prefers the lighter weapon with low trajectory. The average sportsman, however, is inexperienced, is usually under excitement which is often increased by the nervous anxiety and hasty and copious advice of his guide, and is likely to shoot, if not wildly, at least inaccurately and without deliberation. I met a gentleman returning from his first moose hunt—one of the crack trapshooters of the States—who confessed to having killed his moose with seven shots from a Mannlicher, no one of which struck the heart or lungs, and his caribou with the thirteenth shot from the same gun, having missed the other twelve. Comment would be superfluous. The gentleman realized that such shooting was inexcusable; and I predict that he will some day be as expert with the "queen of weapons" as he now is with the scatter gun. I would give to the cool and certain shot a small bore, but the ordinary hunter will be less cruel and have less disappointment if he uses the large bore. The .30 is a lancet, deadly indeed, but allowing the animal not hit in heart, lungs or spine, time to travel beyond reach. The large bore, on the other hand, is a club which paralyzes by concussion, and bleeds for tracking. Humanity, as well as success, fellow sportsmen, require that we do not shoot until we have used all possible ingenuity and skill to get to close quarters with the game, and then that we shoot deliberately and unerringly.

M. F. WESTOVER.

Protection Near New York.

MR. J. E. OVERTON, who has become famous for his pursuit of game and fish law violators on Long Island, has continued his good work through the autumn.

In September he had three St. James men fined \$25 for taking scallops before the open season. In October he caused a Bay Shore man to pay \$100 for offering for sale ruffed grouse before the season opened.

During the deer season on Long Island he watched the deer grounds very closely, and the general belief is that very few were taken illegally. About 100 were killed during the open season, and among them some very good bucks.

Mr. Overton recognizes the importance of breaking up the shipping of game to market from Long Island. On Nov. 11 he took two boxes in the express car of the Long Island Express Company, on the morning train from Wading River, and found five partridges and twenty-one quail. He has begun actions against the shippers for the recovery of \$385 in each of the two cases. On attempting to repeat his inspection the next morning the express company refused him entrance to their car. A visit to the express company by Mr. Overton's attorney produced during the day a telegram announcing that the refusal had been reconsidered, and that their cars might be inspected. Since then no opposition has been offered.

Also on Nov. 11, Mr. Overton seized three grouse in possession of a newsboy on a train from Greenport. These were pinnated grouse, and evidently snared birds, and may very possibly be birds turned out by some preserve or club people near Greenport, on Shelter Island. The destruction of such rare and valuable birds by the pot-hunter is shameful and also discouraging. Mr. Overton has also recently arrested a Jerseyman taking scallops in Peconic Bay in violation of Section 128, and two other men for throwing starfish into the waters of Peconic Bay. One of the latter is in jail for thirty days.

The cold storage people's attorney had entered a demurrer to the game protector's complaint, and there is no telling when the case will come to trial.

Newfoundland Caribou.

BOSTON, Nov. 25.—I note your request to readers of FOREST AND STREAM to report their luck on shooting and fishing trips. My trip was to the Grand Lake barrens of Newfoundland in the latter part of last September, caribou shooting. I secured three. The largest weighed between 400 and 500 pounds. The head has thirty-five points, and is perfect. The next largest has twenty points, and one doe seven points.

SAMUEL WAX.

President Loubet as a Sportsman.

IN his youth, President Loubet was an indefatigable hunter, and has kept up this love for the sport. His favorite occupation at his country place, Rambouillet, is hunting. He is a tireless walker, and is fond of going off with a single game-keeper in search of his game. "You may smoke your segar, Joseph," he will say, and chatting pleasantly, the two set forth; the president forgetting the cares of state in his pursuit of the feathered or furry prey.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Game in Lower Michigan.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 27.—Mr. W. B. Merston, of Saginaw, under date of Nov. 23, chronicles some of the doings of the Saginaw Crowd, that representative gang of good ones. The only bad news he mentions is an accident to Mr. Watts Humphrey, and Mr. Humphrey's very many friends will regret to hear that he is to be laid up and will miss the closing days of the shooting season:

"On our Dakota trip we had a good time, every one was well, the weather delightful, and we got all the ducks we really needed. It has been a good many years since I have seen the quantity of mallards that I saw in North Dakota this year. Some of our nicest shooting was over decoys in the barley stubble, where we would blind among the shocks of grain and kill these fine birds on the hard ground.

"The Saginaw Crowd put the car in commission, and went out a week ago last Tuesday. Humphrey got his foot in a rabbit hole and dislocated his ankle, and had to crawl on his hands and knees half a mile to get a farmer to take him home. His foot is in a plaster cast, and he will be laid up a long time. The boys stayed down there about a week, going and coming. Mr. Briggs had good luck. You remember last year he did not go far away from the car, for he cannot stand much of a tramp, and after the others were gone, about 9 or 10 o'clock, he would hunt around the car, and did not miss a day but what he would have six or seven partridges.

"The country has been cleared up so you would hardly recognize it since you were there a year ago, and the boys did not get many birds; yet, from what I can learn, there were some patches of woods where they really did see a good many, but did not brag much about their shooting qualities. I could not go with them, for I had a lot of business that week, and besides I was a little stale, for I had put in about three days elsewhere the week before, trimming up twenty partridges and eighteen quail. But last Monday night they tempted me, and I joined the gang as they passed through Saginaw for a point up on a logging road west on the P. M. R. R. We arrived at our destination about 8 in the evening, and were up and away at 7 next morning, driving eventually seven miles from the car, stopping at one or two places on the way. We had to learn the ground. Briggs and Lyon, 'the two old men,' as the driver called them, hunted around the car, and as usual came in with six or seven birds. The rest of us missed a good many. We found them too close to the cedar swamps, where they would dart in out of sight in an instant, and it was impossible to follow them. I think when I counted up that night the party of nine had twenty-six partridges and about thirty quail.

"It is strange how the quail have thrived in that northern country. Their entire habits have been changed. They are now wood birds, very wild, frequenting swamps to such an extent that one never can kill more than two or three out of a covey, and I never saw such large birds. Some of them are fully double the size and weight of those I have shot in the South.

"The next day we concluded we had gotten on to the territory, and were going to have good shooting, and it turned out we did very well. I had my shooting clothes on, and killed fifteen partridges and four quail, and had a long tramp all by myself. I had old Bob, and every bird was killed over his point, and it is a strange thing, but I did not once during the day walk on to a bird. Every one I put up was one that the dog was pointing. Twice I got three out of a bunch, being able to slip in the third shell before they had gotten away. There were times when I found a bunch of five or six together, and twice I made a double, two leaving the ground at the same time. When we all got in that night we had fully as many birds as we had the day before, and some had drawn a blank. The next day was delightful, but we got out of the good territory and only had fair shooting. So you see that was a good hunting trip. The car is out of commission for the year, and every one feels pretty well satisfied.

"The general report is that quail are very scarce, and partridges are rapidly becoming extinct, unless you go away up North for them."

Deer in Southern Illinois.

Mr. W. A. Powell, of Taylorville, Ill., this week sends news of a very unusual sort from his part of the world. He says: "Fred Langley and I had a deer hunt last week and got a spike buck after quite a chase. We trailed him several miles, and finally Fred shot him. He probably got away from somewhere, but we have not heard of any one losing any deer anywhere near."

It was five or six years ago, if memory serves correctly, that Mr. Powell killed another deer a few miles from Taylorville, and the event was made much of at the time, as no such animal as a deer had been seen in that part of the country for perhaps thirty years. It was supposed that this deer in some way crossed the Mississippi River from Missouri and worked its way up across the less settled portions of Illinois. Taylorville is in an old farming country, and the timber has given way to corn and wheat these many years past, only a few strips of timber here and there around the creek bottoms reminding one of old days. Strangely enough, an occasional wolf is seen even yet in that neighborhood, and the sportsmen of that county now and then have a run after one. Mr. Powell has the skins of two or three which he has killed inside of ten miles of town.

Illinois Takes Up the War.

Emulating the activity of Deputy Warden Brewster, of Michigan, the Fish Commission of this State has taken up the matter of prosecuting infractions of the Illinois fish law, of which several of the market-fishers of Chicago have been guilty recently in the waters of Lake Michigan. Deputy Warden Ratto, of this city, has been ordered to stop the taking of whitefish and trout in Illinois waters of Lake Michigan, and has been authorized to charter a tug, and if necessary to take with him an armed posse. Mr. Ratto has evidence that lake trout are being caught somewhere in Lake Michigan by different members of the fishing fleet of this city. He has not yet

had evidence that these depredations were committed in Illinois waters. Between now and the end of this week, when the closed season for whitefish and trout ends, Mr. Ratto will be actively engaged in watching the commercial fishermen. During the week Mr. Ratto was to confer with wardens Overbach, of Wisconsin, and Morse, of Michigan, as to the best course of co-operation against this fleet of lawless fishing tugs. The trouble is that Indiana has no closed season corresponding to that of Michigan and Illinois, and the defense of all these fishing boats is that they were operating in Indiana waters. Some of the largest concerns in Chicago have been guilty of this law breaking. There was never better proof than this of the wisdom of uniform game and fish laws throughout a group of States adjoining each other and offering practically the same conditions in regard to fish and game life.

Another Requisition Under Game Law.

It is stated in the daily dispatches of this week—with what accuracy it is impossible at this writing to determine, that requisition papers would be taken out to-day in Wisconsin for the arrest in Chicago of Charles H. Dahlgreen, a Chicago man, who is charged with the attempt to transport game through the State contrary to the law. Mr. Dahlgreen claims that he killed two deer at one shot, and that, although he broke the law, he did so unwittingly. (He had already killed one deer.) The Government of the State of Wisconsin is supposed to take the stand that he could not be unwitting in bringing three deer instead of the legal number of two out of the State. It is alleged that he shipped two of the deer by express and put the hide and saddle of the third deer in a trunk which he undertook to get through. Mr. Dahlgreen will be prosecuted under the Lacey Act, which entails a heavy fine in case of conviction. It is stated that he is not the only Chicago man who has had game confiscated under the charges of illegal shipment from the State of Wisconsin, and there is a very good possibility of other cases receiving prompt and thorough investigation. It is not yet ascertained that the requisition from the Governor is to issue without fail. Should it issue, and should Mr. Dahlgreen be taken from this State to the scene of his offense, the precedent will be one of most vital importance to all sportsmen, whether of the witting or the unwitting class. As soon as it is determined that a man can be taken from the bosom of his family and hauled back to another State and forced to square himself for the infringement of the game laws, it may be considered as a moral, legal and actual certainty that he will be mighty careful how he breaks game laws after that; and so will every one of his neighbors who hears of his misfortune. It is no use "hollering" against the game laws. The time of greater strictness in these statutes is coming, and coming mighty fast in this part of the world.

Buffalo Jones Not Disappointed.

The following letter, just at hand from Mr. C. J. Jones (Buffalo Jones), would seem to finally prove in somewhat conclusive manner that Mr. Jones is neither dead nor disappointed. It is mighty nice to hear from him in the same old way from Topeka, which is west of the Missouri—this side of the Jordan. He is a man of big ideas, is Jones; and although he has been quiet about himself for a couple of years, it seems it has been simply because he was elaborating something he had up his sleeve, so to speak. May he live to see all his big plans succeed:

"On my return from the Pan Handle of Texas, where I have been a few weeks at the Goodnight ranch, superintending the cutting out of calves for weaning and grading the catalo, etc., I find your letter and obituary clippings. The clippings, and many others, had reached me prior to yours, and had caused me much annoyance in contradicting them. * * * You say no doubt I died a disappointed man. To rescue America's greatest animal was one of my chief aims. This I have fully accomplished. Another was to originate a race of cattle by crossing the buffalo and cattle; this I also succeeded in, and named the new race catalo. 'Cat,' the first three letters of cattle, 'Alo,' the three last letters of buffalo. This race of cattle will some day ere long surprise the world. The herd of 100 now at the Goodnight ranch is simply wonderful. Some of the grades from the black polled Angus and Galloway cows have robes that sparkle more brilliantly than a thousand dewdrops in the morning sun, while the animals carry a third more meat than native cattle, and the best of all, they never require nor will use artificial shelter, and do not require artificial food to keep them hog fat the year around. Do you suppose I would die a disappointed man after such great achievements?"

"Again, I always had a desire to be instrumental in making the desert to bud and blossom like the rose." It looked at one time as if that too had been accomplished, but the people of Colorado diverted the water from the Arkansas River and the great system of irrigating canals constructed in southwestern Kansas by myself became worthless, and the fields of those happy and prosperous people, whom I had induced to settle there, became dried and barren as Jonah's gourd vine. This gave me much worry and many regrets, and caused me to set about to overthrow the disaster that had rushed upon myself and friends. Thus, while away in the frigid zone, the cold was so severe it drove me into my little cabin. There, with nothing to read and no one to converse with, I was compelled to employ the long nights in some way, and as the wind was constantly from the barren lands and Arctic Ocean, I determined to invent some method of raising water by means of nature's own power, the wind, and for seven long months I whittled and whittled, endeavoring to arrest the wind with some kind of an appliance, to secure a direct pressure, all of which I accomplished; and to-day I have an air motor running with all the ease of a sewing machine, with power beyond computation. The one now in operation here draws, or elevates, nine barrels of water per minute, 18 feet high in a 16-mile wind, with ease. The capacity I can double by an outlay of about \$4. The power also drives corn shellers and grinders, saws wood, runs the grindstone, churn, washing machine, and no doubt will generate all the electricity needed on the farm and ranch for all kinds of use, in-

cluding heat and power for automobiles. I have a patent covering every detail, and will have the motor on sale in the spring. It will be salvation to the people I located at and near Garden City, as the water there, 7 feet below the surface, is inexhaustible.

"Now, do you suppose I am disappointed in life?"

"To be sure, I have other aims, and greater measures which I hope to accomplish, but I never have as yet wasted any time and energy on impossibilities. I have next to my heart now the establishment, by the Government of the United States, of a preserve for the bison and other American herbivorous wild animals. I shall again this winter ask Congress to set aside a tract of the barren and desolate waste of New Mexico to such a purpose, and feel sure our grand and noble President, Col. Roosevelt, will join in with his big and liberal soul to make sure of such a grand enterprise.

"I send you some photos of very recent date of the herd."

Why He Is President.

From time to time mention is made in these columns of that singular body of sportsmen known as the Wishininne Club. It is part of the constitution and by-laws of this club that any man to be eligible to membership must be either a shooter or a fisher. The club has no treasury and its only officer is a president. In very many ways the Wishininne Club is a pure democracy. Among its members are a mayor, an ex-mayor, three bankers and many others of prominence in the business world of this city. While all of these are present at the table—the Wishininne Club is not in official session anywhere except at the table—the members bow to the iron rule of the president, from whose rules there is absolutely no appeal. He assesses fines for "talking shop," regulates the conduct of those present, and in other ways so conducts himself as to raise the occasional question whether the club may not be more properly called a monarchy or an autocracy.

There has never been but one president of the Wishininne Club. His name is W. L. Wells, sometimes known as Billy Wells or Bill Wells. Mr. Wells was captain of the Minnesota camping party when the original Wishininne Club was organized. After that he announced himself as president of the club, and no one has since been able to oust him from that position. He says there cannot be any election, and that he intends to hold the job for the rest of his natural life. Yesterday evening, while in conversation with Mr. Wells, he engaged in certain reminiscent remarks: "My brother used to be an awfully good man," said he. "That was Jim Wells. I remember one time he got into some sort of a personal difficulty with a fellow about six feet long down at Monmouth, Ill. It was out on the depot platform. The fellow said something to Jim he didn't like, and Jim hit him, kind of thoughtless. The bystanders said that the fellow's heels dragged on the boards for about five feet before he got through falling."

"Your brother must have been something of a man," said I, sympathetically.

"Yes," said Billy, "he was; and, you know, I could always lick Jim easy. He was about the poorest man in our family."

This would seem to be the reason that Mr. Wells continues in the high office of president of the Wishininne Club.

E. HOUGH.

HARTFORD BUILDING, Chicago, Ill.

My First Grouse.

Up in the hills of Ticonderoga there is a wild farm which is the summer home of a retired professional man. Little attention has been paid to the subject of fencing or tillage, but the number of birds and rabbits is always a fixed quantity there. I was then spending my first season of delight as an amateur farmer, and, of course, liked to see a gun hanging from the antlers in the old log kitchen. This piece formerly belonged to the famous fox hunter, Ben Cheeney, of Ti street. It was a muzzleloader and pretty rusty, but I managed to secure a number of squirrels during my early shooting days.

One morning with pail in left hand and gun on shoulder, I started to the cold spring along by the orchard and mountain side, hoping to see something on the way. The path led through green shrubs and long, graceful ferns, and made a sharp turn up the hill near the spring. Just at the bend a big cock partridge started off on a run up the steep rock. I had never dreamed of snap shooting, but somehow I dropped that pail, cocked the stiff right hammer and fired just as the bird had got to the top of the rock near the spring about on a level with my head. There was a deafening report, and, of course, a cloud of smoke, but no bird could I find, although feathers by the handful were lying about. I searched for half an hour to no avail, and had to go away sadly. In later days an old hunter asked me if there was not a pile of brush near. "If so," said he, "you'll find him there, or what's left of him." One day I went to work and lifted a quantity of tree limbs, throwing them upon the fence, and there at the bottom between two large stones lay the bones of my game.

PETER FLINT.

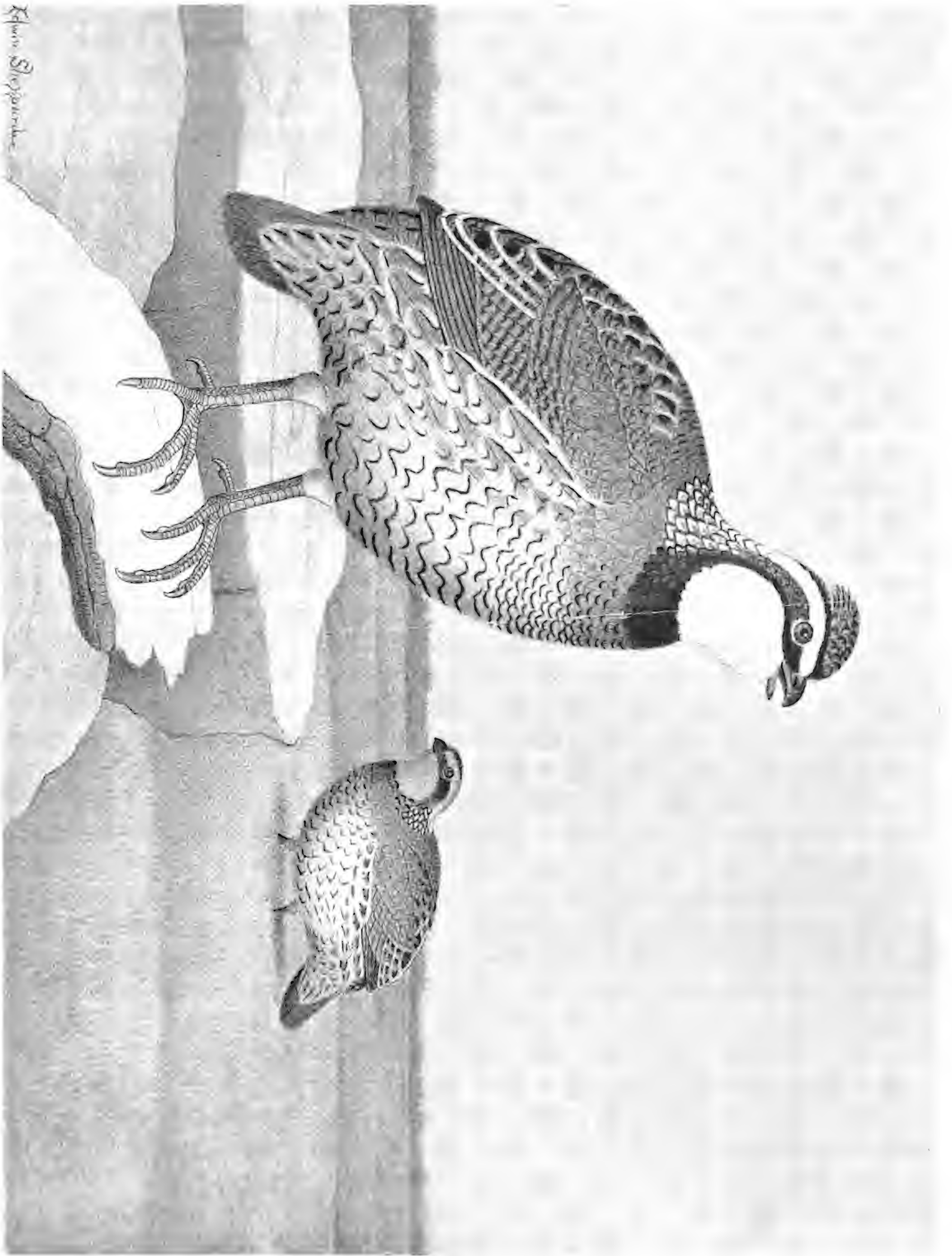
A Big Buck for Pennsylvania.

BEDFORD, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of hunters from Bedford, Pa., went hunting on Raine's Hill in Fulton county on Nov. 13. On the 15th, while four of the men were "driving" and four were on crossings, a large buck was jumped by H. N. Fisher. The animal circled around a side hill and came to Clarence Akers and Benjamin Hanks, who both fired buckshot at it. The animal ran about twenty yards and fell dead. The buckshot had reached the heart, but whose is not known. When the animal was weighed after deviscerating, it tipped the beam at 266 pounds, probably the largest deer killed in this State for many years. No one at Bedford ever saw a larger one, or one so large. The party saw, but did not get, five other deer on the hunt, which ended on the 17th.

The buck's horns had five points on one branch and four on the other. They were large, but not in proportion to the body.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.



Kelvin Sheppard

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MR. AND MRS. BOB WHITE.

SUPPLEMENT TO FOREST AND STREAM, Dec. 7, 1901.

Islip Town Gunners' Association.

THE lease of certain flats in the Great South Bay, recently made, was to the Islip Town Gunners' Association. It includes all the shooting grounds between East Island Flat and Lone Hill, thus comprehends all the grounds lying in that part of the Great South Bay owned by the Smith heirs. The President of the Association is Mr. C. R. Purdy, well known as an indefatigable and skillful gunner; the Vice-President is Uriah Green; the Secretary and Treasurer, Regis H. Post, and the Recording Secretary, Chas. Suydam.

The lease covers about seven miles of the best gunning grounds in the Bay. It is held for the Association in the name of Regis H. Post. The number of batteries is limited to 18, which covers about all the rigs in the neighborhood.

Since the Association controls such large waters it will hereafter be necessary for sportsmen who desire to shoot in this part of the bay to secure the services of the gunner who is a member of the Association.

It was found necessary to form the Association and secure the lease to prevent outside parties from taking the lease in the interest of some club. As it is, all the native gunners retain their gunning privileges.

The town of Brookhaven charges a license fee of \$20 for all batteries. The Islip Gunners' Association only issues licenses to residents of Islip town, with this exception, that in case there are not eighteen applicants from Islip town, the remaining licenses to make up the eighteen can be taken up by any owner of a battery in Brookhaven town west of Smithpoint.

It is easily conceivable that such an association as this may do much for wildfowl protection.

The ducks were very late in getting in the Bay this season, but there are plenty of them now, and the shooting is fairly good when the weather permits.

Those Indian Territory Quail.

COTTONWOOD FALLS, Kan., Nov. 29.—Replying to Philip's criticism of the 2,000 quail shipped in six crates, will say crates were about 4 feet by 6 feet, with two floors, and each floor well filled, and Sergeant E. Walker and I examined them and we believed we made a very conservative estimate of the number of quail in that one shipment from Purcell, I. T., to Pittsburg, Pa., of quail "strictly for breeding purposes." The following clipping will show the interest the well-known citizens of the Indian Territory manifest in "the preservation of game."

W. F. RIGHTMIRE.

ARDMORE, I. T., Nov. 27.—Deputy Marshal J. A. Tucker has arrested A. S. Gray, a well-known citizen, charging him with violating the game laws. The game warden of Chicago has during the past few months seized several hundred pounds of game shipped to that city from this Territory. Gray brought suit against the officials before the Illinois court, and the Department of Justice officials at Washington ordered Gray's prosecution in Indian Territory.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

League of Salt-Water Fishermen.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Our boys are now overjoyed at the prospect of some good cod fishing this fall and winter, for the coast of the Atlantic is alive with sand lants, better known as sand eels. Reports from all along the beaches are plenty of cod, ling, hake and whiting. It is a well-known fact that more whiting have been caught off the old iron pier at Coney Island in the past two weeks than there has been in the last few years put together. I am not advertising any particular spot, but I do know this to be a fact. Any one wishing for a good evening's sport (I say evening, because they will not take the bait in daylight) will find green smelt the best bait, and clam for cod and ling. Use about a 5 or 6-o hook. Following is an extract of the New York Press of to-day, which just fills the bill:

"When Izaak Walton wrote that God probably did not make any more peaceful pastime than angling, the London haberdasher and father of fishing did not have in mind angling for whiting. Angling for whiting is decidedly a bloody battle, and unless hooks with long shanks are used it is necessary to see the drug store man for a healing preparation after the combat. Whiting on the northern New Jersey coast is known as the winter weak-fish, because he puts up a good fight and is not a log to pull up like the cod, although he is a member of that family.

"The whiting has sharp teeth, and those who fish from the Coney Island piers, off Norton's Point and in the outside waters, can testify to this fact by the cuts and bruises on their hands. The whiting is a beautiful fish when alive, the upper parts of the body and sides are rusty brown with golden reflections, becoming leaden after death, silvery white beneath, iris silvery, dorsals and caudal rusty, the lower jaw longer, with teeth long and sharp.

"Whiting caught in the outside waters and from the piers extending into the Atlantic from the beaches on the south shore of Long Island reach an average length of 20 inches and weigh from 2 to 4 pounds each. The fish is known as whiting, but in the New England waters, where the fish is plentiful, it is known as silver hake and Old England hake.

"Their flesh is pearly white, and their eyes so beautiful that a poet has remarked:

"And here's a chain of whittings' eyes for pearls;
A mussel-monger would have made no better."

At our last League meeting an entertainment committee composed of the following were appointed by President A. Baywood for the year 1901-2: Messrs. T. Biedinger, L. Berge, E. Flidner, A. Michaels, B. Rightmire, A. Maillard, H. Kotzenberg. They are to report at

our next regular meeting of the League. Their report will be interesting to all members, and anglers are invited to attend. The meeting will be Dec. 18 (Wednesday evening), at 106 West Thirty-first street, New York city. We expect delegations from Newark, N. J., and Yonkers, N. Y., to attend.

T. BIEDINGER.

Membership in this League costs only one dollar a year. Salt-water fishermen in the vicinity of New York are invited to join and give us their support.

Unwise Stream Stocking.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The time will come when those of us who have had their share of sport must lay aside their fowling pieces and hang up their rods. I have had over fifty years of sport with the rod and gun, and it is sad to know that those who will follow me will never enjoy the pleasures which my companions and I have enjoyed in many of these years—and it is sad to know that this is largely for the reason that our streams and waters especially have been forever destroyed by those who should have protected them in their natural condition.

It is quite time that some one should speak—and speak plainly.

I am aware that our Fish Commissioners wrote to me some three or four years ago that I must concede that they, by reason of their superior position, must know more in regard to the waters of this State than any one else could in any way possible hope to know—but I have never seen the time when I did not in a general way know quite as much about the waters and fishes of this State as any one of our Commissioners, and in fact more than most of them.

It is very easy to make this assertion, and I should verify it.

A year or so before Seth Green engaged in the propagation of trout I had mastered the business with Thaddeus Norris, of New Jersey; after Mr. Green took up the matter I had considerable correspondence with him.

In the sixties I was attorney in an action which settled to some extent the rights of riparian owners, and have had other suits with like results. Some twenty years ago I had for three years charge of the stocking of the waters of this county.

About 1870 I met the Hon. Robert B. Roosevelt and Mr. Charles E. Whitehead at Albany, and a large portion of the fish and game law as then suggested by us has never been essentially changed.

In 1894 the Senate committee on fish and game was authorized to visit the entire State and take testimony as to its waters. This testimony, of nearly 700 pages, was turned over to me as their counsel, and I think that it may be assumed that I know something about the fish and fish industries of this State.

Not long before the death of Mr. A. N. Cheney, he wrote me a letter, in which he deplored the injury done to our waters by indiscriminate stocking, and stated that he hoped that he would be able to repair to some extent the damage already done—and it is a pleasure to know that our present Fish Commissioners are as anxious as Mr. Cheney was to prevent further injury to the waters of this State.

And now let me give some general facts which I could verify by a score of cases:

This State has paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars to our Fish and Game Commissioners, and what is there to show for it? Mr. Seth Green—and how far he was backed by the Commissioners no one will ever know—claimed that he knew better than the Maker of the Universe what fish were best adapted to its waters.

Fish were furnished indiscriminately on application, although Mr. Green knew or ought to have known that they would be put in waters in which the riparian owners had vested rights, and these waters would be ruined forever.

Many years ago the waters of this State were largely stocked by the State with large-mouthed black bass, and the fish then abounding in them have been practically destroyed by the bass; but there are some fish which have not been altogether destroyed, such as eels and suckers, which have always been regarded as food fishes, and now our fish law makes it a crime to take an eel with a bob or spear or to take a sucker with a snare or spear. In other words, our farmers and their sons have no right any longer to catch the fish which as riparian owners they are entitled to catch as a vested right.

I am not aware that our Fish Commissioners have ever recognized the rights of riparian owners, or that they have ever done anything to preserve or increase our food fishes. Perhaps the most notable instance of their neglect of duty is to be found in the case of Lake Ontario. Many years ago the commercial fishermen on this lake realized over \$200,000 a year from the white-fish industry, and to-day they have almost entirely disappeared. Do you ask why? Simply because they are not a game fish.

The waters of Lake Erie and Lake Michigan have been kept stocked with whitefish, and the commercial fishermen will realize not far from half a million dollars for each lake—and in Lake Ontario, nothing. Would it not be wise to spend some of the money under the control of our Commissioners toward restoring and protecting our food fishes, and not quite so much for the benefit of the owners of private fish preserves?

I have written with no pleasure, but with pain, and yet I am simply giving what has been the subject of common talk among our leading anglers for years.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Nov. 25.

Canadian Salmon Take the Fly.

A WRITER in the London Fishing Gazette says: "The old fable that the Canadian salmon will not take a fly has long since been exploded." Yes, it was exploded before that man's grandfather had a father.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

About Louisiana Crawfish.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

THE crawfish is quietly resting on his oars, busying himself about his own little affairs, building mud chimneys above his nest to protect himself from the wily raccoon's reach, and awaiting with apparent composure the time when he is to stagger to the center of the stage, hind end foremost, as it were, and when he will play his usual engagement of sixty days with the epicures. The crawfish is peculiar in many respects, but this fact has robbed him of none of his sweetness of flavor, nor has it detracted one iota from his dietary value from the viewpoint of the epicurean caterer.

Measuring between the earliest appearance of the crawfish in the local market and the latest data on which he is found in the market, the season runs for six months. But fishermen and men who make money out of the crawfish industry count simply on two months, March and April. During these two months crawfish are plentiful in this section, and all through the valley above this point. They thrive in fresh water, in shallow lakes and bayous and along the edges of the smaller streams.

Millions of these creatures are marketed and consumed in New Orleans annually. They are a delicious food when properly prepared, and crawfish bisque has become one of the famed dishes of this city.

How many crawfish are marketed and consumed during the season in this city cannot be estimated definitely. Roughly speaking, it would be necessary to count them by the carload, for independent of the consumption in the hotels and restaurants, a great quantity is consumed by families who gather them for themselves.

At the fish market during the season they simply pour in from all sections. They are caught in nets. They are docile and clumsy, and it is easy enough to gather them by the dozens. They are always found in shallow water. Their reasoning power, if they have any at all, is at a low ebb. However, they have learned something about defensive methods, and one may be convinced of this by an examination of a crawfish nest at the edge of a lagoon, a creek of a bayou. The nest is simply a hole large enough to admit the body. It is burrowed below the water level, or is connected by a small tunnel with the main body of water, so that the crawfish may have access to the stream or lagoon for feeding purposes. Like other crustaceans, he is fond of vegetable juices, the smaller aquatic insects and things of that sort.

Above his nest he usually constructs a mud chimney, and it will stand sometimes eight or ten inches above the ground. This is probably a defensive institution. Raccoons are fond of crawfish, and they make nightly pilgrimages in quest of these crustaceans. They reach down into the nests wherever they find them, yank the clawed and tentacled fellows out and devour them on the spot. Mud chimneys make it harder for the raccoon to reach them, and at least puts the forest marauder to more trouble. The chimneys are not works of art. They are plain, awkward heaps of mud, but built in layers and hollowed out, very much after the fashion of the mud chimneys built by man in primitive sections of the world.

These nests are also used for a sort of place of refuge for the younger members when they begin to take on the form of their kind, and before they are able to measure strength with the other creatures which live under the same conditions.

The crawfish industry has been of slow growth. For more than 100 years persons living in this section have known how to use them for food purposes. But many changes have taken place in the way that crawfish are served. Crawfish bisque is probably the best known among the dishes made of these crustaceans. They are served the same way. They are thrown into a pot of boiling water, which has been highly seasoned with salt and hot peppers, and they are allowed to remain there for ten to fifteen minutes. They are then taken out and put through a soaking process for thirty minutes. They are then ready to be served. They are placed on dishes, covered with cracked ice and ushered out to the epicure who may order them. They are used in making soup, and they give a delightful flavor to the dish.

Frequently the heads of crawfish are stuffed with a highly flavored mixture of some sort, and they are served with a toast and in various other ways they are prepared for the persons who are fond of them.

The industry is not confined to New Orleans or Louisiana. It has spread all through the Mississippi valley, and up as high as St. Louis one may see the caterers serving crawfish in season. Here in Louisiana they are probably more plentiful because conditions are more favorable. The lowness of the land and the peculiar topography of the country give the crawfish a splendid chance to thrive. Here he is prosperous, fat and saucy. The marshes are filled with sizelikes of him. A season's growth is sufficient to make him a marketable size. In spite of the increased demand and consumption, the rapidity with which the crawfish multiplies has enabled him to keep ahead of humanity's appetite, and the indications are that he will hold his own as long as there is water enough in the land for him to wallow in.

AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH.—First Artist—"Have you heard of Palette's misfortune?" Second Artist—"No, what is it?" First Artist—"He painted a realistic picture of a beefsteak, and his pet dog ate it up."—Chicago News.

REPORT YOUR LUCK
With Rod or Gun
To FOREST AND STREAM,
New York City.

Adirondack Tours.

At Lowville, on the Black River railroad, a genial party boarded the "Woods Express," drawn by a fair team, under the guidance of "Pap Burke," the old reliable wagoner who had been engaged to transfer ourselves and baggage over the eighteen miles of very fair road to Fenton's famous resort at "Number Four," situate near the pretty Beaver Lake on the Beaver River. Here we were most hospitably entertained, had good supper, lodging and breakfast, and in the morning, after a trip over the lake and a look at Grave's Lake, near by, we again took passage on the "Woods Express" en route for "Dunbars," where we were to meet our guides. We passed near Lake Francis, of which we took a view, and stopping for water at Sunday Creek continued over a then—1886—most miserable road, but enlivened by interesting forest scenery, through which we walked or rode, as the roughness or spirit seemed to move each individual. After nine miles were overcome—interspersed, however, with song, joke and repartee—we drew up at the hostelry and were received with open arms and a hearty welcome from big Joe Dunbar and our guides, Andrew and Chris. After one of the good dinners for which Mrs. D. was famous, we transferred our dunnage to the boats and pulled and paddled up the then sinuous windings of Beaver River until we reached Little Rapids, where we remained over night at Muncy's. The next morning we proceeded by stream and portage until we passed into Albany Lake, and on arriving at the narrows, where the old military road formerly crossed by a bridge, the sills of which were yet discernible, we stopped for a half-hour's fishing, and were rewarded with a very nice string of trout. Then we went on up the lake—the upper portion of which is quite attractive—and entering the inlet—Beaver River—proceeded up to the portage of three-fourths of a mile around the rapids, a good trouting water. Again embarking, after a pull of a little more than a mile, with charming river scenery, we entered what was then known as Smith's Lake, now Lake Lila, of Dr. Wood's preserve—Ne-ha-sa-ne Park—and were entranced by the panoramic views presented at every turn of the boats. This lake is one of the finest in the Adirondacks; it is studded with beautiful islands, tree covered and picturesque, and surrounded by a diversity of mountain scenery. The points and bays show to great advantage as seen from the top of Bald Mountain at the northwest portion of the lake, and it is well worth the climb of about 800 feet to get the view. From here one sees Silver Lake Mountain, Mt. Morris, Mt. Buck, Owlshead, Moose, Catlin, Baldwin, Blue Mountain and others in the distance; and intervening forest-crowned mountains and foothills of lesser height, but giving effect to the charm of undulating forest scenery, and presenting a variety of shading from the diversity of trees, from the light of the white birches to the dark of the evergreens and the intervening beech, maples, etc., thus giving a picture of wondrous beauty to a lover of nature. With a good field glass and with map and compass at hand, many prominent peaks, including White Face at Lake Placid, may be accurately located. As we passed an island and came in sight of the then unique sportsman's log hotel, kept by La Mont, the writer unpacked a small Distin cornet and awoke the echoes among the hills by playing a few selections; and as we approached the landing were greeted by all of the inhabitants and welcomed most cordially. Our trout were served at supper; a pleasant evening spent at "California Jack's" with story-telling, and we were shown to our rooms in the "dormitory"—a building two stories high made entirely without a sawed board or timber, everything having been prepared by the ax, the clapboards split out and somewhat smoothed with a draw-shave, and the shingles the same. It was a case of necessity, for there was neither sawmill nor postoffice within fifty miles, nor any road over which to do the hauling. It is now a thing of the past, and Dr. Webb's summer home has been built upon or near the site of the modest hostelry that has given good fare and a welcome to many sportsmen who sought the wilds instead of the pleasure resorts of the Adirondacks.

The next day we were upon the lake sight-seeing and fishing—some for trout and others trolling for the so-called lake trout. We met with very good success, the larger fish being placed in the ice-house, and the smaller served at the table. The next day a trip was made by carry and through Harrington Pond to Clear Pond, and some very fine, large trout were taken, some of which would weigh $2\frac{1}{2}$ to $2\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. Dinner was prepared on the shore, and most heartily enjoyed, and on our way back while on the outlet of Harrington Pond, upon turning a curve we saw a large buck standing at the edge of the stream, in full relief against the background of balsam firs. Unfortunately, none of the party had a camera, but the picture was impressed upon our minds indelibly. La Mont always had a camp-fire burning in the evening during the entire season a few feet distant from the hotel porch, and it was very enjoyable, as the guests would gather to the front; and story and song, with cornet music, made the hours pass merrily.

The next trip was across the lake to South Bay, and by a three-quarter-mile carry into the famous trout stream known as "The Shingle Shanty," where each of the party secured a fine creel of fair sized trout to add to the supply to be taken home. Another night at the camp-fire, and then a trip up the main or Beaver River inlet and through Mud Pond and Little Salmon into Josephine or Salmon Lake, a very pretty sheet of water peopled by both trout and lakereels, of which we secured a goodly share. We dined al fresco, and started back to headquarters in due time. Andy, with B. and myself, being the first, pushed ahead, and reached the river an hour before dark; found it rising and in places rushing like a torrent through confining banks; and on turning a bend we discovered a balsam tree uprooted and fallen directly across the channel. We hauled up and with our knives cut off branches so that we could pass the boat under by stooping, and went rapidly on, reaching Smith's Lake just before dark, and then across to the hotel, where a late supper awaited, of which we partook with keen appetites. When through supper we wondered why the others had not yet made their appearance. As it was now dark, the camp-fire had been lighted, which would serve as a bea-

con after they should reach the lake; but an hour passed before we heard anything of them. We were beginning to fear—which was the case—that some accident had befallen them, and we spoke of the fallen tree which we could not cut away as we had no ax. At last a shout far out on the lake, which we responded to, and then the announcement "Get something hot, we are wet and cold," brought us to a realizing sense that something had happened; and part went to meet them at the dock, and others prepared a hot and stiff whisky toddy, and replenished the fires, while the women got a hot supper in readiness, all of which was duly appreciated by the three half-drowned voyageurs. After they were warmed and fed we learned their tale of woe. It seems that S. and P., against the advice of Chris., stopped awhile at Little Salmon for "just a few more trout;" and by the time they reached that part of the river where the obstruction was, it was dark, and they did not see it until the man in the bow struck into the branches, and the boat swung around and upset as it was drawn under by the strong current, and the former occupants struggling in the water. Chris., hanging on to the paddle, soon came to where he could touch bottom, and fortunately regained the boat, and S. and P., by swimming, reached the banks in his near vicinity; but a gun and silver flask had gone to the bottom, and some fishing tackle was among the missing. They reentered the boat and hastened as best they could to their destination. Next morning Chris. and Andy went up to the scene of the disaster, cut out the tree, and recovered the gun and flask and some of the tackle, and after dinner all but myself started on their homeward trip with a fine lot of fish for their friends, and considerable experience.

I had engaged Andy for the entire season, except ten days that he had previously engaged himself to a New York party. On his return in a couple of days, we put up a pole and bark wigwam fourteen feet across and sixteen feet high, with two openings, either of which we could at will cover with a movable door made of the same material. We put in bough beds, built a stone fireplace and some camp chairs and stools, and swung a hammock upon the beautiful rock, tree and moss covered point about a half mile above the outlet, from which a charming view was ever present in every direction. It was known as Cincinnati Wigwam, and was our headquarters, where we welcomed and entertained our sportsmen friends from camps on Smith's Lake, Albany Lake, and Bog Lake, as well as casual tourists and others who passed or stopped at La Mont's. Many an enjoyable hour was spent at that lovely spot, and many friendships made that are pleasant memories of by-gone days. When we were away on our trips we left a birch bark legend in plain view, reading: "Cincinnati Wigwam. Use but don't Abuse," and frequently on our return would find that it had been occupied, but left clean and in good order, with sometimes a note stating who were the occupants.

One of our first trips was by way of the interesting hill and dale carry of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles to Charley Pond, a neat bit of water, famous for trout and as a good deer hunting locality, which took its name from Charley Smith, an old-time hunter and trapper, whose cognomen was given to Smith's Lake, on the northern bank of which he lived and had a little clearing near Bald Mountain, then a one-half mile carry into Smith's Creek, the outlet of Charley Pond, and a two-mile paddle—passing the famous spring that bubbles volumes of cold water into a brook, and which is a noted trouting hole. Then we entered Little Tupper Lake, a beautiful body of water with some six or seven handsome islands, and shores forest-covered and attractive. On Sand Point we found the neatly kept camp of Mr. Gove, of Manchester, N. H., who was absent on a trip. Thence to the Sportsmen's Hotel, then kept by the tall, athletic and noted guide, Pliny Robbins, where we dined; and after a rest and smoke pursued our way through the outlet into and across Round Pond—large enough to bear the name of lake—thence by the well cut carry around the rapids to its junction with the Bog River, which is quite a stream—the outlet of a chain of numerous lakes and ponds. At the terminus of this carry, some time later, as we were en route the other way, occurred a rather pleasant episode. Coming up the river as we neared the carry I observed what I supposed was a woman with a red shawl thrown over her head, seated on a log, and I said to Andy: "That looks like calico up there by the carry." But on a nearer inspection we found it was a man with a red scarf about his head and the ends flowing back. As I left the boat and approached, I saw a bronzed, Spanish-looking face adorned with black mustaches and goatee, well waxed, and he was puffing the smoke from a pipe with perfect nonchalance. I thus addressed him, quoting from Othello: "Most potent, grave, and reverend seignor, my very noble and approved good master," etc.

He sat like a statue until I had concluded, and then quickly arose and commenced in tragic tones: "Down, down to hell, and tell them that I sent thee," etc., quoting aptly from Henry VI.

As he concluded, I extended my hand, saying: "Shake, spear, shake! My name is Whitaker, camping at Smith's Lake." As hands were clasped, he said: "And I am Gove, and just broke camp at Little Tupper—waiting for my man to come over the carry." I replied: "I have been at your camp, and have now some mail for you; glad to know you; join me in a bottle of Bass and have a cigar." Then we sat down and told who we were, and where from, and some experiences, and found we were brethren of the mystic tie—and were glad we had met. Gove said: "I have been camping in the Adirondacks for fourteen years, and love each river and lake, and every mountain, rock and tree, for it has brought life and health to me. I was nearly gone with consumption when I was brought here first, and weighed only 114 pounds, and now look at me." I could scarcely believe that the hearty, robust man of 165 pounds could have had such a record. Soon the guide came with the rest of the duffle, and after mutual promises to visit our respective camps the next year—which was done—we parted company.

Proceeding down the boulder-strewn Bog River—a good trout stream—we arrived presently at Tupper Lake, another fine body of water overshadowed by Mt. Morris, with its elevation of 1,545 feet, and stopped over night

with mine host Lem Corry, at the Tupper Lake House, near the head of the lake, where we met quite a number of genial sportsmen, and some interesting characters among the guides, and passed a pleasant evening. Next morning we went on down the lake, enjoying the varied scenery, and near the foot stopped at the renowned Mart Moody's, and were entertained as Mart alone can entertain with his famous stories of adventure; and after partaking of Mrs. Moody's good dinner went on and up the Raquette River; and stopped for the night at Walton's at the falls. The next morning we went up to Long Lake, passing Buck, Kempshall, and Owlshead Mountains as we went through; and unpacking my cornet I played a number of selections that aroused both the echoes and the natives, for on stopping at Kellogg's we found the noted Captain Parker with several members of his brass band awaiting us at the dock. The Captain tried and became enthralled with the miniature Distin, and then nothing would do until I had given them a few choice melodies, "the best in the band-wagon," as the Captain remarked. After dinner we went up to the head of the lake, and carried into the inlet. Viewed Murray's Phantom Falls, and couldn't believe that a boat could pass over and live. We then had another carry to make and then put into Forked Lake, and stopped over night at the Forked Lake House, where we were well cared for. Next morning we started on a tour of inspection around the indented and beautiful forest-covered shores of both Forked and Little Forked Lakes, and felt well repaid for the time spent. We also visited Plumley Pond—named after the old trapper, hunter and guide, John Plumley, who was a noted character. Returning to the hotel for dinner, we then went across the carry to the foot of Raquette Lake, a large and singularly shaped sheet, with various points and bays and islands, about which were located several camps and hotels. We passed along the north and then followed up near the western shore, noting as we passed the Brown Tract Inlet, thence along the southern shore past the South Inlet, and down the eastern shore until we reached Bennett's Hotel late in the evening, and were glad to have supper and a good bed in which to rest. Next day we went up the East Inlet or Marion River, and carried into Utowana Lake, and through its inlet to Eagle Lake, upon the shore of which the noted writer, "Ned Buntline," had a retreat known as "Eagle's Nest," and thence into Blue Mountain Lake, a beautiful sheet, island studded, and with handsome surroundings, with Blue Mountain rising 3,762 feet above its northeastern shore. We took a turn about the lake, noting the several fine hotels and cottages that are built about it, and finally stopped over night at the Blue Mountain Lake House. Here were many guests, and the buckboard stages that ran over the very fair mountain road from the terminus of the railroad at North Creek were well filled with others coming in, and matters were lively for both landlords and guides. Next day we took the trail and made the ascent of Blue Mountain, and from the top of the old signal station used by Colvin in making his survey of the wilderness, we obtained a fine view of mountains, lakes and streams, and I gave expression to my admiration by playing upon my cornet "My Country 'Tis of Thee," and a few other appropriate airs, such as "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon," etc. We had taken lunch, and so dined on the mountain and finally retraced our steps back to the hotel and remained until morning. Our route back to Raquette Lake was without special incident, except that at the outlet of Utowana we stopped and caught a sufficient number of trout to broil on forked sticks over the coals of a fire that we made, and which constituted the principal item in our al fresco dinner by the river side. It is a matter of wonder how many broiled trout a hungry man can eat, even when tired of trout fried or boiled. I have demonstrated this fact upon numerous occasions, and when I had a bit of salt pork to lay a strip inside of each trout as it was being broiled, more yet could be disposed of. From Bennett's, next day, we went on a side trip of exploration up the South Inlet, and by a carry of $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles to Shad Lake, and thence a carry of two miles to Lake Honda, the head of the south branch of Moose River. We were well repaid for the trip—both were good trouting places. On our way back we caught some trout in the inlet and had them for supper at Bennett's. Next day we went up Brown's Tract Inlet to the carry, and thence $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to the head of Eighth Lake of the Fulton Chain; it is a pretty lake of clear spring water, with sandy shores and tree embowered, and very attractive. I remarked to Andrew that if I was going into the hotel business in the wilderness this would be my choice of locations, midway and in the direct line of travel between the east and west portions of the Adirondacks. I am recently informed that a party named Norton has now located there. There is one attractive island in Eighth Lake. Eagle and Bug Ponds are within easy portage westward, and good trout fishing afforded in all. A carry of a mile down the outlet and we entered Seventh Lake, and were hailed by a gentleman fishing near who recognized me and insisted on our going with him to the camp on the northern shore, where we were introduced to and welcomed by a party of traveling men who were well equipped and enjoying a two weeks' outing. My friend knew that I was a cornetist, and having ascertained that my instrument was in the pack basket, insisted on having it brought forth, and I entertained them to the best of my ability. Some familiar airs were given, to which the party added their vocal powers, and there was "music in the air" for considerable time, and I was easily induced to remain their guest until the following morning. Fishing was given the go by, and cards, story telling and music filled up the time very pleasantly. I regret having mislaid memoranda with names of these gentlemen. In the morning we moved on and ran through the outlet into Sixth Lake—small but pretty—and from its foot carried around the rapids into Fifth Lake—the smallest of the chain—thence into Fourth Lake, which is by far the largest and very fine, and an attractive resort. Having passed the pleasantly located Island House, we were on the broad bosom of the lake, and had the full benefit of the opposition to our progress made by a brisk westerly wind, and as the waves were rather heavy, it was only by hard work at oars and paddle that we finally reached Perrie's Hotel, at the foot of the lake, rather tired and

quite ready for the excellent dinner furnished us. In the afternoon we took the trail and ascended St. Louis Mountain near by, and enjoyed the prospect from the summit. Remaining over night, after a "stirrup cup" of Perrie's wild cherry bounce, home-made, we embarked and entered Third Lake, soon passing into Second, and having inspected its surroundings, pulled to the southern shore in search of the trail leading thence to Little Moose Lake, which we easily found, and a carry of three-fourths of a mile brought us to that beautiful lake which is now part of the Adirondack League's property, and is adjacent to Panther and Little Moose Mountains. Having made a trip of exploration, we returned to Second Lake, passed through it and its outlet into First Lake, and were soon quite at home as guests of mine host Barrett at the Forest Hotel. Here we met many noted guides, and quite a number of tourists, to whom the story of our wanderings seemed interesting; and then, after an hour spent musically down at the steamboat wharf, the echoes of which were wafted back from the mountains, and which seemed quite enjoyable to the audience assembled, we finally "broke ranks" and retired.

Next morning we replenished our supplies, and after many pleasant adieus and "bon voyage" wishes from our new made friends, we pulled away on our return trip to Fourth Lake, and stopping at the carry on the northern shore made our way to the small pond, thence a mile carry to Laudon's Lake—now, I think, called Bubs—a pretty bit of water on the north branch of Moose River; thence over to Moss Lake, which is one of a little chain of lakes, and having caught sufficient trout opened the stores from our pack basket, and having made coffee and broiled our fish dined royally with a hungry man's appetite amid picturesque surroundings. Then a smoke and a rest, and we tackled the carry over to Foster's, or Dart's Lake, then down its outlet to the carry by which we reached Big Moose Lake. We were so tired by our trip over the somewhat rough carries that we postponed any exploration about the lake, and proceeded to make a temporary bough camp with beds of balsam tips for our night's bivouac; then starting our camp-fire, we took our blankets and store of catables from the pack basket and prepared a supper of good coffee, sliced metwurst well smoked and dried, (by the way a most convenient and excellent addition, as a couple of pounds takes little room and will keep well; excepting, of course, the thin slices that give zest and are so much relished once or twice a day); also bread, butter and cheese, and cake chocolate. Having fared sumptuously, we sat by the shore enjoying the scene as twilight approached; then, after playing a few airs upon the cornet, we wrapped ourselves in our blankets and merited the rest obtained. In the morning we caught some trout at the inlet that enters the queerly shaped south bay, and having breakfasted, embarked on a tour of inspection, going entirely around the peculiarly indented shores, and enjoying the magnificent prospect afforded. We found some unoccupied camps, but were the sole "monarchs of all we surveyed." This is one of the most beautiful of lakes, and at that time seldom visited by tourists, and a grand place for trout and deer, having many small lakes and ponds in the vicinity, and we thought it an ideal location for the camper who loved the wilds of the forest. Since then hotels and camps have been put up, and the Adirondack railway built, so that it is now more accessible. It is well worth a visit by the tourist.

It was our intention to spend the entire day about the lake and return to our camp for the night and start next morning on the unknown route to Raquette Lake, except the knowledge afforded by our map and the aid of our pocket compass, but having made the grand rounds we sought the trail at the eastern end and went over to Russian Lake, a small but handsome sheet, and from it over the dim trail to Constable Pond, where we established quarters for the night. In the morning we crossed over and finding the trace to Chub Pond, went over and through it, and then over the divide and reached Queer Lake, quite an interesting spot, and from there had to make a carry of three miles to Shallow Lake, quite a body of water, and with fine surroundings, and were then quite ready for a rest and dinner. Queer Lake empties into Shallow, and the outlet runs thence $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles into the northwest bay of Raquette Lake. In those days they were visited only infrequently, as the trails were almost indistinct, and required good woodcraft to follow. We were out for adventure and knew that when we couldn't go ahead we could always retrace our steps. After lunch we coasted about Shallow Lake and finally pushed on by outlet and carries until we finally reached the desired haven in Raquette Lake, and pulled up to Ten Eyck's on the northern shore, where we had supper, lodging and breakfast, and entertained our host with the story of our pilgrimage. Then we took the wagon road that led northwest, and after a tramp of four miles embarked at the foot of Brandreth's Lake and went up through this handsome Z-shaped lake until we reached the upper end where the handsome Durant Lodge and houses of the guides in charge are located. As we came ashore we were met by Carey, the man in charge, to whom we introduced ourselves, and informed him that we were on the tramp, our destination being to headquarters at Smith's Lake. He kindly invited us to remain as his guests until next morning, and gave us the privilege to take fish enough for supper from the lake, and we gladly accepted. After dinner, we went out and took a "laker" of about four pounds, and a couple of good sized trout on a trolling spoon, and enjoyed our exploration of the lake, returning in time to help get the supper, after which I produced some good cigars, and we engaged in a game of pinochle. After this the cornet interested our hosts for a time, and then to bed and rest. In the morning we went over the $1\frac{1}{2}$ -mile carry to Salmon Lake, and thence by the well known route through Little Salmon, Mud Pond and Beaver River to our old stamping ground at Smith's Lake, and pulled for Lamont's with colors flying and "music by the band," and as we reached the dock were gladly welcomed.

We had made the grand tour in seventeen days, having had good weather all the time, and worked hard nearly every day. We were tough and hearty, although it was no sinecure to go over some of the carries, one carrying a pack basket of from 50 to 60 pounds, and the other the

boat, with oars and paddles, weighing full 60 pounds. The distance traveled I never estimated. It was certainly a memorable trip, and one which I doubt whether any other person ever made in its full itinerary. It was entrancing throughout as the changes of scenery of land and water were successively presented, and we were glad and proud to think that we had passed through so much and without accident or injury to men or boat. We had passed through no less than 47 different lakes, ponds and rivers, and paddle and oars had done united service in each; and the numerous carries over which we had portaged were as varied and interesting as possible; while the panorama of views from the different bodies of water was something never to be forgotten. En route we saw many deer, and started up many ruffed grouse and ducks, but as it was not the season for game, we carried a rod case only, and often wished we had a camera, and were proficient in its use. In making portages we would go from one-half to three-quarters of a mile, depending on the character of the trail, ere we "unsling knapsacks" and took a rest. At the end of the trip our muscles were toughened and inured to the work, and we were strong and hearty as could be. Much of our route had been through primeval wilderness, far from the haunts of man.

E. S. WHITAKER.

CARTHAGE, O.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 4-7.—American Pointer Championship Field Trial Association's inaugural trials. Robert L. Dall, Sec'y.

Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

1902.

Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

Catching a Cat.

THE stock and cattle having been kept in the lots and pastures in obedience to the no-fence law, every ravine and creek bottom, not in cultivation, had become a veritable jungle of grass, weeds, briars, cane and bushes. These ravines and creek bottoms extending westward into the Delta of the Mississippi River, afforded ideal passage for the wildcat, so numerous in the Delta, to come up into the hill country; and from their almost impenetrable retreats they made frequent raids upon chickens, geese, ducks, turkeys and even pigs, of the near-by farms.

West of us about six miles was an immense thicket situated on Hurricane Creek. It was so large and dense that it had become the favorite haunt of many cats, and the negroes living near it having lost so many chickens and geese, requested Ol White and myself to come down "wid our dogs and ketch sum of dem dar wildcats." Leaving my dogs at home, one evening in September I went down to Ol's to stay all night and be ready the next morning at 3 o'clock to start for the thicket, which was about two miles from his house.

The hunter's intuition had us up by the hour, and in a few minutes we were mounted and blowing our horns for the dogs. Here came Barnum and Moscow, two large, dark-red fellows; Lep and Lee, of a lighter shade of red; Bass, an immense white and black beauty, and last, Old Ring, as blue-blooded a dog as ever scented a trail. Responding to the horn with their deep and musical voices, off down the road ahead of us they went, anxious for a chase. By spurring up our horses we soon overtook them, and kept them in the rear until we got to the hunting ground. There Jep Thomas was waiting for us with his three half-hounds, Rollo, Ring and Rowdy. Much fun was poked at his curs, but, like every man with the hunting instinct in him, he was loyal to his dogs, and was willing to bet his old white mule that "tho' nary one of 'em had ever smelt a cat, if they did once git a scint of one of them varmints, they'd never stop until they'd run the thing up a tree or clean out of them woods."

Though it was yet so dark we could not pick our way around the edges of the thicket, we harked the dogs in and off they went, each one like it knew just what we came for, and where to find it. Dismounting, we sat down on a log to smoke, chew and swap yarns until the dogs would strike.

Pretty soon the thicket was a medley of voices in every direction, just as if a whole bunch of cats had been run into, and as if each dog had a cat going in a different direction from every other dog. Listening intently, we tried to catch Old Ring's voice. She was the only test dog in the pack, and we were longing to hear her go to talking, for we knew that would mean a cat trail. Old Ring was saying nothing, so we had about concluded that the other dogs had run into a bunch of rabbits holding one of their nocturnal picnics, when here came two of Jep's making a rabbit fairly fly. Ol knocked one of them down with a stick, and Jep didn't like it a bit, saying, "Them dogs don't know no better, and if they had run into a wildcat they'd made him burn the wind jest the same way as they was makin' that rabbit do." We blew our horns to call the dogs off and to start them in further up the thicket. All came in except Old Ring, and we were wondering where she was, when to the north of us her voice rang out loud and clear like a bugle call. The dogs heard it, too, and they were off in an instant responding to her notice. Soon we could hear Boss' thundering voice, and then Lee's ringing bark chiming in with her, but above them all her voice rang out as clear and musical as the Tyrolean shepherd's clarion call from some mountain peak. Slowly they worked on to the north, barking less and less. We knew that the trail was growing colder and colder, and that the probability was it would soon be too cold to ever get a jump. So getting on our horses and mule, we whipped around to the front of the dogs and called them in.

Keeping back all the dogs except Old Ring, we made her cross the creek and try the thicket beyond. Just as the sun was rising and a million diamonds began to glow on every leaf and spear of grass, Old Ring gave mouth. There was no hesitation, no deliberation—she was talking loud and fast. She seemed to have cast aside the weight of thirteen years and was running with all the vigor and fire of her younger days, when she was the queenliest dog in looks and action that ever responded to a hunter's call. On, on she came, right toward us. We could hold the other dogs no longer, and off they went, pell-mell, splashing across the creek and then into the thicket where Old Ring was having all the fun by herself. Soon every dog was chiming in. The running was right in front of us across the creek. We see the cane and grass shaking as the cat passes along, and here out come the dogs with heads, tails and bristles up, expecting every moment to put their mouths upon his catship. Now they make a circle of about a hundred yards, and here comes the cat—we see the weeds shaking. The dogs are gaining on him, and almost blowing their breath upon his heels. He knows it, and turning, with a mighty spring he leaps high above the weeds and lights fifteen feet to the right of the dogs in plain view of us. The dogs in their hurry and fury overrun the scent. They discover their mistake, come bounding back, and making a short circle, catch up the scent and are off after the cat. He has quit that part of the thicket and gone where there is more cane.

We want to be right in the thick of the running, and as we gallop to the cane patch where the chase is on we agree not to halloo, not to say a word, so that the cat will not know we are close about, and will give us a sight of him. As we ride up close to the thicket we can see the cane shaking ten or fifteen feet in front of the dogs. Now the dogs run out of the thicket into the open right at us as if they thought the cat was taking to the open. They dart back, and Jep catches a sight of his three curs running like thoroughbreds. He can't restrain himself, so throwing himself back in his saddle he gives a whoop that would have put Stentor to shame. We laugh and join him in another and then another. This excites the dogs, and they go to running as if electrified. The cat can't stand the pace. He takes to a tree—we know from the barking of the dogs. We start in, the cat hears us, jumps far out and strikes right across the opening between two thickets. He sees us, starts back, sees the dogs, turns, and then with long leaps tries to make it to the thicket. The dogs, too, are now running by sight and are straining every nerve and sinew to catch him before he gets to the thicket. They are bunched and running like race horses. The cat is doing his best. We can see that he is not steady when he jumps. They are nearing the thicket, and into it the cat goes first. He lands in a briar patch and before he can extricate himself nine dogs are on him and have him stretched out like a string.

MACK BANKS, JR.

Duke on Partridge.

THE illustration is from a photo sent by Mr. Chas. H. Morse, of Auburn, Me., who writes: "Duke is a three-year-old, with a fine record. He was trained for me by D. G. Treat, of Moodus, Conn. In his first season with



DUKE ON PARTRIDGE.

me there were about 264 partridges and woodcock killed over him, and this season the score is close to 300 birds. I saw Mr. Treat's advertisement in the FOREST AND STREAM, and have that to thank for having put me into communication with a trainer of whom I can only speak in the highest praise."

Pictures from Forest and Stream.

EVERY "all-round" lover of outdoor sport will want "Pictures from Forest and Stream." Its sole contents are thirty-two half-tone plates, measuring about 10 by 14 in., from drawings and paintings of game animals and birds, handsome dogs, winning yachts, etc., as well as some field and waterside pictures. The artists' names are familiar to every one whose love of sport extends to pictorial representations thereof, and no one will regret that the bird-pictures are from Audubon's drawings. The printing is good, the paper irreproachable, and the binding tasteful, while the price is ridiculously small in comparison with the magnitude of the work.—The Era, Philadelphia.

Printed on plate paper, the drawings show to good advantage, and the result is a book to delight the sportsman.—Chicago Tribune.

Each of the pictures appeals to lovers of outdoor life, and to sportsmen particularly. They deal with all branches of sport, and are all excellent.—Indianapolis News.

TOLEDO, O.—We have received the copy of "Pictures from Forest and Stream." They are fine, and have been greatly admired. Please send me two more.

FRED A. BROWN.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1 in. = 1 ft.
- V. Sail plan, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. = 1 ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than February 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

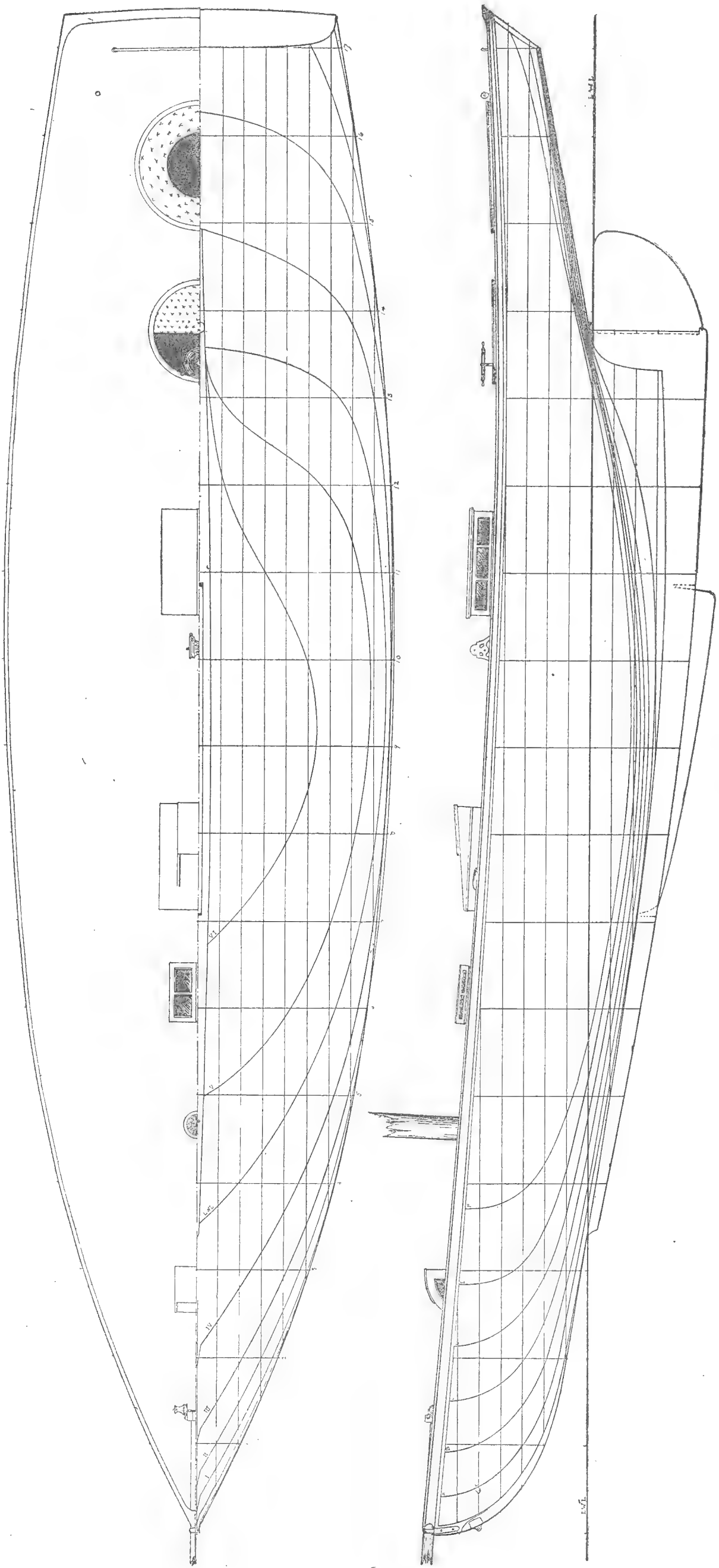
Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

Mr. THOMAS W. RATSEY, of the firm of Messrs. Ratsey & Laphorn, the well-known English sail makers, has decided to locate the American branch of his business at City Island. Mr. Ratsey has leased a piece of ground from Mr. Robert Jacob on which he will erect a building in which to carry on his business. While Mr. Ratsey's plant will adjoin Mr. Jacob's yard they will not be associated in a business way.

WORD has been received from abroad that the Denny Brothers, of Dunbarton, Scotland, the builders of Shamrock II., are constructing a yacht of their own design. The builders hope to secure the co-operation of some individual in issuing a challenge for the America's Cup should the boat prove fast.

CONSTITUTION has been hauled out at New London and arrangements have been made by which she will be protected from wind and weather. On Saturday last the work of hauling out Shamrock II. was completed, and she now lies high and dry at Erie Basin, South Brooklyn. The modern boat is an ugly thing to handle out of water, and a large gang of men has been nearly a week getting everything ready to land the boat. The yacht was first placed in the balance dock and a cradle built around her, the ends of the cradle resting on beams placed between the keel blocks. The structure was then raised some three feet from the bottom of the dock by hydraulic jacks. Two chain cables were made fast to the forward end of the steel plate and led to the drums of four steam winches. It took but a few minutes to haul the boat after the preparatory work had been completed.

A REPORT from the West states that it is more than probable that the Chicago Y. C. will be represented in the trial races to be held by the Bridgeport Y. C. for the selection of a challenger for the Seawanhaka Cup.



PLANS OF THE
53' RACING SLOOP YACHT
HUSSAR-II

Designed and built
by
T. R. WEBBER
NEW ROCHELLE N.Y.

for
MR. JAMES BAIRD
NEW YORK



CHARLES G. DAVIS - del.
Superior City N.Y.

HUSSAR II.—DESIGNED AND BUILT BY THOMAS R. WEBBER, 1900.

Hussar II.

SINCE the days of the famous old sloop yacht Maria, nothing so near equalling her in radical departure of model from the conventional type has appeared in the yachting world as the new Hussar II., designed and built by Capt. Thomas R. Webber, of New Rochelle, for Mr. James Baird, former Vice-Commodore of the Larchmont Y. C.

Capt. Webber is one of the few designers who still believe in the old sloop model for speed, and he has demonstrated the correctness of his views in Dragoon and Surprise. That Hussar II. did not make as good a showing as was anticipated is due to various causes well known to those interested in her, but unknown to the majority of yachtsmen. Handicapped as she was at times, she showed her mettle and caused some little surprise at her bursts of speed. She won the spring regatta of the Riverside Y. C. in 1900 in a series of squalls, and was the only boat to complete the long course. In this race she beat Altair in her own class, Altair having lost her topmast. She also beat Uvira, with which boat a special match had been arranged. During race week at Larchmont the same year she won a second prize, with Syce and Altair as competitors. She also won a second prize on one of the squadron runs while on a cruise with the Philadelphia Corinthian Y. C.

Her dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	70ft. 6in.
L.W.L.	42ft. 0in.
Beam—		
Extreme	18ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	17ft. 9in.
Overhang—		
Bow	13ft. 6in.
Stern	15ft. 0in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	3ft. 0in.
Extreme, C.B. hoisted	5ft. 3in.
Freeboard—		
Bow	7ft. 0in.
Stern	5ft. 0in.
Least	4ft. 0in.
Sail Area When Rigged as Sloop—		
Jib	840 sq. ft.
Mainsail	2,516 sq. ft.
Total	3,356 sq. ft.

The amount of accommodation under a flush deck on Hussar II. is remarkable in view of the fact that the boat is only 42ft. on the waterline, and there is full head-room throughout all her cabins. Her owner states that for weeks at a time there were six men in the forecabin and six men in the cabins aft. Hussar II. was purchased by Mr. Frank A. Wilmot, of Bridgeport, Conn., who changed her rig to that of a yawl and now uses her entirely for cruising.

A New Cruising Sloop.

THE pole-masted cruising sloop that is being built at Frank Wood's yard, City Island, from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, is all planked, and the boat is rapidly nearing completion. Mention of the boat has been made already in these columns, but as she is such a fine, wholesome type of boat a fuller description may be of interest. In design the boat is particularly sweet and well turned. While she is devoid of any extreme features, she is modern in every particular. The midship section gives indication of considerable power. The overhangs are long, but not excessive. The bow sections are sufficiently fine to prevent any pounding in a seaway, and still are full enough to pick the boat up and prevent diving and taking any solid water on board. The boat has a very handsome sheer, and her ample freeboard gives her a powerful appearance.

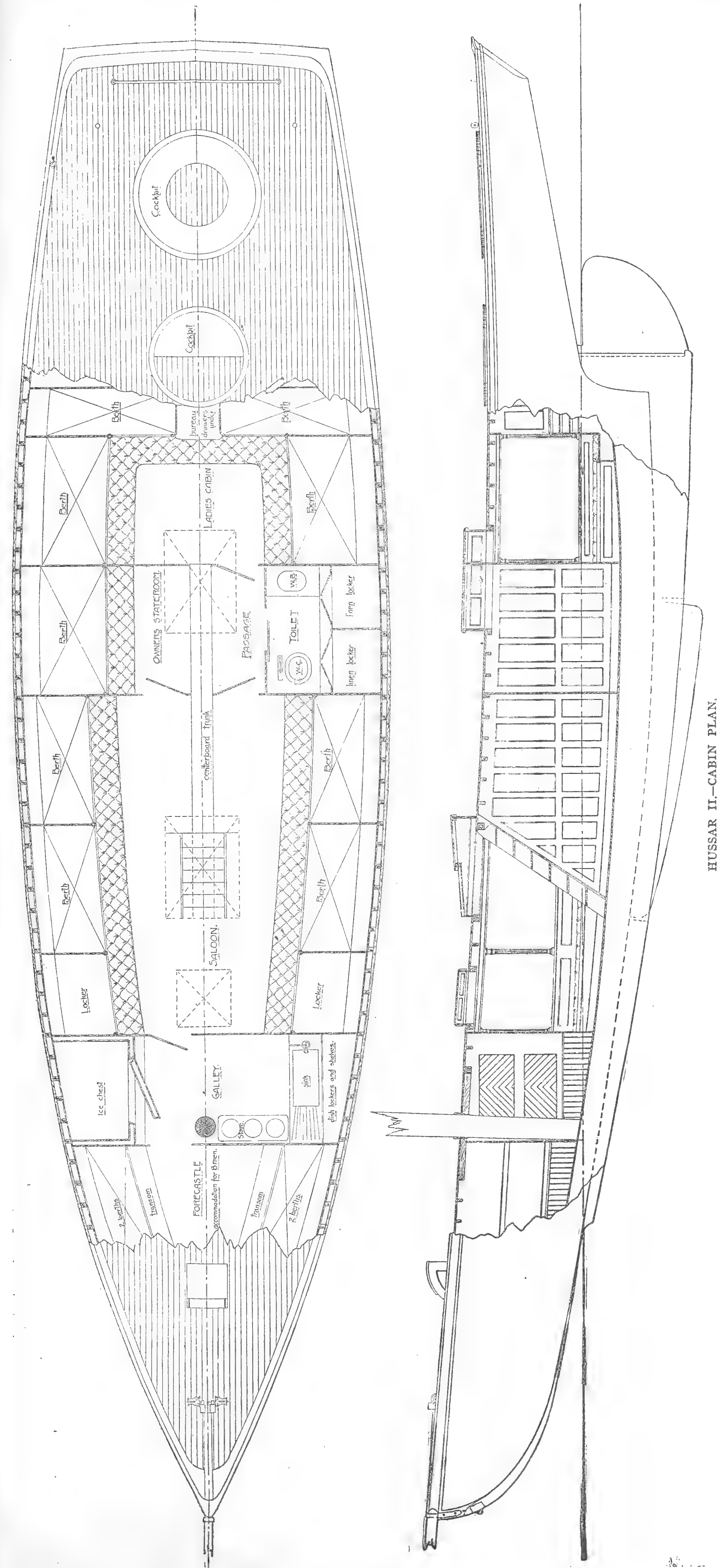
The principal dimensions are:

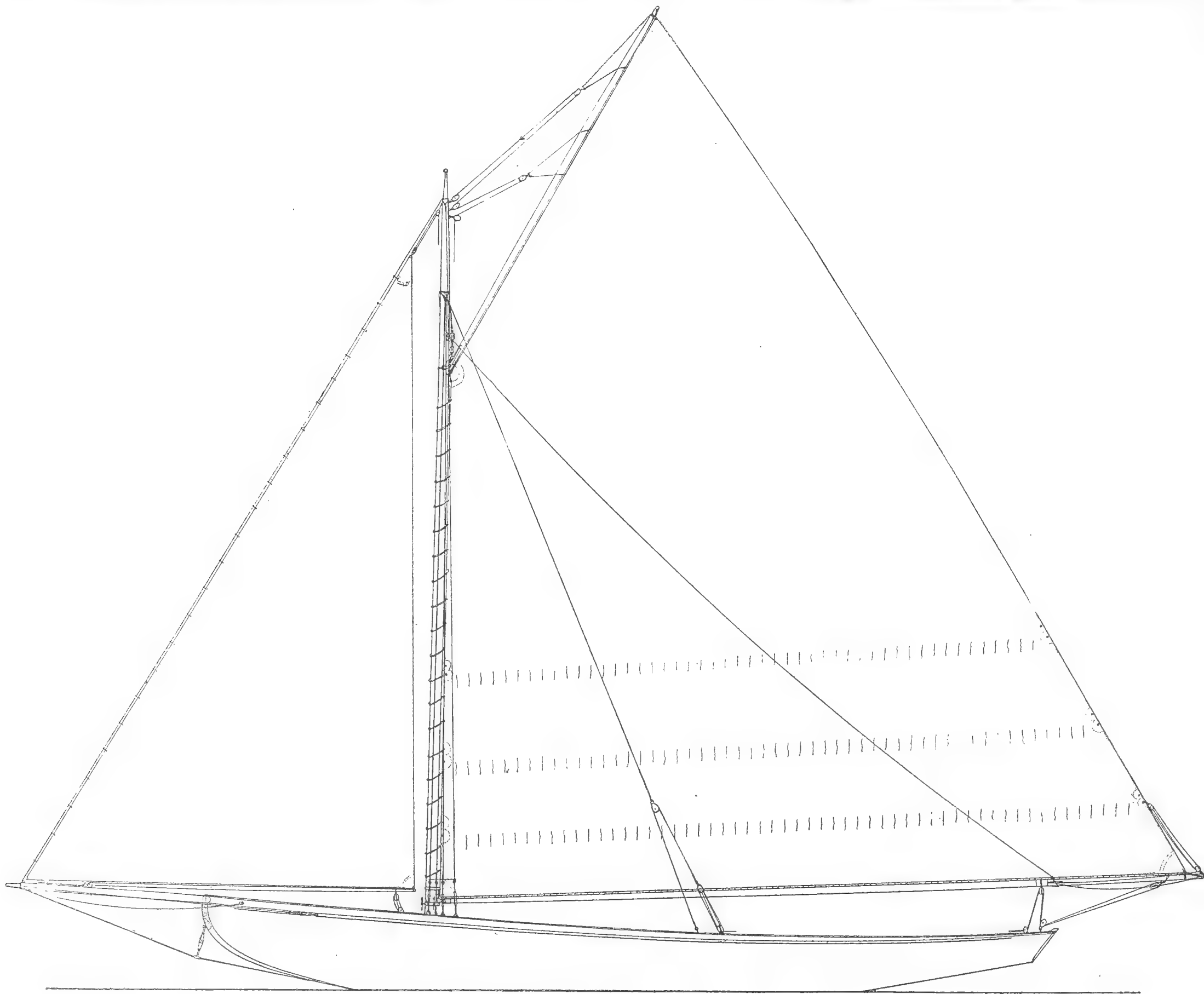
Length—		
Over all	74ft. 0in.
L.W.L.	47ft. 0in.
Overhang—		
Forward	11ft. 0in.
Aft	16ft. 0in.
Beam—Extreme	15ft. 0in.
Freeboard—		
Fore	6ft. 0in.
Aft	4ft. 0in.
Least	3ft. 6in.
Draft, with C.B. hoisted	6ft. 6in.

The cabin house, companionways, skylights and all the interior joiner work is finished. All this is of mahogany. The cabin house is 22ft. long and 9ft. wide, which gives a waterway 3ft. wide on each side. The cockpit is the same width as the cabin house, and is 9ft. long. The deck and cockpit flooring will be laid in narrow strips of white pine. Under the low cabin house (for it is only about 18in. high at the sides) the boat has a large amount of accommodation which is particularly well laid out, every bit of space having been utilized to the best possible advantage.

The companionway, which is placed on the port side of the house, leads into a steerage on the port side of which is a berth, together with chart and hanging lockers. Opening from the steerage on the starboard side is a large stateroom for the owner. This apartment contains a large double berth with transoms, bureaus, hanging lockers, wash basin, etc. Next forward is the main saloon, 9ft. long, and extending the full width of the boat. On each side are long transoms, and in each corner are located good-sized lockers, to be used for wines, silver, china, etc. There is also a mahogany writing desk in the saloon. There is a large skylight overhead, and this, together with the two portholes in the sides of the trunk, will give ample light and ventilation. Forward of the main saloon on the starboard side is a lavatory, which is fitted with a water closet and a set wash basin. In addition to these, there are lockers for linen, etc. Forward of the lavatory on the starboard side is the sailing master's room. The space on the port side opposite the lavatory and sailing master's room is the galley, which is unusually large and roomy. The galley is fitted with every modern convenience. The forecabin has four pipe berths.

The centerboard, which is 11ft. long, houses under the





HUSSAR II.—ORIGINAL SAIL PLAN.

cabin floor and in no way interferes with the cabins. All the lockers in the cabins and staterooms are lined with zinc, so that the contents will be kept free from dampness at all times. Two boats will be carried on the davits.

The boat has been splendidly constructed under Mr. Wood's direct supervision. As soon as the boat is finished, her owner, Mr. George Bullock, of Cincinnati, will take her to Southern waters, where she will be used the balance of the winter.

Our Boston Letter.

Boston, Dec. 2.—This season, as was announced early in the spring, the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. offered great inducements in the way of prizes and championships to yachts conforming to the restrictions of the Y. R. A. in the 25ft. and 21ft. classes, and also to yachts conforming to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. The policy of offering great inducements proved a wise one, and, although there was not quite the filling in the 25ft. class that might have been wished for in all the races, the yachts which were the acknowledged leaders in that class attended nearly every race. There was an entire dearth of 21-footers, owing to the small number that signified their intentions of racing, for, although the club was willing to give generous prizes in addition to the championship of the class, it did not feel that it should offer them unless the yachtsmen were willing to send a number of entries that should warrant it. The attendance among the 18ft. knockabouts was all that could have been asked for. In this class there were only two boats that did not sail the required number of races to qualify for the championship.

As in the races of the Yacht Racing Association, the contest between the 25-footers for the championship of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. was mainly between Flirt and Calypso, and in this instance it was last year's keel boat which beat out the new centerboard. The championship series was hotly contested, and at the close of the season Flirt led Calypso on the average percentage by less than three-tenths of one per cent. Calypso won the greatest number of first places, but the work of Flirt seems to have been certainly steadier. Out of ten starts Flirt was either first or second nine times. Calypso showed the same peculiarities which were evinced in Y. R. A. races. In a very strong breeze or in a stiff whole-sail breeze she seemed to be invincible. In moderate breezes or in very light airs Flirt was the conqueror. For all-round work Flirt's record is commendable, and there is no doubt that she earned her championship. In this class the Regatta Committee required seven starts to qualify and the two leaders were the only ones which sailed the required number. Chewink, Early Dawn, Tarpon, Little Peter, Marion and Scud also competed, and it is to be lamented that they did not enter more races. Chewink entered but two races

and finished second in each, giving her an average of 65 per cent. Early Dawn entered in four races, her average for which was 61¼ per cent. Tarpon entered in three races, with an average of 56 2-3 per cent., and Little Peter entered in six races, with an average of 21 2-3 per cent. Marion and Scud only sailed one race each, and each received 15 per cent. for finishing.

In the 18-footers Malillian won the championship without any question. She was one of the original Duxbury 18-footers, which was turned out last year by Jansen from designs by Crowninshield. She did not make any great showing in Duxbury Bay last year, and so it was not surprising when she got no better than fifth place in her first race at Hull. But the surprise did come afterward, when she took four straight firsts and cinched the championship. She was extremely well handled by Capt. Frank James, and this, coupled with careful tuning up, made a combination that was hard to beat. Bonito, a new Crowninshield boat, which came second, looked very promising at the first of the season, and certainly proved a very even sailer, but she did not seem to be able to do anything with Malillian. Bacchante and Ayaya did not sail the required number of races to qualify, which in this class was six.

The percentages in both of these classes were figured out on the same basis as the Y. R. A. table, 100 for first, 65 for second, 35 for third and 15 for finishing. The records are as follows:

	Starts.	1sts.	25-footers.				Bks.	Total.	Average.
			2ds.	3ds.	Fin.	0			
Flirt	10	3	6	1	0	0	725	72 1-2	
Calypso	9	5	1	2	1	0	650	72 2-9	
			18-footers.				Bks.	Total.	Average.
			1sts.	2ds.	3ds.	Fin.			
Malillian	8	5	1	1	1	0	615	76 7-8	
Bonito	7	3	2	2	0	0	500	71 3-7	
Aspinquid	7	1	2	1	3	0	310	44 2-7	
Nethla	8	0	2	0	6	0	220	27 4-8	
Oriana	7	0	0	4	3	0	185	26 2-7	
Ayaya	9	0	1	1	7	0	205	22 7-9	
Barbara	5	0	0	1	4	0	95	19	
Bacchante	4	0	0	0	4	0	60	15	

The good attendance in this class may be attributed to a new feature introduced by the Regatta Committee of giving attendance prizes. The committee is pleased with the experiment, and is of the opinion that it is a good thing for all classes. The committee set aside a sum of as many dollars as the total number of boats finishing during the entire series. This was divided into 50, 30 and 20 per cent., and awarded to the boats having the three highest average of attendance. The rule by which this average was obtained was one that favored the attendance of yachts which were not constantly at the head of the list, and was as follows: "A boat sailing in the championship series shall be given in each race a percentage equal to the number of her place at the finish of the race." That is, if a boat should finish sixth, she would receive six per cent. The other rules which governed the attendance prizes are as follows:

"At the end of the season her daily percentages shall be added together, and from the sum shall be subtracted the number of races in the series which she has missed. The remainder shall be divided by the total number of races in the series.

"If two or more boats are tied in the general result, then the boat having the better place at the finish of the last race of the series in which the tying boats shall have sailed, shall be considered as having the highest average."

At a recent meeting of the Corinthian Y. C. it was proposed to change its classification under the racing rules and adopt the 25ft. class and 21ft. class, as conforming to the restrictions of the Yacht Racing Association of Massachusetts, and the 18ft. knockabout class conforming to the restrictions of the Eighteen-foot Knockabout Association. This would at first look very favorable to the Association as an acknowledgment of its strength, and it could not logically be entertained in any other light; but it is not likely, from all that has been shown in recent years, that the adoption of the Y. R. A. classes would mean that the Corinthian Y. C. would co-operate with the Association. On the other hand, it is more than likely that the adoption of such classes would be for the purpose of competing more closely with the Association. If the Corinthian Y. C. should apply for membership to the Association, it would be a different thing, but it is understood that the Marblehead Club has no intention of doing this. The majority of the new 21-footers are for yachtsmen who are members of Marblehead clubs, and it looks as if there was an organized movement on foot to confine the bulk of the racing to those waters. This has been tried before, but as in all such cases it was not successful. The greatest development in yachting cannot possibly be attained by narrowing its field, any more than can any other enterprise. The amendment to the rules was not at once accepted, but was referred to a special committee, which will report at the next meeting.

The Boston Y. C. has purchased a location on the main shore at Marblehead for a station, and is to erect a club house which will cost upward of \$5,000. This will be a valuable addition to the main club house at City Point, and also at once presents a curious problem. The Boston Y. C. is a member of the Y. R. A., and the chairman of its Regatta Committee is one of the Executive Committee of the Association. If this club should decide to give a number of Y. R. A. races and to support the cause of the Association generally at Marblehead, there will be interesting developments in store for the season of 1902.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

There is being built at Frank Weeks' yard at Amityville, L. I., a knockabout for Mr. Francis A. Williams, of New York City. The boat is 36ft. over all, 24ft. waterline, and 10ft. 6in. beam. A catboat for J. V. S. Oddie, Jr., to be 25ft. over all, 18ft. waterline, and also a racing catboat 29ft. over all for Mr. E. P. Foster,

The Theory of Measurement Rules.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The interesting article by Thalassa on Measurement Rules in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 30, contains the only attempt the writer has seen to offer a philosophical basis for the current type of rules.

He says: "Putting it broadly, there are three principal speed producers in the sailing yacht:

- "1. Sail area—the motor.
- "2. Length of hull—the wave minimizers.
- "3. Smallness of displacement—without infringing on the amount required for holding up the motor.

"This being so, is it not evident that any logical rating rule for yacht racing should tax these three speed producers?"

To this question it is pertinent to reply that "length of hull" and "smallness of displacement" are not speed producers; but are resistance reducers. In combination they make fine lines.

What elements are proper subjects of taxation in measurement rules depends upon the purpose of these rules.

If the purpose be to handicap fast yachts so as to en-

City, on Tuesday, December 10, 1901. The meeting will be called to order promptly at 6:30 o'clock, P. M., and the following ticket, selected by the Nominating Committee, voted upon; also amendments to the constitution and by-laws, as printed below. Commodore, Stephen W. Roach, steamer Emeline; Vice Commodore, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, cutter Jessica; Rear Commodore, Oswald Garrison Villard, sloop Hilgarda; Secretary, Edward M. MacLellan; Treasurer, Bart. Jacob; Measurer, Charles D. Mower; Trustees, class of 1904, Harry S. Fairchild and Horatio R. Harper. Amend Article II. of Constitution, to read: "The object of this club shall be to encourage and promote the sport of yachting, the art of yacht designing and construction, the science of seamanship and navigation, and to provide and maintain a suitable club house and anchorage for the use of its members." Change Section 4, Chapter I., of the By-Laws, to read: "Active members shall pay an initiation fee of twenty-five (25) dollars and annual dues of twenty-five (25) dollars." Amplify Chapter VI. of the By-Laws so that it will include a description of cap devices designated for all officers and for members. Prizes won in races by the club during the summer will be presented to winning owners, who will be the guests of the club for

ing Club's house was carried away. Besides washing away the big timbers, the waves rose into the yacht club house on Harrison Island and the lower floor was damaged and buckled. Everything on the lower floor was afloat. About a dozen members of the club were forced to spend the night in the half-wrecked building. The yawl Peggie, property of F. S. Hastings, was wrecked. She had been brought from Greenwich and was to have been taken out at Huntington's ship yards. She dragged her anchor and landed on the rocks at Hudson Park. Very little is left of her. She was valued at \$3,000, and was almost new. A small yacht owned by T. H. Davis went to pieces against the Potter sea wall.

The schooner yacht Fleur de Lys, Dr. Lewis A. Stenson, N. Y. Y. C., is receiving new skylights and joiner work, and having her decks recaulked at Tebo's, South Brooklyn.

Mr. Richard Stevens has sold his steam yacht Aileen to Mr. Edwin Gould.

The schooner Onward, formerly Intrepid, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. Edward Bell, has been thoroughly overhauled and repaired at Poillons' yard, South Brooklyn, and will be ready the first of next month to be turned over to her owner. On December 10 she will leave port for an extended cruise in southern waters.

The auxiliary yacht Alleta, formerly Algonquin, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. John H. Flagler, is being lengthened 35 feet amidships at Poillons', South Brooklyn.

Col. McCalmont, the well-known English yachtsman, has sold his steam yacht Banshee to the King of Portugal.

Rear Commodore C. L. F. Robinson, of the N. Y. Y. C., and Mrs. Robinson have completed arrangements for an extended cruise about the West Indies and in the Mediterranean in their yacht Wanderer, formerly the Kathailes. The yacht will leave New York on Dec. 7.

The new steam yacht building for Messrs. W. S. Spaulding and J. T. Spaulding, N. Y. Y. C., from designs by Mr. J. Beaver-Webb, of this city, will be named Isis, and launched from the yard of Messrs. T. S. Marvel & Co., Newburg, N. Y., on Tuesday, Dec. 10, at eleven o'clock in the morning. After the launching, the yacht will be taken to the W. & A. Fletcher Co.'s plant at Hoboken, N. J., where her engines and boilers will be fitted. Isis is built of steel and is 200ft. long, 24ft. beam, and 11ft. 6in. draft.

The John N. Robbins Co., of South Brooklyn, have been commissioned to build a steel steam yacht for Mr. F. M. Smith, N. Y. Y. C., from designs made by Mr. Henry J. Gielow. She will be 153ft. 7in. over all, 122ft. gin. waterline, 17ft. 6in. beam, 9ft. 8in. depth of hold. The yacht will be schooner rigged. There will be a double bottom and four water-tight bulkheads. On deck there are two houses each 22ft. in length. The forward house will be used as a dining saloon and will have seating capacity for fourteen persons. There will be a buffet and the usual closets for china and silver. In the after end of this house is the butler's pantry, which is equipped with an ice box, dressers, lockers, etc.; a dumbwaiter leads to the galley, which is located directly underneath. In the forward end of the after house is a dressing room and a lavatory. The rest of the house is used as a sort of living room, and is furnished with a piano, music rack, lounges, etc. On the lower deck forward are quarters for the crew, which are roomy and well ventilated. Aft of the forecabin are the officers' staterooms and mess room. Next aft comes the galley, which is fitted with all modern conveniences. Aft of the galley comes the machinery and boiler space, which is divided at the forward and after end by a steel bulkhead, in order to reduce the noise and keep the heat from the living quarters of the vessel. The machinery of the vessel will consist of a four-cylinder triple-expansion engine and two water-tube boilers capable of supplying sufficient steam with natural draught to drive the vessel 17.5 miles per hour and with forced draught a speed of 20 miles per hour will be attained. The contract provides for a continuous run of six hours under forced draught. A complete electric lighting plant will be installed, with searchlight and storage battery. Aft of the machinery space are two large staterooms for the owner and his wife, each room containing a wide berth, bureau, hanging closet, lavatory. These rooms are 12 feet long. Following these staterooms will be two more staterooms on the port side, and on the starboard side will be a bathroom, another stateroom and a lavatory. Aft of these comes the main saloon extending the full width of the vessel and twelve feet in length. The trim will be of mahogany. The plumbing will be of the best and hot and cold, fresh and salt water baths are provided. The yacht will be ready for delivery on July 1, 1902.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXX.

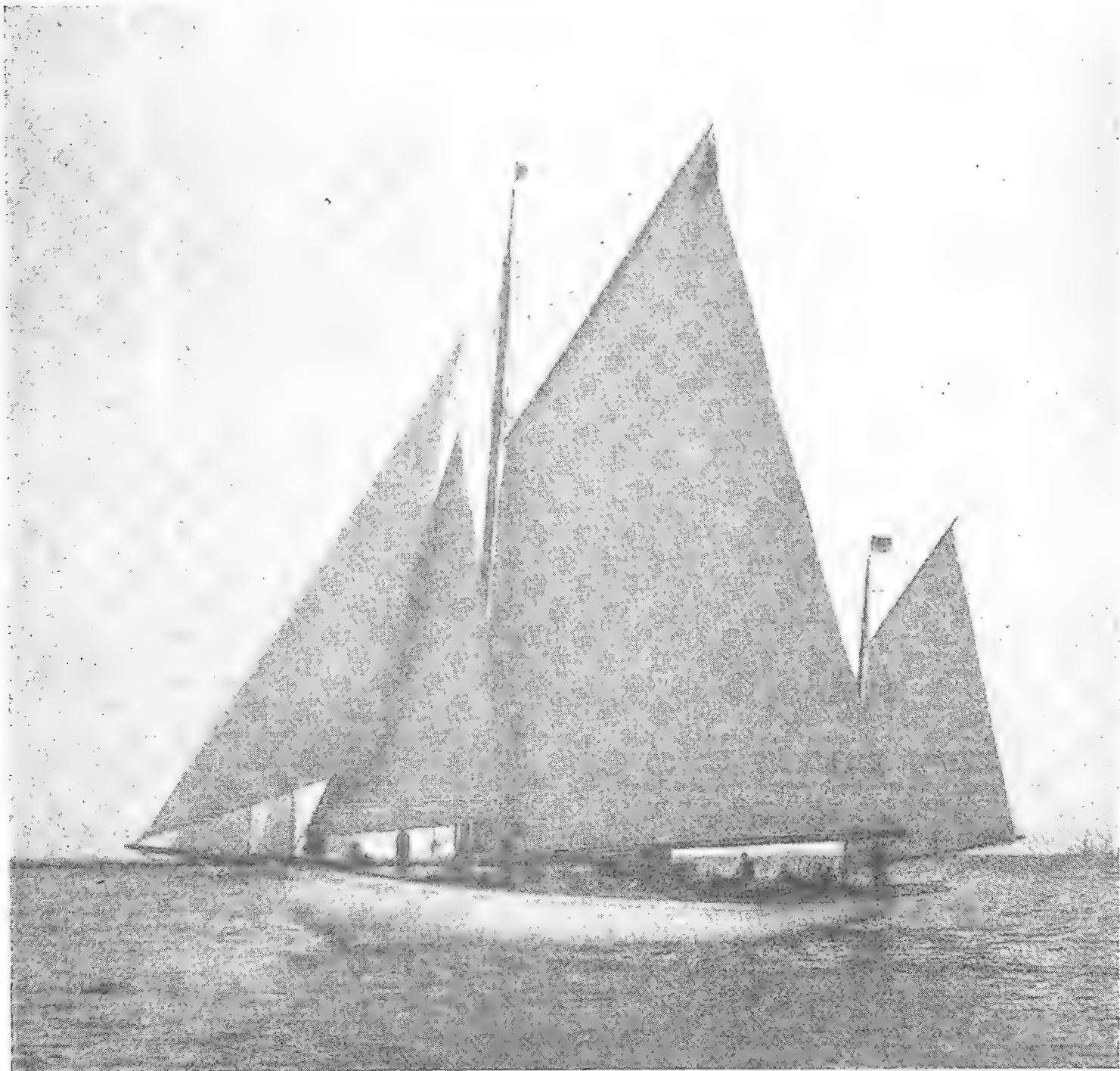
BY F. R. WEBB.

"That's a rough place, Commodore, sure enough!" said I to myself, as I gave an extra touch to my hatches and adjusted my apron over my lap as high up around my breast as it would go, and tucked it well in at the aft corners, so as to keep as much water from dashing in at these exposed places as possible.

"Come on!" yelled George.

"All right!" I shouted in reply, as I dipped my paddle into the water with a gentle, forward stroke, and sent my light, easily managed canoe gliding toward the head of the shoot.

As I approached I got a good look down it. I have



HUSSAR II. RIGGED AS A YAWL.
Photo by N. L. Stebbins, Boston.

able slow yachts to contest against them with equal chances of success, then it is obvious that theoretically everything which produces speed either positively, as sail area, or negatively by reducing resistance, as fineness of lines, should be taxed in proportion to their several effect. But practically it is impossible to ascertain and to state numerically the relative effect on speed of these elements of design that reduce resistance. Therefore their use in measurement formulas is futile.

If, on the other hand, as the writer thinks it should be, the purpose of measurement rules is to reduce the varying speed of yachts of different size to a common basis for fair comparison; or, in other words, to test the excellence of design of competing yachts in respect to speed, then the motive power only, sail area, should be taxed. Fortunately it is possible to calculate approximately the comparative effect on speed of sails of different size.

This sort of rule puts a premium on skillful designing, and encourages the gradual evolution of the fastest form. The kind of rule first mentioned discourages the art of designing, and puts a premium on hindrances to speed.

The question of yacht measurement has long been encumbered with an entirely irrelevant matter, and has been immensely complicated thereby; viz., the control of design within reasonable limits. The speed test of yachts has fostered the designing and building of all sorts of undesirable freaks; and formula makers have endeavored to bar these monstrosities, and to direct design along wholesome lines by the same formula used for measuring speed. There is no good reason for trying to cover these diverse subjects by a single rule; and such attempts are sure to fail.

It is perfectly easy to state for any class of yachts the limits within which it is desired to confine the principal elements of design; and this should be done by separate regulations outside of the measurement formula.

SEXTANT.

Yacht Club Notes.

The third annual meeting, election and dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. will be held at the Hotel Manhattan, Madison avenue and Forty-second street, New York

the evening. The following proposals for membership have been received: Henry W. Osborn, Henry L. Bogert, Russell Howland, Joseph H. Humphreys, Seymour L. Husted, Jr., and William G. Stewart.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. William H. Hand, of New Bedford, Mass., is at work on plans of a number of new boats. Among the orders already placed are the following: A 30-footer for Mr. George H. Chisholm, of Buffalo, N. Y., to race under the rules of the Y. R. Union of the Great Lakes, and a 21-footer for Mr. George E. Ireland, of Kingston, Ontario.

Messrs. Huntington & Seaman have made the following sales: The launch Eagle, owned by Messrs. Solomon Bros., of New York City, to Mr. E. W. Hanke, of Bridgeport, Conn.; the sloop Athla, owned by Dr. F. A. Gardner, of Washington, D. C., to Mr. Chas. W. Lee, of New York City.

The Pusey & Jones Company, of Wilmington, Del., have been awarded a contract to build a steel steam yacht for Mr. J. Roger Maxwell, of New York City, from designs made by Mr. Henry C. Winteringham. The yacht will be 170ft. over all, 23ft. 6in. beam, and 12ft. 5in. deep.

The cup defender Columbia had a narrow escape from injury in the gale a week ago Sunday. After hard work a gang of men shored her up with heavy timbers in such a manner that there was no fear of her toppling over. At Hansen's yard, at City Island, many boats were injured, and it is thought that there was more damage done here than at any other point. At Jacob's yard Amorita and Hester both had close calls, the water coming up so high that it nearly washed the props from under them. At Wood's yard, Cartoon, the famous 25ft. waterline boat designed by Messrs. Gardner & Cox, was entirely destroyed, the only thing left of her being the fin. In Echo Bay the new addition to the New Rochelle Row-

often noticed, in surveying rough water from the bank, especially from a little elevation, how much flatter the water looks than it really is, and I at once saw that we had really formed no conception of the tremendous violence of this shoot. However, we were in for it, and there was really no danger, except for a possible capsize in the big waves, which tumbled from side to side across the shoot in a most threatening manner, so I let my boat drift steadily ahead into the channel.

With a huge dip my canoe slipped over the verge into the seething channel, and buried her nose to the hatches in the breast of the big wave tumbling in front of her. As her bow lifted the water rolled in a solid sheet a foot thick, clear over my canoe and passed off astern.

"Look out for the side w-a-a-ves!" George shouted at the top of his lungs as I shot past him, the spray streaming from my decks and apron. I had barely time to secure firm control of my canoe before, with a couple more headlong plunges, she was seized by the big surges and buffeted violently right and left, first on one side and then on the other, while the water rolled in heavy sheets over her decks and the spray fairly blinded me.

In less time than it takes to tell it, I was safely through the canal and into the turmoil of waters at the foot of the falls, and at the head of the rapid below; but I was not ready to run the rapid yet. George wanted to climb up the wall and get a vantage point about midway down, from which to take me with the kodak as I came tumbling down the rapids, so, by back paddling with all the strength I possessed, I managed to back out of the rapid into a little cove in the lee of a projecting point, where I lay rocking up and down on the restless surface of the little eddy, while I meantime wiped the water from my dripping face and streaming hair and wrung out my soaked sleeves.

Finally, a yell from George notified me that he was ready, so I pushed out of the sheltering cove, and my canoe was instantly seized by the remorseless rush and whirled away, and in two minutes more I had successfully run a quarter of a mile of about the heaviest and roughest rapids I ever experienced.

I landed alongside of the Clyde in the little basin agreed upon above the fish dam, and hastily scrambled ashore and set off up the railroad on a run to reach the falls in time to see George come through. I overtook him and Lacy just opposite the boat channel, where George climbed down the wall to reach his canoe, while Lacy seated himself on the verge of the wall at the head of the shoot with the kodak, to get a bird's eye shot at him as he went down, and I took a position near the lower end in order to see him get the benefit of the roughest water.

It was a beautiful sight to see his graceful canoe run the shoot, with the big waves buffeting it from side to side, and dashing in sheets of solid water and clouds of spray over his decks and hatches from stem to stern.

I ran along down the railroad after him to see him run the rapid below, and it took about all the running I was capable of getting up in order to keep up with him as he shot swiftly down, his canoe rising and falling like a duck on the rough water.

"Whew!" said George, as we joined him in the little basin where our canoes lay, "that's a corker!"

"Did you ever see a worse run?" exclaimed Lacy as he pulled up his canoe alongside of the bank and threw open his hatches.

"Worse!" exclaimed George, who is particularly fond of a good, stiff shoot. "It's the finest run I ever had. I only wish we could go back and do it over again."

"Well, I didn't exactly mean that it was objectionable," explained Lacy, with a laugh, as he began sponging the water out of his boat. "but it's certainly as rough a piece of water as ever I tackled. Did you ship any water, either of you? I took a bucketful."

"Bucketful! I got a tubful!" exclaimed George, as he stepped ashore and wrung himself out, and then proceeded to sponge out the two or three inches or so of water in the bottom of his boat.

"Why didn't you get a tight grip on the aft corners of your apron and hold them tightly down, as I did?" I exclaimed, seating myself in my canoe, as I spoke, and pushing off from shore into the still waters of the little basin, where my canoe drifted idly, while I waited for them to get the water out of their boats. "I didn't ship a pint of water in the falls and rapids combined. I just pointed my canoe straight ahead, with the flow of the water, and let her go, and, except an occasional stroke now and then, made no attempt to assist her with the paddle."

"I got knocked out of my course in the shoot by those big side surges, and had to use my paddle," said Lacy; "that's where I got wet."

"I took all my water in spite of my holding down my apron," said George, as he stepped aboard his canoe again and pushed off from the shore.

We slipped easily over the fish dam, having ascertained from the bank that there was nothing in sight that need cause us any trouble, and threaded our way through the reefs below, after which we had a smooth, easy run of half a mile, until we reached the head of the group of islands clustered in the bend below. Here we found a fine, new dam, nearly half a mile long, extending in a straight line from the right bank and sloping away a long distance down stream as it crossed, until it closed in on the river at the left bank, where nearly all the water in the stream was diverted, through a massive, timber head gate into a canal back of the railroad, which carried it to a wood-pulp mill, a mile or more further down.

"It wouldn't be a bad scheme to get through these gates into the canal and finish the trip inside," said George, as we paddled up into the sharp angle between the end of the dam and the bank.

We landed on the heading and made an inspection. "It won't work," I announced. "Those gates are just level with the surface of the water now, and won't come any higher."

"I doubt if the canal would be of much use to us, anyhow," said Lacy; "I don't believe it extends far enough down, for one thing, and, as you see, it is so blocked with wood in stock for the pulp mill that we couldn't get through it, even if it did."

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 17.—The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular bi-monthly shoot to-day. Fine shooting was done by several. A. J. Brannagan borrowed Daiss' S. & W. pistol and tried his hand for the first time with that weapon, making 31, within two points of our club record, 29. The group was in a 3in. ring, and the best ever made in this club or any other, as far as we know. He is a phenomenon. At a recent shoot, with his .38 revolver, he had a group of 9 shots out of the 10 that were in a 2in. ring. Daiss asserted that his pistol was no good, but he is scratching his head now and thinking. Dorrell managed to get some fine work out of a very light .22-74 Winchester by wrapping a 2lb. piece of iron in cloth and then wrapping it on to the barrel. Young tried the same rifle, and got first place, with 17 and a run of 14 in 10 consecutive shots, using Peters cartridges. Dorrell's fine work to-day gave him the lead over Capt. Fred Kuhnle, our veteran, who is recuperating at the Springs now. Hovey got in some fine work with his .32-20 on Creedmoor match. He is now 476, or three points ahead of winning score last year, and 6 points away from record, 482, by Pape, made two years ago. Young gained 6 more points on all-round record, and is now 14 points ahead of Pape's record, 408, made two years ago. Daiss did the best average with the rifle to-day, getting second place in the 3-shot match. Young beat him for first honors in 10-shot rifle match. Twist and Hoadley made big gains on their pistol scores.

Scores on Columbia target, off-hand shooting:
Rifle, 200yds.: F. O. Young, 47, 61, 62; C. M. Daiss, 53, 61, 63, 66. Three shot: C. M. Daiss, 11, 14, 16, 17, 21, 21, 22, 26, 31.
Military and repeating rifle match, Creedmoor count: Ed. Hovey (.32-20 repeater), 48, 47, 46, 46.

Pistol, 50yds.: A. J. Brannagan, 31; F. O. Young, 42, 52, 54; G. W. Hoadley, 43, 48, 52, 54, 54; Dr. J. F. Twist, 44, 47, 52, 62, 65.

.22cal. rifle match, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 25, 17, 24, 27; A. B. Dorrell, 18, 18, 19, 20, 20, 20, 21; Dr. Twist, 27, 27; A. J. Brannagan, 28.

H. Kroeckel's coast record of 15 with the .22 rifle at 50yds., mentioned last month, was made with a .22 Marlin repeater, which makes the score very creditable indeed, as it was with ordinary trigger pull and sight. He informs me that they have handicapped him 18 points on a score, Columbia target count. Mr. C. A. Merrill was elected president, and Mr. Kroeckel vice-president of the Stockton Pistol and Rifle Club, and Mr. Kroeckel has been appointed rifle inspector by the State for his county.

Several members are preparing to slaughter turkeys at the annual turkey shoots held hereabouts.

F. O. YOUNG.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading road, Nov. 24. Conditions, 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Payne was declared champion for the day with the good score of 91. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 50 degrees; wind, gusty, 4 to 8 o'clock:

Payne	91	87	86	84	82	430	10	7	10	10	9	46
Strickmeier	90	88	88	87	86	439	10	8	9	9	9	45
Nestler	86	85	85	82	81	419	9	10	9	8	6	42
Roberts	85	85	84	83	83	420	6	10	9	6	10	41
Bruns	84	83	80	78	77	402	7	9	7	5	9	37
Gindele	84	76	74	74	72	380	8	9	9	7	7	40
Lux	84	76	72	71	69	372	6	5	8	6	3	33
Drube	80	77	73	72	70	372	7	6	7	9	6	35
Odell, Jr.	80	72	72	75	69	368	8	8	9	6	3	39
Trounstein	75	69	144
Hoffman	71	64	62	61	321	...	8	10	3	6	7	34
Topf	68	66	66	64	327	...	5	6	7	3	5	26
Hoyer	68	58	126

Mr. L. Odell, late of Toronto, Canada, and who, together with his father, visited this range on our last regular shoot, has now become a member of this Association, he having been duly elected an active member at a special meeting to-day. His father will soon follow, and we hope soon to hear the merry crack of their rifles, as they vie with each other for coveted honors. Payne raised his record one point to-day by making 91.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 4.—Interstate Park.—Midweek shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Silver cup to winner.

Dec. 4.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Competition in third target series of Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 5.—Interstate Park.—Interstate Park Handicap, 25 targets, \$2; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, \$2; Interclub match, three-man teams, open to all clubs, 50 targets per man, \$2 per man; Interclub Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50.

Dec. 7.—Wellington, Mass.—All-day target tournament of the Boston Shooting Association.

Dec. 10.—Interstate Park.—Interstate trophy, 20 targets, \$1.40; Kings County Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; second shoot for December cup, 50 targets, \$2; sweepstakes.

Dec. 11.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Team contest, New Jersey vs. New York.

Dec. 12.—Interstate Park.—Interstate trophy, 15 targets, \$1.30; Richmond Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, \$2; sweepstakes.

Dec. 18.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Competition in third target series of Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 18.—Interstate Park.—Midweek shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Silver cup to winner.

Dec. 18.—Kansas City, Mo.—Midwinter shoot and match contest for Sportsmen's Review cup between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.

Dec. 19-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Live birds and targets. Dec. 21, the Omaha-Kansas City ten-man team race will take place.

Dec. 25.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—All-day tournament of the Tunkhannock Gun Club. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's all-day Christmas shoot. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Dec. 4.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Eastern championship, 25 live birds; \$10 sweep optional. Trophy. Entrance, price of birds.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Weekly shoot of the New Utesht Gun Club—Saturdays.

1902.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 7-10.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties on all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

Under the caption "The Shooting of the 20-Bore," the Country Gentleman, London, presents the following: "Much has been written recently by prominent American sportsmen with regard to the general adoption of the 20-bore as a game gun in preference to the 12-bore. Even as the 12-bore was taken up and used as the standard gun when the 10-bore was discarded as being too destructive, so it is believed, in America, that the 16 or even the 20 bore will eventually succeed the 12-bore as the popular game weapon. In the hands of experts, the modern 12-bore, Americans think, is capable of great destruction; and, in fact, the chances of the bird getting safely away have been reduced within recent time to a very great extent. When we hear of such American performances as the consecutive breaking of 345 clay birds or the killing of 99 per cent. of live pigeons, it is not surprising that we should hear of a demand for the general usage of a less destructive arm. Shooting with a 20-bore, American sportsmen believe that a greater element of chance is introduced into the sport which the true sportsman should not be slow to appreciate. In considering the question in relation to the different style of game shooting which prevails in this country, it would seem that we have much more need to 'give the game a chance' even than the American, who has to find every bird he shoots, and who is content to consider a bag of, say, a dozen birds a good afternoon's sport." It might be of interest to our English brethren of the shotgun to know that some excellent shooting has been done with the 28-bore in this country on quail.

The Springfield Republican has made a discovery as follows: "The country is gradually awakening to the barbarity of live-pigeon shooting. So much opposition has been aroused in New York that the American handicap will not again be held in that city. Though prohibitory legislation has not yet been enacted in New York State, it is expected during the winter. The Chicago Tribune declines the honor of the handicap for that city, saying: 'Let the event go elsewhere. The hands of these prospective guests have shed innocent blood, and Chicago will not care to grasp them in her own. This pigeon shooting is not a hunt; it is an execution. It has few elements of sport in it. The birds are released from the traps only to be butchered.' The foregoing is one of the latest contributions to the subject, and in point of accuracy is of fair average merit. That the Grand American Handicap will not again be held in New York is certainly news, and as the Interstate Association will thereby learn for the several hundredth time how it will run its own business, it will feel grateful accordingly. The frenzy of the Chicago Tribune is rather gratuitous, when one considers that the Grand American Handicap was never offered to Chicago, nor even considered in that connection. Moreover, pigeon shooting is a sport, in which gentlemen engage voluntarily. If any one does not care to engage in it, he doesn't have to."

Under the caption "Harvard's Big Profit from Athletics," the New York Sun of Dec. 2 presents the following: "Cambridge, Dec. 1.—The annual report of the graduate manager of athletics at Harvard was given out by C. H. Schwappe last night. The report shows that in that time Harvard cleared on her athletics \$39,078.36. The total receipts were \$117,317, and the total expenditures \$78,238. As usual the largest amount was made on football, the figures for this year being \$36,122 on the right side of the ledger. Baseball came out \$959.56 ahead, but most of the other sports ran behind. The boat clubs ran behind over \$3,200, while the track team was short \$2,633.19. This, however, was largely due to the training during the summer for the international games. Fourteen thousand dollars was expended on improvements at Soldiers' Field, and \$6,206 on buildings. The accounts are far ahead of the report for 1899-1900." This will go to show that amateurism in A. A. U. sports is so far ahead of professionalism in trapshooting from a monetary viewpoint that there is really no comparison.

The target programme of the Interstate Park Association for this and next week is as follows: Dec. 3.—Interstate Park trophy, 15 targets, \$1.30; Long Island Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; December cup, 50 targets, \$2; two-man team race, 25 targets and \$1.50 per man. Dec. 5.—Interstate Park Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, \$2; Interclub match, open to all gun clubs, 50 targets, and \$2 entrance per man; Interclub Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50. Dec. 10.—Interstate trophy, 20 targets, \$1.40; Kings County Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; second shoot for December cup, 50 targets, \$2; 15 targets, entrance \$1.30. Dec. 12.—Interstate trophy, 15 targets, \$1.30; Richmond Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, \$2; 20 targets, \$1.10.

The renowned trapshooter, Mr. Tom A. Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., writes us as follows, concerning "Capt. A. W. du Bray's recent interesting article, 'Measurements, Etc., of a Few Celebrated Guns,' published in our issue of No. 23: "In looking over the summary of guns shot by the different shooters throughout the country, I note that you have credited me with the Webley-Scott. This is correct. But in noting the guns shot by the American team, I am also credited with having shot the Webley-Scott. On the trip abroad, I shot a Parker gun, as did most members of the team. As my attention has been called to this matter by a number of shooters, and as I have at all times stated that I had shot a Parker, I trust you will correct the notation as made."

On Dec. 11, at Interstate Park, commencing at 10 o'clock, there will be two 5-bird races; one class shooting, \$5 entrance, birds included; the other \$3, birds included, high guns. The great team race between New York and New Jersey, the third of the series, will begin at 12 M. sharp. In it there will be two optional sweeps for such members as care to participate, one of which will be \$10, class shooting, four moneys, and one sweep, \$5, high guns; number of moneys according to the number of entries. Should time allow, there will be miss-and-outs or other events, at the pleasure of the contestants.

A beautiful moose head was one of the prizes which the New Utrecht Gun Club put up for competition in the main event of its Thanksgiving Day shoot. Three of the contestants tied for it with straight scores, namely, Messrs. J. Gaughen, J. P. Kay and A. E. Hendrickson. In the shoot-off, the latter missed in the second round. Mr. Gaughen then bought out J. P. Kay's interest in the moose head and became the owner of it. Mr. Gaughen shot in fine form, and is now quite a class man in skill and steady performance.

Owing to the absence of Mr. R. A. Welch in the West on matters of business, it is possible that the team match, advertised recently in our columns, may not take place. Mr. Welch and Mr. T. W. Morley on the one side were to contest against Messrs. Edward Banks and G. H. Piercy on the other; 25 live birds per man. If it were not for Mr. Welch's conceded and well-known eminence as a trap shot, it would be common talk about New York that he had run away to evade the match.

The recent earnest effort toward a great sweepstake in the West, fifty men or more, at 100 live birds, \$100 per man, is proof positive of a high standard of competition in that section. We would suggest that a race under those conditions, with twenty-five or more competitors, would make an interesting competition.

The Haverhill Gun Club presents elsewhere in our columns an open-to-all programme for its Christmas shoot, which should appeal to all who are interested in obtaining a maximum of pleasure for a minimum of effort.

Capt. A. W. Money, of the E. C. & Schultze Gunpowder Company, arrived in New York from the West on Tuesday of this week. He deeply regrets that the great 100 live-bird race, for \$100 per man, did not fill.

The Brooklyn Gun Club will hold a prize shoot on Saturday of this week on its grounds, at Enfield street and Liberty avenue, Brooklyn. There are six events on the programme, of which two are prize events at 25 targets, \$1 entrance. The others are: One event at 10 targets, 50 cents entrance; one event at 5 pairs, 50 cents entrance; two events at 15 targets, 75 cents entrance. Targets included in entrances. Contestants may shoot for targets only in all events, except the handicap events. J. S. Wright is the manager.

In the team match, twelve men on a side, between the S. S. White Gun Club and the Highland (Pa.) Gun Club last week the former club won by a score of 252 to 248. The conditions were 25 targets per man, 16yds. rise, unknown angles. The Highland Club conceded a handicap of 33 targets allowance. This was the second contest of three, but as the White Gun Club had also won the first, thus making two straight wins, that club wins the trophy.

The popular expert with the shotgun, Mr. Chris Gottlieb, of Kansas City, Mo., writes us, under date of Nov. 30, as follows: "Kansas City will give a midwinter shoot in connection with the Elliott-Heikes 100-bird match, for the Sportsman Review cup, Dec. 18, and the Omaha-Kansas City, ten-man team shoot, Dec. 21. Dec. 19 and 20 will be open, at live birds and targets. Programmes to follow."

In the contest for the championship of New Jersey, at targets, of which the E. C. cup is the emblem, on the grounds of the South Side Gun Club, Newark, N. J., on Wednesday of last week, Mr. Geo. H. Piercy, the challenger, defeated Dr. W. L. Gardiner by scoring 37 to 36 out of 50. The weather was windy and unfavorable for good scores.

The Oceanic Rod and Gun Club announces a shoot to take place on Dec. 15, at Rockaway Park, L. I., on the club grounds. Trains leave Thirty-fourth street, and Flatbush avenue stations of the Long Island Railroad at 9 and 11 o'clock. Mr. J. H. W. Fleming is the secretary.

Count Lenone, of Passaic, N. J., and Mr. Chas. Fleischmann, of Hackensack, shot a match at 25 live birds on Thanksgiving Day, on the grounds of the Jackson Park Gun Club. The latter won by a score of 20 to 18.

In the contest of the Nonpareil Gun Club, held at Watson's Park, Chicago, on Saturday of last week, three tied on 15 straight. The event was a high-gun affair, \$5 entrance. The winners were: First, E. S. Graham; second, J. R. Graham; third, G. Roll.

There will be a silver cup for the winner on each of the two mid-week shoots given by the New Utrecht Gun Club, Dec. 4 and 18, at Interstate Park, L. I. Entrance in the cup event, \$2.

At Frankford, Pa., on Saturday last, Messrs. F. W. Van Loon and Howard George shot a match at 50 targets. Van Loon broke 42 to George's 33.

The Frankford (Pa.) Gun Club claims the local championship, as no club appeared to contest for the championship trophy last week.

On Dec. 21 there will be a live-bird match between Mr. Andrew Fletcher, of Passaic, and Mr. Abbensin, of Paterson.

BERNARD WATERS.

Haverhill Gun Club Programme.

HAVERHILL, Mass., Dec. 1.—I append the programme of our proposed Christmas shoot. Our club extends a cordial invitation to all lovers of the sport, and would like very much to see the "team contest turn out a great, big friendly scrap."

The distance handicap ought to make lots of company for the 23yds. shooters, and the "break 'em all" man feel lonesome at 23yds. We can throw as many birds as any set of expert traps in the land, so the boys will get all the shooting they want. We will spare no pains to make it a pleasant day for our out-of-town friends.

The programme is as follows:
Event 1, 15 targets, unknown, entrance \$1.
Event 2, 20 targets, regular, entrance \$1.50.
Event 3, 15 targets, unknown, entrance \$1.
Event 4, 20 targets, regular, entrance \$1.50.
Event 5, 20 targets, unknown, entrance \$1.50.
Event 6, 10 targets, reversed, entrance 75 cents.
Event 7, 20 targets, regular, entrance \$1.50.
Event 8, 20 targets, unknown, entrance \$1.50.
Event 9, 10 targets, reversed, entrance 75 cents.
Event 10, 25 targets, regular, entrance \$1.50.
Events 4, 5 and 6 are the team contests. Events 7, 8 and 9 are the individual handicaps.

The team scoring the greatest number of targets in events 4, 5 and 6 will receive \$10. Teams to number five men, and any club may enter one or more teams. The shooter making the highest score in events 7, 8 and 9 will receive \$5; second highest, \$3, third highest, \$2. High guns will win; handicaps 16 to 23yds. Money divided by Rose system. Targets included in entrance at 1 1/2 cents each. Sweepstakes optional. Loaded shells for sale. Lunch served first. Take Main street cars to Dustin Square. Guns and ammunition sent by express delivered free of charge.

S. G. MILLER, Sec'y.

Trap Around Reading.

READING, Pa., Nov. 28.—The South End Gun Club's target shoot to-day was a success and was well attended. The high wind played havoc with the flights of the targets, making them very irregular and very hard to hit. The club's medal shoot was the principal event, each man shooting at 25 targets. Besides this event, there were eight sweepstake events, the scores of which follow:

Medal shoot, 25 targets, for Class A, B and C shooters:
Class A: Gicker 20, Gerhard 20, Walters 18, Eshelman 17, Ball 16, Yost 15.
Class B: Willson 18, H. Millerd 15, Miles 13, Farr 13, Schultz 2.
Class C: Ernschaw 7.
Sweepstake events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	25	10	10	10	10	10
Walters	8	11	..	10	9	8	7	8
Eshelman	7	8	..	7	7	6	4	3
Gerhard	7	9	17	..	7	6
Gicker	7	9	17	..	5	6	9	..
Ball	6	11	..	7	6	8
Yost	6	..	20	6	6	5	8	7
Farr	4	..	15	4	5
Miles	5
Willson	5	7	6	3	6	8
Coldren	6	..	3
Fisher	2	..	11	5
Murphy	3	..
Millerd	5	7	4	3	5	..
Schultz	8	5	..	4	8	..
Eishonher	..	6	11	3	..	2
Melcher	8	..	6	7	4	6	6	..
Sell	2	3

DUSTER.

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Pa., Nov. 30.—There was a light attendance at the league shoot to-day. The club event was at 10 live birds, \$5 entrance. Messrs. C. E. Geikler and Hood Waters were high with 9 kills each. The scores in the club handicap follow:

C E Geikler, 27.....	22222222*2	9
H Waters, 29.....	2222222222	9
A H Fox, 29.....	2010222222	7
F Swartz, 29.....	2112101010	7
Anderson, 28.....	111000200	5
Miss-and-out, \$3:		
Swartz.....	1221221222220	14
Anderson.....	2122w	
Waters.....	2121222222222	15
A H Fox.....	1212212212212	15

WESTERN TRAPS.

Big Live-Bird Sweep is Abandoned.

The following communication from Mr. C. R. Stephens, of Moline, Ill., vice-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, announces the abandonment of the proposed big live-bird sweep, which was to have been held at Watson's Park, Chicago, during the month of December. Mr. Stephens expresses considerable chagrin, but asks that the news be made public in order that there may not be any misunderstanding in regard to the matter. He writes as below:

"The big shoot is off. I was unable to line up the agreed minimum number of entries, fifty, by Saturday, Nov. 23, which was the time limit set by John Watson, who was to pull off the game on his grounds. Was only able to get forty-six forfeits. Had innumerable promises, but couldn't cash them—the 'hot air banks' were not running.

"Thank you kindly for your effort to assist me in the game, and apologize for consuming your time for naught.

"As I write this I have fifty-one forfeits lying in front of me; five of them arrived this morning. Just thirty-six hours too late to be of any value in promoting the game. It seems really too bad to lose out on so close a margin.

"Maybe I will succeed better next time, for I surely will try again some day. I hope to be able to interest you then also.

"Thanking you again for your participation, I beg to remain sincerely (if sorrowfully) yours,

"C. R. STEPHENS."

Intercity of Minnesota.

The past week at the Intercity Shooting Park between Minneapolis and St. Paul was rather quiet, many of the shooters being absent in the field after quail. On Thanksgiving Day there will be a target shoot at 15 targets for turkey prizes, by the members of the Oak Grove Gun Club.

The St. Paul Review cup was shot for Nov. 24, and brought out the largest entry of the season. The following are the scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

5 1 2 5 2 1 3 4 2 3 4 3 5 3 5 2 5 4 5 3 1 3 4 5 1	
1 2 1 1 2	—24
3 5 4 3 4 5 5 2 1 2 2 1 2 3 5 4 2 2 1 8 3 3 4 5 1	
2 2 2 2 0 2	—21
5 2 2 4 8 2 2 4 4 2 1 3 2 2 8 5 4 4 4 1 4 1 1 8 5	
2 1 1 2 1 0 2 2 1 2 0 2 0 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 1 1 2	—21
4 8 5 3 5 8 8 5 1 3 1 4 5 5 3 8 2 8 2 8 4 2 4 5 2	
2 1 0 1 2 1 2 2 * 1 0 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 0 0 0	—17
2 8 4 1 4 2 1 5 5 1 1 4 5 5 4 1 4 5 5 3 5 5 4 4 4	
2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 1 * 2 2 2 0 2	—21
5 2 2 3 3 4 4 5 2 4 2 2 1 2 1 1 4 8 4 2 3 3 1 3	
2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1 * 1 2 2 2 2 * 2 1 2 2 2 2 * 0	—20
4 4 2 2 5 4 5 5 8 3 3 2 5 1 2 4 1 4 1 2 2 3 2 4 1	
2 2 2 1 1 0 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 0 1 1 2 2 2	—28
5 4 5 4 4 5 5 1 5 5 2 5 2 2 4 1 5 2 1 1 5 2 1	
2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2	—22
1 2 2 1 2 5 5 1 5 3 3 1 5 4 4 4 2 2 2 2 5 3 2 5 2	
2 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 2 * 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 1 0 2 2 1	—21
Five-bird sweepstake:	
French.....	122*1—4
Morrison.....	22222—5
Mulligan.....	11112—5
Brown.....	00*11—2
Wilkinson.....	22122—5
Kribs.....	22222—5
Bull.....	12001—3

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Nov. 28.—The appended scores were made to-day on the occasion of our annual Thanksgiving pigeon (turkey) shoot. All events were 5 birds, and high guns drew for the turkey in each case. The day was a fine one for pigeon shooting. A rather stiff southwest breeze blew directly across the traps and made the birds red hot all day.

The birds were the best lot I have seen trapped for a long time, only three sitters developing all day in almost 600 birds shot. Ten members of the club carried home each a fine turkey; and all went home satisfied, having had all the shooting they wanted, for once. The attendance was large and enthusiastic, and all went off pleasantly. Not a single particle of friction occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
White.....	4
Nusly.....	3	4	3	..	4
Tramp Irwin.....	5	3	..	3
Felix.....	1
T W Eaton.....	2	5	5	..	4
Palmer.....	4	3	4	3	4	..	5
S P Hicks.....	5	1	..	2
Dr Meek.....	5	5	..	5	5	4	..	5
Hagerty.....	4	2	1
Birkland.....	3	3	0
Wm Hicks.....	1
Kissock.....	3	3	..	3
Thomas.....	4	2	..	2	4	4	3	1	1	..
Richards.....	..	2	3	3
W A Jones.....	..	5	1
T P Hicks.....	..	4	4	4	5	4	4
Midgely.....	..	4	3
Stevens.....	1	..	1
Delano.....	..	3	4	4	4	5	..	4
McDonald.....	..	2	4	1	1	4	..	2
Dorman.....	..	3	3	2	5	3	..	2
Bowers.....	..	3	..	3	2
Dr Shaw.....	3	1	4	..	4	5
A McGowan.....	4	..	2	..	3	1
Pollard.....	3	5	4
Drinkwater.....	1	2	2
Wyman.....	2	4	4
Pilz.....	3	5
Owens.....	2	0
Ford.....	4	3

DR. J. W. MEEK.

Nonpareil Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Chicago, Nov. 30.—There was a good attendance at the shoot of the Nonpareil Gun Club, at Watson's Park to-day. The conditions in the main event were 15 live birds, \$5 entrance, three moneys, high guns. There were three ties on 15, and the winners were in the following order: First, E. S. Graham; second, J. R. Graham; third, G. Roll. The scores:

Dr Shaw.....	02002121222220	11
Stephens.....	1202222*222222	12
Von Lengerke.....	2*222222222222	14
Blake.....	22222222222220	12
J R Graham.....	22222222222222	15
Sturtevant.....	22222*222212122	14
Roll.....	212222211211122	15
Leffingwell.....	112222022121022	13
Barto.....	222221201111122	14
E S Graham.....	22222222222222	15
E S Rice.....	111220100222221	12

Ties on 15:

E S Graham.....	222222	G Roll.....	22*
J R Graham.....	222220		

Five-bird sweep:

Stephens.....	11102—4	Dr Shaw.....	11212—5
Elbert.....	11012—4	Barto.....	22222—5
Blake.....	21222—5	Roll.....	22222—5
Von Lengerke.....	22222—5	Wolf.....	22202—4

Miss-and-outs:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Barto.....	11221212122222	122	221	20	220	22220
Stephens.....	122122220	0
Elbert.....	221221220	220	220	22	222	22222
Blake.....	20	222
Roll.....	212111121212
Shaw.....	122122122220

Mississippi Valley Notes.

The St. Louis Tournament.

THE tournament of the St. Louis Shooting Association, given anent the final shoot-off for the Republic cup trophy, continued over Sunday, the 23d, which is the leading day for general work at Dupont Park.

The attendance was much better than on the two previous days, and all events at both targets and live birds were very well filled. It is regrettable that there was not a much larger attendance throughout this meet, and doubtless there would have been more shooters had it been announced that the Republic trophy would be thrown open for all, but there was quite a delay in the receipt of replies from the five men interested, Charley Young being the last to respond, so that it could not have been advertised in advance.

The first event was a miss-and-out, in which Prendergast, Mermod and Spencer divided the purse. Event 2 was the same thing, and the honors were again divided by Prendergast, Riehl, Gilbert, Fanning and Burnside.

The big event of the day was a 15-bird sweep, with fifteen entries, and, although the birds were a good, fast lot, with no sitters, seven of the contestants—Crosby, Rock, Fanning, Burnside, Riehl, Gilbert and Mermod—made clean scores, there being three each in second and third places. The scores are appended:

No. 1, miss-and-out, \$2:			
Sims	0	Kenyon	0
Clutch	122210	Sims	0
Prendergast	222222	Kenyon	2222*
Mermod	222222	Sims	220
Spencer	222222		

No. 2, miss-and-out, \$2:

Prendergast.....	22222222	Rock.....	1212120
Crosby.....	11220	Orvis.....	1120
Mermod.....	12210	Fanning.....	2212212
Riehl.....	222222	Parmelee.....	2212212
Gilbert.....	1122111	Stevens.....	2210
Spencer.....	*	Spencer.....	22220
Nelson.....	10		

No. 3, 15-bird sweep, three moneys:

Crosby, 32.....	12222211122222	15	Riehl, 30.....	21112222222211	15
Rock, 28.....	22222222222211	15	Spencer, 30.....	2022222*2222212	13
Sims, 28.....	2210010202*		Orvis, 28.....	11221120*221112	13
C Trigger, 28.....	010010202		Parmelee, 32.....	20111212122111	14
Nelson, 28.....	221122121022112	14	Gilbert, 32.....	12121211111111	15
Fanning, 32.....	21111111112111	15	Mermod, 30.....	22222122122121	15
Burnside, 31.....	21212111211222	15	Stevens, 29.....	22101011111212	13
Eames, 28.....	222222221202222	14			

The late afternoon was devoted to more short live-bird races and several target sweeps, in which Crosby gathered most of the honor and shekels.

Charlie Stevens came all the way from Moline, Friday, hoping at this meet to take enough additional entries to his big 100-bird Chicago sweep, and he did get a number of entries here, but, much to the general regret, he was still four short of his guarantee of fifty entries Saturday night, and therefore was compelled to give up his enterprising project. C. R. Stevens is the true gentleman sportsman; he made a most praiseworthy effort in this matter, and it is too bad that he was compelled, from lack of support, to give it up.

Although it is yet very early in the game, it may be said with certainty that the Grand American Handicap of 1902, to be held in Kansas City, will be in all respects a record occasion. Every little country burg in this big Mississippi basin is grooming from one to a dozen favorites who will enter the lists. This is the main topic wherever two or more shooters meet, and all predict the largest entry on record.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Carlstadt Gun Club.

Carlstadt, N. J., Nov. 28.—This new club had a most gratifying attendance at this Thanksgiving Day shoot. Competition began at 11 o'clock. The prizes were of a useful kind to the members, and the entrance was of the reasonable amount that gives a man pleasure without crippling his resources for a day or two. The prizes were eight turkeys, four ducks and seventeen chickens. The turkey events were at 10 targets, 15 cents entrance, targets extra. The duck and chicken events were 10 cents entrance, 5 targets, targets extra. Refreshments and segars enlivened the meeting. There was a large attendance of spectators. The weather was clear and cold, with a high wind.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	5	5	10	5	5	5	10	5	5	10	10
A. Niederer.....	2	1	4	..	2	3	8	3	..	5	9
H. Krug.....	3	3	5	..	2	3	8	3	..	5	9
T. Gemp.....	3	3	6	2	4	3	9	1	5	9	8
N. Tyger.....	3	4	6	4	..	3	5	..	8	6	6
G. Frank.....	2	2	5	..	2	4	3	..	7	3	3
W. Rasmus.....	2	2	5	..	2	4	3	..	7	3	3
A. Roemer.....	2	6	1	2	3	4	5	5
H. Krug.....	..	5
A. Niederer.....	..	5
T. Gemp.....	..	6	4
J. de Pauw.....	..	1	1	..	4
M. Rasmus.....	..	5	3	4	10	1	4	5	10
J. Vohs.....	..	3	3	6	3	3	3	3	3	6	..
F. Huebner.....	..	1	2	4	2	1
J. Rasmus.....	..	2	3	5	3	..	4	3
C. Steinbrenner.....	..	2	2	3	2	..	6
C. Niederer.....	..	3	0	3	3	2	3	4
J. Schreiber.....	0
H. Cook.....	2	2	7
W. Dean.....	0	1
H. Linsell.....	0
W. Johnson.....	3	2	8
F. Victor.....	0	1
W. Dorn.....	2
E. Hutchinson.....	7	8

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Nov. 28.—Find below summary of shoot held by the Boiling Springs Fishing and Gun Club to-day:

No. 1, 5 live birds, for birds only:
Huck 11111-5 Axford 12211-5
Paul 21221-5 Matzen 12120-4

No. 2, 5 birds, for birds:
Matzen 12202-4 Seeley 20210-3

No. 3, 5 birds, \$2 entrance:
Huck 20012-3 Burgess 02001-2
Matzen 10121-4 Herrington 11010-3
Paul 12000-2

Handicap shoot, at clay targets, for turkeys; three turkeys in each event, 15 targets, 75 cents entrance:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Hatfield, 2.....	11	10	8	Paul, 2.....	7	7	12
Herrington, 1.....	11	13	..	Lawrenson, 5.....	3
Dr. Fredericks, 2.....	4	Frank, 2.....	14	13	11
Huck, 1.....	14	9	14	H. Fredericks, 3.....	9
Axford, 2.....	13	Seeley, 3.....	8	7	..
Matzen, 2.....	9	13	14	Jeannerett, 3.....	12	12	..

In No. 1 the turkeys were won by Huck, Axford and Herrington. In No. 2, by Matzen, Jeannerett and Hatfield. In No. 3, by Huck, Paul and Frank.

South Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 27.—The main feature of the meeting was the contest between Mr. George H. Piercy, of Jersey City, and Dr. W. L. Gardiner, of Orange, N. J., for the E. C. cup, emblematic of the championship of New Jersey. The former was the challenger. This contest has been in abeyance for several weeks, owing to Dr. Gardiner's absence in the West on business. The weather conditions were not favorable for good scores, a stiff wind causing the targets to take unusual flights. A number of other contests were participated in by the shooters present, and as handicap allowances were quite liberally arranged, the competition was well sustained to the end. The scores:

E. C. cup contest:
G. H. Piercy..... 0111101110111110111101-19
Dr. W. L. Gardiner..... 1111111101101101000111-18-37
101101011001110101111111-18-36

Sweepstakes; the handicap allowances are given in parentheses:
Trophy shoot, 15 targets; prize, a whisky flask: Peters (3) 15, Glover (0) 14, Terrill (3) 14, Super (3) 12, Gardiner (1) 11, Herrington (2) 11, Welles (1) 9.

Prize contest, 15 targets; prizes, a pipe and tobacco to first; second, pocket knife: Glover (3) 15, Herrington (4) 15, Terrill (5) 15, Welles (4) 15, Gardiner (3) 13, Piercy (2) 13, Super (4) 12, Peters (3) 12.

Ties, 10 targets: Glover (1) 10, Herrington (2) 10, Terrill (2) 8, Welles (2) 7.

Shoot for carving set, 25 targets: Welles (6) 25, Glover (3) 25, Super (8) 25, Herrington (7) 24, Piercy (4) 23, Gardiner (4) 20, Peters (7) 20.

Ties, same conditions: Welles (6) 25, Glover (3) 24, Super (8) 23. Prize shoot for a watch and a pocket knife, 15 targets, high guns to win: Glover (2) 15, Terrill (6) 15, Herrington (5) 15, Super (6) 15, Koegel (5) 15, Peters (6) 15, Michlon (6) 15, Welles (5) 14, Piercy (4) 13, Gardiner (4) 12.

Shoot-off, 10 targets: Glover (1) 10, Terrill (2) 10, Herrington (2) 9, Super (2) 8, Koegel (2) 8, Peters (2) 7, Michlon (2) 7.

Prize shoot for watch and pocket knife, 15 targets, high guns to win: Piercy (4) 15, Michlon (6) 15, Gardiner (4) 15, Welles (5) 15, Terrill (6) 14, Super (6) 14, Koegel (5) 14, Glover (2) 13, Peters (6) 13.

Shoot-off, miss-and-out: Piercy (2) 10, Michlon (3) 9, Gardiner (2) 7, Welles (2) 6.

Contest for pair of field glasses, 15 targets, high gun to win: Gardiner (4) 15, Koegel (5) 15, Herrington (5) 15, Welles (5) 15, Super (6) 14, Terrill (5) 14, Michlon (6) 14, Piercy (4) 13, Peters (5) 11.

Shoot-off, same conditions: Gardiner (4) 15, Koegel (5) 15, Herrington (5) 15, Welles (5) 15.

As before, all scratch: Gardiner 13, Koegel 11, Herrington 10, Welles 9.

East Side Gun Club.

Newark, N. J., Nov. 28.—There was a stiff, high, 9 o'clock wind, which added greatly to the difficulties of stopping the birds within bounds. The birds were a good lot, though with an ordinary one betimes. All the miss-and-outs were from the 28yd. mark, except No. 5, which was from 28 to 31yds.:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Geoffroy.....	12	212	0	20
Prest.....	0	210	21	20
Erb.....	10	112	20	2*
Knevels.....	12	0	0	22221
King.....	10	0	..	22114
Hassinger.....	02	..	11	10
Schorty.....	..	0	12220	1112

Sweepstakes, 10 pigeons, handicap rise:

Knevels, 29.....	222222222-10	Prest, 28.....	1210211*10-7
Koegel, 29.....	222222222-10	Geoffroy, 29.....	0200200212-5
Hassinger, 29.....	1222122020-8	Erb, 28.....	0010020000-2
Schorty, 29.....	211201*212-8		

Club handicap, 10 birds, optional sweepstakes:

Class A, 29yds.:		Schorty.....	1102102222-8
Koegel.....	1121120201-9	Hassinger.....	2211*2*100-6
Geoffroy.....	212121220-9		
Knevels.....	222012222-9		

Class B, 27yds.:

Erb.....	1011222122-9	Dr. Hudson.....	0111100120-6
Perry.....	2121202121-9	J. Jones.....	0112211212-9
Fischer.....	2220001212-7	Hughes.....	0200120122-6

Sweepstakes, 7 pigeons, 28yds.:

Geoffroy.....	212111-7	King.....	2101121-6
Hassinger.....	2012212-6	Schorty.....	0201121-5
Hughes.....	1132022-6	Fischer.....	010*222-4
Knevels.....	222202-6	Koegel.....	2100200-3

Jackson Park Gun Club.

Paterson, N. J., Nov. 30.—The Thanksgiving open shoot of the Jackson Park Gun Club was a complete success, both financially and entertainingly. The handsome club house was taxed during the afternoon to its utmost capacity. Every one was well pleased with the way things were carried out, and especially the workings of the magautrap. The opening event on the programme for the day was at 5 live birds, \$2, to give the amateurs a chance. Ten o'clock seemed to be rather early for the people of Paterson, and there were only seven entries, five from Hackensack, one from Passaic and one from Paterson. But before the event was finished the rest of the shooters began to arrive, and when the second event, which was a match at 25 birds for \$25 and the price of the birds, between Count Lenone, of Passaic and Charles Fleischmann, of Hackensack, the club house was packed.

Everything being ready, the match was ordered to proceed. Count chose to go to the traps first. He got a corking left-quartering driver, which he was compelled to use his second on. His fourth was hard hit with both barrels, but dropped out of bounds. He seemed to be a bit careless after his fifth bird, but nevertheless he made some grand kills, especially with one barrel. After that most of his misses should have been scored. His last two losses were from carelessness.

On the other hand, Fleischmann started off with a driver from No. 4 trap, which he hit lightly with his first and which escaped to the outside, to meet its fate. He settled right down to work after this bird, and did some nice work until his ninth, which was an incomer from No. 1 trap. He used poor judgment on this bird, letting it get too close before using his second barrel. His twelfth was a lightning right-quarterer, which was yards away before he got in action. His twentieth turned out of both shots. He should have had his last bird, but the match was won, and he didn't use the judgment he should have used. It was hit lightly with both barrels. The match ended 20 to 18. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Lenone, 28.....	2	2	1	2	2	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	2	1	5	18
Fleischmann, 28.....	0	2	2	1	2	2	0	2	2	0	2	2	2	2	2	0	2	2	2	20

There will be another match between Andrew Fletcher, of the home club, and Mr. Abbensinth, formerly of Hackensack, now the keeper of the City Hall Café at Paterson, on Dec. 21, for \$50 a side.

The birds in the match to-day were first class. But the birds used in the sweeps were only of the ordinary kind, arriving here in Paterson late at night. They were crated too full, so they could not move, and as it was too late to take them out to the grounds and let them out, they had to remain that way without food or water, which accounts a good deal for their slow rise. We will try and avoid this in our next shoot, which probably will be Christmas Day.

The third event, at 7 birds, \$5, had fifteen entries. Handicapping, 27 to 31yds., was done by the writer.

The fourth event was to have been at 7 birds, but had to be cut down to 5 on account of scarcity of birds. There were seventeen entries at \$5, with handicaps revised a little. After this event we brought the magautrap out, and after five minutes' delay they were firing away at clay birds, which shows how handy we have things arranged at our grounds at the present time.

The cold weather has set it and put us back a little with the plowing up and harrowing over of the grounds, but we did manage, after hard work, to get the ground inside of the boundaries in what you might call pretty good shape for the shoot to-day.

I have mailed a letter of instructions and a sketch to scale to some few gentlemen in Havana, Cuba, at their request. They have just organized a club. They noticed my article in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 9, about our club house and grounds.

There were four target events, and they were shot up to dark. Chris Wright refereed the match and Dutcher all other events, and did the scoring.

	Yards.	No. 1.	Yards.	No. 2.
A. Doty.....	31.	0212212-6	31.	12212-5
Vermorell.....	28.	0220121-5	27.	01200-2
Fletcher.....	28.	0222122-7	29.	01122-4
Ed Morgan.....	29.	0*12020-3	27.	22002-3
Powers.....	28.	1102000-3	27.	02221-4
Stalter.....	28.	22202*2-5	27.	22022-1
Demerest.....	29.	2220200-4	28.	00022-2
Tracy.....	29.	2111100-5	28.	02001-2
Probst.....	28.	0020120-3	26.	01201-3
Abbensinth.....	29.	2100000-2	27.	11112-5
Gar Hopper.....	28.	2222222-7	29.	02221-4
Fleischmann.....	30.	2212202-6	30.	22202-4
Lenone.....	29.	0010200-2		
Geo Hopper.....	27.	2201122-6	28.	22222-5
Bunn.....	28.	2101022-5		
Pawelskie.....			27.	20202-3
J. Doty.....			28.	21222-5
Mitchel.....			26.	02020-2
Wright.....			29.	22222-5

Target events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
A. Doty.....	9	13	12	8	Fleischmann.....	0	3	10	6
Vermorell.....	5	10	11	6	Geo Hopper.....	7	9	11	8
Fletcher.....	4	6	5	8	Pawelskie.....	3	11	8	6
Ed Morgan.....	9	13	13	7	J. Doty.....	5	10	9	4
Powers.....	8	8	12	8	Mitchell.....	2	2	5	7
Stalter.....	9	13	10	9	Wright.....	5	10	11	8
Tracy.....	6	11	11	7	Vermorell, Jr.....	4
Probst.....	2	..	2	5	Mathews.....	5	11	10	6
Gar Hopper.....	8	8	11	8					

WM. DUTCHER.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Trap at Baldwin's.

Baldwins, L. I.—The Thanksgiving Day shoot at Baldwin's had a match race between Mr. Gus E. Greiff and Dr. Carman. The conditions were 25 live birds each. The weather was cold, the wind high, and the birds good. Capt. J. A. H. Dressel acted as referee.

In the match Dr. Carman won, with a score of 19 to 18.

Match at 25 live birds, between Mr. Gus Greiff and Dr. Carman:
Dr. Carman..... 2*22102002222021222220-19
G. Greiff..... 22202*0020220*2222212212*-18

No. 1 was miss-and-out; Nos. 2 and 3 were sweeps; all at 30yds.:

No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Carman.....	01102-3	2211112202-9
Greiff.....	02211-4	1122022222-9
Butler.....	11122-5	1111110222-9
Mickle.....	0101-2	0002022000-3
Barker.....	10001-2	110100000*-3
Merritt.....	10101-3	1121*00012-6
Denyse.....	22001-3	0021220211-7
Sauples.....	01200-2	2110201011-7

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Nov. 28.—There was a good attendance of the club members and their friends at the Thanksgiving Day shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, at Interstate Park. Messrs. J. H. Jack and T. W. Morfe shot a 25 live-bird match, which resulted in a tie on 23, a very creditable performance. A few miss-and-outs were shot, after which a club event at 7 birds was shot for a prize, as follows:

W. F. Sykes, 29.....	00211*w	W. J. Lurgan, 28.....	2220w
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	222*022-5	H. Kryn, 28.....	222*112-6
R. W. Hafl, 28.....	211122-7	B. Waters, 28.....	1122121-7
J. H. Jack, 29.....	*w	*C. Brown, 28.....	2111211-7

*Guest
Shoot-off: Waters 1, Hafl 0.

Match between Messrs. Morfe and Jack:

J. H. Jack, 29.....	2*222122222221022222122-23
T. W. Morfe, 30.....	222221*2112121*2212112-23

Miss-and-out, for club prize; Mr. Gaughen won in the 11th round:

F. D. Creamer, 28.....	22222122220	B. Waters, 28.....	212122111*
R. W. Hafl, 28.....	1*	J. Gaughen, 29.....	21111222122
J. H. Jack, 29.....	0	D. Bennett, 28.....	22220
W. J. Lurgan, 28.....	11121220	J. P. Kay, 28.....	20
H. Kryn, 28.....	0	T. W. Morfe, 30.....	2212120

Ten birds, for moose head:

F. D. Creamer, 28.....

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 24.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Our Christmas Number

The Christmas Number of Forest and Stream for 1901 will be of the character of those of past years, a notable collection of sketches and stories. The following is a list of the titles and authors:

In Lusty Manhood.

Charles Hallock.

Selling the Bear's Hide.

Charles Stewart Davison.

A Man o' the Woods.

Fayette Durlin.

Sea Rack.

William Edward Aitken.

Casey's Wildcat.

Francis Moonan.

The Tale of the Laula Hunt.

Llewella Pierce Churchill.

** If you get the paper from a newsdealer you should take the precaution to order in advance.

A genuine sportsman must possess a combination of virtues, which will fill him so full that no man can be left for sin to squeeze in. He must be an early riser—to be which is the beginning of virtue—ambitious, temperate, prudent, patient, diligent, hardy, energetic, courageous, cheerful, intent upon his business, always ready; confident, cool, kind to his dog, civil to the girls, and courteous to his brother sportsmen.

J. Cypress, Jr.

THE EXPORT OF GAME.

A CORRESPONDENT writing on the general subject of non-export laws says, in a letter which will interest a considerable number of shooters:

I know of three cases in Michigan where large numbers of ducks, geese and swans have been fed to the hogs because they could not be taken out of the State as presents to friends. A few birds were brought home in trunks by the gunners who killed them, while the owners' clothing came in boxes and barrels. This season a land controlling large preserves, who for years has sent to friends presents of ducks, has been obliged to give it up owing to the law. Retaining a few of the best points for his own shooting, he permitted his neighbors to occupy the rest of the preserve, with the result that between 4,000 and 4,500 ducks were slaughtered. Many of these were sold for a mere song, and a great many were thrown away.

It does seem to me that a person going to the expense of keeping large preserves should be permitted to fetch out at least what he has with him. And that some way might be suggested by which the game should be protected, and yet owners of preserves should have some rights to what they shoot, on the land which they protect.

There seems to be much reason in the complaint brought forward. The FOREST AND STREAM has long contended that, within reasonable limits, the sportsman should be permitted to carry from one State to another the game which he has killed, provided he accompanies it. The restriction of game by the visiting sportsmen to be taken home is not an important matter, when compared with the game killed by market-hunters and shipped as freight or pressed from any State to centers of population. The privilege enjoyed in Maine of bringing from the State game killed by sportsmen—while sometimes abused to

some extent—is not believed to have any effect on the game supply.

It is natural that after years of license in the free traffic of game, laws should be passed which are unnecessarily stringent, and that such laws should in some cases bear hardly on the individual. The obvious purpose of the game laws is to secure the greatest good to the greatest number, and these non-export laws have undoubtedly operated to considerable extent to reduce the wholesale slaughter of game. There appears to be no good reason, however, why the regulations should not to some extent be modified in favor of those visiting sportsmen who wish to bring out a limited quantity of the game they kill.

It is to be regretted that many States have not yet passed laws limiting the number of birds to be killed in a day and a season. Such limitations should everywhere prevail; and with this system the privilege of bringing out a certain quantity of game may safely be accorded to sportsmen from without the State.

Such a provision, however, should be carefully guarded, for it is open to abuse by unscrupulous persons. Cases of evasion of the non-export law, such as cited by our correspondent, are constantly occurring and being detected, and so long as laws remain on the statute book they must be strictly enforced, or else they will be respected by no one.

When a person goes on a long journey for game and is successful in the quest, he finds high satisfaction in bringing home something to show for it, and to share with his family and friends. That is part of the pleasure and the reward; and unless there are sound reasons for denying him the privilege, it should be granted to him. There are not such reasons. The very fact that in some States the export of game and fish in limited quantities accompanied by owner is the system in successful operation, indicates that it might be the system everywhere.

SENATOR PRITCHARD, of North Carolina, has introduced anew the bill to establish the Appalachian National Park, and a similar measure has been introduced into the House by a member from Tennessee. The latter bill provides that the park shall be named the McKinley National Park, in recognition of the friendly attitude of President McKinley toward the measure in the last Congress. What President Roosevelt thinks of the Appalachian Park plan may be inferred from the paragraphs of his Message which have to do with the forest reserves. We print these paragraphs in another column, and commend them to careful reading as a well-put statement of the principles upon which the American people must base their action respecting their great forest possessions. It is worth while to recall here, too, another declaration uttered by Mr. Roosevelt when he was Governor of New York. Speaking of national parks, he said:

This is doing for the common people what the rich are doing for themselves; it is an evil of our times and this nation, that rich men and rich men's clubs are buying up choice tracts of game and forest lands and shutting them up from the common people. In England the people are accustomed to that sort of thing, but in this country they are not, and should not be.

The note from Mr. C. M. Stark concerning the actions of the New Hampshire deer, furnishes additional confirmation—if any were needed—of the well-known fact that animals have a foreknowledge of the weather which is denied to most human beings. Persons who spend much of their time out of doors have frequent occasion to observe this. Often in winter before a spell of severe weather there is an unusual flight of migratory northern birds. Wildfowl, which love to linger as long as possible on northern waters, are apt to disappear just before the hard frost which closes the bays, lakes and streams. Previous to a heavy snowstorm the ruffed grouse will be found to have taken refuge among the branches of the evergreen trees. In the Western mountains the deer and elk start from their summer to their winter range shortly before the first heavy snowfall.

Nor is this knowledge confined to wild animals. Even the domestic birds and beasts of our farms often show by signs which are readily noticeable the approach of stormy weather; while in some mountains of the West—especially in New Mexico and Arizona—the wild range cattle, which during the summer spend their time far up the mountain side, may be seen in autumn stringing down in long lines

toward the hot plain, and the ranchman or cowboy who sees them knows that but a few days will elapse before the summer ranges will be buried deep in snow. What the barometer is which tells these creatures, which we call dumb, that the weather is about to change and that their own comfort requires them to provide against the storm, we do not know. It is one of the mysteries of nature which as yet no man has penetrated.

Capt. John Pitcher, the Acting Superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, has been highly successful in conciliating public sentiment, promoting good feeling among the people living in the vicinity, and thus winning their sympathy and active support for the protection of the game. When the vast extent of the Park territory is considered, with the inadequate force available for its policing, we may readily understand how essential to the welfare of the Park game is the co-operation of the residents in the discouragement of poaching. There have been periods in the past when, by reason of antagonism existing between the Park administration and the people living on the outskirts, the game destroyers had practical immunity, because there was no public sentiment to denounce and expose them. The conditions are now changed. Public sentiment is strong in support of game protection, and powerful to suppress poaching. In thus having enlisted the co-operation of the people, Capt. Pitcher has accomplished more for the welfare of the Park than he could have done with a redoubled force of troops if the old feeling of antagonism had prevailed.

The stock of elk in the Park is largely in excess of the food supply available on the winter range. The consequence is that in the winter vast numbers of elk perish of starvation. In other words, the game is over-protected. Under these conditions a way might be devised for utilizing a portion of the over-supply for the restocking of elk ranges elsewhere which have been cleared of their native stock. Under proper official supervision numbers of Yellowstone Park elk might be transferred to other parts of the country, and thus the Park be utilized as a permanent source of supply. In the same way a system might be devised for the transfer of quail from the Indian Territory, under the supervision of duly constituted Government agents, to the several States where the stock has been destroyed. These great game-breeding preserves which belong to the people might well be thus exploited for the benefit of the people.

The only rule for everybody everywhere and always is: "Don't shoot until you see your game, and see that it is game." That forbids shooting at a patch of color that looks like deer; it forbids shooting at a moving object which has not absolutely and unmistakably beyond possibility of error been identified. No man in our time will level his gun on the last deer or the last moose in the woods; others will be left for him, even if over caution permits some to get away. It is far better to miss one or a score or a thousand by waiting to make sure, than to kill a fellow sportsman.

Here is a suggestive statement showing the comparative amounts of reading matter (exclusive of the advertising pages) given by the largest of the four-dollar monthly magazines and the four-dollar FOREST AND STREAM. The computation is based upon the type surface covered, but the actual difference in favor of the FOREST AND STREAM is much greater than is here shown, because of the difference in the sizes of type used.

The four-dollar magazine per year..... 77,280 square inches
The four-dollar FOREST AND STREAM per year.. 165,984 square inches

Thus it is seen that FOREST AND STREAM gives more than twice the amount of material contained in the magazine.

And, then, it is FOREST AND STREAM reading.

But suppose that after all the planning and traveling and tramping and trailing and watching, you get no deer—is the hunt a failure? It may be, and also it may not be. For one instance of empty-handed coming home from a fruitless deer quest, which yet gave abundant reward, read the story told by H. on the following page, and from it draw the moral that it is not all of hunting to kill game.

The Sportsman Tourist.

My Vacation for 1901.

I have been a constant reader of the *FOREST AND STREAM* from No. 1, Volume I., and have always been interested in everything written and said in that paper. I have read "How I Shot the Big Buck," "How I Killed My First Moose," and all those stories, until I made up my mind that I must go and try my hand. Must shoot a moose. Now, I am not as young as I used to be, was not in condition, and knew that it would require some effort on my part, at least to do the tramping in the woods, but thought if I could secure a suitable companion (and this was a sticker, after everything that had been written in *FOREST AND STREAM* for the last two or three months about finding a suitable companion), I would be all right. I knew a young doctor, D. D. S., who was a good shot, had been a good companion on little excursions, and was entirely reliable; did not think he would mistake me for a deer, or anything of that kind, but believing that writers in *FOREST AND STREAM* perhaps knew more about who would be a good companion than I, I hesitated some time before speaking to him about it. I ventured at last, however, to call on him one evening and said: "Doctor, how would you like to go up in Maine?" He is no novice at this, having been there on several occasions, and I concluded that he would be just the man for me. He said: "I will be pleased to go with you if you will promise me one thing, and that is, if we occupy the same camp that you will not snore as you did the last time we were at the lake together." This I could not do, as I knew my failing in that particular. After some persuasion, however, he decided to go. We then began getting together and packing our traps. I was anxious to take everything. I thought we ought to take a Saratoga trunk. The Doctor thought we could get all we needed in two pack baskets, and as he had had the experience, I acquiesced.

A few days before we were to leave home a Mr. L. called on us (we will call him Alex for short) and said he understood that we were going up in Maine, and if we had not decided upon a place he would like to have us go with him to Long Pond, as he was the owner of a log house there and would like to have us enjoy his camp with him. His wishes we acceded to at once, and as he had some business on the way, he left here on Oct. 16. I left on the morning of the 18th, spent the day with friends in Troy, and the Doctor joined me at 8 o'clock in the evening. We left Troy at 11:30 P. M., on the Boston & Maine, and as there were but few passengers in the car, did not take a sleeper, and also for the reason that I had had an experience in a sleeper where we were likely to have sportsmen get on. That time we left Boston at 9 P. M. All went well until we arrived at a station where several hunters got on. They came in, one singing, "We won't get there till morning." "There, by Jove, I have left my rifle!" "Say, George, where is my satchel?" "Dick, hand my pack basket over here, will you?" "Do you know, I believe I left my sleeping bag home!" "Say, Billy, did you get your shells?" "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" By that time some one from a berth said, "Say, fellows, give us a rest." The reply was, "That's what we want—rest. Can't you give us a chance?" "Now, keep still, will you? We want to sleep." "Well, so do we." "I vow, I hope they won't forget to check that baggage." About that time they all began to whisper, "Say, do you think they will be there to meet us? I haven't had a letter from Lou in two weeks. Darn me if I believe he will be there! Never saw anything like it in all my life. Never answered my last letter, and I don't know if he has engaged a guide for me or not." Then another passenger from an upper berth said: "Gentlemen, will you please keep still?" They answered back from down below, "Well, who are you?" After a time they quieted down, and the most of us dropped off to sleep. I know I did, for I was awakened by some one giving me a gentle nudge in the ribs and saying, "Mister, will you please stop snoring?" I made up my mind to lie awake the rest of the night rather than disturb any one with my snoring, but there was no occasion for this. At the next station six more got on, all bound for the happy hunting ground. Two of these had left some of their duffle in the railroad station, and they talked over how to word a telegram when they got to the next stopping place, and this or something of the kind was repeated at every station until we arrived at Bangor at 5 o'clock in the morning.

Each of us had two seats to ourselves, and we arrived at 6 o'clock in the morning. When we left Troy two young men with rifles got on the train, and seeing us with rifles, asked if we were going to Maine. We said we were, and found them very pleasant and agreeable. As this was their first hunting trip for deer, they made inquiries from the Doctor, and we learned that they were to accompany us until the next evening at 7 o'clock. We had breakfast at the station in Boston, and while strolling around there I think I never saw so many hunters together. Some were just going into the woods, some were just returning. Men with pointers and setters who were going out for the day for woodcock and grouse, men with beagles for rabbits, and others who were going to the shore for duck. They were a jolly, happy, good-natured set of men, and all with the glorious anticipation of a good time. You know this going gunning is not all in the game you get. The anticipation is quite as much, and often more, than the reality, but how can any man be disappointed after having a pleasant day afield.

We left Boston at 9 o'clock. The day was beautiful. Our friend Alex joined us in Waterville at 4 P. M. We arrived at Bangor about 6 o'clock, and left there at 6:30 for Greenville, which was to be the end of our trip for the day. Our young friends left us at Milo Junction about 7 o'clock, and in a letter just received from them they report having had a glorious time, and having shot a large buck and two does. We arrived at Greenville somewhat behind time, and were driven over to the Moose Head Inn, kept by Messrs. Walker & Wood, two well-known hotelmen who always make their guests more than welcome. After a good supper, and while seated around the big fireplace enjoying our cigars, we had pleasant talks with those who had just returned from the woods,

and some who were to start out the next week for deer.

In the morning we found that it had grown much colder, and the ground was frozen hard. Greenville is at the lower end of Moosehead Lake, and the view of the lake from the veranda was superb. The mountains in the distance and the foliage on the hills near by made it a picture long to be remembered. Two or three little steamers were loading at the docks with hay, grain and provisions for the lumber camps. There were some sportsmen among the passengers, but the most of them were lumbermen who will not come out of the woods until next spring. There were other hunters who were loading their canoes, and with their guides were going to paddle up to near-by points and go into camp.

After dinner we walked over to the station of the Canadian Pacific. The train was to leave at 1:30, but as it is not an unusual thing, did not leave until 2:30. The road runs along Moosehead Lake for about fifteen miles. I sat with my face pressed to the window peering into the woods, and had worked myself up to such a pitch from the stories that I had heard of the shooting of moose and deer near by, that I would not have been the least surprised at any moment to have seen a deer run. At last we struck the lower end of Long Pond, and finally got a glimpse of our camp, which was located on the opposite shore. We arrived at the station about 4 o'clock and were met by Mr. A. D. Wilson, who is the owner of the big Church Hill Camp, and the Doctor's guide. Our baggage was immediately transferred to two canoes, but as the wind was blowing strong from the north, the guides concluded that it would be safer for us to walk down the railroad track to the narrows and embark there. Long Pond is a series of three lakes about nine miles in length, and the narrows, which is about a mile from the



DOWN IN MAINE.

station, is at the lower end of the Second Pond. Here we could take the canoes safely, and by keeping under the north shore were in comparatively smooth water. Words fail me to describe my first impression of this lake and its surroundings. After a paddle of about half an hour we arrived at camp. There was no familiar face to meet us as the canoe pushed up on the shore, but there was one who stood there, and as the canoe struck the beach he was there with a hearty welcome. Although an entire stranger to us, we felt when H. B. Cilley put out his hand with that grip of New Hampshire welcome, we were with a sportsman, and it was as if we had known him for years. Big Church Hill Camp is located at the outlet of Big Church Hill Stream into Long Pond. The camp is a series of log houses for the accommodation of guests and guides, with a large, commodious log house for dining room and kitchen. Alex and the Doctor having been there before, were well known to Mr. Wilson. Alex went to his camp and the Doctor and I were assigned to the log house next to him. A big wood stove was throwing out heat. We found everything in good order, comfortable beds with lots of blankets, and everything to make one feel, as Alex would say, "Aren't you glad you have come?" and jolly old boys are we. At 6 o'clock we were called to grub, and how I did enjoy it. George Wilson, the cook, is an artist in his profession. He has been a cook for lumber camps for more than twenty-three years, has been a guide, and knows just exactly how to cook venison and flipping flippers, and can make the best venison stew I ever ate. We spent the evening with Alex in his cosy little camp, and retired to our quarters about 9 o'clock.

In the morning Allen came in and built the fire for us, and said breakfast would be ready at 6 o'clock. I got up, looked out of the window, and there were about three inches of snow on the ground, and when I told this to the Doctor, he said, "This, old man, is a good morning for deer; I must get up." After breakfast Doctor and I started for the hardwood ridge. We tramped all the forenoon and back to camp without the sign of a deer. I had not engaged a guide, and Allen volunteered to paddle over to Long Pond Station and get a man by the name of Joe, who, while he was not a professional guide, was a good all-round man, and the Doctor thought he was good enough for me. When we returned to camp we found a Mr. Davis, of New Haven, who had just come in with his guide. Mr. Davis had been at the camp for some days, and taken side trips around to other localities for over night. He said he had been in the woods for a number of years trying to shoot a buck with a good head, but up to date had failed. He had had any number of shots at deer, but he was looking for a big buck or moose. This rather dampened my ardor for moose, and I began to make up my mind that I might be willing to shoot a buck. When Mr. Davis' canoe came up to the shore, out jumped a big dog named Drummer. I looked him over, and said to myself, what kind of dog can that be and what is he doing here? I learned that he

was owned at the camp, and Mr. Davis had found him at the camp down the lake, where he had been over night, and the dog had been left there by his owner some days before. He was not a hound, and as for his looks, I would as soon think he was a cross between a barb-wire fence and a hay rake. Still, he might be a first-class dog for some purposes. I asked his owner if he knew his breeding, and he told me that he thought he was one-half hound, the other half bird dog and the rest just plain "dorg," and I think he must have been used when taken out on these excursions to keep the butcher birds from carrying off the deer after they had been shot and hung up (or something else). Mr. Davis left immediately after dinner for Blair's Camp, where he was to remain all night and hunt for the big buck in the morning. In the afternoon Allen, the Doctor and I got in the canoe and went down to the birches. I walked back into the woods I think about half a mile, when they left me to watch for any stray deer or moose that might come my way, and they tramped on a mile or two further. The Doctor got a running shot at a doe. They came back, picked me up, and we walked back to the lake, and there found Joe waiting for me, and we paddled back to camp.

The next morning (Tuesday) Joe and I went up on the hardwood ridges again, but the snow being damp and having frozen in the night, made it impossible for us to go quietly, and we did not see a thing. Doctor and Allen had a distant view of a deer, and we all returned to camp at noon. In the meantime Mr. Davis had returned from Blair's Camp with a fine doe, and said there were many signs of deer there. After dinner Doctor and I talked it over, and decided to start for Blair's camp that afternoon. Our friend Alex is no shooter, and does not carry a gun when he goes in the woods, but for an all-round good sportsman (without a gun) and an all-day trumper, Alex is one of them, and he decided to go with us. Mr. Wilson filled two pack baskets with the necessary grub. We walked up to the dam, and there embarked in two canoes up the Church Hill Stream, and I was selfish enough to have Joe keep ahead, and as we rounded every point or bush I expected to get a shot at a moose, but did not see a sign of anything with life except a muskrat. Here we unloaded the canoes, pulled them up on the shore and started for a four-mile tramp over what seemed to me the worst walking that I had ever experienced—sloughs, bogs, roots, stumps, pieces of corduroy road—and when I got to the end of that four-mile tramp you may imagine something of how I felt. I was sixty years old when I started, and I felt as though I was at least a hundred and ten when I reached there. Blair's camp is a set of unoccupied buildings that had been used last year as a lumber camp. They were all in a good state of preservation, and the building that had been used as the home of the scaler was the one that we decided to occupy. There was a good cook stove, some beds and table implements, which, with the grub that we had toted in, made it very comfortable, and, as Mr. Davis had told us, we were in as good a deer country as could be found. He had left part of a deer at the camp, so there was no lack of provision, and with Joe and Allen as cooks, we were just all right.

After a comfortable night's rest we started out bright and early, I expecting to shoot a moose. Did not think for a minute of bothering with any small game like a deer, but came back to camp at noon, having hunted in about the same direction that the Doctor had, and did not see anything larger than a red squirrel. Doctor had seen two or three deer, but did not have a shot. On his way into camp that noon Allen tried to show him two, but the Doctor failed to see them. We left Alex at the camp, and when we returned at noon he had the kettle boiling, potatoes ready, and in a very short time we had a smoking hot dinner. I had made up my mind that there was no need of tramping, as the deer could hear us half a mile away. Joe and I went to the top of a hill and sat down on a big birch log to wait for the moose or deer to come around our way. We were not seated there more than five minutes when Joe thought he could get a better view of the surrounding woods by moving about three rods to my right. He had scarcely gone two rods from me when he fired his rifle, and I turned around to see what he was shooting at. He was on the opposite side of a big blown-down spruce, and when I found I could not see him I directed my attention to where I had been looking before he fired the shot, when within four rods of me I saw a flag, and that was all. I walked around to Joe and said: "What did you shoot at?" He said: "A deer; did you see the one in front of you?" I said: "No, I only saw a flag." He then said that there were two deer within five rods of us; the one that he shot at was standing up, and the one that I saw the flag of was lying down right in front of my eyes. But, alas for me, I only saw the flag. Now I am an admirer of the flag, but am free to confess that I like to see more of it than I did of this one, even if it is white. We hunted the rest of the afternoon without another sight of deer—not even a flag. When we returned to camp the Doctor had shot a deer, but had been unable to find him, as he had not struck him in a vital spot.

The evening was spent pleasantly, and we were out bright and early in the morning. Joe and I went up to the old birch log, the Doctor and Allen toward the hardwood ridge. We had not left camp more than ten minutes when we heard two shots from the Doctor's rifle. Joe and I hunted until noon without any luck, except that Joe reported having seen "two flags." On our way back to camp we found the Doctor's two deer hanging up by the side of the tote road, and Joe carried one into camp. The Doctor and Allen came in and reported having seen two other deer, which they did not get a shot at.

This being Thursday noon, and as we would be obliged to start for home on Saturday, we concluded to leave this camp after dinner to get back to the Big Church Hill Camp. Now, here was a query. Two deer, two pack baskets and rifles to get out over what seemed to me an impassable road for men with such a load. How could we do it? I volunteered to take a pack basket full of duffle and start. Joe and Allen with the larger deer on a pole, the Doctor and Alex with the smaller deer. I started about fifteen minutes ahead. The pack basket weighed perhaps about thirty or forty pounds when I started. The first eighth of a mile I struck about a forty clip, the second eighth about a ten-minute gait, and the rest of the way was a go-as-you-please race. They never

sighted me once after I left the camp, but I think it was not due to the clip I had struck, but was owing to the fact that more than half the time I was down in the mud behind the bogs and stumps, I on the pack basket part of the time, and part of the time the basket on me, so that they could not see me. However, I reached the canoes safely, and in about half an hour Joe put in appearance and said that they had left the deer on the road about two miles back, knowing that a team from a lumber camp would be down the next morning and bring them down. I expected that when I got back to camp, or, at least, the next morning, I would not be able to stir out of bed. It did seem to me that I was never so tired in all my life. I had torn my pants, cut a hole in my rubber boots and was sadly demoralized. I called at Mr. Cilley's little camp and told him I was in a sorry plight, and he remarked "Then your looks don't belie you." He gave me a needle and thread, and when he went into his little storehouse for the necessaries, I had to laugh. He had buttons, button hooks, needles and thread, sugar, lemons, witch hazel, rye extract and enough stuff to fill a small-sized drug store, and a corkscrew thrown in if necessary.

This was my last chance for moose. Doctor and Allen were ready to start. I called the Doctor aside and said, "If I don't kill a moose to-day I shall try and get a deer. Must take something home with me. Haven't had a shot at anything." The Doctor, in his very comforting way, said, "You might shoot some red squirrels." Joe wanted to take me up to the Parlin Stream and stay all night, but as the Doctor had to leave Long Pond on Saturday to be home on Monday without fail, I did not dare take the chances. I took my camera and got some pictures, and Joe said, "Get in the canoe." He paddled up to the narrows and when we rounded the point the wind was blowing a gale. He hugged the shore for half a mile and then gave up, took the canoe out of the water and we started through the woods. We had not gone far when Joe said, "You hear him snort? He gone now," and then within a few rods he showed me the place where the deer had rested all night. I looked it over, imagined the size of the deer, said to myself, "If I only could have gotten up here without his hearing or seeing me I might have gotten him," and I had the head all set up and the feet made into a gun rack, when Joe said, "Come, we go." I started again, and we tramped for half a mile, when we met the Doctor and Allen. They had seen another deer; at least Allen had, and while he was trying to point it out to the Doctor it had vanished.

We tramped on to an old lumber camp, where Joe left the pack basket and camera. We climbed for another hardwood ridge, saw a few signs of deer, and when we had gotten into the worst possible kind of a place we sat down to rest with the hope that some stray moose or deer might come that way. Joe worked off over the ridge out of sight, and then those saucy imps of red squirrels began to make fun of me. First, one said, "Can't you see a deer, deer, deer?" Then another said, "What are you doing here, here, here?" The third came up and laughed; then they all went through something of an acrobatic performance, and one said, "This is the way the old man goes through the woods." Now, if it had not been for frightening away some moose, I would have blown their deuced little heads off. I had not traveled all the way from home and spent my hard-earned money to get up in Maine to be laughed at by a lot of little red squirrels. I dare not trust myself any longer for fear I might scare away some big game by shooting at the little rascals. I shook my fist at them and started on. Joe soon joined me, and he decided that we had better try and strike the lake and walk along the shore until we could strike the old lumber road that led to the camp where we had left the traps. This was much more easily said than done. Joe walked on ahead and every once in a while would look around and say, "You get on all right, mister?" After an hour we got to the lake, and from there had fairly good walking to the road. When we struck the road I asked how far it was to the lumber camp, and he said, "Ha'f mile." I had begun to get used to Joe's "ha'f mile," and it appeared to me about "two mile ha'f." I sat down on a log, Joe built a fire, hung on the tea pot, fried some venison and bacon, and I thoroughly enjoyed my last meal in the woods. Joe told me of the lumbering, how it was done, all about this deserted camp, and how he expected to go as scaler for a lumber company on the following week. On the whole, I had a particularly interesting morning. I told Joe that I knew the way to the carry and I would start. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining brightly, and as I tramped along I looked on all sides and peered in every old tree top for my moose, and made up my mind right then and there that I might shoot a buck—in fact, did not know but that I might shoot a deer without horns. Joe caught up with me where we had to leave the old lumber road to go down to the canoe, and as the sun was still high, we sat down with the last hope that we might see something. A writer in the *FOREST AND STREAM* once said, "You can't shoot a moose or deer around the camp-fire," and I had made up my mind that I couldn't even see them to shoot in the woods. tramp as much as I would. Joe sat below me about ten yards away, when I heard something walking toward us. Joe gave a low whistle and held up two fingers. Then was my time. "Here come two. One may be a moose. May be two bucks."

"I hope they are big ones."

I got all ready; they came nearer and nearer. At last up poked the heads of two Frenchmen. I laid the rifle down and just wished them further. When they came up to me I found one was Mr. Prince, a guide and the owner of a camp on Long Pond Station. He had brought a man across the lake and directed him to the lumber camp. After a pleasant little chat with him, Joe started for the canoe and I tramped on.

The leaves were very dry, and try as I could to tread softly I think I made as much noise as a thrashing machine. About 4 o'clock I stopped again, sat down and took another look through the trees, but did not see a thing. All at once, I think not more than eighty yards from me, as Joe would express it, "I saw tail," which appeared to be about a foot long. My hopes went up. Now if I can only get a little nearer. I peered through the trees, sneaked on, did not see a thing, when all at once, within two rods of where I saw the first, up went another tail. This was at least two feet long (and I will not take off an inch). The perspiration by this time was just rolling off my brow. I took off my glasses and

wiped them and started on. It appeared so strange that I could not see a deer, but up goes another tail, and you can believe it or not, this was as long as my rifle. Now here had been three deer within easy rifle shot, and all that I had seen was tail, and that only for a second. I have had disappointments in my life, have bought a few stocks and had them go down, down, down, sink clean out of sight, but that was nothing compared with this. I got up and for the first time noticed that it was getting quite dark and I must hurry. I struck the path leading to the lake, and as I came out from the dark shadows of the overhanging spruces and hemlocks into the glorious light of a full moon on the lake, I was awestruck by the grandeur and beauty of it all. Joe was not there. I sat down on a log, and while taking in all the beauties my thoughts were: This is my last night on Long Pond for 1901, and may be forever. I have not shot a moose or deer, haven't even fired a shot. Am I disappointed? Yes, if the shooting was all I came for, but it was not. The tramp through the woods has refreshed me both in body and mind, and the not shooting the moose is not to be compared with the benefits derived, and when I get home and am troubled with the cares of business, what a tonic will be the memory of that canoe trip up the Big Church Hill Stream, or the night at Blair's Camp; and an evening with friends when talking it over will be more than refreshing, and compensate for the lost moose or unemptied shell. These will be thoughts of days that go on.

Joe had paddled up so quietly that I did not know he was there until he said, "You tired of wait?" I got in the canoe, and as he paddled it noiselessly, not a word was spoken. I just sat in reverent thankfulness as I thought of the wonderful goodness of Him who covered the mountains and valleys with the green wood, who halloed the shimmering lake and hung this silver moon in the sky. How He has given to us all here in this little world of ours, whether we stop to look or not, a beauty which must reflect His great love for us as the lake reflected that wondrous full orb'd moon.

We paddled to camp in silence, and when the call for supper came I walked into the dining hall to find that we had had an addition to the camp family—four gentlemen from Philadelphia. They had been up at the upper camp for two weeks, each had a guide and appeared to have had a good time. Mr. Cilley introduced me to the gentlemen, and gave me his usual salutation whenever I came in, "What have you shot?" "Nothing." "What did you see?" "Tail, tail, tail." "How many?" "Three." Then he told me that he had been up on the hardwood ridge that afternoon, had started a buck, doe and a fawn, and that they ran directly toward the lake, and undoubtedly these were the three deer that I did not see. After supper Alex and I called on Mr. Cilley, and then the Doctor and I spent the rest of the evening with Alex in his cosy camp, and before retiring walked out and took our last look of the lake in this beautiful moonlight.

Saturday morning the Doctor and Allen took a short turn for deer in the burnt land, while I packed up, and when I got through there wasn't a soul in the camp to say good bye to except Uncle George, the cook. The gentlemen from Philadelphia and Mr. Cilley had gone for the day, or longer. The canoe was all loaded, and as the lake was so rough, Joe concluded to keep near the shore, as we had the deer and most of the luggage. I got out at the narrows, called on Mr. Prince, and he showed me his camp accommodations, which were neat and clean, and I took a snap shot of Mr. and Mrs. Prince and daughter. Joe poled the canoe up on the beach, and after carrying the baggage and deer up to the station, took me down to his home. He has a clearing of about fifty acres, comfortable house, a wife and three as handsome children as you could wish to see; and when they all got talking that Canadian French, well, I "wasn't in it." Joe is not a regular guide, is a good cook, can paddle a canoe and do it well, can find his way through the woods and get you out safely, if he has to take you on his back and carry you through the worst blow-downs. I took dinner with him, and after taking a picture of the family, walked up to the station just as the other canoe came over with Alex and the Doctor. The train was forty minutes late. We said good bye, boarded the train, and as we sat looking out to get the last glimpse of the camp, we saw the signal. Mr. Cilley had taken a looking-glass and threw the reflection across to us. This was New Hampshire's good bye. There were quite a number of sportsmen on the train, with eight or ten deer, one a very fine buck. When we arrived at Moosehead the Doctor got out and had his deer expressed home. The train was nearly an hour late, and it was quite a question if we could get to Greenville in time to get the train for Boston. When we pulled in, however, the train was waiting, and by a quick transfer we started. About half an hour's ride south of Greenville as the train winds around through the mountains you have one of the finest views of mountain scenery, and as the sun was just going down, it reminded me of the horseshoe on the Pennsylvania Railroad. There were no berths in the sleeper, and we sat up all the way to Boston. Alex left us at Waterville to come home later. We arrived at Boston at 6 A. M., and after breakfast took a stroll around the city and to the beach, and left for Troy at 1 P. M., via Boston & Maine. Arrived there at 6 P. M., and after a transfer of baggage to the N. Y. C. & H. R. R., arrived home at 7:30, fully satisfied with the vacation of 1901, even if I had not shot the moose or big buck.

In closing let me ask the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* to turn back to Oct. 12, 1901, and read "In Condition and Out," and they may find that half of their disappointments come from the lack of condition.

Hudson, N. Y.

In Wyoming.

THE Saratoga Sun, of Saratoga, Wyo., of recent date, says: "A party of six Ute Indians from the White River agency have been in Rock Springs, where it is believed that they came north to escape from the game wardens, and that as soon as the war clouds blow over they will return to their hunting grounds in Routt county, Colo. Jesse Barkhurst, who was in the city this week, reports that he caught a fine gray wolf last Thursday in the big sagebrush flat above B. T. Ryan's ranch. The dogs picked him up only after a swift run of a mile and a half."

EMERSON CARNEY.

Adventures in Tropical America.

VII.—A Race Against Adversities.

(Concluded from last week.)

WE did not make a very early start next morning, and the men were slow getting breakfast, but at last it was brought to me, biscuit and some tinned/meat, with a choice piece of wild pig, apparently saved especially for my benefit. I ate heartily, and then we started on, the trail now leading us up a steep mountain.

Presently I began to feel sick, and then to grow dizzy, and after a time could only struggle along. The chief saw it, was indifferent and went on; then two other men followed him, and the two younger men, who were a little behind, came up and were passing on with the others. Apparently they were all leaving me alone in the woods. I ordered the two young men to stop, but they would not. I made a motion with my hand reaching for my pistol. This checked them, and we all sat down. Then I sent one of them for water, which he was a long time bringing, and after drinking a quantity I felt better. I do not think they intended to kill me with poison, but only gave me something that would make me sick, and then it would be an easy thing to let me lose my way.

I rested a while, and, having drunk a quantity of water, was ready to go on again. After a time we overtook the others sitting by the roadside, and the boys got a fine blowing up from the chief in words which I could not understand. I made poor progress that day, and it was hard work to keep up at all. We fell in with a flock of wild turkeys; I handed my rifle to the chief and he killed an unusually large one, which gave us plenty of fresh meat again. We did not go much further, and at night made camp in a beautiful ravine among the mountains, where there was a stream so cold that I could scarcely bathe in it. On one side was a high precipice and a sloping mountain on the other, with a little open place of fresh, green grass by the stream. It was an enchanting place, and I began to feel better at once.

Keeping my pistol ready at my side, I took no special notice of the Indians. They were holding a whispered conversation, and after a time seemed to agree on some point, and began preparing the camp for the night. Presently the chief came to me, and said in Spanish: "A bad place for tigers [jaguars] here; two men have been eaten, and we are afraid."

"Never mind," I said, "I have my rifle and pistol, and will kill them if they come."

"But you are under your mosquito net and in no danger." Which was true; a jaguar, or tiger, as they call them, will walk around a mosquito bar all night, often forming a beaten track about it, but they have never been known to make an attack. "Yes," the chief continued, "for you no danger, but for us, we have no guns; give me your rifle and I will take good care of you."

Not wishing to refuse at once, I said he could have it when I went to bed, and with a look of triumph and delight, he went back to tell the others.

Here was a predicament, and I began to consider earnestly how I was to get out of it. The Indians were now in another mysterious consultation, and presently they came to me, and the chief said, "The tigers are so bad here we are afraid with only the rifle; give this man your pistol, and we will sleep each side of you and keep you very safe; no harm will come, not anything."

I replied, "When I go to bed you can have it." They were delighted and went off together, but they soon came back, asking if I had anything else that would shoot. On being told that I had not, they asked if I would not let them have my big knife, because the tigers were so dangerous, and they would be afraid even with the pistol and the rifle. Evidently the plan was to disarm me entirely, and I told them to wait till I went to bed, and they could then have what they wanted. I kept my firearms carefully in my hand, and was glad to find that they did not demand them at once, and so I remained, considering.

The men were now in high spirits, and went to work getting supper, and making up a very comfortable bed for me.

As soon as the turkey was ready they all sat around, picking out choice pieces for me, and urging me to eat all that I could. Then they had their supper, and after that went down to the stream to clean up the dishes, chattering like a lot of children. The mosquito net was hanging conveniently, and lifting up one corner I slipped my rifle, pistol and hunting knife under it, crawled in myself, and with my pistol in my hand sat up waiting for developments.

I could see out very well, but as the net was made of unbleached muslin, no one could tell exactly where I was, and if there should be any attempt to cut through at me, I could shoot before the knife could find me out. The Indians seemed to know this. When they came back they walked around the net, talked, considered, and finally gave it up, and each one went to bed. Then I felt relieved and was soon asleep, well assured that I was perfectly safe till the morning.

I was up early, and met a rather ugly crowd of Indians. No breakfast was prepared, and I had to get along with the remains of the turkey and some crackers. The men said very little, but shouldered their packs, and marched off, I following them. We had not gone far when the men put down their packs by a brook and stood talking together; their faces indicated trouble, and I thought to myself, "Now it is really coming." I took little notice of them, however, and pretended to be examining some rocks, and presently pretending that I was deeply interested, I climbed up on one, which kept me well out of the way of their knives. The men stood and watched me for a while, and then the chief came to the rock, and looking up at me said:

"We have been considering. You have given one of us a shirt, and that is good; and you have given one of us a coat, and that is very good; but now the three other boys are so discouraged they can't get over this high mountain unless you take out your money and give them each another dollar."

I replied that I was sorry, but I had no money; that the trader had paid them for me, as they knew, and then I went on examining the rock, I am sure not with great attention, except in appearance, because I have never been able to remember what kind of rock it was.

"We can't go on unless we see the money."

"Very well," I replied, "stay here. I have no money."

Then the chief went back to the men, and they talked a while longer. Then he came back again and said: "But you must have money. All Americans have money; only Indians are poor. The boys can't go on unless you show them your money and give them each another dollar."

"I have money," I said, "but not here; I must go to bring it, and you must take good care of me when I come back, because I will have a thousand dollars with me; more than you ever saw before, and I will sleep at your house so that you can take good care of me."

He opened his eyes and went back, and they talked some more. Then he came again, and was a little more threatening in his appearance: "We know you have got money," he said, "and we want to see it, and the boys won't go on."

"I have only a little," I said, showing a few loose dollars that I carried in my pocket; "but I will do this. When we get to the settlements let the people know that I have very little money, and that they must take me on cheap; then, if I have any money left I will give each of the boys another dollar." He went back, and in a few moments came to me again and said: "It is this way: we are thinking of the drink you promised us; perhaps we can go on. Will you surely give it to us?" and there was an anxious look in his face.

"Yes," I said, "you can depend on it."

"All we want?"

"Yes, all you want."

"But we can drink a lot."

"Never mind, go on; you shall have it."

"Señor," said the chief, "that will cost a lot of money. You have got money; we want to see it," and an ugly look came in his face, while the men crowded up to the rock. They certainly had me, but they saw that my pistol was ready, and I sat there facing them. Suddenly a thought came to me, and I said, hastily, "I have credit. I can get all the things I want; you shall have the rum, even though I have no money here to pay for it." Then I showed the chief my wallet, with passport, and some documents with big seals on them. He looked at it and said: "This credit?"

"Yes, but only when I sign the bill."

They traded on credit themselves, and after a moment the chief said: "He hasn't any money; let's go on."

"But he has lots of things," said one of the young men, looking at the packs.

I heard nothing more, and presently they took up their packs and marched on.

I had no more trouble with them for two or three days, but one morning we came to a Piyú village, and the men said that they must stop there for the night. I protested, and said I would not; that they must go on, but it was of no use, and my men went off with the Piyú men, and all talked together at the edge of the jungle.

I felt miserably. My men were evidently unwilling to kill me themselves, because they feared my friend the trader; but if the Piyú men killed me that was a different thing.

The wife of the chief in that village was part Spanish, and I began to talk to her, and presently asked if I was to be her guest. She replied that she supposed so.

"But will I be safe here to-night?" She made no answer.

"Had I better go on to the settlements?"

"Yes," she said, "you had better go on; there is plenty of time."

"But the men won't go."

"Make them," she said.

I went out, and angrily commanded the men to go on, but they would not even answer me. Here was fresh trouble—to get all through the wilderness on my wits and then to be killed by these miserable Piyú men. I was turning over various plans, and presently went back to the house and saw the woman again, and said to her, "The men won't go. Will I be safe here to-night?"

She made no answer.

"Am I your guest?"

"Yes."

"And will any harm come to a guest in your house?"

She looked away.

"A guest, and not safe in your house?" I protested.

She looked at me and then at my pistol. "Can you shoot?" she asked. "Then do this: hang your hammock across that corner; I will bring my mats and sleep just outside it. If I touch your foot in the night, be ready and shoot quickly."

We fixed the things, and then she said: "Now, you will be safe." She was evidently a determined woman. The Piyú chief objected to the arrangements, but that is all the good it did him, and when night came I was soon asleep, and had a thoroughly good night's rest. Next morning, grateful to my good hostess, I started on and reached Coulmé, the chief city of the civilized Piyú-Indians, about 3 in the afternoon.

It was a great relief. I had now reached the settlements and was on the main road to the capital, which I could reasonably hope to reach in three or four days. At Coulmé the civilized Piyú men did everything for me, so soon as they found I had not come from an infected district, and all they had was at my disposition. The chief of their village called a council, and he and the alcalde examined my papers, and with all the men of the place crowding about made polite speeches of welcome.

My men said I had no money as they had promised, and the alcalde asked me about it; but I said I had plenty, and a tired look came over the faces of my guides. They could not get any rum, because there was none to be had, but I was safe now, and did not care. I gave them each the extra dollar; they seemed to be content, and that was the last I ever saw of them. I have traveled very far since then, but I have never had guides that were so difficult to manage.

Urged by the necessity of my mission, I asked the Piyú Indians to send me on at once, though I would have gladly remained a few days with them. Two sturdy little men shouldered all my things, and in a short time delivered me safely to the regular authorities at the nearest Spanish town. Here arrangements were made for sending me to the capital. Nothing had been heard of my opponent, and I began to feel secure.

Without waiting for breakfast, I started on next morning riding a stout mule, a young Spanish-American peon for my attendant and every prospect of reaching the end

of my journey without further trouble. I had expected to buy something to eat on the road, but had not succeeded very well, which was inconvenient. About noon we came to a broad circular depression in the valley, surrounded by green grass-grown hills that looked like great waves just ready to break and sweep all before them; beyond were the mountains, looming up with startling effect, distant, yet seeming to hang, as it were, just over those picturesque green hills, like clouds hanging over the waves of the ocean. As we crossed this strange place I noticed what appeared to be fine mushrooms growing abundantly, and asked my guide what they were.

"Fruit of the earth," he replied.

"Are they good to eat?" I asked, feeling decidedly hungry.

"Yes," he said, after a moment's hesitation, and then added, eagerly, "Shall I get some for you?"

"Yes, I would like to try them."

He brought two almost as large as dessert plates, and then rode on with one in his hand. By all appearances they were the finest of mushrooms. I tasted cautiously, and then ate one and part of another; but just then I noticed that my man was not eating his, and I thought to myself, "Now you have been a fool." But on waiting a moment, and not feeling any ill effects except a sort of acid coppery taste in the mouth, I did not take any action, and rode on, my man watching me intently. It was an extremely hot day, and at about 3 P. M., some five hours later, while riding across a treeless plain, my stomach suddenly felt as if some one had stuck a knife into it, and then had poured hot oil in after the knife. I struggled to the ground, and by tickling the palate caused a period of vomiting, and relieved my stomach of a quantity of hard yellow matter, though I had eaten very little. For a moment or two I felt better, and then the pains came on again, and the burning, which now extended all up my throat and to my nose and mouth, was almost unendurable. I threw myself down in the shade and asked my man to get me water. He looked at me indifferently and said, "There is none nearer than a mile, and I have nothing to carry it in."

The pain increased, and still he sat watching, making no effort to help me. Now the burning had extended to all my body, my mouth seemed perfectly dry, and a sort of delirium was ever increasing in my brain, till, almost beside myself with pain, I got on my feet, clutched the mane of my mule, and guided him on, seeking the river, though it was some distance before me. I had taken only a few steps when further progress became impossible; I could scarcely see, and had lost all control over my legs. If anything was to be done, it must be quickly. I had all sorts of remedies for fevers and sickness, but had never thought of being poisoned. Suddenly I remembered a can of vaseline in my saddle bags. I got it out, I don't know how; the day was so hot it had turned to oil, but anything to drink would have been acceptable, and so I swallowed a quantity of the liquid vaseline. I will never forget the sensation of that swallowing; it seemed to touch every point in my burning throat and stomach, and to set them at rest. I saw again, and my first thought was for water. By keeping one hand on my mule I staggered on, followed by my indifferent peon, and just as the pains were coming on again I reached the river and fell to drinking water, and when I could drink no more I thrust my arms deep into the cool stream, and the very pores of the skin seemed to lick up water. At intervals I would drink all I could, stopping only when it was physically impossible to take more; yet in two or three minutes I would be drinking again as eagerly as ever. Where the water went to I have no idea; it seems as though the human body could not hold the amount I drank.

After a time there came a lull in the pain, and the desire for water left me, and then there was a delicious sensation of languor and rest all over my body. I lay there exhausted, and feeling a numbness and chill come over me, I believed that I was dying, and did not care. Then thoughts of my defeated mission, the triumph of my rival, the grief at my home far away in the North; all came vividly to my mind, and I determined that I would not die. I staggered to my feet, mounted after several attempts, and started on a wild ride for help to the little city of El Real, about three miles away. As I went I made the mule jounce and shake me on the saddle, which seemed to keep up the circulation. As I drew near the city I got a little boy, whom I overtook, to run ahead and buy some raw eggs. Presently he met me with them, and the whites of these gave considerable relief. Then I got a big gourd of water; there must have been about three quarts. It had a sweetish taste, but I drank it all, and in an instant I was vomiting with almost incredible violence, and was nearly suffocated by it. I relieved myself of more of the hard yellow matter and quantities of water, and was thoroughly satisfied that there was nothing more in my stomach. My servant now became all attention, took me to a good house and did for me everything that was possible. After resting a short time I took some rum and black coffee, went to bed and fell into a sort of stupor, in which I knew nothing, but was dimly conscious that at intervals all through the night my man came and rubbed my arms and legs vigorously.

The next morning I was better, and rode on to Jutigaipa, the capital of the Department of Olancho, the point toward which I had been struggling so long.

I inquired anxiously for my rival; nothing had been heard of him. I had arrived first.

Without losing any time I went to the Government offices and registered my titles, and then drew a long breath. My rival could come as soon as he wished; the registry was complete.

Later I went to visit the mines, only to find after all my efforts that they were little more than the dream of a drunkard, and not worth two cents. If a man expecting a ten-dollar gold piece should succeed in climbing a greased pole only to find on reaching the top that it was all a mistake, he would have a right to be mad, and I think my own anger was excusable, yet to succeed is always a satisfaction, and if I had failed to reach those mines I would have felt it always a cause for reproach.

FRANCIS C. NICHOLAS.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A Walk Down South.—VIII.

I NOTICED at Hoy's that the seams covering of my heels on both shoes had begun to rip. Small as was the matter, it was worrying, for a walker must keep his attention upon his shoes at all times. They are the most important part of the whole outfit. A grain of sand at first not even noticed, at the end of a few hours seems to have the shape and size of a walnut. So, too, one's stockings require constant care. A tiny hole, the size of a ten-penny nail head on the side of the foot, is worse than a bruise two inches across on one's leg. I either stop and darn a hole in a stocking on the spot—do the work neatly, too, for a rough-darned place is as bad as a hole—or else I change the stockings until I have an opportunity to mend them properly. The neglect of a stitch in time has caused me hours of suffering.

On every possible occasion I wash my stockings, at least, and that is two or three times a week on an average, now that I know the importance of so doing.

I purchased a bottle of castor oil at Beech Creek for my shoes. It was while greasing them thoroughly that I discovered the ripped shoe at Hoy's. From Hoy's to Howard is three miles along a farm country road, and I entered the harness shop there, where the cobbler sewed up both heels in stout fashion with waxed ends. For an hour I sat talking with the comers and goers. They could tell me the distance to a village eight or ten miles away or less without hesitation. But beyond that they had to stop to think, oftentimes obliged to give it up at last. They knew the condition of the roads for a few miles, and that the Bald Eagle Valley narrowed near the upper end, and that for miles the wagon road was just over the fence from the railroad, but particular information in regard to local history, or localities on the direct routes to the region's trading centers could not be had.

While I was talking in the harness shop, a man drove by slowly on a hay wagon. Soon afterward I started on, sure only that my best route was a little south of west up the Bald Eagle Creek on the main road to Tyrone. Beyond that place I could hear of nothing certain.

It was cool, and a head breeze made my fingers tingle. A better day to walk on would be hard to imagine. I set off at a 2½-mile gait, and in twenty minutes was making a stern chase after the hay wagon, which I could see far ahead. I came within a couple of hundred yards of it, when the driver saw me and stopped to wait—an unimagined courtesy; but a look at the man from across the rack showed that it was "just like him" to do such a thing. He was bushy-faced with whiskers, and wrapped in a great overcoat, while a large hat covered his head. His eyes were the kind one suspects of seeing answers to unspoken questions.

The frying pan ringing on the rear of my pack, the rifle, the blanket rolled up and strapped on top of the basket, suggested that I was camping out. He judged from my expressions that I was a New Yorker, or, at least, a Northern man. But what was my object in traveling that way? I had to answer for myself then, and I told him that I was seeing the country. Who I was, where I lived and perhaps why I lived, were the next queries. Then he vaulted over the side of the wagon and went to look in a barn a few rods from the road, not stopping the team at all. His activity was surprising.

While he was gone I had a chance to see a great brick oven beside the house, suggestive of roast coon or roast pig, or any other dish requiring spacious cooking room. It was the first I had seen, but on his return the man told me that among the outbuildings for miles back I had seen many that covered ovens of the same sort.

After a while it was my turn, and I learned the name of Mr. George D. Johnston, fifty-nine years old, of Mountain Eagle Post Office, though living up in Kennedy's or Bullett's Run, nearly two miles away. In his youth he had taken lumber contracts, but was now satisfied to be a farmer on land that fronted the road for an even mile. He liked travelers, and often kept them nights, because they could tell him of things they had seen or tried to see with their own eyes. He reads a magazine or two every month, and takes two New York papers, besides local ones. He knew my family name, and I was doubly welcome to go home with him. I was glad to go up Kennedy's Run, out of my way, for the chance of talking with a man who could talk beyond his horses and his own affairs, and of matters general. One meets such men rarely along the public highways.

His wife is well read, and his daughters, of whom I saw two, talk as he did. They were all of the kind to put one perfectly at ease, and in such company it was a pleasure to listen or speak.

In the morning family devotions preceded breakfast in the sitting room—which was in keeping with all that I saw and heard there. It was one of the hardest moments on the whole trip to turn my back on this family home. Neither the haste nor the waste of some lives could be seen there.

About 10 A. M. on Nov. 7 I started down the road from Johnston's, and a couple of hundred yards away took the right-hand turn and headed for Milesburg, six miles away. Across the run, or brook, I climbed a grade through a growth of small pine. A red squirrel tempted me to try to shoot it, but I did not fire. A few moments later I started down grade again, and saw a fine buck rabbit off to the left. He ran into the brush frightened by the spectacle I made.

Here I saw a sign that became familiar before long. It was the "caution" of the Nittany Rod and Gun Club—for miles its preserves, consisting largely of land leased from farmers, extended along the roadway, and far back on the hills, on both sides of the valley from Milesburg eastward. I did not dare stop to cook my dinner beside the road, lest I bring a warden upon me. So I stopped at one of the leased farms and had bread and milk. I was told that the land was held "on the English system" in a tone very unlike that of most Pennsylvania voices. It quite dampened the pleasure which I had felt on learning that the tall trees I saw along the Bald Eagle a ways back were really the sycamore trees of the South. They are called buttonwoods in this valley usually.

Straight through Milesburg, past boys who were gathering shellbark hickory nuts, into the trail of a single-horse wagon far ahead, I traveled as fast as possible. After a while I overtook the wagon and got a ride, and, as it proved, two meals and a place to sleep. He was going

after a load of corn, and the way led past his "pap's." His "pap" might let me sleep in his barn. I got the permission, and left my pack at Mr. Erhard's, while I went on a mile and helped load sixteen bushels of corn in the ear. On my way back the driver cautioned me about his parents, who were "mighty strict." It wouldn't be wise, he said, to swear unnecessarily in their presence. I remembered the caution with a chuckle on the following morning.

I built a fire in a stove in the basement of Erhard's house to cook my supper over, but not understanding the stove, nearly smoked out the family overhead, so I had to give up and eat with them—a good square meal it was, too.

After supper Erhard told me how last fall he had found all the apples from his cider trees stolen by a bear, for which he laid a trap in a V-pen of split rails. He wired beef to a little sapling in the V. In the morning the pen was split lengthwise, and there was a bear trail leading for eighty rods or so into the woods. The 2-inch 8-foot long oak pole drag at last stopped the victim by hooking into a tree, and there the bear was killed.

I slept in the barn that night, and in the morning, after breakfast, went down to a neighbor's with Erhard and his visiting son-in-law to help drive a heifer back. The heifer started all right, but passing along a fenceless road she turned and circled back to the barn, in spite of our swiftest and longest strides. She did that three times. They were about to try again in the same fashion, but I took a piece of carpet and blindfolded the beast. She ran plump into a fence, and then stopped, after which she went right and gave no more trouble. When the heifer was where she belonged, Erhard said:

"That was a Yankee trick. You're a reg'lar down East Yankee."

The South seemed nearer than ever to me. He told me that there were no real wild turkeys in the Bald Eagle Valley—that they were all tame ones, which had gone wild. He said wild turkeys almost white in color had been seen. But he added it was comparatively easy to tell the tames ones from the wild, because the wild ones always begin to "scoot" when they see one, while the tame stand up to look. Nevertheless, every year sportsmen from Bellefonte and other places kill turkeys belonging to farmers along the valley. The town sportsman has to be reckoned among the dangers by turkey breeders, it was said. I wondered how many of the turkeys brought in by hunters, of which I read accounts in Pennsylvania papers, are really wild? He could not tell, but guessed about half.

As I was walking on about a mile from Erhard's I was overtaken by a butcher looking for beef cattle. He gave me a ride of several miles to Julian, near which we ate dinner together in a farmhouse, and then I went on up the road—not "down," as every one to whom I spoke about my route made haste to correct me. In spite of the up grade, it was hard for me to remember that I was going "up."

Along in the afternoon about 3:30 o'clock I saw a man unloading eared corn into a crib from a top box wagon. I asked him for a chance to sleep in his barn and for work that would earn a supper. The work was right there, and I got it, on condition though that only supper was to come. So I shoveled thirty or forty bushels of corn and helped load as much more before it was time to eat. Moreover, I went up to the pasture after the cows, the dog eyeing my efforts in that direction with distinct knowledge as to my deficiencies. A black and tan dog it was, and not a polite one, for I am perfectly sure that it laughed at me trying to drive the cattle straight to the barn instead of by way of the brook where they watered, according to their custom.

After supper the man and his wife prepared to go to hear a woman missionary at Port Matilda, otherwise I might have remained with them that night. I thought a good deal about missionaries for a few minutes, and then went on to the next neighbor's—"a big-hearted man named Williams" living there.

I explained the situation to Mr. Williams, and he demanded further information about me. Did I drink? meaning alcoholic beverages. No. Did I smoke? No. Did I chew tobacco? No. "From the city, eh?" "Partly." "Well, you know how to gamble, don't ye?" I denied it. "What?" he said, surprised. "Now, say, you can play cards, can't you?" I said I used to play euchre. "Oh-h!" with a falling inflexion. After talking a few minutes: "Now, you can gamble, can't you?" "No." "Well, what do you play?" I guessed I could beat him at checkers if we tried. We didn't. I switched him to politics as gently as possible, and he went that way flying, for he was the only one in a railroad gang of forty who held—but no matter. We were friends in a moment.

Mrs. Williams had a store of murder stories to tell—all the bloody crimes for years back in that section she could remember in lurid detail. I discovered that away back at Haneyville I had passed through a section noted over half of Pennsylvania for a crime of awful brutality a couple or three years ago. As she smoked her pipe the old lady recounted her acquaintance with the mother of the unfortunate child, and stated her belief that I had stopped at the very house where the child had lived and near which it died.

I slept that night in the parlor on the lounge, and after breakfast came away. I liked the place. Once I had allayed the suspicion as to gambling I was one of them—a friend as close as if it had been a year's long acquaintance. To go on into the unknown regions up the valley was particularly hard, for it was unlikely that I should find a better place for a long ways. As usual, I tried to look forward and see the dusk only a few hours away; but I could not see beyond the first bend in the road.

In a few hours I was hungry again, and a large farmhouse, built like a mansion, lured me up its broken board walk, round to the rear, and at the door I smelled cabbage. Inside, I sat down at a table where cabbage, potatoes, bread, molasses and butter comprised the eatables. I ate heartily of all but the cabbage, and churned the butter to pay for my keep. The tax on the farm came to over \$100 every year, I was told, and to raise this with the rent was a task that bowed the man's shoulders and lowered his voice to the hopeless tone most noticeable in the speech of the old-time negro, who was once a slave. The resemblance was so marked that I recalled the tone

of the white man when I listened to the first ex-slave I ever heard some days later.

It was a relief to leave the house of the driven shate-worker, and start on, in spite of the rain beginning to fall. The rain came down so hard, however, that I sought a place to stay till it was clear again—until Monday, if necessary. It was cold and raw. The bite of dampness in chilly weather is hard to endure anywhere away from a warm stove. I have felt it under my blanket and three feet of straw. Fast as I go, even with the pack on my back, the wet wind of late autumn refuses to caress—it literally drives me to shelter. The first house was too crowded to shelter a traveler; the second I passed by, for there were many heads in the windows; but after a while I came to the house of White.

Mr. White is the foreman of the bricklayers on the new post office at Tyrone, seven miles from his home. It was a pleasant experience to find a man who could and did value a home in the country. Both he and his wife were city bred. Her father died, leaving a farm, and White purchased the shares of the other heirs, and two years ago went out on the farm to live. The son, William, was reared on the farm of an uncle. He went on a railroad for two years, but came back to more fully appreciate the kind of life he could get out of a farm.

Two weeks before I came, three bears were discovered in a corn patch on the place. It was a moonlight night. A couple of neighbors were stirred up, one of whom had a repeating rifle. The bears were surrounded, and as they climbed up on the railroad track, headed toward the Bald Eagle ridge, a bullet cut short the career of a yearling.

Three nights before I arrived the dog began to yelp and bark. It was a pup, and those of the house suspected it of hoaxing. It refused to be stilled, however, and William came down stairs to see what was the matter. He found a 'coon treed on the woodpile. He killed it, and memories of the bear were revived by a juicy roast.

It is one of the most remarkable things about Pennsylvania in the parts I have seen, to hear the hunting stories and note the interest in hunting. Women have picked up my rifle with knowing grace and asked questions about its shooting qualities. The boys have air guns and the men repeaters or shotguns. But they are not used to a variety of weapons. They try to cock the gun with the take-down lever, and to pull back the breech block before they cock the weapon. The gun they used to kill a squirrel this fall is the same that knocked over woodchucks last summer; and the one which, loaded with "buck and ball" quieted the efforts of a trapped bear last fall. The .44 repeater, the old muzzle-loading rifle and the double-barrel shotgun, which takes "wadding" of hornets' nest, are the weapons oftenest seen. But the new breech-loaders are creeping into the back districts, and the cross-roads stores are beginning to show a variety of ammunition. In towns of any size—of a thousand or so inhabitants—the weapons are as good and clean as one could wish to see. But, as before remarked, the "town chap" does kill the old farmer's turkey once in a while, and perhaps never knows the difference—and never wants to.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Natural History

Capture of a Badger in Maine.

In the latter part of September, while traveling from Washington (Knox county) toward Waterville, as I stopped to speak with Mr. John Turner, near Razorville, he told me that his hired man had just killed an animal that none of the old hunters and trappers had ever seen before, or ever heard of anything like it. The animal lay across the road from the house, and when we came up to it, I saw it was still alive. Though not very lively, yet it was perceptibly breathing. I saw at once it was new to me, and alighting from my buggy I proceeded to examine it. From its structure and its resemblance to the badgers I had seen in parks and menageries, I told my companions that I believed it to be this animal. Mr. Turner called his man, Mr. Desmond Nash, who had killed the animal, and he stated that he had been working in the lower end of the field near the road, when, looking down toward the swamp, he saw this animal. He at once gave chase, but soon found the animal could run faster up hill than he could, but on the down-hill grade he gained on it. The animal headed for a gap in the stone wall, and cutting across, Mr. Nash was able to get there first and bang the animal over the head with a heavy club he had picked up. He stated he pounded him over the head enough to kill a seven-foot ox. I asked Nash what he proposed to do with him, and he said he did "not suppose the fur was much good, anyway." I told him I'd like to take the animal and look him up, and see if Commissioner Carleton, of the Fish and Game Commission, wanted him for the State Museum at Augusta. So putting the animal into a sack, I tied a string around the sack and put him into my buggy and hauled him to Waterville with me. The next morning he was still alive, and was still breathing when I carried him on the train to Gardiner and gave him to Mr. Homer Dill, State Taxidermist and Curator of the State Museum at Augusta, where he is being mounted for the State House.

I at once wrote to Mr. Manley Hardy, of Brewer, who is an authority on birds and animals. He replied that it did not seem probable it could be a badger, but it was more likely to be the wolverine, and that if it was a badger it might be an escaped specimen. A male badger (*Taxidea a. americanus*) he proved to be, and gave no evidence of being an escaped animal.

Mr. Turner's boys told me nearly a year ago of a strange animal that made strange growls, and was not like any animal they ever saw before. They feel certain this is the animal that has been around the swamp near by for more than a year. Mr. E. G. Turner, whose store is near by, said to me when I next called on him three weeks later that the men who cut his hay had seen this animal, a female and young near the place where this male was captured.

The animal weighed about 40 pounds, and had the appearance of being aged. The only escaped animal I am able to learn of was one that Mr. Amos Gerald, of Fair-

field, had in captivity in Merry Meeting Park, near Brunswick, Me. But this animal proves not to be the one that escaped from the park. It is an interesting capture, whether an escaped animal or not, as the animal was very fat, and seems to thrive well so far from their native habitat.

PORTLAND, Maine.

J. MERTON SWAIN.

[The capture noted is certainly a most interesting one, and doubly so if, as hinted, a family of badgers exists in Maine. The eastward range of this species in the United States formerly included Ohio and Indiana, in which States, however, they are believed to have been long extinct. Coues, in his "Fur-Bearing Animals," calls attention to the fact that the distribution of the badger is more or less closely coincident with that of some of the Spermophiles, and adds: "These animals, with the badger and kit fox, being highly characteristic species of the central treeless region of the United States, where they occur in countless multitudes." Mr. Swain will undoubtedly be on the watch for further information with regard to this specimen, and others, and we shall hope to hear from him again on the subject.]

Deer as Weather Prophets.

THE snowfall in the early part of November was quite heavy in the upper parts of New Hampshire. At the time deer were scattered about in the woods quite near the roads and open ground. They were frequently in the orchards of apple trees. When we reached our hunting grounds on Nov. 23 we found that nearly all the deer had gone back to the mountains. The weather day after day was clear, and no indications of more snow, yet on Dec. 1, just back of the village of Ashland, some twenty miles south of our hunting grounds, and where there was but a few inches of snow, the tracks of a band of nine deer were seen some two miles from the village, the tracks leading toward a high mountain. On the morning of Dec. 3 snow began to fall, and kept on falling all day and part of the night, and here in this part of the State, fifty miles or more south of Ashland, we have over 20 inches in the woods of fresh snow. It looks as though the deer knew just what was coming, and were hustling to find yarding places.

DUNBARTON, N. H.

C. M. STARK.

A Tragedy of the Merrimack.

ANOTHER one of the many of nature's tragedies happened at Nashua, N. H., very recently. A passenger on a morning train over the Nashua & Rochester Railroad saw a deer in the Merrimack River. On the arrival of the train at the junction a telephone message was sent to Roby & Swarts' Edgeville works, stating the fact. The bookkeeper and others went to the river and took a boat and broke the ice to the point where the deer was hanging by one of his horns to the ice. They pulled the dead body to the shore, then notified Commissioner Nathaniel Wentworth of the find. The buck was an elegant one, weighing 150 pounds, and had eight fine points. It seems that it had attempted to cross the river on the ice and had broken through. How long it had been in the water is not known, but he was alive when first seen. Marks show that a desperate struggle had taken place. It is supposed to be the master of the herd that has been seen in these parts during the summer.

EDWIN C. HOBSON.

The Wild Pigeons.

MACOMB, Ill.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I was talking with a friend in regard to the disappearance of the wild pigeon. He told me he had read an article in some newspaper about fifteen or eighteen years ago reporting that some sea captain had stated that he had seen hundreds of thousands of dead pigeons floating on the water at sea. It looks like a "fairy tale," but I write this asking you or any one who may see this article if they ever saw or heard of it before.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

An Albino Quail.

THE New York Zoological Park has received from Kansas a pure albino quail, which is now on exhibition in the aquatic bird house.

Duck Shooting in Maryland.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 5.—Ducks, geese and brant arrived in Chincoteague Bay earlier this season than for many years past. On Nov. 13 Mr. Young, of Pocomoke City, Md., shot eighty-nine bluebills from Mr. O. D. Foulks' battery, Stockton, Worcester county, Md. I spent a week at Mr. Foulks', beginning Nov. 18, and in spite of adverse northwest winds most of the time, had good sport. My bag consisted of redheads, broadbills, bluebills, ruddy ducks, geese and brant. I also had some sport with the quail, which are more abundant than for many years past, owing to exceedingly dry weather during the breeding season. I hear the same cheering reports from many sections of the South about quail.

When ducks, geese and brant are numerous in the bay, no better sport could be desired than is to be found in Stockton. I found a 16-gauge as efficient as a 10-gauge for battery shooting. The natives never use a heavier gun than a 12-bore.

A train leaves Jersey City over the Pennsylvania Railroad at 12:55 P. M., arriving at Hursley's at 8:55 P. M. Excursion ticket good for ten days costs \$10.40. There are two or three trains from Philadelphia and Wilmington, Del., daily for Hursley's. The station (Hursley's) and the post office (Stockton) are one and the same place, but tickets must be bought for the former and letters addressed to the latter place. As Mr. Foulks can only accommodate two or three sportsmen at one time, it will be absolutely necessary to write ahead and make arrangements.

In taking such a trip everything depends upon two things—the ducks and the weather. If the ducks are there and the wind blows from the right quarter, all the sport that the most exacting could desire is almost sure to be realized.

N. P.

Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Stubble Rhymes—III.

PLAINSMEN praise the prairie chicken,
(In August let's delicious pickin')
The eastern Nimrods all declare
Ruffed grouse the game beyond compare:
Our southern brother without fail
Will laud the graces of the quail;
The marshman tunes his little pipe
And plays a pæan to the snipe.
Here's to Philohela minor,
Joy to sportsmen, likewise diner!

When Phœbus at the gates of dawn
Wreathes a smile, Major wreathes a yawn,
Asks of the day, or fair or foul,
To make a sportsman smile or growl?
The Colonel, rousing from embrace
Of Morpheus, just turns his face
To wall for answer, burrows deep
In downy couch for further sleep;
Counting the feathers in the bed
More worth than wings that ever sped
O'er fallow field or stubble brown
Within ten miles of Alma town.

As lightly as the summer rain
Falls pattering on the window pane,
Fair Lady B. taps at his door
And punctuates his maiden snore;
Then sings, "Awake! o'er moor and fen
To wooded hill and darkling glen
The fields are smiling in the sun
And promise much to dog and gun."

As billows tossing in the storm
The blankets heave; the Colonel's form
Like Neptune rising from the sea,
Emerges in his robe de nuit,
And quickly dons his shooting tog,
Orders horses, gun, lunch and dogs;
Then all the campaign of the day
Discuss with rolls, café au lait.

Stalwart Billie takes reins and whip
And westward drives at merry clip;
The Kodak fiend by him doth ride,



"The dog a statue; by his side
The man a moment petrified."

A David by Goliah's side:
A pointer and a setter fleet
Repose beneath the carriage seat
On which recline two ladies fair
Just going out to take the air.
The Major and the Colonel cinch
The back seat, filling every inch;
Four hundred pounds that end spring bore
And creaked as never creaked before,
But broke not. Then said Lady G.
"A dog on point I'd like to see,
And then to note the crack of gun,
The quarry fall, know how it's done."
"Here, too," chimed Lady B., "you know
What leagues we've come to see the show."

The whip draws rein at alder copse,
To terra firma the Major hops;
Colonel follows—with muffled sound
He cracks the springs and breaks the ground:
Cap leaps the rails and points in sight;
(The ladies mark him with delight.)
Over the fence the Colonel goes,
His movements indicate repose;
His martial dignity and state
(Or weight) make him deliberate.
"Whoa, Cap, steady!" the sportsman warns.
(Such dog as Cap such warning scorns.)
"Whoa, Cap, steady! A cock or two
May soon take wing and we will do
A thing or two to please the fair."

Indeed it was a picture rare—
Sky deepest blue, air crisp and clear,
The woodlands far, the coverts near,
And just between, the golden corn
In serried ranks the fields adorn:
The dog a statue, by his side
The man a moment petrified,

Head forward bent; the trusty gun
A line of light reflects the sun.
A breathless pause: the magic spell
Is broken by the quarry's knell:
The woodcock springs; up, tubes of steel!
The echoes wake, the strong wings reel;
The ladies chime "His race is run,
Knight of the trigger, bravely done."
Then Major's voice, blithe as a lark,
Rings from the covert, "Mark, there, mark!"
As o'er the copse on fitful wings
Another cock in full flight swings,
And as the bird sometimes will do,
Swerved in his course and dropped in view.
"Come this way" (voice soprano, clear),
"Come to the road, the woodcock's here."
Then down the dusty thoro'fare
The Major strode with eager air;
"Where's the bird? Did you mark him well?
"Thought I hit him, but cannot tell."
"Yes, by the fence—bill outstretched, pressed
Close to the earth; he seems at rest.
So motionless, perhaps he's hurt,



"Cap leaps the fence and points on sight."

But that bright eye shows he's alert."
The ready gun then forward drew
(Touched safety bolt) a step or two:
Like arrow's flight the quarry sprang,
Flashed over the alders, when Bang!
The Greener gun staccato spoke
And all the forest echoes woke:
The bird pitched up, then downward came
Mid salvos of applause. The game
Of philohela and the man
Was fairly won, catch as catch can.
And slowly drifting on the breeze
Like rufous flecks on azure seas,
Downy feathers, gay little notes
Which oft the sportsman's triumph notes.
The bird retrieved, all rest their eyes
With satisfaction on the prize.

What game bird wings the frosty air
That with the woodcock can compare?
What music in those whistling wings
As from the fragrant ferns he springs
And darts athwart the light and shade
Of poplar hill and alder glade!
What lambent light lurks in his eye
So large and lustrous, dark and shy!
The sunset lingers on his breast,
The midnight slumbers on his crest,
The grey of dawn, the ruddy morn,
And shades of eve his back adorn;
And blending soft, gray, shade and flush
Touch with despair the artist's brush.
He takes in autumn garb bedight,
Through moonlit space his southern flight;
Where forests flame and coverts glow,
He charms the sportsman, high and low;
And when to dog and gun exposed
His weird career is quickly closed,
Larded, buttered, browned and basted,
Better morsel ne'er was tasted.
The epicure in glad surprise
Recites short grace with open eyes,
Lifts the cover—"Hail, palate lure!
From Lilliput a turkey, sure!"
Adds as each tidbit slides to rest
Down the red lane behind the vest,
"In covert or under cover
Never lack you ardent lover;
Sprite of woodlands, elf of the dell,
Joy of sportsmen, farewell, farewell!"

ALMA.

Fifty-Nine Ducks at a Shot.

WIDE publicity has been given to the report sent out from Richmond, Va., Dec. 3: "Mr. R. W. Jolly, of this city, killed fifty-nine mallard ducks at one shot Saturday at his marsh on Turkey Island, about thirty miles down the James River. Mr. Jolly came up from the island last night on the steamer Pocahontas. He has been on the island several weeks, and has made shipments to the city every week of several hundred. He uses an improved duck gun. A load for his gun is 15 drachms of powder and 6 ounces of No. 6 shot. He has a number of times brought down as many as thirty birds at one shot, but fifty-nine is the best he has ever made. These ducks retail here for about \$1 each." If the statement is true it is manifest that the gun is of a size forbidden by the statute, and its use should be suppressed by the authorities.

American Duck Shooting.*

It is a curious and interesting thing that, although wildfowl shooting has been practiced in this country for many years and by many people, no book has ever been published treating of the sport for the country as a whole. Long's little book and Leffingwell's more substantial volume were both excellent in their way, but each covered a limited field, and dealt chiefly or altogether with the shooting which the authors had had and with nothing beyond this. Lewis' "American Sportsman" touched only incidentally on wildfowl shooting, and what is said in other volumes is hardly worth speaking of. On the other hand, we have two or three admirable works treating of North American ducks or some of them. Such are Mr. D. G. Elliot's admirable work on "Wild Fowl of the United States and British Possessions." This volume deals with the habits and range of the wildfowl, and gives descriptions of the species and keys by which they may be identified. Incidentally it has something to say about sport, but sport is really beside the main purpose of the book. Then there is Mr. Gurdon Trumbull's charming and extremely valuable "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners," but here again a special side of the duck group is treated, and the sport of wildfowl shooting is not considered.

"American Duck Shooting," by George Bird Grinnell, just issued by the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, is what its title implies, and in its more than 600 pages gives the fullest treatment of the fascinating sport that it has ever had. The volume is systematic in arrangement, full in treatment and beautiful in decoration and manufacture. Moreover, it covers the sport for the whole country, taking in the North American Continent from near the Arctic circle to the southern boundary line, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Thus, the American reader of the book will find in it not only the forms of duck and goose shooting with which he is familiar, but also all other forms wherever practiced in this country.

Before duck shooting can be discussed, however, the ducks must be considered, and in the present volume, after an interesting chapter on the duck family, are described in plain and simple language every species of swan, goose, and duck commonly found in North America. Besides these plain descriptions of the birds, there is a brief account of the range and habits of each species, and each is preceded by a carefully drawn portrait of the species in question. This section of the book, therefore, not only tells the gunner where each species is to be found, but also enables him, by means



"Then Major's voice, 'Mark, there! Mark!'"

of portraits and descriptions, to identify without trouble the birds that he kills.

This section of the volume comprises about one-third its bulk.

The second division of the book is devoted to Wild Fowl Shooting. Swan shooting is nowhere systematically practiced as a sport, and is therefore dismissed in a few pages, but the different forms of goose shooting are fully treated, while a special chapter is devoted to brant shooting. Naturally, duck shooting takes up the bulk of this section of the volume. Among the subjects treated are pass shooting, point shooting, river shooting, cornfield shooting, shooting in the overflow, in the wild rice fields, sea shooting on the Atlantic, and shooting from a houseboat. There are no less than 17 sub-chapters under the general head of duck shooting.

Mr. Grinnell has not confined himself to telling merely what he himself has seen of wildfowl shooting. In a paragraph of his preface, he says:

"The book covers—as it should—a wide range of territory; for a volume on wildfowl shooting, if limited to the experiences of a single individual, would furnish but an inadequate presentation of the subject for the whole continent. In the endeavor to make the volume justify its title, assistance has been asked from gunners whose experience has been longer than mine, or has extended over shooting grounds with which I am not familiar."

Following out this purpose, the author has quoted freely from some of our best writers on the sport, and has thus added much to the completeness of the volume. The different sketches are not dry directions as to how

*American Duck Shooting. By George Bird Grinnell. Author of Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales, Blackfoot Lodge Tales, The Story of the Indian, The Indians of Today, etc. With fifty-eight portraits of North American Swans, Geese and Ducks by Edwin Sheppard, and numerous vignettes in the text by Wilmot Townsend. New York: Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Price, \$3.50.

one should act under certain conditions, but are charming descriptions of shooting trips by competent and well equipped men in which the instructions are all given, but dressed in most attractive form. Here are two quotations, the first of which pictures the wild rice fields of the interior before the settlement, and when they were the feeding ground of vast numbers of ducks:

"Scattered over the northern country, between the Hudson River and the Missouri, are many thousands of reedy swamps and shallow lakes, and great stretches of wet meadow-land, where the wild rice grows. In the spring, so soon as the water is warmed by the genial rays of the advancing sun, the tiny pale green spears show themselves above its surface, and, all through the hot summer, grow taller and stouter, until, when August comes, the tasseled heads begin to bow with the weight of the flowers, and, a little later, the soft, milky grain appears in a waving crop. In the good old times, before the white man's foot had explored every recess of our land, or his plow furrowed every prairie, or his crooked gray fences disfigured each landscape, these rice fields were the homes of innumerable wild creatures.

"On their borders the herons built their nests, and in the open waters, among the stalks, they did their fishing. In and out among the stems the wild ducks and grebes swam in daily journeyings, while the rails and the coots ran, or waded or climbed, among the stalks, undisturbed. Here the muskrat had his home, living, in the summer, perhaps, in a hole on some higher piece of ground, and, in winter, building for himself, from the reeds and the stems of the rice, a house, substantial and impervious to the cold. Here, too, lived the mink, taking his daily toll of fish or frogs from the water; sometimes killing the muskrat, and now and then feasting greedily on the eggs or the young of some bird, whose nest he had despoiled.

"Among the rice or the reeds, the blackbirds built their hanging nests of grass, supported by three or four natural columns, and all through the heat of the June days the mother bird brooded her pale blue, black-streaked eggs, swinging easily to the movement of the rice stems, like the sailor in his hammock at sea. More solid and substantial were the houses built by the marsh wren; round balls of grass, deftly woven about a stalk of the rice, roofed over as well as floored, and with only a narrow hole for the passage in and out of the tiny owner. Sometimes a single pair built half a dozen of these nests, near one another, before making a habitation that pleased them, and those that they had left were taken by the bumblebees for homes in which to do their housekeeping."

Here is the other, which suggests the number of the fowl that in the old days resorted to these rice fields in multitudes not to be described, but only to be hinted at, as in Mr. Van Dyke's graphic words on the evening flight:

"The number of ducks increased by the minute. They came with swifter and steadier wing and with more of an air of business than they had shown before. Those hitherto flying were nearly all ducks that had been spending the day in and around Senachwine and its adjacent ponds and sloughs. But now the host that during the day had been feeding in the green corn fields of the prairie began to move in to roost, and the vast army of traveling wildfowl that the late sharp frost in the north had started on their southern tour began to get under way. Long lines now came streaming down the northern sky, widening out and descending in long inclines or long, sweeping curves. Dense bunches came rising out of the horizon, hanging for a moment on the glowing sky, then massing and bearing directly down upon us. No longer as single spies, but in battalions, they poured over the bluffs on the west, where the land sweeps away into the vast expanse of high prairie, and on wings swifter than the wind itself, came riding down the last beams of the sinking sun. Above them the air was dotted with long, wedge-shaped masses or converging strings, more slowly moving than the ducks, from which I could soon hear the deep, mellow honk of the goose and the clamorous cackle of the brant. And through all this were darting, here and there and everywhere, ducks, single in pairs, and small bunches. English snipe were pitching about in their erratic flight; plover drifted by with their tender whistle, little alarmed by the cannonade; blue herons, bitterns and snowy egrets, with long necks doubled up and legs outstretched behind, flapped solemnly across the stage, while yellowlegs and sand snipe, mud hens, divers—I know not what all—chinked in the vacant places."

The third division of the volume takes up the Art of Shooting, and treats of guns and loading, giving the author's views on how to hold, when to shoot, the flight of ducks, and the etiquette of the blind. The Chesapeake Bay dog—which may fairly be called the American retriever—is briefly described, and something is told of the good work that these dogs do. Then follows a consideration of decoys, including living ones, and something about the breeding of wildfowl in confinement, from the pen of the late Fred Mather. A chapter on blinds, batteries, and the boats used in duck shooting, concludes this section. The final chapter of the book tells of the decrease of wildfowl, gives some of its causes, and recommends the adoption of certain remedies, all of which look toward a lessened annual destruction of wildfowl, and the concluding words of the volume are, "Stop spring shooting; Limit the size of bags for the day and season; Stop the sale of game." An admirable index concludes the book.

Besides the fifty-eight portraits of North American ducks, geese and swan already referred to, the volume is copiously illustrated. Of the full page plates, four are reproductions of some of Audubon's magnificent pictures of ducks, but besides these many smaller half-tones are scattered through the volume. A very interesting one is the small engraving on page 11 showing a group of gulls occupied in fishing. Every gunner will be interested also in the more than fifty vignettes drawn by Mr. Wilmot Townsend which are found through the text. Though often slight and sketchy, these vignettes are full of real character, and not a few of them will remind the gunner of something that he has seen. Of line drawings, the more important are the plans of double and single batteries which are published with

their specifications, and the sketches of various types of ducking boats.

With its heavy paper, good large type, its rubricated title page, wealth of illustration, and quiet but effective cover, the volume may be commended to all gunners.

B. W.

New Hampshire Deer Hunting.

THREE of my neighbors and I have just returned from a trip after deer. Our location was the same as last year—Rocky Point Cottage, Stinson Lake, Rumney, N. H. Last year we did well, killing four bears and four deer in five days' hunting. We can leave here early in the morning and reach the cottage at 10 in the morning of the same day. From the hills near my house I can see the mountains where we hunted. We planned to be on the grounds when the first snow fell. Snow, however, came very unexpectedly and early—somewhere about Nov. 10. I was told by residents of Rumney and Ellsworth that it measured from 12 to 18 inches. When we arrived there was about 8 inches in the woods, with a little crust. The outlook for still-hunting was very discouraging.

We reached our cottage at 10 in the morning, and at noon we all started out to look over the near-by grounds. Before 1 o'clock one of us had killed a deer. We saw a good many tracks, but they were all a number of days old. Wherever there were beech trees the deer had pawed up the leaves in all directions looking for nuts. The third day one of our party killed a very large doe. This ended our killing of deer. We all worked hard for about a week, and hunted over a great deal of ground, going back seven or eight miles from our own house, hunting all over the mountains around the three ponds. It is a hard country to hunt on bare ground, and with 8 inches or more of very noisy snow it was very much harder. One day when I had tramped four miles to the lower pond and hunted up to the top of the mountain south of the pond, climbing over and under windfalls and over ledges, I thought it did not pay. Had I killed a good-sized deer in there I could not have dragged it out in a day. The snow was so noisy that one could not get anywhere near a deer, and those deer when once started ran as though they never meant to stop, and there was no chance to circle around and work up from the opposite side. I followed the track of a small deer which had been started by one of our party for two hours, and it never let up. Another member followed four deer fully ten miles and never saw where they showed any signs of stopping.

At our comfortable quarters at Rocky Point Cottage we talked over the prospects, every night. We did not want to give up, but I could see no chances of improvement. It would take at least six or more inches of fresh snow to deaden the noise of the crust, and six inches more meant too hard traveling. Snowshoes would not work for still-hunting, so we gave it up, and perhaps it was well we did. The night after we got home it began to snow, and some 20 inches fell, and the wind blew a gale. Perhaps the deer up there can get around in it. I know that we could not.

It is only a few years since hounding of deer has been stopped in this State. When dogging was allowed nearly all the deer killed were driven by hounds. There are quite a number of rapid rocky streams and rivers in the upper part of New Hampshire, and they seldom freeze entirely. My experience in driving deer to such waters was very unsatisfactory. Take the East Branch of Pemigewasset River. You never could tell where a deer would go to the river, and the water made such a noise that a dog could not be heard 500 yards away.

I was up in Carroll one winter. There was quite a party of hunters, and we had six dogs. We started a deer the first morning, and we followed him four days and never saw him. There was some 6 inches of snow, with a crust that would hold a fox. It cut the dogs badly, and they could not run fast. At the end of the four days we had six dogs so footsore that they would not stand up, and the deer were apparently as lively as ever.

With the ending of hounding began the development of the still-hunter, and he has been increasing both in skill and numbers ever since. I think it is safe to say that three deer are now killed every season in that part of New Hampshire north of Plymouth where one was killed in hounding days. I do not make the above statement as an advocate of hounding. I never was and never expect to favor the dogging of deer. When the question of allowing hounding was brought up I did all I could against it, and I would do so again were there any chance of its being revived. It has been said that hounding of deer drove them out of the country. I never found it so. A deer, as I have found when followed by dogs, might run over the mountains, but when he got rid of the dogs he would come back within a few days. Still-hunting will make deer more wild and wary than any kind of hunting. Ordinarily a deer when he hears (and he is pretty sure to) the least sound, such as the packing or squeaking of the snow under the foot of the still-hunter (no matter what he may wear), will jump up and stop to see what is coming. When he has been still-hunted to any extent he does not wait to see; he knows, or thinks he does, all he wants to, and he jumps out of his bed and leaves at once.

There is always more or less uncertainty in all hunting. In still-hunting it is decidedly more (I am not referring to places where deer are so numerous that no tracking is needed, or where they try to crowd the sportsman out of his camp; I have heard of such places, and been to some of them, and always found things just about as others who went there have). To get really good still-hunting, where there are a fair number of deer, a good soft snow is needed. Even then a good many deer will be started without getting a good shot. How often will there be just the right snow? The man who lives on or very near the hunting grounds will be the one who gets such days. Perhaps he has made some arrangement with a sportsman living two or three hundred miles away. The snow falls, perhaps unexpectedly, during the night. The local hunter finds early in the morning that it is an ideal still-hunting day. The nearest point where he can wire his man is some distance away. He says, "I will go out to-day and perhaps kill a big buck, and to-night I will go and send for my man. If he does not kill anything I can sell him the buck I have." In the course of a day or two the sportsman arrives, only to find that there has

been a thaw or a little rain, and the snow is very noisy. He works hard and jumps every deer; he tries to follow, perhaps now and then getting a faint glimpse of a white flag in the distance. He takes home the buck his guide had ready for him. He knows that he did not kill it. He tries to make his friends believe he did. They may pretend to believe his story, but they do not.

Not all of the rural still-hunters, even if they live on the grounds, are successful. A certain local hunter in the vicinity of where we hunted called at our cottage now and then. After we had given him some refreshments he told us all (and perhaps more) than he knew. The weapon he used to exterminate deer was a single-barrel semi-hammerless shotgun. He said it was a good gun sometimes. Last year, on the first snow, he started out, found the tracks of three deer where they had been to some apple trees, followed back to the woods, saw a deer standing looking at him about thirty yards away, found that his hands were so cold that he could not cock his gun. The deer after a while ran off. A few minutes later he saw deer No. 2, with same result. He then cocked his gun, and soon saw deer No. 3. Forgetting that the gun was cocked, he almost broke off the lever trying to cock it, and deer No. 3 followed the others.

This year he tried a rifle; got two very easy shots at big bucks. The rifle went off and so did the deer. Not all local hunters are so unlucky. Three young fellows living some three miles from our cottage built a camp on a deserted farm back in the mountains. When the first snow began falling they went to their camp, and in a few days killed six deer. I saw where they had dragged four of them in.

Other hunters were lucky. Some of them knew very little about hunting, and just went out and poked around, and either met or ran across deer. One man, as I was told, was going along on open ground near a spruce thicket. He saw a large buck standing broadside looking at him. He shot at the buck and missed him; the deer still stood, and a second shot dropped him. When the shooter went up to his deer he found a doe on the other side, which had been shot through the neck by the same bullet. On my way home I met on the train a former member of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission. He had heard of this killing two deer at one shot, and I asked him as follows: "In case a man had killed one deer and then shot at a second and found his last shot had killed two, what would be done?" He said it would be a hard question to decide. The reliability of the man doing the shooting would be taken into account, otherwise some one who had killed one deer would run across two more and shoot both, and say he killed the two last at one shot. I find I am writing a great deal more than I intended when starting to tell of our unsuccessful trip. Well, to-day I am practically snowed in—roads blocked, no mail or anything; can't even go after a fox, hence the above.

C. M. STARK.

DUNBARTON, N. H., Dec. 8.

Wyoming Game Protection.

Editor Forest and Stream:

During the year there appeared in several sporting periodicals, under the heading of "Game Protection in Wyoming," articles elicited by the fact that the hunting license in that State for non-residents had been raised from \$20 to \$40, the same law compelling a guide to register and pay a license fee of \$10. And, since Wyoming is in many respects the greatest of our big-game States, it may be of interest to sportsmen to learn, from a personal experience, how well these game laws are enforced and with what efficient care elk, in particular, are protected. Non-residents hunting in Wyoming are compelled to pay a license fee of \$40 for the open hunting season of three months, from Sept. 1 to Dec. 1. Now, while the State itself guarantees nothing, it is certainly to be presumed that, in return for this sum, the non-resident is given all the protection that strict compliance with the law on his part entitles him to, nor does it seem unreasonable in him to expect a vigorous enforcement of the law at the hands of the Game Commission and the county authorities. The resident sportsman pays a county gun license of \$1.00 for the season, and he, like the non-resident, is limited in his killing to two elk, three antelope, two deer, one goat, and one sheep in each hunting season.

And now for our experience: While hunting in the Gros Ventre Mountains this autumn we were told by our guides, Nelson Yarnall, of Dubois, and his son, Silas, that on their way to join us at St. Anthony, Idaho, they had met two suspicious looking characters who claimed to be prospectors, but whose outfit and general appearance, together with the nature of the country, made it much more likely that they were market-hunters. As it happened, our party entered the locality through which these men had preceded us by about ten days (no one else had been there in the interim, and their footprints were unmistakable), so that when we began to find carcass after carcass of elk, from which only the teeth (tusks) had been removed, we were morally certain as to the slaughterers. In the course of our hunting, in a limited section, and without effort upon our part, we found six victims of their work, five bulls and one cow. Not a part of any of them had been taken for meat, though, as a blind, the heads of some had been removed and hidden in the bushes, where we found all but one; but from every elk, however, cow included, the teeth had been carefully cut, leaving the rest of the carcass prey for bear and coyote.

Now, this sounds atrocious, even in the reading, but for the man who has a drop of red blood in his veins, the sight of a huge bull elk with magnificent six or seven-point antlers, lying rotting on the ground, killed by a rascally scoundrel merely for a pair of teeth of the value of three or four dollars, is infuriating, and had we encountered the perpetrators of this crime we would most certainly have taken the law in our own hands, and, at the risk of curtailing our hunt, so acted that they would have received the full legal penalty. Our one desire was to have them brought to justice, for, in addition to their wanton destruction, they had seriously impaired our hunting, though, thanks to the skill of our guides, we both subsequently secured fine heads. Consequently, we delayed two days and sent Silas fifty miles

to notify the game wardens, Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Jones, who promised to set forth immediately, and who probably did their best, but a severe snow storm developed which must have hampered them considerably, and which drove us out of the mountains. Our guides were bent on arresting these teeth hunters, and as we parted from them, homeward bound, they promised us to go out immediately, which, of course, met with our hearty approval. The subsequent developments were written us.

With a small pack train, Nelson Yarnall, Silas and Jack McCabe, our efficient cook, started up the Wind River, and the first day, near the Rams Horn, met the teeth hunters. Passing by and giving the impression that they were hunting for a bunch of strayed horses, the Yarnalls and Jack back-tracked at night, held up the law-breakers at the rifle's muzzle, searched them and their camp, and found twenty-six pairs of elk teeth, representing, of course, twenty-six elks, mostly bulls.

The criminals were taken to the nearest justice of the peace, Richard Green, at Dubois, where one of them, Rudolph Rosencrans, pleaded guilty, and was fined \$25 and costs, the total being \$38.30. That is to say, this wholesale infraction of Wyoming's law protecting one of its most valuable possessions, its big game, was punished by the infliction of the minimum penalty—the maximum being a fine of \$100 and imprisonment for six months—and even this maximum, under the administration of a right-minded judge, would seem, in the present case, to err on the side of leniency.

Think of it, O ye game lovers, \$38.80 for twenty-six elk. Less than the sum you or I pay for the mere privilege of killing two, and less than our combined expenses for our guides and outfit in waiting over the two days to notify the game wardens.

As no defense was attempted, it is a fair presumption that the teeth hunters were glad enough to get off with the slaughter of only twenty-six elk charged against them; but how many these two men really killed will never be known, for they were in the mountains nearly all summer and made several trips to the nearest settlements, from which shipments of teeth were probably made.

Was there ever such a travesty upon justice as this? Was there ever such a reward for the honest endeavor of honest men who had done their duty so well as the Yarnalls and McCabe? They and we are filled with disgust and bitter disappointment at this mal-administration of the law, but in the hope that publicity may enhance its better application in the future, we have ventured to take so much of your space.

For the enlightenment of those not informed, be it known that what are referred to as "teeth" are the canine teeth chiefly of the bull elk. They are carried in the upper jaw, one on each side, and immediately back of the incisors. These tusks are only valuable for the reason that a secret society of the "Elks" has adopted them as its insignia or emblem. It is to be regretted that this is the case, as it is conducive to the destruction of one of our most noble of animals.

W. WORRELL WAGNER,

SHERBOURNE W. DOUGHERTY, M. D.

PHILADELPHIA, 1901.

The Forest Reserves.

From President Roosevelt's Message.

PUBLIC opinion throughout the United States has moved steadily toward a just appreciation of the value of forests, whether planted or of natural growth. The great part played by them in the creation and maintenance of the National wealth is now more fully realized than ever before.

Wise forest protection does not mean the withdrawal of forest resources, whether of wood, water, or grass, from contributing their full share to the welfare of the people, but, on the contrary, gives the assurance of larger and more certain supplies. The fundamental idea of forestry is the perpetuation of forests by use. Forest protection is not an end of itself; it is a means to increase and sustain the resources of our country and the industries which depend upon them. The preservation of our forests is an imperative business necessity. We have come to see clearly that whatever destroys the forest, except to make way for agriculture, threatens our well-being.

The practical usefulness of the National forest reserves to the mining, grazing, irrigation, and other interests of the regions in which the reserves lie has led to a widespread demand by the people of the West for their protection and extension. The forest reserves will inevitably be of still greater use in the future than in the past. Additions should be made to them whenever practicable, and their usefulness should be increased by a thoroughly businesslike management.

At present the protection of the forest reserves rests with the General Land Office, the mapping and description of their timber with the United States Geological Survey, and the preparation of plans for their conservative use with the Bureau of Forestry, which is also charged with the general advancement of practical forestry in the United States. These various functions should be united in the Bureau of Forestry, to which they properly belong. The present diffusion of responsibility is bad from every standpoint. It prevents that effective co-operation between the Government and the men who utilize the resources of the reserves, without which the interests of both must suffer. The scientific bureaus generally should be put under the Department of Agriculture. The President should have by law the power of transferring lands for use as forest reserves to the Department of Agriculture. He already has such power in the case of lands needed by the Departments of War and the Navy.

The wise administration of the forest reserves will be not less helpful to the interests which depend on water than to those which depend on wood and grass. The water supply itself depends upon the forest. In the arid region it is water, not land, which measures production. The western half of the United States would sustain a population greater than that of our whole country today if the waters that now run to waste were saved and used for irrigation. The forest and water problems are

perhaps the most vital internal questions of the United States.

Certain of the forest reserves should also be made preserves for the wild forest creatures. All of the reserves should be better protected from fires. Many of them need special protection because of the great injury done by live stock, above all by sheep. The increase in deer, elk, and other animals in the Yellowstone Park shows what may be expected when other mountain forests are properly protected by law and properly guarded. Some of these areas have been so denuded of surface vegetation by overgrazing that the ground-breeding birds, including grouse and quail, and many mammals, including deer, have been exterminated or driven away. At the same time the water-storing capacity of the surface has been decreased or destroyed, thus promoting floods in times of rain and diminishing the flow of streams between rains.

In cases where natural conditions have been restored for a few years vegetation has again carpeted the ground, birds and deer are coming back, and hundreds of persons, especially from the immediate neighborhood, come each summer to enjoy the privilege of camping. Some, at least, of the forest reserves should afford perpetual protection to the native fauna and flora, safe havens of refuge to our rapidly diminishing wild animals of the larger kinds, and free camping grounds for the ever-increasing numbers of men and women who have learned to find rest, health, and recreation in the splendid forests and flower-clad meadows of our mountains. The forest reserves should be set apart forever for the use and benefit of our people as a whole, and not sacrificed to the shortsighted greed of a few.

The forests are natural reservoirs. By restraining the streams in flood and replenishing them in drought, they make possible the use of waters otherwise wasted. They prevent the soil from washing, and so protect the storage reservoirs from filling up with silt. Forest conservation is therefore an essential condition of water conservation.

Some Maine Deer Hunters.

As a matter of fact, the term "deer hunters" applies to a pretty large percentage of the male population hereabouts this season, as not only has almost everybody generally classed as a sportsman directed his best efforts toward getting a shot at one of these wary fellows, but many who had thought their hunting days were over, as well as many more who hitherto had never thought of hunting at all, have had their sporting blood so roused by the popular craze that they have provided themselves with suitable arms and taken a zealous hand at the game. Naturally the result has been bad for the deer, as well as somewhat risky for the hunter, although, happily, no accidents have yet been reported in our immediate vicinity. The following, from the Oxford County Advertiser of Nov. 29, gives one an idea of the vigor of the campaign being conducted in that county:

"Last week's Advertiser announced the killing of 89 different deer in this county. One or more deer have been killed in nearly every town in this county this fall, including one moose. This shows conclusively that big game is on the increase."

In the issue containing the above were accounts of the killing of perhaps ten or twelve more deer, and thus the work will go on to the end of the season. A parallel state of affairs prevails in Cumberland county, which, after absolute protection for a period, has been open during October of the present year. One report states that sixteen deer were killed the first week on Standish Plains, a tract of 4,000 acres about ten miles east of us, on the Maine Central; but I am inclined to think the number overestimated, although it is certain the locality was literally thronged with hunters for a time.

Among those who went from this way was W. E. Blake, one of our best hunters and rifle shots, who spent three days there, after the rush was over, but sighting only one deer. This his hunting companion might have shot but for fear of hitting Blake, who stood exactly in line. Edward Spencer, a celebrated trapper of Baldwin, spent a week on the plains without getting a shot, to be met on his return by the remark from his wife that he was foolish to go away hunting, as she had seen several deer about the place during his absence. Thus warned, he kept his rifle handy, and soon got a shot at a fine buck that came into an orchard where he was at work. The fellow bounded away into the woods, though plainly hard hit, and the most persistent search by Spencer and his boy failed to disclose further trace of it, until, about a week later, the boy, in jumping a fence while out gunning, landed plump on its dead body—quite spoiled. Early in the season two other Baldwin sportsmen came upon five deer in a clearing, upon which they opened promiscuously with buck shot. The deer all got away, but two of them were found dead and spoiled later on. For a few of the lucky ones, the Ward boys, living near the Hiram and Baldwin line, have shot three deer; in Hiram, after the first snow, three were shot in one day by Chas. Osgood, Chas. Clark, and Calvin Clemens, respectively; while three have been downed in our immediate vicinity, the first by Harry L. Huntress, a farmer's boy; the second by Elmer Wyman, and the third, shot Nov. 25, near his home, by a young man named Bert Warren, living only about half a mile inside the county line. Several have also been killed in Porter, and Edward Ridlon, of that town, who went to Sandwich, N. H., on a fox hunting trip, had the luck to bring down a big buck with buckshot near Squam Lake; as well as many more that I will not mention, and to which more will doubtless be added before the end of the season.

The only ones to go from here into the "big woods" were Murray Watkins and Daniel Chaplin, who provided themselves with Savage rifles and a full outfit, and in October paid a two weeks' visit to the region north of Moosehead. They reported a very pleasant trip, and brought back four fine deer, including a monster buck, shot by Chaplin, declared to be the biggest ever seen at that particular camp. Dan gives a graphic account of the killing of this big fellow. He was on the edge of a big burn, thickly sprung up to little maples, where he had

seen fresh signs of a deer the day before. Moving along a fallen tree trunk that extended out into the jungle, as he stepped cautiously down from the further end his eye caught a quick movement in the foliage, not far distant. It was the flicker of a deer's tail; he could brokenly make out its outline as it stood in a thick clump of maples calmly browsing. A portion of the neck was exposed through a slight opening, and at this Dan fired. The animal gave a single short bound, then stood like a statue, stretched to his full height, every sense on the alert. The movement had brought the fore shoulder in full view, and at this Dan directed his second shot. This time the old chap turned and dashed straight towards him; but the terrible "soft-nose" had done its work. A few frantic, aimless bounds and he collapsed and fell dead. He was a veritable monarch of the woods.

W. H. Hatch, of Fryeburg, who accompanied Watkins and Chaplin, and acted as guide for the camp, returned later on with two deer and a moose. It is probable that others from this way will visit that region next season.

CORNISH, Me.

TEMPLAR.

The Way We Used To Do.

PUERTO PRINCEPE, Cuba.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On going through my effects a few days since I came upon the following notes of a march made in 1894 from Fort Meade, S. D., by E Troop, Eighth Cavalry, to which I then belonged as first lieutenant. Possibly they may interest my friends of the FOREST AND STREAM. You are welcome to make such use of them as you desire. In the days before the acquisition of Cuba and the Philippine Islands we made many such marches; they were made for military purposes, such as map-making, instruction etc. As the military details would be of little interest, I have mainly omitted them in copying the notes, and send only such portions as pertain properly to the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

On this occasion our command consisted of three officers—Capt. K., Second Lieut. K. and myself—and fifty mounted enlisted men—a party ample to readily consume all game that might fall to our shotguns. Behind the mounted column followed closely my hunting wagon drawn by two horses, and carrying Capt. K.'s bird dog Yacoub, an Irish setter of considerable ability; our shotguns, ammunition, shooting coats, etc. This was in the days of black powder, at least on the plains, when every one loaded his own cartridges. I had a few days before, upon the recommendation of some friends, purchased a can of a new variety of powder which, previous to this trip, I had had no opportunity to test—this will explain my frequent reference to my ammunition. We set forth from the post on Sept. 8, and reached a stream called the Belle Fourche River about 1:30 that day, crossed it and went into camp. All that day's march had been through settlements with fenced country on both sides of us, with cultivated fields. Once across the Belle, however, all this was to change immediately to absolute cattle country—no fences, no roads, no evidences of civilization, nothing but an interminable sea of grass, intersected at intervals by feeble watercourses fringed to a greater or less extent with trees. As far as one could tell by appearances this country was exactly the same as it had been at any time for centuries back, differing only in having the buffalo replaced by cattle almost as wild, large and shaggy. Indeed the evidence left by the buffalo made them seem almost present—their bleaching skulls were numerous, not infrequently supplied with horns, the choicest of which were eagerly secured by some of the enlisted men, as they would yet take a polish. I say such was the appearance, although in reality there were a few isolated cattle ranches here and there, as will be seen, but they were in secluded hollows on some water course or other, and invisible until one was almost upon them. The annual round up was also in progress at this time, and on this account we now and then had our path crossed by a cowboy, from whom we obtained information, usually more or less erroneous, in regard to our route. With these explanatory remarks the notes commence with the camp just across the Belle.

WM. F. FLYNN.

We ate a little lunch after establishing our camp in a fine grove of cottonwoods near the water, and then at about half-past two Capt. K. and Lieut. K. took their fishing tackle and tried the stream for fish. I had omitted to bring my fishing tackle, so I followed with my shotgun, thinking a duck might fly over. After watching them awhile I crossed the river by wading, and with Yacoub worked a small grove of cottonwood for prairie chicken (i. e., the sharp-tail grouse, the bird that is constantly referred to in this vicinity as the prairie chicken, and on that account so called in these notes). Yacoub soon flushed a small bunch of about six, and afterward one or two single birds, all of them, however, out of range, so that I got no shots. Although frequently noticed by our party, it nevertheless always excites our remark that these birds never lie nearly as well to a dog when found far from the habitations of man as when found in fields where they must surely be hunted much more frequently. This might lead some to jump at the conclusion that birds have to be taught how to behave properly when hunted, as well as the dog to hunt them. We—that is, Capt. K. and myself, who have been hunting companions for many years—have always accounted for this peculiarity on the ground that in the wild state the chief enemy that these large birds know is the coyote, and as the dog bears more or less resemblance to the coyote, especially the red setter, the mere presence of the dog serves to make these wild birds wary and uneasy, while with the bird of civilization the coyote, and consequently the dog, is an insignificant factor. At all events, the dog flushed the birds out of range and I got no shots. I finally took a bath in the river and got back to camp in time for supper of bacon, cabbage and potatoes, with plenty of soldier coffee. At some time during that evening the sergeant came up and reported that one of the men named Stout, who had been out hunting that afternoon, had not yet returned to camp. When last seen he was about a half-mile down the river.

Sunday, Sept. 9.—As Stout was still missing in the morning, Capt. K. sent out a detail of two or three men to search for him, while the rest of the command pursued the march. At 7 o'clock we pulled out of camp, a fresh

cool breeze blowing and the morning pleasant and comfortable. About 11 o'clock we reached what is called Elm Creek. While this is geographically a water course beyond all question, it nevertheless bears so little resemblance to our ordinarily accepted ideas of a creek that unless one was well-informed in such matters he might, while looking for this particular stream, cross it and go on his way without knowing it—indeed, we did this ourselves on our return trip at another part of the stream. Elm Creek consists of a chain of disconnected water holes usually fringed with bushes, or at least having sedgy banks, which afford good cover to the approaching hunter; it appears also to abound in duck food, and altogether forms a stopping place for the ducks which they are loath to leave, as well as an ideal place for the sportsman to hunt them, as under the favoring screen of bush or sedge he can approach each pool quite boldly, and in most cases easily reach a position from which he can, as they take wing, use his right and left to advantage. At this creek I gave my horse to a trooper to lead along with the advancing column, and getting into the wagon drove up the stream on a prospecting tour. I approached quite a number of holes cautiously, dismounting from the wagon for this purpose, without seeing any duck, and becoming discouraged with the prospect, and concluding that it was still too early for them, I approached the next good pool without getting out of the wagon. As ill luck would have it, there was a large flock of widgeon on this pool. I fired at them from the wagon as they flew, but of course got none at that long range. I then resumed my previous caution, and soon came upon a small flock of teal, and gave them a right and left as they rose within what I considered easy range. To my surprise they all flew away. As teal in the act of rising from the water are a most difficult target, I concluded I had missed them clean, and thought no more about it. Soon a small flock of widgeon on the wing came within range, out of which I helped myself to one. I had now explored the creek sufficiently to enable me to report that the ducks had certainly come down from the north, or, at least, were on hand in good numbers. They may have bred there for all I know, so I turned back to overtake the column. As I followed down the creek I espied a small bunch of bluewing on a hole a little distance ahead, and, approaching cautiously, fired with each barrel as they rose. Each bird covered fell at the shot, but before I could cross the stream and pick them up one of them again rose and flew away. I was somewhat surprised at this, and began to suspect my new brand of powder of being weak. I then set out to overtake the column, which I soon succeeded in doing, for Capt. K., on hearing my first shot, had halted for a few minutes in order to enable me to explore further without getting too far behind. I also found on joining the column that the duck I had shot and which had again taken wing, had fallen a second time within sight of the command, and one of the enlisted men had ridden out on his horse while they were waiting for me and found it. It was a spoonbill.

About 2:30 P. M. we reached the ranch on Coyote Creek that we were in search of, and went into camp about a half-mile above the house. This ranch was inhabited only by two boys, aged about fourteen and sixteen respectively, sons of a ranchman by the name of Keffeler, whom we had seen on the further side of the Belle, and who had recommended us to come by the way of this place. They were good boys, and very glad to see us, insisted on furnishing us twice as much hay as our horses could consume, and refused to take any compensation whatever for it until we fully explained to them that it was the U. S. Government that was receiving this forage, and that favors of this kind were wasted on it, and in reply to our inquiries as to whether there were any chickens about there, replied that there were lots of them—that they had, indeed, just seen as many as fifty not far from the house. This was certainly encouraging. We were too old hands at bird shooting to believe that the boys had really seen that number of birds. To one unaccustomed to accuracy in such matters, a good-sized bunch of say fifteen appears like forty or fifty, but we realized that there were some, and that they were near at hand, and that was all that we wanted to know. Lieut. K. and I took our shotguns and Yacoub, and with one of the boys as a guide set forth. We soon came upon a fine bunch of chickens—i. e., sharptail—near a dense plum thicket—their ideal cover. As they flushed I got in both my right and left, and saw both birds fall, but before I could pick them up one of them rose and flew off, and I lost him. I was now beginning to lose all faith in my ammunition for long shots. This covey had succeeded in getting in such thick cover that we couldn't get it up again. Yacoub was also fresh and headstrong from his long ride, and managed to flush what birds he found at so long a range that we could do nothing with them, so as we were both exceedingly hungry we went back to camp and had dinner. After that Capt. K. and I again took Yacoub and went out. We failed to find our original covey, but by beating the ground faithfully we got up nine singles and bagged eight of them, he killing five, I two, and both of us firing at the eighth. We returned to camp about dark. Score for the day, three ducks and ten chickens.

Monday, Sept. 10.—Last night was frosty and sharp, and not having prepared ourselves for it before going to bed, neither Capt. K. nor myself slept warm. We were sleeping on folding cots, and the sharp air got at us all around. Not so Lieut. K., for he was sleeping in a sleeping bag on the ground, and did not know what it was to be cold at night on the entire trip. We had this morning our favorite camping breakfast of broiled duck, and from this on we had to eat but little bacon. Of course, being soldiers, we have all due respect for bacon, yet on a trip like this there is nothing that will appeal to a sportsman's gustatory taste as a bluewing split and broiled over the coals by means of a few green withes as a holder, and eaten sizzling hot from the embers on a sharp frosty morning—potatoes, bread and butter and coffee may help it out a little, but it is a delightful meal all by itself. We left camp about 7:15, and continued northeast. After about seven miles had been marched we came across a small flock of chickens. I called Lieut. K.'s attention to it, and thinking there might be a fair number about there, we dismounted and flushed them. There proved to be but three in the bunch, of which he got one and I one, while the third flew away. We

went into camp on Sulphur Creek about 11:15 A. M. This is a muddy, narrow creek, with high, steep banks covered with brush and trees, and gave little promise of sport with ducks as we approached it. Nevertheless, while we were seeking a place to water the horses, we scared up two good-sized flocks of widgeon, which served to encourage us greatly for the afternoon sport. As soon as we had watered the horses which we did by carrying water up the steep banks in buckets and pouring it into the wagon feed troughs, covered with a wagon sheet, we all got into the hunting wagon and set forth. We worked till nearly dark with but little success. There were no coveys of chickens, only here and there a scattered one, generally old ones, and quite difficult to manage. Lieut. K. killed four chickens and one duck, Capt. K. three chickens, and I none, having had but three shots that afternoon, and all long ones. Total score for the day, ten chickens and one duck. There was a kind of rude habitation near where we camped, but during the daytime it had appeared to be deserted, but after dark a man came into our camp, giving his name as Welsh, and said that he lived in the building near by. He spent the evening with us, and was quite entertaining, though the information he gave us about the country afterward proved so erroneous that it greatly shook our faith in what he told us about other things. He was generous, though; gave us all the hay we could use, and offered to kill a beef for us if we wanted it, and all without compensation. We were now almost on the edge of the great Cheyenne River Indian Reservation, and Mr. Welsh told us that he rarely saw any one in that vicinity but Indians, and that it was a great pleasure to him to see soldiers for a change. I may be mistaken, but I have always fancied that he was engaged in some illicit commerce with the Indians, and that he suspected that the object of our visit was to look into the matter.

Tuesday, Sept. 11.—We left camp at about 7 o'clock after an exceedingly sharp, cool night. I had slept with my clothes, shoes and legging all on to keep warm. Mr. Welsh accompanied us a few miles on his horse to put us on the right course, as there was no trail at all and the country was difficult. He told us that we must certainly find a particular pass in the hills about fifteen miles to the north, or else we would never get through with our wagons. He finally got us through some swampy bottoms near by and fairly headed for the pass and then took his departure. We made the pass without any great difficulty, and continued on our course in good spirits, noticing now and then a bunch of chickens along the way, but not stopping to shoot any, as we desired, if possible, to reach the Moreau River that night, and, as Welsh had told us that it was at least forty miles, and probably more, by the way that we would have to go, not knowing the short cuts, we deemed it best not to waste any time by shooting along the road. The day was exceedingly hot, notwithstanding the cold of the night before, and as we supposed we should have to march late to reach the river, we began to be on the lookout for an opportunity to water our animals. Welsh had told us that once we had gotten into the open country beyond the hills we would find an abundance of water. In point of fact, we found none at all, and were beginning to be quite uneasy on the subject, when about 2 o'clock I discovered a small habitation at some distance off the road, and hastened over there to make inquiries. I found a woman at the house, and on asking her how far it was to the Moreau, was pleasantly surprised to have her answer, "Only about four miles." We hastened on and reached it about 3 o'clock, having made not over twenty-eight miles that day, in place of the forty that Welsh assured us that we should have to make. Lieut. K. and I at once went out to shoot some chickens that we had seen near by on our march in. We soon found them, and got two apiece. I securing mine on such a beautiful double as to almost restore confidence in my powder. After we had been out some time, Capt. K. followed us out and also shot two, thus making a total of six for the day's score. I had walked so much in the last two days that my feet were becoming blistered on the soles, which tended to take away some of the pleasure of the sport, as well as to cause me to avoid long reaches on foot.

Wednesday, Sept. 12.—Last night was quite mild and comfortable, and this morning was fairly hot. Finding one of the wagon mules sick, Capt. K. decided to lie over one day in this camp and give him a chance to recover, if possible. About 8 o'clock we hitched up the hunting wagon and all three set forth, expecting to do great things, as ever since we had been in Dakota we had always heard the Moreau spoken of as the Mecca of chicken and duck hunters. The river was a disappointment in appearance as far as ducks were concerned. Instead of open pools with low sedgy banks, as we expected to find it, we found high, vertical banks with a rock bottom, and an utter absence of aquatic vegetation. We consequently abandoned the attempt to find ducks, and concluded to devote ourselves to the chickens. These we fancied might be found in abundance, and indeed we did find them fairly abundant, though quite disappointing, as instead of finding them in nice bunches of from eight to ten that would hide in the cover and lie to the dog, they were generally found in singles and twos and threes, walking about in plain view in the open country, and quickly taking to wing if the dog came anywhere near them. We could readily understand, though, why it was so famed as a chicken country, as all along in the river bottom there was a fringe of small cottonwood bushes a few feet high, in which the chickens stayed during the heat of the day. Here a pot-hunter could secrete himself, and by watching underneath these bushes could shoot quite a number of chickens as they walked about. Indeed, on our return to camp we found that the enlisted men with two single-barreled shotguns in addition to their carbines, had succeeded in securing some twenty-five or thirty in this manner, and were in high praise of the Moreau Valley as a chicken country. We hunted for about three hours, and as it was pretty hot, gave it up then, and returned to camp, Capt. K. having killed ten, I seven and Lieut. K. two. I should have had three or four more, but my powder was too weak to kill at any distance at all—that is, to kill clean—and with these particular birds all the shots were pretty long. I was also at considerable disadvantage in having no dog, for though the birds behaved badly as regards the dog, nevertheless he was occasionally a great assistance, and as Yacoub was Capt. K.'s dog, of course he naturally

devoted his efforts mainly to K. After dinner it was so hot and uncomfortable in the tent that Capt. K. and I went out and tried the fish in the stream. We caught three, one cat and two skipjacks, all small ones. We had brought our towels with us and finished the day by a refreshing bath, which greatly relieved our blistered feet. We returned to camp and had supper about dark.

Thursday, Sept. 13.—This morning we pulled out of camp at about 7 o'clock, and followed up the south bank of the Moreau; there was a kind of road or cattle trail leading in that direction. After journeying for two or three miles we came to a ranch called Norine's ranch, where we made inquiries concerning the country and route. We then came to the conclusion to head for Antelope Creek about twelve miles to the north, as this man assured us that there was plenty of water in it and good duck pools. There was no road whatever, and we found many deep ravines, but our wagoners had become quite skillful in avoiding them, so we got along pretty well. We saw a small herd of antelope on our way, and also one deer. This Capt. K. tried to kill, dismounting and creeping up toward it for awhile, but did not succeed in getting near enough, although he took a chance shot without effect. We reached the Antelope about 1 o'clock. It was an excellent stream for duck, to all appearances, and Capt. K. and I at once set out with our shotguns to reconnoitre it. We were gone about an hour and saw nothing except one small flock flying about high in the air. After dinner we all three set out and walked a long distance down the stream without seeing anything, till finally we discovered a large flock of teal on the water. I held back the dog, as my powder was so poor and the rest stole up and fired at the ducks on the water. As they rose I let go of the dog and rushing forward fired into the rising flock. We all reloaded as soon as possible, and as they swung around in the air they gave us another opportunity for a shot. We picked up our ducks and then, following up and down the stream, found quite a number of scattered ones which we usually got as they rose. We had a long walk back to camp at night, but the breeze was blowing fresh and cool so we didn't mind it; our feet were also much better to-day from our bath of the day before. We counted our ducks and found an even twenty-five (mostly greenwing) for the day's score.

Friday, Sept. 14.—This morning it was quite cool and cloudy. We left camp about 7 o'clock and moved about eight miles up the Antelope and again went into camp. I left my horse after a little and taking the wagon to follow after me, footed it up the stream in the hope of bagging some ducks. I found one lone teal and got him as he rose. I also scared up a good flock of mallard, but these were out of range. I got into a good flock of chickens, but owing partly to my poor ammunition, and more to my poorer shooting, I got but one where I should have had three. On this morning's march the men found a porcupine, and one of the troop dogs attacked it as he did everything else. On this occasion, however, he made a blunder, as he got his mouth and throat so filled with the quills that the men had to shoot him to relieve his misery.

Quite a number of antelope were seen on the day's march, and after dinner several of the enlisted men went out to hunt them. On reaching camp we three officers set out a-foot down stream, Capt. K. killing one duck—the only one we saw. We then left the stream and followed up a small wooded ravine toward camp and secured four chickens on it. We ate dinner and then set out up stream in the wagon. After driving for several miles, we all got out and sent the wagon back to camp, while we hunted along down on foot. We found no ducks, as there was scarcely any water in this part of the creek, but the chicken shooting was the best we had seen on the entire trip, almost every little clump of brush had one or two in it, and they all lay well; while the damp, cool atmosphere developed the scent and favored the dog. We killed twelve and got tired of it—'twas too easy. Score for the day: Capt. K. 7, I 9, Lieut. K. 4. We strolled leisurely back to camp, and had a delightful supper of broiled teal, plum jelly, potatoes, and hot biscuits. Taking it all around, it was doubtless the best day of the entire trip. As two of the enlisted men who went out after antelope were still out after dark we built a beacon light on a neighboring hill, and the trumpeter sounded calls on his trumpet. The harvest moon rose at its full to-night and made a magnificent spectacle in this broad and silent valley.

Saturday, Sept. 15.—This morning it was pretty cool. No news from the lost hunters. Capt. K. sent three parties out to seek for them, and provided each with a rude pencil sketch of the country in order that they might not get lost themselves, for we were now entirely beyond the reach of either roads or habitations, and in whatever direction one looked the country presented practically the same appearance, so it was not a difficult thing by any means to lose the camp. While waiting for these parties to search for the lost men, we three officers took our shotguns and strolled down the stream. We found one flock of bluewing that had evidently come in during the night, out of which we eventually succeeded in securing nine birds; we also shot one chicken. I contributed but little myself toward these results, as my poor ammunition had gotten me completely under hack as far as long shots were concerned, and I no longer attempted any over twenty-five yards or such a matter. To be limited to so narrow a field as this is pretty disheartening. We returned to camp about 10:30 that morning. The lost men had just gotten in. They had gone hunting to the north of the Antelope the day before, and in attempting to return to camp, had crossed the stream in some of its dry reaches without knowing it, and thus kept on in search of it till they struck the Moreau. They found the ranch on that stream and stayed all night there. We now had to wait to get back our searching parties. We scanned the distant horizon for glimpses of them, and finally succeeded in detecting them wending their several ways back to camp. They were observed at a much longer distance away from camp than persons in civil life would readily believe on being at first told of it. This was due to the fact that the Ordnance Department bedecks each horse's head with a pair of metallic mirrors in the form of brass bridle rosettes, and the Inspector General's Department

requires these mirrors to be kept constantly burnished. The result of all this is that, although the attending conditions, as well as all instruction for warfare, require an enemy to be approached with the utmost secrecy and caution, yet nevertheless, we were enabled by means of these useless brass ornaments to detect our men and to assure ourselves that they were soldiers at a distance which, as I have stated, was practically incredible. (I eventually made a report of this circumstance to the Lieut. General commanding the army, but up to the present writing we are still wearing the same unnecessary gewgaws and keeping them just as bright.) We pulled out of camp about 1 o'clock P. M., and headed for the same ranch as nearly as we could by the directions of our lost men who had stayed there. After considerable winding about to avoid ravines, etc., we reached it about 5 o'clock. This ranch is situated at the confluence of the North and South Moreau, and is a well-known station throughout all that country.

Sunday, Sept. 16.—This morning the mule previously referred to as having been sick was too weak to proceed further, so we left him with the keeper of the ranch to care for until he should improve. We set forth about 7 o'clock for the Sulphur on our return to the post. We reached the Flying "V" Ranch about 11 o'clock, and watered our animals at the stock-pump. An incident that came under our notice here served to impress us with the duplicity that seems inherent in the "genus homo." We had on one of our wagons an odometer for the purpose of taking measurements of the various distances passed over by us in our various wanderings, to be used eventually in making a map of this wild land. The keeper of this ranch espied this instrument and evinced the keenest interest in obtaining the accurate distances between the points of our journey. Lieut. K., who had charge of this division of the duty, went to some considerable pains to furnish this man the desired information. Capt. K. eventually told the man that these distances would do him no good as they were so different from those usually claimed by the residents of the country that no one would believe him when he showed them to people (the man had carefully recorded each one in a memorandum book). "Ah," said the fellow, "that isn't what I'm getting them for. I'm going to get up big bets with the cowboys when they are in money, and then when all the money is up we'll measure the distance, and I'm satisfied that'll fix them with that little wheel of yours." In other words, the knave was going to bet with the cowboys on the distance between points and use the knowledge he had thus obtained from us to rob them. Lieut. K. felt rather crestfallen over the use to which his scientific data was to be put. We reached the Sulphur at 2:30 o'clock. After dinner we all set out up stream with our shotguns. Capt. K. and Lieut. K. were both on the same side, while I was on the other. Capt. K. shot a chicken. At the report of his piece a fine flock of spoonbill rose from the creek just ahead. I shot one as they swerved my way—the only bird I got that day. The others got eight chickens and two ducks. The dog hunted solely on their side and I got no shots.

Monday, Sept. 17.—This morning it was cold. Ice had formed on our water bucket to quite an appreciable thickness, and we built a fire before our tent to eat our breakfast by. We set forth at about 7 o'clock, as usual, and went over the tops of many hills in search of Elm Creek, where we intended to camp that night. We chanced to pass a "round-up" camp, and as we knew nothing of the route I rode over and interrogated the cowboys concerning it. The information they gave us was so erroneous that we eventually crossed the Elm and had gotten several miles on the other side before we realized the fact. This stream had given such good promise of sport with ducks when I explored it on the way over that we were anxious to give it a fair trial by camping on it, and putting in our spare time in mending its banks with our shotguns, so we concluded to turn back and return to it, which we promptly did, even though it added several miles to our march for the day—already considerable. We went into camp on the Elm about 2 P. M. Ducks were immediately discovered, and Capt. K., taking his gun, secured three while we were unsaddling. After eating rather of a hasty meal, we took the hunting wagon and set forth. We met with great sport with the ducks. They were sufficiently abundant to exactly suit us; that is, there were a few on every good pool that we came to, and no large flocks on any pool, and the majority were mallard. While these conditions perhaps might not contribute so large a bag of game as though there were larger flocks upon which an ardent meat hunter could crawl on his face, hands, and knees, for fifty or sixty yards, and then enfilade while on the water, yet it was sport rather than large bags of game that we were after, and we found far more of it in walking boldly up to the edge of the pool and taking fairly out of the air, as they were rising, what our skill and ammunition entitled us to, than in the other method. (Of course we were not always so liberal; human nature is weak, and when, after walking for miles without having seen a duck, as was the case on the Antelope, to come upon a flock of a hundred or such a matter, nicely bunched—well, as Mr. Hough says, the part of our early instruction that we need most to remember is, "Lead us not into temptation.") We killed twenty-four ducks that afternoon, mostly mallard, and mostly after the manner of a true sportsman. One little incident occurred that was rather amusing. I shot one mallard that fell on a sandy shore just below a cut-bank about five or six feet in height. We were busy in picking up some others, reloading, etc., so that when we came to pick him up he had disappeared. On glancing around, however, I soon discovered him crawling into a hole in the cut-bank a little further down. As Capt. K. was rather smaller and lighter in avoirdupois than myself, I held his hand and let him down from the edge of the bank while he thrust his hand into the hole nearly up to the elbow and pulled the mallard out again. We had scarcely started on again when a large rattlesnake was startled by us down at the foot of the same cut-bank and glided into a hole similar in most respects to that into which K. had just so obligingly thrust his arm. I looked at K.; his face was a study, but he said nothing, while Lieut. K. humorously congratulated him on his having

his rabbit's foot with him that afternoon. On this day's march we saw antelope in considerable numbers, and for the first time in my life I saw a badger in his native surroundings.

Tuesday, Sept. 18.—This morning, instead of setting forth in good season for our next camp, as was our usual practice, we concluded to remain a few hours and enjoy still further the fine field for sport that surrounded us. We started up stream a-foot, leaving word for the wagon to follow us in course of time to pick up our game and to eventually carry us back to camp. Capt. K. shot four fine mallard before I killed a bird, and I was beginning to be rather discouraged, especially as Yacoub had run in and flushed some ducks once or twice that might have given me a shot. My luck soon changed, and I shot three mallard and a widgeon drake, thus tying him. K. shot a single teal, and then, as we appeared to have struck a long, dry reach, we gave it up, and getting into the wagon drove back to camp, well pleased with our morning's sport. We ate dinner about 11 and at 12 pulled out with the troop for the Belle Fourche. As we passed a small chain of water-holes called the West Elm, I saw a few teal. I dismounted and, leaving my horse to be led along, got into the hunting wagon and started to hunt the stream. Lieut. K. joining me while Capt. K. marched on with the troop. In the course of an hour or less we succeeded in bagging six teal, making our grand total for the past ten days 156 birds (both duck and chicken). We reached the Belle about 4 P. M. After supper Capt. K. rigged his fishing tackle and set out to fish. I took my shotgun and joined him. He caught two fine skip-jack, a rather difficult fish to take, and lost several more after hooking them. It soon began to grow dark, so I went back to camp, leaving him fishing. I found Lieut. K. had also gone fishing. So leaving my gun and taking my lantern I went back to where I had left K. I found that he had now five nice fish, three skip-jack, one catfish, and one pike—as it is called here, though I suppose it is not properly a pike, though it evidently belongs to that family. We fished a spell longer, but got no more bites, and returned to camp at about 9 o'clock. We found Lieut. K. in bed. He had caught a fine channel cat and was very proud of it, as well he might be; it was twenty-two inches long.

Wednesday, Sept. 19.—This morning on getting up we packed up our sportsman's implements, donned our strictly military garb and set forth for the post, which we reached at about noon. We found that Stout, the soldier that we had lost on the first march out, had returned to the post that same day and reported to the Sergeant left in charge that he had been taken sick, and that the Captain had allowed him to return. He then got his traps together and at the first favorable opportunity had decamped. This removed from our minds all anxiety about our not having found him when he was first lost at the Belle. Had he deserted from that place without reporting back to the Sergeant, as he might readily have done, we would never have known but that he had met with some accident and perished there, and we should always have had a feeling of remorse at not having made a more vigorous search for him. As it was, he removed the only possible cause for regret connected with a trip which, without the aid of these notes, will always linger in my memory.

Not All of Hunting, to Hunt.

BOSTON, Dec. 5.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* We have just returned from a hunting trip to Maine. We found indications of plenty of deer, but owing to dry conditions the game could not be approached very easily. If we only had had a slight amount of snow we could have gotten our limit without hard work.

My boy Ed. shot two nice bucks. He is only sixteen years of age, and never handled a rifle previous to this trip. I have to stand lots of chaffing from my friends, for I failed to shoot anything larger than a partridge. But the mere killing of harmless animals is not the only source of pleasure that one can derive from a trip to the woods. Almost every step that one takes along an old logging road reveals features of woods life that are highly interesting. Here on the left is a large beech tree with the bark all gnawed off about one foot from the earth. A hedgehog was evidently sampling its juices some time yesterday or day before. Going along a little further we found the cool green moss and dead leaves all pawed up by some night-prowling buck, evidently searching for a choice bite of something that Dame Nature planted there for such as he. We find the woodpecker family all busy pegging away just like so many cobblers. Listening to the pileated woodpecker, one sometimes thinks that a carpenter is working nigh to hand.

My attention was attracted to a large bird flying back and forth repeatedly. I crept up quite near, and found that the bird was tugging at something on the ground. I recognized it as a moose bird. It had found the spot where one of our party had killed a buck, and was replenishing its locker with the refuse. I sat there for an hour, and soon had a flock of moose birds about me, all busy filling up on the entrails of the deer. They were apparently flying to some hiding place and depositing the supply just as the squirrel puts in his food for the cold season. It was refreshing to me to be able to sit there in that deep woods and find bird life so tame that I could almost put my hand upon their beautiful heads.

We have traveled for days along beaten paths without seeing a deer. We wore moccasins, and were as silent as specters, not even breaking a twig. When we would find fresh signs, and were on the alert for a possible shot, we would be startled by a series of snorts from some watchful buck which was possibly watching us for minutes before he could get it through his head what we were. Thus the days went by.

We city toilers do not spend enough time in the woods. Let us go to the fields and streams and get nearer to nature. As Nessmuk put it:

And lungs are poisoned and shoulders bowed
In the smothering reek of mill and mine;
And Death stalks in on the struggling crowd—
But he shuns the shadow of oak and pine.

One of our party killed a buck about five miles from

our house. We went to assist him in carrying it out. It weighed 173 pounds, and it took us from 4 o'clock P. M. until 10:30 before we reached home. We made a torch from birch bark, placing a lot of the bark between a split stick. I never want to engage in such back-breaking work again.

JAY PEE.

The Maine Season.

BOSTON, Dec. 7.—Hunting deer in two feet of snow in the Maine woods may be a pastime, but most of the hunters caught out under such conditions declare that they have had enough of it; that their trips will be earlier hereafter. Stories of hunters exhausted in the snow continue to come in. One Boston deer hunter tells of starting from camp in the morning, in the vicinity of North Twin Dam, over ground perfectly familiar. He shot his deer before noon, and turning for camp he attempted to drag the animal, since he wanted to leave for Boston next day. He dragged his venison till he could do so no longer. Then he began to struggle toward camp, for night was coming. On he plodded, till nearly unconscious he passed a lumber camp. The men called to him, and that is about the last he remembers till next morning. His rescuers say that he was staggering along in a manner that excited their suspicions, but that he made no answer when spoken to. They took him in charge, and got him into their camp and down by the fire. He was not frozen, but thoroughly exhausted, and soon fell into a sound sleep that lasted till morning. A little longer exposure would have caused him to fall in the snow, and death would have resulted.

At Moluncus, Me., last Friday morning the mercury indicated 4 degrees below zero, but the disagreeable wind that had been blowing from the northwest nearly a week had subsided. Warmly clad, we did not mind the cold, but spent the day in the woods. We did not attempt to break through the snow on the trail of deer. This method of hunting would have been useless, besides being exceedingly laborious and difficult. The deer had already taken to the swamps and deep woods, where every spruce and hemlock was loaded with snow. The hunter could see but a few feet under this load of snow, and attempting to penetrate it, he would get a little winter in his face and down his neck at every step. Our hunting had to be done by following the lumber roads and tote roads, where the horses and sleds had broken a track, or up and down the frozen streams on the ice, with a guide in the swamps, on snowshoes, to drive out the deer. If one imagines that the deer will stand to be shot at, under such circumstances, they are much mistaken. Only a flurry of snow and a flit of their tails could be seen, though sometimes they would bound along the frozen stream or logging road for a short distance. Snap shots were the best to be had, and in this way our deer were secured.

A great deal has been said about deer and the lumbermen and lumber camps. We were told that the deer were very plenty about some lumber works a few miles from Moluncus. We visited these works on Sunday, when the men were not there, being at their camp, two or three miles below. Here we were greatly surprised. The deer had been in in large numbers. Roadways led from every direction to the places where the trees were felled, and back to the roll-way or pile of logs. In these roadways the tracks of deer were surprisingly abundant: all made the night before or during the morning of that day. One could easily believe that a whole drove of them had been along. At the place where the horses were fed at noon every atom of cracked corn and grain of oats had been picked up, the deer boring down into the snow with their noses for the food. Every spear of hay had been eaten, although the lumbermen at the camps told us that considerable had been left. The men had built a fire and boiled their tea the day before. Here the deer had also been at work. The tea grounds had been thrown out on the snow, and this the deer had rooted over. They had even rooted in the ashes of the fire, doubtless cooled before the animals got there. The lumbermen and guides told us that the deer love to browse on the fallen evergreen tops about their works, keeping outside or back of the tops in the day time, but coming out into the sled roads in the night. The opportunity is great for the lumbermen to destroy deer, and in every camp there is a number of rifles and men who know how to use them. The camps all have venison during the open season, for every man claims the right to two deer, under the law. We were told that the deer are not troubled by these lumbermen after the close season begins, and I hope that it is true.

The deep snow of a week ago, in the Maine woods, has been followed by another storm of even greater proportions. This early coming of deep snows has doubtless saved thousands of deer to the New England States. Hunting has been rendered nearly or quite impossible, and the Maine season closes on Dec. 15; only a few days hence. At Moluncus camp keepers and guides were estimating that thousands of deer were saved for stock that would have been legally killed but for the remarkably early approach of winter and deep snows. Asked if the deep snows are not bad for the deer, they were inclined to laugh. They claim that deer are entirely masters of deep snows, unless covered with a crust that will not bear them, and will cut their legs, if they attempt to move about. These guides say that there were deer yards about that section last winter over three miles long. They declare that in the event of a fall of deep snow, every deer sets about treading down the same, in their paths or yards, and that by the end of the second or third day they are able to run about their paths with ease.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—Since the last deep fall of snow last week, hunting has been covered with great difficulties. The season closes on Saturday next, and there is little possibility that any change of weather can render hunting better. So much the better for Maine and her stock of deer. Already the slaughter has been great enough. For the season 3,810 deer have passed through Bangor, with still another week to be accounted for. Shipments this week will include all the old deer in stock, and the Bangor number may possibly reach the 4,000 mark.

while already the number is in excess of any previous season. The moose season closed Dec. 1, with a record at Bangor of about 200, the greatest number yet noted at that point of shipment. Miss Lean Morrison, of Sherman, Aroostook county, is likely to carry off the championship as lady deer hunter for the season of 1901. On Tuesday she went out from home on a deer hunt, spite of the deep snow and zero weather. Within two hours she returned for assistance to drag home her game. She had shot two buck deer. The wardens at Bangor seized a handsome bull moose at that point last week, which they were suspicious was being shipped by a man who did not kill it. The tag was marked "B. H. Pond, Somerville, Mass." They arrested Mr. Pond, who allowed that he did not own the moose, but was taking it to Boston to sell for a guide by the name of Tracey. As Mr. Pond did not appear to be aware that he had committed any great offense, he was allowed to depart on a pledge that he will appear and testify against the guide when brought into court.

The Dr. Heber Bishop party came out of the woods on Monday. In the party, beside Dr. Bishop, were W. T. Farley, Dr. H. H. Hartung, Dr. W. A. Rolfe, and Mr. Bernard Hyneman. They found the snow remarkably deep near the Boundary Mountains, in the further Chain of Ponds region. Four or five feet they encountered, and snowshoes were a positive necessity. They secured ten deer, nine bucks and one doe; some of the bucks being remarkably large. The largest, shot by Dr. Bishop, is said to have tipped the scales at 240 pounds. This fine specimen he gave to D. J. Flanders, of the Boston & Maine, and that gentleman has shipped it to England, a present to a friend there. It is believed that the English gentleman will be surprised at the specimen of Maine deer, since the antlers spread nearly two feet, and are very symmetrical. The party went over to Moose River to try for moose. On snowshoes it took them eleven hours to make eight miles. They reached camp at 7 o'clock in the evening, nearly exhausted. Some of the party say that they will never attempt as much again. Mr. Warner Holt, of Boston, has been to Lakeview Camps, Alligator Lake, Me., with a party of Springfield friends, Messrs. C. E. Whipple, E. M. Wilkins and Fred Swan. The party brought out three deer and a bear. Mr. Whipple was the lucky bear hunter this time, though Mr. Holt secured one last year. Mr. Whipple's specimen was a fine one, over 200 pounds in weight. Mr. C. J. Bateman, of Boston, has returned from his usual fall hunting trip to Upper Dam. He brought out two fine deer. His idea is that there is no better place for hunting than at Upper Dam. Messrs. H. H. Randall and Z. Taylor, of Brooklyn, N. Y., have returned from a hunting trip to the Megantic Preserve. They were camped at Big Island, and each shot two deer. Two of the bucks had antlers of ten prongs, and one weighed over 200 pounds. The M. H. Gray party, of Boston, have returned from Dead River. They found terribly deep snows, but were able to secure eight deer. In the party, beside Mr. Gray, were H. H. Wheeler, Mr. Ronco and Mr. Damon.

Game Commissioner Carleton, of Maine, can score one for his registered guide law. I have it from reliable guides, and the newspapers are confirming the report, that in all the shooting accidents that have occurred in that State the past season not one has come under jurisdiction of a registered guide. No accidental shot has been fired by a registered guide, nor has an accident happened in a party under the control of registered guides.

Boston gunners were some of them made a little uneasy on Thursday. Wednesday night a flock of nearly 200 wild ducks settled down on the waters of Jamaica Pond, Roxbury. They were there on Thursday morning, and the gunners got a look at them. They were around for a couple of days, and most of the gunners have doubtless wished that the city ordinance and park rule forbidding shooting within the city limits could have been temporarily suspended.

SPECTATOR.

A British Columbia Association.

CUMBERLAND, B. C.—An organization for the protection of game is to be formed in the town. The most important clauses in the constitution will be: The observance of the game laws. Rigid enforcement of the same, and prosecution of all offenders. Observance of the trespass act. Prosecution of persons found selling game without license, and shooting over their lawful number of head. A general doctrine of moderation in shooting and fishing will be inculcated, so that the stigma of game or fish hog shall not attach to any member. The farmers of the district have been asked to co-operate in this important movement, and it is understood that they will give the organization their hearty support, for they have many just complaints of shooters invading their farms, shooting pheasants and grouse at their very doors, tearing down fences, mutilating notices posted warning trespassers, and misbehaving in many other ways on their excursions to the valley. Arrangements will be made, as by similar organizations in the United States and other parts of Canada, to secure legal help in case of any prosecutions, should this be necessary, and the association intends to do up all in their power to keep the shooting of the district up to the mark by uncompromisingly stamping out all illegal killing.

North Carolina Quail.

HICKORY, N. C., Dec. 4.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is by far the poorest season for quail I have seen in seventeen years. This is due to the spring floods first, then the long dry spell. It did not rain here for several weeks. On lands where I could find and shoot a dozen in four hours, I got two or three. It is not the dogs nor the man. I am well fixed, and then, too, the other men are making the same complaint. To all who intend coming South after the holidays, I suggest that they get positive information, based on this year's game, and not what has been here or there in other years. There are many places well advertised as having all kinds of shooting that will have next to nothing at all.

PINK BOGE.

Canvasbacks on Long Pond Bay.

THE wind which has blown a hurricane for the past two days appears to be lessening as the pot-hunters and shooters of Port Rowan emerge from boat house and dock on their daily campaign for canvasbacks. While it is barely light enough to see, these shooters, knowing the bay so thoroughly, row on until the first to arrive at the center of the bay, which is a matter of three miles from the town. His decoys he quickly and skillfully has arranged and set to suit the direction of the wind. Skillfully is here used advisedly. When it is known that each shooter carries 65 to 120 large, solid decoys, and they are set in from 10 to 20 minutes, this will show any shooter to what a science they have arrived. As it grows lighter and the sun peeps his head above the distant horizon, there is no sign of the deadly work soon to commence. Only a flock of decoys in appearance enough to tempt the wisest old drake, and back 200 or 300 yards an unsuspecting boat with no apparent tenant.

Presently in the distance a wavy line is seen, and as it approaches rapidly the shooter knows that it is time to inspect his gun and shells and see that all is well. This is, I consider, the highest delight, the anticipation as the flock approaches, perhaps to one side or another of you; and as you have given up hope, they suddenly swing around and like a hawk come down from their elevation to yours. A few alight; the rest swing round again and take another shy; and then again, when, unless they are in your decoys, they go to your opposition, who is further up the bay. Your anchor is dropped in an instant, your paddle is in the water, and as your boat gains momentum it takes you swiftly to your decoys. In a few seconds, apparently, you are in the midst of them, and as they jump you single them out, trying for two with the first, and bang, click, click, bang again; and so until they are out of range. The dead are picked up, the wounded are chased and killed, if possible; and your first game is in your boat.

So it goes on the whole day through on this large bay. It is twenty miles long by eight wide, fringed by Long Point, from which it gets its name, and with marsh on both sides. The inner bay, where most of the shooting is done, is nine miles long by eight wide, almost a square. It is the natural abiding place of nearly all ducks, but especially of the canvasback, which in the last few years have taken possession of the bay. There is a natural wild celery bottom, and the shores are fringed with wild rice, which gives them plenty of food. These ducks move around in immense flocks and look not unlike seagulls in the distance as the sun strikes their whitish plumage. The canvasback is a shy fellow, too, and gives a skiff a wide berth; but when they are among the decoys I have approached close enough almost to touch them with the paddle. When they jump, though, you have to be dead on or they get away, for they are very hard to kill, and carry shot a long way. Most shooters here use Nos. 3 and 4 chilled shot. Nos. 5 and 6, unless at close range, being useless. The ducks are very much like the ordinary sea duck in this respect. They are a noble-looking duck in the water; beside their large size, they have a very long neck, and their beautifully dark reddish head of the cock and the golden-greenish glitter of the hen make a pretty picture. But a duck shooter with a loaded gun has no romance in his soul. Some large bags have been shot this fall in one day; two shooters have killed sixty, beside forty brace of small ducks. Of course they were using the repeating gun, killing ten at one time, two with first, four with second, two with third and one with next two shots—remarkable work.

FADER HARRIS.

Two Weeks in the Maine Woods.

SEEING the note on front page of your paper, *FOREST AND STREAM*, "Report your luck," I send you the following account of a trip to Aroostook county, Me., the best big-game country in the Eastern United States.

I left Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 28 at 8 P. M., reaching Boston next morning in time to get express for Bangor, where I stayed until the following day, to make connection by the B. & A. R. R. for Ashland, arriving there at 2 P. M. After reaching the Exchange Hotel I got my hunting togs in shape for an early start the next day for the woods.

Having previously made arrangements for guide with Leon A. Orcutt, who has a fine set of camps, both for hunting and fishing, a drive of fifteen miles took us to his Greenlow camp, situated in the best moose and deer country in Maine; it is good open woods, therefore easy traveling. My first week out was rather hard hunting on account of the leaves being so dry and noisy. We saw plenty of deer and signs of moose, but could not get close enough to make sure hit. On the tenth day it snowed, then the sport commenced, with not much noise and good walking. That day we returned to camp with a fine thirteen-point buck weighing fully 200 pounds dressed.

The next day we started on a two-day moose hunt, and had gone only two miles from camp when we started a large bull moose, but after trailing him for a mile or so, we lost his track. It being nearly noon, we lunched near a fine stream, then hunted for deer. About 3 P. M. we shot a large doe through the paunch, and followed her until dark, where we made camp, intending to take up the track next morning. After a good supper, our pipes were kept hot until bedtime.

Tuesday A. M. we broke camp at 5:30 and had followed the deer's track not more than a half-mile, when we came upon two bull moose, evidently playing, as they made quite a noise when their horns came together. Now the sport commenced for sure. They were about 400 yards off when we first heard them. This being a little too far for a sure shot, we worked up to possibly 200 yards, and then I opened up with my .30-40, and after the fourth shot had a fine bull moose down, struck through the paunch and shoulder. As the Maine law only allows one moose to the hunter, we did not follow the other bull, which made tracks to parts unknown at a 2:40 gait. After skinning and cutting up our moose we went to the main camp to get a horse to bring it out, and fortunately we only had three and a half miles to drag him to camp. The next day I left the woods for Ashland and home; then to think of another trip next fall.

To any one who enjoys or contemplates a hunting trip for big game, I can say from actual experience that if they go to one of Leon A. Orcutt's camps, Ashland, Me., they will go home fully satisfied with their hunt. Dexter B. Orcutt, brother of Leon A. Orcutt, who owns the camps, was my guide. He is one of the best in Maine.

30-40.

The Ohio Game Season.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The three weeks' hunting season in Ohio that has been made so brief by the statute of 1899, is at an end. Since Nov. 10 there have been twelve or fifteen good hunting days, about twice as many as there were last year during the open season, because of stormy weather. The quail have been more plentiful this fall than at any time during the past ten years. Reports from the outlying townships of Cuyahoga county, in which Cleveland is situated, indicate that the birds have been all but exterminated. A sufficient number may have been left over to produce a fair crop of quail next year. In Lake and Lorain counties, adjoining Cuyahoga on the east and west respectively, the conditions are much the same. Throughout the State generally the young birds were observed to be very numerous during the summer and early fall, and they are still plentiful. An hour's tramp over the corn and stubble fields in any locality at a reasonable distance from the large towns and cities would result in the finding of one or more coveys of quail. The birds as a rule lay very close, but constant pursuit and disturbance by hunters with their dogs has made them exceedingly wild. When flushed they invariably put for the tall timber, where the underbrush and brambles are the thickest. It has been therefore very difficult to find the scattered members of a covey after the birds have been raised. Two or three brought to bag from each lot of birds put up is a very respectable average.

Last week the writer went on a hunting trip to the bottoms of the Wabash River, not far from the State line between Ohio and Indiana. On Wednesday I found three coveys quite early in the morning, and shot nine quail. During the remainder of the day thirteen more birds were brought down out of five more coveys. The day previous I also found eight coveys and shot twelve quail.

Mr. Varner, of Dorninton, O., killed a ring-necked or Mongolian pheasant near his farm in Putnam county last month, and several more were seen. A large number of these splendid birds have been liberated by the State in a systematic effort to propagate the species artificially in the Ohio woods. The common pheasant or partridge has become very scarce in the northern and western part of Ohio, but the birds are said to be still numerous in the broken and hilly country of the southern and southeastern counties.

The flight of wild ducks over the Sandusky and Ottawa marshes has been greater this season than for several years past. Great flocks were seen far out from shore on Lake Erie, and their numbers cannot be estimated. The shooting from blinds over decoys has been very fine, and sportsmen have brought back from the marshes from a score to a hundred ducks.

L. H. COWLES.

Adirondack Deer.

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It may be possible that many readers will be in sympathy with inclosed article, which I published in the Watertown Times Nov. 18:

The past week has again furnished another proof of the folly of open dates to hunt deer in November.

It seems that no sooner is a good law obtained by much effort than another one springs up, increasing chances for slaughter. Deer were getting scarce from a too long open season to hunt them, and the use of hounds in the Adirondacks. The last year in which hounds were lawfully used, the total number of deer killed ran into the thousand figures, 300 being shipped from Beaver River Station alone. But true sportsmen, aided by persons of humane character, secured a law to stop the hounds. The next move was the reverse and bad, and it exists—namely, an open season to Nov. 15.

Last year the number of deer from the Adirondacks that were taken out by the express company, according to the books, was 1,204. A ratio of two or three must be used to compute total killed in the season to account for the number used at resort hotels, and in camps, which reaches a total, based on good opinion, greater than the increase.

Since hounds were stopped deer have increased until last year, when after the snowfall they were slaughtered. The writer was on a train that had thirty-five carcasses, and there were other trains and roads, making the 1,204 that the express company had in the season.

The cause is that the game law allows killing in November. The region of New York State forest is of such a location geographically as regards the St. Lawrence Valley, Mohawk Valley, Lake Ontario and the altitude of the forest, that snow always falls in November, and thereby allows man in his greed to take advantage of the deer, and the killing is too easy and too great.

This year will show another shameful record, as the past week since snow fell no less than forty-six deer were brought on the train to Watertown alone in two days. The forest is practically round, with very many highways leading from it, and the example here is enough to give idea of the total killing.

If deer are to be protected to the extent of keeping their numbers from decrease, not to mention extermination, then the deer killing must cease at Nov. 1 by a revision of the game law, for which all genuine sportsmen will strive and ask the support of the press of the State, so that humane ideas for the protection for the most noble game in the forest will be advanced to the public and lawmakers, that the slaughter and display of carloads of deer killed on snow in November will not again occur, but that Oct. 30 shall hereafter be the last open date.

STANTON.

All communications intended for *FOREST AND STREAM* should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Maine Non-Resident Tax.

AUGUSTA, Me., Dec. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association will be held Tuesday, Jan. 7, 1902, at City Building, Bangor, at 2:30 P. M. Tuesday evening at 7:30 there will be a public meeting in City Hall, to which every one is invited, and at which the following questions will be open for discussion:

Would not the taxing of non-residents a reasonable fee for the hunting of large game be a just and wise policy to adopt?

Would it not be for the best interests of the State in its efforts to protect our large game to forbid the carrying of firearms into the unincorporated portions of the State in close time?

Why are these questions submitted for discussion and speakers invited to present views regarding them? For this reason, that we believe that upon the issue here presented the remedy of the inefficient protection of game and lack of increase in our fish supply mainly depends.

Game cannot be better protected, unless more money for warden service is secured. By taxing non-resident sportsmen this can be done, and we see no reason why Maine should furnish game for the world of sportsmen practically free. The adoption of such tax would allow the annual appropriation now made to be expended for the care and propagation of fish, which is absolutely necessary, if we keep the supply equal to the drain upon them. If firearms were forbidden in the wilds of the State in close time it would save thousands of our deer and many moose. A glance at the records of the past season shows that more fish have been taken and more game killed, legally and illegally, than ever before in our history. Something must be done, and that quickly. Will the business men of the State interest themselves in this question? The exhaustion of our fish and game is enormous.

On good authority it is asserted that \$15,000,000 are left here annually by the 250,000 visitors to Maine. Fishing and hunting is the main incentive which brings them here.

Railroad rates on the Bangor & Aroostook and Washington County Railroads will be one fare for round trip, tickets good to come Jan. 1 and return the 3d.

E. C. FARRINGTON, Secretary.

Ring-Necked Pheasants in Tennessee.

BOND, Tenn., Dec. 2.—The pheasants did fairly well last spring, and I have liberated about fifty, and hope that they will increase. After the laying season, when I was getting away for the summer, I moved some into a larger run, and one made her nest and hatched five, which she raised. I have heard that they would not breed in confinement; but this proves to the contrary. I have a nice lot in my runs, and shall continue my work. Have lost no old birds from sickness.

EDMUND ORGILL.

The Missouri Season.

HANNIBAL, Mo.—Our past dry season has been very favorable for quail, some of which I believe have raised three broods; but this dryness has spoilt our fall duck hunting, as the ponds and sloughs have nearly all dried up.

The German carp has almost ruined our game fishing.

S. E. W.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in *FOREST AND STREAM*.

New York League.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The New York State Fish, Game and Forest League held its annual convention, pursuant to call, at the Yates Hotel, Syracuse, Dec. 6. There was a fair attendance, and the fact that it was not larger is believed to have been due to the feeling of satisfaction which prevails among sportsmen concerning the condition of the game laws as they are at present, and the quite general understanding that there was no business of unusual importance to come before the meeting. A noteworthy feature of the convention was the unanimity of sentiment among the delegates present and the spirit of harmony which characterized the proceedings from first to last. Among the different clubs in the League which were represented at the meeting were the following:

New York Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, New York City—Robert B. Lawrence, Charles E. Whitehead.

Spencer's Sportsmen's Club, Lyons—W. S. Gavitt, Henry Killick.

Honest Fishermen's Club, Seneca Falls—Ernest G. Gould.

Anglers' Association of the St. Lawrence River—A. C. Cornwall, William H. Thompson, Alexandria Bay; R. P. Grant, Clayton.

Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, Utica—H. A. Pride, W. E. Wolcott.

Anglers' Association of Onondaga County, Syracuse—C. H. Mowry, George B. Wood, John Forey, R. V. Miller, J. E. Bierhardt.

Fish and Game Association of Mannsville—John J. Hinman.

Cleveland Anglers' Association, Cleveland—Geo. H. Travis.

Central New York Fish and Game Protective Association—Henry C. Carr.

North American Fish and Game Association—C. H. Wilson, Glens Falls.

Others present were Chief State Game Protector Maj. J. W. Pond, Assistant Chief John Leavette, Assistant Chief M. C. Woerts, Special Protector John Perry, James Lamphere and Aaron Mather, who is an honorary member of the League.

President Lawrence called the meeting to order about 10:30 A. M., and addressed the delegates briefly. He expressed regret that he was unable to report any great amount of success concerning the amendments to the game laws proposed by the League for adoption by the last Legislature. There is a crying need, he said, for more game protectors and for better pay for them. Our game laws are in better shape than they have been in years. There is little dissatisfaction with the laws. What is needed is their enforcement. President Lawrence spoke of the success of the prohibition of spring duck shooting in Jefferson county, and urged that the same prohibition be extended to include the entire State, excepting Long Island. He emphasized the need of fishways in certain streams and regretted the failure of the last Legislature to provide for them.

An important feature of the morning session was the report of Charles H. Mowry, of Syracuse, acting chairman of the Legislative and Law Committee in regard to bills approved by the League, which were introduced in the Legislature last winter. Bill No. 357, to amend the law in regard to the pollution of streams, as recommended by the Legislative and Law Committee of the League, and introduced in the Legislature by Hon. J. L. Burnett, was not reported by the Assembly Committee owing to the fact that some members of the Assembly Committee were representatives of those sections of the State where the streams were polluted by large industries whose benefit to the people were held to surpass the importance of fish protection. At the hearing given Mr. Mowry by the Assembly Committee, it was said by members of the Committee representing those sections that the people were endeavoring to correct the evils in their own way.

Bill No. 351, to amend the law in relation to compensation of game protectors, recommended and introduced as above, was not listened to by the Assembly Committee. Chairman Mowry thought that due to the policy of economy of Governor Odell.

Bill No. 356, to amend the law in regard to game protectors, was apparently accepted by the committee, and the proposition to increase the number of protectors by twelve was thought to be accepted, but was not reported, probably for the same reason.

Mr. Mowry reported that the committee was successful in killing the bill to allow spearing in Oswego River during the entire year. He saw Senator Elon R. Brown after the bill had passed the Assembly, and found it necessary to secure objection from Oswego county. This he secured, and the bill died in the Senate.

The Ways and Means Committee gave Mr. Mowry a special hearing on Bill No. 355, to amend the game law, to provide fishways in Oswego and Seneca rivers. The measure was opposed by Assemblyman Costello, of Oswego county. It did not come before the Assembly.

In regard to the measures introduced relative to spring shooting, Mr. Mowry reported that the members of the Assembly Committee from districts outside of New York and Long Island were in favor, and that the members from New York and Long Island were disposed to grant favorable legislation to the up-State sportsmen along any lines which would not affect Long Island. The measures as introduced did affect the metropolitan members, and the political influence from New York and vicinity was sufficient to kill the measures in the Assembly Committee.

Mr. Mowry was tendered a vote of thanks for the efficient manner in which he had represented the League's interests at Albany.

Charles H. Wilson, of Glens Falls, Vice-President of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association, congratulated the League upon the magnificent work which it has accomplished in the past, and the splendid prospects for the future. He did not believe in becoming discouraged because of an occasional knockout blow. He appealed to the League to protest to Governor Odell and the legislators against the netting of pike-perch in Lake Champlain. He told of the efforts of the North American Association with the governments of Quebec and Vermont, and said that Vermont had promised to legislate in accordance with New York, and that by so doing a large part of the fishing in the lake could be protected. He thought action should be taken by the States independent of Canada. He extended an invitation to the members of the League to attend the annual meeting of the North American Association in Bennington, Vt., Jan. 1.

President Lawrence spoke feelingly of the death of C. B. Lapham, of Canandaigua, and appointed C. H. Mowry, R. P. Grant and W. H. Thompson to draft resolutions on his death.

A nominating committee consisting of W. H. Thompson, G. B. Wood and John Forey was named by the chair.

At the opening of the afternoon session W. S. Gavitt addressed the convention on the desirability of having more clubs identified with the League, and moved that a committee be appointed to endeavor to increase the membership. Carried.

The chair appointed as such committee W. S. Gavitt, R. P. Grant and John Forey.

Appropriate resolutions on the death of Mr. Lapham were reported by the committee and adopted by a rising vote.

A resolution designating the sum of \$25 as a fixed charge for the annual salary of the Secretary was adopted.

Mr. Wood, in the absence of James Annin, Jr., chairman of the Biological Committee, made a brief report concerning the work performed by that committee.

The report of the Legislative and Law Committee was then taken up and acted upon. It was decided to recommend to the Legislature the same amendments to the game laws which were proposed last year, with one or two changes. Resolutions were adopted to recommend Bill No. 352, in relation to explosives; No. 353, in relation to the close season for wildfowl; No. 355, to provide fishways in Oswego and Seneca rivers; No. 356, in relation to an increase in the number of game protectors, and No. 357, in relation to the pollution of streams. The League also recommends Bill No. 354, after changing it so as to prohibit the sale of grouse throughout the State, instead of "woodcock, grouse and quail," as proposed last year. In regard to spring shooting, it is hardly expected that Long Island can be included in all the provisions made for the rest of the State. The League deemed it wise not to recommend at this time Bill No. 351, in

relation to an increase in the compensation of game protectors.

The Law Committee reported having received a recommendation that there be no closed season for foxes in Jefferson county.

Aaron Mather thought it was poor policy to have one law for one county and another for another. He believed the laws should be uniform throughout the State. The matter was tabled.

The Law Committee reported in favor of recommending that no one shall be allowed to net on certain shoals in Lake Ontario, the breeding grounds of bass, between the head of Stony and Galloup islands and the foot of Grenadier Island. Adopted.

Mr. Mowry moved that the League recommend a bill providing a bounty of \$1 on the snow and great horned owls and \$3 on foxes, the same to be a county charge.

President Lawrence thought that any one who had a chance to shoot the owls named would do so without a bounty, as any taxidermist would give more than a dollar for one. He was of the opinion, however, that these two kinds of owls should be included in the list of birds not protected by the game laws. It was decided to recommend that these birds should be specified among those not protected.

Mr. Mowry's motion concerning a bounty on foxes was carried.

The Committee on Nominations reported in favor of the following officers, and the same were duly elected: President, Robert B. Lawrence, New York; Vice-President, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Secretary, Ernest G. Gould, Seneca Falls; Treasurer, A. C. Cornwall, Alexandria Bay. Legislative and Law Committee—Charles H. Mowry, Syracuse, chairman; W. S. MacGregor, New York; W. S. Gavitt, Lyons; R. P. Grant, Clayton; Robt. B. Lawrence, New York. Auditing Committee—Aaron Mather, Honeoye Falls; W. G. Babcock, Cleveland; James Carter, Lockport. Biological Committee—James Annin, Jr., Caledonia; George B. Wood, Syracuse; W. E. Wolcott, Utica. Adjourned.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, N. Y., Dec. 7.

Piscine Telepathy.

THAT many insects have modes of communication with each other by means of some, to us, unfamiliar sense, is well known to entomologists, the mysterious endowment being marked in moths, especially those of the family Bombycidae. The possession of this faculty of remote intercommunication was the subject of an interesting experiment by the late C. V. Riley, U. S. Entomologist. Receiving in Chicago the eggs of a Japanese silkworm (*Samia cythia*), then of recent introduction, and having every reason to believe that no others of the species were within hundreds of miles, he reared a number of the larvæ, with the object of testing their power. Confining an adult female in a wicker cage in front of his house, he then took a male to a portion of the city fully a mile and a half away, and there released him at dusk, after tying a silk thread about his abdomen, to insure identification; but, despite the darkness, the distance, as well as the dust, smoke, turmoil and miscellaneous odors of a great city, the two moths were found together the next morning. In this instance, it is undeniable that the male moth at least was impressed with a knowledge of the existence, as well as the locality, of the insect in whose company he was found, and that, moreover, he speedily availed himself of his mysterious power of cognition.*

The possession of this mystic perception must largely serve a nocturnal insect, like the moth, in lieu of vision, and thus guided by an occult faculty akin to the Scottish "second sight," it flies in darkness, perceiving, yet unperceived. The denizens of the watery darkness, having equal need of a revelation of objects, animate or inanimate, may reasonably be presumed to be endowed with the same obscure sense; and of such possession the habits of the migratory salmon afford weighty evidence.

All familiar with the fluvial haunts of the king of game fishes are aware that the natives of each stream have special characteristics, the colonies differing from each other either in size or form, and occasionally in marking. Thus, the rivers York, St. John and Dartmouth falling into Gaspé Bay, Canada, have each a distinctive fish, and so obvious are these differences that upon catching a batch of ascending salmon, the fishermen of the St. Lawrence will designate the natives of the respective tributaries of the great river. In the north of Ireland there are five neighboring salmon rivers, each in time past the haunt of a distinct breed of fish. In Sutherlandshire, Scotland, the River Shin falls into the Oykel at Invershin, and the conjoined waters of these rivers, with the Carron and others, form an estuary. The salmon of the Shin will average from 17 to 18 pounds weight, and those of the Oykel barely half as much. Sixty years ago, from extended observation and experiment with the fish of the estuary alluded to, Andrew Young, of Invershin, was led to the conclusion that every salmon river has its own particular race, which year by year returns to its native stream.

It may reasonably be contended that each salmon colony inhabits a distinct ocean area that may be far removed from its fluvial haunts. The exceptional size of the Shin salmon—which are taken by scores of a weight of 20 pounds—cannot be due to the physical peculiarities of their natal stream, for it differs in no essential respect from others nurturing much smaller fish. It seems, therefore, probable that the larger races abide in a portion of the ocean affording a greater abundance of food than falls to the lot of the dwarf salmon, it being a recognized fact that an amply nourished fish may become twice as large as one whose fare is unduly stinted.

*For full report of this experiment, the result of which Mr. Riley unhesitatingly declared was, in his belief, due to the operation of a telepathic sense, see "Insect Life," Vol. VII, No. 1.

Many—perhaps all—flying moths possess this faculty, but seemingly in less degree. As the outcome of thirty-three experiments upon the gypsy moth, instituted by the Massachusetts State entomologists, and by them detailed in the Special State Report of 1896 upon the gypsy moth, it would appear that this insect's perception does not extend over half a mile. From further experiment it was inferred that the seat of the sense was in the antennæ, and that the insect, in locating the female, was not in any way dependent upon the sense of sight.

It is difficult to conceive how such distinctive races of fish can be developed, unless maintaining an isolated existence, roaming the sea either in shoals, which with salmon is unlikely, or else in scattered distribution, but keeping touch with one another through the operation of some mysterious sense, and only assembling in closely massed ranks upon the occasion of their annual migration. Individual salmon have not infrequently been caught at sea, sometimes at great distances from their native streams; but except when gathered for the purpose mentioned, it is probable that they do not "school"† in the manner of herring and mackerel. Prior to their recurring annual pilgrimage, the presumably dispersed members of the colony must assemble at a given time, and that such approximation of individuals is readily accomplished may be inferred by the presumptively regular annual junction of the migrating fry with the parent stock in the shadowy deeps. For without such union it would seem that the perpetuation of the distinctive characteristics of the race could not be effected. It cannot reasonably be assumed that the product of each hatching maintains itself separate and apart from its fluvial associates, inasmuch as such isolation would preclude the uniform appearance of the individuals constituting the colony.

It is therefore a fair conclusion that the descending fry associate themselves and intermingle with the parent stock; but such meeting, it is evident, could not be readily effected save by the operation of some unusual faculty. The tiny pilgrims, leaderless and guideless, but certainly directed by an infallible perception, after holding an undeviating course through hundreds of miles of trackless obscurity, are enabled to recognize their particular kin; to unerringly detect them in the darkness of the great deep.

Salmon in the sea not unlikely band themselves as do, or perhaps it were better to say, as formerly did, the wild cattle of the South American pampas. Darwin, in his "Journey of a Naturalist, in the Beagle," chapter VIII., states that their habit of gathering in small bands or tropillas enabled the stock owners (estancieros) to keep count of herds, amounting to ten thousand or more, each of the tropillas being identified by the markings of the more notable animals, and so the absence of a single individual was readily detected. The tropillas numbered from 100 to 150 each, and received no accessions save from natural increase. If the immense herd was stampered or mingled in a dark and stormy night, or if by any other means the tropillas became broken up and merged in a general mass, any one individual would pick out the members of its own particular flock from the thousands of strangers, and thus each tropilla would reconstitute itself. So, too, if driven to a distant market, and escaping, the eager brute would pass vast herds of alien cattle to rejoin its own particular community. Some other sense than smell, it is clear, must have been the guiding impulse. Moreover, the tropilla, like the salmon school, is not stationary; it probably wanders erratically; it is not therefore a perception of locality but of individuals that guides the estray to the bosom of his family. A generation later than Darwin, M. Couty visited the same region officially; his report being published in the "Revue Scientifique." He, too, was profoundly impressed by the utter absorption of the individual in the tropilla, each living out its life side by side with others of a vast multitude, but remaining entire strangers to all save its family. He corroborates Darwin as to separated individuals passing thousands of other animals without noticing them, in their efforts to rejoin their sundered kin.

The remarkable faculty of intuitively determining the relationship of an unknown fellow member that is possessed by the salmon, and which enables the infant to unite itself with the parent swarm is also a characteristic of bees and ants.

In a single hive there may be 50,000 bees, and a colony of some species of ants may number over half a million; yet any member is recognizable by another.‡ A stranger, though of the same species, is at once detected, but an associate is known as such even after months of absence. A power of discernment so assuredly exercised among such an extraordinary number would seem to indicate the possession of an emanation or radiation common to each member of the insect community, and recognized by means of a special sense. With ants this subtle perception does not, as with moths, appear to be remotely exercised; but with fish it may be fairly inferred that the scope of individual recognition is indefinite. Among the piscine structures of uncertain functions are the muciferous canals; the skin of fishes, indeed, contains a variety of mysterious organs. Some of these are probably the seat of the obscure perception that apparently enables fish to take cognizance of objects near and remote, and without which their extended and devious wanderings would be impossible.

A. H. GOURAUD.

†Except when migrating, young salmon show no tendency to congregate in schools. U. S. Fish Com. Rep., 1897.

‡So, too, cod appear to distribute themselves, except when migrating, and even then do not mass themselves as do herring, etc. Swordfish arrive and depart in loosely arranged schools.

§Lubbock's "Ants, Bees and Wasps," Chap. VI.

Items from Southern California.

THE past summer, preceded as it was by a wet winter, it did not supply a great amount of sport for the hot-weather sportsman, assuredly proved favorable for increasing game of all kinds, as forage has been plentiful, streams have flowed as not previously for three seasons, breeding deer have been enabled to range more widely, quail to escape with numerous progeny from their natural enemies, and the local trout to spawn the brooks with a multiplicity of small fry. All considered, because of a return to normal conditions in this part of the country, we may look ahead for agreeable pastime with rod or gun.

A prolonged visit to Ventura, a very cool sea coast town but fourteen miles from our present home, enabled me to become better acquainted with the salt-water life along these shores. To avoid the heated term likely to occur in the Ojai Valley during August and September, our family rented a cottage near the beach for that

period, and while there I spent nearly all of my time either on the water front or making observations from the pier. Seine hauling took place nearly every day. Angling seemed popular, though the fish taken were exceedingly small. Whatever his bait or contrivance, every one had unseemly words for the peridinium, or the red water, to which all attributed the poor run of luck.

Shortly before going to Ventura, while looking over back copies of FOREST AND STREAM, in the number dated Dec. 3, 1898, I read a description of the "red water" in Narragansett Bay during the preceding autumn, contributed to science by Mr. A. D. Mead, in which the violent coloring observed along that part of the New England coast was said to have been caused by the peridinium, or by animaculæ, such as had invaded the Nile during the plague, turning the water to blood. "And the fish that was in the river died; and the river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink the water of the river, and there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt." The effect along the New England coast, by the account in your paper, was manifest in dead fish and effluvia. The recent visitation to our Western coast, however, has had in it no such unsavory accompaniment.

At the appearance of the odd-looking water, which was first noticed near San Diego early in the summer, bathers took alarm, the women declaring that such a surf would destroy their hair, render them bald-headed, and the men, seeing no pleasure in a bath without comrades, were at a loss until some imaginative individual circulated a fable that "red water" produced hair, maybe red hair, thus bringing back to the sea an eager cohort of bare-headed plungers. In your paper no mention is made of the hair-restoring qualities belonging to the peridinium.

Another peculiarity of the "red water" observed along this coast recently, and not mentioned in your account or any other, so far as I know, has been the brilliancy which it gave to the ocean at night, a glow everywhere startling to behold. When the affected area had crept up the coast as far as Ventura, 'bus loads of our Ojai citizens went down there evenings to see the display. Local liverymen just jingled pocketfuls of coin and added to their yarns. Ventura people thanked Providence and hoped the water would stay. The ocean at night, though, was well worth seeing. I was familiar with the phosphorescence of the Gulf and the Atlantic, but neither compared with the flash to be observed on many nights along this coast. When the water happened to be particularly rough, bright gleams in groups occurred over an area that extended at least half a mile from shore; or, if the rollers approached smoothly to break in numerous lines of breakers, all the rough territory appeared to be continuously aglow, for miles of coast, from submerged lights. During our stay near the seashore we spent many evenings on the beach watching the phosphorescence, on several occasions to be greeted by the rising moon, which first appeared there directly down the surf line, and we felt all of it to be unusually superb.

The run of fish may have been influenced by the phenomenal conditions. Some of the rod men and net haulers held to this view. Others told me that the ocean directly off Ventura is never very productive in this line. Whether this is due to the cold temperature of water or to other cause, no one could inform me. The tackle in general use on the pier consisted of a fine line strung with innumerable small gangs, that reached from surface to sea bottom, and the common bait was either earth worms or cut shark meat. The fish taken seldom exceed eight inches in length. A small variety of pompano, which sold for thirty cents a pound in Ventura, at a dollar in San Francisco, seemed to be highly prized. Local net men, with seines scarcely 500 feet long, at times brought in as much as seventy dollars' worth of these at a single haul. They preferred the little ones to black groupers and great sea bass.

On one overcast morning in September, while I was fishing from the pier, several of us saw miles of ducks in continuous passage, the line consuming more than two hours in moving by, but much to our surprise the flight led up the coast, though likely a premonition of the hot wave that came later. By Oct. 1, or the opening of our hunting season, ducks, curlew and all the waterfowl were said to be more plentiful than for years. The vast preserves held along the coast by hunting clubs may have had a beneficial effect, as property thus controlled, besides being flooded the past season at considerable expense, and guarded, had been planted with celery and other forage.

The number of preserves of this sort has increased within recent years until the good shooting is nearly all pre-empted. Among other clubs to own water front within easy distance of Los Angeles are the Cerritos, which now owns the Bouton Lake; the Bolsa Chico, near Newport; the Recreation, at Ballona; the Pomona, near the Bolsa Chico; the Santa Monica, Alla, Centinella and various other like affairs. Ex-Governor Henry H. Markham, I believe, is a member of the Cerritos, while the rolls of all the clubs have on them the names of many individuals just as famous. With so much of the game country occupied by clubs, the obscure gun is seriously put to it for his hunting, and were it not that ducks really seem to increase in number, he might well question whether private concerns should be permitted to close out the public from so much good territory.

Several flights of band-tailed or collared pigeons have appeared in the Ojai this fall up to date, Nov. 15, and the acorn crop being unusually large, we may look for additional flocks. One of your contemporaries may still be unable to identify these birds, for only a few months ago his paper could not place them in ornithology, and the editor even asked if they might not be the passenger pigeon, at one time so plentiful throughout the Atlantic slope. Comment is unnecessary.

More useful papers in the same line have a nearly untouched field for their energies. With all the cant to the contrary, we must believe that the average hunter learns but little from coming into contact with nature. Apparently he goes abroad to kill, and for no other purpose. Count satisfies his interest. Though there be many notable exceptions, too great a number have an eye only for slaughter. As a lamentable instance, a short while ago a Santa Rosa sporting club held a hunt for destructive birds and animals, at which twenty hawks, many black-birds, squirrels and bluejays were killed, and over nine hundred larks, though the Western larks, in addition to being our sweetest singers afield, are so clearly useful,

Intelligence would cause a more just appreciation for feathered creatures.

Local deer hunters had scarcely any luck the past season. Abundance of water made exposure unnecessary for game. A number of grizzly trails were seen by our sportsmen, but no bear, perhaps through bashfulness of the human. Great bands of plumed quail, in numbers beyond my most extravagant dreams, frequently come down from the hills to our valley, where denser cover renders the shooting more of a sport than it has been in past seasons. One has such a fine time with these strong-winged coveys.

An item likely to be of interest to you came indirectly to my knowledge a short time since. No names were mentioned, or need be mentioned, as the incident concerns a State official, well known to a large number of Californians, and though meritorious in itself, is one that my informant might hesitate about giving too great publicity. Years ago, if not quite back to forty-nine, an ambitious young man, his fancy aflame with fabulous report, his will indomitable, left a quiet home in the East to identify himself with the restive big West, and after rough wandering through rough country he arrived on the coast. His experience gave him a story to tell—several of them—but want of education made him diffident about writing anything for publication. This unique character, though, imbued with a courage that had not been daunted by scalping knife or inhospitable country, at last unlimbered a pen, charged it with long-distance ink, then tracked an editor to his lair, and as contributions appeared in print, he gloated over them with greater interest than he had ever gloated over rare game, much as Dr. Coues would have gloated over a bird strange to science. Close attention to changes made by the editor, Brown's grammar, with an appreciative intelligence, soon made writing easier. The paper to which this contributor sent his articles was FOREST AND STREAM. H. R. STEIGER.

Fred Mather's Modern Fishculture.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 9.—Forest and Stream Publishing Co.: I feel indebted to you for a treat from the perusal of Fred Mather's charming and witty little book on fishculture. I have been groping around in the dark myself the last two or three years, and finding out slowly the things that he describes as public errors, and am much amused to find that my mistakes are those of everybody else. Fred Mather was a fit disciple of the great Walton, and I for one have derived a lot of pleasure, as well as information, from reading his book. Every one of the opinions that he has expressed in opposition to generally accepted views I unhesitatingly endorse.

GEORGE L. SHEPLEY.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

Dec. 15.—New York, N. Y.—Ladies' Kennel Association of America's inaugural dog show.

FIELD TRIALS.

Dec. 11.—Glasgow, Ky.—Kentucky Field Trial Club's second annual trials. Dr. F. W. Samuels, Sec'y.

"Sport."

Under this heading, how many different divisions could be discussel, and how widely diversified would be the opinions were each man with sporting instincts called upon to give his own acceptance of the term. We have in this town several men who place at the head of the list in the category of sports—coon hunting. They hunt with one dog, one night each week, and always quit when they get one coon. And how they talk about the sport of it! Here is the account of their last coon hunt as related by them. I will say before beginning that I have never been coon hunting, so may possibly slur over the part wherein lies the keen pleasure of cornering Brer Coon, who is a doughty fighter as well as a skulking chicken thief. If this turns out to be the case, I shall expect to be "called down," from which the enlightenment will more than heal the lacerated feelings.

There were three in the party; they started off at 11 P. M. with a rope, a beagle, a lantern, package of grub, an ax and a single barreled shotgun. They walked three miles over a rough road before reaching the domains of his coonship. It then started to rain; they didn't mind that, though it was blowing cold out of the northwest.

After hunting for nearly an hour, the dog, which had been working along the opposite side of a small stream of water, treed a coon. Excitement then ran riot! They all had on hip boots, but unfortunately the river was swollen from recent rains, and there was nothing for them to do but wade across. True, they could have gotten across by walking down stream a quarter of a mile, but they were wet anyway and the dog was urging them to hurry, so in they went. It was waist-deep for two, but the fellow who carried the lantern made a beautiful back dive from a slippery bank. This was bad, but they found the tree in which the coon had taken refuge. It was a chestnut about 1½ feet in diameter. They couldn't shin up it in their wet clothes, so they started to chop it down. After an half hour of vigorous hacking they had it most through when it was decided that it would be necessary to get another lantern, for "Dipsic," the beagle, had been up against a coon before and consequently retained a wholesome respect for the whole family.

One of the boys went to a friend's house a mile away and got a lantern. He banged on the door, started the dog barking and brought the old man down to the door with a gun in one hand and a candle in the other. He was a coon hunter, too, and wasn't a bit mad at being routed out. He not only loaned them a lantern, but volunteered his assistance. In the meantime the other two sat down on a water-soaked log and ate some moist sandwiches. They were chilled through, and as they sat there in the dark woods listening to the dismal pit-

pat of the rain drops on the carpet of leaves they never once wished they were home in bed. After a while the welcome gleam of the lantern showed in the upper end of the woods; a few strokes of the ax and down came the tree. The coon, which was well up in the top of the tree, jumped before the tree struck, and, hotly pressed by the dog, took refuge on a large boulder nearby.

Old "Sol" held the lantern, from which reflected an answering gleam in the eyes of the coon on the rock. The man with the gun rested against a tree, took deliberate aim, and pulled the trigger. There was nothing doing. The gun was examined; it was found that the plunger had dropped out in some way and the coon was still holding the fort. The fellow with the sloppiest clothing volunteered to go back to "Sol's" for his gun. "Sol" said: "I came over here to see a scrap; let's knock the old devil off the rock; if the dog don't kill him I will." A well-aimed stone made the old coon capitulate. The beagle jumped in and nipped him, which made him turn. The dog went off to a respectful distance and looked on while "Sol" did the rest with the ax. This was all of it. The three trudged back to town soaked, chilled through, their feet sore from sloshing about in the heavy, water-soaked boots. They just had time enough to change their duds, drink a cup of coffee and catch the 7:44 train for the city. There is no padding about this, but an actual experience of three inveterate coon hunters in pursuit of their chosen "sport." They have been out ten times and brought home nine coons, all of which they gave away. This was voted the best hunt of the lot. Wherein was it best—where was the sport of it? It is now up to some coon hunter.

CHAS. G. BLANDFORD.

OSNING, N. Y.

[In matters of sport, there is essentially something of skill and something of competition. As between a man armed with an ax and assisted by a dog on the one hand, and a lone coon on the other, there is nothing of skill or competition.]

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than February 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

One-Design 18-Footer.

THROUGH the courtesy of the designer, Mr. W. Starling Burgess, we are able to reproduce in this issue the lines, construction, deck and sail plans of a one-design class of 18-footers now being built by Mr. J. E. Graves at Marblehead, Mass., for Mr. J. Hopkins Smith, Mr. S. F. Houston and two other gentlemen, there being four boats in all.

While intended primarily as a one-design class, the boats are designed to conform to the restrictions of the 18ft. Knockabout Association, and will sail in the knockabout class. Between the two, the owners of these boats should not lack for good racing next season.

The design shows a boat of long, low overhang that will be utilized for the greater part of its length when heeled. The underbody is well cut away, and the wetted surface has been reduced to a minimum. The midship section gives a good idea of the boat's shallow body and flat floor, with an easy bilge, and the whole gives evidence of speed and power. The freeboard is rather low, and the sheer quite straight. The wooden fin on which the lead is hung is very thin, and the lead is well bulbed out, putting the bulk of the weight at the bottom. The rudder is hung on the sternpost, and the boats steer with a tiller. The boats are lightly but strongly built. The planking is of mahogany 3/4in. thick.

The sail plan is high and short on the base. The total sail area is 450 sq. ft. The mast is placed in a slot that permits moving it either forward or aft, and by a little experimenting the boats can be made to balance perfectly. Lightness and simplicity, together with necessary strength, is shown in all the details of the rigging.

The principal dimensions are as follows:

Length—		
Over all	31ft.	6 in.
L.W.L.	18ft.	0 in.
Overhang—		
Fore	7ft.	0 in.
Aft	6ft.	6 in.
Beam—		
Extreme	6ft.	10 in.
L.W.L.	6ft.	5 in.
Draft—		
To rabbet	1ft.	2 1/4 in.
Total	4ft.	9 1/4 in.
Freeboard—		
Fore	2ft.	2 in.
Aft	1ft.	5 1/2 in.
Least	1ft.	4 in.
Displacement	4,077lbs.	
Lead ballast outside	1,250lbs.	
Sail area, total	450 sq. ft.	

Many New Yachts to be Built.

THE yacht designers throughout the country are all very busy on new work for both power and sail yachts. The prospects for an active winter have never been better. There are several orders for large steam yachts pending, and a number of yachtsmen who have held up their orders until the yacht measurement matter was settled will now place them.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have been commissioned to design many yachts, which vary in size from the 15ft. knockabout to the 250ft. steam yacht. This firm has designed a large steam yacht for Mr. Warner M. Leeds, which is being built by the Burlee Dry Dock Company on Staten Island. She will be 272ft. over all, 226ft. on the waterline, 29ft. beam and 14ft. draft. The yacht will have a speed of 18 1/2 knots, which is exceptional for a cruising vessel. A somewhat smaller yacht has been designed for Mr. D. G. Reid. This vessel is 215ft. over all, 183ft. on the waterline, 27ft. beam and 13ft. draft, with a speed of 17 knots. Both of the above-mentioned craft are fine examples of the American-designed and built steam yacht. Building at the yard of the Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, Wilmington, Del., from designs made by the same firm, is an auxiliary schooner similar in design to the famous schooner Endymion. Her dimensions are: 140ft. over all, 110ft. on the waterline, 26ft. beam and 14ft. draft. She will have compound engines of 100 horse-power, with cylinders 8 and 16 by 12in., and two Almy boilers, which will give her a speed of 8 knots. The coal bunkers have a capacity of 23 tons, and the water tanks will hold 3,500 gallons. The yacht is equipped with all modern conveniences, such as electric lights, evaporator, distilling plant and steam heat. The ice chests have a capacity of four tons. Below decks there is 7 1/2 ft. headroom all through the cabins. There will be five staterooms and three bathrooms for the guests, beside the large main saloon. All the rooms are of good size, and special attention has been given to the lighting and ventilating of these apartments. Forward there are staterooms for the officers, together with a messroom, galley, etc. The forecabin has accommodations for twelve men. The yacht will be schooner rigged. All deck fittings are to be of teak. The vessel is intended for off-shore work, and her owner will take an extended cruise in her as soon as she is completed.

Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane have turned out a cruising schooner for Mr. T. W. Lawson, of Boston. She is 70ft. over all, 46ft. on the waterline, 14ft. beam and 10ft. draft. They have also gotten out plans for a cruising cutter for Mr. H. W. Morss. Her dimensions are: 50ft. over all, 35ft. on the waterline, 12ft. beam and 8ft. draft. Among the smaller orders are four boats to race in the 30ft. class. Three of them are to be used at Bar Harbor and the fourth will be raced on Long Island Sound. These are the first boats that have been designed under the new measurement rule that was recently adopted by the Y. R. A. of Long Island Sound. Two raceabouts have also been turned out, and they will be raced on the Sound. All the last-mentioned boats are double planked with mahogany.

In addition to the steam yacht he has designed for Mr. F. M. Smith, Mr. Henry G. Gielow has a number of other designs on the boards. Among the orders is a steel auxiliary cruising schooner for Mr. W. T. Rainey, Jr., who formerly owned the auxiliary schooner Seneca. The new yacht is 86ft. over all, 60ft. on the waterline, 19ft. beam and 7ft. draft with the centerboard hoisted, and 14ft. draft with the board lowered. She is equipped with

a 25-horse-power engine, which is expected to drive her at a speed of seven miles. The vessel has a number of novel features; among them is an arrangement laid out by Mr. Gielow by which the engine can be disconnected from the shaft, and by a system of bevel gears the power will be used on the windlass and the anchor and sails can be hoisted by means of it. The naphtha tanks are located in the ends of the yacht, and the fresh-water tanks are located amidships under the cabin floor. Under a flush deck the yacht has full headroom throughout. Coming down the companionway one reaches a steerage, from which there is access to a ladies' cabin aft, and to a lavatory on the port side, and to a large trunk room on the starboard side. Next forward is the main saloon, which is very roomy and is lighted by a skylight overhead. Wide transoms run along either side, and in each corner are located the usual sideboards, china, linen and silver lockers. Forward of the main cabin on the starboard side is the owner's room, which is fitted with a double berth, bureau, hanging locker, transom, etc. Opening from and connecting with the owner's room is a bathroom, which is fitted with a porcelain tub, water closet, set basin, etc. On the port side of the passage, which extends from the main saloon to the galley, are two staterooms, one of which is a guest room and the other is for the sailing master. Next forward is the galley, a large and roomy space extending the width of the vessel. The galley is equipped with lockers, dressers, sink, range and an unusually large ice box. The motor is located in the galley and is placed in the forward end near the bulkhead, which separates it from the galley. Next forward is the forecabin with six gas-pipe berths. There are lockers for the men and a crew's water closet. The centerboard trunk is so arranged as not to affect the cabins in any way. The deck fittings and the trim below will be of mahogany. The rig will be of moderate size, as the boat is intended primarily for cruising. Mr. Gielow has designed a boat to race in the 30ft. class on Great South Bay. She is 25ft. 8in. on the waterline, 41ft. 6in. over all, 11ft. 8in. extreme beam and 2ft. 6in. draft with the board hoisted. Her actual sail area is 960 sq. ft. The boat has a summer cabin and a large cockpit. She is double planked, the inner skin being of cedar and the outer of mahogany.

Messrs. Gardner & Cox have some twenty new orders on hand.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—In last week's letter I stated that Ayaya was one of the yachts which did not sail the required number of races to qualify for the championship of the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. in the 18ft. knockabout class. This was not quite correct. Barbara and Bacchante were the two boats which failed to sail the required number of races. Ayaya was the only boat in the class which sailed in every race that was scheduled during the entire season.

Hanley's basin and shops have now been completed and there are many yachts stored there. The basin is on the Town River, and is absolutely landlocked. It has been dredged to a depth of 18ft. at mean low water. There are now stored there the steam yachts Idalia, Nerita, Viola, Uvira, Kasagi, Etta, Nethla, the steamer Cape Cod, of the Bay Line; Electra, of the Boston and Hough's Neck Line, and the steamer Eleanor May. The Cape Cod was on the marine railway until recently. It was thought that she had struck on one of her last trips and that there was something wrong with her, but a thorough examination failed to reveal that there was anything the matter. Hanley is building a 50ft. gasoline launch. He is also at work on a 25-footer and a 30-footer, while he has just admitted having an order for a Y. R. A. 21-footer, which he thinks is going to make them all get out and hustle next season.

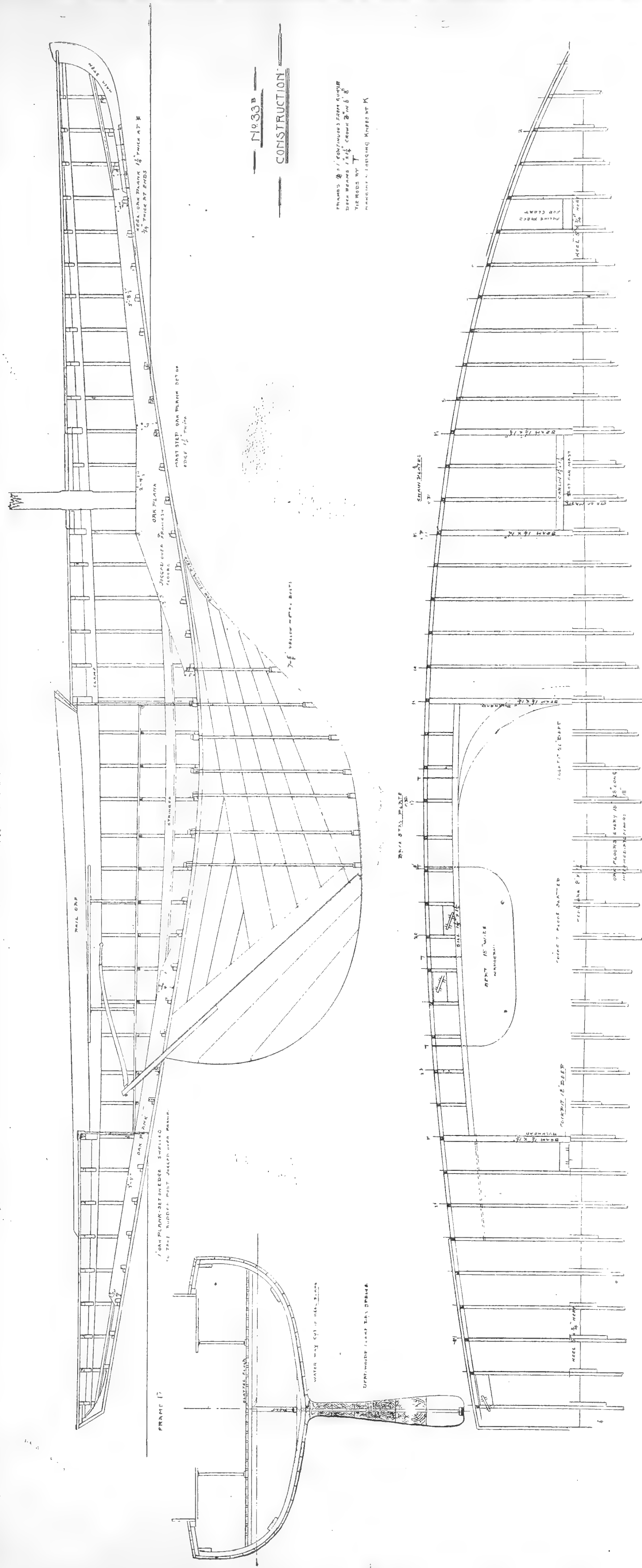
Capt. Sycamore has been in Boston during the past week and has been royally welcomed everywhere. Although he is no stranger to this city, he met a number of new faces on this trip. His constant good nature makes him popular everywhere, and his entire absence of egotism convinces those with whom he talks upon yachting matters. He left for New York Sunday afternoon.

The schooner Hildegard, which was purchased from Geo. W. Weld by E. R. Coleman, of the New York Y. C., has been fitting out at Lawley's. Last week she went into the dry dock to have her bottom cleaned. She came out of the dock to-day and was taken to the Commonwealth dock, where she will continue fitting out for her winter cruise to the West Indies. It is expected that she will leave port on Thursday.

That same old movement which was started last year to form a new yacht racing association in opposition to the one that is already firmly established, has again been revived, but it is not thought that any more success will attend the efforts of the organizers than they met with before. The present association has so thoroughly shown its strength that it would be hard, indeed, to form another association at the present time, even if the object was to better racing and to protect the yacht owners, but from all that can be learned the benefits from the new scheme would only be enjoyed by a few, and instead of going ahead, the result of the launching of such an association would be to put yachting back at least ten years in this district.

The present association's restricted classes have given it such strength that it has been suggested in the Corinthian Y. C. that these classes be adopted. It is not likely that any new association could receive any such acknowledgment in one or two seasons, and if it should be launched, it would bring about just the result that the larger clubs have been looking for. It might not undermine the present restricted classes, but the result would be that the contest for the majority of the races would be between the Marblehead Club and the Hull-Massachusetts Y. C. The club that offered the most money for its races would then get the greater number of boats, and the smaller clubs, that now enjoy the protection of the present association, would find it very difficult to get the racing classes to come to their open races. Thus yachting, being confined to one district, would be going backward instead of forward.

An 18-footer, a 21-footer and two 23-footers, designed by Small Bros., are being built by Pendleton, of Wiscasset, Me. The 21-footer, it was learned last week, is for W. F. Bache, who owned Hanley, the fastest of the H. O.



CONSTRUCTION PLAN—ONE-DESIGN 18-FOOTERS. DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1901.

25-footers. An 18-footer, designed by Small, is being built by Higgins, of Cohasset.

Crowninshield has an order for five raceabouts of one design for S. Wainwright, Trenor L. Park, Oliver Harriman, Jr., Howard Willetts and William H. Browning, all of New York. They will be 20ft. 10in. waterline, 32ft. 10in. over all, 7ft. 7in. beam and 5ft. 6in. draft. They will have 3,400lbs. of outside lead and will carry 600ft. of sail. In all other respects they will conform to the restrictions of the Knockabout Association.

Burgess has an order for a 35ft. waterline yawl for F. S. Hastings, who formerly owned the 28ft. yawl Peggy, which was destroyed at New Rochelle in the storm of a few weeks ago. She will be built by Huntington.

At Lawley's the cabin work is being put in the Eaton 46ft. schooner. The Adams 21-footer has been laid down. The keels for a 104ft. waterline steam yacht and a 51ft. speed launch have been turned out. Plans have been received for the 46-footer for Arnold Lawson, designed by Tams, Lemoine & Crane. She will be laid down this week. Last week Geo. Lawley was in New York. He figured on a 60-rater, designed by Gardner & Cox. He received an order for a 112ft. steam yacht and a launch for the Yale crew. Fred Lawley is at work on the plans for an 18ft. knockabout for Alfred Douglas and a 15-footer for Detroit parties.

A special meeting of the Burgess Y. C. will be held Thursday evening at the club house to nominate officers for the coming year and also to consider a proposition from the Boston Y. C. The Boston Y. C. has just purchased a location for a station at Marblehead, and there has been talk of the Burgess Y. C. being absorbed by it.

Starling Burgess is now at work on the plans for a new gasoline engine. He expects to have it completed soon, and will install it in some of the launches which are now building from his designs at Stearns', Marblehead Yacht Yard. This is not his first departure from the line of hulls. He has already invented a rapid-fire gun, which is claimed to be a very fine machine, and it is said that it is to be used by the Government. With such versatility of talent, Burgess should in a short time rank high among the world's designers.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Victory of the Ann Eliza.

"I SEE," said Cap'n Silas Grindle, as he laid down the paper, "I see them rich critters is a-racin' of their yachts ag'in, an' it looks sorter foolish to me. Why? Well, 'cause they ain't nateral vessits to begin with, an' then ag'in, they ain't got no speed nohow. Yes, I've seen 'em off'n Marblehead an' outside o' Brenton's reef, switchin' 'round an' monkeyin' with balloon tops 'n all kinds o' light kites, with enuff men on deck to eat 'em, an' I never yet seen one as 'd keep comp'ny with lots o' vessels castin' right outen Bangor—that 's s'posin' they's any wind. That old schooner o' Ben Butler's, the Ameriky, she was fit to go an' stay outdoors in, but she was built on nateral lines, an' was fit to kerry sail without any fins or sech fixin's like they have now to hold her up to it. Ever see one o' them fancy ones out on the railway? Look jest like a swordfish high an' dry. Ain't got no body to 'em, but draws much water's a man-o'-war."

"I come near gettin' hauled up oncet all along o' one o' them yacht races. Would have been, too, 'f I hadn't more speed than anything in the fleet. That was when I was in the old Ann Eliza, an' my brother Ed he was in one called the Mercury. Used to brag a good deal about that Mercury, an' she was a smart vessel, sure enuff. My youngest gal, that went to the seminary to Bucksport, she said that vessel had a right to be fast, bein' named after some critter way back in heathen times, as had wings on his heels. Curi's place for wings—hey? But the Mercury she was a brick scow 'longside o' the Ann Eliza, any p'int o' sailin'. Well, 't was 'long inter September one year a spell back when the two of us, Ed an' me, left Bangor in the same tow an' got a good slant to take us outer the bay. Ed he had bricks in the hold and fish barrils on deck, an' I was piled high with baled hay—both of us bound to Bost'n."

"Off Marblehead we come up with a slew o' fancy sloops an' little schooner-rigged boats, an' steamers with yaller stacks, all tricked out with buntin' an' a-blowin' of whistles and a-tootin' of horns fit to wake the dead. When we was clost up, Ed he hailed me, sayin':

"It's a yacht race, Si. Let's stan' in an' see it."

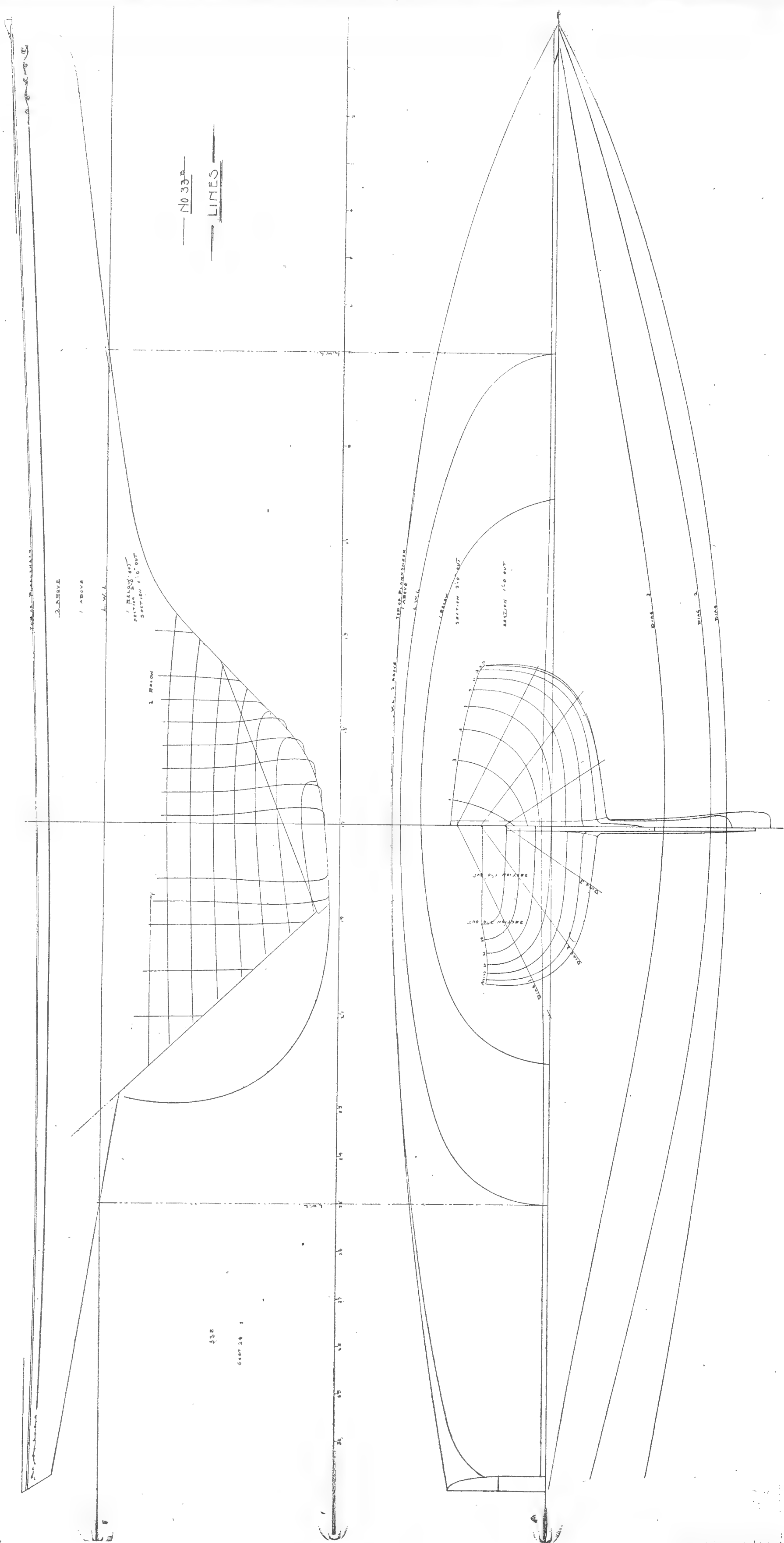
"I says, 'All right, an' bein' close-hauled on the starboard tack, with the wind southwest, I jibed her over, started her sheets an' run in. The Ann Eliza was a good vessil on the wind, but you jest give her a free sheet an' she was a race-hoss—she was, for sartin; that old critter 'd go like a ghost. She made consid'able fuss goin' through it, but she kivered lots o' water, she did, an' 't want no time till we was right in the thick o' them yachts. They seemed to be a-gittin' ready to start the race, for there was a steamboat a-histin' of signals an' a-tootin' of her whistle a-layin' to off 'n a booeey, an' three or four skittish-lookin' sloops was see-sawin' up to wind'ard, ready to skip across the line."

"Wife an' two boys was with me, an' they all wanted to see the race, so I says, says I, 'All right—I'll try to keep along of 'em, an' all you got to do is use your eyes.' I see the yachts squared away for the start, an' I figgered that I'd come about jest as I come up with the stake steamboat an' run down along with 'em. Jest then a little coffee-pot of a steamer come hustlin' out to us an' a dude in white pants standin' for'ards he sings out:

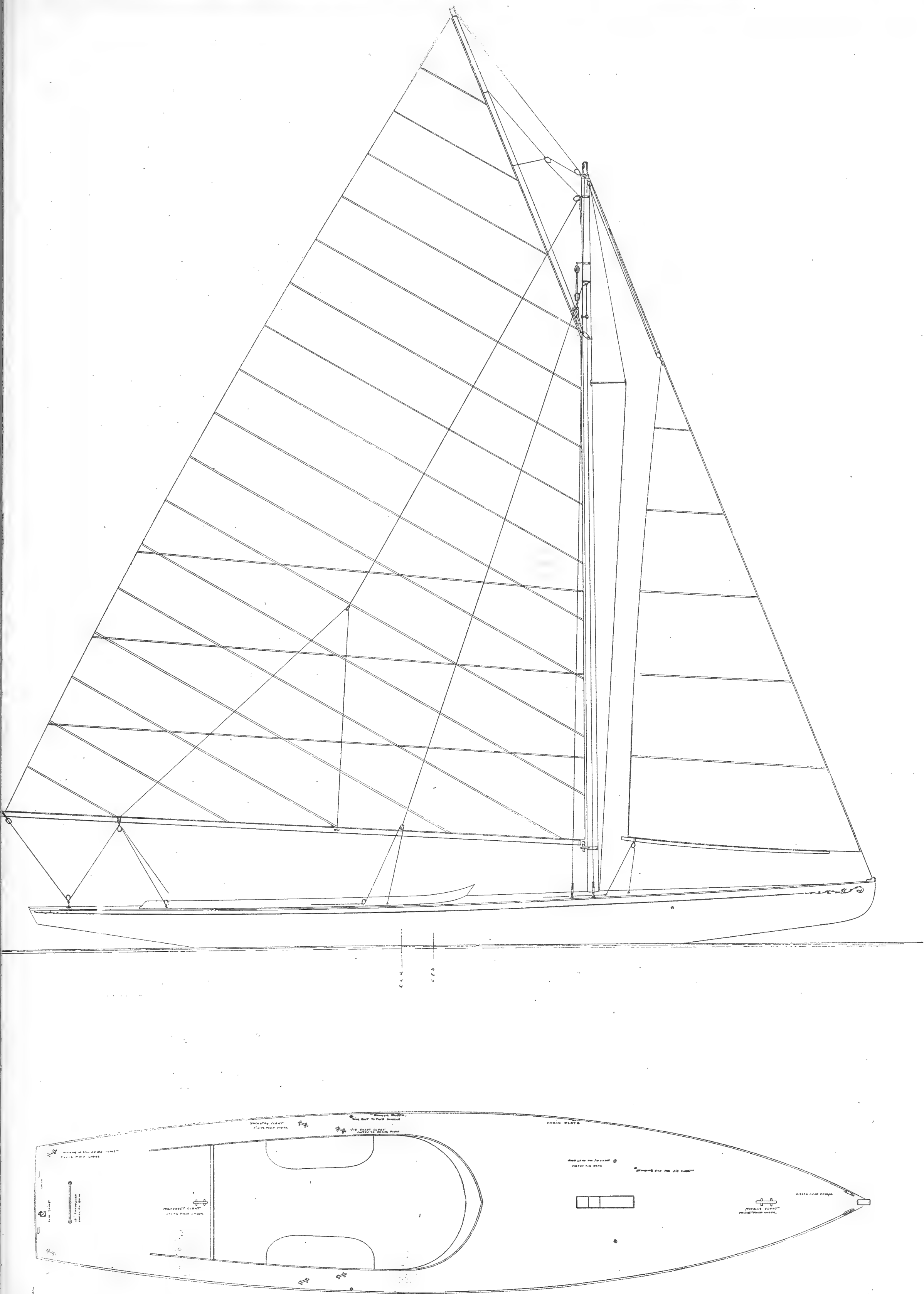
"Hey, there—you! Where you goin'?"

"Hey, you-self," says I, "I'm no farmer!"

"Keep out o' the way," says he, an' I said I guessed I could keep away from anything 'round there. 'Ready, about!' says I to the feller at the wheel; 'hard-a-lee!' The jib slatted over, an' she filled away on the starboard tack ag'in as pretty as a pilot boat, an' down we run, right through a clear course they had, with all the yachts lined up on both sides to watch the racin' boats when they went through. They had the wind on the beam, so it was a straight run, an' there was lots o' room for them an' the Ann Eliza, too. Well, we hadn't much more 'n begun to gather way on her 'fore there was a great hollerin' right astarn of us, an' I looked 'round to see what was up. Well, sir, I'll be jiggered 'f all the yachts



LINES.—ONE-DESIGN 18-FOOTERS. DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1901.



SAIL AND DECK PLANS.—ONE-DESIGN 18-FOOTERS.— DESIGNED BY W. STARLING BURGESS, 1901.

that started hadn't turned back but one, an' the stake s'eamboat was a-comin' after us like mad.

"He's a-tryin' to ketch us," says my mate, Peter Dodge. "Let's give her a little more sheet an' shake out that t'gallants'!" says he. The Ann Eliza, you know, was what we used to call a tops'l schooner, kerryin' square tops'l an' t'gallants'l, and that rig 'd go like blazes with the wind a p'int aft the beam. Well, we put the t'gallants'l onto her, an' the way she picked up was wonderful. The steamboat she couldn't get near 'n four lengths—jest near enuff to hear what she had to say, an' pretty soon a feller I took to be sorter boss o' the race, he sings out:

"Ahoy, there! d—n it, get that hay waggin o' yourn out o' this—quick! Don't you see you're a-spilin' a race?" "Wot race?" says I, kinder innocent-like; an' then he got madder'n ever an' he yells out:

"You take that tub o' yourn an' git t' other side o' Cape Ann with her, quick's you can leg it, or I'll make trouble for ye!"

"I jest laffed at him, an' told him that I didn't see no race, an' that I wouldn't bother the yachts anyways, 'cause they couldn't never ketch up with me. Then he jest biled over like a coffee-pot, an' shook his fist at us. I could see him tryin' to make out the Ann Eliza's name through his glass, but she hadn't any name on her quarter, an' the boat to the davys kivered up her stern, so't he couldn't see nothin'.

"Well, sir, the one yacht that did start she come down on the wind smart, with enuff spread to swamp her, an' they was doin' their darndest to ketch up with us—but 't want no go. After a while when they see we kept a-droppin' of her some o' the fellers 'board o' her they waved a bottle at us an' cheered us. Then they wore ship an' skipped back home. That was the only time the Ann Eliza ever got any cheerin', 'cept, I s'pose, when she was launched.

"No, I don't know what they'd ha' done to me 'f they'd ketched me. Not much, I reckon. But that's neither here nor there—the yacht never wore canvas that'd overhaul the Ann Eliza, give her the wind abeam an' enuff of it. Don't know what they'd do with a deckload o' hay!"—Boston Transcript.

A Year in a Yawl.

THIS is a very interesting narrative of a 7,000-mile cruise made by four boys in a yawl, designed, built and rigged by one of the party. Mr. Russel Doubleday has taken the log of the cruise and put it in such shape as to make it interesting reading. The start was made from Lake Michigan, on the shores of which body of water the boat was built, and from there the crew sailed their craft down to the mouth of the Mississippi. Their route next took them along the Gulf coast to and around the Peninsula of Florida, up the Atlantic shore to Norfolk, thence up the Chesapeake to the Delaware & Raritan Canal.

The boat is splendidly illustrated with half-tones reproduced from photographs.—Doubleday, Page & Co., publishers, Union Square, New York city.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

At the Herreshoff shops, Bristol, R. I., there are five fine steam yachts in various stages of construction. The largest of these is for Mr. Frederick Grinnell, Providence, R. I. She is 150ft. long. The next in size is for Mr. August Belmont; this craft is to be 130ft. long, and is expected to develop a speed of 24 knots. The third largest is for Mr. N. G. Herreshoff, and is to be 100ft. long. The other two boats are both to be 80ft. long, and will be similar in design to the 70ft. launches Scout and Mirage, turned out last year by the same firm.

Capt. P. McGiehan, of Bayonne, N. J., the well-known builder of many fast catboats, died at the age of seventy-two years on Thursday, Dec. 5.

Mr. George W. Kidd, one of the oldest members of the New York Y. C., died in New York city on Tuesday, Dec. 3.

Mr. Seymour L. Husted has sold his schooner Crusader to a Philadelphia yachtsman.

Mr. Frank B. McQuesten, of Boston, has sold his steam yacht Valda to Mr. Charles W. Henry, of Philadelphia.

The yawl Lotus, which was built by Jacob at City Island this fall for Mr. Grier Hirsh, of York, Pa., left City Island on Thanksgiving Day for Palm Beach, Fla., in charge of Mr. Charles D. Mower, her designer. He was accompanied by Mr. J. S. Ker and a paid hand. On the run from City Island to the mouth of the Raritan River continuous snow squalls were encountered, and the boat was badly iced up. The river was full of large cakes of drift ice, and they were in constant danger of being stove in. The weather was very cold, and as it was necessary for all hands to be on deck most of the time, all suffered considerably from exposure. Just before reaching Trenton the ice cakes froze in solid about the boat, so that it was possible to get out and walk about. The gasoline engine, of which so much was expected, refused to work when most needed, and had it not been for a very friendly tow boat captain who broke up the ice and took them in tow there was a good prospect of the boat spending the winter on the banks of the canal. Lotus arrived at Philadelphia on Dec. 4, having been almost a week in making a run which, under ordinary circumstances, would have taken not over three days. Norfolk was reached on Sunday, Dec. 8, after a fine run down the Chesapeake with fair winds all the way. Saturday night the boat was anchored inside Old Point Comfort, and after a good rest the crew worked the boat up to Norfolk.

The steam turbine system of propulsion for yachts is gradually attracting the attention of steam yacht owners, says the Yachting World. The first order for a yacht propelled by turbine machinery has been given by Col. H.

B. McCalmont, who has instructed Cox & King to design for him a fast steam yacht of torpedo type for day cruising. The hull will be built at Yarrow, and Mr. Parsons, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, has a contract to fit the new vessel with turbine machinery. She will be about 150ft. in length, and is expected to attain a speed of upward of twenty-five knots.

The Larchmont Y. C. held a meeting on Saturday, Dec. 7 for the purpose of amending their constitution to allow of honorary members being elected. The amendment was passed, and Sir Thomas Lipton was the first on the list of honorary members to be elected.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O.—The following scores were made in regular competition by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association, at Four-Mile House, Reading Road, Dec. 8. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target. Gindele was declared champion for the day with the fine score of 95. Weather, cloudy; thermometer, 50 degrees; wind, 2 to 4 o'clock:

Gindele	95	89	88	86	83	441	10	8	10	10	9	47
Roberts	89	89	83	81	89	421	6	9	10	10	8	43
Payne	89	86	86	83	83	427	9	8	9	8	7	41
Strickmeier	88	88	88	84	82	430	10	10	7	9	8	44
Nestler	84	82	82	80	80	408	9	5	9	10	8	41
Bruns	83	82	81	81	80	407	9	10	9	9	8	45
Hofer	81	80	76	74	69	380	5	8	5	7	7	32
Lux	81	78	78	75	71	383	8	6	7	5	8	34
Speth	80	79	76	69	—	304	—	—	—	—	—	—
Uckotter	78	75	69	68	359	—	9	8	5	5	9	36
Drube	78	73	72	66	61	350	8	7	10	5	9	39
Hoffman	81	71	68	55	—	275	5	9	6	6	6	32
Trounstine	72	72	69	69	—	282	8	5	7	8	5	33
Odell	72	70	68	65	64	339	9	5	8	10	8	38
Topf	71	69	66	66	65	337	6	8	7	3	6	30

Gindele shot his new Pope barrel to-day, and made the highest team score ever shot on the range, averaging 88. He holds the record to date.

In our business columns the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of New Haven, Conn., call attention to their .32cal. Winchester Special, a new smokeless or black powder cartridge and rifle just perfected and designed to meet the demand of sportsmen for a larger caliber than the .30 Winchester and with less power than the .30 U. S. Army rifle. This rifle possesses the excellent quality of shooting black powder with satisfactory results. The special qualities of this very desirable rifle are set forth in the advertisement aforementioned.

We are informed that under the management of the Metropolitan Shooting Club a series of novice revolver matches, commencing on Dec. 23 and continuing till March next, will take place at Conklin's gallery, 513 Sixth avenue, New York. A gold medal is the trophy under consideration.

Trapshooting.

Fixtures.

Dec. 14.—Rutherford, N. J.—Live-bird shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club. C. B. Axford, Sec'y.

Dec. 18.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Competition in third target series of Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 18.—Kansas City, Mo.—Midwinter shoot and match contest for Sportsmen's Review cup between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.

Dec. 18-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Kansas City Midwinter shoot. On Dec. 19, ten 15-target events; targets thrown free; \$50 added.

Dec. 19-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Live birds and targets. Dec. 21, the Omaha-Kansas City ten-man team race will take place.

Dec. 20.—Kansas City, Mo.—Contest for new live-bird championship challenge trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship of the world, offered by the Hazard Powder Company, at the Kansas City midwinter shoot.

Dec. 21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Omaha-Kansas City ten-men team race.

Dec. 22.—Rockaway Park, L. I.—Shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club. J. H. W. Fleming, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—All-day tournament of the Tunkhannock Gun Club. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's all-day Christmas shoot. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—Christmas Day shoot of the Mount Kisco Gun Club. Mr. A. Betti, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Dec. 10.—Interstate Park.—Interstate trophy, 20 targets, \$1.40; Kings County Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; second shoot for December cup, 50 targets, \$2; sweepstakes.

Dec. 11.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Team contest, New Jersey vs. New York.

Dec. 12.—Interstate Park.—Interstate trophy, 15 targets, \$1.30; Richmond Handicap, 25 targets, \$1.50; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets, \$2; sweepstakes.

Dec. 18.—Interstate Park.—Midweek shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Silver cup to winner.

Dec. 17.—Interstate Park.—Interstate trophy, 20 targets; New York Handicap, 25 targets; third shoot for December cup.

Dec. 19.—Interstate Park.—Interstate Park Handicap, 25 targets; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park.—Interstate Park trophy, 15 targets; Christmas Day Handicap, 25 targets; fourth shoot for December cup; Christmas Day Cup, 25 targets; Metropolitan Individual Championship; Continuous match.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

1902.

Jan. 1.—Ossining, N. Y.—New Year's Day Live-Bird Handicap shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

March 3-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed. Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Kansas City, Mo., trap matters are taking a lively turn, the shooters of that section having applied their skill and energy to pull off the Kansas City Midwinter Tournament on Dec. 18, 19, 20 and 21, both targets and live birds. In a very brief time they have secured some special attractions, in addition to the regular programme. The special events are: The Sportsmen's Review cup, a match at 100 live birds, between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger. On Dec. 20 the maiden contest for the new live-bird challenge championship trophy will take place. This trophy is emblematic of the live-bird championship of the world, and is offered by the Hazard Powder Company. The handicap committee engaged to officiate concerning it are Chas. J. Schmelzer, J. A. R. Elliott, Frank Parmelee, W. R. Crosby and Chris. Gottlieb. This contest will be a handicap from 27 to 32yds. In this connection we would respectfully call attention to the management that no trapshooting contest wherein a handicap obtains is considered a championship event. On Dec. 21 the ten-man team shoot, Omaha vs. Kansas City, 25 live birds per man, will take place. Dec. 19 is a target day; targets thrown free; \$50 added; handicaps 14 to 20yds. Handicap committee: Messrs. Tom A. Marshall, Rolla O. Heikes and Chas. W. Budd. Midland Hotel will be headquarters.

Mr. Frank Butler and wife (Miss Annie Oakley) returned to their home in the exclusive section, Nutley, N. J., early this week. Mr. Butler for several weeks has been staying at Interstate Park, where he has added greatly to the enjoyment of the shooters by introducing some innocent and inexpensive forms of amusement, the most popular of which is Cowboy pool, a game which ends the next or subsequent day after it is begun. Mrs. Butler has been visiting friends in Buffalo during some days past. We are pleased to state that this charming lady shooter is almost entirely recovered from the frightful accident, the wreck of the Wild West train at Linwood, N. C., recently. After seventeen years of starring with the Wild West show, Mr. and Mrs. Butler severed their connection with it, feeling that after wandering over nearly every part of the civilized world, they richly deserved a rest. While this is true beyond question, the Wild West show loses one of its greatest attractions. While the Wild West is a great institution, the skillful and modest Annie Oakley did much to make it known, and much to make it a success.

The conditions for challenge which will govern the new challenge live-bird trophy, offered by the Hazard Powder Company, which will be the main event on Dec. 20, at the Kansas City midwinter tournament, are not yet definitely completed, but will probably be much after the manner of the conditions governing similar trophies. For further information concerning this trophy and the tournament those interested may obtain information of Mr. Chris Gottlieb, one of Kansas City's eminent and popular shooters.

Each day at the Kansas City Midwinter tournament shooting will commence at 9:30. Moneys will be divided by the Rose system in the ratios 4, 3, 2 and 1. Lunch will be served on the grounds. All guns and shells shipped to R. S. Elliott & Co., will be delivered on the grounds free of charge. In the programme is a line worth heeding, as follows: "Come and get a line on the next American Handicap grounds."

Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, arrived in New York on Tuesday of this week. He is the embodiment of energy and good health, and is enthusiastic over the pleasing prospects of the next Grand American Handicap at live birds, which is to be held at Kansas City.

We regret that the reports concerning Mr. C. M. Lincoln are that he continues seriously ill in the hospital in Atlanta, Ga. He is prostrated with a severe attack of typhoid fever. We learn that he has every attention and comfort. The fever has taken a severe turn for the worse.

The Eastern championship, an event at 25 live birds, was shot at Interstate Park, L. I., on Wednesday of last week. There were nineteen contestants, of which Messrs. H. H. Stevens, Sim Glover and T. W. Morley tied on 24. In the shoot-off Mr. Stevens won in the eleventh round.

The Ossining (N. Y.) Gun Club will hold a live-bird handicap on New Year's Day. This club's events are noted for their good-fellowship and equitable competition. Any information concerning the competition will be furnished by Mr. C. G. Blandford, the captain of the Ossining Gun Club.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Interstate Association takes place on Thursday of this week, at which meeting the annual election of officers takes place, and application for the next year's tournaments are considered.

The Hazard Powder Company, 44 Cedar street, New York, have issued a large folder, on which is an excellent portrait of Mr. J. A. R. Elliott, with the trophies which he has won, and a list of his contests from 1897 to the year 1901.

Mr. John Watson, the veteran manager, announces that after Dec. 14 Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., will be open daily at 1 o'clock P. M., for practice or matches, and that plenty of birds will always be on hand.

Mr. Albert A. Schoverling, secretary of the Richmond Gun Club, of Silver Lake, Staten Island, informs us that shoots will be held by his club on Dec. 11, 18 and 25. The Christmas Day shoot will commence at 10 o'clock.

The Forester Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., announces a live-bird and target shoot on Jan. 1, on which day it will keep open house. The secretary is Mr. John J. Fleming, 489 Mulberry street.

The Mount Kisco (N. Y.) Gun Club announces an all-day Christmas shoot. Mr. A. Betti is the captain of the club, and will be pleased to give all further particulars to inquirers.

The Boiling Springs Gun Club announces that it will hold a live-bird shoot, open to all, on the club grounds, East Rutherford, N. J., on Saturday of this week.

Mr. W. P. Markle, of the Markle Lead Works, St. Louis, arrived in New York on Thursday of last week, to visit in that quiet hamlet for several days.

The Garden City Gun Club will hold a regular club shoot at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Dec. 14.

The next shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos) is announced to take place on Dec. 22.

BERNARD WATERS.

Catchpole Gun Club.

Wolcott, N. Y., Dec. 4.—For the first time since the game season opened, a few of our members went over to the traps. Following are the scores made in a heavy snowstorm. Our club will shoot every Wednesday afternoon during the balance of the season, and a trophy will be put up for competition. This will be a handicap, so as to give the weaker shots a good show for winning, and to create interest among several young shooters who have purchased new guns and are anxious to get at the bluebirds thrown from magatrap:

Wadsworth	11111111111111111111	25
Wadsworth	10111110100111111111	20
Fowler	11011111111111111111	21
Fowler	01111111111111111111	21
Burke	11111100011111111111	21
Sage	1110000111011110011011	15

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Forester Gun Club.

Newark, N. J.—The Forester Gun Club had a good attendance at their Thanksgiving Day shoot. The weather was very raw and cold, with a northwest wind blowing across the traps. The management kept a good, warm club house and gave the shooters a lunch at noon, to get them in shape for the target events in the afternoon. Shooting started at 10 A. M., sharp, and kept up till dark.

Event No. 1, was a live-bird handicap, optional sweep, 7 birds, Interstate rules to govern.

The club has been making great changes on its grounds by filling in and having the new-style of distance handicap on targets. The shooting committee is at work on the club's programme for Christmas, which will be another live-bird handicap, optional sweep, starting at 10 A. M., and has got all birds for the occasion. This will be followed by target shooting, and will have a number of handicap events to shoot.

New Year's Day Shoot.—The members have decided to have an open house all day on Jan. 1, 1902, starting in the morning with a 10-bird handicap, optional sweep. The club will give prizes to the men making the highest scores in this event. A grand lunch will be served at noon. Starting at 2 P. M., there will be ten events at targets—five 10-target events and five 15-target events—for optional sweepstakes. The club will add prizes to one of the 15-target events, with no cost to the shooter to enter, except price of targets at 1 cent each. After the day's shoot the club will allow a rebate of 25 per cent. on all shooting outside of sweepstakes. The club does this to insure every one a good time for as little money as possible, and extends a cordial invitation to every shooter to take part, as New Year's Day always starts another year's work.

Yeomans, 28.....1111122-7 Belcher, 28.....2022112-6
J J Fleming, 28.....1112211-7 *D Fleming, 27.....1021111-6
Ferguson, 29.....1212222-7 Tigh, 28.....1202211-6
*Parker, 27.....2112222-7 *Winans, 28.....1212011-6
*Tarleton, 27.....2112221-7 C Smith, 28.....1111110-6
Hayes, 28.....21*2222-6 *Foster, 26.....2020111-5

*Shot for birds. The others divided the money, 60 and 40 per cent.

In the target events the percentages of the day were as follows: Yeomans 85 per cent., J. J. Fleming 85, Hayes 68, Whitehead 74, D. Fleming 59, Feiger 63, Tigh 61, Belcher 64, Nagel 47, A. Jewell 40, Eams 79, James 40, Ed. Jewell 63, C. Smith 76, Larkins 65, David 27, Parkhurst 15, MacDonald 20.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 4.—Following are the scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
Bock 18 13 14 20 22 3 1 5 3
Barker 13 10 5 4 8 3 0 3 6
Van Dyne 14 16 16 19 8 4
Wied 8 3 5 2 4 1 0
J L H 16 17 15 14
Duke 19 18
G Hughes 12 15 17 10 14 4
F Schoverling 20 17 17 16 19 7 5
Black 16 14 14 10 2 1 3 0
Brown 17 16 15 15 5 0 8 8
Pearsall 12 10 7 6 0 4
Hansman 10 13 14 8 5 9

Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 were star sweeps. No. 9 was at 20yds., both barrels.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Eastern Championship.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 4.—The Eastern Championship, held at Interstate Park to-day, had nineteen contestants, New Jersey being quite well represented, as well as New York.

It was a day, in respect to weather, fit to try out the most skillful shooter. The wind was boisterously active at times, and the temperature was decidedly cold. A light skimming of snow covered the ground in places.

The competition was close. Out of the nineteen contestants twelve killed 20 or better. Three tied on 24, namely, Messrs. H. H. Stevens, of New Brunswick; Sim Glover, of New York, and T. W. Morley, of Interstate Park. The ties between these three were shot off miss-and-out. Stevens won in the eleventh round, Glover missing in that round, and Morley missing in the second.

All stood at 28yds., which rates it as an inferior class of performance, from a championship viewpoint, as 30yds. is the recognized mark for a championship event of the first class. Nevertheless, it affords a good preliminary school to competition for first-class championship.

G E Greiff.....22202222220021222222*2222-21
I McKane.....2222212222222212000121122-22
J E Super.....0111121*2111202001111121-20
J B King.....021212222210201122*111210-20
S M Van Allen.....22222222222222222202*23
F D Creamer.....222021022*22112020201122-19
H H Stevens.....2222222222222*22222222-24
W H Sanders.....200w
Dr F E Carman.....221220222000222212012202-19
S Glover.....22112222122222212212122*24
E A Geoffroy.....22222222222222220220222-23
J E Applegate.....2022222000w
T W Morley.....21221212202222222222222-24
F W Lurgan.....20222*022020000w
G G Stephenson, Jr.....111122122202222222221102-23
G W Haff.....11222011112202100221212102-20
J P McKay.....112020*002w
C P Adams.....222200120221210222022122-20
G R Schneider.....221002112002020022220222-17

Ties, miss-and-out:
Morley20 Stevens2222222122
Glover12211222120

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Dec. 9.—The following scores were made at the shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club. Cronje, an old shooter with a new name, distinguished himself to a degree of skill worthy of admiration, as in two 25-target events he was straight, and was formidable at all times. The scores:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
Targets: 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25 25
Cronje 22 23 18 21 25 23 24 25 ..
Jones 21 23 16 19 19 19
Muench 18 15 20 21 18
Duke 14 20 19 20 20 13 18
Mertens 17 18 10 17 19 19 18
Valentine 19 8 11 14 13
Scott 17 21 ..

The next shoot will be held on Dec. 22.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 7.—The first contest for the December cup was closely contested; yet of the fourteen contestants but one—Mr. W. W. Marshall—made the possible 50. The conditions were 25 targets, expert traps; 25 targets, magautrap; handicap allowances added:

Expert—	Magautrap—	Total.
Hdcp. Broke.	Hdcp. Broke.	
W W Marshall.....	6 19	50
Dr J J Keyes.....	4 21	49
F E Mendes.....	12 11	48
H L Meyer.....	13 16	47
H M Brigham.....	0 22	46
L M Palmer, Jr.....	5 17	45
L C Hopkins.....	6 17	44
F B Stephenson.....	1 22	44
G G Stephenson, Jr.....	2 19	44
H A Bourne.....	13 8	43
H B Vanderveer.....	5 16	43
Capt Money.....	1 22	42
F A Bedford.....	10 8	42
C J McDermott.....	3 14	34

Two-man team shoot for Sykes cup, 25 targets, expert traps; 25 targets, magautrap:

Expert—	Magautrap—	Total.
Hdcp. Broke.	Hdcp. Broke.	
Bourne.....	13 13	49
Bedford.....	10 13	46-95
Brigham.....	0 21	44
Keyes.....	4 22	49-93
Marshall.....	6 14	45
Palmer.....	5 21	47-92
Money.....	1 23	46
McDermott.....	3 17	43-89
Hopkins.....	6 18	40
Chapman.....	8 13	43-81

Consolation handicap, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
E A Bedford.....	10 15	25
Mendes.....	13 12	25
Marshall.....	6 18	24
Money.....	2 22	24
Meyer.....	13 10	23
Hopkins.....	6 16	22
Geo Stephenson, Jr.....	2 17	19
Jack.....	3 15	18
McDermott.....	3 12	15

Shoot-off, 15 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
Mendes.....	7 8	15
Bedford.....	7 4	11

Shoot for trophy, 10 pairs, magautrap; handicap allowances added:

Handicap.	Broke.	Total.
Marshall.....	4 17	20
F B Stephenson.....	1 13	14
Brigham.....	0 13	13
G Stephenson, Jr.....	1 12	13

Sweepstake, 25 targets, magautrap: F. B. Stephenson 25, Brigham 22, Jack 17, Meyer 17.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 7.—The weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club was active in the way of competition, though not numerous in the way of attendance. Several matches were shot, the main one being between John Wright and Super, at 30 singles and 10 pairs, the former winning by a score of 41 to 34. The main event was the Prize Cup Handicap, at 25 targets. This event was won by King. The scores:

Broke.	Hdcp.	Total.
Super.....	1101010111011111111111-20	4 24
Capt Borland.....	101011001100110011000-13	10 23
Wright.....	11101001010010101111-17	2 19
Rider.....	10010001100110000100101-11	13 24
King.....	0110100111110111111010-18	7 25

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 7.—There was a light wind, about 9 o'clock in direction, hardly strong enough to affect the flights of the birds. The silver cup, the prize in event No. 3, was the one which was to have been shot for on the 4th inst. Mr. W. J. Lurgan won in No. 1 event. Mr. F. D. Creamer won in No. 2. Mr. G. W. Hagedorn won in No. 3.

Nos. 1 and 2 were at 7 birds, for prizes. All stood at 28yds.:

No. 1.	No. 2.
F D Creamer.....	2212202-6 112111-7
W J Lurgan.....	222222-7 212221-7
R W Haff.....	20*0220-3 111222-7
J Stevens.....	21011*0-4 1221210-6
F Butler.....	2212002-5

Shoot-off of No. 2, miss-and-out:
Creamer11122 Haff0
Lurgan11110

No. 3 was at 15 birds, for silver cup. No. 4 was at 5 birds, for birds. No. 5 was at 5 birds, for birds, then miss-and-out:

No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
F D Creamer, 28.....	21110w 12001-3	11222-6
R W Haff, 28.....	2122221*221101-13
W J Lurgan, 28.....	121211212*2021-13
T W Morley, 29.....	121211222220122-14
G W Hagedorn, 29.....	1222222112222-15
H Kryn, 28.....	121212212220*2-12	10121-4 121110-5
C M Meyer, 30.....	22222122201122-14
J Stevens, 28.....	1201w

WESTERN TRAPS.

Garfield Gun Club.

Chicago, Dec. 7.—The appended scores were made on our grounds to-day, on the occasion of the fifth trophy shoot of the first series. T. W. Eaton won Class A trophy; A. D. Dorman won Class B trophy, both on scores of 11 out of 12, while C. J. Wolff extended his mortgage on Class C by killing his usual 9.

The day was an unpleasant one for trapshooting, the air being damp and very chilling. Quite a heavy fog hung over the grounds toward evening, making the shooting difficult.

The birds were a mixed lot, among them being some very fast ones, while most were good average birds, with an occasional duffer. The attendance was fair, considering the weather conditions.

At a meeting of the board of directors, held to-day, it was decided to divide our regular series of fourteen shoots into two series of seven shoots each; also to divide prize money in the middle, appropriating one-half of it to each series.

Members must shoot in four of the seven contests of a series to be eligible to win a trophy, and trophies awarded are the four best scores made during the series. We adopted the above plan on targets during the summer, and found it to give the most satisfaction and encouragement of any yet used. All members to be reclassified at the end of each series:

C H Kehl.....	211120000001-6	0200*0-1
Dr Meek.....	111011211200-9	112211-6
H N Delano.....	210222120*2-8	21*02-1
A D Dorman.....	21111*11221-11	02112-5
J McDonald.....	02*010010*0-4	10121-5
W T Johnson.....	21*122112210-10	112111-6
T W Eaton.....	121221211102-11	*111-4
Ed Eaton.....	21110011201-8	201211-5
A McGowan.....	100*122010*0-6	11222-6
A J Wolff.....	12*12110*22-9	*11212-5
Dr Shaw.....	22220110111-10
L Wolff.....	10000020202-4
W A Jones.....	222*00212000-7
S E Young.....	00221212121-10
F G Barnard.....	012022112202-28	21*21-5

Dr. J. W. MEER, Sec'y.

Trap at Watson's Park.

Watson's Park, Burnside-Crossing, Ill., Dec. 3.—The following events took place at Watson's Park last week:

Dec. 3.—Fifteen birds, handicaps:

Howard, 1.....	100020121112112-12	21021222122222-11
Wilkes.....	211112011122201-13	2122211121211-15
Walters, 1.....	0022111121022201-12	012010022101220-9
Wilson, 1.....	2211220112201210-8

Ten-bird sweeps:

Howard.....	1222011122-9	1222001021-7
Wilkes.....	2211112121-10	2121021201-8
Walters.....	0221201002-6	12111211-9
Wilson.....	1121102222-9	2222121010-8
Franke.....	0222221112-9	1000221102-6
Leonard.....	111*101111-8	0112001222-7

Same:

Howard.....	212112122*2-9	2122211122-10
Wilkes.....	1220111212-9	1210111000-6
Walters.....	102*111*12-7	12200w
Wilson.....	2212122202-9	11000w

Dec. 7.—Fifteen live birds per man:

Elbert.....	2222222221000-12	Hosler.....020102011200202-8
R B Mack.....	002002212001122-9	Barto.....20211211211022-13
Mrs Carson.....	202101110001010-8	Dr Carson.....212221200201222-12
Dr Miller.....	102111121221021-13

Keystone Shooting League.

HOLMESBURG JUNCTION, Philadelphia, Dec. 7.—Mr. I. W. Budd took the honors in the cup event, with good birds to test the skill, and good competitors to force good effort.

The competition of the league has diminished somewhat recently, and to stimulate it, it is said that the board of governors are considering a series of twelve-man team matches with the Frankford Gun Club, for a trophy now held by the latter, and a twelve-man team contest at live birds with the Baltimore Shooting Association. Also a team match with Baltimore and New York at 15 birds per man, one match in each city. Also J. K. Starr is now preparing a programme for a live-bird tourney, which will be shot on the grounds of the Keystone League early next year. The tourney will run through two days, and the principal event will be a 50-bird handicap, open to all, \$50 entrance.

The challenge cup contest had ten contestants, of whom four tied. Mr. Fox withdrew, and in the shoot-off among the three interested, Mr. Budd won. The conditions were 10 birds, 28yds. rise, semi-monthly event; ties to be shot off at 3 birds. The scores:

A H Fox.....	2222222222-10	F Hobbs.....202222222-9
C Fitzgerald.....	121222111-10	C Busby.....120221221-8
I W Budd.....	2222221122-10	C Geikler.....22*22222-8
J Leek.....	1222221222-10	F W Van Loon.....2111022001-7
J Brewer.....	222222122*2-9	J Bower.....00120*2222-6

The club handicap, an event at 10 live birds, \$1 entrance to members, sweepstake, entrance \$2.50, resulted as follows:

Leek, 29.....	2211222122-10	Brewer, 28.....1112210*22-8
Winchester, 30.....	2222222222-10	Busby, 27.....122200222-8
Hobbs, 28.....	2222221221-10	Leedom, 26.....2*22221110-8
Budd, 29.....	1122112222-10	Van Loon, 28.....221*10121-8
Darby, 27.....	2221222222-10	Bower, 26.....2202221002-7
Geikler, 27.....	2022222222-9	Fitzgerald, 27.....1*0100w

Sweepstake, 7 birds, 30yds. rise, \$3 entrance, Rose system:

Budd.....	01221212-6	Brewer.....0222222-6
Bower.....	*102222-5	Leek.....222*112-6
Hobbs.....	2222222-7

Columbus Gun Club.

COLUMBUS, Wis., Dec. 2.—Following are the scores made by members of the Columbus Gun Club at live birds, on Nov. 28, the club disposing of over 600 first-class birds. The weather was good, with the exception of a high wind blowing directly across the traps, making it a difficult job to stop fast birds within bounds.

Our local club expects to hold a big live-bird shoot, after the holidays, open to the world:

Twenty-five live birds, \$5 entrance, 30yds.:

G O Dering.....	1*21211202222211111*22*-21
H O Anderson.....	2121211122*210*21010202-19
R F Topp vs. R D Rutledge, 50 birds per man, loser to pay for birds and a wine supper:
R F Topp.....	02*0200102212020*2111001-14
R D Rutledge.....	110200912*10*12112010111-16-30
R D Rutledge.....	1*21212102102121021010-19
R D Rutledge.....	12222222012210222211222-22-41

Twenty-five birds, 30yds. rise, \$5 entrance, birds extra, high guns:

G O Dering.....	1*221102211122212102111-21
H O Anderson.....	202120212210222122221210-21
Dr Floor.....	2122020221011000212*01010-15
R D Rutledge.....	12201200*1111200211102202-16
Guy Hosey.....	111110*00211110010000102-14

*Twenty-five birds, 30yds. rise, \$5 entrance, birds extra, two moneys, 60 and 40 per cent.:

G V Dering.....	2121102220202102221222122-21
H O Anderson.....	21201021210212101110*222-19
O M Dering.....	0012*2w
Dr Floor.....	*222100w 02221220202w
P D Durant.....	0010102*0110*200000w
W F Voeg.....	012010211020010w
R D Rutledge.....	2200210112221022w
Guy Hosey.....	12211110*10w
R F Topp.....	10111w

Twenty-five birds, 30yds. rise:

H O Anderson.....	2221202222221110122*21222-22
G V Dering.....	222102220222211222212111-23

Boston Shooting Association.

WELLINGTON, Mass., Dec. 9.—Following are the scores made at shoot held on grounds of Boston Shooting Association, Dec. 7:

Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Targets: 10 15 10 15 10 15 20 10 15 20 10 15 15 15 15 15 15 15 15
Herbert 8 11 7 13 9 10 16 6 11 16 6 13 12 11 9 11 13 14 14
P H 9 8 8 12 5 12 17 8 10 15 6 13 12 9 11 9 13 8 12
Dennison 6 9 5 8 8 8 12 5 9 12 7 11 9 12 9 10 8 7 12
Coffin 6 9 6 9 9 14 14 8 9 15 5 9 9
Le Roy 8 13 6 10 8 12 18 9 12 19 8 12 14 13 13 10 12 11
Horace 8 13 9 12 7 11 15 8 13
Lane 5 7 2 3 5 10 5 3 7 11 3 7
Bond 6 13 8 9 12 9 7
Richards 7 11 15 6 6 13 5 13 10 12 10 13 11 12 11
Ellyson 12 8 7 10 6 12 13 10 13 12 11 9 11
Farmer 14 5 10 14 7 9 4 1 7 6 10 11 10
Puck 14 8 10 15 6 10 11 13 11 10 12 8 13
Rule 17 7 12 10 12 11 13 13 12 11
Frank 15 3 11
Philips 14 6 13
Everett 6 12
Williams 4 9 10
Colson 5 7
Barry 3 12 8 10 5 10 10
Killy 10
Hawkins 10 11
S Wood..... 11 10 12 11 12 9 11
Pebbody 7 7 9 6 6 7 12
Daggett 11 10 10 11 10 9 10

Westmount Gun Club.

MONTREAL, Que., Dec. 9.—There was an enthusiastic gathering of lovers of the gun at the Westmount Gun Club grounds, Montreal, Saturday afternoon, to witness the contests for the individual trophy between Messrs. Galbraith and Hutcheson, and the spoon shoot, open to the members of the club.

The day was clear, keen and sharp, with a head-on wind that made the swiftly thrown targets very uneven in their flight—either skyscrapers or skimmers—like a frightened grouse whirring for its covert.

Mr. Galbraith secured a win on the trophy with a score of 17 against Mr. Hutcheson's 16. Dr. Oliver captured the best spoon with a score of 19 out of 20. Elliott took second prize with 16 broken targets.

In the other events that followed, Mr. Nash smashed 24 out of 25, closely followed by N. P. L., Kennedy, Elliott and James.

Next Saturday Mr. Galbraith has to defend the trophy against Kennedy, and the winner then has to face N. P. L.; then comes Hutcheson, which event will wind up the trophy contests.

Every shooter present used Robin Hood powder, loaded and re-loaded in Robin Hood shells.

STANSTEAD.

Woodlake Gun Club.

WOOD LAKE, Neb., Dec. 5.—The regular weekly shoot of the Wood Lake Gun Club took place on the club's grounds to-day, having been postponed from yesterday on account of a blizzard, which made it impossible to run off the shoot with any degree of comfort.

As usual with postponed shoots, the attendance was not up to standard. However, those who were present had a good time and were treated to some pretty good shooting for beginners, as also an exciting shoot-off for the medal between Le Roy, Leach and Chrysler, the former winning on 5 straight, his opponent accounting for only 3 of his 5. Mrs. W. A. Leach kept score, to the entire satisfaction of all, and Mr. W. A. Leach, in addition to running the traps, made the high score for the day, 22 out of 25, with a run of 14 straight.

Tuesday of each week will be regular shoot day hereafter.

Following are the scores in the event at 25 targets: *W. A. Leach 22, Le Roy Leach 18, W. Chrysler 18, Frank Day 15, Brahmstralt 8.

*Not eligible for medal.

LEACH.

Arizona Sportsmen's Association.

PHOENIX, Ariz.—The following account of the ninth annual tournament of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association was written by the secretary, Mr. W. L. Pinney, and sent to us by him:

Tuesday, Nov. 26.

There was a large attendance of spectators. The quality of the competition was of a high order. Event No. 4, the field medal championship event, was won by J. M. Aitken, of Phoenix, after a hot shoot-off of a tie with Clark, of Phoenix. The individual championship bluerock medal, event No. 6, was won by E. E. McVeagh, with a clean score of 25. The longest straight run during the day was made by Aitken—36. The highest general average of the day, cutting out the field shoot (which does not count in a general average), was carried off by Charles Weber, of Tucson, with an average of a fraction over 91 per cent.; he was closely followed by five or six other shooters, with averages of over 90 per cent. The highest total of the day's shoot, including the field shooting, was made by Clark, of Phoenix—92½ per cent. The general average made by Mr. Seaver, representing the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, of San Francisco, was a fraction of one per cent. under that of Mr. Weber, of Tucson.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Broke.
Targets:	10	15	20	15	20	25	15	20	15	155
Aitken	10	15	18	15	18	22	12	19	13	142
Miller	10	12	17	12	18	20	12	18	15	134
Holmes	8	10	16	15	12	23	15	18	15	132
McVeagh	7	14	19	14	15	25	14	19	15	142
Jones	9	12	19	12	14	21	14	18	12	131
Morin	8	13	18	12	19	21	11	17	12	131
Knoblock	8	11	17	12	15	18	13	18	10	122
Weber	10	15	18	10	18	23	15	19	14	142
McDonald	10	13	20	13	17	22	13	19	14	141
Clark	9	14	19	15	17	21	14	17	14	143
Bebee	7	11	16	10	20	16	13	15	11	119
Seaver	8	14	20	11	18	24	15	17	13	133
Hart	10	10	20	11	16	24	13	17	15	133
Purcell	7	12	13	11	14	15	13	11	11	108
Ronstadt	7	9	17	11	14	15	13	11	11	108
Watkins	8	13	19	13	18	17	13	16	14	131
Davison	7	13	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
Issoglio	6	8	12	11	14	11	11	11	11	108
Hawkins	6	13	13	11	15	24	15	17	13	137
Morrell	10	12	19	13	11	21	14	18	13	137
Jordan	8	14	17	12	15	24	14	18	15	137
Ives	10	14	17	13	19	22	14	18	11	138
Whaley	6	12	15	11	14	20	13	13	11	117
Harrison	8	10	14	11	17	11	11	11	11	108
Bowman	5	10	11	12	17	20	12	18	11	117
Wallace	8	9	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
Valentine	8	8	10	12	8	11	14	15	11	108
Hildreth	8	5	10	12	8	11	14	15	11	108
Carlisle	4	9	11	14	17	11	12	18	11	108
Utting	10	10	14	16	11	11	11	11	11	108
Downs	9	14	16	14	18	24	14	20	13	142
Gwynne	8	15	11	10	16	7	11	7	7	108
J. Graham	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
M. Graham	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
Tanner	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
Kritser	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
McPherson	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	108
Pinney	10	10	14	11	11	11	11	11	11	108

Wednesday, Nov. 27.

The weather was perfect to-day, and the birds were good. Quite a large number of spectators were on hand to witness the sport, and among them were several of the fair sex.

The tie between Holmes and Graham for the individual championship medal will be shot off to-morrow in event No. 3, which was not completed on account of darkness.

Between squads several of the shooters went over and shot bluerocks on the club grounds, and made excellent scores, indicating that high class shooting may be expected to-day at bluerocks.

Event No. 1, 7 live birds, entrance \$3.50; 50, 30 and 20 per cent.:										
Bowman	2221002-6	Purcell	1121220-6							
Aitken	2212011-6	W. Miller	2220200-4							
Holmes	012212-5	Weber	1112201-6							
M. Graham	221222-7	Ronstadt	0102221-5							
J. Graham	2212121-7	Carlisle	2220220-4							
Watkins	2212121-7	McPherson	2111022-5							
Issoglio	221222-6	Seaver	2022222-6							
Knoblock	222222-7	Clark	1122101-6							
Hildreth	022*000-2	C. C. Miller	2011011-5							
Hart	2222220-6	Morin	201021-4							
Jordan	2212122-7	Rebee	1011121-6							
McVeagh	*222102-5	Whaley	1000101-3							
Ives	0101122-5	Fowler	22*1101-5							
McDonald	2020201-4	Bark	1022111-6							
Adamson	1201112-6	Hawkins	1220210-5							
Jones	1001*21-4	Gwynne	202*011-4							

Event No. 2, 15 live birds, individual championship medal event; entrance \$6.50; high gun takes medal, second high gun 25 per cent., third high gun 15 per cent., and fourth high gun 10 per cent. of net purse.										
Bowman	1222201100 w	Fowler	112011212211021-13							
Aitken	12222*12222212-14	Jones	2121222211224*1-14							
Holmes	22221212222122-15	Bebee	210221112200210-11							
M. Graham	20000 w	Issoglio	202202020221221-11							
J. Graham	21221222122222-15	Watkins	2*22222*2222222-14							
W. Miller	222*2220*222* w	Hawkins	20000 w							
Morin	2*11111100210 w	Whaley	*1000 w							
Ives	12211111011121-15	McPherson	*01000 w							
Adamson	21120*111*1120 w	Hildreth	0120020 w							
Knoblock	02 022* w	McDonald	211*0010 w							
Purcell	0212210221200 w	Davidson	112120102112202-12							
Ronstadt	200212222*122* w	Gwynne	*011120* w							
Hart	22021*222200 w	Carlisle	22022220222222-13							
Weber	21212012102201-12	Clark	101210200 w							
Jordan	1122222222020121-13									

Event No. 3, 12 live birds, McVeagh handicap; entrance \$5:										
Hart, 28.....	2*12221222*2-10	McDonald, 28.....	10111111* w							
Purcell, 28.....	2*2222*0 w	Ronstadt, 27.....	22221222020* - 9							
Aitken, 30.....	*01 w	Watkins, 28.....	2221102111* -10							
Adamson, 28.....	2*1221212111-11	Shaw, 27.....	0*0001 w							
Gwynne, 27.....	011201* w	Utting, 26.....	12102*0 w							
Holmes, 31.....	222222121112-12	Knoblock, 27.....	*22222200 w							
J. Graham, 31.....	22201220100 w	Jones, 30.....	22211111222* -11							
M. Graham, 28.....	211212211211-11	Weber, 29.....	211222222210-11							
Bark, 28.....	121110221221-12	Downs, 29.....	211222222221-11							
McPherson, 28.....	*1210 w	Bebee, 28.....	202110221220- 9							
Jordan, 30.....	121221112001-10	Ives, 29.....	202221201 w							
Wilson, 26.....	222220122012-10	Fowler, 28.....	111211120110-10							
Harrison, 27.....	1200211* w	Tanner, 26.....	11111111212-12							
Carlisle, 28.....	20211202200 - 8	Issoglio, 27.....	221212110212-11							
Kritser, 26.....	2221100* w	Morin, 28.....	220121210 w							
Clark, 29.....	212111222212-12	McVeagh, 32.....	222222222222-12							

In the regular bluerock events for yesterday the scores were as follows:										
Events:	12	13	14	15	16					
Targets:	15	20	15	25	15	20				
Miller	13	16	14	24	12	18				
Morin	15	19	15	25	15	18				
Watkins	13	18	14	20	14	16				
Knoblock	11	19	12	22	12	20				
Issoglio	8	16	9	11	11	11				
Hawkins	13	17	13	23	12	18				
Ives	15	17	12	23	14	16				
McVeagh	15	20	13	23	15	18				
Seaver	14	19	13	21	14	20				
Jordan	13	16	13	21	14	16				
Whaley	1	15	12	16	9	16				
Jones	12	16	13	17	15	16				
McDonald	13	19	15	21	13	17				
Shaw	12	12	8	4	11	11				
Purcell	7	8	12	14	12	13				
Holmes	15	19	14	22	13	19				
Adamson	13	17	13	21	14	18				
J. Graham	11	11	11	11	11	11				

In the shoot for the \$400 diamond medal, the four-man team event, No. 15, 50 targets per man, the scores were as follows:										
Jerome Gun Club Team.										
Knoblock	44	Clark	46							
Miller	43	J. Graham	42							
Hawkins	47	Tanner	35							
Jordan	48-182	Aitken	48-169							
Bisbee Gun Club Team.		Bluerock G. C. Team, Tucson.								
Adamson	48	McVeagh	48							
Ives	48	Weber	40							
Jones	44	Wilson	30							
Downs	43-189	Hart	40-158							

In event No. 19, the two-man team shoot, 25 targets per man, entrance \$5 per team, the following scores were made:										
Clark	21	M. Graham	19-35							
Kritser	20-41	Weber	24							
Hart	21	Ronstadt	12-36							
Wilson	17-38	Watkins	25							
Hawkins	22	McPherson	16-41							
Issoglio	19-41	Bebee	20							
Aitken	24	Ives	20-40							
Carlisle	16-40	Purcell	17							
Shaw	16	McVeagh	22-39							
Downs	21-37	Morin	23							
Jones	22	Fowler	15-38							
Gwynne	13-40	Harrison	23							
Whaley	21	Morrell	18-41							
Adamson	22-43	McDonald	22							
Holmes	16	Bowman	11-33							

The members of the Phoenix Gun Club in the evening gave to the members of the Arizona Sportsmen's Association a most enjoyable banquet, noted for good-fellowship, an excellent menu and an all-round good time. The banquet was spread in the Hotel Adams' banquet room, and the tables were most beautifully decorated.

After the banquet there was a business meeting of the Association, at which it was decided to hold the next tournament at Bisbee. New officers were elected as follows: President, W. H. Adamson; Secretary, Toney Downs; Treasurer, Walter Bowman, all of the Bisbee Club.

The chair was instructed to appoint one member of each club taking part in the tournament to serve as vice-presidents, the whole number to form a board of control to decide questions not provided for in the by-laws. The appointments were Geo. Davison, Bisbee; A. J. Knoblock, Jerome; J. H. Holmes, Kingman; J. M. Aitken, Phoenix; M. E. Morin, Prescott; E. E. McVeagh, Tucson; Wm. H. Seaver, San Francisco.

Thursday, Nov. 28.

Early in the morning the live-bird programme of the day before was being completed in the park, the bluerock events of the day's programme were being shot outside, at the club's grounds. Large numbers of spectators were at each place, which increased in the afternoon at the target events, the live-bird event being completed before noon. Records were broken all along the line. In the medal events at bluerocks the winners made higher scores than ever before made in these events, and in the four-man team shoot all the teams but one scored higher than any team had ever done before in Arizona, the previous high record being in 1897, 163, made by the Tucson Club, at Prescott.

The star shooting of the day was done by Morin, of Prescott, who ran 85 straight targets without a miss, and out of the 135 shot at during the day scored but four misses.

One of the most pleasing features of the day was a purse of \$100, donated by the citizens of Phoenix, to be added to the purses, which greatly increased the interest in the events of the closing day. Mr. James Bark was instrumental in securing this donation.

The visiting members are loud in their praises of the treatment they received at the hands of the local gun club, lunch being served free on the grounds all during each day, and of the elegant banquet at the Hotel Adams, Wednesday night.

The ties in the McVeagh handicap live-bird event will probably be shot off this afternoon, if enough birds can be secured.

Friday, Nov. 29.

At 10

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 25.
{ No. 846 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

FOREST AND STREAM CHRISTMAS NUMBER

The Christmas Number of Forest and Stream will be the next one, December 28th. As with the Christmas Numbers of other years, the one for 1901 will contain a real store of good reading. This is the list of sketches and stories:

In Lusty Manhood. *Charles Hallock.*

Selling the Bear's Hide. *Chas. S. Davison.*

A Man o' the Woods. *Fayette Durlin.*

Sea Rack. *William Edward Aitken.*

Casey's Wildcat. *Francis Moonan.*

The Tale of Lualu's Hunt. *Llewella Pierce Churchill.*

Luck with a Meat Gun. *Ransacker.*

Faithful Fido. *M. W. Montgomery.*

* * If you get the paper from a newsdealer you should take the precaution to order in advance.

LONG-RANGE RIFLE SHOOTING.

IN our rifle columns to-day is the story of a most notable reunion. The victors of that series of rifle victories in '74-'77, which placed America as the champion of champions in the rifle world, gathered to talk over old times, rejoice once more in the throb of triumph, name with words of regret the few who had dropped from the ranks, and display with pride the medals which had meant so much in the getting. But there was a special reason which had led Col. Leslie C. Bruce to bestir himself in organizing the gathering. When these men parted company over two decades ago, rifle shooting of the highest type fell into desuetude, naturally perhaps, as there were no more victories to win, and the spur of competition was wanting to urge them to continue their effort. A new generation has come to the front, and the newcomers have failed to uphold the prestige of victory which Creedmoor had established. This was more than old-timers could quietly permit, and they met not only in sociable enjoyment, but to institute such measures as should redeem American rifle shooting from its present second-rate position.

The teams which went down before the Canadians and the Irishmen in the contest at Sea Girt during the past summer have much to excuse them. They met seasoned veterans of the butts, and they were handicapped in the way of arms to a degree which would have disheartened any contestant. The task now is to wipe out those defeats in still more signal victories, and it was to revive the old-time Amateur Rifle Club and its work that Col. Bruce had in mind when he took upon himself the task of organizing that reunion of Dec. 14, and acting as a very hospitable host.

The veterans can do no better service than to start those whose task it will be to redeem American shooting prestige in the exact groove followed in the 70's. The new club must be amateur, and it must be civilian. The man with the biggest title and its accompanying extra quantity of gold lace does not thereby and therefore have the most knowledge of rifle shooting or make the best rifle shot. He is more likely to be at a disadvantage because he is not free in his judgment to the merit of certain rifles. The old rule of the survival of the fittest must prevail, and the question of the fittest can only be determined by the proportion of bullseyes. Now, as

before, it will be the certain shot, utterly untrammelled, who will work out results which the professional military workman must adopt. It was so when Creedmoor opened in 1873. The scores then made by amateur marksmen, who had not even taken on the dignity of privates, shamed the entire National Guard of the Union into a practical use of the arms which had before only done service in making parades a bit more glittering, and then the Regulars reluctantly followed suit and learned in the field before the butts, the limits to the efficiency of the old Springfield rifles.

So much for history, and to-day the situation is ripe for its repetition. Now, as then, the task is to fix the highest limits to the possibility of the current arm. Then it was the breechloader against the muzzleloader. Black powder and large calibers, with high trajectories and moderate ranges were the data to be worked upon. The rifle of to-day is of .30 caliber, and it must use a smokeless powder cartridge. This means a higher velocity with lower trajectory and much greater range. It is far from satisfactory now. Against all the claims of the makers of smokeless powder cartridges, the rifleman who undertakes to make high scores at 1,000 yards will find that "unaccountables" will creep into his score. This means that he gets misses where his holding and his trained judgment of wind tells him he should have a bullseye. It was the task of the old group of long-range men to eliminate the "unaccountable" from the arm then in use. It must be done again with the arm of to-day. It must not only be done at 1,000 yards, but at 2,000 yards, as the high-power weapon now assures us is entirely feasible. The material of to-day is different, but the successful method of the past will hold, and now as then, victory in a very pleasant and healthful sport will come, and in its train an impetus to our soldiers, both regular and volunteer, which is even more needful to-day than at any previous time.

Any organization which the old-time riflemen may form is sure to be one which any young rifleman may be proud to join, and there is no reason to doubt that the series of well-won victories of the closing quarter of the last century may be gloriously duplicated in the opening years of this.

Among the distinguished victims of shooting accidents was Wm. E. Gladstone, who in 1842 lost the forefinger of his left hand by an explosion of his gun. The fact has come to public attention anew because of a question as to realism in art, which has been raised by a critic of the new Gladstone statue at Manchester, in which the sculptor has restored the finger. The critic expresses the opinion that the artist should have been true to the fact, and that the bronze Gladstone represented as delivering a speech should be the maimed Gladstone without the forefinger. It is a delicate question of which much might be said on both sides. Where the maiming is so considerable as to become a characteristic associated with the personage in the popular mind, the true art unquestionably is to perpetuate the fact in statue or painting. Thus the several effigies of old Peter Stuyvesant which decorate, if they do not adorn, Manhattan Island, show the wooden leg which helped to make him such a picturesque figure in New Amsterdam. It is not so clear that the lesser maimings, so insignificant, for instance, as the loss of a finger, should be perpetuated in art. If the sculptural realists shall have their way, however, and insist upon showing us in bronze as the chance explosion of a gun in the field or the act of a fellow shooter may leave us maimed or dismembered, those of us who are elected to be cast in bronze by our grateful country would do well to forego the shotgun and the rifle.

Setting aside the well-worn and by this time deadly dull jokes on antidotes for the bites of venomous snakes, the subject of poisoning by snakes has always been an interesting one, and a vast deal of serious work has been done to discover some remedy which should be a specific in the case of a wound from the fang of a venomous snake. Many remedies have been suggested by different investigators, but it may be questioned whether any of them have proved generally effective.

One of the latest of these remedies is antivenene, discovered by Dr. Calmette, and a recent issue of the London Lancet contains an extract from a report by a medical

officer on an Indian railway line, which gives strong testimony as to its value. The quotation is as follows:

"On the night of the 23d [of August] I was called to see a coolie woman who had been bitten by a large snake, supposed to be a cobra. She was said to have been bitten about 7 P. M., and I did not see her till two hours later. She was then practically moribund, the throat paralyzed and consciousness completely lost. All the symptoms of poisoning by colubrine venom were well marked. I injected a full dose of Dr. Calmette's antivenene, but was not sanguine as to the result, the patient's condition being apparently hopeless. The effect of the remedy was marvelous; consciousness returned in fifteen minutes, and I was so encouraged by the result of the first injection that I decided to give another dose of the serum. It acted like magic, and within three hours of the first injection the patient was well."

The protest of our correspondent prompted by the sight of long freight trains loaded with Christmas trees is well taken. Spruces, firs and other trees are cut down by the hundreds of thousands annually for use as Christmas trees. Vast tracts of young forest growth are wiped out, and the devastation of these areas is such as cannot be repaired for many years to come. The drain which this makes upon the rapidly lessening forestry resources of our country is most disastrous. The Christmas tree industry, too, is a foolish enterprise on the part of those who supply the trees at first hand, since the ridiculously small prices received can in no measure compensate for the loss of the revenues which would be derived from the same territory were the trees permitted to grow to the proper market size for lumber. There is so much of sentiment attaching to the Christmas tree that he who inveighs against the custom is likely to be as one crying in the wilderness. And yet it may be that with a more intelligent comprehension of what this annual destruction means, some substitute may be found for the wild evergreen, or the trees may be produced in plantations maintained for the purpose. The Christmas tree folly is of a piece with the heedless, thoughtless and improvident squandering of forestry resources in America, and like other abuses it will be corrected as one result of the growth of intelligence in forestry concerns.

He was getting ready for the gold mines, and one morning he appeared at the office with a gigantic six-shooter bulging out of his hip pocket. For the next week he practiced assiduously that part of the manual of arms known as getting the drop. At the most unexpected moments, in the midst of a conversation, or when greeting a friend, he would "pull his gun" and cover the astonished victim. If he ever had occasion at the mines to exercise his proficiency in time of stress we never heard of it, for mining in fact is not always the strenuous life the books make it. If he had been going deer hunting in Maine the case would have been different. To be able to get the drop on the other fellow is a very necessary qualification, without which no man who values his life should venture into the deer woods. The rule is to shoot the other man before he can shoot you. If that rule had been followed in Maine and Minnesota this year a number of hunters now dead would have been alive, and a corresponding number of hunters now alive would be dead.

Complaints are made that the Maine penalty for man-killing in the woods has not sufficed to prevent these casualties. Of course it has not, for no attempt has been made to enforce it by indicting and punishing the man-killers. Before drawing conclusions as to the good of the law, give it a fair test. The effect of punishing offenders would surely be salutary, because it would fasten upon the public intelligence the criminal character of the shooting, and this in some cases at least would insure more caution on the part of hunters.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, who is Chief of the Department of Fish and Game of the St. Louis World's Fair, expresses the opinion that the fair will be an epoch-making exposition, far surpassing anything of the kind of the past, and that the fish and game of this country and of the world will have a more adequate representation than they have been given at any previous exposition. That forestry also will be well represented is a foregone conclusion.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A Tennessee Outing.—I.

THE combined effect of being the proud possessor of a brand new gun and the recipient of a cordial invitation from a friend to take his dog out for him proved too much for the conscious knowledge that my business needed me, and I went hunting.

Among other good things in the section of Tennessee which is the writer's habitat, is an unvarying, beautiful spell of autumn weather, which this year even surpassed itself.

My destination, a small village in Hawkins county, near the marble quarry, from which comes the world-famous "Hawkins county red marble," was twelve miles from the railroad by the report of the most prejudiced and eighteen miles by those of the old inhabitant of the genus africanus, who vowed he spoke from an experience of many years of driving the road.

Jack was the name of my friend's dog, a big, slim, rangy setter, with all sorts of promising points and as kind and gentlemanly a specimen of the dog tribe as I have ever known. From the time I met him first and slapped his flanks until head and tail met in a paroxysm of joy and pulled his long, silky ears, until his kindly brown eyes grew soft with delight of being loved, we were friends.

Settled on the train for our forty-mile ride, I went forward to the baggage car to see that he was safely placed, and not worrying over the confusion incident to a baggage car. As I entered the door the baggage man was slamming down a tremendous trunk within a few inches of the dog's head, with a crash that would have disturbed a terra cotta image, with no other effect than to make Jack open his eyes in mild surprise. Then, finding that he needed the space occupied by the dog, the man, who was either a good reader of canine character or very reckless, coolly picked the big dog up and pitched him upon a pile of trunks four trunks high, where, after one look of wonder at the strong man, the old fellow curled down for a quiet time. Concluding that the dog was an experienced traveler, I returned to my seat in the smoking car with an easy mind.

At the end of our railroad journey we found that as it was mid-afternoon, night would overtake us before we could reach our destination, so settled down for the night in a hotel, I occupying No. 41 front, and Jack the furnace sawdust pile in the basement. I heard him complaining about something that did not entirely suit him at intervals of an hour or more, before "nature's sweet restorer" visited me, but as I had troubles of my own I left him to tell his troubles to the night watchman.

We started on our twelve or eighteen mile drive the next morning at 7:30, and I feel sure that the man who said it was the former distance must have had the same kind of weather to drive in that we had, a clear, bright, frosty day. The air was snappy, the horses full of go, the road firm and tolerably smooth, and the woods fairly riotous in autumn colors.

By 10:30 we were enjoying the hearty welcome that comes so freely and frankly from the native Tennessean, be his domicile a two-room cabin and his pseudonym Uncle Bill, or a two-story mansion and Colonel, sah!

My host, an M.D., was the owner of one of our many famous mineral springs that abound in the eastern part of the State, known as Wright's Epsom Spring, the waters of which had proved such a general specific for all the ills to which flesh is heir, especially those of the stomach and liver, that, discarding the orthodox saddlebags, he had concentrated his efforts to benefit the race by the dissemination of epsom water to the entire satisfaction of his patrons and increased profit to himself.

Greeting me warmly, he ushered me into the sitting room of his big, old-fashioned house, and at once I knew my visit would be a delight, even if the weather should change and birds prove scarce, for half across the end of that most cosy of all rooms, the "sitting" room of a country home, stretched a big, open fireplace, with a glorious wood fire snapping and purring its welcome.

I love poetry and pictures, but would willingly lay aside Shakespeare, Browning or Swinburne, and turn from Rembrandt, Van Dyke or Bonheur to look upon a glorious combination of poetry and picture such as is seen in the open wood fire—ever changing, always beautiful, fitting every mood known to man; a joy in happiness, a consolation in sorrow, literally "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The good lady of the house had, with the spirit of self-sacrifice incident to a devoted mother, left her pleasant home and gone to live in town for the school term, to be near and care for the young folks of the household while they pursued the devious way that now leads up to a diplomat; but she had left a most capable substitute, as fully demonstrated when the lady in charge of my friend's house invited us in to dinner shortly after I had gotten brushed up and thawed out.

During the dinner hour the Doctor told me, as I already knew, that he was not a sportsman, but that he had located the nearby coveys of birds, and secured me the necessary permission to shoot on adjoining lands, and when business permitted would go with me occasionally on short trips, as general factotum and appreciative audience. He also assured me that the best information he could obtain indicated that birds were very plentiful; but as there had been no heavy rains since frost had set in, the cover was very heavy and weed pollen almost too much for any dog to do good work, in both of which surmises I found him entirely correct.

Immediately after dinner I got into my shooting clothes, unchained Jack, and sallied forth, accompanied by the Doctor, who agreed to go far enough to give me the lay of the land for my first try at the birds. It was very necessary that I keep on the lands covered by the permits granted the Doctor for me, as the Legislature of Tennessee, unlike the legislative bodies of other States, which may be guilty of unwise or unnecessary acts, is never known to pass any act that can possibly be criticised, as witnessed by the act regulating the going on the lands of another for the purpose of hunting, which it

solemnly declares can only be lawfully done when the sportsman is armed, in addition to the usual equipment, with "the written permission of the owner of the lands."

Jack had a wire edge on that bid fair to make our first outing only a steam letting. Fences, ditches, fallen trees and everything that came in his way he jumped, or tried to, and ran himself at a gait and to a degree that in another dog would have speedily resulted in utter exhaustion; but Jack was not another dog; he was *the* dog. Many a good and true dog have I shot over, but none of them ever was wont to cover as much ground and so thoroughly as this same dear old, gentle, rangy Jack.

We were a pair, that first afternoon out, and though I could not keep the pace that the dog set, I was in perfect sympathy with him, and occasionally cut a bit of a caper.

We crossed a meadow where hay had been gathered, cut off the corner of a field sowed in wheat, and were working up a fence line, where the fence had been mostly removed, leaving the bushes and briars that had grown in the corners, when we first found game. It was a rabbit, ordinary in size, when it came bobbing down toward me from where Jack had jumped it, but a tremendous big fellow before I succeeded in bestowing it upon a grateful little son of Ham, after carrying it a mile or more. I rarely can resist a rabbit, and this one, crowding right down on me—with all my wire edge on and the good dog standing like the renowned idol of the Confederacy, only up on tiptoe, craning his neck to see over a slight elevation that was between us—quickly went the way of all his kind that fool around a tenderfoot from town when he has a gun.

Soon thereafter we worked into a field with occasional patches of sedge grass, and without any preliminary skirmishing down went old Jack to a steady point, and with a "Yea-up! Steady, boy!" I closed in on him, when, with a quick, apologetic glance around from under his right ear, he admitted that he had been a bit hasty, and though close on feathers, did not have the real thing. It was meadowlarks, and they rose nicely, and were a sore temptation to the new gun, but as I was off for several days, and had no excuse for getting in all possible shooting, even not considering that the lark is not only pretty but a sweet singer, I dropped the gun back on my shoulder, and bid the dog, "Try again."

We found our first covey in a cornfield, or, rather, in a dense thicket growing in and around a large sink hole in the middle of the field. The corn was thick and high, and grew right up to the edge of the thicket, and when the dog did not return to report for three or four minutes I knew he had found birds, and started off to hunt him. Round and round, back and forth, I tramped in that jungle for ten minutes, and finally walked into the covey of birds in the edge of the thicket without having seen the dog, which had become exhausted and lain down on his point. They were big, strong-flying birds, and dashed through the trees like pheasants, across to the other side of the thicket.

I should have been facetiously hilarious at the expense of a friend who stood where I did, and tried, with the right and then the left, to stop one of those brown rockets without disturbing a feather, and could have told him exactly wherein he had miscalculated; but, with the best of opportunities, I have as yet failed to figure out any cause or excuse for either the one or the other miss that I then scored, except the cold fact that I did not hold on the birds. Jack was disappointed, and plainly told me so, and almost caused an unpleasantness by insisting upon looking for a "dead bird" that was not to be found. He finally allowed himself to be persuaded to join me in a forward movement to try again, and with the thought that I had better arrange to borrow my next dog from a man who did not teach his dog that a bird was to be found dead every time he fired a shot, we resumed our hunt.

The first point the dog made, when we found the birds again, was a single, which flew straight down between the tall rows of corn, making the shot like rolling a ball down a tenpin alley; but the old fellow was not hypercritical, and when he gave up the bird and received his welcome pat on the head, his congratulatory antics were as sincere as though I had made a really difficult shot.

The next find was three birds, which flushed all together. The first one flew low and was lost in the thick corn before I could hold on it, turning half way round. I tried the second, with the same result; and wheeling entirely around I killed the third bird, that had risen above the corn—a long and difficult shot.

By the hardest kind of work we routed out three more birds from the corn jungle, one of which we only heard, one we only scared and one we only feathered; then, concluding that open country, with fewer birds, would give better average results, we made for the nearest fence.

The next field hunted was a level stretch, from which hay had been cut, and which had been left undisturbed in several places, where the weeds were in the majority. Several larks flushed as we got well out in the hay stubble, and at last the dog came down to a fine point off to my left.

Supposing it to be another lark, I walked down on him, directly in his face, not taking the trouble to properly round and come up from the rear, and just as I closed in on him, thinking that I would give the lark a start of 50 yards and then try a long shot, a fine covey of quail burst out of the grass immediately in front of the dog and between us, and flying directly in my face, divided over my shoulders, right and left, and flew straight as a gun barrel on over the open field. Of course even such an unexpected event could not disturb the equanimity of a veteran, and so of course I coolly turned on my heel, selected a bird, killed it with the right barrel, then quickly but coolly selected two that were in line and killed them both with the second barrel.

No, I can't say that it happened exactly that way, but it seemed to me that it might have, as I stood looking at that splendid covey of birds, holding my empty gun, both barrels of which I had fired in a fine frenzy of excitement before the birds had gone 50 feet past me and without ruffling a feather.

How many kinds of fools I called myself in the next few minutes I cannot now recall, but it was several.

But Jack, the kind, considerate, gentle old fellow, was

positively rude. He searched the ground over and over for dead birds, and then came and insisted on an explanation, refusing to allow me to pet him and change the subject. Finally, after repeatedly and thoroughly hunting out the ground, and assuring himself beyond the shadow of a doubt that I had let the entire covey get away, he went to the extreme end of the field and absented himself longer from me than he had done at any one time since we started.

The birds had gone into a cornfield, but as the corn had been gathered it was a very fair field to shoot in so I concluded that there was yet a chance for me to redeem myself. Resting on the fence until Jack worked off his fit of indignation, I called him to me, and petted him until we mutually agreed to forget, and then at it we went again.

The field had a slight elevation about midway, and here the dog caught scent, and after a half dozen cautious steps, was down on a point by a shack of corn.

With the ground sloping away slightly in all directions, and the corn shacks low enough to be out of the way, it was an ideal place to shoot, and there was no excuse for any man who pretended to shoot missing more than an occasional bird, and I knew it. The first flush was a pair, and they fell within 20 feet of each other, clean killed. Then a single bird, which showed ragged at the first barrel and was fairly stopped with the second. Another pair offered next, only one of which was considerate enough to stop. Then a single was missed with both barrels, but before the smoke had cleared away another double was made that proved ample consolation. Three more birds were brought to bag with five more shots, and then, as the survivors were scattered, Jack and I shook hands and agreed to call it a day. A native asked me, "how many birds?" as I dropped from the fence into the road, and I had to admit that I did not know, but well I did know that, although my game pockets were not entirely filled, I had a full sense of entire satisfaction with my afternoon.

The wood fire shot a warm red welcome light from every window as I approached the house, and after a hearty supper and a pleasant evening with the genial Doctor, I turned in, with the fervent wish that the morrow might be bright and clear.

LEWIS HOPKINS.

Lost in the Bush.

A GOOD many years ago I was on the station of Saltbush Park in Queensland, Australia, breaking wild horses to ride. When forty or fifty had been partially tamed and were somewhat used to being guided by an intelligence and a will stronger than their own, it was the practice of Mr. C. J. Harden, the manager, to drive them to Rockhampton, about 250 miles distant, where they met with a ready sale. He usually took me with him.

On one trip, of which I am to write, Harden was detained in town by some business, so he told me to return alone. Just as I was starting he said to me: "We have not seen the Diamond mare's mob [Australian for band] for some time. I wish you would hunt them up when you get back." When within three or four miles of Saltbush, I thought I could see a gray animal across Funnel Creek. This creek ran parallel to the road for about the last six miles, and was about a half-mile from it. Like all Australian creeks and rivers, in Queensland at any rate, it was dry except during the rainy season, when it became a foaming torrent. In places the water stood in holes, some small and shallow, and others from one-quarter to one-half mile in length, and several feet deep. All along the banks of these creeks grow mighty gum trees, with she-oak fig trees, etc., so that it is almost impossible at a short distance to distinguish anything on the other side.

Funnel Creek has very steep banks, so on arriving at the top of the bank next to me I carefully looked around on the other side. Our nearest neighbors lived thirty miles away, and sometimes we did not see a strange face for a month. Imagine, therefore, if you can, what a terrible start I gave when I heard a human groan from the bottom of the creek.

Thoroughly scared, I looked down, and there I saw a man lying extended on the sandy bottom, bare-headed and evidently in a bad way. Recovering my wits somewhat, I tied my horse to a bush and descended the steep bank. On reaching the bottom I walked up to the prostrate figure and said, "Hello, mate! What's the matter?" Not receiving any answer, I raised the limp body to a sitting position, and could then see that the unfortunate man was perishing of thirst, for his tongue protruded from his mouth, and resembled a piece of dried bologna sausage.

Dragging him gently to the side of the creek, I placed his back against the bank in a shady place, and then hastily climbed up to where I had left my horse to get a tin pannikin off my saddle. Having secured this, I hastened down the bank and went up the creek a few hundred yards to where I knew there was a water hole.

Turning the vessel bottom upward and baring my arm, I thrust it down under the water and then reversing it I brought it up quickly. Though young and inexperienced, I knew it would be fatal to allow him to drink much at one time, so I continually moistened his tongue, and wetting my handkerchief tied it round his head. At the end of a couple of hours the man was much revived, so with incredible difficulty I succeeded in getting him up the bank and placing him on my horse. I was a slightly built young fellow in those days, and I have never been able to understand how I was enabled to perform a feat requiring so much strength. Luckily, my horse was gentle, because all my strength was required to hold the man on the animal. After a walk of what seemed to be many hours, but probably was not much more than one, we reached Saltbush Station. I gave him food and milk in small quantities and at short intervals. Toward evening he was sufficiently recovered to talk, incoherently it is true, but little by little I gathered the following story: His name was Dick Turner, and he had been a shepherd at Grosvenor Downs for over two years. Wishing to go to Cardowan, which was eighty miles away by road, in an evil hour he had been persuaded to strike across the bush, having been told he could cut off thirty miles, with the inevitable result that by nightfall he had lost all bearings.

Dick Turner well knew what this meant in the Australian bush; indeed, when herding his sheep he had once found the bleached skeleton of an unfortunate man, who had evidently perished in this way. I have learned from experience that when you are lost you become so demoralized that you cannot recognize places with which you have been familiar for years. For some days—Turner never knew how many—he had wearily dragged himself along, frequently startled at coming across human tracks, which, however, on examination turned out to be his own, thus proving that he was moving in a circle. Finally, with the conviction that his case was hopeless, suffering from hunger and thirst, wandering aimlessly under a tropical sun, in his desperation he threw away first his swag, or bundle of clothes rolled in his blankets, and then from time to time he parted with everything but the clothes he wore, not even reserving his money or even his hat.

After this all was a blank until he recovered from the sunstroke he was suffering from when I found him. In about ten days he was well enough to resume his journey, so giving him one of my hats I put him in a cart and drove him to the crossing of the Connor's River, where many teams passed daily hauling copper ore from the Peak Downs to the seaport of Broudsound. Having arranged for his transfer to Broudsound, I parted from him, and I never saw or heard of him again.

Truth is stranger than fiction. Many a time when I have been musing alone on the strangeness of many things that are always happening around us, I have recalled upon what a very slender thread Dick Turner's chances of being rescued from a horrible death had hung.

If it had not been for the few chance words Harden had spoken about the Diamond mare, the man undoubtedly would have perished, and his bones might have been swept into oblivion by the next flood, thus adding one more victim to the many thousands who are continually being lost in the bush. E. CAVAN DANCE.

Ancient Pines.

I WAS greatly interested in Mr. Whitaker's tour through the Adirondacks, so well described in the current issue of *FOREST AND STREAM*. It certainly brought back to me many incidents in connection with my first trip through the Maine wilderness years ago, particularly my visit to Bald Mountain on the shores of Moixe Pond, above the forks of the Kennebec.

We were homeward bound, and as we came down Moxie we pulled our boat upon the beach and decided to tramp up the mountain and enjoy a view of the surrounding country, clothed in a garment of many colors dyed by the hand of Jack Frost.

Almost at the water's edge we encountered great pines, some of them three feet and over in diameter. Under our feet the moss was compressed until we almost sank knee deep in the vegetation. Climbing over great moss-covered windfalls, the dead and rotten wood crumbled under our weight. I never had a forest impress me with its "primevality," if I can so use the term, as did this particular spot. The smooth moss carpet and the gigantic moss-lined pines showed no sign that the man with an axe had been there before us. Those great trees stood tall and straight, until their meeting branches high up overhead gave one the idea of a succession of lofty cathedral aisles and arches.

Many of those trees no doubt could show rings, three hundred and over, were the cross-cut saw laid against them and their innermost recesses bared.

I talked with an old timber cruiser once on the age of pine trees and their reproduction, and he related an incident in connection with the age of the pine, which occurred up near Lake Itasca, in this State. He was passing through a growth of very old pine trees, when his attention was called to a moss-covered mound two feet high. Disturbing the surface with his axe, he found underneath the moss and mold a layer of pitch. Continuing his investigations he found what he called a prehistoric stump, the remnants of a pine tree that was fully three hundred years old when the standing giants around him were mere seedlings. And he argued in this way, that the stump of that particular windfall became covered with sap or pitch, and, thoroughly enveloped in this preserving material, it continued to hold its form long after the tree that had fallen had become food for worms and beetles, and when time had finally turned the great tree into mold and mother earth, yet was the stump there to tell the tale. The cruiser expressed himself unequivocally to the effect that the pitch-encased stump was the surviving link between the present and previous generation of pine trees, the last of the Mohicans. What caused that particular stump to become smothered in pitch he could not tell, but there the remains were pitch-preserved and moss-covered, although the roots had long since rotted away and severed their connection with the stump above ground.

From Itasca to Moxie is a big jump, but we must hurry back and finish our story. Before we had tramped a great while we began to get into a more sparse growth, especially as the slope of the mountain increased. In our path was a gigantic white birch, the bark on which had burst its fastenings and stood out in curly clusters to the very top of the tree.

Our guide, taking a match from his pocket, struck it and ignited the fluffy birch bark, when, with the roar of a hundred furnaces, the flames encircled the tree and mounted heavenward, I imagine, much like an oil well gusher afire. I thought it a very dangerous experiment at the time, but the guide laughed at our fears and scouted the idea of a forest fire starting from such a beginning. We finally reached the granite formation, and in due course reached the top of the mountain, which proved to be a great, flat, granite surface, acres in extent, covered with a thick mold, upon which the blueberry bushes thrived as I have seen them thrive nowhere else. It was seasonable for the berries, and without stepping out of one's tracks, after taking a favorable position, we could reach out and eat one's fill of the blue, sweet fruit. We saw bear tracks and realized that the black bears knew where the good things grew.

It was about noon when we reached the summit, and the view we enjoyed was something long to be remembered. The maples were abundantly in evidence, their

intense scarlet hues brightening up the entire woodland and contrasting with the deep, dark green of the pines. The landscape on all sides was dotted with little lakes, which glistened like so many jewels in the bright sunlight. It was scenery one hated to leave, and which failed to tire the eye.

It was many years ago, but those great, mossy, silent pine giants growing out of that moss-carpeted earth left an impress on my mind I never will forget. I can imagine the moose and deer wending their way at dusk through those silent sylvan avenues on their way to the lake to drink, and envy them their surroundings. I have often wondered if by this time the axe and saw had found my old friends and laid them low. Who of the readers of the *FOREST AND STREAM* having lately been over that particular ground can tell me?

CHAS. CRISTADORO.

John Burroughs.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On the other side of the Hudson River, a few miles above this city, there lives in a little rustic house built by himself, a man whose name is a household word throughout this entire country. He is loved not only because his books have brought sweetness and sunshine to many households, but because of the infinite charm which he throws around everything in nature, in which he so delights to study and reveal.

Some few years ago it was my privilege and pleasure to have him join me on a trip for a few days to the lodge at Balsam Lake, situated some 2,500 feet above tide water in the Catskills, where we met a number of genial friends.

On the first day after our arrival we contented ourselves with fishing in the lake, but on the next day we followed a path which had been opened to the top of Balsam Mountain, nearly 4,000 feet high, and on this trip we were charmed by the wonderful knowledge of Mr. Burroughs.

There were flowers in our path and in the woods which we had never noticed, but he, with his wonderful knowledge of botany, discovered them and made them memorable forever; the sound of every insect was familiar to him, and he gave its name and he revealed to us their nature, and there was not a bird which he could not call by name—we never knew before the wealth of the flora and fauna in these mountains.

Just below the crest of the mountain there is a spring, from which flows a stream which empties into Balsam Lake, and which has a temperature of 44 degrees the year round.

On the crest of the mountain we had an observatory some 30 feet high, and from that Mr. Burroughs, with a field glass, could see toward the northwest the old farmhouse, some twenty-five miles distant, where he was born, and where he spent his boyhood days, and where he learned to know and love all that is beautiful in nature.

It is hardly necessary to say that there is no charm in a trip to the woods or mountains equal to that of delightful companionship, and this trip with Mr. Burroughs was one of the most delightful of my life.

It was my privilege a year or two ago to stand near the old farmhouse where he was born, and from there look up to the observatory where we had stood a few years before—and as I stood in the deep valley extending northerly from Roxbury, with mountains rising on either side, with their luxurious growth of trees and foliage, and learned how they had teemed with deer and birds and flowers when Mr. Burroughs was young, I learned whence came the mantle which he has worn so gracefully for many years, and which will never fall upon the shoulders of another. J. S. V. C.

DEC. 9.

A Walk Down South.—IX.

I LEFT the cheerful farmhouse of White, the foreman bricklayer, on Monday morning, Nov. 13. William White hoisted my pack to the top of a high load of corn fodder. I followed the basket to the top of the load, and on the crackling leaves and stalks ten or eleven feet above the road, settled for a ride almost to Tyrone. One of the streaks of luck which a pedestrian meets with had given me a ride of more than five miles.

It was a chilly morning, with a threatening sky. It seemed about to rain, but the ride was not rendered uncomfortable. One sinks into the load on a corn rack, and the wind does not find its way through the flying ribbons readily. In fact, the rounded top seemed to throw the breeze over one's body, it striking the face merely. The wind, it may be mentioned, does not chill a face on which the beard has been permitted to grow so much as it does a smooth-shaven face. The discomfort of a skin-tight shave on a cold morning, when every breath strikes the chin like the blast from a furnace, and the cold air comes like the wind from melting snow in the spring, is too great for the good appearance does.

The road past Bald Eagle (Olivia P. O.), to Vail and Tyrone along which I rode on the corn fodder looked to be as level and good as any that I had seen. In places a "regular railroad embankment" had been made, and on a wheel it must be delightful riding. On the corn it certainly was. The load swayed and tossed in a way that made me gasp at times, and I watched the driver to see if he was getting ready to jump from an upsetting load. He made no sign. It was the usual tilting and rolling of such wagons, apparently. That it was not at all severe I soon discovered by lining the pole with the tongue of the wagon. What seemed to be feet was only a sway of inches. What must it be on almost equally high loads of hemlock bark which have to go along rough hill roads, with mud holes hub deep and rocks axle high, with the swag of 4,500 pounds instead of that of a thousand?

Quail are spreading up and down the Bald Eagle Valley from the Nittany Club preserve, and some hunters say the pheasants and wild turkeys are increasing slowly. Rabbits are very plentiful everywhere that they can find shelter. They are stupid little beasts, and easily confused by things new to their experience.

At the east end of Tyrone I slid down from the load, caught my pack and succeeded in swinging it to my

shoulders, there being no convenient rest for it till the straps were adjusted. It began to sprinkle slightly as I waved good bye to White. Two boys down the road asked "What luck?" and I replied "Good," but it was not in the sense they meant, as I knew, so that was a sort of lie, and just the kind a hunter must often take refuge behind.

In Tyrone I heard of other pedestrians. A pair went through there a couple of years ago who had "wagered" that they could walk to Arizona from New York in sixty days. It was said that this couldn't be done; the walkers, however, winked, and said, in effect, that there was more than one way to skin a cat.

I searched Tyrone for maps of Maryland and West Virginia, but could find none. "Nobody would ask for them once in ten years," it was said. There was a hard shower that wet the store sidewalks, which I missed. There were five stores, in the windows of which guns were prominently displayed, that I noticed. Hunters are plentiful thereabouts.

From Tyrone to Bellwood is seven miles of picturesque roadway, but of the kind which must be seen. Two killdeer plover were in a marshy place half a mile short of the bridge over the creek. At the creek a Jew peddler with a horse and wagon pulled up his rig and demanded to know where I was going. I told him with meekness. "Where ye from?" he snapped. I told him I'd just come through Tyrone.

"What ye sellin'?" was his next burst.

"What ye take me for?" I ripped out, "a measly peddler—you ought to be able to tell I don't belong to that kind of a gang."

His round, dark face and heavy, flattish nose worked independently for a moment and then his manner was modified. We talked for some time good-naturedly about roads, distances and weathers.

"Ef I was going your way I would gif you a ride," he said, as he started away, and I told him I was just as much obliged.

At Bellwood I found my way to the trolley track and waited for the car to come. The trolley runs from Bellwood to Altoona, seven miles away. Then another line takes one into Hollidaysburg, seven miles further still. So far I had seen my route from Beech Creek, but beyond that there was a route to select, usually a task of some little trouble.

The ride into Hollidaysburg was not so pleasant as one might suppose. The car traveled too fast—I could not see where I was going. It was nearly dark, too, and there was nothing to be sure of while the car sped on across farms, over a stream, along line fences and past woods dimly seen. I was reminded at one place of the many lines that seek Coney Island from the City Hall, New York. A broad field suggested the flat marsh-like meadows near the sea. After dark lights here and there told of farmhouses or mere suburban residences. At Altoona I stood on a corner suggestive of Brooklyn streets to await the Hollidaysburg car. The rest of the ride I lost, save that I reached Hollidaysburg in no pleasant frame of mind. I was lonesome and homesick.

I rode to the end of the line and went to the hotel, arriving in time for supper. The food was messed on the table and everybody reached and grabbed for it. It was raining, and travel was out of question, so I stopped for the night. My room faced a foundry, and for hours I watched the stacks spouting flame—which cheered me up some. It rained and snowed all the next day. I had caught cold during the night, so I waited over, writing up the diary and letters while half a dozen youngsters or so stood around eating apples or bologna, and making grabs at the string which binds my writing materials. Failing in other amusement and pastime, I studied the hall signs:

Then I watched the snow come down till dark. At mail time I got some letters, and slept many hours that night, awakening in the morning with a chuckle. I was glad, too, of the general grab-off system at the table. I could and did eat a big meal.

It was a cold, raw morning when I got out of doors, with now and then a flake of driven snow in the air. As soon as I could I went to the post office, and then headed for Cumberland under the pack. The road I followed seemed to be bearing too nearly west, but I went half a mile or more before I met any one to ask as to the way. The man was a hunter, who carried a percussion-cap rifle, which was once a flintlock—a highly ornamented weapon. It was charged with shot and smokeless powder—a three-century-in-one arrangement. Back on the hills that morning he saw a couple of gray squirrels, but the "powder didn't work very well."

He pointed my true road to me. It was across a deep valley, but I went to it down a farmhouse lane, over a field and up another farm lane. The high ridge to the east was dusty with snow, and further on, where the road followed a side hill through thin woods, snow buntings joined me for a dozen rods or more, eight or nine of them keeping me company, showing how agile they were among the grape vines and on the underbrush. They answered my whistles and were almost as familiar as chickadees.

The road followed up the valley of Beaver Dam Creek. Above Freedom a farmer with the reddest whiskers I ever saw gave me a ride for four miles, and then his road turned off to the foothills of the Alleghany Mountains, ten miles away.

At King's Post Office, a shot up in the second growth on the right side told of game. A few moments later a large man, rather round and jolly in appearance, came over the fence as I was walking by. He had a single-barreled breachloading gun in one hand and a rabbit in the other. He was the district school teacher.

A couple of miles further on, night began to be felt, so I stopped for a bed in a barn. "Father was away" at the first house, but at the next one I was welcome, even though there was no work I could do for my supper and breakfast. In the morning, after a comfortable night in the hay, I took a picture as some recompense for the trouble I had made and the food I had eaten. About 9 o'clock I started on. It was snowing hard, with large damp flakes. Crows were flying westward overhead at intervals, but otherwise there was no life in sight—even the cows were hidden in the barns. For a couple of hours I met no one, traveling through a good tracking snow, with no tracks in it, save where red squirrels left the split-rail fences to cross the road, as two did. On a bush top there

Natural History

White Buffalo.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In conversation recently with George Bent, an educated half-breed, about sixty years old, who resides on the southern Cheyenne Indian reservation, I learned something interesting about white buffalo and white buffalo robes.

George Bent is a son of Col. William Bent, one of the historic characters of the early West, whose name suggests a host of recollections to any one familiar with the old West or old Western history. His mother was a Cheyenne woman, and he was born near Bent's old fort, which was built on the Arkansas River in the year 1831.

For many years George Bent traded with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, and during these years he met as well many other tribes of Indians who dwelt on the Western prairie. He tells me that in his time he has had five white robes. The first was a robe in which the tips of the hair were white and the base black, giving the effect of a silver gray. This was a five-year-old cow, dressed and finely painted by Crazy Mule, who killed it. His wife dressed it, after having been prayed over and painted by him. Crazy Mule was a medicine man, who was able to remove the tabu which existed among the Cheyenne women against dressing a white robe.

The second robe was that of a three-year-old bull, obtained from Big Wolf. It was white.

He procured the third from Heap o' Birds, whose proper name, I believe, was Many Magpies. This was a three-year-old cow, described as claybank in color—a dark cream.

The fourth robe was that of a two-year-old heifer, dappled gray in color, and obtained from Wolf Man.

The fifth robe was a two-year-old bull, described as a yellowish fawn color, and obtained from Starving Elk.

The Cheyennes regard a white buffalo as something sacred, and it is said that in ancient times if a Cheyenne killed a white buffalo, he left it where it fell, taking nothing from it, and not even putting a knife into it.

They believe that the white buffalo belongs far to the north; that it comes from where—according to tradition—the buffalo originally came out of the ground; and they regard it as the chief of the buffalo.

A great many years ago a war party went up north against the Crows. One day they came to a hill, and when they looked over it they saw before them buffalo in great numbers lying down. Among the buffalo was a cow, perfectly white. When the buffalo got up and went to water, the white cow went too, and it was noticed that none of the other buffalo went very close to her. They were not afraid of her, but they gave her plenty of room, as if they respected her. This made the Cheyennes think more than ever that a white buffalo was a chief among the buffalo.

In recent times the hide of a white buffalo was commonly not made use of, but was sacrificed to the Sun or to the Great Spirit (He amma wihio). This has occurred within forty years; and a story of the sacrifice was told me by Bent, as he once witnessed it. He said, "In 1867 I happened to come into Eagle Chief's camp just after a white buffalo had been killed. The man who had killed it came in with the hide tied on his horse and rode into the center of the camp circle and stopped there and dismounted. He did not take the hide off his horse, but stood there in the center of the circle holding his horse. The Indians began to look through the camp for some one who could take the hide from the horse with the prescribed ceremony. This could be done only by a man who had counted a coup by pulling an enemy off his horse in battle. Presently Left Hand, an Arapaho, came up carrying a stick in his right hand. He stopped by the horse, pointed with the stick toward the direction of the place where he had counted the coup, then told how he had seen a Ute coming, had stepped behind a tree and waited until the Ute rode by him, and then had sprung upon him, pulled him from his horse and killed him with a knife. Then he struck the white buffalo hide with his stick and took it off the horse and placed it on the ground. The man had, of course, brought in no meat, for the carcass of a white buffalo may not be eaten, either by man or woman; it must be left on the ground. If the meat were to be eaten the buffalo might never return to that place again.

"The hide taken from the horse was left on the ground.

"The next day a pole was set in the ground and the white hide was wrapped about it. Before this was done a very large sweat-house was built, and many of the old men went in to take a sweat and pray. Before they went in, women came in crowds, bringing their children and various offerings—calico, beads, moccasins and other things, which were tied to the pole and given to the Sun. Before the hide was folded up to be tied to the pole it was painted on the hair side with indigo blue paint. The folded hide was tied to the pole by an old man who was quite naked, and was painted. While he was tying the hide to the pole he was constantly praying, and over each child brought to him with an offering he prayed, passing his hands over its head, arms and sides, and asking for good luck for it, for long life, health and abundance of everything. Other old men stood about the man who was tying the hide, praying fervently."

Unless they have been specially painted by a medicine man, and prayed over and so absolved from the consequences of a violation of the tabu, the Cheyenne women will not dress a white buffalo hide. The painting is done with red paint above both wrists, both ankles and on the face—a ring over the forehead, down the cheeks and across the chin below the mouth. Some of the hides obtained by Bent were dressed by women who were captives—for example, a Kiowa and a Pawnee woman—who were not bound by Cheyenne customs and Cheyenne fears.

GEO. BIRD GRINNELL.

Canvasback in Rhode Island.

WESTERLY, R. I., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A male canvasback duck was killed here a few days ago, and as such birds are rare visitors here, take pleasure in reporting the same to you.

EDWIN R. LEWIS, Com. of Birds.

Animals and Men.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with interest Mr. George H. Christy's contribution with the caption, "Animals and Men."

Mr. Christy has built up a very elaborate theory concerning the relations of man to the inferior orders of animal life, upon what appears to the writer a very slender foundation.

It is not apparent from Mr. Christy's expressions that he accepts the Darwinian theory of evolution of man from a lower order, though it is not easy to understand how a writer of his evident ability and erudition should have failed to do so. The inference seems to be justified, however, that he rejects Darwinism, which makes it somewhat difficult for the writer to find common ground with Mr. Christy for a discussion of the questions treated by him.

Mr. Christy starts out with the postulate that hostility was the original normal attitude of "primitive man" toward the rest of the animal kingdom, from which status he evolves: "First, domestication; second, friendly relations; third, talkability; and that totemism comes in somewhere later in the evolutionary process."

The assumption of hostility as the normal relation between man and the lower animals is doubtless true. In fact, hostility is the normal relation between all races, classes, and even individuals of the same species, of all animals, including man, wherever interests clash, the one with another. The most magnanimous dog will refuse his bone to a weaker dog, if he wants it himself. Altruism is antipodal to the universal natural law of the survival of the fittest.

This general animal attribute has been subdued in man only to a very limited degree, as a result of ethical necessity, from which has grown what is called the higher moral culture. The thinness of this social veneering upon the man-animal becomes evident in contemplating the still surviving thirst for military glory, a passion that feeds solely upon the blood of fellow men.

The avidity with which stronger nations have always shed the blood of the weaker and helpless, encouraged by the plaudits of even the teachers par excellence of the "higher morality"—the multiplicity and enormous cost of the enginery of war—even the very presence of the elaborate machinery to compel justice between man and man—all attest the still vital principle of mutual hostility pervading all animal existencies.

The "friendly relation" which Mr. Christy deduces from his former stage of "domestication," as between man and beast, is only the friendship that subsists between master and slave, between conqueror and victim.

In the earliest history of man, as such, he slowly emerged above the general plane of mere animalism by the power of superior intellectual development. The immediate agency by which he attained superiority was probably the power of speech, slowly acquired, which enabled him to co-operate with his fellows, and accumulate experience from generation to generation. This, with the aid of missiles and weapons, backed by a higher degree of intelligence, gave him the mastery over all other animals. He proceeded to subjugate those that suited his domestic purposes, and to destroy such of the others as would serve his various needs or threatened his security. This is my own theory.

Mr. Christy assumes that at some remote period in the past, there was a generally prevalent belief among men that beasts could talk in human language, the "talkability" of each being characteristic of the particular beast. I cannot see any warrant for such an assumption, which appears to be based upon such fables and folk-lore tales as have come down to modern times, including certain passages in the Bible.

To my own apprehension nothing seems clearer than that these fables and tales are merely the reflections of the human mind. The fables of Æsop, La Fontaine, and others, appear to be the idle whimsicalities of ingenious writers, the language put into the mouths of beasts and birds being evidently intended to point some moral having reference to human interests.

The African folk-lore, as exemplified in "Uncle Remus," invests every talking beast with the manifest negro characteristics—low cunning, shallow logic, and negro wit.

The citations from the Bible of the serpent talking to Eve, Balaam's ass, and the role assigned to the ravens that fed Elijah, are evidently specialized by miraculous intervention, and have no legitimate place in Mr. Christy's scheme.

Mr. C. seems able to establish all his propositions to his own satisfaction except the origin of "totemism" and the sacredness ascribed to certain animals by barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples.

This would appear to present but little difficulty, and may be accounted for by the belief in metempsychosis that was generally held among primitive tribes, and is still held by many barbarous races. According to this belief the souls of ancestors have transmigrated into certain beasts, birds, or even trees, from which has arisen the "totem" relation of certain tribes to particular animals, with the ascription of sacredness to the "totem" animal of the tribe or family. This is the view held by some authorities and seems a plausible one.

The theory of an early belief in the supernatural wisdom of animals and birds is sustained by Mr. Christy only by the miraculous examples cited from the Bible. But the idea is a very common one in fairy tales, where witches and fairies are represented as transforming themselves into beasts and birds. This idea of supernatural knowledge was probably always associated with such transformations.

I recall a story read somewhere, years ago, of an old negro who supposed himself bewitched or "conjured" by another negro. The "conjurer" had a white splotch on the side of his head. The conjured negro pursued about the fields with an old musket a crow that had a white mark on one of its wings. He identified the crow with the conjurer, in which notion he was confirmed by his inability to circumvent the crow by any means that he could bring to bear.

The serpent bore a high place for a mysterious kind of wisdom in the esteem of the ancients; though it seems to have been rather an abstract idea, as, leaving out the garden of Eden episode, I do not recall any occasion

was a slate-gray bird with black wing side lines. It was the size of a catbird, but did not look or act like one, being less buoyant and cheerful, with an eye to the serious side of life instead of the catbird's rather disdainful swagger and careless swing.

At a farmhouse I tried to get some bread and milk, but they used a separator there. Then I went on till I saw a large slab and tree wood pile. I applied for dinner, offering my services at an axe or buck saw in payment. It was the house of a lone widow, who usually cut her own wood.

"No," she said, but then, with a sigh, she recalled me and said, "Come in." I refused, going to the wood pile first, with a large one-man cross-cut saw. I cut up five rails and small oak tree trunks, and then split them with the widow's axe. The handle was a foot too short. No matter, we ate dinner together. Afterward I added a few days' more supply of wood to that already cut, and then I traveled on. As I came away the widow asked: "You don't chew tobacco, do you?"

"No, ma'am," I replied.

"I just wanted to know," she said, in explanation, putting the dinner dishes I had used into the dish pan with those she ate from.

Beyond Osterburg the road climbed a ridge and traveled along the back for miles. It was a pine-grown ridge, the farms lying far below in deep valleys. To the east and west other ridges and hills reared their wood-topped backs and heads, but these I could see only at intervals, for the snow squalls came frequently and displayed wintry characteristics, the wind rattling long pine cones butt-first to the ground.

At one place in the "dark forest" I was resting on a log when an old, whiskered man came up on horseback. He glanced at me and then lashed the beast with his whip. I think he was dreaming of David Lewis and other famous old-time Pennsylvania outlaws. I gazed about me with novel interest, trying to feel like a highwayman.

It was nearing night when I reached Cessna, coming into the hamlet over a covered bridge. When I thought I was out of the place I stopped at a farmhouse to get a night's lodging. A kindly old lady told me I would be welcome were there not three sick children in the house, but the next neighbor had had threshers, and they were gone now. I could go there. There, the family was too large already; I could see eight children, and more were audible. The next neighbor was an old man and his wife only. Perhaps—so I tried.

A little old, smooth-faced man with a calm face—the kind one sees in a gathering of army veterans—met me at the door. Could I stay there? I was willing to help or do anything there was to be done.

He opened his mouth to say something and then closed it.

"Nussir," came a thrusting voice from the rear end of a detached kitchen, "you can't get anything to eat here—no breakfast, no supper, no nothing. You're big, yessir, you're big enough to work without traspin' and chasing all over—"

"But I was just asking for work," I put in.

"Don't want you here; won't have you. Nothing for you to do—"

I came away. A couple of days later I went back past the same house and the man was on the porch. He saw me and recognized me, looked back of him, then nodded to me, then looked behind once more hastily.

As I said, I came away. I went on past all the houses in the row in which the old man lives, and got into a country of broad fields once more. At the top of the hill was a church with a parsonage a few rods nearer to me. I hadn't stopped at a parsonage heretofore, and the opportunity was excellent. The parson was chopping some wood gently in the yard, although it was almost dark.

"Will you let me sleep in your barn?" I asked, as a starter.

"Well—er—it's pretty cold there," he said.

"I'd like to earn my supper and breakfast here," I said. "You needn't worry about my being cold. I've a blanket and plenty of clothes in my pack."

"Well—er—it's a cold barn, but there are lots of big warm barns further down the road—lots and lots of them. I s'pose we could give yo usomething to eat."

I thanked him with genuine heartiness for his information, adding that I'd heard of the next door neighbor before. At the next house the father was away and the mother sick, and orders was not to let anybody sleep in the barn. The youth, however, said that I'd better skip the next house, that it wasn't any use to go there, but if I'd go to the house up the lane from the Grange Hall I could doubtless get a place to sleep, "for Zimmers is big-hearted." At the house up the lane I was questioned sharply, but I passed the examination and got a good supper, bed and breakfast.

At 11 o'clock A. M. on the following day I reached Bedford. I nearly passed through the town without stopping, but I stopped far longer than I expected.

RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

Christmas Trees.

OSSINING, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* This is the season that the small evergreen trees, which were intended by nature for the use of future generations, are transplanted to the thousands of homes, to be gorgeously trimmed and illuminated to gladden the hearts of the little ones—a befitting end for this of God's handiwork if the forests could stand the drain.

On Friday of this week one train with sixteen flat cars loaded to their utmost with thousands of trees, and the next day another train with fourteen cars similarly loaded, went rushing by toward the city. These were only two freight trains I chanced to see. When we think of the dozen roads leading to the metropolis like threads to the center of a spider's web, and the dozens of trains running day and night over each road, we can, perchance, conceive of the extent of this traffic. As the game disappeared from our broad lands, so will this senseless custom deprive us sooner or later of building material which even now is double the price it was ten years ago, and like the game, we will neglect it till it is too late.

C. G. BLANDFORD.

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where he played a supernatural part in human affairs.

The serpent was probably held in awe by primitive man, who was doubtless profoundly impressed with his insidious power of inflicting evil upon man, and the great difficulty of guarding against such injury. The embryonic religious idea in early man recognized the evil, not the beneficent powers, in the spirit world—investing with personality all agents of evil to human kind, and offering propitiatory service. The serpent came in for a large share of such service.

The theory of the evolution of all life from lower to higher states clears the field of inquiry concerning man's relations to mundane affairs, of a vast deal of mystification and difficulty that has befogged the minds of philosophers and teachers during the past ages.

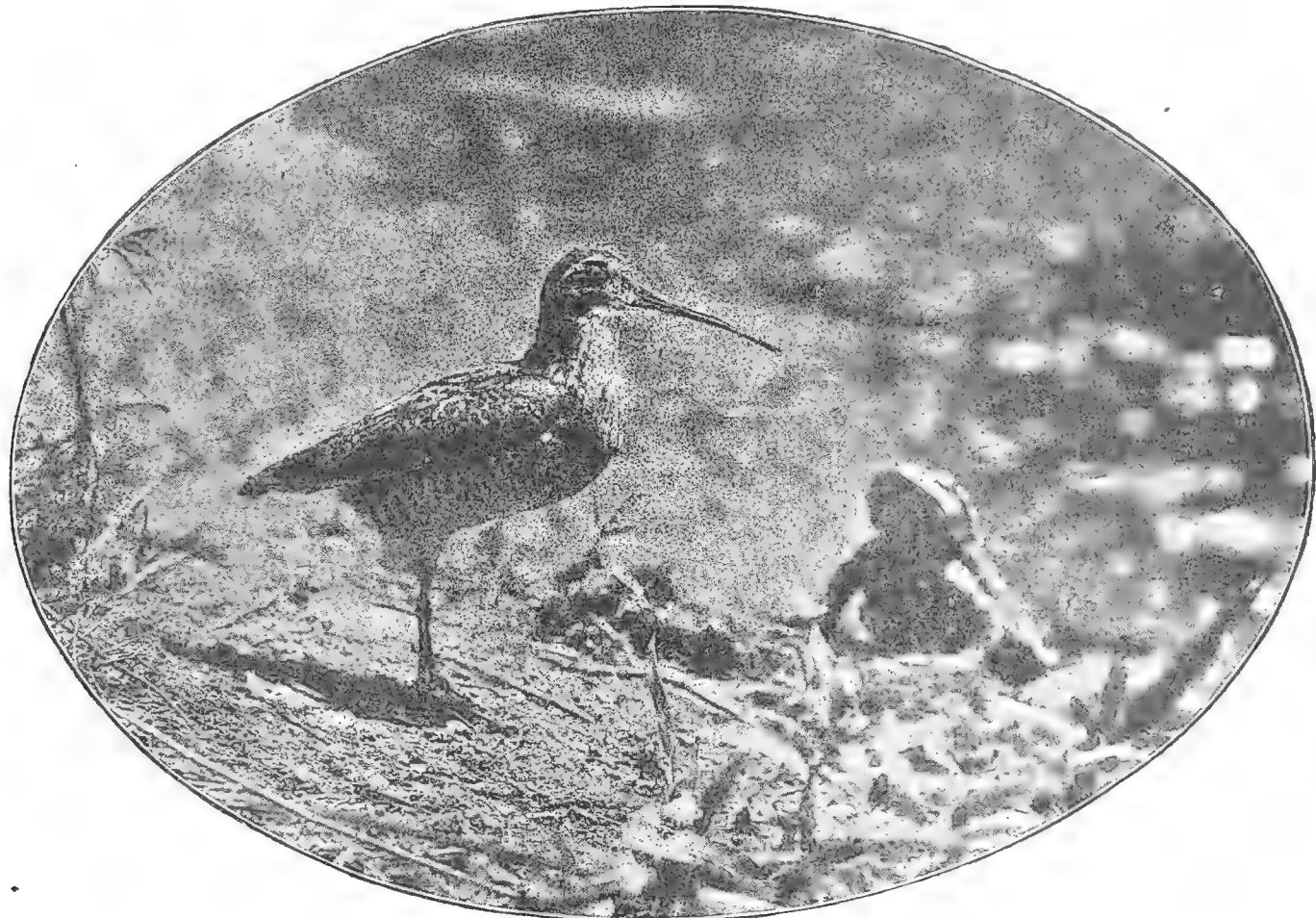
COAHOMA.

About Some Neighbors.*

IN this volume the author has undertaken to describe the habits of a number of birds and quadrupeds, and he has done this in an engaging way by endowing them with the faculty of human speech, and thus in a great part letting them tell the story for themselves. This, of course, is not a novel method, but Dr. Grinnell has been

building of the nests, the rearing of the young, their food habits, friends and enemies, and all the various vicissitudes of bird life are told by the story and by the birds acting in the story, so that Dr. Grinnell's book is a practical ornithology of the most delightful kind. It is stimulating. The work is intended primarily for young people, and no boy nor girl—nor older person, for that matter—can read these chapters without discovering that the wild neighbors of which they tell are an extremely interesting folk with whom a more intimate acquaintance is to be cultivated.

The scene is laid in Connecticut, where, despite the centuries of civilization and of continuous warfare waged upon them by mankind, the wild creatures are present in a variety and an abundance little suspected by those who have not sought them out in their haunts. Fox, lynx, raccoon, skunk, hare, otter, mink, weasel, woodchuck, muskrat and gray squirrel are comprised in Dr. Grinnell's list, and even the deer are coming back, and, having been given protection, are likely to increase and establish themselves once more. As Dr. Grinnell notes, most of the species named are classed as vermin, and are protected neither by law nor by sentiment; every man's hand is against them; that they have survived and exist at all is a testimony to the fact that they have learned to adapt



"EYES LIQUID AND BRIGHT, SO WISE AND JUDICIAL."

From "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream."

more successful than any other writer with whom we are familiar in preserving for his subjects their real animal character, so that there is throughout the book an air of fidelity to nature which is a quality as grateful as it is rare in such a work. Cooney the Fox, Ruffle the Partridge, Squirm the Blacksnake and the host of others are given speech, but talk as fox and bird and snake, not as human beings in disguise, and thus the book is one of actual natural history, not of sentimental fancies.

The author shows himself to have been a close observer;

themselves to the exacting conditions of living in proximity to human beings, and have succeeded in outwitting their enemy in the great game of man against every other animal. If the woodfolk are our neighbors we in turn are theirs, and Dr. Grinnell's animals and birds are all the more interesting because they are shown to be shrewd Yankees in feather and fur, who know a good deal about the other Yankees who wear clothes. There is abundant humor in the human element as it is introduced here and there. Dr. Grinnell's foxes are experts in



"DANDY STOPPED AT NETTLETON'S POND."

From "Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream."

he has an intimate knowledge of the ways of the birds and animals he describes, and his treatment is both comprehensive in scope and minute in detail. The coming and going of the birds, the choosing of their nesting sites and

pillaging fox-proof hen-roosts, and his game birds have an amusing knowledge of the frailties of sportsmen. There is pathos, too, in the book, as there needs must be in a world where there are weasels and minks and hawks and butcher birds to snuff out the lives of the weaker species, and steel traps and setters and hounds, and men with guns, and lighthouses which lure the dazzled throngs to dash into their lanterns.

Camera Shots at Big Game.*

FOR many years Mr. A. G. Wallihan has been known to a very large public as by far the most successful of all photographers of American wild animals, and while a multitude of people have photographed our wild creatures, no one has ever approached Mr. Wallihan's success. He stands literally in a class by himself.

A good many years ago a number of his photographs were reproduced in a volume which had a considerable sale, but during Mr. Wallihan's absence in the field, the publisher padded the volume with a considerable number of photographs of stuffed animals. Of course the fraud was at once detected by sportsmen, and equally of course the blame for the attempted deception fell on the shoulders of the wholly innocent person whose name was on the title page and who was responsible for the legitimate photographs only. Thus Mr. Wallihan without the slightest fault of his own was blamed for getting out a book which was not what it purported to be.

It is gratifying now to announce the publication of a superb work which contains a very large number of Mr. Wallihan's best photographs; a volume so beautiful and in all respects so true to nature that every man who sees it will desire to possess it, even though the price may put it out of the reach of many people. This is "Camera Shots at Big Game," which contains more than sixty large and beautiful illustrations of wild animals and birds direct from life, an account by Mr. Wallihan of the way in which the pictures were taken, together with an introduction by President Theodore Roosevelt, which is by no means the least interesting feature of the book. President Roosevelt's remarks on big game, and especially on the mountain lion, derive a peculiar interest from his recent trip to Colorado, where he killed perhaps more lions than have ever fallen before any sportsman in the same length of time, several of which he put an end to with the knife.

The high quality of Mr. Roosevelt's sportsmanship is well known to all his brothers of the craft, and in the various high offices that he has filled he has never failed to do what was in his power to forward the cause of game and forest protection, and of good sportsmanship. We fancy that most sportsmen, except the very youngest, will agree with the closing words of his introduction to this volume, both where he pleads for protection of the game and the woodland, and where he speaks of the advantages to be derived from hunting with a camera as against hunting with a rifle. He says:

"Mr. Wallihan is not only a good photographer, but a lover of nature and of the wild life of the wilderness. His pictures and his descriptions are good in themselves as records of a fascinating form of life which is passing away. Moreover, they should act as spurs to all of us to try to see that this life does not wholly vanish. It will be a real misfortune if our wild animals disappear from the mountain, plain and forest, to be found only, if at all, in great game preserves. It is to the interest of all of us that there is ample and real protection for our game as for our woodlands. A true democracy really alive to its opportunities, will insist upon such game preservation, for it is to the interest of our people as a whole. More and more, as it becomes necessary to preserve the game, let us hope that the camera will largely supplant the rifle. It is an excellent thing to have a nation proficient in marksmanship, and it is highly undesirable that the rifle should be wholly laid by. But the shot is, after all, only a small part of the free life of the wilderness. The chief attractions lie in the physical hardihood for which the life calls, the sense of limitless freedom which it brings, and the remoteness and wild charm and beauty of primitive nature. All of this we get exactly as much in hunting with the camera as in hunting with the rifle; and of the two, the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought."

Mr. Wallihan's narrative of his experiences in photographing wild animals is told in a simple way, and with a directness of presentation that lends it an added charm. Most of his work was done in Colorado and Wyoming, and it is in these two States that he has taken the wonderful pictures of deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep and cougars—the large animals which are here so beautifully shown. But while to the hunter these pictures are the most attractive of the volume, there are others which to the nature lover are quite as moving, even though they deal with creatures that under ordinary circumstances call for no expenditure of powder and lead. What, for example, could be more attractive than the beautiful photograph in Chapter IV., which shows a quiet reach of stream, down which a little group of ducks, rendered uneasy by the approach of the photographer, are pushing their way. On either side the quiet waters the willows rise high, and the clumps are mirrored in the stream, but as the alarmed ducks push forward to put a safe distance between themselves and the camera, their paddling breaks the placid surface of the water into wavelets which swing out toward either bank, while the birds turn their heads back to watch the object of their suspicion.

Almost as interesting as the picture of the leaping cougar is that of the great eagle, which the author photographed as it sailed down from its nest on a ledge just below the top of the high cliff on which Mr. Wallihan stood; or again, the picture of the single duck standing on the stream bank, whose shadow shows on the sand bar and its reflection in the water. To our mind these and very many other pictures equal in interest the marvellous one of the leaping cougar, and some of those thrilling groups of blacktail deer, elk, antelope and other game.

A long essay might be written on some of the suggestions which these extraordinary pictures give us. One of the most obvious of these is as to the protective coloring of the animals, which stand before the camera. If a group of some hundreds of elk is shown scattered over a partially snow-covered valley, it is by no means easy for an untrained eye always to discover the animals; or if a group of deer or a single animal appears standing out in the open—even in bright sunlight—against a background of bluff or of yellow grass or of sage brush, the colors of the animals blend so perfectly and so mysteriously into

*Camera Shots at Big Game, by A. G. Wallihan, with an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, New York, 1901. Price \$10.

*Neighbors of Field, Wood and Stream; or, Through the Year With Nature's Children. By Morton Grinnell. With forty-five illustrations. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

their background that often at first glance it is hard to see the animals. This, after all, is precisely what we see in nature, for most hunters of long experience will remember cases where, after having cautiously inspected a stretch of country before them for game without success, they have come up in plain view, and sitting down to rest and look over the distant landscape have, after a time, discovered deer or mountain sheep in plain sight and close to them. If occurrences like that happen frequently, as frequently they do, how very safe from detection must be the hiding fawn, such as is shown in the beautiful photogravure in the Preface of this work, or the half-tone which faces page 27.

Mr. Wallihan's book was an assured success before it was published. Now that it has been issued, and that the public can see for itself what the work is, its success is emphasized. The first edition of the book was practically exhausted as soon as published. However, we have a few copies left for our mail subscribers, and the plates will at once be put on the press and a new edition printed, so that early orders will be filled from the first copies received.

Armored Whales.

In an interesting paper recently published in London, Dr. R. Lydekker comments on the conclusions of Dr. O. Abel, a German writer who has been investigating a novel and comparatively recently detected fact in nature. It has been learned within the last few years that the ancient whales which swarmed the oceans of early geological times were protected from the attacks of their enemies by a bony armor, not unlike that with which the armadillo is provided, and vestiges of this ancient armor appear to be found in certain species now living upon the earth. One of these is a Japanese porpoise, another a South American species, while traces of it in the shape of bony tubercles imbedded in the skin have been found in the common porpoise of European waters.

It is obvious that the animals living the life of the modern whales and porpoises could not have been covered with a complete coat of plate mail. Such a protection would have interfered far too much with their movements, and its weight would have tended to impair their buoyancy, but it is altogether probable that their ancestors were covered with a dermal armor amply sufficient to protect them from their enemies. The ancestors of the whales and the dolphins were land animals, and it is probable that when such ancestral creatures began to take to an amphibious life on the seashore or at the mouth of a large river, they may have developed such an armor.

In a porpoise described by the late Dr. H. Burmeister from Argentina, there exist a number of spiny tubercles imbedded in the skin near the back fin, as well as on the fin itself. These are in three lines over the whole rounded front part of the fin, and further back their numbers increase until there are five lines of them.

Similar tubercles were described on the back fin of a porpoise taken in the Thames River in 1865, and much more recently such tubercles have been detected on the front edge of the fin of a foetal porpoise; while the Japanese porpoise already mentioned has several rows of plates, which answer to these tubercles.

Now, in a fossil porpoise from the tertiary deposits in Croatia, the tubercles are still more strongly developed and are found in regularly arranged and parallel rows, while, of course, we know that in the still more ancient whale known as Zeuglodon of the United States a part of the body was protected by bony plates.

Dr. Abel's summing up of this matter is substantially as follows: In the earlier stage of development the toothed whales were fully armored, the armor was a defense against their carnivorous enemies, and such an armor would also be very valuable to animals exposed to the force of a strong surf on rocky shores. As these creatures took more and more to an aquatic life, greater speed would become more and more important to them, and this greater speed would be secured by diminishing the specific gravity and friction of the body by shortening of the extremities and by the development of a caudal fin to serve as the sole instrument of locomotion. Accordingly the armor would very soon be lost by the deep-sea whale-like animals, but certain forms which took to a life in rivers or estuaries might retain vestiges of the armor.

The writer believes that in the Japanese porpoise above mentioned, which lacks the back fin, as well as in the closely allied true porpoises, we have the most primitive type of living toothed whale. This conclusion is confirmed by the nature of their teeth, and by other characters.

For Nearly Thirty Years.

SOUTH HAVEN, Mich., Dec. 13.—There are many questions being discussed in FOREST AND STREAM in which I am greatly interested, particularly a law to prevent so many accidents among hunters. I would suggest that a law be enacted making it a misdemeanor to kill any but buck deer, as this would necessitate the hunters seeing the deer fully to determine what it was.

And the question as to hunting and camping companions seems to be a hard thing to settle, as so many different things have a bearing. For cold weather a lady chum is hardly the thing, but in mild, lazy weather it is different. Myself and wife camped on the big Manistee River four weeks this fall, commencing Oct. 10. We had a fine time. For a part of our stay the weather was perfect for outdoor life. We found both partridges and quail quite plentiful, and had no trouble in bagging all we needed for our table, and could have secured many more if we had hunted more. No one knows the delights of such a trip until they try it.

I have been a constant subscriber of your most valuable paper for nearly thirty years, and its weekly visits are just as welcome as ever. H. W. SWEET.

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Game Bag and Gun.

Fixtures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Old Gobbler at Last.

As I sauntered down the street in Greenville, Miss., I met an old acquaintance, no other than Bill Fox—and, by the way, a good hunter. It was on April 10, warm and pleasant. The buds in the woods were swelling, and I knew what that old ducky was "gwine" to say, and he said it. "Gobblin' time, Mr. Ed."

"Yes, Bill; they ought to be gobbling, and what do you say to going out to Moorhead swamp in the morning and try the big gobbler at the head of Muddy Bayou. The one that Uncle Tommy Page has been trying to kill for so many years."

Bill agreed to meet me at the train at 2 A. M. I told him not to take a gun, and he looked disappointed. The fact was I did not want to take any chances, for fear he might beat me to him. We started on time, and got down at a little station called Blue Lake. After a brisk walk of some three miles, we arrived at the place, where I knew the turkeys roosted. It was a large cypress brake, and at that time of year was covered with water several feet deep in places, forming a large lake in the woods. We selected an open place on the bank, which was studied with huge oaks, and as daylight was fast approaching got everything in readiness for the expected game, well knowing that I had a task ahead that required the utmost caution.

I had heard a good deal about the old gobbler. Tommy Page said he would weigh 40 pounds, and nobody living could call him, for he had tried it five springs in succession, and in desperation had shot at him at long range, with a Winchester, missed him, and made matters worse. I knew the old fellow would be hard to fool, and why not? How he was ever hatched and reared in that great swamp was a mystery. But he had had a mother who was ever watchful. She placed her nest on a high, clay root to keep out of the water in case of a rise. She covered her eggs with leaves when she went to feed, and flew from it and back again, and left no trail. When the little turks were hatched she led them about very gently at first, for their little red feet were tender. When they were able to trot about pretty briskly, she took them to an old deadening, where grasshoppers and crickets were plenty and taught them to turn over chips and dig in the decayed logs for grubs. She would meet the little blue darter hawk half-way that tried to pick up the little ones; even the fierce-looking wildcat would sneak away when she ruffed her feathers and dashed at him. At her warning cry, put! put! the little fellows would scamper into the grass and hide until her soft call would tell them that all was well.

When the gobbler's wing feathers had grown, and he was able to fly up to roost, he was beset by owls at night, and many a close call did he have; but he learned to duck under the limb as the owl swooped at him. The sly wolf followed him foot by foot under cover of brush and trees as he fed on chinkapins, but he avoided the rush and rose straight in the air to avoid the high leap that brought so many of his brothers to an untimely end. There were no foxes in the swamp, or perhaps he would not have lived to gobble. Many a hunter tried to get a shot at him, but his wits improved with age, and his sight and hearing were perfect. He could detect the tread of a stealthy foe in the leaves amid the clamor of the swamp, and some said his sense of smell was of some consequence, which I do not doubt in the least.

From all accounts this was about the eighth or ninth year of the gobbler's existence, and I was very anxious to bag him. I wanted the turkey and I wanted to tease Tommy Page. When the first streaks of daylight appeared I took my seat on a chunk, with a large oak for a background and Bill did the same. It was not many minutes, when bur-r-r, that familiar sound came across the lake. I knew it was the big gobbler drumming on the limb. I took up my cedar box and piece of slate, and after adjusting it carefully scratched off four very good calls. It suited, for he came out with that shrill double gobble that made me get my gun ready. I didn't have long to wait, for he left the limb with a terrible hubbub, but to my disgust I saw him light in an open place fully 300 yards down the lake. There he strutted and wheeled. Round and round he went. There was a large log that hid him at times as he went the circle. I called him again. He only stopped and listened for perhaps a minute, and went at it again. I waited till he got behind the log, and skipped over to where Bill was, and whispered to him to try him. He had a cane caller in his pocket, and he made a very good imitation; but it was of no use. Something had to be done. "Bill," I whispered, "wait till he gets hid from view, and then get back, quick, and go around the cane, strike the lake away on the other side of him and come up slow. He won't leave the lake, and I do not think he will fly if you are careful."

I had to wait a long time, and the mosquitoes had a feast. Bill was so long getting around that I was afraid a wildcat or wolf would hear the turkey and run him off. But all at once as I was admiring the prize I so longed for, and thinking how big he was, there came a great change in his behavior. He slapped down his feathers, stretched his long neck and hopped up on the log. He had heard Bill, I was sure, and great Scott! he got down and came as straight toward me as a line in his ungainly trot, his breast still inflated and his long beard swaying from side to side. The sun shone on his glossy plumage, and I caught myself trying to push the safety slide off of my gun. There was a little hen with him that looked like a bantam in comparison. On they came. When the gobbler was about 35 yards away he stopped and turned sideways. My elbow rested on my knee, and it only took a movement of a couple of inches to put the sight on his neck; but he saw it and ducked his head to fly. He was too late. The load of No. 6 caught him. The little hen flew across the lake. The big gobbler fanned the leaves and broke down cane

stalks in his death struggles. Bill came and picked him up and grinned. He said he had seen two just like him back of the cane on an oak ridge strutting like sixty, and could have killed them both if he had had a gun. I knew he was lying. We took the train for home and as we stopped at Baird Station Tommy Page was on the platform. I held the turkey up in the door of the baggage car.

"Uncle Tommy," I said, "this is your gobbler from the head of Muddy Bayou."

"It's not big enough for mine," said he, "and you couldn't kill him no way."

"Big enough for me," I said, "twenty-four pounds and a half, and nothing in him but his gizzard."

As we neared Greenville Bill came to me and said, "I reckon, old man, Mistah Tommy Page will be right crabbid wid you now for a spell," and I said, "I reckon he will." SOUTHERN.

Autumn Leaves.

THE grass down on the Hackensack meadows had begun to turn to a dirty brown. A hazy atmosphere spread over the flats. Thistle and cattail down were to be seen floating in the air, the sport of the shifting breeze. The frogs had long ceased their evening concerts, and twittering swallows in long lines covered the telegraphic wires; and later the blackbirds—crow and redwing—and others of minor class, were congregating in flocks and wisely debating their southern journeyings. And there would creep o'er us

A feeling of sadness and longing.
That is not akin to pair,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

And when one morning we looked out of our window across the way our eye caught the soft maple and noted the ever-changing of autumn touch as it put on its coat of red and gold, we thought of

The fallen leaves,
Tawny, ruby-tinted, golden,
From the young trees to the olden;
Leaves drop down in abiding showers
On the grove of summer flowers.

The feeling did not abate. Longing? Oh! yes; but the chain prevented us from going forth pell mell to gather in nature as our heart desired. One day there rushed into our sanctum like a young cyclone George E., our shooting comrade of last year in Morris county. Now George is not only a good shot and an indefatigable tramp, but is very emphatic sometimes in his movements as well as language. He burst in with a shout, "Hurrah! Judge; get out o' here. Just had a letter from the folks. Lots o' game, and they expect us up on to-morrow's afternoon train, so as to be among the first in the field the following opening of the game season."

Well, that settled it; and after a satisfactory interview with the versatile Bob Snider, and replenishing our shooting coat with some Walrode and 7½ chilled, we were at the train.

We were met at Boonton by young Dory and Harmon, the factotum of the Mills farm, in the absence of Mr. M. Young Dory, we found, was "firing" (as they call it) on the road, and only welcomed us as he remained for night duty. We were soon snugly ensconced in the one-horse lumber wagon, and as soon as the beast's (I speak advisedly) head had been turned toward home, like a streak of first-class electricity he, or she, was off. Whew! We had to turn around to catch our breath and cling tenaciously to the open sides of the seats. Hold on! For the Lord's sake go slower. The roads were in good order, but at every short turn we expected to be dumped out. They laughed at your humble servant. Said the bit was in the creature's teeth, and the harder they pulled the faster we went. The rascal did not move that way when going from home to the depot. We reached the house safely, but I tell you we don't want any more such foolishness of a dark night. We found Mrs. M. as jolly as ever, and the children bright-eyed and healthy. Later Mr. M. was home for an hour, and we discussed railroads, crops, etc., until he had to hasten back to his engine. What a life! But Mr. M. (and he is eminently a practical man) tells me he is getting his farm in such nice shape that he hopes to retire from railroading in another two years and live the life of (as he surely deserves) a successful farmer under "his own vine and fig tree"—cornfields and peach orchards, as it were.

After an early breakfast we were off for Mr. Walter Trelease. We found him ready with his "faithful hound"—are not all hounds faithful? The sun was hardly an hour high, but all creation and the rest of mankind seemed to be out in the fields and woods. Such a cannonading! Bombardment at the right of us, bombardment at the left of us, on ahead of us and following on behind us. Crack of smokeless and now and then the heavy boom of the old black powder. Well, we give fair warning that the undersigned does not propose to be one of them to open the game season. Not much. We prefer to let these young enthusiasts have their dash at the nimble cottontail or the whirring quail, and after a few days, say a week or so, and when the flurry is over, the Mollies have calmed down and the coveys have gathered together, after their mostly harmless fright, then we can go out and enjoy a shoot and be pretty sure of a fair bag.

After crossing a field we struck a low fence, along which were divers bushes and briars, and out jumped a Molly. It was so sudden and her movements were so quick, that none of us could get a shot. Of course Walter put his dog on the trail and himself on a stump, lit his pipe and quietly awaited developments. George and I arranged ourselves along the fence, gun shot apart. But instead of coming back along the fence, the game cut across lots over a clean field, and but for the sharp eyes of George would have got clean away. George's first barrel was a clean miss, two feet behind, as we could see by the cut grass from where we stood; but his second boyled the rabbit over beautifully. Why is it that a hare when shot always tumbles heels over head? We had some fair sport, George E. getting the most of the game, with Walter a good second. Yours obediently got tired about 2 P. M. (we generally "fall early in the action" on the first day's hunt), and when the hound went off for what we thought may be a long run, we

started for the house and a rest. After removing our heavy boots and shooting coat and lighting our pipe, we sauntered out toward the barn, where we heard sundry hammering, and we tried to superintend the architectural construction of a pig pen Harmon was building, and we guess we succeeded, for it looked like a good substantial porcine domicile when we passed our opinion on it.

The second day, first part, was pretty much a repetition of the first as far as rabbits (hares) were concerned. George killed a couple of quail and Jacobstaff shot a crow, and wanted to kill a hundred or two bluejays, but they are protected. Why? The screeching, thieving rascals may eat a few grubs and insects when they can't get anything else, but if there is a meaner, more dissolute feathered biped in all the world, we don't know it. Why, the scoundrel will watch for you from a great way off across fields, and when you are creeping noiselessly on a gray squirrel, off goes his confounded screech, and your squirrel is in his hole in a jiffy. How the deer hunters (I mean the genuine still-hunters) of Wisconsin hate him! Many a lordly buck owes his temporary life to this fiend of the woods.

And now comes the balcyon of our ten days' shoot. We had approached a swale where we hoped we might find a bevy of quail, when we heard a shot from across, and over on the hillside we saw a couple of sportsmen, one of whom had just shot down into the swale. We heard him call out, "Go fetch him; that's a good dog," and as we got around we saw a fine-looking setter dog bringing carefully a hare, which it dropped at its master's feet. We were introduced by Mr. Trelease. The one with the bird dog was Mr. Al. Glass. "Glass, Glass; that name sounds familiar. We used to know a Frank Glass out Newark way; a famous shot, and we have stood by him many a day in years gone by at the traps." "Why, that is my brother." That was sufficient, and we shook again. After a short talk Mr. Glass was about to turn away, when I remarked, "You have left your rabbit." "Oh, I don't wait him; you are welcome to him." Then, as he turned, he stepped back to me and said, "Are you not Jacobstaff of FOREST AND STREAM?" "Well, I guess yes." Then he stepped closer, and in a low voice said, "Can't you shake these rabbit fiends? I heard this morning of a flight of birds in a swale about half a mile from here, and if you will go around the swamp I will meet you on the other side and we may get a few good birds."

Well now, for a fall woodcock. All the hares in Christendom may go to thunder. We were soon hurrying across the pasture and cornfields to the low ground. Ah! the whistle of an October woodcock as he springs from the bog and essays to climb the treetops. What music it is to a hunter's ear, and as he gathers it in, lays it carefully on its back in the palm of his hand, smooths down its velvety, glassy feathers and mentally calculates its weight $6\frac{1}{2}$ or 7, or perhaps $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 8 ounces (perhaps but rarely more in these parts), with what pride and unction he places it in his shooting coat. We did find a nice flight, and Al did some good shooting. He has a good dog, and is one of the best brush shots, we are told, in the neighborhood. He had the dog and did most of the shooting, but, like his brother, he is big-hearted, and we got the birds—nine fine large fall birds, a bag anybody might be proud of. We parted with many expressions of good will and the hope that we might meet again next season and repeat the experience.

And that ended our trip to Missis county. We took the train home, well pleased with our visit. After election we were off to Sussex county with Doc Cummins, of Jersey City, who swears by FOREST AND STREAM. But, as Kipling would or did say, "That is another story."

We arrived before noon at our destination, Washingtonville, Sussex county—a decidedly one-horse, one-man (but he is a gentleman) and one-light station. We were met by Martin Couse, a very promising young stalwart, and "chip of the old block," youngest son of Mr. John Couse, Doc's friend, where we expected to stop. A drive of but a few minutes put us there, and we were met at the open door by Mr. Couse, a most courtly gentleman of the old school (we do not see so many of the kind nowadays) and his grand wife, Mrs. C., with her silver hair and mother grace—how she reminded us of our good old mother. They were extremely kind, and we were placed at our ease at once. Afterward we were introduced to the two charming daughters, Nellie and Mary. Mrs. C. is the sister-in-law of the Hon. Hugh McLaughlin, noted politician of Brooklyn. We should judge that he is held in high esteem throughout the neighborhood where he makes annual pilgrimages, and owns considerable property. Mr. Couse is a wealthy and substantial farmer and public-spirited citizen, having held offices of trust and being in high repute by his neighbors.

We were off betimes in the morning with the two dogs. One was a hound with a good nose, but wanting more experience. The other, a good old pointer of nearly a dozen years; he has seen good service, but reliable yet for not too long trips; he was one of celebrated pedigree sent up years ago to the farm by Mr. Bob McLaughlin, Hugh's nephew. Bob died several years ago. He was a noted all-round sportsman and well-known in the Fountain and other gun clubs.

There were supposed to be, so the legend said, two coveys of quail somewhere on the place, and we wanted to find them. But in vain. Field after field was scanned, line fences, brush heaps and hazel thickets. Hares there were, and Doc and Martin had their fun. Doc is an indefatigable trumper, and when he hunts he says he hunts, and I should rather say he does. Why, it came on to rain in sheets the second day, but out he must go. "Why," I said, "you will find no game. The quail will be huddled under a bush; so will the rabbits, or in wood-chuck holes." But out he went, and he and Martin came back in a few hours wet as drowned rats; but as sure as eggs they got in all that rain three rabbits and three gray squirrels. Squirrels must have been hard put to lay up their winter stock to be out in such weather. Doc made one good shot at a gray running on a rail fence—a difficult shot—and another he knocked out of a nest, to his astonishment, I guess, as well as the squirrels.

It was 2 P. M., and we had not seen nor heard a quail. I got tired, as I often do early in a first day's shoot. The hound was off with Martin and Doc a mile or more away, running a rabbit or fox, for aught we knew. We had enough, and with gun crossways over both shoulders sauntered home along a line fence. Thinking of getting off the heavy boots and slipping down into the cheese

house and a long draft of that sweet cider, when whirr, whirr, up got a bevy of quail within less than a quarter of a mile of the house. A nice double shot rested one wonderfully, and when they were marked down on the open hillside, there was another double shot, and the rest dropped down by a line fence running up the hill. There they got up singly. One down, another a clean hiss—guess I was flustered by that time, but I got the next. Well, six good large birds out of one covey in twenty minutes without a dog. Great Scott! how mad the Doc was when he came home half an hour afterward and wanted to know what in thunder I had been shooting at; said they had heard seven guns. All I said was "Go out and look in the kitchen." They are hanging up there. Then they were mad. "Why did you not wait for us to come with the dog? Might have got the whole flock," etc. "Wait nothing. You take the dog over there. There are two down that we could not find. There, don't you hear them whistle? If you go over now, you can locate them; but if you wait until they get together they may be a mile away." But no, Doc wanted his dinner first. In vain we protested, "Confound it, you can get dinner any time, but you can't find quail calling whenever you want to." But he must eat first, and after a half or three-quarters of an hour they sallied forth. They immediately found my two dead quail, but not the covey. Served them right. Some folks never will learn anyway.

The next day it poured all day, and it looked so much like a three days' rain that we started for home. As we reached the depot the sun was setting in red and gold, and we were half-inclined to go back. As it turned out, there were several days of clear, cold weather—ideal weather for shooting.

We left this happy home with feelings of regret, for all was so homelike, and their last words called out as we drove away, were a hearty "Come again."

We neglected to mention a rather singular episode in our hunt. Doc Cummins and us were reclining on a hillside overlooking a small swale just below us, taking a rest and a smoke, as it were. Martin and the dog had gone over the hill a half-mile away to try a swamp, when the Doctor called out, "What's that?" as an English snipe (*Scolopax wilsoni*) dropped in the bog almost at our feet not half a gunshot away. This was about noon. We kept quiet and watched until Martin came with the dog, and we pointed to the place where we had seen the long bill light, and the dog soon pointed him not 10 feet from where we had located him, and as he flushed we knocked him down, a nice, full-grown, full-feathered *Scolopax*. What was he doing there at that season and that time of day? We didn't see any more.

JACOBSTAFF.

Rabbits' Rest.

A FEW years ago, while living on a farm in southern Maryland, I was invited by one of my neighbors to join a rabbit hunt which he was giving. He had asked most of his friends in the community, and also two of his city acquaintances to join the sport. Beside his regular farm, he owned a small piece of land about twenty miles down the county, which he had several years before turned into a rabbit preserve. This land was mostly cleared ground covered with sage grass and brush piles with a thickly wooded knoll in the center. It was strongly fenced in and posted with the usual notices, "No gunning allowed under penalty of the law," and had, he claimed, been a safe retreat and uninterrupted breeding ground for rabbits for three years. Hence the name "Rabbits' Rest."

The day of the hunt we started out bright and early with two corn wagons loaded with men and dogs. Our host, Mr. Willis, having wrought himself up to a high state of excitement and good humor, probably by the aid of a little "red eye," and the anticipation of innumerable rabbits, had concluded to "loosen up" enough to offer a prize in the shape of a gallon of his best home-made wine to the hunter who bagged the most game.

It would take too much time to go into a full description of the whole party, but I beg to say a word in regard to the two city men. Walker, the lawyer, was an old experienced gunner, and no more may be said at present. Dr. Jones, however, deserves a little lengthier description, as he figured an important part in the day's history. He was a short, fat, bow-legged little man; wore glasses, and carried himself with military bearing. His suit consisted of the finest hunting coat, trousers and leggings that money could buy, while his belt contained the best variety of smokeless shells procurable. He carried (rather awkwardly, though) one of Parker's latest hammerless double barrels, loaned him by a friend especially for the occasion. It was, moreover, his first hunt, and many were the "knocks" passed at him as we bumped over the uneven country road on the way to the cover. It had been found out by some unknown means that the whole neighborhood in which he resided had learned of his intended trip, with the result that when he started for the station, accompanied by his wife, two sisters and maiden aunt, nearly every window within two squares of his home contained beaming faces and fluttering handkerchiefs, while the younger fry met on the pavement with numerous questions and begged to be allowed to examine his different articles of warfare.

We arrived at the grounds in about three hours' time, and eagerly piled into the sage. We formed into a long line, with instructions to be careful how we shot when we started anything.

It was half-past nine when we got out of the wagons, and we walked till 12 o'clock without so much as seeing a rabbit. We were all pretty well disgusted, and wanted to go home, but our host insisted that we try the other side of the Rest before giving up. So after going back to the wagon and refreshing ourselves with sandwiches and cider, we started out again.

This time we walked along carelessly in groups, as we simply went to please our host, having long ago made up our minds that there were no rabbits within five miles of us.

The Doctor and I were walking together, when one of the dogs started a cold trail right in front, and after nosing around for a little time, struck out in a bee line for the knoll. The rest of the dogs and the Doctor joined in and we had a lively chase for a few minutes. We saw them disappear into the bushes at the foot of the

knoll, and then suddenly stop. The Doctor then came to the edge of the clearing and began hollering and waving to us in such frantic manner that, although, owing to his excitement he was unable to make himself understood, we gathered from his wild gestures and bellowing that there must be something "doing" up on the hill.

Running on and dashing into the bushes, we found the dogs standing in front of a hole, which looked to be like that of a 'possum.

"He's there! He's there!" shouted breathlessly the little Doctor.

"What's there?"

"Don't know; but he's there all right," answered the Doctor.

"But what is it?" asked Willis, impatiently.

"Don't know, I tell you. It was sort of a gray thing."

"Well, that's not very definite," Willis said.

Finally it was decided to dig it up, whatever it was, and two negroes were sent to a neighboring house to get the tools. The darkies did not get back for nearly an hour, so it was fully 3 o'clock before we started digging. There were three picks and a shovel, and while four worked the others rested by the fire. The Doctor stood ready, however, gun in hand, ready to detain any animal that should wish to leave the premises.

The lawyer had produced a pack of cards and had induced a couple of farmers into a little nickle freeze-out. The rest were lounging around the fire.

I believe I had just gotten to sleep, when I was startled by a shout, and jumped up in time to see the Doctor let both barrels go at a fox which had just sprung from the hole. Either the Doctor was a pretty poor shot or it was a pretty fast fox, for he escaped without injury, other than the loss of the rear portion of his brush.

The Doctor was very much vexed that he did not get more fox, but reminding us that we hadn't gotten as much as he had, stuck what was left of the tail in his button hole and waited further developments.

Doc had just reloaded and "cleared for action" when another fox appeared. This time our worthy physician only fired one barrel at a time, as he wanted to take two chances. The first shot struck a log situated about six feet further above sea level than the hole. The next shot did considerable damage to the ground in the vicinity of the poker game, and came within about three inches of finding a resting place in the lower extremities of the lawyer.

We had now reached the end of the hole. Unlike most fox dens, it contained no other entrance, but terminated in a kind of vault about 12 feet by 6, and 2 feet high. This place contained quantities of bones and feathers, and rooting among the debris we found an old rusty steel trap with four toes between the jaws. A fox had probably been caught in a muskrat trap and had come all the way to the hole before gnawing itself out. Judging from the condition of the trap and also the condition of the toes, we thought that it had been there for almost any period over two years. When we got back home that night, we were the most ill-humored and tired bunch I ever had the misfortune of falling in with. The Doctor insisted on explaining how he would have gotten that last fox if a tree hadn't been in the way, and the lawyer insisted on reminding him that if he had been about three inches worse a marksman, he (the lawyer) would now be walking on his hands.

The only plausible explanation given in regard to the lack of rabbits was offered by one of the local nimrods, who claimed that the foxes had driven them all away, as in any locality where foxes are at all numerous, the rabbits are proportionally scarce.

The Doctor was awarded the gallon of wine for getting the most game. EDW. B. POWELL.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is no doubt in the minds of most men who travel these woods that the deer are on the decrease. It is thought by many to be due to the fact that the law is not enforced.

Juvenal is about right when he says the lumbermen have plenty of trout and venison in camp when they want it. Some camps have their men whose business it is to supply the camp with meat. These men are paid for this by the head or by the month, and make their living in that way. The deer killed in season by the lumbermen is nothing compared with the number killed out of season, so I have been told.

When cold weather sets in, the camp hunter takes his gun and kills all he can. If he runs into a "flock" they all die, if the snow is deep enough to prevent them from getting away, for they will keep, and whenever the camp gets low in its supply of meat, the hunter drags in as many as the "boss" wants. Unless luck is against them, there is always some ready to be brought in. This manner of supplying meat is a source of much profit to the lumber jobber. To supply a lumber camp with provisions which have to be hauled over rough roads from a distance necessarily costs something.

It is not so much what the law is, it is the way it is enforced. The lumberman says: "They can make the laws to suit themselves, we'll have meat just the same." So they will, as long as a deer inhabits the woods within ten or fifteen miles of the camp, or as long as they know the game protector doesn't do anything.

While the lumber jobber, I think, is the main hindrance to the increase of deer he is not the only one. The natives and outsiders come in for their share. It is hard telling which of the two is the worse. Each say: "I might as well kill 'em as to let the other fellow," so the deer die.

The resident with a couple of neighbors goes crusting about February, and they kill all they can carry—say two or three. Comparatively few deer are killed in this way, and the men who do it are poor men with families, and need the meat.

The outsider comes in with a party in the fall, and if he is lucky he gets his two deer, but as a rule he goes out with his one anyway, even if his guide has to do the killing. It seems to be the point of such parties to go out with a "deer apiece to show what good hunters we are," and to "give John, Bill and Harry some venison because they are good fellows and never ate any." Of course the last reason deserves some praise, because it is being kind to man, but it is helping to clean out the

deer, and it would be doing a greater kindness to man if we would save them. The point is this: Too many deer are being killed just to take out of the woods. Eat your meat there where it will taste best.

Let a party of four or five take out one deer and a larger party two; that will give each man's family a good meal and a little more, so he can invite John, Bill and Harry over to dinner.

There is another thing that would be a protection to the deer. Cut off the last fifteen days of the season. It always snows during these days, and more deer are killed then than the rest of the season put together. This year it was very noisy before the snow came, consequently few deer were killed. I think it is generally wet, giving a man a fair chance. Anyway, it was a streak of luck for the deer this time, but they caught it when the snow fell.

The law, of course, cannot be made to please everybody. People are scarce who would like to see the deer go as the moose. The law made and enforced which will give the deer a chance to increase ought to please the majority. That law cannot be the law which will allow the deer killed in any manner. Killing deer by packing or hounding is not killing deer man fashion. Give the animal a chance; kill him still-hunting and you have something to be proud of. Lc.

Black River Association.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The annual meeting of the Black River Fish and Game Protective Association, which was called this year a little earlier than usual, in order that it might precede the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League convention, to which delegates were to be chosen, was held on Dec. 4. The report of Treasurer H. A. Pride showed the Association finances to be in a very satisfactory condition.

Secretary W. E. Wolcott presented his annual report, which was as follows:

The fishing season of 1901 was a fairly good one, and the hunting season has been about on a par with other years, but notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary by optimistic individuals, the majority of anglers and hunters have not had their efforts rewarded by a superabundance of fish or game, and there is no gainsaying the fact that neither are on the increase. In Oneida county and neighboring counties, including that portion of the Adirondacks most frequented by sportsmen from this part of the State, the speckled trout fishing was by no means as good as was anticipated at the opening of the season. Good catches were made in some of the lakes, but as a rule stream fishing was not good, and it has become evident that the West Canada Creek, Black River, Moose River and a number of other southern Adirondack streams need restocking with trout. The State has three fish hatcheries in the Adirondacks, and it is difficult to see how the output could be utilized to better advantage than by depositing every fish which is hatched there in the waters of that region. It does not look like good policy to breed trout there and ship them to remote parts of the State when the neighboring waters are becoming depleted. There is a splendid hatchery at Old Forge, on the Fulton Chain of Lakes, but during the summer season the most expert angler cannot be sure of catching enough speckled trout for a mess anywhere on the first seven lakes or their tributaries. These are natural trout waters, and it would seem to be wise for the State to keep them well stocked. This is only one example, but what has been said concerning the scarcity of trout in the Fulton Chain is true of many other lakes and streams in the wilderness region. The work of restocking the waters of Oneida county with trout, which the Black River Association has been engaged in during the past dozen years or more has been attended with such satisfactory results that we feel warranted in continuing it. Some of the streams are fished almost constantly during the open season, and this naturally tends to keep the trout from multiplying very rapidly, but if the waters were not restocked from year to year there would be no fish to catch. The anglers who spend the most time in taking trout from these streams are frequently persons who feel that they cannot afford to contribute toward defraying the expense incurred in restocking, or who, for some other reason, do not care to do so; but this fact does not seem to furnish sufficient grounds for abandoning the work at present. Last January our Association made application to the State authorities for 1,000 fingerling brook trout and 1,000 fingerling brown trout for restocking Shenandoah Creek in the southern part of Oneida county, and a like quantity to be placed in Oriskany Creek. We also applied for the same number of fingerlings to restock streams in the northern portion of the county. The Commissioners, in response, sent at different times large consignments of fish, all of which were in splendid condition. They were carefully distributed by committees from our Association, and good results may confidently be expected. One or two of the shipments consisted mainly of trout which were over a year old and 5 or 6 inches in length. Madison Lake was one of the bodies of water in which trout sent to our Association were placed this year.

Ruffed grouse and woodcock have been extremely scarce in central New York this season, and friends of game protection have become quite disheartened at the situation with which they are confronted. Some sportsmen believe that it would be wise to prohibit grouse shooting entirely in Oneida county for a term of years. In the Adirondack region the conditions are quite encouraging, as grouse have been reported more abundant this fall than they have been for several years previous.

The deer season in the Adirondacks was for the most part more propitious for the animals than for the hunters. Just prior to the opening of the shooting season considerable rain fell, and for some time after Sept. 1 water was so plentiful back in the woods that the deer did not find it necessary to come down to the lakes and ponds to quench their thirst. As a consequence, hunters who laid in wait for them at these points were often disappointed. Then, too, the foliage was very heavy, and the leaves remained on the bushes until well along in October, rendering it extremely difficult to see a deer

any distance away. By the time the leaves had fallen a prolonged dry spell was on, and although the conditions were wholly changed, they still favored the deer. The ground was carpeted to the depth of several inches with dry, crisp leaves, and as the noise made by a person walking in the woods could be heard nearly a quarter of a mile away, still-hunting was out of the question. It was not until the second week in November that there was snow enough on the ground to be of any assistance to the hunter, and then there was such a heavy and continuous fall that it made successful hunting very difficult in the closing days of the season. The deer sought the balsam and spruce thickets at this time, and moved around but very little. Whatever tracks were made were speedily filled up, and the trees were so laden with snow that it was next to impossible for the hunter to see a deer unless he chanced to stumble on it. In spite of the unfavorable conditions for still-hunting which prevailed during the season, there were a good many deer killed—probably not so many as last, but nevertheless a considerable number. This seems to be somewhat remarkable at first thought, but persons who are in a position to know, say that there have been frequent violations of the game laws this year, especially in the use of dogs for hunting deer, and this may partially account for the large number of dead deer which were shipped out of the woods. Reports of such violations have been received from various parts of the Adirondacks, and it is believed that a large proportion of the deer which were taken were killed illegally.

This brings us to a subject which was discussed at the annual convention of the New York State Fish, Game and Forest League in Syracuse last winter, at which your president and secretary were present as representatives of this Association. The latter offered a resolution that the Legislature be petitioned for an increase in the force of State game protectors and their salaries. Chief Protector Pond said that more protectors were badly needed. "There certainly are not enough. As it is now each man has two counties to oversee, more than he can handle." The resolution was adopted, but there has been no addition to the force of State protectors. If the State is to have laws for the protection of game they should be enforced, and it is believed that an efficient protector should be designated for every county in the Adirondack region.

During the last session of the Legislature your secretary had considerable correspondence in regard to measures pertaining to fish and game protection. One bill was introduced to permit the hounding of deer in three or four Adirondack counties, but the friends of protection entered a strong protest, and it failed to get out of the committee's hands. It is a matter of congratulation that Senator Malby's bill extending the anti-hounding law for a period of five years longer was passed and received the Governor's signature. The many friends of forest protection and preservation regretted to learn that the bill appropriating \$250,000 for the purchase of Adirondack lands had been vetoed. Last winter the Black River Association asked the State Forest, Fish and Game Commission to appoint George W. Nelson, of Oriskany, as special protector, and they promptly did so.

The reports of the treasurer and secretary were both adopted, and after some discussion of matters of interest, notably the deer question, officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Wm. L. Fowler, Holland Patent; Vice-President, S. R. Fuller, Holland Patent; Secretary, W. E. Wolcott, Utica; Treasurer, H. A. Pride, Holland Patent; Directors: John C. Thomas, Remsen; Fred W. Wasmuth, Augusta; Ed W. Robertson, Trenton; S. R. Fuller, H. A. Pride, George G. Chassell, Ira L. Park, Holland Patent; Delegates to State convention: H. A. Pride, W. E. Wolcott.

W. E. WOLCOTT.

UTICA, Dec. 9.

Moose Hunting and Small Bores.

I HAVE read with interest the article by Mr. Westover, "Some Thoughts Upon Moose Hunting." My experience exactly agrees with his. While sometimes moose are very shy and hard to approach, I have found them, as a general rule, to be most stupid and easiest to still-hunt of any kind of large game. For an animal which can see, hear and smell as well as a moose can, stupid seems to be the word which fits their case best. Only a few years ago I saw a large old bull which allowed two men, neither of whom had ever seen a moose, to walk up to within a few feet of him on dry leaves and fire into him fourteen times with small-bored rifles, and the bull never moved. I was once where an immense bull stood and took eleven shots from muzzleloaders and never tried to escape. I think it must have been fully half an hour from the time the first shot was fired till he fell, and yet in all that time he never moved over thirty yards.

While there are some cases, when a moose has been started, where he shows a great deal of cunning in eluding his pursuers, and it seems almost impossible to get near to him, yet in most cases he seems utterly indifferent about the approach of men. I have several times known of moose coming into the streets of well settled towns and walking for long distances close past the houses, and scores of instances where they came into fields with cattle, or close up to farm buildings. Nearly every fall one or more are killed in Maine by engines. They will stand on the track and allow themselves to be run over without attempting to get out of the way. I have known not only bulls but cows and calves to be killed in this way. I have paddled up to within sixty yards of an old bull which was walking along on a rocky shore. He was looking straight at me and walking toward me. He paid no attention to the canoe till shot. I have known hunters with whom I am acquainted to paddle up to moose feeding in the water till they struck them with a paddle. Is there any other as large animal on the face of the earth so stupid as this? And yet any of these moose perhaps in a few hours may be too shy to approach.

It is just so in calling moose. Sometimes it is next to impossible to call one out. If he comes at all he will creep quietly up till he gets one's scent, and then sneak off so quietly that till you see his tracks the next day, you do not know he has been near you. At other times

he will come crashing and smashing directly toward you. Often they do not have to be called, but will come to the noise of an ax. In 1859 my partner, while out on a sable line, stopped for the night in a "baker camp" made of bright, new cedar spits. After supper, when he was cutting up his night's wood by fire light, a moose came to the sound of his ax, and he was obliged to take shelter in the camp behind the fire. The moose came up to within a rod of the fire and walked back and forth, grunting, for a long time. My partner was a man of good courage and used to moose, but as he only had a small bored rifle pistol, he thought "prudence the better part of valor," and did not fire.

I never could see why it was thought such a feat to kill a moose. While of course there is a great deal in knowing the habits of the animal, there is also a great element of what is called luck in moose hunting. One may hunt for weeks and not get a shot, and he may find one in an hour after leaving camp. One of my partners shot three within half an hour from the time he took the track. Although it was bare ground and very dry, they allowed him to get within twenty yards, and stood without lifting a foot till all were shot. On another occasion my partner got close to five old bulls, tracking them on light snow. They stood till he shot four and wounded the fifth, with a muzzleloading smoothbore.

While a great deal of credit belongs to the guide who gets the sportsman up to a moose, I cannot see any reason why the sportsman should have any more credit than if he had shot a cow. In all cases the guide could do the work better alone, and the sportsman is only a hindrance instead of a help, and yet he usually takes all the credit to himself. If a man can go out alone and kill a moose then he may have some reason to congratulate himself on what he has done. The hard part of moose hunting is to find the moose.

I agree with Mr. Westover that in shooting a great deal depends on the man who shoots, as well as the size of bore. Still, I do not believe any one going into the woods to shoot moose should ever carry anything smaller than a .44, and I think a .45 much better than a .44. While it may be true that if a small bullet is placed exactly right it will kill as quickly as a large one, the fact is that no man living can always place a bullet just where he wishes when shooting in the woods. At least half the time the game stands so that he cannot see just the part he wishes to aim at. One may be sure that if a .45 does not kill, a .30-30 would not if placed the same. I would give more for Mr. Braithwaite's opinion than that of any dozen of so-called sports who have shot one or two moose each. A friend has just come in who before this season has always used a .45. This year he carried a .30-30. He can shoot a rifle and knows where to shoot an animal. He shot a large buck square through. With a .45 he would have been a dead deer, but as it was he was a lost deer. Next he shot another buck just where he wished to; this one ran a long way and never bled a drop, and as there was no snow was found almost by accident. Then after days of hunting he got a chance at a moose. He shot the moose twice, then the next cartridge snapped, and while getting another the moose went off. After following a long way and not finding blood, they came to where he had stopped and bled a good deal. As it was late and they were a good way from camp, they thought best to let him be till morning. In the morning there was a heavy snowstorm, which did not cease till nearly three feet fell, and so it was a lost moose. My friend says that if he had taken his old .45 he should have had a moose and two deer, instead of one deer, and that he will never take a .30-30 again.

The noted guide, Louis Ketchum, says: "I would just as soon shoot a porcupine quill through a moose as a .30-30." As Louis has probably shot more moose than any twenty sports who ever came into Maine, I think his opinion is entitled to more consideration than that of those whose only experience in shooting large game has been confined to a few shots. H. L. Leonard, who shot more moose by fair still-hunting than any man I ever knew in Maine, after trying small bores, used a rifle made by himself carrying a half ounce round ball, in all his last hunting; and a moose usually did not have far to go to get to the end of his journey when struck by a bullet of this size. Because one has shot a moose dead at a single shot with a small bullet, it is no sign that it can be relied upon to do it the next time. I once shot two moose in two successive days with a round ball of nearly 60 to the pound; but a few days after one took eleven bullets of this size and they were well placed, too.

I think that it makes a good deal of difference whether a moose is shot when standing quietly or when he is "fighting mad." I think that when an animal is excited it cannot be killed by a wound which will kill it instantly when quiet. Of course, it will die in time, but it will be some time.

I do not believe that any of the high-power, small-bore rifles should be allowed to be carried into the woods. There is no need of a rifle which will carry over 200 yards and rarely of one to kill at half that distance. I have known those who have killed hundreds of moose and thousands of deer, and according to their testimony and my own experience most moose are shot at twenty to thirty yards, and deer but a little further off. I have seen moose shot on bare ground at not over fifteen feet from the muzzle of the gun, and I never saw one shot at over 100 yards. The deer I have seen shot were usually further off than the moose. Occasionally both moose and deer are shot at long range, when across streams or on bogs, but very seldom at over 100 yards when in the woods. In most cases the distance is greatly overestimated. One of our guides once sent me a newspaper with an article about shooting a moose. The writer gave the distance as twenty-five rods. The guide wrote: "This is a nice man and he means to tell the truth," but it was not over ten rods." Usually the distance is not over one-half what men not used to the woods estimate. One reason why high power guns should not be used in the woods is that there is no need of them, and larger bored of shorter range do the work better; but the great reason is the danger to other people. Last year one man was killed here by someone so far off that no one could tell who did the shooting. This year two have been shot in this way, no one knowing where the bullet came from, and several others have had narrow escapes. I believe that, shot for shot, one carrying a .45 will get a

quarter more deer and twice as many moose as the same man could if using any high power small bore, and with much less danger to other people. M. HARDY.

BREWER, Maine.

The Maine Season.

BOSTON, Dec. 14.—Returning hunters cannot sell their deer in the Boston markets as readily as early in the season. Marketmen say that they are not wanted. Three as handsome bucks as were ever shot have been offered nearly all the week in Clinton market, and up to last evening only one had been sold. Two of them weighed almost 200 pounds each, and the other 203 pounds. All three had particularly fine heads; one most symmetrically beautiful and clear. But marketmen say that there is no call for deer heads. If cut off, they can scarcely give them away; left on, the heads are not an inducement to buyers of meat. The buck sold only brought 12½ cents per pound, against 25 and even 30 cents, paid for no better deer early in the season. The marketing of deer by returning sportsmen has become a regular feature here, and the marketmen all understand it. Is not this a strong argument in favor of limiting the number of deer a hunter can bring out of Maine to one?

It is a curious fact that a lot of sympathy runs with convictions for infractions of the game laws, in almost any State in the Union. Ira Arnold was fined \$700 in the local court at Berwick, Me., last week for snaring 140 partridges. He had pleaded guilty, and, since he was without means to pay his fine, if sentence were carried out, he must spend several years in jail. The judge suspended sentence, on condition that the prisoner cease snaring birds. Now, a gentleman discussing this case with me, and telling me about it, a most respectable doctor, with a good Boston practice, expressed the opinion that the judge did just right. "When a boy, I snared partridges myself," said the worthy doctor, "and sold them for 25 cents each. I did this to help myself along with my schooling. I fail to see how snaring partridges is any worse than shooting them. In both cases the birds are destroyed."

Duck shooting along the South Shore and down the Cape is not yet all done, although the sportsmen have generally given up for the season. The captain of a fishing vessel came up to Boston Friday from off Barnstable. He had about 40 ducks on his craft, some of them black ducks. He made his friends presents of pairs of them. Remark that he had never seen better shooting off Barnstable than he had found this week. He allowed that he and his men had shotguns and good ones, and frequently engaged in shooting ducks, when the weather did not admit of fishing.

Dec. 16.—The Maine big game season is entirely closed. The legal open season on deer closed Dec. 15, and that on moose a month earlier. The season has been a most remarkable one, especially for the number of deer slain. The number of deer shipped through Bangor was not far from 4,000. Remembering that Bangor is only the largest one of four or five great outlets for game, and considering that a vast number of deer are killed by residents of the State and not shipped at all, it is not a wide estimate to put the total number killed for the season at 25,000. Some estimates are even larger, but counting only this number, and reckoning that every deer is worth on an average \$10 to the hunter or citizen who secures the prize, it seems that the deer crop is worth at least a quarter of a million dollars to the State of Maine. But such a reckoning is not wide enough. It costs sportsmen, reckoning all that it paid into the State in their pursuit of deer by both successful and unsuccessful hunters, at least \$100 for every deer taken by them. If sportsmen have taken one quarter of the deer slain, 6,250, they have paid into the State for the same \$625,000. Still we hear of the Maine farmers complaining of the loss of a few bushels of oats, eaten by the deer, and threatening to remove all protection from these animals at the next session of the Legislature. Of moose, 200 have been shipped through Bangor, and if this means one quarter of the number slain, and it costs sportsmen \$200 on the average to get their moose, the moose crop has been worth to Maine at least \$40,000.

In another way the season has been a most peculiar one. There have been at least 32 persons injured badly by the careless or accidental discharge of fire arms when hunting or about hunting camps. This number does not include the accidents from guns of minor importance, and it is estimated that during the season at least 100 persons were injured, more or less, by the accidental discharge of guns, or careless shooting. Of this number eight have died already, and a few others are in a bad condition. In the previous year only five persons were killed from the same cause, one lingering till midwinter before he died. What a travesty on legislation! It will be remembered that Maine made a law last winter putting a heavy fine and imprisonment, or both, on the shooting of a person by mistaking him for game. But, though grand juries have met in at least two of the counties where the accidental shooting has occurred, and the facts have been known to those juries, not an indictment has yet been found. I heard a sensible Maine guide comment on this matter the other day, a man who has been in the woods about all the time during each open season for several years. "The law is all foolishness," said he. "It can do no good. A fool who is crazy enough to shoot at a man for a deer will shot anyway; no law can stop him. He does not think of the law. He is wild with excitement; buck fever. He does not know what he is about. I dread the whiskey sportsmen bring into camp more than anything else. When I am guiding parties who have it, I insist on their drinking at night. If I know of their drinking ever so little in the morning, before or after they go out, I keep watch of them. They don't get a chance to mistake me for a deer. My eyesight is pretty sharp in the woods, and I calculate to see them first. No," he remarked, as he drew a snow-white sweater over his shoulders, "the color of the clothing has nothing to do with a man who will shoot at a motion in the woods. He will shoot at a fire-red sweater or hat just as soon as anything. He is completely gone. He is crazy with hunting excitement. But I do believe in a white sweater to hunt deer in after the ground is covered with snow. In the fall, before the snow comes, I wear an

outside shooting coat and hat as near to the color of the autumn leaves as I can get. I have seen considerable that has been written about wearing red hats and red sweaters, and I am satisfied that the deer will see such clothes long before the hunter sees him, and the more startling the color the more likely he will be to skulk silently away. Hunters who go into the woods have got to take their chances of being shot by the fools without either brains or experience. Law won't help in the least, and startling colors in clothing are all wrong, if one expects to see the game he is in quest of."

The Maine game season has also been remarkable in another direction—the increase in women hunters and their success with big game. Three moose have been taken through Bangor by women who claimed to have shot the game. The successful moose slayers are Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague, of Boston; Mrs. S. W. Whilden, New York; Mrs. D. S. Adams, Manchester, N. H. Women hunters have taken 59 deer through Bangor for the season.

Now that the game season is over the sportsmen's shows are next in order. The Massachusetts Sportsmen's Association met recently and decided to prepare for a show and to open it in the Mechanics' Building Feb. 22. This is earlier than usual, but the feeling is that the weather chances are not as bad as in March. Greater attractions than ever before are promised, with game birds and animals on exhibition that have never before been seen in any show of this class. Greater exhibitions of fish and fish hatcheries are promised from the several New England States.

SPECIAL.

Funds for a Christmas Dinner.

THE Wyandanch Club, of Smithtown, is next to the Southside Club, the oldest sportsman's club on Long Island. It was founded in 1872 as the Roslyn Gun Club, and in 1882 the name was changed to the present style and the club moved to Smithtown, where it has a preserve of 15,000 acres devoted to quail. Working chiefly under the supervision of Mr. Gustave Walter, who was the club's founder and is now the oldest member, the Wyandanch members have imported large numbers of birds from other States, and first and last have put out 767 dozen quail, the overflow of which has helped to stock the surrounding territory. The Wyandanch territory is divided into seven districts, and the members are assigned to certain districts for the day's shooting, and that one gunning party may not encroach upon the particular district assigned to another one, club guides are employed to accompany the shooters. One of these guides the other day invited two sportsmen to Northport to shoot on the Wyandanch preserves; he did this without any authority, and got the shooters into trouble. The rest of the story is told in the subjoined letters, written by Gen. Wingate.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Messrs. George W. Burr and C. E. Robinson, Northport, Long Island. Gentlemen: Your letter of the 11th inst. to the Wyandanch Club, tendering an apology to it for shooting upon its grounds on Nov. 23, and inclosing \$50, the amount of the fine to which you would have been subjected if legal proceedings had been instituted against you (as was contemplated by the club) has been referred to me as chairman of its Committee on the Enforcement of the Game Law.

I desire to assue you, on behalf of the members of the club, that they consider your action in the matter to be both frank and manly, and accept your apologies in the same spirit in which they are tendered. There is no disposition on the part of the club to persecute anybody. There has, however, been so much unauthorized shooting upon the grounds leased by the club that it has been compelled to decide to prosecute all violators of the law; otherwise, the rights for which it pays a very considerable sum annually to the farmers are thrown away. The matter in your case was one of principle, and as the principle has been fully established by the course you have taken, the club accepts your letter as settling the entire matter, and to meet it in the same spirit in which it was written, it has this day forwarded to the Overseer of the Poor of Smithtown the \$50 in question, to be devoted to a Christmas dinner and the general benefit of the poor in his charge.

Very truly yours,

GEO. W. WINGATE,
Chairman Law Committee.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—Overseer of the Poor, Smithtown, L. I. Dear Sir: The Wyandanch Club was about to institute proceedings for the prosecution of Messrs. George W. Burr and C. E. Robinson, of Northport, for shooting quail on its grounds on Nov. 23 in violation of the game law, and I was appointed chairman of a committee to conduct this prosecution and that of other persons who have trespassed upon the property of the club. Messrs. Burr and Robinson have in a very manly manner written to the club inclosing \$25 each, the amount of the fine to which they would have been subjected if the matter had been taken into court, and tendering their apologies for their conduct, and which letter has been accepted by the club as full reparation. The club proposed to institute these proceedings as a matter of principle, and not for the purpose of persecuting anybody. Neither do the members desire to use for their own benefit the money which these gentlemen have contributed.

It has therefore been decided to devote the \$50 in question for the benefit of the poor of Smithtown who are in your charge. I inclose check of the club for that amount and would ask that you will expend as much of it as you think proper to giving the town poor a good Christmas dinner, and the balance, if any, for their general benefit.

Yours truly,

GEO. W. WINGATE,
for Wyandanch Club.

Mr. Lanier's Game Preserve.

MR. CHAS. D. LANIER, of this city, has purchased the Fowler game preserve at Moodus, Conn. It consists of 2,000 acres, and includes a meadow with good duck shooting, and uplands stocked with pheasants, partridges and quail, and several trout streams and ponds.

The Maine Non-Resident Tax.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 15.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The article in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 14 on the above subject cannot fail to be of interest to the sportsman who journeys to the Maine woods annually. As one who is no novice in big-game hunting in Maine, New Brunswick, Quebec and Nova Scotia, I respectfully beg to give FOREST AND STREAM my views on the subject. I do not hesitate to assert that the vast majority of fellow sportsmen view the matter in the same light.

At the meeting of the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association to be held at Bangor on Jan. 7, when the proposed non-resident tax will come up for consideration, it would seem advisable that in looking after the best interests of the State of Maine, the Association should not lose sight of the fact that the non-resident sportsmen, as directly interested parties, have a voice in the matter.

It is an undeniable fact that Maine's non-resident hunters pay dearly for their experience. This, without being obliged to pay the proposed non-resident tax.

"Would not the taxing of non-residents a reasonable fee for the hunting of large game be a just and wise policy to adopt?"

The game laws of Maine make it compulsory for the hunter to engage the services of a registered guide in order to hunt and camp. He is obliged to pay for guiding service double the rates obtainable in Quebec or Nova Scotia. In the majority of cases the hunter, in order to get game, will be compelled to pay extras and tips that put the Canadian license fees into shade.

In all probability the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association is not thoroughly familiar with the average expense incurred by the non-resident hunter.

It is clearly evident to those who foot the bills that the hunter is called upon to pay a good price for the value he receives, and in a great many cases is asked exorbitant figures.

Under these circumstances the proposed non-resident tax would seem unjust, unless offset by material reductions in other directions.

A tax on top of the expenses now connected with a trip to Maine is surely to have one effect, that of driving hunters to Canadian territories, or do the next best thing, read FOREST AND STREAM at home and thus deprive the State of Maine of a good share of the \$15,000,000 referred to by your correspondent.

Taking it all in all, there is something decidedly misleading in your correspondent's article. The raising of funds for warden service in order to protect fish and game would seem good policy, as would also be the passage of a law forbidding the carrying of firearms into the unincorporated portions of the State during close season.

Your correspondent does not tell us who is to blame for the state of affairs calling for these remedies. Those unfamiliar with the situation would infer that it is the non-resident hunter. We all know from home experience that a resident hunter can and is likely to do more harm in a day than a score of non-residents will do in a week.

Moreover, in view of the fact that the non-resident big-game hunter is not likely to spend his time and money in Maine during close season, and that, when he is to be found there during open season, he is always in charge of a resident registered guide, it would seem further proof that whatever violations of the law, if such are committed, are traceable directly to residents.

The Tracy incident related on folio 471, FOREST AND STREAM, is but one of a number of similar cases that have come under the writer's observation from time to time. A good remedy for decreasing game in Maine is to protect the game by passing a law forbidding Maine guides to carry firearms while guiding. It would be well to follow New Brunswick's example.

Considering that it is not just to tax non-residents for warden service, inasmuch as residents create the necessity for such; considering, furthermore, that if taxing the non-resident were desirable it would seem contrary to common sense to tax the big-game hunter and allow the fisherman to escape, when the care and propagation of fish is one of the chief issues, it would seem advisable that the Maine Sportsmen's Fish and Game Association leave "well enough alone" or devise other means.

F. J. SCHUSSELL.

Newfoundland Trophies.

IRVING C. TREAT, of Clapp & Treat, has at their store, says the Hartford Courant, two fine heads of caribou, trophies of a hunt in the wild parts of Newfoundland, where Mr. Treat and A. W. Comstock, treasurer of Comstock, Cheney & Co., of Ivoryton, spent some interesting days last September. They went by rail from here to Cape Breton Island, and then crossed by boat to Port aux Basques, on the southwestern end of Newfoundland, near Cape Ray, where the cable crosses. At Port aux Basques they went on toward the northeast by the Newfoundland Railroad. The map of this road is especially interesting from the fact that it is well sprinkled with stations whose names are printed in large black letters. Mr. Treat says that the only place to find these stations is the company's map. They are not to be found along the line of the road, and are not even marked by the presence of a shack that might be called a stopping place. It is just bushes and trees and a wilderness through which the train passes without a suggestion of stopping.

The sportsmen went on the railroad to Bay of Islands. At Bay of Islands they stopped off and secured guides and a dory, which was loaded on the cars and carried along to Deer Lake. From Deer Lake they went to Nicholasville. This flourishing community consists of the homes of Old Man Nicholas, Young Nicholas, his son, and one other settler. This third resident was irrepressibly happy this year in having raised 250 barrels of potatoes, which made him a rich man thereabouts. The younger Nicholas is a devoted hunter, and this year he succeeded in capturing alive a dozen caribou calves, which have since been shipped to the Bronx Zoological Gardens, belonging to New York. They are safe there from hunters or famine. Nicholasville is on the Humber River, and the hunters made their way up the river to the Big Falls.

The river was lower than ever known before at that

season, and the guides had often to pull the stones out of the way to make an adequate channel in the bed of the stream. But at the Falls the water lay in deep pools, and there Mr. Treat caught a three-pound trout and a river salmon of the same size, and he got them both on a six-ounce rod. The country in back of the river is a combination of hills and bogs and woods, and the caribou, which live in the far north region of the island, begin in the fall to move south from the Long Range Mountains. The hunters take position on some elevation and watch the edge of the woods. Here or there a single caribou or a group of them will merge and start across the open land. This, however, is all cut up with innumerable deer paths, and the hunter who thinks the animals are bound right for him often sees them suddenly turn away and finds they have followed a trodden path.

American Duck Shooting.

OF Mr. Grinnell's new book on duck shooting, Mr. Wm. Brewster, the eminent ornithologist and sportsman says:

"It may well serve as a model for works of its kind, combining as it evidently does scientific accuracy of statement with a simplicity and directness of treatment and graceful charm of style which cannot fail to make it at once useful and attractive to the great sportsman class for whom it is, of course, primarily intended. I like the book thoroughly, and do not see how it could have been made a better book than it is."

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

Fish and Fishing.

A White Canadian Salmon.

COUNT HENRI DE PUYJALON, General Inspector of Fisheries and Game of the Province of Quebec, and author of a work on natural history, is of the opinion that he has found a new variety of salmon in some of the streams of Labrador, specimens of which he has brought back with him here, preserved in alcohol. Those which I have seen are about the size of herrings. Specimens of the adult fish were also brought, but not in alcohol, and as they had only been slightly preserved, they were found unfit for examination when unpacked in Quebec. So far as the external appearance of these young fish go, I see nothing by which to distinguish them from small grilse. Their colors are much the same as those of the young of the ordinary salmon. The small, silvery bright scales easily rub off when touched, and the tail is slightly forked. Mr. Puyjalon tells me, however, that these conditions—the slight caudal notch, and the looseness of the scales—are equally present in the adult specimens of the fish. Here is Mr. Puyjalon's description of a fish taken in the mouth of June at the foot of the rapids of the Kecarpwei River on the Labrador coast: "Weight, 3½ pounds; length from the extremity of the snout to the extremity of one of the lobes of the tail, 24½ inches; from the extremity of the snout to the extremity of the opercle, 5 inches; from the same point to the beginning of the dorsal fin, 9½ inches; width of the caudal fin from one lobe to the other, 4¾ inches. Body very slender, tail slightly forked, scales very shiny, very thin, adhering but slightly; head slender; back a dark blue metallic color; black spots in the form of a quincunx on the skin, showing but transparently through the scales; maxillary teeth very pointed." In the same waters with this fish the ordinary *Salmo salar* is found, so that there are excellent opportunities for comparative study. The residents of the coast call the ordinary fish "red salmon," and the specimens referred to by Mr. Puyjalon "white salmon." In the rivers in which they are found together, both fish run to about 15 pounds in weight. The so-called "white salmon" are also known to the inhabitants as "sling" or "slend," which Mr. Puyjalon thinks is a corruption of "slender" and applied to the fish on account of its shape. No matter what its size, its flesh is always creamy white, as distinct from the rich pink tint of that of the ordinary Atlantic salmon. It takes the fly equally as well as the more common salmon of the sea, and affords quite as good sport. The fish is clearly not a kelt, notwithstanding its slender form, and the question naturally arises, what is it? There is even less dissimilarity in external appearance between it and the common Atlantic salmon, than there is between the latter and the ouananiche. Mr. Puyjalon made a first brief reference to the sling or slend in the last published report of his department, but only this season did he succeed in bringing well-preserved specimens home with him. Before this last summer's trip to Labrador, from which he recently returned, he was under the impression that it was non-anadromous, never visiting salt water. His investigations during the present season prove the contrary to be the fact, and Mr. Puyjalon is now convinced that the "white salmon" possesses the same habits as the more familiar type of *Salmo salar*.

Marston's Charr in Labrador.

Some time ago Prof. Samuel Garman, of Cambridge, in writing to me of some specimens of a Canadian charr, very different in coloring from *Salvelinus fontinalis*, expressed the belief that some of the Alpine charrs would be found to occur in Labrador waters. I have often recalled his remark upon hearing the marvellous descriptions which missionaries, Hudson Bay men and others familiar with the interior of Labrador give of the highly colored trout (so called) that are found in some of its streams. A few days ago I came across a reference made forty years ago to the discovery of some such fish in a tributary of the Moisie. Mr. Hind, the explorer of a part of Labrador in 1861, tells of the fish he found in Coldwater River in that year, and no better description than he gives them is required for the external appearance of the lovely *Salmo (Salvelinus) marstonii*, named by Mr. Cheney for the editor of the English Fishing

Gazette. He says: "Two deep crimson stripes ran down the whole length of the body from the pectoral fin to the tail. The throat and part of the body were silver white, the back dark green; the side of the fish was speckled with salmon-colored spots margined with white. Some of the spots were crimson, surrounded with a silver ring. The flesh of a few of them was quite white, but of the majority of a deep salmon color."

North American Association.

It is expected that the annual meeting of the North American Association for the Protection of Fish and Game will be held at the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt., in the latter part of January, though the exact date has not yet been decided upon. It is understood that the members of the Association are to be tendered a banquet by the Vermont Fish and Game League. Mr. J. W. Titcomb, of St. Johnsbury, president of both the League and the Association, is busying himself in preparing an attractive programme for the annual meeting, and has invited each of the members of the Executive Committee to submit a report upon the legislation of the year affecting fish and game interests by the State or Province from which he hails. The inadvisability of introducing black bass into Canadian trout waters and the important questions of deforestation and forest fires are also suggested for consideration. Members of some of the Provincial governments are included in the membership of the Association, and it is much to be desired that it should have the benefit and the advice of members of State Legislatures also. It must be gratifying to members and friends of the Association to find that in one of the recently issued bulletins of the Division of Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, it is declared "the recent steps toward uniformity in the laws of the border States and Provinces are doubtless largely due to the efforts of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association. E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Salmon as Leapers.

WHEN a strong rapid, or even a fall of ten or twelve feet occurs; the salmon surmounts the impediment with little difficulty; but when the stream is deep and full, and the fall considerable, the poor fish is obliged to stop, and appears sadly puzzled. It soon reconnoiters in all directions for a passage, and even leaps out of the water, apparently with no other object than to get a peep from a higher position, though it must be confessed from what naturalists tell us, the structure of the eye is rather against this supposition.

Salmon leaps are objects of great curiosity and interest. There are many more in Norway and in the British Islands of note than I believe are on this side of the Atlantic. There is a famous one at Leixlip, a short distance from Dublin, where I, with many scores of others, impelled with curiosity, like myself, have many a time stood for an hour or more to see the salmon leap the fall. The River Liffey runs right through the heart of that historic old city, and is walled on either side as a canal. Into this the whole sewers of the city empty. The tide enters from the Bay of Dublin and runs up a considerable distance, but from the color of the water, as one looks at it from the Quays, as they are called, thick as it is with mud and muck and filth, one would say no fish could live for two minutes in it. But they do. The salmon run this terrible blockade in their proper season and successfully reach the clear pure waters above. Poor fish, having undergone this suffocating experience and reached the more limpid element beyond, a further ordeal has to be undergone—the leaping of this fall of about 15 feet.

Two other most remarkable salmon leaps that I have seen are Ballyshannon and Coleraine in the north of Ireland. The former I am well acquainted with.

The large and beautiful lake, Loch Erne, fifty miles long by ten or twelve broad, pours its waters into the Atlantic by a short and very rapid river, which after an impetuous course from Belleek and a last fall of 15 or 16 feet at Ballyshannon, meets the tide at the bottom of a perpendicular limestone rock. The open sea is only three miles distant from the fall, and in early summer innumerable salmon run up the river and assemble in "the pool," as the abyss below the rock is called, checked in their career by this formidable barrier.

In the course of a week many thousands of salmon are here collected, waiting, as it would almost appear, for a spring tide to raise the water in "the pool" and make the leap easier. Here the fish are taken in nets in great numbers and sent to the London market, where, from their delightful flavor, for which the Ballyshannon fish are noted, they command high prices. Men, however, at this place, are not the only fishers. Seals follow the salmon from the sea and prey upon them in "the pool," pursuing them with greater speed and success than the unwieldy appearance of these amphibious creatures would lead one to expect. They are often seen emerging from the froth at the bottom of the fall with salmon wriggling in their mouths, and generally by the aid of sundry well directed bullets made to pay the penalty of their lives for thus intruding into the preserve of the lords of creation. I have myself shot several.

During spring tides, when the weather is fine, this salmon leap attracts a great number of spectators—just as the leap on the Liffey does, and a description of the scene will answer for both. At the latter place, however, the fish wait for a good "spate" before attempting to make the ascent; here they depend on the high tides.

It is very interesting to watch them. As the water rises the fish begin to leap; perhaps a couple of hundred in an hour. The young ones very often miscalculate the direction they should take, leaping perpendicularly out of the water, and of course falling back immediately. But the older and wiser salmon, many of which doubtless have been up before, and are better mathematicians, manage differently.

These dart to the crest of the cataract in a line with the curve of the falling mass of water, and there cling for some seconds, wriggling themselves into the torrent. In this very difficult position they can only work on the water with the pectoral and ventral fins; the force of their powerful tail, by which they had sprung from

the bottom, being now lost in beating the air. Many, notwithstanding, succeed, dip into the water at the top and shoot up the river; but the great majority fail and after a gallant struggle are tumbled back into the pool.

After the great leap up a fall the fish rest during several hours in the first gentle current they meet before proceeding further on their journey. It is plain that the distance they daily travel must depend upon the nature of the stream. If the river is rapid, the fish's stages must be short, and vice versa.

The salmon leaps on this side of the Atlantic are many, but they are interesting only to sportsmen, for they are, so to speak, outside the pale of civilization, while those I have mentioned in the Old Country are almost on the confines of big cities, and to the amusement seekers, especially on a Sunday afternoon, the exertions of the salmon to bound over the falls are always attractive.

There is a fine salmon leap on the Gold River in Nova Scotia, about 13 feet high, which only during a very heavy freshet can be surmounted by the fish. It has no equal in picturesqueness, but it is seldom visited because it is situated far in the wilds, and difficult of access. To see the fall when the water is low, one would almost swear salmon never went over such a place; but I have on two occasions after a continuance of very heavy rains, sat on the bank and watched them leaping, and positively enjoyed it. The successful jumpers, and those that fell short, seemed about equally divided the last time I was there, and afforded an opportunity for myself and my companion to back the "next salmon's leap" for small sums, which created a good deal of fun and excitement for us both.

Salmon leaps are also found on the Medway River, in the same Province, but they are not very high and are easily surmounted during floods.

There is a peculiarity in the instincts of salmon worthy of notice, viz., their invariable habit of returning from unknown distances and depths of ocean to the streams where they were bred. They may be forced by stress of weather or the pursuit of their natural enemies into the mouth of a strange river, like a ship driven by a storm to a hostile port, but the vast majorities find their way back to their native waters, unattractive as they might seem on account of the difficulties they experience in surmounting these very leaps and other obstacles. Their local memory would appear to extend to food also, and probably the reason they take the fly so well on first leaving the sea, where they never meet with one, is a confused recollection of the habits of their youth.

But in conclusion, to revert for one moment more to their leaping, I have a letter by me from a friend who was last year in Norway, which states that a fall was measured there out of curiosity, where under it the water was sounded and found to be but 8 feet deep, and to the top of the fall from the surface of the water quite 17 feet; and yet several large salmon had been positively seen to make the leap, apparently easily, for they went on when they had dipped in the water at the summit. Is not this splendid leaping? NEPOS.

The Crater Lake Trout.

SARATOGA, Cal., Dec. 3.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: In the Aug. 3 number of this year you kindly published a full column "How the Parsons Put Trout in Crater Lake," Oct. 20, 1900. We did, and we worked hard to do it, riding two hundred miles, carrying a large milk pail of little trout for fifty miles of rough road, and climbing the high mountain and wallowing down the snowy sides of the Crater to the deep lake. We verily believed we were the first, and all whom we met and told of it believed with us. For the country was so full of stories of failure that the generous Southern Pacific R. R., who carried us and our outfit free and heartily, had small hopes we could do the task, especially so late in the year. Reports of trout, little and large, have come to us abundantly this year. Credible reports from officers of the Geological Survey from Washington say there are trout there 30 inches long. I feel in honor bound to tell you this, as it confirms the account of my friend, Mr. Steele, of Portland, Ore., that he put trout in Crater Lake many years ago. I think our party must have been the next successful one, for the only two lengths I hear described are 6 inches and 30 inches. I cannot now give Mr. Steele's first name, nor the year in which he planted the fish, but I will do so later when I hear from him. The great matter is to know that that wild, strange Oregon lake, twenty miles from a human habitation, six miles across and 2,000 feet deep, occupying the crater of an out-burst mountain, with water as richly colored as an Italian lake, is stocked with great trout. Now some one will build a little cabin hotel and launch boats, and famous fishermen will be as eager to go there as to the Nipigon. I had thought my little pailful would take so long to grow and multiply that I should have to leave the catching of them to posterity but, by my best spoon, which failed to hook me a Puget Sound salmon last summer, I will hope to catch a 30-inch trout from Crater Lake. They will be 32 next summer. Roosevelt may hear of them and drop a line to them, for there are mountain lions in the region, and he is mighty to slay them.

I know you will thank me to tell you that Bert Dennis, of Klamath Falls, who took us and first broke through the deep snowdrifts without spilling a fish, still has his good team, and has not forgotten the way. He is not at all a professional guide, nor is his home a regular hotel, but hunters are welcomed ranch fashion; and it has never been my hunter luck to get into warmer nests than are spread there or before a more bountiful table. The good Oregonians will blush if this gets to their eyes, but they deserve every word of unsolicited appreciation and praise. A stage runs daily, I think, in the summer, from Ashland to Klamath Falls, and Bert, for modest country charges, would take a party, not in style, but with hearty comfort.

The fisherman who has not seen the huge trout of Klamath Lake, literally in shoals about the gushing springs at the bottom of the lake, has Oregon's greatest fish sight to see. I only began to lay down my claim, as an honest fisherman ought, to the credit of putting first fish in one of the deepest and most wonderful lakes in the world. The interesting subject has drawn me on, and that fascinating region will draw you again and again if

once you take a S. P. Pullman to Ashland and get into this hunter's and fisherman's paradise.

President David Starr Jordan had some fear my fish in a lake so large might not find each other in pairing time. Steele's fish have found each other, and the angling world may know that the rarest lake on the Pacific coast is stocked. Think of striking a 10-pounder where not a rock, a weed or log may bother your line if you play out 2,000 feet. Whew!

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

The Kennel.

Fixtures.

BENCH SHOWS.

1902.

Feb. 4-6.—Providence, R. I.—Rhode Island Kennel Club's annual show. George D. Miller, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

1902.

Jan. 20.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—United States Field Trial Club's thirteenth annual trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

Feb. 10.—Grand Junction, Tenn.—Continental Field Trial Club's trials. Theo. Sturges, Sec'y.

Death of Frank.

BARRE, Vt.—Three years ago I wrote an article to FOREST AND STREAM on "Foxes and Fox Hounds," and at that time I mentioned the difficulty my brother and I had in securing a desirable fox dog, and our final purchase of a rabbit hound that persisted in running foxes.

I am pained to report we lost by death this dog last week. The last fox shot ahead of him was on the day of his death—which no doubt was caused by poison. This was the forty-second fox killed ahead of him during the time we have owned him.

Old Drive, owned by Dr. E. H. Niles, of Danvers, Mass., will, on his return to his summer home, miss Frank, for they were steadfast friends and companions on many a hunt, and their musical voices up and down the Ompompanoosuc Valley were familiarly known. I would not take this space to report the loss of an ordinary dog, but in this one it is the oft-told story of every old hunter, "we never again expect to own another like him." While reading the letter that brought the sad news, I could not withhold the moisture from gathering beneath the lids, and my mind wandered back to the last hunt we had together on that bright October morning, when my brother and I each shot our fox, and were at home in time for dinner. Some cannot understand how love lurks about a "cussed hound," but, dear reader, this was not the sneaking, raw-boned, thieving cur so often met with in the hound family, but instead was as trim as a pointer, with ears no longer, with a most wonderful intellect. I will not write on, suffice to say that the owners alone are not all that mourn, and when these lines are read by those that have had the pleasure of a hunt with Frank, will feel sad I am sure.

B. A. E.

The New England Kennel Club.

BOSTON, Dec. 14.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: I beg to announce the Dog Show Committee of the New England Kennel Club for 1902, viz: Messrs. Samuel Hammond, J. M. Grosvenor, Jr., David Crocker, Tyler Morse, Charles W. Keyes, Robert C. McQuillen, William B. Emery. Our eighteenth annual dog show will be held at Mechanics' Building, Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass., April 1, 2, 3 and 4, 1902.

The name of the superintendent, his office address, etc., will be published as soon as decided upon.

In the meantime all communications regarding the dog show may be addressed to William B. Emery, Secretary Dog Show Com., 260 Albany street, Boston, Mass.

Canoeing.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXXI.

BY F. R. WEBB.

We accordingly gave it up, and, returning to our canoes paddled back close in shore up the river for a quarter of a mile or more, until we were about opposite the middle of the long, diagonal dam, when we dropped across and landed on it, and an easy portage was made by sliding the canoes over the crest on to the long, sloping apron, and thence down into the river below.

We paddled through the clustered islands in the bend and had an easy run of half a mile or more, when our progress was stopped by a long wall of reefs, extending, like a dam, in a long, diagonal line from right to left clear across and down the river.

"Great Scott!" cried Lacy, as we landed on this reef and took a survey.

We looked down a long, down-hill slope of about a mile. Line after line of reefs or "saw-tooth" ledges crossed the river in long, parallel ridges, as though the very foundation sills of the mountains had been laid bare by the river, as, with unwearied patience through countless ages, it ate its way down to the level of the Potomac.

The pulp mill absorbs pretty much all the water in the river from the dam down, consequently the ledges were mostly above the water, which trickled over the low places, and slipped through the innumerable gaps and crevices in the reefs in countless, little, brook-like channels, until the bed of the river was so profusely studded with rocks that absolutely no water was visible 50 yds. below us, and the entire range of river bed down the fall was, apparently, a perfectly bare wilderness of rocks.

"I tell you that would be a terrible rapid, with all that fall, if there was water enough to cover those rocks!" exclaimed Lacy, as he gazed with absorbed interest down the apparently dry bed of the river.

"Well, you would have thought so if you had come down over it as George and I did in our '86 cruise, when the water was up all over it," I replied. "It was most appallingly rough."

"I can easily believe it," he answered, as he prodded idly with his paddle into the frayed, coral-like surface of the reef. "Now the question is, how are we to get through? I see absolutely no thoroughfare. Isn't there any boat channel?"

"Not out here in the river," I responded, as I tossed away the stump of my cigar. "That pulp-mill canal above there is the old boat channel; the boats didn't run this part of the river. All there is to do is to find what water we can, which won't be much, and get through as best we can."

We accordingly re-embarked and paddled over to the head of the line of reefs next the right bank, from which point we felt our way along the long, diagonal, downstream face of the reef, clear across to the left bank, without finding a sufficiently promising opening, where we stopped and looked inquiringly at each other.

"Clearly this won't do!" I exclaimed; "we're no better off than we were before. We've got to get through some way. Let's paddle back and try it over. I think our best chance is to get out a little way from this bank and then work through across toward the other bank—in other words, to work as straight across the lines of reefs as possible."

There being nothing else in sight, we adopted this plan, and boldly attacked the reef at the first crevice which appeared at all promising, and, finally, after an hour's work, slipping through unpromising little notches here, many of which surprised us by floating us over where we least expected it, getting out and wading there, and lifting the canoes over when they stuck on a ledge, or where no suitable channel appeared; running a bold, open shoot somewhere else, or sliding in our canoes down the long, sloping, apron-like face of a reef, worn smooth by the water, sometimes with a face 10 or 15 ft. long, or



"Bringing up with a terrific smash against the ledges."

even longer, and covered with only 2 or 3 in. of water, much after the fashion of a small boy on a cellar door; in and out of the water, bumping up against the rocks, sometimes through a gap or over a fall stern first or sideways, and with many a narrow escape from a capsize, we finally managed to work through half the falls and reached a resting place on the old Government dam, where we landed for a breathing spell, and to reconnoitre the remaining half-mile or so of the rapid.

This dam is located about the middle of the fall. Beginning a few feet out from the right bank, it comes across the river in a long, graceful curve, its left end running for a long distance down stream, parallel with the left bank, forming a race for the old abandoned factory at the foot of the rapid, to which it formerly supplied power.

If it was bad above this dam it was infinitely worse below, for, with the same fall and same wilderness of rocks and reefs, a large part of the water from the pulp mill canal had now been returned to the river, through a break in the bank a little above the dam upon which we stood, evidently a souvenir of the recent flood, and while this dam diverted a considerable quantity of water through the raceway of the old factory below, at the foot of the falls, a large break in the left wing of the dam a hundred yards down the race from where we stood let the most of it back into the river again, and the water rushed wildly and furiously down among the rocks in the remainder of the falls, rendering the passage really dangerous, both to ourselves and to our light, frail canoes, and making the hoarse prophecy of our Watson's Falls friends, "Them light little boats 'll be smashed into kin'lin' wood!" not unlikely to be realized.

"Well, how about it?" asked George, as we ruefully surveyed the not very promising outlook before us.

"Well, I think our best chance is to paddle over to the right bank, where, you will remember, the dam is open, and drop around the end of it, and work through over there the best way we can," I replied, as I pulled my canoe well up on the dam to secure it while I looked the situation over.

"Don't you think it would be better to drop down that lead to the left there, down the race, and run that break in the dam, and then work through on this side?" he continued.

"No, I think my plan best," I replied, "but there doesn't seem to be much choice, and my own opinion is that whichever way we go we'll wish we'd gone some other way. That break is very rough, and the tail of the outflow smashes up dangerously over that mass of rocks there at the foot. They will be hard to dodge."

"There is a clear little channel, there, just this side of the rocks," he persisted.

"Yes, but it's very narrow, and the chances are all against our being able to make it," I replied.

"It will be hard to make," added Lacy.

"Yes, but it must be made," returned George.

"I'll tell you," said Lacy, "in running the break swing your canoe in on the up-stream side, out of the tail into that little eddy just above it, up under the dam there, and then take a fresh start from there."

"That's it," exclaimed George, as he untied his painter from a projecting rock on the crest of the dam, and prepared to re-embark,

"All right," said I, as I followed his example. "Any way. There doesn't seem to be much choice, and they all look equally bad to me."

Lacy went first, while George and I watched him from the dam. He paddled down the race, along the wing of the dam, turned to the right and entered the shoot, and shot down the break. He turned the bow of his canoe in toward the eddy as soon as he was safely over the dam, but was carried far down toward the rocks, with his canoe sidewise across the tail. Finally, by desperate paddling, he succeeded in securing the eddy, where, helmet in hand and mopping his forehead, he awaited us.

"Lacy didn't manage that very well," said George, as he stepped aboard his canoe and pushed off from the dam. "Surely all that work was not necessary to get into that eddy."

He went down next, while I watched him. He made the shoot precisely as Lacy had done, and only by putting forth his utmost strength did he clear the rocks and drop into the eddy.

"George didn't manage well either, then," said I to myself, as I took my seat in my canoe, lit a cigar and pushed off into the strong flow setting down the race. "Perhaps I'd better look a little out."

When I reached the break I noticed that a reef, or more likely a course of the broken dam, lay across it, over which the water fell in a perpendicular cataract, a couple of feet or so in height, and it was necessary to go below around the end of the reef or course and paddle back clear across the break in order to gain the haven where George and Lacy quietly lay, watching me with interest and anxiety. As I approached both shouted something to me, but it was lost in the roar of the waters.

There seemed to be considerable lee close up to the fall over the obstruction, which was perpendicular, like a dam, and 2 or 3 ft. high, and I at once saw that Lacy and George had gone too far down before attempting the crossing, so I held the nose of my canoe close up under the ledge—so close that the water from the fall fell on the bow of the boat and splattered over the forward deck and hatch—and started to paddle leisurely across. I would show those fellows that there was quite no occasion for so much superfluous exertion if they only knew how to do it properly—in short, in order to run a rapid or fall successfully, headwork was of more importance than mere muscle.

I had gotten a couple of boat lengths out when my canoe was seized by something underneath with a mighty grasp, thrown around, end for end, and hurled down that remorseless tail like a straw. My cigar flew overboard in a jiffy, while I grasped my paddle and worked it with the strength of desperation, but with no more effect than if it had been a twig. I missed the eddy entirely and was hurled bodily, almost broadside on, against the dangerous mass of rocks at the foot of the shoot, which loomed up ten times more threatening and dangerous at close quarters, but the water banked up against the rocks, like a cushion instead of breaking over them, and just as my canoe was within an inch of being reduced to a mere mass of rags and kindling wood, she held off and slipped easily and harmlessly around into the deep little channel we had noted from above, down which she shot like a race horse into the open water below, and I was safe.

I took off my helmet and smoothed down my hair, which was standing on end, and wiped my dripping forehead with my handkerchief, and looked around and smiled a feeble, idiotic little smile upon George and Lacy, who shot swiftly alongside of me as I drifted idly upon the rocking surface of a short little reach of still water below the dam—relief was written upon each countenance. They had, with one accord, darted out in alarm after me as soon as they saw that I had missed the eddy, and was going upon the rocks.

"What in the mischief did you go way down below the break for?" exclaimed George, as he grasped my gunwale, while Lacy at the same time yelled, "You should have jumped the break. That's the way we did. We hollered at you to jump it."

"Yes, I know it, now," I replied with a wilted little laugh, as I replaced my helmet on my head and took up my paddle. "It's a clear case where my hind sight is better than my foresight. I'll do it next time."

The remaining half mile of rapids below the dam now lay before us, with the augmented volume of water escaping through the break in the pulp mill canal, infinitely worse than above, and well calculated to tax our nerve, skill and address to the utmost. There was no way of avoiding it, however, except to abandon the cruise, and have our canoes ignominiously drayed in to the freight depot, an alternative easily within our reach, for we were now, and had been for some time, within the limits of Harper's Ferry, whose houses straggled up the steep bluff on our left, and crowned its summit, as well as lined the river front for a long distance up the river behind us. We, however, had no desire or intention to avoid it, and, selecting the most promising opening, we boldly let ourselves loose.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Brooklyn C. C.

The annual meeting of the Brooklyn C. C. was held at the residence of Ex-Com. Percy F. Hogan, No. 202 Jefferson avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., on the evening of Dec. 10. The reports of the officers and committees showed the club to be in excellent financial condition, and the prospects for the coming season very bright. The following were elected officers of the club for the ensuing year: Com., Joseph B. Taylor; Vice-Com., H. A. Reitzenstein; Purser, Ainslie W. Walter; Meas., F. Valdemar Henshaw; members of the Board of Trustees of the class of 1904, Robert J. Wilkin and Morton V. Brokaw. Mr. Wilkin was elected President of the Board of Trustees, and Mr. Hogan Secretary. The annual dinner of the club will be held at the Olde Tavern on Duane street, near West Broadway, New York, on the evening of Saturday, Jan. 11, 1902, at which time the committees for the ensuing year will be announced, and the prizes for the past season distributed.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

A. C. A. Dinner.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Saturday night, Dec. 14, a dinner was given to the members of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. at The Orchard, the country home of the Athletic Club of Philadelphia. The weather was fierce, with a howling wind and rain, nevertheless nearly forty canoeists assembled around the board, and one of the regular A. C. A. nights was passed.

Those present were: Louis A. Hall, Commodore, A. C. A., Boston, Mass.; M. D. Wilt, Vice-Commodore Atlantic Division, Philadelphia, Pa.; F. S. Thorne, ex-Commodore, Buffalo, N. Y.; T. L. Dunnell, ex-Commodore, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Harry C. Allen, ex-Vice-Commodore, Trenton, N. J.; Joseph Edward Murray, ex-Vice-Commodore, Philadelphia, Pa.; Henry C. Smythe, Librarian Custodian, New York, N. Y.; W. A. Furman, F. G. Furman, W. H. Heidweiler, H. P. Moorhead, H. C. Allen, W. S. Smith, M. S. West, W. C. Lawrence, R. G. Lucas and Harry Ott, Park Island Canoe Association, Trenton, N. J.; F. C. Moore, Wendell Andreas, H. L. Pollard and F. C. Moore, New York C. C.; D. B. Goodsell, Yonkers C. C.; M. D. Wilt, J. E. Murray, F. A. Hockey, A. S. Fenimore, H. W. Fleischmann, H. E. Blumner, E. D. Hemingway, Omar Shallcross, E. W. Crittenden, Wm. Overington, Jr., and Will K. Park, Red Dragon C. C., Philadelphia; T. Rice Davis, Lakanoo C. C., Burlington, N. J.; Dr. Pennington, E. H. Preston, Philadelphia, Pa.

The table was arranged in the form of the letter V, with Louis A. Hall and M. D. Wilt at the head, and J. E. Murray and H. W. Fleischmann at the ends. Speeches, songs and bright remarks followed like a continuous performance. Com. Hall gave an interesting talk on the coming meet, which will be held at Cape Cod next August. His remarks were well received, and he made himself heard without the aid of a megaphone. Ex-Com. Thorne spoke of the many pleasant times at past meets, and advised every one to be on hand at Chatham next August.

W. K. P.

Red Dragon C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 16.—The Red Dragon C. C. has been rather quiet since the boating season closed, even the trapshooting interest not receiving the attention of former seasons. Commencing the first Saturday in January, a series of weekly shoots will be held, which will last until the opening of the canoeing season. Many handsome prizes have been secured, and the competition promises to be spirited. A distance handicap will give the poorer shots an equal chance with the best.

Several of the Red Dragons distinguished themselves at the Sportsmen's Show which was held in Philadelphia recently. Although none of them were in training, a good showing was made in tilting tournaments, canoe races and other aquatic sports. To Com. Wilt much credit is given for his untiring efforts in having the Red Dragon C. C. represented at the Sportsmen's Show. He placed several of the members' canoes on exhibition, and devoted much time to the events. It was intended to have a Red Dragon camp, which would have been a very interesting exhibit, but owing to lack of space and time it was impossible to arrange it.

W. K. P.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried.

A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must

bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than February 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

IN our issue of Nov. 23 we first announced a designing competition for a 25ft. waterline cruising sloop, offering as prizes, \$25, \$15 and \$10. In doing this we have followed a custom which has been most interesting and successful with our English and French contemporaries, the object being to stimulate and increase the interest of amateurs in yacht designing. We hope and expect that a large number of drawings will be submitted, and we ask our readers to call the attention of any of their friends who may be designers to enter the competition. When this idea was first thought of, we were somewhat in doubt as to the size and style of the craft to be selected, but finally concluded that a cruising boat would appeal to the largest number, and that 25ft. waterline length was the smallest craft in which living accommodation could be secured in a boat of modern design. This competition scheme is in a measure experimental, and we will gladly welcome any suggestions of our readers regarding it. Should this competition prove a success, as we firmly believe it will, it is our intention to continue it, and to offer prizes for boats of different sizes and types. But it is essential that this first trial shall have the cordial support of our readers, to whom we submit it with the hope that they will create a lively interest in it.

THE boiler shop of the John N. Robbins Company's Boston Dry Dock, South Brooklyn, was destroyed by fire on the night of Dec. 12. The boiler shop was a one-story building, which extended along the long dock on which Shamrock II. was laid up in winter quarters. The yacht was in close proximity to the shop, and although the hull was not damaged in the least, the wooden covering that protected the deck was in danger of catching fire. A careful examination made of the hull on Saturday last failed to show any material damage. There were one or two places where the rivets gave evidence of corrosion, otherwise the hull seemed to be in excellent condition. The yacht is being strongly shored up and the cradle in which she rests is a very substantial affair. Shamrock's tender and her sails were stored in the shed that was burned, and they were entirely destroyed.

Remarks on the [Rating] Rules for Yacht Racing.

IN studying the recent excellent article by Thalassa, in FOREST AND STREAM of Nov. 30, I was more than ever impressed with the conviction that between the framers of rules and the great body of untechnical yachtsmen there is a great gulf fixed. For the naval architects and mathematicians who wrestle with formulæ I have the greatest respect, but at the same time I have a large sympathy for those plain yachtsmen, like myself, who have to apply these rules, and who think, not unreasonably, that existing complications are quite bad enough. Let it be granted—for it seems likely—that a rule using displacement as a minus quantity, or as a division, will produce a large-bodied yacht, but how is the factor of displacement to be obtained? Weighing machines suitable for boats up to five tons dead weight may be fairly plentiful in England, but they do not exist in many parts of the United States, and I do not know of one on the Great Lakes. A calculation or approximation of the weight of larger craft from the designer's drawings would require the services of a skilled specialist—something out of the question in many places—and besides will reputable designers cheerfully submit their plans, even to strictly disinterested confidential measurers? In any case, the result of the calculation would have to be made public, and to suggest a concrete example—would Mr. Watson care to have Mr. Herreshoff know the exact displacement of Shamrock? Again, what is the displacement of a yacht but the total weight including crew and stores; and how is it to be kept stationary for a season or even for two successive races? The rule would have to tolerate some margin of variation, and the substitution of a light spar for a heavy one might overstep the limit. Verily the troubles and anxieties of owners and race officers would be multiplied!

However excellent in theory a displacement rule might be, it would in practice be simply vile, and if it is the best solution that the men of figures have to offer, I hope I may have nothing to do with its application. Is there no better way, or is it possible that we are trying to force a passage where there is no channel? As a practical man, I would submit the following suggestions:

1. The prime function of a measurement rule is simply to measure the size of a yacht.
2. Restrictions on form or proportions are a separate and distinct consideration, and should not be embodied in the measurement formula unless it is entirely convenient to do so.
3. No one set of restrictions will answer for all classes of boats, as the requirements in the various sizes are entirely different.
4. Restrictions on construction should be kept separate from measurement and other formulæ, although framed in harmony with them.

rate from measurement and other formulæ, although framed in harmony with them.

Here we have four distinct propositions; related, it is true, but requiring separate consideration, and yet we have been trying to provide for the first three, and even to indirectly influence the fourth by one simple formula; and hitherto failure has been the result. We can be in no worse position by attempting to deal with the various factors of the problem in detail—possibly we shall get part of the answer right—at present much that is right is obscured by that which is wrong, and so it appears to be all wrong. Now, first of all, we want to measure the size of a yacht, and fortunately this part of the problem has already been pretty well solved, if we would only accept the solution for what it really is, and not condemn it for failing to answer other requirements for which it was never intended. Beginning with the empirical fact that a large yacht outsails a small one, other things being equal, naval architects have deduced a strictly scientific formula for the principal factor—length—which is fortunately very simple: The possibilities of speed vary as the square root of the length; and as this factor is readily obtained, we are at once able to construct a scientific table of time allowances. For its most primitive form such a rule would require either that allowances should be made in distance according to the length of the course to be sailed, or that both course and allowances should be measured by time alone. Both of these methods being inconvenient, a fixed relation between time and distance is assumed, namely, that V.L. (in feet) = speed in nautical miles per hour. On this basis allowances for a given number of miles are calculated in terms of time. One cannot fail to be struck with the roughly approximate, not to say loose, character of the assumed relation between time and distance, and it is remarkable that in all the controversies over the question this has never been attacked. Not only is the rule loose, but in practice only 40 or 50 per cent. of the theoretical allowances are used, the assumption being that strong winds are required to give larger yachts their full advantage over smaller, and the 40 or 50 per cent. is another rough approximation—a weather averager.

Lest the amateur investigator should become discouraged at this point, it is as well to say that no length rule, with its attendant table of time allowances, was ever intended to apply to yachts of considerable inequality of size. It was foreseen, even at the beginning, that serious racing demanded vessels closely matched, especially as regards length, and the constant and fairly successful endeavor has been to encourage definite classes, each built up to a certain limit, time allowance becoming trifling in any case, and in the latest practice disappearing altogether.

Certain refinements in the application of the rule must be noticed. At first length was measured between perpendiculars; but as this was unsatisfactory, owing to the different practices of builders, other methods were tried, leading up finally to a measurement of waterline length, which, although not quite perfect, is at least fair and workable. The necessity of taking into account other factors of size, besides length, led up to the measurement of sail area, which, while not itself a factor of size, necessarily varies with the power of a boat on a given length. Computing the sail area in square feet and extracting the square root of the result gives a fairly close coefficient of power. In narrow vessels of small power this coefficient is less than the waterline; in narrow tonnage cutters the two were about equal, and in modern racing craft the square root of the sail area is considerably in excess of the waterline. Combining the two, we get the well-known Seawanhaka rule, with the following formula:

$$\frac{L \cdot W \cdot L + \sqrt{S \cdot A}}{2}$$

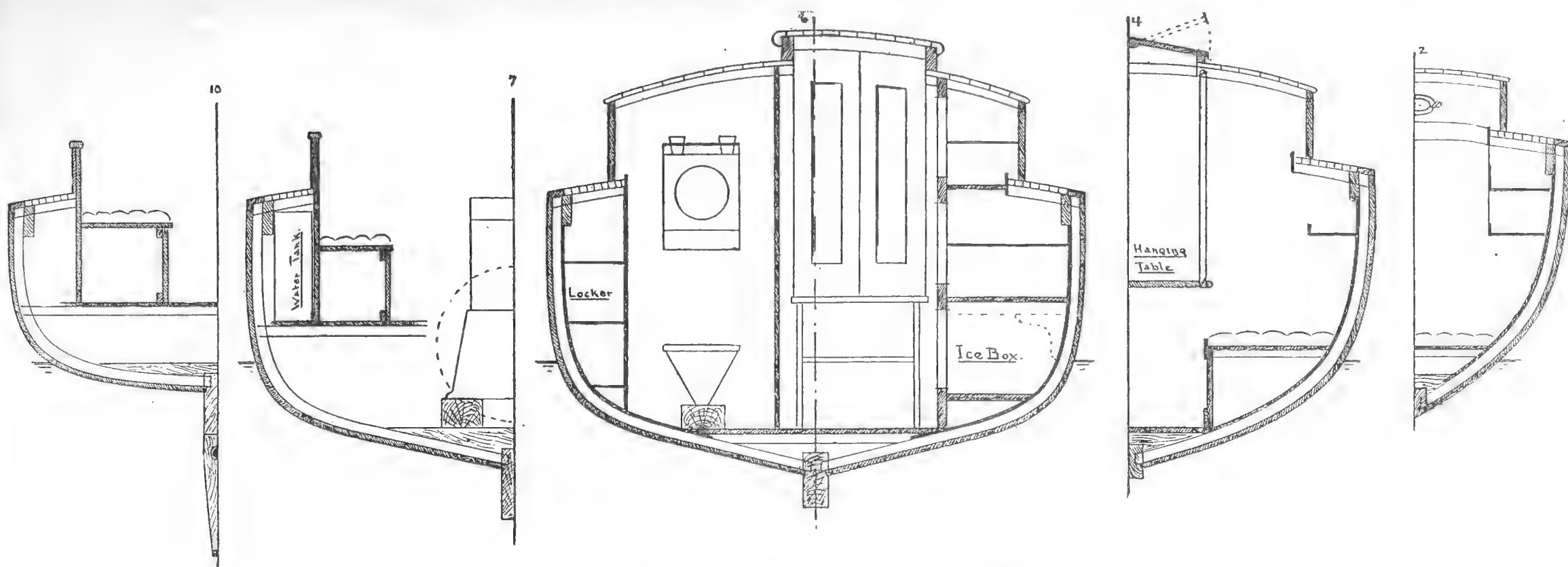
My object in explaining the theory of the above rule at such a length is to draw attention to the fact—too often overlooked—that it was designed as a measurement rule pure and simple, and not intended to restrict or control design. It is customary to blame the rule, either directly by charging it with producing a bad type of yacht, or indirectly by saying that it has failed to prevent undesirable development. Such criticism is illogical and unjust. Had the rule been specifically warranted by its makers to produce "good yachts," the case would be different. But an examination of the newspaper reports and discussion on the subject twenty years ago will show clearly that it was the opponents of the rule, the representatives of vested interests, who charged it with a tendency to influence design, and the sponsors of the rule were at some pains to warrant it harmless in this particular.

The problem at that time was how to measure a yacht, not how to restrict the designer, and the rule was especially recommended with a view to giving the designer free scope, of which he has taken a very free advantage, indeed. As a method of measuring mere size, the rule was a success, and is still a success; and this fact cannot be too strongly emphasized. The rule is a distinct advance in the science and art of yachting—a permanent asset.

We want improvements in other directions, but we know how to measure a yacht. What now concerns us is how to get the right sort of yacht to measure. Before dealing with this subject it may be noted that the British rating rule, $\frac{L \times S \cdot A}{6000}$ in force from 1887 to 1893, was the same in principle only worked out in another form; and it is a fact that under these rules we had the best yachts and the best racing that the present generation has seen.

Coming now to the question of restriction, it will be at once conceded that a good yacht or a wholesome boat is one that best answers the purposes for which she is designed and used. Varying local conditions of wind and water demand varying types, but there are some general requirements which apply to all yachts. They must be seaworthy and workable, and this almost in every case demands that the various factors of length, beam, draft, freeboard, overhangs and sail area, shall be moderate in proportion to each other. What constitutes moderation, however, is a matter that varies with type and size.

If for a certain locality it is found desirable to have



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say a centerboard boat of 25ft. waterline, it is perfectly possible to frame restrictions governing the minimum and maximum limits of beam, draft, freeboard, overhangs, sail area and perhaps the weight of centerboard and ballast, and the result is a fleet of good boats, which make good racing under the Seawanhaka rule. This is no mere theory; it has been tried in dozens of places and has succeeded. Of course, there are "restricted classes." Certainly—why not? What else do we want, and what else are the framers of the new rules aiming at? Only, we have got into the habit of thinking that restriction, gained by an elaborate formula, is proper, scientific and right, while the same end attained by plain figures is empirical and wrong, involving, I suppose, a sacrifice of principle which can only be maintained by adherence to intricate formulæ.

It will be said, of course, that this method requires the framing of elaborate special restrictions by every club for each class, and that it will lead to a chaos of types all over the yachting world, a result directly at variance with the desired results of an universal good rule. The objection would be valid if we had the good rule now and were proposing to abandon it. But at present we have only the chaos and the bad boats, and the good rule is not in sight.

It would not be worth while taking up space with examples of restrictions and limits for any given class, as such work is essentially suited for a special committee, and there are plenty of examples extant which may be studied in detail. Local opinions on the question vary, and so do local requirements, especially in the smaller classes. The old notion that even in yachts of less than 30ft. waterline it should be possible to have a cabin, may hold yet in a few places; but the whole question of accommodation is now regarded from a different standpoint than that of Kunhardt in "Small Yachts." It has been supposed that the small displacement and shallow hold of the modern racer have abolished the cabin, and that with say a displacement rule the cabin would come back, but it is by no means certain. Take a good, wholesome boat of 25 or 30ft. waterline, planked up and ready for the deck beams. The cruising man says, "Lots of room for a cabin; let me have a cabin trunk and as much head room as possible." The racing man, viewing the same craft, will look upon the hold as good stowage for sails and crew during a race, and will order a long hatch and no inside fittings beyond transoms. Both are right, and hardly any rule—certainly no mere formula—will induce either to order what he does not want. The modern small racer, with a long hatch and a clear hold, really affords better accommodation, more comfort and convenience, for crew and gear, either in racing or day sailing, than the old type of cabin boat, with its heavily incumbered deck. Of the owners of such craft many have no time or inclination to cruise; others find enough racing and sailing at the home port; the multiplication of clubs has reduced the necessity for long passages to obtain racing, and even when a run of thirty or forty miles is necessary, it is readily made in racing trim, the crew living ashore as much as possible, because it is much less trouble and actually cheaper. The modern owner cares less and less for a bunk and a well-found galley. What he really needs is a shipshape, workable craft that will not require to be sailed within five degrees of a given angle, or pitch him out every time she goes about. All these are matters that require attention in detail, and it is to be hoped that when we fully realize how little is to be expected from any new formula we shall be more content to make use—under restrictions—of the good measurement rule in existence.

WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 16.—The schooner Hildegard, which was sold by Mr. Geo. W. Weld to Mr. E. R. Coleman this fall, started on a cruise to Florida and the West Indies Thursday. Since the close of the yachting season Hildegard has been in Lawley's Basin being thoroughly overhauled and fitted out for her winter cruise. From Lawley's she went to Simpson's dry dock in East Boston to have her underbody cleaned and painted. When she came out of the dry dock she was taken to the Commonwealth docks, where she completed fitting out for her long cruise. She pulled out of the dock shortly after noon Thursday, and proceeded out of the harbor in tow. After passing through the Narrows sail was hoisted, and, after clearing Boston Light, she dropped her tow and proceeded under her own sail to New York. Mr. Coleman was not on board, but will board her in New York. He will not, however, take the southern voyage with her,

but will go by rail to Fernandina, Fla., where he will join her. She will then cruise about Florida and the West Indies, and is expected to return to Boston some time in May.

Hildegard is a steel schooner, and was built in 1897 for Mr. Geo. W. Weld, of Boston, by Harlan & Hollingsworth, from designs by A. S. Cheesebrough. Mr. Weld has always been fond of long cruises, and his voyages in the schooner Gitana are remembered by most yachtsmen. Hildegard was built to take the place of Gitana, and is an ideal cruiser in every respect, although there are many yachtsmen who fail to find anything beautiful in her appearance. But she was built for comfort, and one has not to go even beyond her deck to see that this object has been attained. She has a bluff, rounding bow and her sections are carried out very full. This, with a great freeboard, gives her quite a heavy appearance. Her deck area is immense, and, in spite of her bulky body, she has a very pretty sheer. She is 103ft. 4in. waterline, 135ft. over all, 26ft. beam and 16ft. draft. Although designed for cruising, she has sailed many races in the New York and Eastern yacht clubs, notably with Constellation, with varying success. She cruised winter and summer under her old ownership, and it looks as

pleasing appearance. On the east side of the second story an uncovered balcony extends outward, supported by shingled brackets. The whole structure is consistent and well proportioned. The interior is arranged for every convenience for cruising yachtsmen.

Coincident with the establishment of this station came a meeting of the Burgess Y. C. last Wednesday. While officers for the coming year were nominated, the most important business was the consideration of a proposition from the Boston Y. C. This proposition was in regard to the Boston Y. C. absorbing the Burgess Y. C. on terms which would be agreeable to both clubs. As there was some corporate irregularity about the call for the meeting, no definite action could be taken. It is understood, however, that the members of the Burgess Y. C. were much in favor of the move. A meeting will be called by the Burgess Y. C. in legal form, for Dec. 27, and it is more than likely that, in 1902, the club, which bears the name of Boston's illustrious designer, will be a thing of the past.

Starling Burgess has an order for a 25-footer for Eben D. Jordan. This young designer's latest and crowning success and one which widens his field, is an order for a six-masted schooner for a syndicate organized by Capt.



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though Mr. Coleman is going to keep up the good work. She is commanded by Capt. S. M. Masters, who has very able assistants and a good crew.

Mr. Howard Denny, of the Savin Hill Y. C., is to start on a cruise to Charleston, Tuesday, in his 29ft. schooner Favorite, and will be accompanied only by Mr. Fred Packard, who is also a member of the Savin Hill Y. C. Mr. Denny intends to take in the exposition, and he thought the most sport could be gotten out of the entire trip by cruising there. This is not the first experience that he has had in this direction—in fact, he has a fondness for taking in exhibitions and employs novel methods of travel. Last year he attended the Pan-American Exposition and cruised there in a little yacht called Thora. He went to the Omaha Exposition, making the whole trip from his home in Dorchester and return on his wheel. He had five companions when he started, but only one stuck to him during the entire trip. He will take Favorite through the inside passage, and expects to use up about a month on the trip, but this will depend upon the time it takes to get through the canals. After leaving Beaufort, at the end of Core Sound, Favorite will have to sail 200 miles at sea before reaching Charleston, and it may be possible that the sailors will find that two is rather a small crew, even for a 29ft. schooner. It is expected that Favorite will remain in Charleston all winter, and in the spring Mr. Denny intends to go around to New Orleans and up the Mississippi, returning to the coast by way of the Erie Canal and the Hudson; or, if conditions are favorable, he will go through the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence.

Plans have been completed for the new station of the Boston Y. C. at Marblehead. They were drawn by Mr. A. C. Fernald, secretary of the club, and the building will be a good one. The perspective drawing shows a very pretty interior. The structure is to be built upon piling at the end of the wharf, and on both stories are wide verandas, with open casements, which give a very

A. C. Crandall. She will be 306ft. on the keel, 350ft. over all, 50ft. beam and about 30ft. depth of hold. She will draw 11ft. light and about 28ft. when loaded to her full capacity of 6,500 tons. Her masts will be 125ft. above the light waterline, and her topmasts will be 60ft. long, or 48ft. above 12ft. mastheads. Her booms will be 50ft. in length, with the exception of the spanker boom, which will be 75ft. She will be built by John M. Brooks, of East Boston.

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Beverly Y. C. last Friday: Com., Geo. H. Richards; Vice-Com., Lewis S. Dabney; Sec'y and Treas., Lawrence Whitcomb; Meas., F. E. Cabot; Regatta Committee, David Rice (chairman), S. G. King, J. G. Palfrey, F. E. Cabot, E. M. Farnsworth, C. H. Jones and R. W. Emmons, 2d; House Committee, Dr. E. S. Wood, A. H. Hardy, W. E. C. Eustis, N. H. Emmons and Lawrence Whitcomb; Admission Committee, A. S. Hardy, E. M. Farnsworth, F. W. Sargent, F. F. Field and Lawrence Whitcomb; Council, Com. Richards, Vice-Com. Dabney, Lawrence Whitcomb, David Rice, John Parkinson, C. H. Jones and Dr. E. S. Wood. It was voted to adopt such rules as might be necessary for governing the new one-design class of 30-footers now building at Herreshoff's. It was also voted to limit the membership to 200, and to increase the initiation fee to \$15. The racing rules were amended, making it compulsory for the windward yacht to keep clear when two yachts are converging close hauled.

The following officers have been nominated by the Winthrop Y. C., and will be elected at the annual meeting: Com., Jas. R. Hodder; Vice-Com., Wm. D. Allen; Sec'y, Charles G. Bird; Treas., C. H. Whitney; Meas., A. S. Richards; Board of Directors, H. E. Blanchard, C. A. Sawyer, E. A. Cook and C. H. Whitney; Regatta Committee, M. C. Rogers, C. H. Kelley, John MacConnell, Jr., A. C. Stacey and H. B. Whittier; Membership Committee, Albert Partridge, C. A. Maynard, F. H.

Beckler, F. S. Mason, J. J. Devereux, F. H. Richardson, J. J. Nicholson, F. F. Rogers, Jr., and F. H. Byrne. This will be Sec'y Bird's fifteenth year in office, and, in point of service, he is the oldest secretary of a yacht club in New England.

Lawley has received the plans and model of the Tobin bronze 60-rater which he is to build from Gardner & Cox's design for Harry F. Lippitt. She will be 51ft. on the waterline, and 89ft. on top. Things are commencing to boom in the shop. Several boats have been started and more are to be set up within two weeks.

Last Friday Mr. B. B. Crowninshield delivered a lecture on yacht designing to the students of naval architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which the students appreciated very much. JOHN B. KILLEEN.

Westwind, 33ft. Hunting Launch.

THE hunting launch Westwind, plans and illustration of which appear in this issue, was designed and built by Mr. V. D. Bacon, of Barnstable, Mass., for Mr. William Sanger. In designing the boat Mr. Bacon had to consider several requirements laid down by the owner. It was his wish that the boat should be high-sided, full-bodied and that the cabin and cockpit should be large and roomy. The result was very satisfactory, for she has proved to be an excellent sea boat, and of good speed for her length. It was thought that the boat might roll considerably in a heavy beam sea on account of her high sides and high weights, allowance was therefore made for some inside ballast should it be found necessary, but she has been found so steady that it was never required.

On the run from Barnstable, Mass., to Cos Cob, Conn., where the owner keeps the boat, she encountered some very nasty weather off Newport and Block Island, and behaved splendidly under most trying conditions. Nine miles an hour was averaged throughout the entire run. During the past summer she has been tried over a measured course repeatedly, and makes nine and one-eighth miles an hour, and will turn completely around in a circle 75ft. in diameter. The owner states that he has been from Cos Cob to New London ten times during the past season, and on these long runs the engine, which is a 10-horse-power Globe, has never failed to run perfectly. The boat is now laid up in the yard of the Electric Launch Co. at Bayonne, N. J., and in taking the boat to that place from Connecticut, the engine was run for ten hours without stopping.

Westwind is rather a departure in design from the average launch with her greater freeboard, beam power and speed, but gives more interior room and makes a far better heavy-weather boat than the average launch with low freeboard and high cabin house. Westwind has been tried purposely by her owner in the worst weather experienced during the summer and fall, and has shown herself to be a safe, dry, comfortable and fast boat under all conditions of wind and weather.

The cabin house is 13ft. long and there is 5ft. 8in. head-room under carlins. On the port side of the companion-way is the lavatory, which is fitted with a water closet and folding wash basin. There are also lockers for oilskins, linen, etc.

Opposite on the starboard side is a large ice chest and a space for a stove. Next forward is the cabin, on the port side of which is a buffet and clothes locker. On each side of the cabin are wide transoms, under which are lockers for general stowage. A cabin table hangs from the carlins, and in this way the cabin floor is unobstructed. A large skylight and four port holes keep the cabin well lighted and ventilated. The cockpit is 13ft. long. Under the cockpit seats are lockers. The motor is placed in the forward end of the cockpit and is well out of the way. When not in use, it is protected with a water-tight covering. Large water tanks are placed under the deck just of the cabin house. The principal dimensions are:

Length—

Over all 33ft. 0 in.
L.W.L. 30ft. 0 in.

Overhang—

Forward 2ft. 6 in.
Aft 0ft. 6 in.

Freeboard—

Stem 4ft. 0 in.
Least 2ft. 6 in.
Taff rail 2ft. 8 in.

Beam—

At deck 8ft. 7 in.
L.W.L. 8ft. 3 in.

Draft—

To rabbet 1ft. 10½ in.
Extreme 3ft. 1 in.

Displacement 10,500lbs.

The frames are of oak, 1¾in. by 1¾in., spaced 12in. on centers. The planking is of ¾in. yellow pine. The general finish both on deck and in the cabin is of mahogany, oak and cypress varnished.

The 10-horse-power Globe gas engine makes 355 revolutions a minute. The propeller has three blades, 30in. diameter and 38in. pitch.

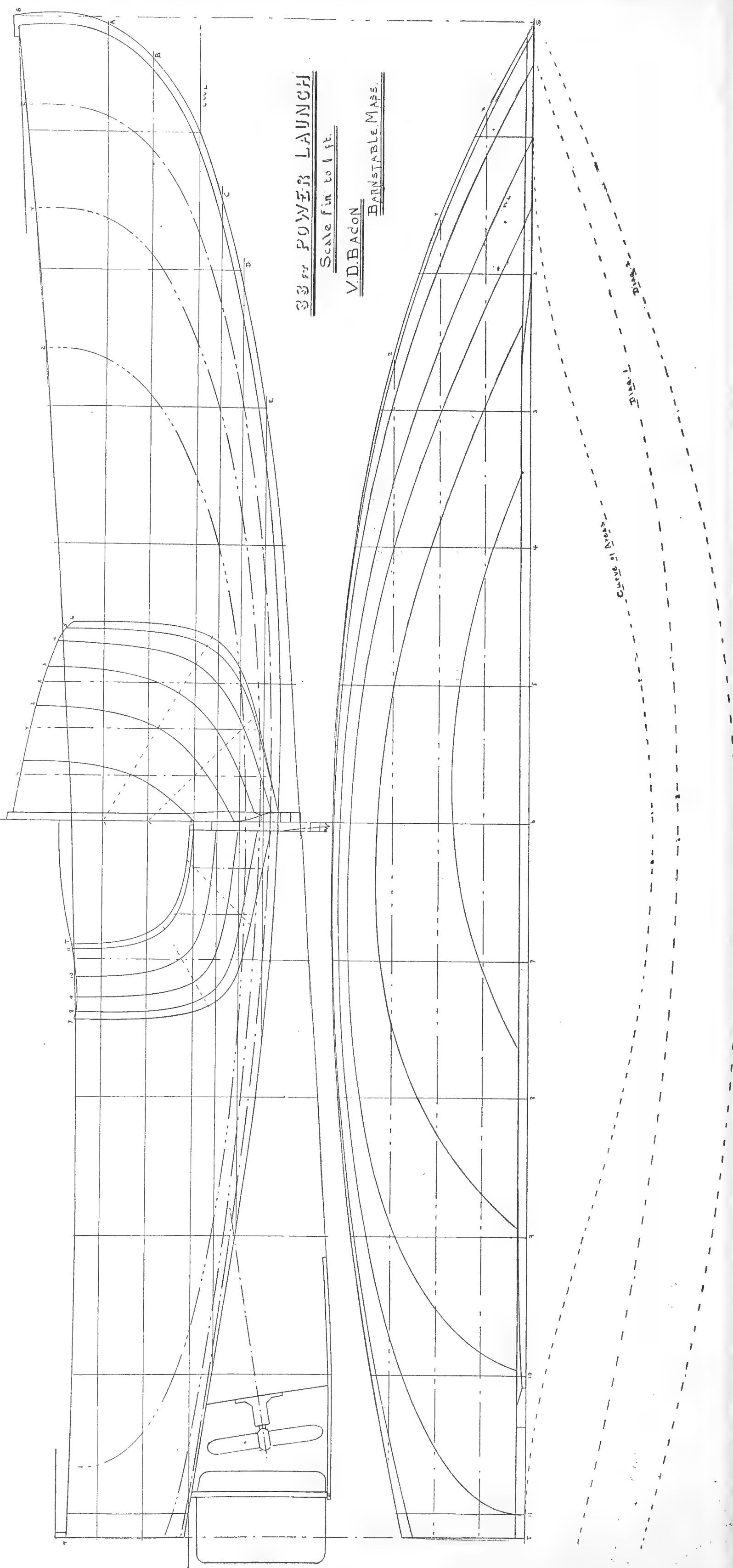
Whence Comes the Northeast Wind?

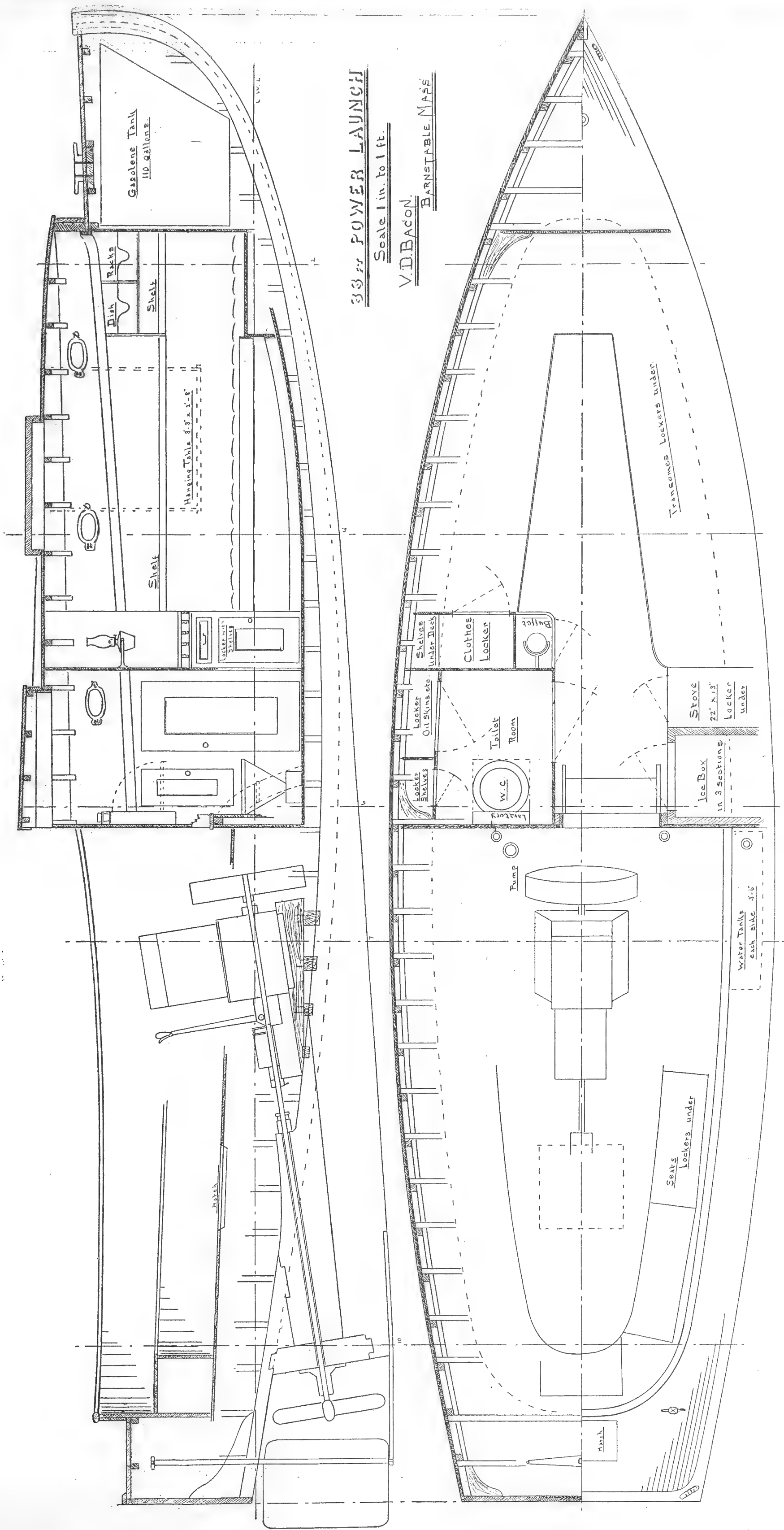
AN interesting letter with the above heading appeared in the Sun a few days since, and the writer of it has evidently given his subject much thought and study. He says in part:

"Why is it that a northeast wind is exactly the reverse in its character of every other wind that blows?"

"All other winds are generated in the quarter from which they blow. For instance, when we are having a gale of wind for several days from the northwest, we know it comes directly from out of the northwest, away off from the plains of the Dakotas; but not so with a northeaster, for that is made up in a direction directly opposite to itself. Its coming is announced from the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, and it backs up against itself as it advances up the Atlantic coast, until it finally passes off away to the northeast, ending where, if like other winds, it would have had its beginning."

If it is true that the northeast wind does not generate from that point of the compass, will not some of our readers tell us whence it cometh.





WESTWIND—33-FOOT HUNTING LAUNCH—CONSTRUCTION AND CABIN PLANS.

That Seven-Masted Schooner.

Ho, brothers! a bonanza, and I must share it.

Over in England dwells a man who surely is one of us, if the love of a canoe in a smashing breeze, and the joy-taking in the tug of a two-pound trout can make him! and he hath other attributes for the fraternity, as the following will show.

Which his name is Whistler—C. W., by designation; Rev. C. W. if you are very particular, and he is authority on things King Alfredish, as the boys who read his books will tell you. [N. B.—I wouldn't ask for better ones for myself, while the fire is crackling on a howling winter night, and the apples and cider are right handy.] Well, I happened to hit him in a "lucky spot" with a book of my own in the Viking line—never mind about that—and eventually sent him my amphibian advice to Dr. Erhardt [wonder if the Doctor followed it!] and incidentally mentioned seeing on my vacation a six-masted schooner or so, with the promise of a seven-master sometime. Now I have permission to quote his reply, "by all means if it will make anyone else laugh. It is a work of charity and full payment if one can raise so much as a grin to do a man good withal at this time of the year." So here goes, omitting some matters of no moment to the public eye, even that of brothers. If you can better the mythical report of the Penobscot Dog Vane let's see it!

"I have seen five-masted sailing ships, but never a seven-masted schooner. She is a 'lusus navigationis' for sure, and will come to a bad end trying to ride out a gale under foresail and mizzen, when she will break in two. Steering such a craft must feel like driving a tandem.

"I am concerned about the seven-masted schooner.

"On cross-examination the mate admitted that when he said the vessel was the quickest over a quarter mile course, on any wind which he had ever known, he meant that he calculated she was there already, her length between perpendiculars being 435 yards. Asked by the court to explain what he remembered of the catastrophe, he said that it was mighty little. He was steering, and the jibboom seemed to swing round and hit him, somehow. He could not remember more. The vessel was hove to at the time under easy sail, and he believed the foresail was took aback. Asked why the helm was not lashed under those circumstances, he explained that it was of no use. The schooner acted like an eel in a washtub under those conditions, and the only steady point about her was half way between No. 3 and No. 4 masts, which seemed to act as a center. Asked to account for the disappearance of the fore end of the vessel, including the first four masts, he said he believed the captain was trying to prove that he could sail a four-masted schooner by himself, and might turn up at any time. He did not see it sink. He allows he was unconscious, but that is what one would expect of the skipper. There were no bulkheads, but the cargo was basswood. He always had expected some such fracture amidships, but was willing to take chances.

"The leading seaman corroborated the account of the mate, tersely. He said the vessel shied at a breaker, tried to buck, and shut up like a jack knife. The skipper was forward. It was true that he and the mate had had words as to where the vessel would double up. He was preparing to lash each mast to the others ahead and astern of it at the time, in order to save parting company. He did not know which the mainmast of the vessel was. It was a usual point of debate among the crew. He had known men to come to blows on the question. It was recognized that Nos. 1 and 7 were the fore and mizzen masts, of course. Asked how the masts were distinguished when orders were given, he explained that they were known by the names of the men who tended the sails attached to each. The vessel was not undermanned. There was a man to each mast, and the boy tended the head sails. If a Penobscot man couldn't manage one set of fore and aft sails by himself he ought to be set to dig potatoes. His own mast was No. 5, but was known as 'Bill's mast.' He believed the boy was at the bottom of the whole trouble. He mostly was. (Called to order.)

"The boy, who was in tears, said that it was no fault of his, and that if it was he couldn't help it. He was told to keep the fore staysail aback till further orders, and he did it. He had two turns of the sheet round a cleat to windward, and was sitting on the running end. He had never known the sheet render under those circumstances, and it did not render in this case. He could not help it if the wind swung round and hit the sail from the lee bow. Asked which was the lee bow when the wind was blowing over the other, he turned sullen, and said that if the assessors didn't know what he meant they hadn't ought to set up to try a shipwreck case. (Removed in custody.) The mate, recalled to explain, said that when he said the sail was took aback he meant that it being aback already on one tack, namely the port, was suddenly filled from starboard. No further explanation was obtainable from him, and the court refrained from cross-examination, he showing a tendency toward proitancy.

"The fisherman who picked up the boy and subsequently rescued the other members of the crew, said that he had observed the schooner for half an hour or more before the squall struck her. She was hove to on the port tack and the fore end of her was making bad weather of it all the time. Her stern seemed to have struck a patch of calm water. He had no doubt that the foresail filled suddenly with a shift of wind, and that the strain caused the calamity. The bows seemed to be whisked away from under the boy, who was flung violently toward the horizon, 'like as if he'd been shot out of a catapult.' Possibly he meant a catapult. Anyhow the boy flew. The schooner broke in two, same as he had often seen a topmast snap, and the bow's end of her went to leeward like smoke passing him at two fathoms distance. The captain spoke to him as he passed. Asked what the captain said, he replied that the remark which was most evident was, 'I told the mate so.' He would rather not repeat the rest. Pressed on this point, he said he would write what he heard, for the benefit of the president of the court. He having done so, the president read it, and blushed. The paper was cremated by an officer in the court room fire. Our

representative was not allowed to see it. Examined further, the fisherman said that if the wind held, the fore end of the schooner might fetch up against Bermuda in the course of the week. He believed there was a demand for wood in that island. The Boer prisoners wanted it to make toys of. It amused them. He did not consider schooners of that length healthy, if they were progressive. What he liked was a vessel with a solid keel which wouldn't buckle, nohows. He preferred being catastrophized solid and not in sections.

"The shipbuilder volunteered the statement that the vessel was built as strongly as he could make her. Indeed, she had been termed a mountain of wood. He was not certain if that term referred to her after loading or not. If the street had been a bit longer, he would have put one or two more masts into her. He was not stingy. Asked to explain his reference to the street, he said that he hired the right of way down Penobscot's main avenue, and used it as a shipyard. He guessed the folk went round easy enough. He had heard no complaints. The pesky street turned at right angles at the top, so that he could not lengthen the vessel further. It was easier to build one long vessel than three and a half short ones. There were only two ends to fill. He believed in putting all one's eggs into one basket. There seemed to him no reason why one basket should be upset than a dozen. If Capt. Hank Smith couldn't keep the ends of his vessel separate that was not his (the builder's) fault.

"The finding of the court was that the cause of the wreck was entirely due to the failure of the captain to estimate breaking strain, aided by the rashness of the boy. If the latter had not sat on the foresheet, it might have rendered and thus reduced the strain. They fully exonerated the boy, as he was only obeying orders. The captain was to come up for judgment when found. He would be reprimanded, on points to be considered. The Assessors added a rider to the effect that the State should limit the length of Penobscot schooners, or more progressive States might endeavor to see that district and go one, or even a dozen, masts better. They considered it sinful waste to stick masts into an Atlantic bridge."—Extract from "Penobscot Dog Vane."

A Cold Cruise.

EARLY in February, 1896, the four-masted schooner Stella B. Kaplan lay just above the Congress street bridge discharging coal. I came aboard one afternoon, chucked my baggage into the cozy stateroom adjoining Capt. "Joe's," and went on deck to watch operations.

A team drove down to the wharf with the crew, and they bundled over the side with their bags and boxes and disappeared in the forecabin.

About 4 o'clock, after a severe squall of wind and snow, we cast off, took a tug, went through the draw and anchored off Castle Island. A wild nor'wester was blowing, and after the cold and wind-swept decks the genial warmth of the cabins felt wonderfully good.

Before daylight the next morning we got under way, stumbling around in the dark half awake and shaking with cold. Foresail and jibs crept up and the cable came slowly aboard, link by link, while we stood by and shivered. Steam is mighty handy, but you don't get warmed up when it does the heaving.

I went to the wheel, she slowly paid off, and with a moderate westerly we dropped down with the tide. The glass stood at 6 below. I had on about all the raiment I possessed; two suits of flannel, a red sweater, and a white one over that, an overcoat, a knit cap and a long, red toque over that, fur mittens and heavy rubbers, and could hardly move.

Boston channel is none too wide, and from the wheel of an 1100 ton vessel it looks like a ditch; you seem to be right on top of the islands, and think she will never have room to swing. I managed to foul the can buoy off Nix's mate in my care not to run her ashore, but got out of the harbor all right, they put the mainsail and spanker on her and we slid away before the rapidly freshening breeze.

The Kaplan was a big vessel, then, but alongside the five and six masters of to-day she would hardly be looked at.

I often wonder what some of the old skippers of a half or even a third of a century ago would think to be placed aboard one of the monster schooners of the present time. The tremendous length of deck, the multiplicity of masts, the improvements in rigging (how spidery the steel wire standing rigging looks after the old hemp), the great speed, and on board some of the largest vessels, capacious wheel houses, where the tediousness of a long two hours' trick is mitigated by comfortable shelter, would be a revelation; and on going below what would they say to steam heated double cabins, large, airy staterooms, bath rooms, chart rooms, pianos or organs, telephones and electric bells—and forward a donkey engine that handles the vessel while the crew stand by? Indeed, one of the big schooners of to-day would be helpless without the donkey; no crew could get the anchors by hand or even make sail.

One of the men came aft to the wheel, and with appetite sharpened by the keen air, I tumbled below when the steward hurried aft with his basket.

At noon we were off the cape, the wind was blowing a bitter gale and the mercury stood at 8. Nothing northbound passed Highland Light that day.

We met a pilot boat jogging along with close reefed foresail and somewhat iced up, but otherwise the ocean was swept bare of shipping.

Once through the slue we beat up over the shoals a few miles in the gale, hauling the jigger-boom to windward with the donkey each time we tacked (another modern wrinkle), and anchored off Bar Harbor, and the next night at Falmouth. Here we lay through a sharp southeaster, and then came two days of fierce westerlies. During a lull on the second day I took the yawl and two men and started for the shore, and a hard pull we had. We hauled the boat up on the ice-clad rocks and walked over to Woods Holl, and on our return found the gale increasing and a strong current running, and by the time we reached the vessel I was ready to stop.

There were twenty-one large schooners at anchor near us, rolling in the heavy swell, and when, at about 9

o'clock the next morning the wind suddenly struck in to the northward, ten of us, southbound, got under weigh together. It was quite exciting. One large four-master passed close under our bows as we filled away and we kept company with her, hardly altering our respective positions all the way to the capes of Virginia.

"That's B——," said Capt. Joe, "under charter for three trips." Seafaring men, as a rule, do not speak of a vessel by her name; they refer to the masters. I have heard a skipper, after a long look through the glasses at a sail, hull down, remark to the mate: "There's T——; guess he must have been laying to an anchor a couple of days. He sailed before we did." No craft so far away but they can give a pretty shrewd guess at her identity, and her full history follows from the day she was launched.

The cold weather continued, and when I came on deck at 5 the next morning, I found the mate, Mr. D——, swinging back and forth, forward of the wheel, muffled up in all kinds of garments, thrashing his arms and stamping his feet on the icy deck. Two long icy pendants, of a rich chocolate hue, hung from either mustache, upon which even the warmth of the breakfast table, an hour later, had no effect.

To my involuntary explanation, "Isn't this fine?" came the growl, "D—d fine, this is—I wouldn't miss this for anything."

He had been "pushing coal" up and down the coast for thirty years, and possibly the novelty of the thing had begun to lose its luster. The poor man was lost a few months later in the great November blizzard.

But to me it was a most interesting experience. When daylight came I looked at the glass—8 below! That is pretty cold at sea. The water was covered with vapor, which wreathed and whirled in the wind, at one moment opening out in long lanes ahead, and the next closing in, so we could hardly see the jib-boom end.

Our horn was tooting, and occasionally a faint echo from off the weather quarter told the whereabouts of our friend of the day before. The wind was northeast, and blowing a gale. We were split open, carrying three lower sails and two jibs, and making about 12 knots.

Toward noon it began to snow and a man was kept aft sweeping about the wheel.

Many times I sighed for my camera. The helmsman, bundled in rags, covered with snow, heaving at the wheel to meet her as she yawed in the sea; the length of deck swept bare of snow in spots; the lookout sounding his three toots on the horn—likewise clothed to the limit and snow-covered; the "old man" walking his short distance back and forth, are scenes which memory holds, but which a photograph would keep with every detail, so dear to the heart of an enthusiast.

We swept on in the blinding snow at a steamer's pace. The man at the wheel became a little careless—a sea slapped into the rudder, the wheel tore itself from his hands, and catching him in the clothing, tossed him neatly into the air and landed him on the lee rail. A narrow squeak that. To go overboard in that water meant death.

We could see nothing ahead, and assumed that there was nothing. It takes the nerviest kind of nerve to run on to a lee shore in thick weather.

Few people realize the responsibility that the masters of these large schooners have to bear. With their great length—say 300 feet, and draft about 25—they are awkward things to handle when running before a gale of wind, and I venture to say that, excepting the fishermen, who are strangers to fear, our coasting captains, as a rule, are as bold, fearless, and nerry a set of men as you will find on land or sea. A steamer can stop and back and feel round when a schooner must keep on or course around. A steamer can lay her course, blow high or low; the schooner has to lie becalmed, and wait for the gale. And the deck of any coal schooner in the dock discharging her cargo, at which the spectator merely glances from the car window, has been the source of long hours of constant vigil and most careful reckoning and anxious thoughts, which would kill ordinary city men. Our mate, Mr. D——, was out in the great blizzard of '88 in a three-masted schooner, deep with coal, and for ninety-two hours never closed his eyes; and every gale that in the city means, perhaps, an extra wrap and wifely admonitions as to catching cold, off the coast, almost within sight of cities, means days and nights of sleepless toil and fights with wind and cold, and terrible lee shores.

Toward night the snow ceased to fall and we made the light-ship off Cape Charles, and anchored off Newport News at 11 P. M., thirty-two hours from the Vineyard. One of our consorts, the Yale, was not so fortunate, and in the thick snow ran into and sank an English steamer.

For two days we could not land on account of a terrific westerly, which lashed the water into foam and kept the mercury at 10 or 15, and Old Point Comfort right aboard!

But at length we were able to land. I waved adieu to the good Stella B., and in the Boston steamer came back over the same course to the Vineyard on a sea smooth as a floor, without a ripple to show that there was any wind, and in a sun as warm as May, where, four days before, our ship resembled a waif from Arctic seas.

F. L. ENO.

SWAMPSCOTT.

New 60-Rating One-Design Class.

MESSRS. GARDNER & COX have gotten out plans for a new one-design class, and two boats have already been ordered. One of the boats is for Mr. Henry F. Lippitt, owner of the schooner Quisetta, and the other is for Mr. George M. Pynchon, who headed the syndicate that built the Canada cup trial boat Illinois. Mr. Lippitt has sold Quisetta to Mr. S. C. Davis, of St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Pynchon, who formerly lived in Chicago, has now taken up his residence in New York, and both the new boats will be raced during the coming season on Long Island Sound.

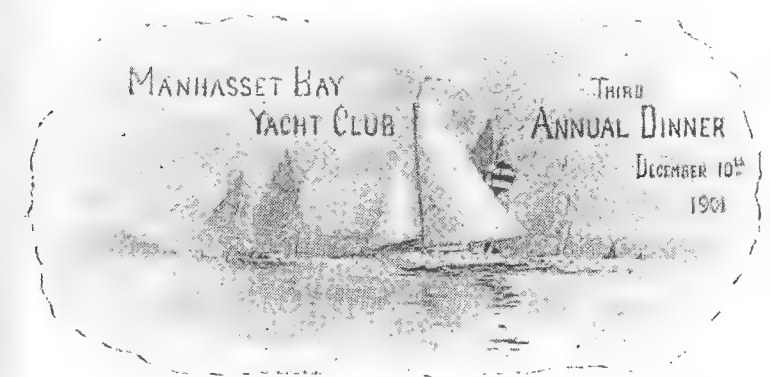
The English boats Isolde, Senta and Eclan have proven to be such satisfactory craft, both from the standpoint of racing and cruising, that they have in a measure influenced the forming of this new 60ft. racing length class. The new boats are similar in design to Dorwina, the champion of the 43ft. class on Long Island Sound last

season. They will have a large amount of accommodation under a flush deck—in fact, the cabin arrangement will be very much the same as that of Isolda.

The boats will be about 53ft. on the load waterline, and will be built of Tobin bronze. Mr. Pynchon's boat will be built by Messrs. Townsend & Downey, at Shooter's Island, S. I.; she has been laid down and will be in frame in about two weeks. The Geo. Lawley & Son Corp., South Boston, Mass., will build Mr. Lippitt's boat, the contract for which was signed last week.

The boats have been designed right up to the limit of the 60ft. racing length class. Mr. Lippitt has been identified with yacht racing for many years, and is one of the cleverest and ablest amateur yachtsmen in America. Mr. Pynchon has secured for his sailing master a capable professional in the shape of Bob Dennis, who had the 51-footer Huguenot last year.

Manhasset Bay Y. C.



THE annual meeting and dinner of the Manhasset Bay Y. C. were held at the Hotel Manhattan on Tuesday, Dec. 10. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., Stephen W. Roach, steamer Emeline; Vice-Com., M. Roosevelt Schuyler, cutter Jessica; Rear-Com., Oswald Garrison Villard, sloop Hilgarda; Sec'y, Edward M. MacLellan; Treas., B. Jacob; Meas., Charles D. Mower; Trustees (Class of 1904), Harry S. Fairchild and Horatio R. Harper.

The following gentlemen were elected members: Mr. Henry W. Osborn, Mr. Henry L. Bogert, Mr. Russell Howland, Mr. Joseph H. Humphreys, Mr. Seymour L. Husted, Jr., and Mr. William G. Stewart.

A change in the by-laws fixes the initiation fee at \$25 and the annual dues the same.

The Secretary reports that there is a membership of 206, consisting of 7 honorary, 24 life, 166 active and 9 absent, and that the fleet consists of 125 vessels, divided as follows: Schooners, 11; sloops and cutter, 26; yawls, 10; raceabouts and knockabouts, 20; catboats, 17; steamers, 21; launches, 20.

Report of Building Committee showed that the option property at Port Washington had been purchased, plans for club house and stables completed and approved, and that work would be commenced this week. The architects of the new club house are Messrs. Hoppin & Koen. The new structure will cost about \$12,000. The entire improvements will cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000.

The Race Committee's report showed that owing to the death of President McKinley the fall regatta was not sailed, and that the Manhasset raceabout class had sailed a total of fifty-two races between April 25 and Oct. 6. The Standing and Jacob series cups were won by Arizona, G. A. Corry, who also won the Racing Association championship pennant for the class. Com. Roach's Lambkin made the next best showing, with G. Standing's Firefly in third place. The two illustrations that accompany this article were reproduced from sketches made by Mr. Guy Standing, and which appeared on the front and back covers of the dinner card. The sketches are most artistic and well executed. The first represents the Manhasset Bay raceabouts in a race, and the second shows the boats being towed home by Emeline, Com. Roach's steam yacht.

The dinner was a great success, and there were nearly one hundred members and their guests present. Mr. Clay M. Greene was an ideal toastmaster, and the following were among those who spoke: Ex-Com. Hazen M. Hoyt, Com. Stephen M. Roach, Com. F. T. Adams, Larchinont Y. C.; Mr. M. S. Verdery, Mr. T. F. Day, Mr. W. G. Stewart, Mr. Guy Standing and Mr. R. T. Burdett.

The club now has an assured future, and with its new club house, its already strong roster of members, it promises to become one of the strongest and best clubs on Long Island Sound.



Yacht Club Notes.

At the annual meeting of the Green Lake Y. C. the following officers were elected: Com., Edward Rosing; Vice-Com., Alexander H. Revell; Sec'y and Treas., W. E. Haseltine, Green Lake; Meas., Joseph S. De Moss, St. Louis. Executive and Regatta Committee: W. C. Pullman, John H. Wood, J. Fred Wilcox, Fred W. Upham, Walter H. Dupee, E. W. Heath, C. D. Peacock, Jr., W. F. Cornwall, William H. Colvin, Jr., and George J. Hamlin.

The Board of Governors of the Penataquit-Corinthian Y. C. have announced the appointment of the club's Regatta Committee for 1902 as follows: Harry M. Brewster, Chairman; Samuel Tileston Cushing, Regis H. Post, Robert H. Haff and Bryce Metcalf.

At the annual meeting of the Old Mill Y. C., held on Thursday night, Dec. 5, the following officers were

elected for the ensuing year: Com., Henry Lange; Vice-Com., William Ambruster; Rear-Com., Paul Zartmann; Rec. Sec'y, Joseph Buehler; Fin. Sec'y, A. Breitruick; Cor. Sec'y, John Stable; Treas., H. W. Walker; Meas., Albin Beyer. Board of Trustees: G. A. Cooper, E. A. Boyle, Thomas Bird, D. S. Van Wicklen, William Becker.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The schooner yacht Orithyia, owned by Mr. McFarland Anderson, of New York, went ashore on St. Johns Bar near Jacksonville, Florida, on Tuesday, Dec. 10, and is a total loss. The yacht was designed and built by Mr. Joshua Bedell at Glenwood, L. I., in 1890. She was 55ft. on the waterline, 63.2ft. over all, 16.3ft. beam, and 9.5ft. draft.

Six young men left Sea Gate at sunset on Dec. 11 on the old cutter Volante for a trip around the world in an endeavor to win a \$10,000 reward. The following are the names of the crew: Harry Langdon, C. R. Middleby, H. T. McGahan, Russell Millard, H. C. Dana, and W. C. McMichael. The Azores will be the first stop, and from there they will go to Gibraltar, thence through the Mediterranean. After passing through the Suez Canal, the Indian and South Seas will be crossed. The Isthmus of Panama will be reached by way of the Pacific Ocean. The yacht will be transported across the isthmus by rail, and then their course will take them through the Gulf up the Atlantic coast to New York. Volante was designed by the late Robert Center and built by J. F. Mumm at South Brooklyn in 1877. She is a keel cutter 48ft. over all, 40ft. on the waterline, 12ft. beam and 7ft. draft. The yacht's bowsprit has been removed and her topmast housed for the trip. Volante is one of the old-fashioned plumb stem cutters common enough in these waters only a few years ago. We wish the crew of Volante success in their rather hazardous undertaking.

The fleet of the Philadelphia Y. C. has been strengthened by the addition of two well-known schooners. Crusader has been purchased by Vice-Com. R. J. W. Koons from Mr. Seymour L. Hustead, Jr., and Hildegarde was bought by Mr. Edward R. Coleman from Mr. George W. Weld.

The steam yacht Juanita has been purchased by Mr. Frank B. McQuestion, of Boston, from Mr. David Lamar, of New York.

The yacht building firm of Wyckoff Brothers & Taylor, of Clinton, Conn., has been dissolved and reorganized under the name of Wyckoff Brothers, with a capital stock of \$30,000, one-half of which is paid in. Mr. L. K. Stevens is interested in the venture.

On Tuesday, Dec. 10, the steel steam yacht Isis was launched from the yard of Messrs. T. S. Marvel & Co., Newburg, N. Y. Isis was designed by Mr. J. Beavor Webb for Messrs. W. S. and J. T. Spaulding, of Boston. She is a twin-screw steamer 200ft. over all, 16.4ft. on the waterline, 24ft. 6in. beam, and 11ft. 6in. draft.

The following yachts have been sold through the agency of Mr. A. J. McIntosh: The auxiliary yawl Watauga, by Mr. Fred. Ames, N. Y. Y. C., to Mr. George C. Kirkham, of New York; the raceboat Don, by Mr. G. Reeves, to Mr. Oliver C. Macy, of the Penataquit Corinthian Y. C., of Bayshore, L. I., and the auxiliary yawl Ionta, by Mr. Loyal W. Raymond, to Mr. R. L. Leo, of New York; also the alco-vapor launch Pun, by Mr. E. G. Vaughn to Mr. H. Allen, of New Orleans.

Mr. Frank Bowne Jones has made the following sales through his agency: Schooner Uncas, purchased by Mr. James Weir, Jr., from Mr. Charles P. Buchanan. The 51-footer Kestrel, purchased by Mr. H. S. Wood from Mr. J. B. Mills.

Tebo's Yacht Basin at the foot of Twenty-third street, South Brooklyn, will shortly be turned over to C. S. Haviland and J. William Haviland, Jr. Since the death of William M. Tebo the property has been in the hands of the Nassau Trust Company. The Tebo estate was left to the four grandchildren of Mr. Tebo, but two of these children are minors and the two eldest have purchased the property, the consideration being \$250,000.

Messrs. Townsend & Downey, at Shooter's Island, S. I., are well along with their yacht work. The steel schooner building for Mr. Gibbons Falmestock is nearly plated. The auxiliary schooner for Mr. Alexandro Fabri is in frame. Great pains are being taken on the schooner for the German Emperor, and in consequence the work progresses slowly. Her deck frames are all in, and the work of plating will soon begin. The new 60-rater of Messrs. Gardner & Cox design is laid down, and the frames will be out in a week or so.

Mr. Robert E. Todd's schooner Thistle is laid up at this yard for the winter.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

The Riflemen's Reunion.

TWENTY odd years ago the doings of the long-range rifle shooters of America filled a large share of public attention and newspaper space. Last Saturday evening the veterans filled one of the private dining rooms at the Murray Hill Hotel, in this city, as the guests of Leslie C. Bruce, and spent several very pleasant hours in recalling their old times and triumphs in their chosen sport. There was much merriment as each new-comer reached the reception room in trying to guess who he was. They were a bald-headed, gray-bearded bunch. That is the fact, yet each was greeted by the others with the mendacious bit of politeness that he had not changed a whit, or was looking even younger than he did a quarter-century past, when his clear eye and steady hand assisted in piling up scores which placed America in the front as a nation of riflemen. Col. Wingate, the father of rifle shooting in America, sat

beside Judge Gildersleeve, with R. C. Coleman at his left. Yale and Hepburn, a worthy couple, who knew how to make as well as shoot a rifle. Jewell and Allen were again together making good scores in riddling the menu. Canfield, Ballard and Clark made another notable group, while Hayes, of Newark, expert in many styles of marksmanship, sat near Frank Hyde, the portly champion, who showed what one of the old-timers could do in piling up the top score in the revival of international rifle shooting at the Sea Girt range during the past summer. W. B. Caughtry and J. B. Holland dropped in while Geo. Crouch flitted about with reminiscences of the first days of Creedmoor, and before Capt. Zalinsky, who was one of the first and for a time almost the only representative of the regular army to recognize the value of the National Rifle Association, was an honored guest, while Conlin came from his gallery to assist in another red-letter event in the history of American marksmanship. John H. Bird and ex-Alderman Cole, well remembered in their visit of the American riflemen to Ireland, were at the board, looking most patriarchal and well preserved, with Secretary P. Schermerhorn and Fairbanks from the old-time Creedmoor working staff.

J. E. Whitley represented the group of newspaper men who at the time when Creedmoor was cleared up in the Long Island barren assisted in giving publicity to the important work then launched, urging the vital necessity for the movement and using the effective pen of sarcasm against men in uniform, regulars as well as militia, who called themselves soldiers, and even carried rifles to support the delusion, yet who carefully refrained from firing a shot from the nicely polished weapons.

There were representatives there of the present generation of riflemen. Gen. Bird Spencer, head of the Sea Girt range and president of the revived National Rifle Association, with Secretary Jones, sat with a number of those who are pushing the fine New Jersey coast shooting grounds into well deserved prominence. Mr. Gould, in the front rank of the writers on rifledom to-day, saw in the gathering a promise of the fulfillment of much that he has been striving for.

Col. Bruce opened the after-dinner speaking by explaining the why and wherefore of the gathering. When, during the past summer, he saw the Palma trophy, representing the long-range, any rifle championship, carried off by a Canadian team, and an Irish team win victory in a match with military rifles over the long ranges, he determined to do something to put American rifle honors where they had been for several decades—at the head of the column. He knew of no better advisory body than the old-time long-range victors, and he was more than gratified, he said, in the success of the reunion. There were vacancies in the ranks. Dakin and Weber—Rathbone, too—had gone, and within a few days after an enthusiastic assurance that he would come on from Colorado, to be present at the meeting, word came that Henry Fulton, probably the most painstaking and intelligent student of the art and science of rifle shooting in those historic days during the '70s, had been suddenly stricken in death.

Col. Bruce said he saw the need of just such a group as the old-time rifle enthusiasts of those days were—men who would give their time, their effort, their brains and their money to work out the problems of accurate marksmanship. The old arms had become obsolete, black powder and such calibers as .44 and .45 were things of the past. The high-power, low-caliber arms, with their pencil bullets, smokeless powders, were now to be studied, and the ranges could and should be extended beyond the then limit of 1,000 yards. While he did not expect the old 'uns to step into the breach at this time, they could do very much by acting as mentors to those who would rally, as in the past, when the supremacy of America was imperilled.

Gen. Bird Spencer, who is to-day the official head of rifle shooting in this country, placed the Sea Girt range at the disposal of any movement like that suggested. Judge Gildersleeve spoke, and Frank Hyde, too, in a reminiscent strain, while Coleman, Jewell and Canfield added some practical advice in the line of keeping the new departure on the same independent plane adopted by the long-range workers in the past.

Capt. Zalinsky urged that scientific study go along with the practical working out of the problems which now confront those who will excel in the long-range work. There was now more than ever necessity for such a movement; and the Spanish-American war against another and almost any other foe, might have shown up American rifle work in a very pitiable plight.

Col. Wingate shed light on the vicissitudes of trophies and ranges when those who have the interest of the sport at heart fail to continue in active supervision. The range at Creedmoor had been given the State of New York, which had so far shown herself a very ungrateful recipient of a rich gift.

Col. Bruce announced that from many who had not been able to attend the meeting he had many valuable suggestions in writing, and on motion he was made a committee to collate the views of all interested and take further steps toward the organization of the Long Range Riflemen of America, as the successor of the old Amateur Rifle Club, and Col. Wingate, as the present custodian of the Leech cup, was authorized to make it once more the basis for long-range competitions on the Sea Girt ranges.

After an exceptionally pleasant evening, the old fellows and the youngsters parted, with thanks to Col. Bruce for his happy inspiration of this agreeable method of once more putting the amateur riflemen in a position to repeat their instructive leadership of a quarter-century past.

Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 1.—At the Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club shoot A. H. Pape did some fine shooting to-day in the three-shot match. He shot about three hours—72 shots, 25 entries—and got a total of 99, or 3 3-10in. ring average in 10 best scores. Some idea of the improvement can be had by comparing the 10 best scores by A. Strecker in 1896, which was 90, or 3in. average; but it represents a year's shooting and hundreds of scores. Pape made one run of 8 shots in the 3in. ring, viz., 3, 2, 1, 3, 2, 2, 3, 2, and another of 6 consecutive in 3 ring. Hovey pressed him closely with 8 for best 3-shot score. Young made a good effort to win his gold bar (35 average) with pistol, and came within one point of it. His S. & W. pistol got loose; it always does. Why can't we have a pistol with solid frame?

Dorrell made fine average work with rifle, shooting 88 shots on 3-shot match, and only one out of black (12in.), but Pape got first place in this contest to-day. Dorrell averaged on the 6in. ring.

Dr. Twist wagered a dinner for four that he would win expert bronze bar (45 average), but he has only one more shoot and could make no better than 49 to-day. P. A. Becker was high in the revolver match, and Hoffman in .22cal. rifle contest. Scores, Columbia target:

Rifle, 10 shots, 200yds.: F. O. Young, 56; A. H. Cady, 76, 93; E. A. Allen, 78, 132, 146, 133; Alex. Pape, 78, 104, 106, 107, 111, 114; F. Pape 140; F. Schmidt, 194, 217.

Rifle, 3-shot match, 200yds.: A. H. Pape, 6, 7, 6, 11, 11, 11, 12, 12, 12, 12, 15, 16, 16, 16, 18, 19, 19, 21, 22; Ed. Hovey, 8, 17, 18, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 22, 23; A. B. Dorrell, 10, 11, 11, 12, 13, 14, 14, 14, 15, 15, 15, 17, 18, 18; C. M. Daiss, 10, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 21, 23; W. G. Hoffman, 16, 17, 19, 19, 24, 25, 26; F. O. Young, 18.

Pistol, 50yds.: F. O. Young, 34, 45, 48, 36, 48, 49, 39, 44, 47; C. M. Daiss, 40, 50, 57; Dr. J. F. Twist, 50, 52, 55, 60, 62, 63, 63, 59; W. C. Prichard, 61; E. A. Allen, 85, 86; Mrs. C. F. Waltham 97.

Revolver: P. Becker, 57; J. R. Trego, 61, 76, 80, 92, 92; Dr. Twist, 72, 77, 82, 85.

.22cal. rifle, 50yds.: W. G. Hoffman, 23, 23, 24, 25; E. A. Allen, 37; C. Bachman, 51; G. Stevens, 51.

Final shoot for bars, medals and prizes on 10 best scores of year takes place Dec. 15.

FRED O. YOUNG, Sec'y.

Rifle at Shell Mound.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 9.—There was lively shooting at Shell Mound range yesterday. The medal shoots of local clubs usually finish in December, and contestants who are close together do their prettiest in this month.

At the last shoot this month the Golden Gates will hold their usual reunion and banquet. The Germania Club's banquet will be held in January.

Scores yesterday: Golden Gate Rifle and Pistol Club, semi-monthly medal shoot, handicap: M. F. Blasse 211, 206; A. B. Dorrell 221, 228; D. W. McLaughlin 218, 230, 224, 224; A. Bremer 216, 212, 210; L. Riemschneider 190, 183, 194, 186. Silver medal: William Ehrenpfelt 185. Gold medal, J. F. Bridges 211. Pistol practice, 50yds., silver medal: J. Kullman 74, 67, 66. Handicap pistol: J. E. Gorman 93, 90; W. F. Blasse 87, 85, 84. Revolver, 50yds.: J. E. Gorman 92, 88, 87; P. A. Becker 91, 90, 88, 85; Major Tompkins 78, 78, 74, 73.

Germania Schuetzen Club, annual turkey shoot: Herman Huber 67, F. P. Schuster 66, Henry M. Wreden 65, C. M. Henderson 65, D. B. Faktor 64, J. D. Heise 64, F. E. Mason 63, L. Bendel 63, G. H. Bahrs 63, H. Meyer 62, F. Rust 62, A. Jungblut 62, L. Haake 60, C. Schraeder 58, William Goetze 59, S. Heino 57, J. Tiedemann 57, William Doell 57, J. F. Bridges 56, F. Pritchard 55, R. Stettin 55, George Alpers 55, H. Zacher 54, August Hagerdorn 54, Edward Goetze 53, D. Salfeld 52, John Gelken 51, L. Ritzau 50, F. Brandt 49, J. Utschig 47.

Germania Schuetzen Club, monthly medal shoot: First class—F. P. Schuster, 226; 212. Second champion class—L. Bendel, 211. First class—F. Brandt, 207; second class—William J. Goetze, 207; third class—J. Reuttlir, 192, 183; best first shot, F. P. Schuster, 25; best last shot, H. Huber, 25.

Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club, monthly bullseye shoot: D. Salfeld 227, F. C. Rust 298, Otto Lemcke 430, Herman Huber 497, F. P. Schuster 619, R. Stettin 706, August Hollmann 755, John de Wit 784, W. Gottschalk 798, F. Koch 897, J. Gefken 955, Henry Meyer 1150, G. White 1225, J. Lankenau 1320.

San Francisco Schuetzen Verein, monthly medal shoot: Champion class—A. Pape 411; first class—George H. Bahrs 406; second class—Otto Lemcke 397; third class—Capt. John Thode 407; fourth class—H. Huppert 372; best first shot, D. B. Faktor, 24; best last shot, Herman Huber, 25.

Independent Rifles, monthly medal shoot: H. Gaetjen, Jr., 35, R. V. Bither 40, J. H. Kuhlke 33, Sergt. C. Andrews 42, Lieut. E. Moenning 36.

ROEEL.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 13.—Holmesburg Junction, Philadelphia.—Competition in third target series of Keystone Shooting League.

Dec. 18.—Kansas City, Mo.—Midwinter shoot and match contest for Sportsmen's Review cup between Messrs. J. A. R. Elliott, holder, and R. O. Heikes, challenger.

Dec. 18-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Kansas City Midwinter shoot. On Dec. 19, ten 15-target events; targets thrown free; \$50 added.

Dec. 19-21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Live birds and targets. Dec. 21, the Omaha-Kansas City ten-man team race will take place.

Dec. 20.—Kansas City, Mo.—Contest for new live-bird championship challenge trophy, emblematic of the live-bird championship of the world, offered by the Hazard Powder Company, at the Kansas City midwinter shoot.

Dec. 21.—Kansas City, Mo.—Omaha-Kansas City ten-man team race.

Dec. 22.—Rockaway Park, L. I.—Shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club. J. H. W. Fleming, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—All-day tournament of the Tunkhannock Gun Club. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's all-day Christmas shoot. S. G. Miller, Sec'y.

Dec. 25.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—Christmas Day shoot of the Mount Kisco Gun Club. Mr. A. Betti, Capt.

Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.

Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Dec. 18.—Interstate Park.—Midweek shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club. Silver cup to winner.

Dec. 17.—Interstate Park.—Interstate trophy, 20 targets; New York Handicap, 25 targets; third shoot for December cup.

Dec. 19.—Interstate Park.—Interstate Park Handicap, 25 targets; Metropolitan Individual Championship, 50 targets.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park.—Interstate Park trophy, 15 targets; Christmas Day Handicap, 25 targets; fourth shoot for December cup; Christmas Day Cup, 25 targets; Metropolitan Individual Championship; Continuous match.

Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

1902.

Jan. 1.—Ossining, N. Y.—New Year's Day Live-Bird Handicap shoot of the Ossining Gun Club. C. G. Blandford, Capt.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

Jan. 14-17.—Hamilton, Ont.—Twelfth annual tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club. F. B. Vallance, Cor. Sec'y.

March 3-April 5.—Blue River Park, Kansas City, Mo.—Grand American Handicap at live birds. Ed. Banks, Sec'y, 318 Broadway, New York.

May 6-9.—Interstate Park, L. I.—Interstate Association's Grand American Handicap at targets. Edward Banks, Sec'y; Elmer E. Shaner, Manager.

May 13-16.—Oil City, Pa.—Annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Oil City Gun Club. F. S. Bates, Cor. Sec'y.

May 30-31.—Union City, Ind.—Spring tournament of the Parent Grove Gun Club. O. E. Fouts, Sec'y.

June 3-5.—Cleveland, O.—Tournament of the Ohio Trapshooters' League, under the auspices of the Cleveland Gun Co.

June 9-13.—Rochester, N. Y.—Forty-fourth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game.

June 10-11.—Muncie, Ind.—Indiana Trapshooters' League's annual tournament.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

The following is taken from Pastime, of Dec. 7: "John W. Gates, the steel trust magnate, and some of the gentlemen sports in his party enjoyed a day's trapshooting on Tuesday at Ingleside, Cal. The weather was unpropitious, but this did not dampen the ardor of the gunmen. Otto Feudner and C. A. Haight, two of the best local trap shots, measured skill with the Easterners. Among the latter were D. T. Bradley, amateur champion of America, and R. A. Welch, member of the Carteret Gun Club. In a team race, \$50 a side, 25 birds, 30yds. rise, between R. A. Welch and D. T. Bradley and Feudner and Haight, the former won. Welch killed 23, Bradley 24, Feudner 24 and Haight 21. Several impromptu events followed the match race, and were taken part in by Gates, Welch, Hopkins, Roach, Bradley, Page, Feudner, Haight and Donohoe. The events were for \$10 per man at 10 birds, also freeze-out, Bradley, Haight, Welch and Feudner carrying off the prizes. The Eastern gentlemen left for the Suisun marsh after the shooting to try their hands at ducks, as guests of Alex. Hamilton." Messrs. R. A. Welch and D. T. Bradley on this trip were guests of Mr. John W. Gates, as were also Messrs. J. Seaver Page, J. Roache and J. Hopkins. Mr. Gates entertained the party on his private car, which was of the highest Pullman elegance. They had some pleasant shooting both at the traps and on the marsh, the former at Ingleside, the latter on the marshes, where they bagged many fine canvasbacks. On Dec. 4 they shot at Ingleside.

Messrs. C. A. Lockwood and T. R. Chapman, of Jamaica, and Mr. W. L. Wood, of Brooklyn, L. I., returned last week after several weeks' duck shooting out on the North Carolina coast, most of which was spent at Ocracoke. The trip was a most successful one in every particular. Enough ducks were bagged to establish the hunters' diligence and prowess with the scatter gun, besides being a material gratification in the way of results. The healthy color and robust physiques of the party were not the least of the benefits which accrued from the outing. All three are members of the New Utrecht Gun Club, and it is not necessary to add that therefore all three are skillful shooters. Mr. Lockwood was specially earnest in his commendation of Ocracoke, in the way of good and abundant shooting, efficient guides, perfect equipment, and reasonable rates for everything. They also had some experience as deep-sea sailors, journeying via the Old Dominion Line to Norfolk.

Mr. J. S. Fanning, well known as one of the best shooters, as well as the best of good fellows, returned to New York early last week, after an absence of three months in the Southwest, chiefly in Texas, traveling in the interests of the Laffin & Ford Powder Company. During his absence he traveled about 12,000 miles, an average of 4,000 miles a month. Notwithstanding such strenuous activity, Mr. Fanning was as calm, healthy and neatly groomed as if such speedy journeyings had no fatigues, no poor hotels nor no broken hours of rest.

The Cincinnati (O.) Gun Club announces that, commencing on Jan. 4, 1903, at 1 o'clock P. M., a series of twenty-six target contests will begin, each contest to be at 50 targets; handicaps 14 to 22yds., class shooting. Each contestant must be a member of the club, in good standing, and must participate in at least eighteen contests to be eligible to a division of the moneys. In furtherance of this purpose, seventeen gentlemen have donated \$10 each, namely: Messrs. Louis Ahlers, Jos. E. Block, L. H. Butts, Fred Corry, John W. Coleman, E. A. Donnelly, Max Fleischmann, A. B. Heyl, H. F. Jergens, Thos. A. Logan, John B. Mosby, J. E. Maynard, G. W. Schuler, R. H. West, R. S. Waddell, Emile Work, C. G. Zimmerman. Others to be added later. Mr. John B. Mosby, 115 East Second street, Cincinnati, is the chairman.

The sad news came to New York on Friday of last week that Mr. C. M. Lincoln had passed away at Atlanta, Ga., on the morning of that day. His death was caused by typhoid fever. The best of care and nursing availed nothing, so virulent was the attack. During several months past Mr. Lincoln represented the U. M. C. Company at Atlanta, and had become exceedingly popular and successful in his new field of effort. There were many sad faces and many heartfelt expressions of regret over his death among the shooters in the gun district of New York, of whom he was an active member before he went to the South, and by whom he was held in the highest esteem. He was of an amiable disposition, and won friends readily everywhere.

Mr. Ed Rike, of Dayton, O., famous in trapshooting circles as a skillful performer, arrived in New York on Monday of this week and started at once in quest of news concerning the condition of his close friend, Mr. R. O. Heikes, also of Dayton, who was suffering from a severe attack of tonsillitis, with symptoms of pneumonia added thereto. Mr. Heikes was confined to his bed and seemed to suffer profoundly from the threatened attack. His friends in the gun colony were deeply concerned over the report, and many hearty wishes were uttered by them for the speedy recovery of the conceded Daddy of 'em all in the shooting line.

Mr. T. H. Keller, manager of the Eastern Branch of the Peters Cartridge Company, of Cincinnati, informs us that the orders have so overtaken the capacity of the plant that extensive additions were a necessity, and are now in progress. Two buildings, of two stories each, one 50 by 90ft., the other 50 by 50, and a number of smaller buildings are in course of construction, while additions also are being made to the older buildings. Steam boilers of large capacity, two two-horse-power engines and a large electric plant are added to the power. A 2,000,000-gallon reservoir, with a complete fire apparatus, secure the greatest safety from fires.

The first shoot of a series between teams of the Highland Gun Club and the Clearview Gun Club, for a silver cup, took place at Gorgas Station, Pa., on Dec. 14. The conditions were nine men to a team, 25 targets per man, 16yds. rise, unknown angles, the winner of two in three contests owns the cup. The scores were: Clearview Team—Elwell 21, Lawrence 21, Paist 20, Jones 19, Freed 16, Forden 14, Carr 12, Leight 12, Downs 10; total 145. Highland Team—Fertsch 18, Dunlevy 16, B. Bisbing 15, Meehan 15, E. Wentz 15, Burn 14, M. Wentz 14, M. Bisbing 11, Hammell 11; total 129.

In our trap columns this week Mr. Ed Banks, secretary-treasurer of the Interstate Association, calls attention to the wishes of the Association concerning the holding of target tournaments in the Middle West under its auspices. To this end it desires to receive applications from clubs, all of which should be in writing and addressed to the manager of the Interstate Association, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. Applications should be made before Jan. 15 next.

At a match shot between Dr. F. C. Wilson and Mr. H. Mason Clapp, of Savannah, Ga., and held after the Doctor's invitation shoot was concluded, the conditions were 100 selected live birds, 30yds. rise and scant 30yds. boundary. The scores were: Dr. Wilson 95, with three dead out, Mr. Clapp 86, with four dead out. Capt. A. W. du Bray was referee; Mr. H. Lemcke scorer. A return match was arranged.

The Interstate Association held an important meeting on Dec. 12, at 44 Cedar street, New York. Its season for 1902 will be marked by greater activity and a wider scope of action. More target tournaments will probably be held than ever were held in any prior year. All the members are earnest in promoting the Association's welfare, which no doubt is one reason for its eminent success.

The S. S. White Gun Club and the Highland Gun Club held a twelve-man team shoot, 25 targets per man, on the grounds of the latter, Gorgas Station, Pa., on Saturday of last week. The White team had a handicap allowance of 5 extra targets per man, and won by a score of 179 to 175. This is the third team contest between these two clubs, all of which were won by the S. S. White Club.

J. L. Head, of Peru, Ind., was in New York last week, in the interests of his company, the Wabash R. R. He has taken up the preliminary details of arranging for a party by special car, via his line from New York to Kansas City, to attend the Grand American Handicap at live birds. Mr. Head no doubt will make a success of this undertaking, as he is both popular and able.

Mr. F. C. Tuttle, treasurer of the Peters Cartridge Company, Cincinnati, O., was a visitor in New York last week. He was present at the team contest of New York and New Jersey, at Interstate Park, on Wednesday, and greatly enjoyed that event. He also was impressed with the size of the equipment of the park, as indeed all are who see it for the first time.

The very interesting report of Capt. A. W. du Bray, in respect to Dr. F. C. Wilson's invitation shoot at Savannah, Ga., held recently, is pleasing in itself, and specially valuable in the new vistas of hospitality which it discloses to the perception of those who enjoy sport and good-fellowship for their own sake. It is published elsewhere in our trap columns.

The third contest of the series between New York and New Jersey resulted in a tie, 181 to each team out of a possible 200. Each man shot at 25 birds. Although it was expected that not less than fifteen would contest on each side, New Jersey could not muster more than eight available men, but nevertheless she bravely contested with what she had.

Last Saturday in and around New York was raw, rainy and gloomy, conditions unfavorable for good trapshooting scores. The third match between J. E. "Super" and Mr. John S. Wright was below their previous performances. Super scored 36, Wright 19. The conditions of these matches were 30 single targets and 10 pairs.

The first contest for the Cincinnati Gun Club's trophy, Dec. 11, resulted in a tie between Messrs. Kohler and Ahlers, who were the only ones to kill straight. Darkness set in before the race was finished, and the remaining part of it will be concluded at the next contest.

The Hamilton (Canada) Gun Club's secretary is Mr. W. M. Clendenning, to whom all communications should be addressed. The club has installed a set of Fulford traps, and rearranged its club grounds. The prospects for its forthcoming tournament are bright.

The Garden City Gun Club's twelfth and deciding shoot of the series for club medals was shot at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., on Saturday of last week. Mr. Alabaster won high average and Mr. Young won the handicap medal.

The next shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club (the Cuckoos)

will be shot at Rockaway Park, L. I., on the first day of next week. Traffic leave the foot of East Thirty-fourth street and Flatbush avenue, L. I. R. R., at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M.

The Fulton Gun Club, of Jersey City, N. J., contemplates a novel style of shoot on New Year's Day. It will be known as a masquerade shoot. Every shooter will be expected to wear at least a mask.

There will be a shoot for a gold watch at Interstate Park, L. I., on New Year's Day. The conditions are 100 targets, handicap, low entrance fee.

The Richmond Gun Club will hold its next shoot at Silver Lake, Staten Island, on Christmas Day, commencing at 10 o'clock.

The next shoot of the Hudson Gun Club, of Jersey City, will take place on Dec. 29. All are welcome to attend.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company, New Haven, Conn., will not issue any calendar for 1903.

BERNARD WATERS.

IN NEW JERSEY.

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

Rutherford, N. J., Dec. 14.—The scores made at the target and live-bird shoot of the Boiling Springs Gun Club on their grounds to-day are as follows:

Live birds, \$2 entrance:

Wright	10022-3	Morgan	2020-2
A Doty	20202-3	Powers	22020-3
Brown	02010-2	A Oakley	22101-4

Second event:

Capt Money	21112-5	A Oakley	02020-2
Brown	12110-4	Powers	12022-4
Morgan	22202-4	Matzen	01212-4
Butterworth	20012-3	Wright	01122-4
A Doty	21222-5		

The following are the scores of the target events:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Axford	6	6	6	Capt Money	11	10	11
Brown	7	6	9	Butler	8	3	7
Wright	8	6	6	Butterworth	7	4	4
Powers	8	5	5	Tiers	4	1	1
A Doty	10	6	6	Morgan	5	6	2
Matzen	6	7	6				

WINCH.

Hudson Gun Club.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 16.—The scores made at the last shoot of the Hudson Gun Club are appended. The next shoot will take place on Dec. 29. All shooters are welcome:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	10	15	10	15	10	15	15	25
Banta	5	10	8	11	9	9	14	16
Duke	4	8	7	12	9	10	13	17
Brown	8	7	7	12	8	7	11	13
Hansmann	6	9	8	8	5	11	7	14
Pearsall	4	6	5	5	2	7	7	11
Altz	6	12	5	12	7	11	11	11

J. L. H., Sec'y.

The Hamilton Gun Club.

HAMILTON, Canada, Dec. 13.—Since the first notices regarding the tournament of the Hamilton Gun Club were sent out, Mr. W. M. Clendenning has been appointed as secretary to the club. Kindly alter notices, so that all correspondence will be addressed to him. We have purchased a set of Fulford live-bird traps, and they are now being put in order. A water-tight box, extending from No. 1 to No. 5 traps has been built. This is lighted from above through narrow strips of heavy plate-glass, and we can assure our friends that they will find our club grounds perfect in every detail before the date of our tournament.

The club house is nearly completed, the magatrap is already in position, and the score protected on the north by an open shelter adjoining the club house. The live-bird traps are on about the same ground as before, but the score is moved to the west, bringing the trees along the upper end of the grounds behind the dead line, and allowing a clear field to shoot over, thus eliminating the worst defect of our old grounds.

On Nov. 30 the live-bird match between Upton and Overholt-Briggar and Hunter was shot off. The trapper failed to provide sufficient birds for a 25-bird match, so each man shot at 10 birds.

Scores were: Upton 9, Overholt 9; total 18. Briggar 9, Hunter 7; total 16.

Three 10-bird target events were then shot off as a parting shot over the old score:

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	10	10	10	Targets:	10	10	10
Dr Hunt	8	6	8	Dr Wilson	6	6	6
J Crooks	6	6	6	J Hunter	9	8	9
T Upton	5	5	5	Work	1	5	5
C Briggar	9	4	6				

A friendly team race has been arranged between the Hamilton Gun Club and the Stanley Gun Club, of Toronto. Conditions: Home and home matches, the Hamilton team shooting in Toronto on Dec. 14, and the return match will be shot off on our grounds on a date to be chosen by the Stanley Gun Club. The teams to be ten men to each side, each man to shoot at 10 sparrows and 25 targets.

The Grand American, being shot so far away, seems to be improving our prospects for a very large attendance at our January meeting. The number of applications for programmes far exceed those of any previous year.

BEN IT.

Garden City Gun Club.

Burnside Crossing, Chicago, Dec. 14.—The Garden City Gun Club shot their twelfth and deciding shoot for the club medals of 1901. Mr. Alabaster won the high average, and Mr. Young won the handicap medal on the shoot-off with Mr. Alabaster, each having won it four times. The day was very rare for trapshooting; it was 7 below all day, the ground covered with snow and bright sunshine making it hard to see some of the light-colored birds.

Club event:

J H Amberg, 1	2111122101012120	-13
Leffingwell, 1	22211111012221020212	-14
Young, 3	12122211112120212	-15
R B Mack, 3	2100221201102002w	
Roll, 1	2122111121212112	-15
Barto, 1	2121111121201120	-14
Oliphant, 3	1211210112121112	-15
Levi, 3	2222212220211111	-15
Dr Carson, 2	12211001012221102	-13
O'Brien, 1	22212221212221	-15
Alabaster, 0	22122222222011	-14

The tie for handicap medal:

Alabaster, 0	1112011211121210121111	-22
Young, 4	00111111202111121121	-22-23

Dec. 12.—Twenty-five birds per man:

Wilks	100212112101012122210210	-19
Rayner	1222111101222121221111	-21
Wilson	21201211112222111021222	-23
Smith	12101002200202102112122	-18
Ray	12210111110110100100w	

Dec. 14.—Twelve birds, \$5:

O'Brien	22022221222-10	Leffingwell	120221222220-10
Roll	11022122111-11	Barto	122120021212-10

Catchpole Gun Club.

Wolcott, N. Y.—The scores made at the club shoot of the Catchpole Gun Club, Dec. 11, are as follows:

Wadsworth	11111111111111111111-24
Burke	11111101111111111111-23-47
Fowler	11111111111111111111-24
	1010111101110100010111-17
	111011010101111111110111-20-37
Sage	11011011011111111111001-20

E. A. WADSWORTH, Sec'y.

The Interstate Association Annual Meeting.

The Interstate Association held its annual meeting Thursday, December 12, every stockholder in the Association being represented in person or by proxy. The full list of names of members of the Interstate Association is as follows: Tatham & Brothers, Le Roy Shot & Lead Works, Union Metallic Cartridge Company, American "E. C." & Schultze Gunpowder Company, E. I. Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Remington Arms Company, Hunter Arms Company, Winchester Repeating Arms Company, Markle Lead Works, the Hazard Powder Company, Parker Brothers, La in & Rand Powder Company, the Marlin Fire Arms Company, the Peters Cartridge Company.

Representatives of four honorary members of the Association were also present.

After the regular routine of reading of the minutes, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Association, read his annual report, reviewing the past season's work and offering recommendations and suggestions as to the season of 1902. Mr. Shaner's report was, as usual, very carefully compiled, and is given below, in detail:

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 11.—To the President, Officers and Members of the Interstate Association: Gentlemen—The work of the manager's office for the season of 1901 is respectfully submitted. The statistical data, giving detail of operations, will be found in the "Review of Tournaments," a copy of which is annexed.

While not sighing for extension of territory, opportunities for further enlargement show no touch of horizon. We can again say that the past season resembles each former, save the first, of course, in its eclipse of all former records. Results accomplished and the record thereof spread all over the reading world make it unnecessary to enlarge here on this phase. Statistical data in the "Review of Tournaments," show that more shooters participated, more money was divided in purses, more live birds were trapped, and more targets were trapped by 50,000 than during any previous season.

Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

The opening event, which will probably long remain one of the principal events, if not exclusively the principal, was held at Interstate Park, April 1 to 5, both inclusive. Though the weather was disheartening even to men of the strongest constitution, and some ultra supra rational people of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals gave much unwarranted trouble by their interference, the event was, as all posted knew it would be, a success in every respect. It should be remarked in passing that it was only through courtesy that the S. P. C. A. people were allowed to interfere, and that we paid any attention to their demands, as the laws of the State of New York approve of live-bird shooting.

In the forenoon of the day scheduled for the commencing of the main event—the Grand American Handicap—the wind blew a gale, and rain fell in such torrents that it was necessary to postpone the tournament a day. The contest was resumed the next day under conditions that could not be enjoyed by the most optimistic. A drizzling rain, as uncomfortable as a Scotch mist, and the S. P. C. A. people, greatly hindered the success of the sport. The former made the birds sluggish, and the latter irritated the shooters by stopping the contest at frequent intervals and insisting on the driving away of birds that had stooped beyond the boundary. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the ninth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds was in many respects more remarkable than any preceding. The entries, 222, were all that were anticipated, but owing to the bad weather twenty-two forfeited. The remaining 200 succeeded in largely increasing the record for straight scores. Past experience was of vast value in the matter of securing comfort for contestants, and they appreciated it.

Inanimate Target Tournaments.

These contests have not declined in interest, as will be noted from what follows:

The first of the season was held at Jacksonville, Fla., April 17 and 18, under the auspices of the Jacksonville Gun Club. The tournament was successful in all respects, and especially in reviving interest in that section of the country. The affair was well handled throughout, and though a high wind both days made the course of the targets very uncertain, and though dust obscured vision, the shooting was good.

The Cleveland (O.) tournament, held June 19, 20 and 21, was all that could be desired. The resident club had made arrangements so perfect that there was no room for suggestion of improvement. The Cleveland Gun Club ranks 1st in the Buckeye State, and its members are broad enough to fully appreciate the work of the Interstate Association in their behalf.

The attendance at the tournament given at Sherbrooke, Canada, was not what it should have been; but our work there on July 1 and 2 will bear fruit. The Sherbrooke Gun Club members were indefatigable in their efforts to make the occasion successful, and deserved better support from shooters of the Dominion.

Notwithstanding other attractions, natural and artificial, the tournament at Jamestown, N. Y., July 10 and 11, was all that the most exacting could ask. The Jamestown Gun Club, though new at trapshooting caught on readily, and made visitors feel that it was good to be there.

Our subscribers have no reason to complain of the manner in which all things worked together for their good.

The second Grand American Handicap target tournament, held at Interstate Park, July 16, 17, 18 and 19, was as well appreciated, both by amateurs and manufacturers' agents, as the initial event last year. The Association had so planned and contrived that everything contributed to give satisfaction to all reasonable people. As to our system of handicapping—there were a few grumblers, of course—its second trial only accentuated its merit. The matter has been so exhaustively discussed in the sporting journals that a mere mention in passing is all that is necessary here. The general verdict is that the Association made no mistake in its calculations. It is not only fair to both manufacturers' agents and amateurs, but it is a stimulus to men of mettle to persevere until they reach the top rung of the ladder, thus greatly enlarging the circle of the Association's clientele. It will grow in favor as time passes and shooters become better acquainted with its merits. Its second trial bore all the fruit predicted a year ago in my last report; in fact, the chief interest in the tournament centered in the handicap events, and exceptants were barely enough to establish its excellence as a rule. I again point to results as a justification of my faith and prediction.

I am happy to be able to state that our second tournament at Providence, R. I., was as successful as the first. Notwithstanding the adverse weather conditions the first day, the tournament of Aug. 7, 8 and 9, in personell of attendance, number and character of contestants, visitors of note, etc., resembled a national event, and the Providence Gun Club "did itself proud" in the way of management and courteous treatment of its guests. The result was simply what may be expected in Providence at any time.

The Auburn (Me.) tournament, Aug. 21 and 22, was well attended, many of the visitors being from outside the State. The Pine Tree State pitted its best shooters against all comers, and this made the event one of more than ordinary interest. During the two days more than 20,000 targets were trapped, and the shoot ran smoothly from opening to finish. The home club was well satisfied with results achieved.

The wind-up of the season was at Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2, 3 and 4, and the members of the Jefferson County Gun Club were justifiably proud of it. It was the initial effort of the club, but the members carried themselves like veterans in all respects. They also exhibited the usual hospitality for which the South has ever been famous. An interesting reminiscence was the observed fact that the Interstate Association had charge of the opening tournament of the Kentucky Gun Club, of Louisville, 1894. To say that the meet was in all respects a success is all that is demanded in this review.

Generally Speaking.

I take occasion to again say that our subscribers be to be congratulated on the results directly and indirectly achieved, and on the assurance that the efforts of the Association to give satisfaction, have been abundantly crowned with success.

The Future.

The appetite of an appreciative public still grows upon what it feeds; and there is yet no appreciable boundary to our efforts to serve it. Among sportsmen "we are the people," and the outlook was never better, if so good. A few sentimentalists may continue to deplore the shooting of live birds from traps, but healthy public opinion is with the evolutionist who holds that "there cannot be any cruelty where there are good intentions, useful training, and the absence of torment and pain."

Tenth Annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Live Birds.

This will be held at Blue River Shooting Park, Kansas City, Mo., the week beginning March 31, 1902, the first time since its inception in Western territory. Owing to the unbounded enthusiasm in

that section of the country, I anticipate the eclipse of all former records in the matter of entries. While personally I am not in favor of such large entry lists, it is in line with the settled policy of the Interstate Association, namely, "the encouragement of trapshooting," and the result will be looked for with unabated and in all probability with enhanced interest. The impetus we have gained will carry us forward, whether we will or no.

Third Annual Grand American Handicap Tournament at Targets.

This feature of our work gives promise of greater interest than ever before. It will be held at Interstate Park, the week beginning May 5, 1902. In view of results accomplished, which are more reliable data on which to reason than the most seductive hypothesis, I suggest that it would be wisdom to adhere to a programme similar to that of the last two years. The distance handicap would seem to have come to stay, and while all cannot be propitiated, the great preponderance in sentiment among those most vitally interested is in its favor, as it equalizes contestants more equitably than any submitted by the minority.

Inanimate Target Tournaments for 1902.

My observations in last year's report would about cover all to be said at present. We have applications for tournaments from all points of the compass, and it is simply a matter of discretion on our part as to how we can best serve the greatest number. I think it would be advisable to give due consideration to the demands of the West, and give that section all possible attention the coming year, especially as the Grand American Handicap at live birds will be held there. At least half of the season could be profitably devoted to the West. Though its people are cosmopolitan in view, they are animated by an esprit that makes them especially energetic in the securing of success to anything in their own vicinity; they are appreciative to a degree unknown elsewhere.

Conclusion.

In closing my report for 1901, allow me to repeat my former sentiments as to the uniform kindness and courtesy shown by the Association, which have made the labors of the position a pleasure. I also wish to extend my kind regards to the sportsmen's journals for the interest they continue to exhibit in our welfare and to acknowledge the aid they have given the Interstate Association in keeping its work prominently before the general public.

To our subscribers, one and all, I can only reiterate the sentiment of esteem I have hitherto expressed. Very respectfully submitted,

ELMER E. SHANER, Manager.

One of the most important pieces of business transacted at this meeting was the appointment of a committee to revise the shooting rules, at present in use by the Association.

The stockholders, before adjourning, elected the following Board of Directors for 1902: Messrs. J. A. H. Dressel, Irby Bennett, Edward Banks, A. W. Higgins, E. S. Lentilhon.

A long list of applications from gun clubs for tournaments, to be held on their grounds under the auspices of the Association, was handed in by Mr. Shaner, and was referred to the Tournament Committee for action, with a recommendation that the interests of the Middle West be well looked after.

Immediately after the adjournment of the meeting of the stockholders of the Association the Board of Directors named above held their meeting, at which Mr. Dressel was re-elected President, Mr. Irby Bennett re-elected Vice-President, and Mr. Banks continued in his position as Secretary-Treasurer.

The Executive Committee was made up as follows: Mr. Higgins, Chairman; Messrs. Lentilhon and Bennett.

The appointment of manager was very quickly disposed of, Mr. Shaner being unanimously reappointed to fill that office for another season.

The Tournament Committee was appointed as follows: Mr. Irby Bennett, Chairman, and Messrs. Chas. Tatham, Ed. Banks, W. F. Parker, John L. Lequin, Howard Marlin, A. W. Higgins, E. S. Lentilhon.

Club Organization Committee: Mr. O. D. Delano, Chairman, and Messrs. T. H. Keller, M. McMurchy, W. P. Markle.

The above concluding the business before the Board of Directors, the Board adjourned, and a meeting of the Tournament Committee was held, every member of that committee being present, with the exception of Mr. Chas. Tatham, who was absent from the city on business.

The chief business before the meeting was the consideration of points for the holding of inanimate target tournaments during the season of 1902. Only five places were selected at this meeting, the points chosen being Titusville, Pa.; Charleston, S. C.; Brunswick, Me.; Raleigh, N. C.; Memphis, Tenn. In regard to the latter point, the chairman, Mr. Bennett, stated that the Memphis shooters would add a solid amount of cash to the purses and would make every effort to have its target tournament in 1902 one of the most successful held during the season.

It was also decided by the committee that four or more points be selected for inanimate target tournaments during the coming season, such points to be as far as possible located in what is geographically known as the Middle West.

The representatives of the sportsmen's journals were asked to call the attention of clubs located in the section named to the above wish of the Association, with a view to having applications from such clubs placed in the hands of the manager of the Association not later than Jan. 15 next. The address of the manager, Mr. Elmer E. Shaner, is 111 Fourth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

ON LONG ISLAND.

New York vs. New Jersey.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 11.—The third and conclusive match between teams of New York and New Jersey was shot at Interstate Park, to-day. Mr. Ed Banks, who had been actively working to bring out a large New York representation so as to meet all that New Jersey would bring forward to the scratch, had nineteen or twenty shooters on hand, and could have secured a few more had there been occasion for it. Mr. M. Herrington, who had charge of the New Jersey interests in this connection, had promises from many New Jersey shooters that they would be in attendance, but, sad to relate, there many times is a wide difference between promises and their fulfillment. There were but seven or eight Jersey shooters who were available, and part of those were reluctant to shoot, as the conditions specified teams of ten men or more from each of the two States. After discussing the matter to a wearisome extent, a large part of which was irrelevant, it was finally, though reluctantly agreed by the New Jersey shooters that they would shoot the match with eight men, and that if any of their men came on later trains they would also be permitted to shoot. This was promptly agreed to by New York.

The first match, shot at Interstate Park, was won by New York on the narrow margin of one bird.

The second match, shot on Smith Brothers' grounds, Newark, N. J., was won by New Jersey, on the same margin—that is, one bird.

The third match, the one under present consideration, resulted in a tie.

Each man shot at 25 birds. Each team scored 181 out of a possible 200, a fraction better than 90 per cent. This is an excellent performance for teams.

The birds were good, but the weather was in favor of the shooters. There was a bright sunshine and no wind of any importance. Still, the birds, being strong, they required careful shooting and hard hitting to stop them within bounds. Indeed a majority of the lost birds were hard hit, and died outside of the boundary. The shooting as a whole was very clean and skillful.

It is to be regretted that New Jersey did not have a nearer approximation to its full power. There are many more skillful live-bird shots in that section, and in their absence, this team shoot could hardly be considered as truly representative of New Jersey in the vicinity of New York.

The tie was not shot off, so that the present status of the series is a win for each and one tie. The competition seems to indicate that in point of skill there is very little difference between the shooters of the two sections.

Some preliminary sweepstakes were shot. No. 1 was 5 birds, a handicap, class shooting. No. 2 was at 5 birds, a handicap, high guns. The scores of the events follow:

New York vs. New Jersey:	
New York Team.	
S. Glover.....	221102*2*1111002112021211—19
J. M. Thompson.....	11111232111*111122222212—24
W. Hopkins.....	2221222121122222011222111—24
C. G. Blandford.....	22122222222*21221121212—24
C. F. Dudley.....	022122222012222212*10122—21
J. P. Kay.....	2221*2122122201222202222—22

J. Gaughen.....	220221222222222122212222—24
L. H. Schorty.....	11222221220122222120222—23
G. E. Greiff.....	w
New Jersey Team.	
H. C. Koegel.....	2222222122222222222222—25
G. H. Piercy.....	123221122222212212222220—24
E. A. Geoffroy.....	2122202222222222222222—23
Capt. A. W. Money.....	22222121221222210222222—24
J. R. Gladdin.....	22120221222212222102212—23
C. Von Lengerke.....	0*12*22*22.22222222222*2—20
N. Appar.....	012021121121222121221222—23
C. R. Wise.....	222222202222222222002*2—19
J. E. Applegate.....	w

A sweepstake was arranged, and the following shot along in it: F. W. Cramer 21, J. E. Super 19, T. H. Keller 17, Ed Banks 23, G. W. Hagedorn 20, W. F. McConville 14.

Sweepstakes—No. 1:	
Banks, 30.....	11123—5
Geoffroy, 28.....	22222—5
Piercy, 30.....	12222—5
Kay, 28.....	21212—5
Hagedorn, 28.....	21221—5
Gardner, 28.....	22212—5
Hopkins, 28.....	21222—5
Glover, 30.....	22222—5
Blandford, 28.....	11121—5
Hagedorn, 28.....	11210—4
Wise, 28.....	222*2—4
Tallman, 28.....	22*02—3
Thompson, 30.....	0*201—2

No. 2:	
Banks, 30.....	22122—5
Geoffroy, 28.....	22222—5
Piercy, 30.....	22222—5
Gardner, 28.....	22222—5
Hopkins, 28.....	21212—5
Tallman, 28.....	21212—5
Glover, 30.....	22212—5
Capt. Jack, 28.....	21221—5
Geiff, 30.....	22222—5
Blandford, 28.....	11121—5
Hagedorn, 28.....	11210—4
Wise, 28.....	222*2—4
Thompson, 30.....	222*2—4
Waters, 28.....	02212—4

Match for birds, 28yds. Won by Mr. T. H. Keller: T. H. Keller.....022222222—9
Super.....22212222—8
Capt. Jack.....2201201122—8
Capt. Money.....1210012122—8

Miss-and-out, \$2 entrance:	
G. H. Piercy.....	2221222212
Super.....	211210
Geoffroy.....	1222121210
Hopkins.....	2121212220
Thompson.....	1211211222
Gaughen.....	222212222
Capt. Money.....	11221212*
Hagedorn.....	2210

The following target events were shot, in addition to the live-bird events above mentioned:

Events:	
1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3 4 5
Targets: 10 15 10 10 10	Targets: 10 15 10 10 10
G. G. Stephenson.....	9 13 9 9 8
G. E. Greiff.....	7 12 6 6 7
W. H. Sanders.....	7 12 8 8 ..
R. W. Hafl.....	9 14 6 5 6
F. B. Stephenson.....	.. 9 10 ..
S. M. Van Allen.....	.. 7 8 ..

Match, 10 targets, 25yds. rise: Tallman 8, G. Stephenson 7.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 14.—The weather was rainy, raw and sticky, and consequently the attendance was light. There was a right-quarterming, strong wind and good birds. Mr. Hafl was the strongest competitor, and has improved greatly since he commenced at the traps, a few weeks since. The scores:

Five birds, for birds:	
T. W. Morley, 30.....	11222—5
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	1*022—3

Five birds, for birds:	
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	1*001—2
C. A. Ramapo, 28.....	1220—3
R. W. Hafl, 28.....	21211—5

Ten birds for monthly average:	
T. W. Morley, 30.....	012202222*—7
R. W. Hafl, 23.....	1212221121—10
F. D. Creamer, 28.....	222222*212—9
*Magoun.....	022*2220*—5

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 14.—The shooting for the December cup was the main feature of the competition. The entire 50 targets were shot over expert traps, the club now having two sets of these traps installed. Dr. J. J. Keyes scored a win to-day for this trophy, with a score of the limit, 50, while Messrs. H. M. Brigham and F. E. Mendes tied on 47 for second. The conditions were 50 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added, as follows:

—1st 25—	
Hdcp. Broke. Total.	Hdcp. Broke. Total.
Dr. J. J. Keyes.....	4 22 4 22 50
F. E. Mendes.....	11 11 11 15 47
H. M. Brigham.....	0 23 0 24 47
W. W. Marshall.....	6 12 6 20 43
F. B. Stephenson.....	1 17 1 22 41
G. G. Stephenson, Jr.....	2 15 2 17 36
L. M. Palmer, Jr.....	5 12 5 19 41
F. A. Bedford.....	10 10 10 11 41
H. B. Vandever.....	5 9 5 21 39
L. C. Hopkins.....	6 10 6 11 33
H. A. Bourne.....	13 6 6 8 32

Team shoot for Sykes cups, 25 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	
Brigham.....	0 23 23
Keyes.....	4 17 21—44
Bedford.....	10 9 19
Bourne.....	13 10 23—42
Hopkins.....	6 15 21
Chapman.....	8 7 15—36

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	
Bedford.....	4 11 15
Chapman.....	5 9 14
Mendes.....	6 8 14
Marshall.....	4 9 13
Keyes.....	2 11 13
Bourne.....	7 6 13

Shoot for trophy, same conditions:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	
F. Stephenson.....	0 13 13
Mendes.....	6 6 12
Bedford.....	6 6 12
Brigham.....	0 11 11
Marshall.....	4 7 11

Sweepstake, 10 targets: Brigham 8, F. B. Stephenson 7. Match, same conditions: Brigham 8, G. Stephenson, Jr., 8.

Brooklyn Gun Club.

Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 14.—The weekly shoot of the Brooklyn Gun Club had an attendance of diligent shooters. The weather conditions were unfavorable, there being a heavily clouded sky, with rainfall betimes, and the temperature was raw and chilling. Mr. J. S. Wright, the manager, and Super shot the third match of their series, at 30 single targets and 10 pairs. The scores follow:

J. E. Super.....	111111011011011011011011011011011011010—36
J. S. Wright.....	00010101010010001000100010010101010010010—19

Match, 15 singles and 5 pairs: J. E. Super 17, T. B. Rider 17.

Match, same conditions, as foregoing: J. E. Super 21, I. M. Williamson 20, T. B. Rider 18, J. S. Wright 10.

Match, 25 targets: T. B. Rider 22, I. M. Williamson 22, J. E. Super 19.

Match, 25 targets: Marshall 14, Van Pelt 13.

Sweepstake events follow:	
Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6	Events: 1 2 3 4 5 6
Targets: 10 15 15 10 10	Targets: 10 15 15 10 10
Williamson.....	9 7 12 12 7 4
Super.....	6 3 12 11 6 7
Wright.....	4 4 5 6 5 5

Nos. 2, 5 and 6 were at 5 pairs.

Richmond Gun Club.

SILVER LAKE, Staten Island, Dec. 14.—Both targets and live birds were shot to-day, the latter an event at 10 birds, which was won by Mr. A. A. Schoverling. The weather was very unpleasant and unfavorable for good scores. Appended are the results:

Events:	
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Targets: 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 15	Targets: 10 10 15 10 10 10 10 15
A. A. Duke.....	7 6 8 4 7 4 7 10
G. Bechtel.....	7 4 8 6 7 ..
Crystal.....	5 4 2 5 6 2 4 5
Herrmann.....	2 2 4 3 1 ..
Riersen.....	6 7 9 8 6 5 3 9
Meurer.....	3 4 6 5 4 2 4 5

Ten live birds, 23yds., 30yds. boundary: A. A. Schoverling.....222022202—8
E. C. Meurer.....1001120010—5
M. Ryersen.....0102120012—6
A. A. SCHOVERLING, Sec'y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Following are the scores:

First Day.

Second Day.

St. Paul Review Cup.

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

Вов.

Ossining Gun Club.

EDWARD BANKS,
Sec'y-Treas. the Interstate Association.

Cincinnati Gun Club.

Rhoads, 31.....	2212*22222222
West 27.....	2*21121110

Keystone Shooting League.

Gun Club Shoot at Woodlake, Neb.

Leach 15, John Day 14, William Chrysler 11, Frank Day 10, Walter
Parker 6, Cyrus Hagen 4. LEACH, Sec'y.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications.

Information Wanted.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Washington.

Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 4 Court street, Brooklyn; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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TERMS, \$4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY.
SIX MONTHS, \$2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1901.

VOL. LVII.—No. 26.
No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

The FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. The editors invite communications on the subjects to which its pages are devoted. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. While it is intended to give wide latitude in discussion of current topics, the editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Terms: For single copies, \$4 per year, \$2 for six months. For club rates and full particulars respecting subscriptions, see prospectus on page iii.

FOREST AND STREAM CHRISTMAS READING.

THIS is the Christmas issue of FOREST AND STREAM. And what a number it is in the wealth, variety and quality of its contents. There is here page after page of sketch and story, all together giving material for hours of entertainment. To the man or the woman, who in a tale well told likes the flavor of the wild wood fragrance, and for whom the printed page is the brighter if it reflects the glint of the sunlight on the water, the mail this holiday week can bring nothing more acceptable nor more to be enjoyed than this notable Christmas number, pervaded throughout with the characteristic qualities of FOREST AND STREAM. Here is the list of good things which are provided to-day, and with them from editors to readers go the good will and the good wishes of the season:

IN LUSTY MANHOOD.....Charles Hallock.
SELLING THE BEAR'S HIDE.....Chas. S. Davison.
A MAN O' THE WOODS.....Fayette Durlin.
SEA RACK.....William Edward Aitken.
CASEY'S WILDCAT.....Francis Moonan.
THE TALE OF LAULU'S HUNT.....Llewella Pierce Churchill.
LUCK WITH A MEAT GUN.....Ransacker.
FAITHFUL FIDO.....M. M.
CAPE HORN.....Paul Eve Stevenson.

J. S. VAN CLEEF.

THE news of the death of J. S. Van Cleef, who died at his home in Poughkeepsie, on Tuesday of last week, came to his friends with all the greater shock because the event was so entirely unlooked for. It had been only a few days before that Mr. Van Cleef had sent us the graceful little tribute to John Burroughs, which was printed in our last issue; and in his letter accompanying it there had been no intimation of anything to prepare us to look for the end which was so near. For more than twenty-five years Mr. Van Cleef contributed out of his rich experience and abundant knowledge of angling and anglers occasional papers for FOREST AND STREAM, and its readers had come to look for the articles with his signature or the familiar initials J. S. V. C. He was one of the first fishermen on Catskill Mountain streams, the Willewemoc and other waters which have since become famous; and his experience in fishing club affairs and the care and protection of fishing waters was perhaps unequalled. He was a man of fine instincts and in his sportsmanship of high ideals. His contributions to the work of securing or New York wise fish and game laws were of recognized value; it was his pen that wrote the game and fish code adopted by the legislative committee of 1896. Mr. Van Cleef's winning personal traits, his great fund of angling reminiscences and his broad culture made him a delightful companion; and his friendship was one which those who were privileged to enjoy it learned to value more and more as the years went by.

To record in these columns to-day the passing of our friend is to give to this Christmas number the note of sadness which with most of us as we grow older and the years of the past with their memories rush in upon us makes up more and more the real spirit of the Christmas week—not the joyousness and the festivities, but the tender memories, the unavailing regrets and the longings to see once again the vanished faces and to hear once more the voices that are still.

A WINTER MORNING.

THE morning is clear and cold, but a light gray mist—which is not a fog, but yet obscures the rising sun—hangs over the landscape. One may see a long way, yet distant objects, which in a clear air would be plainly visible, are hidden now. It is bitter cold, the mercury standing just above the zero point, but the air is still. From the borders of the ponds in front of the house a white sheet of snow-covered ice extends out a few feet from the shore, and beyond that is the intense black of still water—or possibly of smooth ice.

On such a morning one may well enough start out to see what is astir in the fields and woods. It is too cold for much movement in the animal world, yet now and then a distant crow may be seen fanning its slow way across the sky, or a faint echo of its voice may draw the eye to where the dark bird sits perched on the topmost bough of some giant chestnut.

The season for shooting has closed, yet from force of habit the observer will tuck his gun under his arm. Then he plows his way through the light snow across the fields, through the run, and after climbing two or three fences he enters the woods and reaches the great warm spring which never freezes. Here the water plants always grow fresh and succulent, and here always some black ducks may be found. This morning there are none; perhaps because the woodchoppers are working a hundred yards away, and shout to their patient oxen, which drag the creaking sled over the crisp snow; or the resounding blows of axes may have driven the birds from this favorite resting place.

The walker follows down the stream through the swamp, parting from before his face the interlacing twigs of birch and alder, for on a morning sharp like this, a cut from one of these snapping twigs leaves a sting which is long felt. For the most part the brook is open, but here and there little gravelly points run out from the banks over which the flowing water has frozen, and through the thin, gray ice, white air bubbles are seen passing down over the shallow in a continual procession, and the faint ringing of the ice shell is heard as these bubbles escape from beneath its edge. Progress through the swamp is noiseless, for the dead sticks are avoided and the snow muffles the footfall; yet now and then over some moist place the ice breaks with a loud hollow crash and the foot sinks through into the oozy mud beneath.

Here is the place where two partridges have crossed the swamp; their footprints are obscured by the lightness of the snow; but the long sweep of the dragging middle toe is shown. A little to one side of them is the track of the cunning red fox. Well he knows the hopelessness of trying to steal upon the ruffed grouse, yet he remembers that once in a hundred times this may be done, and he cannot resist the temptation to follow the grouses' trail. It would profit him more to turn aside and hunt for the field mice, whose tracks are numerous at the edges of the woods, unmistakable by their double row of footprints and the mark of the dragging tail between.

Until the ponds are reached no life is seen save now and then a belated trout which darts wildly up or down the stream, and a solitary bluejay standing in a lone cedar tree and looking almost white against his somber background. The ponds are frozen over, and what looked like open water is black ice three inches thick, but so clear that one may look through it as through a water glass, and detect each leaf and stone and bit of vegetation on the bottom of the ponds.

Crossing other fields, climbing other fences, he comes to another part of this same brook. Here are more trails of rabbits and partridges and foxes, and here while in the thickest of the alders and slowly making his way along the brook, a splashing in an unseen reach beyond causes him to stand at a ready, and presently, two hundred yards away, a great and glorious mallard duck swings by, his head shining green and gold in the morning sunshine that by this time has dissipated the gray mist. It is fine to see the great bird fly off on robust wing, and the disappointment of not getting a shot at him is not hard to bear. He disappears at last in the distance.

Though it is still cold enough, the continued exercise has warmed every part of the body, and the blood courses briskly to the tips of fingers and toes. The sky is clear, the sun bright, the air windless; absolute silence is all about and it is very pleasant to be abroad. At length a road is reached, the brook crossed, and followed up on

the other side. Other swamps are entered, some cold, dark and gloomy, others bright with sunlight, which plays on the brilliant snow beneath the naked branches of the tall forest trees. Here there are other signs of the life that was astir last night, or in the early morning, and at one place two black ducks startled by a neighbor's dog rise from the brook far ahead and swing about and go off unshot at.

And when a little later the house is reached, one feels that the hours spent in the swamp have not been wasted.

CORNELL'S ADIRONDACK FORESTRY.

THE Association of Residents on Upper Saranac Lake in the Adirondacks has, through counsel, petitioned the Attorney-General of New York to institute proceedings to prevent the further destruction of the timber on the tract of forest land in the Saranac region which was provided by the Legislature in 1898 for the use of the Cornell College of Forestry. This land was bought by the State specifically for the purpose of experimental scientific forestry by Cornell. It consists of 30,000 acres in Franklin county. In July of 1900 Cornell entered into a contract with a cooperage company for the sale of the timber on the land, the contract to extend for a period of not less than fifteen years, and the company has erected near Tupper Lake a stove and heading factory to utilize the logs, and a wood alcohol plant for the cordwood. A railroad has been constructed to transport the lumber, necessitating the clearing of a tract of over four miles long and 25 yards wide. Logging operations on the tract were begun in July of last year, and in his last report to the Legislature Director Fernow stated that 500 acres of land had been denuded and 75 acres had been planted.

In their petition the Adirondack protestants review what they claim to be the destruction of the trees and the destruction of the forests as a water reservoir; and they demand that the further work of the College of Forestry be prevented. They make the point that the acquirement of the land by the State for Cornell was unconstitutional, because the State Constitution provides that neither State credit nor funds shall be used in aid of corporations or private undertakings. It is urged further that inasmuch as the appropriation by the Legislature for the purchase of the land was made to continue "the acquisition of lands in the Adirondacks," the tract thus acquired must come within the provision of the Constitution which protects the wild lands owned by the State and forbids the cutting of any timber on them.

In reply to this petition of the Adirondack residents, the authorities of Cornell say that they are actually carrying out on the territory under consideration a scheme of scientific forestry, the benefits of which, while not to be reaped by the present generation, nor possibly by that which is to follow, will in time prove of the highest usefulness and practical good to the State by demonstrating the system of forestry best adapted to the Adirondack region. They contend that while it is true that they are selling the lumber, they are obliged to do this because the State has intrusted to them the task of this experiment in scientific forestry without having provided sufficient means for its operation, and that the cutting of timber has been done wisely and with a single view to the ultimate advantage of the region as a forest preserve. And they add that the constitutional points involved have already been determined in the courts in a way which sustains the Legislature in having devoted the lands to this purpose.

There are men whose only dissatisfaction with their lot is that they were born too late in history to have an opportunity to hunt buffalo. They got here after the buffalo had gone. There is a new ten-dollar bill which has on its face the buffalo pictured as he pranced on the plains of the past. To those who repine because they may not hunt the buffalo on the prairie might be recommended for alleviation of their discontent a pursuit of this buffalo on the bill, irrespective of seasons or limitations as to number taken in one season.

Next week we shall print what its contributor characterizes as "the most remarkable story that has ever come out of the Maine hunting woods"—an estimate in which the reader will concur.

For Christmas Reading.

Selling the Bear's Hide.

THERE is said to be a somewhat improvident aspect attributable to the vending of an ursine pelt while its putative owner still slouches through the underbrush, and ambles contentedly along the runways of his native plantations wearing it on his back. With this wise, ancient and but little known saying I have been led to agree by reason of certain occurrences some years since.

To put it succinctly, I sold for five dollars a live bear's hide really worth—as near as we could judge at forty yards—about twelve dollars and a half (less, of course, whatever one might estimate to be the value of the expense and trouble of taking it off the body and legs it was attached to).

I had gone into the woods with a couple of friends and some Indians. Gradually, as is usual in such cases, we had separated ourselves from one comfort of existence after another until we had attained to the first half of that desideratum known as plain living and high thinking.

We had reached a region which seemed to promise fairly, and had gone into more or less permanent camp on the border of a sizeable lake. Two or three days failed to result in anything more than ordinary sport, and I determined to take one of the Indians and return a short distance on our trail to a locality which had attracted my attention on our way in. It was not more than a three or four hours' journey, and by starting at or about midnight opportunity would be afforded for the thorough exploitation of a theory which I entertained concerning it.

The natural conditions of the place had seemed promising. At about the middle of one of the four or five arms, each several miles long, of a star-shaped lake the shores approached each other, and the waterway was the more contracted by the presence of two little islands, rocky but well wooded which lay in a line, the one perhaps twenty yards beyond the other. The space between the islands and the shore on the northerly side had gradually filled in until a continuous meadow and marsh connected them with the forest which clothed the mountain sides and descended abruptly at that point. The waters of the lake still persisted, however, between the islands, indenting the front of the marsh with a little bay, and of course extended between them and the southerly shore, though a number of rocks stood high above the water, and the depth in one or two places was but a few inches.

It had seemed to me, from our being compelled to get out and lighten the heavy laden canoes for a few feet over the shallow, when coming past this place, that any reasonable and reasoning animal would prefer to cross here, almost dryshod, rather than to go round four or five miles or else to swim the lake, as he would otherwise be compelled to, and I felt fairly confident of finding one or more well-defined runways leading across the little islands.

We started shortly after midnight, making our way through the woods back to this lake by lantern light, and taking with us very little, a canoe, a twist of tea, a minute kettle, a couple of hard biscuit, a cake of chocolate, an ax, a rifle and a few cartridges. Reaching the head of one arm of the lake we took to the canoe, followed the arm down to the main body of water, crossed this with the moist, fresh, mysterious night wind in our faces, and the liquid voices of the night waves speaking to us from the bow of the canoe, and entered the long, narrow arm in which the islands lay.

Landing just before the first gray dawn at the extreme rear of the nearer islet, we hid the canoe, pushed our way through the brush and passed along the backbone of the island to gain its other end, from which the marsh, the little bay and the ford between the islands and the further shore could be most fully kept under survey.

It was as I had supposed. Before reaching the other end of the island, a scant fifty yards, we crossed one and stopped at the second of two narrow but palpable runways leading up from the marsh over the island and down to the ford. The second of these runways was just within the edge of the patch of woods which covered the island's top, and sitting down by it we had before us, through the thin brush, on our left the marsh, in front the little bay and the other island, on our right the two fords, one between the island in front of us and the shore of the lake, the other on our extreme right leading from the island on which we were.

As day came and I sat watching the twigs and leaves of the bushes, the needles of the spruce trees, and the other details of forest civilization grow distinct, I thought of the robber baron whose castle was so often perched on some convenient pinnacle above a ford, and how if one in this world sat oneself down by a ford and waited, either the merchant from Frankfurt with his many bales of cured pelts, or the natural-history-museum-specimen with his solitary uncured pelt would come by sooner or later and pay toll.

The rule is substantially invariable. The lines of least resistance on the face of nature are the valleys and the fords, and even Ephraim and his cousins when they journey from one lair to another are apt to travel by the same road which the pesty burgher, the sleek cit and the wandering tinker have always found most suited to their respective deficiencies. Therefore were we justified in waiting with calm confidence that which must betide.

Nevertheless all signs fail in a dry time—which is more proverbial philosophy presented to the gentle reader free of charge.

The woods might, indeed, be full of fur running round looking for owners, but no personal property of that ambulatory nature seemed desirous on that day of going to Bagdad to see the king, or wherever else it was that the forest highways led to, and some hours of contempla-

tion passed none too quickly before the first victim walked into the trap.

Indians are supposed to be the most impassive of mortals. If the statement be true, then the event which occurred must have been out of the ordinary, for after absolute silence had prevailed for a long time, my companion gave a sudden start, uttered an exclamation of surprise, if not alarm, and rose to his feet. I turned toward him in considerable disgust which changed to astonishment when he somewhat deprecatingly said in his halting French:

"A man came from the forest and made gestures toward me with a cane."

"What man?" I said. "He could not see you."

"He came out and made gestures with a cane and went back in the woods," he said.

"Whereabouts?" I inquired.

"There," he said, pointing to the southern shore of the lake beyond our island.

"What did he look like?" was not unnaturally my next inquiry.

"An old man with a long beard," said the Indian.

Of course by this time it was apparent to me what had happened. The Wandering Jew was loose, and having exhausted the byways of civilization, was sauntering through the trackless forest. Or else Chamisse was right and "that very learned work of Tieckins" was in error and Peter Schlemihl's seven-leagued boots were not yet worn out. An old man with a long beard who came out of the woods and made gestures with a cane was a set of circumstances which admitted of no other rational deduction.

"There he is again," said the Indian, suddenly.

This time I saw him, too; he was nearer than before, an old man with a long gray beard and a staff, working his way with great difficulty along the shore of the lake. Now, I have no objection to old men or young men wandering through the forest, but the permanent inhabitants of the woods don't like them, and it was apparent to me that if any one with whom I could traffic and do business was to cross the ford that day, the quicker the Wandering Jew was sent on about his own affairs the better; so I said to my companion:

"Well, go back and get the canoe and go over for him and bring him here."

As we were now both standing up, our unexpected guest caught sight of us and renewed his obnoxious "gestures with his cane," which greeting so alarmed my superstitious associate that he respectfully but firmly declined to play Charon to our unknown visitant. However, I hallooed across to the wanderer, and established the fact that he was looking for us and had letters, had left his camp companions only a few miles below, and thinking we were nearer than we actually were, had pushed on by himself. Not unnaturally he had gotten himself lost and was glad to see us. I then persuaded my attendant to go to him in the canoe and bring him over.

His statements proved to be accurate: he had a bundle of despatches and letters. Selecting such as were for me, I turned him over to the Indian with instructions to take him on to our camp, as he needed food and rest, to leave the canoe at the lake and immediately on arriving either to return himself or send some one back to bring the canoe to me, as even at that it would be after night fall before I reached camp.

They having departed, I made up my mind that it would be a long time now before anything came to the ford. Too much shouting and tramping around in the woods affects unfavorably the nerves of their denizens. Moreover, it was now near the middle of the morning, and I doubted if the highway would be much traveled until late afternoon. I therefore boiled the kettle, made a birch-bark dish full of tea, smoked a pipeful of tobacco and lay down to take a nap. A steady drizzle had set in, which, however, as it had been more than anticipated, did not trouble me, for I was in greased beef hide moccasins, and wore rubber overalls and a short rubber coat with a close-fitting hood.

After an hour or so I was awakened by a cheeping and twittering and found a queer little fat bird with a much perked up tail, presumably some variety of nuthatch, hopping about from twig to twig in my immediate vicinity, turning its head from side to side and inspecting me with critical care. I sat up quietly, whereupon he promptly flew away some ten or twelve feet, and then, emboldened to believe by my absolute stillness that I was not alive after all, he returned and resumed his research after more accurate knowledge concerning this new forest growth.

All the most exaggerated expressions for perfect quiet would fail to convey to your mind the unwinking rigidity with which I sat for the space of fifteen or twenty minutes while my small friend hopped about me, nearer and nearer, chirping every now and then, and attempting to elucidate to his own satisfaction the puzzle which was presented to his mind. Finally, incited by a curiosity which, had he been human, would have argued him of the female persuasion, he hopped on to my knee. Finding the experiment unattended with danger, the next step was to my shoulder, from which he attempted to peer round the rubber hood into my face. This being only partly satisfactory, a little flutter came next, and in an outburst of temerity he alighted for the thousandth part of a second on my nose. He was undoubtedly impressed with the conviction that he was dealing with some not only unknown and terrifying but dangerous object through my involuntarily winking and wrinkling my nose when he fluttered into my face, for that was the last I saw of my small friend. He was gone so absolutely and instantly that the disappearing lady at the magician's show would have expired with envy had she witnessed it.

This was bad business, for it left me only a squirrel for company, and he was very angry with me and regarded me as an intruder, as I doubtless was, and did not hesitate to sit upon a fallen tree trunk at a safe distance and express his views in what I judged to be no measured terms. Finding me deaf to all reason and argument, he also departed and the day wore quietly on till mid-afternoon.

Nature, in her bountiful care that all her creatures shall have a fair chance, had suspended the drizzle, in the midst of which I had fallen asleep, presumably for the express purpose of allowing the nuthatch and the squirrel to act their little parts in the day's play. These light interludes being complete, the quiet leaden clouds came down a little nearer the surrounding mountain tops and the business of replenishing the reservoirs of moss, that the streams might not run dry and the trout go without their perpetual baths or the beavers find the building of dams a useless art, was resumed. The great deluging thunder storms run off the face of the land to roar down the brooks and swell the streams to torrents. But the soft, quiet, drizzling rain seems to have the quality of soaking in and staying. A sort of special deposit to be drawn on from time to time as necessity arises, lest the caribou should miss the pleasant sight of the waterfall amid the rocks, or the otter go without the consolation and gleeful splash at the end of his slide.

Perhaps another hour had passed when I heard over my left shoulder my returning Indian coming through the brush. I was amazed and indignant that he should make so much noise. In sulky silence I waited. On a sudden it flashed across my mind that it was impossible that anyone should have reached camp and returned by that time. Moreover, although some seconds had elapsed since I first heard him, the moving in the brush continued without apparently advancing. I turned my head cautiously round and looked to the north and a little behind me. The slight breeze had been easterly all day, which indeed had dictated the position I occupied; one from which, as much of the marsh and fords as was compatible with holding them under scrutiny would be up wind from me. But there, coming across the marsh, and though not actually down wind, still fairly quartering up wind toward me, nibbling at the grass, swishing their short tails from time to time in quiet contentment, and generally behaving as though they were the sole occupants of the universe, and dreaded neither hindrance nor opposition, was a young caribou bull with his cow and yearling calf. They were perhaps fifty yards away when I first saw them, and it was doubtless from the fact that I was cold, from having lain so still, and was clothed in wet rubber from head to foot, that they had not scented me. I presume, as indeed the facts show, that the conditions were such that there was very little scent and that my envelopment of rubber and water acted as a practical non-conductor. There was not a head among them which I wanted. Moreover, it approached uncomfortably near murder to open fire under the circumstances, while to break up an interesting and peaceful family, contented with its lot and pursuing its own avocations without interfering with the community at large, seemed hardly desirable. I remained, therefore, immovable, curious to see how near they would come, for they were palpably making for the narrow runway on one edge of which I sat. Loitering unconcerned they approached and paused at the steep little ascent for a last nibble at the marsh grass and the bushes. They were somewhat below me, and, as near as I could judge, you could have touched the nearest one with an ordinary trout rod. Gathering myself together, I sprang to my feet, waving my arms wildly in the air and uttering a succession of piercing and blood-curdling yells. Perhaps the effect on the little caribou family can be best judged from the depth of their last front tracks, which I afterward inspected. They drove their front feet deep into the marsh, whirled in the air and departed in three several directions. Across the marsh they fled, three grayish brown streaks of flying fear. I grabbed up the rifle and fired a shot into the marsh behind them. What they thought had happened to the island I do not know, but can well surmise. Doubtless in after years the young bull, become the patriarch of some herd on the Ungava barrens, leading his followers in a mad race from the mosquitoes up to some little eminence to stamp and shake themselves and let the wind blow their pestilential annoyances far down to leeward, would recount to his admiring catellites: "Speaking of haste, you know," how, "on one occasion a new volcano opened suddenly before his astonished eyes on a small island down in the lake district," and how he "had ever thereafter given one particular star-shaped lake as wide a berth as fate and his recollection of its exact whereabouts permitted."

In the meanwhile, however, there is one thing to be said to the credit of the young bull. Crossing the marsh his cow had veered to the left to skirt the mountain side rather than to face its sharp and rugged slope, and naturally her calf trailed after her. The bull, with his greater strength, mad with terror, had faced the mountain, and two gigantic bounds had carried him more yards up its slope than one would readily believe. In an instant it was evident, however, that he saw that his family had fled to the left. Although to change his course would keep him nearer the danger, his better instincts prevailed. He swerved sharp to the left, and slanting down the mountain side disappeared behind his vanished wife and son.

It was not until I had ceased laughing that it suddenly occurred to me that while I had been having fun with the caribou, I had spoiled the ford for a couple of hours. There was nothing in the woods that was within ear-shot and making for the ford but had suddenly become convinced that some other highway had superior attractions; and my brief amusement would doubtless cost me a further long period of waiting. Under the circumstances a pipeful of tobacco could do no harm, and for the next half hour or so I sat and smoked and concluded that the incidents of the day were probably closed.

Something like two hours afterward I tendered a silent apology to the North American savage at having imagined the approaching caribou to have been my returning Indian. The reason for my so doing was that a slight touch on my arm alone informed me that the Wandering Jew was safe in camp and the canoe was back at the end of the island. We sat in silence some further time, but the trap caught nothing more. The fords remained untraversed.

Just as day closed the hush of nature came on—the absolute quiet, the death of the wind, the ceasing of the

In Lusty Manhood.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

The return of winter at this time, coupled with your courteous request for a contribution to your Christmas issue, recalls some seasonable reminiscences of those old-fashioned snowstorms which used to visit New England in the early half of the nineteenth century, and bury walls and fences and sometimes flocks of sheep clear out of sight, requiring every available ox team in the township to turn out next day to break roads. Frequently the falling snowflakes would turn to sleet, zero weather followed, and in the morning the risen sun would flash and scintillate over the pure white crust with a brightness that was blinding, unless one wore goggles, though some old mossbacks (like Russell Terrill, who is still living at the age of eighty-seven) used to rub tallow and charcoal over their noses and under their eyes as a preventive.

It was great fun to the boys with sleds and snowshoes to ignore farm lines and pass over frozen waterways and surface inequalities, regardless. It made them independent in a way, and self-reliant. Sometimes we would start from the crest of West Mountain, 2,000 feet high, and coast over the pasture intervals down its uneven sides with electric speed, and risks never contemplated at the start. The sleds would often slue on the unequal grades, and anon turn end for end when the steersman's foot lost all control, or failed to check untoward headway; and then the only chance for life or limb would be to roll off on the crust and let the craft run wild until it brought up with a splitting whack against a rock or some softer tree in the sugar bush. Even so, the tour, in corpore, had to continue until a dead level was reached, and the landing place was not always certain.

But such haphazard experiences were not a circumstance to one adventure we had on the Barber Hill post road, three-fourths of a mile long, straightaway, excepting an elbow at the watering trough, where the overflow froze to glare ice on zero days. There was very little travel in the winter season at that period (and less now, I ween), and my elder cousin and I used to do the hill regularly, the impetus of the down-grade sending the sled over a quarter of a mile level at the foot of it before it would come to a stop. One sunny day we were whizzing down this hill, bellygut, myself on top, when, just as we struck the glare ice at the turn, we spied a double team and a high-running fancy cutter coming leisurely up the ascent. We had just time to notice that there was a two-foot space under the body of the sleigh, when we shot like a streak between the horses as they instinctively widened on the spreader, both of us flat as two pancakes—and so on to the unobstructed roadway beyond. It was a very close call, but we never thought seriously enough of the incident to take chances on being forbidden the hill by telling of it.

Odds zooks! What inscrutable providences lie along the checkered pathway of all boyhood!

Now, to take the chill off this wintry experience, I recur to the res gestæ of more congenial summer time, and of the opening spring. What an elysium to a boy in his teens was that mountain home in western Massachusetts! Those were dulcet days indeed; the halo of whose phantasmagoria has not been dimmed by the lapse of half a century. In those secluded Hampshire Hills Charles Dudley Warner began to formulate bucolics; Wm. Cullen Bryant wrote his "Rivulet," the "Waterfowl," and his "Thanatopsis"; and the intrepid explorer, Marcus Whitman, learned that practical woodcraft which enabled him in a strenuous political exigency to make his memorable winter journey from Oregon to the District of Columbia over an unmapped wilderness in 1842.

Almost every year for twenty years I have revisited that forest kindergarten, whose physical aspects are hardly changed even now by lapse of time; the bucolic valleys, the hillside pastures where we salted sheep, the eminences from whose summits we looked into the purlicues of five States, the homely farmhouses all of one pattern built a century ago, the tall clocks still ticking, the high-back "settles" which the surviving housewife of four-score years drags into the shade of an added modern verandah, the old well sweep which dips its reach-pole into the unseen depths, the barns without locks, the broad chimney places glowing with hospitable warmth, the scraggy old orchards, and the inevitable sugar house in the maple woods. Here and there I find old potato fields reforested with thrifty timber; all along the famous Mill Stream are the ruins of cloth factories, saw mills and tanneries; the public thoroughfares are lined with umbrageous elms and maples which were set out when I was a boy. Some of these I helped to set myself. I had early experiences in planting and harvesting, in fighting forest fires, in keeping cows out of the corn patch by the wood lot, in trapping woodchucks, in expelling skunks from the hen house and rats from the corn crib, and water snakes from the trout pond, in catching and taming crows and squirrels, in caring for live stock, in hunting fiddlehead brakes as an early spring substitute for asparagus, in squeezing fir balsam out of the bark capsules on the trees, in gathering plantain for sores and sprains, and catnip for the felines, and a hundred other old plantation and household odds and ends. That was long before the era of canned food, or even of desiccated soups, what time the French cook Soyer made himself famous and earned the gratitude of nations by making army rations eatable during the Crimean war.

All this kindergarten training, I say, had the effect to qualify me for roughing it later on in my long jaunts across the plains and over the mountains and waterways of Canada, and the Continental Divide, and up to the sub-arctic regions of Labrador (1860) and Alaska, which occurred chiefly in the twenty-five years which bridged the dates of 1854 and 1879. As I had been early taught to read the sybillene leaves off-hand, so I learned to provide for exigencies and vicissitudes and bodily comforts. And during all the years until I was fifty-four years old, I never carried a tent. Indeed, there were but few trips when I could have added its bulk and weight. Excepting on canoe voyages I have always traveled light; a canoe turned over and braced up by the paddles as a shelter in fair weather, and a hemlock bark

lean-to in wet or a pair of rubber blankets lashed together in letter A pattern as a tent d'arbri for the field, or the unstepped mast and sail of a catboat placed against a ledge when cruising along shore. These and other makeshifts made a good camp, and with no dishes to wash except coffee pot and frying pan, saved lots of labor and more than compensated for needless luxuries during a tramp. Indeed, the true inwardness and success of a camp is the camp-fire, whether built with back-log or made round, Indian fashion; and when we traveled in trios, each had to cut wood, make camp or cook. There were no drones or loiterers permitted in camp, for it was a groundhog case all the time.

I have always carried a miniature kit of small tools and odds and ends, as a matter of habit and steady practice, and have one now, so that it has happened to be my lot on many an occasion to supply a strap, a bit of wire or a nail or a screw to a disabled army ambulance or cowboy contingent which the careless driver or mule skinner had neglected to include in his outfit. Once in the rapids above the Percefield Falls in the Adirondacks, I kept from going over the ledge or at least from an indefinite wait for help, by being able to splice a broken oar with wire and a gimlet while hung up on a rock in midchannel. To many a one who ought to have known these things, I have taught the simple device of lifting a stalled pack mule or wagon out of the mire; of swinging across an unfordable stream by climbing a sapling of proper length to bridge it; of starting a camp-fire when the whole woods were water-soaked; of finding forgotten articles in dense forest, where every spruce tree looked alike; by deciding by the signs at hand, which way the stream turned in the woods ahead, so as to save distance by a cut-off (a very risky proceeding if a mistake is made); of following a back trail over prairie in dry weather; of finding gum to pitch the canoe; of determining points of compass on a flat prairie in cloudy weather by direction of the wind and animal trails and the dirt thrown out of burrows; and of a dozen other labor-saving and comfort-procuring expedients acquired in the sylvan school of applied methods. One should never get lost on a rolling prairie or in a mountainous country if he understands hydrography and physical geography, because the fluvial systems and the striations, undulations and dip of rock are as unvarying as the Milky Way and the North Star which are infallible guides in fair weather. One ought to learn the chief constellations, too, as helps to direction. The worst place to get lost in is a tamarack or laurel swamp.

Of course, some few men have an intuitive gift of noting and interpreting natural signs, which is quickened by the habit of close and constant observation of what is ahead and around, as well as of frequent turning to see how the land looks behind. Landmarks should be always selected and located. Twigs may be broken and blazes scored for future reference. One should be able to return unerringly to a given spot or cache. A good backwoods man instinctively sees and takes account of all minutiae around him and along the route, just as a gunner takes snap shots at his game. Every movement and sound and cry and call of animal, bird or insect, frog or water fowl means a good deal to one who knows the habitat of these creatures, their "tricks and their manners," and what they feed on. The drift and contour of the clouds, the direction and varying tones of the wind, the tremors among the leaves, the sighing of the pines, the disturbance among the fallen leaves, a scratched log, the tracks by the spring, the abraded bark, the paths through the woods, the tufts of hair or fur which cling to the thorn bushes, the body feathers dropped here and there in the woods or floating on the water, the lime spatters on the rocks or horizontal limb, the nipped twigs and cropped stems of lilypads, the worn slides and holes and mounds on the river bank, even silence itself, all have their significance; so that he who runs may read. By these one makes his way in unfamiliar regions or gets subsistence. But no one will ever cultivate or practice these things, excepting that one, as I have remarked, who has a natural gift, and takes to signs like babes to mothers' milk. The forest-born red man himself may err, or fail in part, even though he should protest in his extremity: "Injun not lost. Wigwam lost!"

No writers but Thoreau, as far as I have read, unless Lieut. Ruxton and Bayard Taylor be named, have ever written familiarly of al fresco life as I learned it in my youth and early manhood—as though its very essence were ingrained into their composition. Those who know woodcraft best are seldom able to write intelligently of the subject, while educated sportsmen are apt to leave such common places to the guides. Some learn the forest runes by rote, and write correctly enough of what they see and do and hear; yet left to depend on themselves, they are practically helpless. Skeletons of unsophisticated sportsmen who have been lost in the Maine or Adirondack woods are found every year.

Harper's Magazine for Oct., 1857, contained a sketch of mine on prairie tactics and emergencies, entitled, "The Siege of Fort Atkinson," and the following year I attempted to illustrate by original drawings the difference between roughing it on the plains and tenting out with all the luxuries; and to just show what a crude conception the artist (of Harper's Weekly) had of situations, instead of representing in the one case a man rolled up in his blanket beside a flickering camp-fire, with his horse picketed near him and a few harmless coyotes nosing about for bones to gnaw, he depicted a dead horse stretched out by the fire and a lot of big timber wolves worrying the picketed horse! In the summer of 1859 I cast my maiden salmon fly under the falls of the Aroostook, and wrote my "Life Among the Loggers"—the year after Henry Thoreau's "Chesencook" sketch appeared in the Atlantic Monthly, and during seven of the subsequent ten years I was one of the pioneer hooks on Canadian salmon rivers from the Bay Chaleur to the Ivikutuk Inlet on the Labrador coast. The frontispiece of my "Fishing Tourist" in 1873 represents a catamaran of five logs running the Restigouche, for so men navigated the river on occasions before the dillatanti sportsman came and a club membership was a bonanza at \$1,000 per head.

I take pleasure in cursorily reviewing this halcyon period of a lusty manhood, when a plank was always soft,

birds, the stillness that marches before the silent footfalls of the night. I sat there idly glancing at the rifle, and thought of the careful preparation I had made for its efficient use from what point soever prey might come. The ford on the right leading to the further island was perhaps 200 yards away, while the marsh on the left, as also the ford beside the island on which I was, were all substantially within point blank range of the .45-90 I had with me. With a view to being promptly ready for either event I had therefore, on arriving, screwed up the peep-sight on the stock of the rifle to just short of the 200-yard mark, then turned it down and turned up the point-blank straight-edge leaf-sight half-way down the barrel, thus being "prepared for either fortune." If an animal came across the further ford it was but turning up the peep-sight. If one came across the marsh it must pass within fifty or sixty yards, while, if one crossed the nearer ford, it would be but a few yards from my right elbow.

Dusk had almost come. I glanced at the further ford, and then turned my eye to the patient Indian by my side, and simultaneously he glanced at me. Out of the forest, on the main shore, at the further ford there came slouching, with a loose, high-shouldered shamble, as fine a bear skin as one is at all apt to meet in ordinary society. My right hand stole to the rifle, but in an instant relinquished it. The scattered rocks lying in the ford kept hiding the bear so that he appeared and partly disappeared among them as he came across. It was palpable that he must cross the island, and evident, also, that when he crossed he would come out on the marsh, fair in the open and afford an easy shot. The situation was too plain to need discussion, and we sat silently watching him slosh through the twenty or thirty yards of shallow water among the rocks and disappear into the bushes that fringed the further island. Presently the rustling in the bushes ceased and a cracking twig on the top of the island told us that he had mounted to its crest and that we would be well hidden from him by the trees temporarily surrounding him, and might leave our shelter to approach nearer. Silently we rose, passed quickly down the narrow runway to the outer edge of the island on which we stood, and crouching below the cover of the island's bulk, trotted silently up to its very point where, with the little 20-yard bay in front of us and the marsh lying beyond it, we came to a halt. At the same time a rustling and scraping in the bushes on the further side of the island in front showed that the bear was coming down and about to come out on the marsh. In a moment he emerged, following a diagonal line across the marsh, which brought him steadily nearer, evidently with the intention of following round the side of the mountain along the line which the caribou had taken. Another example of the progress of all nature along the lines of least resistance, skirting the mountain being always preferable to facing its slope. We had paused behind a rock which lay on the shore and was perhaps a scant eighteen inches high, I put my left foot on it, rested my left elbow on my knee, laid the rifle in the palm of my hand, and mechanically turning up the peep-sight I turned to the simple savage and said:

"How much is his hide worth?"

"Vaut bien dix piastres," said the savage.

"I'll sell it to you for five," said I.

And sighting behind his unconscious left shoulder only forty yards away, I slung 300 grains of lead, I presume, about a foot over his back. In the absolute stillness of the forest the report echoed and roared and bellowed, and seemed to fill the valley with a great deluge of sound. Unconscious of having used the peep-sight while it was still set for 200 yards I was for the thousandth part of a second astonished that he did not fall; but my astonishment was nothing to that of the bear's. He fairly jumped off all four feet a foot into the air, wheeling round to the left toward us as he did so.

There has been much discussion as to the portrayal of emotion by animals so far as facial expression is concerned. It may be the droop of the head rather than any change of the face that portrays misery in the pet monkey; and we may all be wrong in construing the bared teeth which accompany the bent body and the wagging tail of the dog long absent from its master into the smile of recognition; but there can be, so far as my individual conviction goes, no doubt that blank astonishment was portrayed on that bear's face. Out of the dead silence of the open woods in which he found no efficient foe, where undisturbed he wandered, had risen at his side this terrifying clap of thunder, and there, as he faced us, a few yards away stood two unknown creatures, and for the first time he heard that which exercises a terrifying influence on all unaccustomed animals, articulate speech (the latter, I regret to say, being in the tongue popularly known as "the profane"). The situation lasted but the briefest portion of time. I saw, as it seemed to me, if I have ever recognized the presence of any emotion, astonishment give way to rage accompanied by involuntary motion portending an attack, and then fear and change of intent followed each other almost instantly on the bear's face. As instantly he wheeled, as instantly but still all unconscious of the extra elevation of the peep-sight, I put the rifle again to my shoulder. My friend had now given up all intention of seeking the easy road around the mountain. Straight for the nearest trees he fled. Unfortunately it is but too true that a good sized bear can get over the ground, if in a hurry, at a more than respectable rate of speed. Twice again before he reached the forest and the mountain side the harmless but deafening roar of the Winchester echoed in his ears. It was all over; the bear was gone. We splashed across the little bay and hunted the marsh for any traces of blood. We peered through the darkening forest trees to see if by any chance he had sought refuge in any cranny of the rocks in his terror. Reluctantly we concluded that the probabilities were that he would not stop traveling for a week.

"C'est de valeur," said the Indian.

Silently I extracted from my pocket a \$5 bill; the difference between the patient savage's estimate of the value of the hide and the price at which I had sold it him. I handed him this balm for his wounded feelings, meekly screwed down the now detected peep-sight and made my way to the canoe! I had sold the bear's hide and the bear still ran in the woods.

CHAS. STEWART DAVISON.

hardtack appetizing, and dampness brought no twinge to the elastic muscles; when I could lie out o' nights in the solitude with my back to the sod and my face to the stars and apprehend no danger or discomfort. And although these experiences are never to be repeated, I have few regrets. It is true that clouds hover over the horizon which defines the boundary of earthly joys, but the stars are bright overhead, even now, the Milky Way spans the heavens like a pathway to glory, and a bow rests upon the clouds. So mote it be!

CHARLES HALLOCK.

Sea Rack.

In Two Parts.—Part One.

It is sweltering, dripping weather in New York. Arizona leans across the breakfast table with the morning paper in her hand and indicates an advertisement in one of its columns.

"Cruise down the Gulf," she reads. "The fine yacht-like twin-screw steamship Petrel will sail," etc., etc. "Steam heat in every stateroom."

"Well," I say, languidly, "excuse me from 'steam heat' under existing conditions. It is scarcely to be viewed as an inducement, is it?"

"Why, it's the principal inducement. Don't you see that steam heat implies cold weather?"

"Cold weather!" I exclaim, mopping my brow.

"Certainly. What's a twin-screw? But it doesn't matter. 'Yacht-like'—I know what that means. Cabin upholstered in plush, with silk curtains and a duck of a mirror at one end where you can see every bit of yourself. And the stateroom! Just think of it! A darling love of a doll's house, not very big of course, but, oh, so sweet and snug!"

"I'd be seasick, I fancy," I remark casually.

"You needn't be horrid," Arizona retorts with dignity.

"Shall I telegraph and secure passage?" I hasten to say.

"Yes, do. And when you're gone to business I'll get out a lot of our woolen things and your winter overcoat."

"Not for me," I say loftily. "I know too much about lying advertisements to be taken in to that extent. I shall go just as I am."

By the end of the week we are in Montreal, and driving in a cab to the wharf where the Petrel lies. Presently the cab swings off the roadway and goes scrambling down a descending shelf in the revetment wall and then along through an acre or two of barrels of molasses, barrels of oil, barrels of fish, to a wharf. When the driver can get no further, he pulls up his horse and gets down.

"Why are you stopping?" Arizona demands. "It is the Petrel we want."

"That's her, ma'am," he answers, pointing to a ship with his whip.

"That?" Arizona exclaims. "That horrid, dirty old coal barge! You must be mistaken."

"She ain't a coal barge, ma'am. She's a trader that goes down the coast to the fishing villages."

"Yacht-like," I suggest mildly. "Plush and silk cabin with a duck of a mirror at one end. Shall I get out and inspect?"

"Please do," Arizona says, in an agitated whisper. "And please don't be any more horrid than you can help. I'll wait here."

I make my way through the huge disorder of the wharf, and mount to the ship's deck by an improvised gangplank. A man with a black smut on his nose stands by the entrance to the engine room.

"I'd like to speak with the captain," I say, addressing him.

"He's ashore, sir," he answers civilly. "But one of the owners is aboard. I'll find him for you in a moment."

He comes back in a few minutes, bringing a pleasant-faced gentleman with him.

"My wife and I are somewhat in doubt as to—" I begin.

"About the Petrel?" he says, breaking through my high air with a smile there is no resisting. "You'll never regret taking the trip. I took my family down last time, and they were delighted. She's a bit dirty now, and everything's at sixes and sevens; but when she gets away, she'll be as fit as anything."

"Anything like a yacht?" I inquire, with gentle sarcasm.

"More roomy, more comfortable, safer!" he says. And then he breaks into a laugh that wins me over completely. "Come along and look her over," he continues. "See, here's the dining saloon."

We look into a stuffy, dark little box of a place, with two fixed tables running lengthwise and fixed benches beside them.

"And this is the smoking room," he says, taking me forward and showing me a tiny closet with wooden benches fixed against the walls. "It's a nice place," he continues, cheerfully, "but the gentlemen usually prefer to smoke on the deck."

"I can understand that."

He looks at me a little doubtfully, and then laughs again, and in spite of myself, I join in the laugh.

"It's a delightful trip," he says, "and you're certain to enjoy it. Now, we'll go up on the hurricane deck and see the ladies' saloon."

Just back of the wheelhouse, on the hurricane deck, is a structure that looks like a large packing box with windows let into the sides. One end of the packing box is accounted for by a door; the other end and the two sides have a narrow wooden bench nailed against them. A little, spindly table holding a decayed copy of Blackwood's Magazine, stands in the middle.

"Do the ladies prefer the deck?" I ask.

"Not when it's raining. This is really uncommonly snug when the rain is coming down. They can shut the door, you know—and there they are!"

"Yes," I answer, "to be sure!"

"It's a delightful trip," he says again. "You'll remember it all your life."

"If you don't mind, I'll ask you to go out to the cab and tell my wife about it. You can do it much better than I. I'm lacking a little in imagination. You don't mind, do you? I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with the steward, if you have anything of the kind on board."

"Oh, dear, yes! The ship has an excellent steward and a fine cook. The meals are very superior."

He goes to the head of the companionway and shouts down, "Beatty! Beatty!" and in answer to this a neatly dressed, businesslike and cheerful-looking man appears who is presented to me as the steward.

Fifteen minutes later, when I make my way out to the cab, I find the part-owner talking volubly to Arizona.

"I think we'll go on board," Arizona announces. "The ship isn't quite what I fancied, but it'll be a lark."

"The ship certainly is a bird," I remark.

"You've given me quite a different idea of things," Arizona says to our pleasant friend.

"No doubt," I say, smiling largely. "I fancy he wrote the advertisement."

In due time we and our belongings are on board the Petrel, and we spend the rest of the time before the hour set for sailing in lying in wait for other passengers and prevailing upon them not to take flight—a by no means easy task in some cases. When the hour is past and there is no sign of the ship moving out, I go down to the dining saloon and question the genial steward.

"The two stokers engaged, sir," he says, "didn't show up, and the captain and the first mate are ashore looking for them. The first and second engineers have steam up, and everything's ready." He looks out upon the wharf, and adds, with a chuckle. "Well, here they are, sir—and much good they'll be to us for the next day or two!"

The captain and mate are seen leading two helplessly drunken and very dirty individuals toward the ship, who, being duly fetched over the gangplank, are unceremoniously tumbled into the forward hatchway and left to struggle back to the reality of things.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon the captain appears on the wheelhouse deck. "Mr. Wrigley!" he shouts, "go aft and pay out the line, and watch them propellers now!"

A queer sea animal comes lumbering down the deck and takes a position near where we are sitting. His post does not seem a very responsible one, but nevertheless he is flustered. "Yes, sir; yes, sir!" he says constantly to the captain, "the propellers is clear, sir!" Then he leans over the rail and says to a man on the lower deck, "Be cool, Herbert; don't get excited. Slack the line a bit, now, Herbert, and watch your hand on that stanchion. All right, sir; we're slacking off. Yes, sir, the propellers is clear, sir!"

The captain comes across the deck and shouts down the skylight over the engine room, "Say, Mr. Gordon, didn't you hear them bells?" There is a subterranean answer, and then he says, "Oh, all right!" and goes back to his post by the wheelhouse.

"This is the funniest ship!" Arizona whispers.

"It is funny," I answer. "But we came for amusement, you know."

"Do you think it is safe?"

"The cook told me the hull was sound. I take that to be either a recommendation or an attempt to hedge on his cooking."

"Watch your hand, Herbert!" Mr. Wrigley says, warningly over the side. "Yes, sir, (to the captain), they're clear, sir!"

The Petrel gets clear of the tangle of small craft and away from the wharf at last, and turns her nose down stream. At half past 5 the supper bell rings, and we go down to the saloon, seventeen hungry passengers who quite fill the two tables; and thereupon, while the two cabin boys are taking orders, we begin to nibble at each other to discover if, by good fortune, we be socially edible. Apparently we all are, each after his own manner, and very soon the ice is broken and conversation becomes general.

The ship, drawing too much water with her heavy cargo, does not venture to cross shallow Lake St. Peter in the dark, but anchors for the night and goes on at dawn of the next day. About eight miles an hour is our maximum speed. I crawl down into the engine room about 6 o'clock in the morning for a matutinal chat with the engineers.

"You're not getting nervous, sir?" Gordon (he of the erstwhile smutty nose) says, smiling, and making room for me on the bench.

"Not nervous" I answer, "but just curious. What manner of craft is she?"

Duncan, the second engineer, laughs outright. "Tell him," he says. "Tell him, and don't give him any blamed advertisements."

"Well, sir," Gordon says, cheerfully, "she's the rottenest, bummiest, meanest old harridan I ever sailed on. The company got her cheap, seeing nobody wanted her, and they've started this coastwise cruise as a speculation."

"The fine, yacht-like, twin-screw steamship Petrel," I murmur reflectively.

They both shout with such laughter as only healthy young men are capable of.

"Yacht-like!" Duncan shouts, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

"Twin-screw!" Gordon bellows, rocking in ecstasy on his seat. "O Lord!"

"Hasn't she got twin screws?" I ask.

"Yes, she's got 'em, and a couple of engines to match, as you can see for yourself. But the engines are too small for the hull, and we're burning coal that— Say, where do you think the company got the coal? It was sunk in a barge and lay at the bottom of the river for a year, and the company bought it, unsight unseen, you know, and raised it. It isn't worth a tinker's curse to get power out of."

"Well," I say, putting the best foot foremost, "there is one satisfaction, anyway. I like the looks of you two men, and of the captain."

"The captain's as capable a man as ever sailed a ship," Duncan says seriously. "And he knows every inch of

that coast—and a mean coast it is!—from the Island of Orleans to Cape Despair."

"Yes, sir," Gordon chimes in, "the ship is rotten, her engines ain't competent, she won't answer her helm; but with that man in command, she's as safe as a liner. Duncan and I and Beatty the steward, have sailed with him for years, and we know him. This is the first season for all of us on the Petrel, and I guess it'll be our last. We're not the kind of men, if I say it myself, that are going to risk our reputations on such an old tub. When you go up on deck, sir, go aft and look at the name on the rudder post. It don't read much like Petrel. That ain't her real name. She was built in Mobile Bay and has done a lot of nosing around South American ports. In the Spanish-American war, the Yankees used her as a blockade runner."

"Runner?" I say. "Nonsense!"

They both chuckle. "She might better be called the Snail," Duncan says. "Lord, but she's a disreputable old creature, with no more of a shred of character than a lady of Scotland Road. But, give her her due, she ain't bad in a sea."

"If she would only answer her helm," I suggest.

"Well, that's where the twin screws come in," Gordon says. "The captain can do a whole lot with the screws."

After breakfast, I leave Arizona engaged in transforming the stuffy little stateroom into the semblance of a home, and go forward to the smoking room. As I go along the main deck I pass an open stateroom door and see Gordon and one of the passengers with glasses in their hands.

"Will you join us?" the passenger calls to me.

I decline, thank him, and pass on. The rain is coming down in torrents, and the wind is so strong that I have to clutch at things to make my way. The smoking room is chill as the grave, and the rain leaks through the roof and window frame at will. Five passengers one of them a lady, are there before me, sitting on the dry edges of the benches and chatting amicably. My already good opinion of them is confirmed. People who can be cheerful under adverse circumstances are a good sort of folk to travel with. A gust of wind swings open one of the doors, and then slams it back again with such force that it breaks in pieces and falls to the deck. The wind and the rain sweep in now without anything to stay them, and send us huddling to the other side. A man in oilskins, hurrying along the port deck, is hailed and told of the trouble. He comes back presently with some tools and sets to work. In five minutes he has put the pieces together and stayed them with a couple of board nailed crosswise.

"Are you a carpenter?" I ask.

"No, sir," he answers, "I'm the first mate. A sailor's got to be all kinds of things on board ship. I may be a cook or a stoker before we get home."

Late in the afternoon of the following day, we reach Quebec. A combination of three elements makes our arrival a notable one. First, some uncertainty as to which really is the Petrel's wharf; second, an unfavorable tide, and third, a strong wind. We end by crashing into the stringpiece head on, with engines reversing and everybody shouting unintelligibly. After all, no damage is done to the ship, and we eventually slide to our place and make fast.

The evening and night are spent in loading on more cargo—as though we hadn't enough already!—flour, salt, molasses, a stove, a buggy, lifted from the wharf in slings—and lowered into the hold by a steam winch. Like other manual operations, it has a nomenclature of its own. "Go ahead," means to haul the line up, and "Come back," to lower it. The captain and I sit in the smoking room for an hour or two, watching the work.

"East of Montreal," he says, "and all the way down till you strike Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, you find men who have handled craft all their lives, and yet remain to their last days utterly incompetent sailors. They make river and gulf work dangerous to themselves and to everybody else. They get foul of your propellers, cut right across your bows or come slam-bang into your quarter. They're haddes and all, these French-Canadians. Their legs are hollow and filled with words, and they jabber away at you all the time they're mixed with your gear, until there isn't another word left in them."

A moment later he puts his head out of the window and begins a low-toned conversation with some man on the deck, only bits of which come to me. I hear him say, "If I tell you to go below, you're under articles." Then a moment later, "Either get off this ship or go below."

Presently Gordon comes in, evidently from a continuance of a conversation with the same individual. It is quite apparent from his flushed face and unsteady gait that he has been drinking.

"I wish you'd let me put the darbies on him, sir," he says.

"No, no," the captain answers; "this is a passenger ship—I daren't do it. I'll settle him!"

He goes outside and I hear him say emphatically, "Now, my man, go below or get off this ship. If you stand there I'll knock the silly head off your shoulders!"

He comes back to the smoking room and sits down beside me.

"What's the trouble?" I ask.

"No trouble," he says, comfortably. "Just a stoker."

"I wish Gordon would—" I begin.

"Yes," he interrupts with an impatient movement of his big shoulders, "it's his one weakness. He's the best engineer I ever sailed with and a good fellow all round. But that's his weakness. Good Lord, wouldn't you think a passenger'd know better than to ask him! I'll talk to that man—I don't care who he is—if this thing goes on. I'm not going to have my officers made beasts of. I need every man the company has given me, and every faculty that God has given them, to handle this ship."

We leave Quebec before dawn. In the channel south of the Island of Orleans, just as the first streaks of dawn begin to lighten the sky, we meet a schooner under sail, her starboard light showing clearly. There is plenty of room for the ships to pass each other and not the remotest reason why either should alter its course; but suddenly the schooner throws her wheel over and tries

to cross our bows. Before our engines can be reversed, her bowsprit strikes our quarter and breaks off, and her figurehead and cutwater come crashing in. In a moment she has ripped us wide open for half our length. The rent is well above the waterline, fortunately; but the passengers cannot know this. Everybody is out on deck, some only half clad, and others scarcely clad at all.

"Are we sinking?" somebody cries; and then he adds: "O Lord, what is this?"

He has stepped into something which is flowing over the decks. Just then Wrigley, the second mate, comes running by, carrying a lantern; and the moment his feet touch the substance they fly up and he falls flat on his back, sprawling and helpless.

"Drat it!" he cries—and that is a considerable malediction for so mild a man—"it's molasses!"

Whereat everybody laughs. Wrigley has saved the situation. Then the captain's big voice makes itself heard booming orders. The Petrel's engines turn the ship about, and we pass the schooner on our way back to the wharf in Quebec.

"You greasy, moll-pated dancing-jack!" the captain roars, as we pass the bewildered Frenchman.

Then the crew of the schooner turn on the reserves of language which the captain credits them with storing in hollow legs, and scream after us until we are out of range.

"Are we sinking, captain?" somebody shouts.

"Not a bit of it!" he answers. "We've just lost a few yards of sheathing and will have to go back for repairs."

And Arizona sleeps through it all. When she looks out of the cabin window about seven o'clock she announces that we are still at Quebec.

"That remark," I answer, "illustrates the blessings of an easy conscience which allows of perfect sleep."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"We've been to sea and had a collision, and ought by rights to be lying at the bottom."

"Do you know," she says with a comfortable yawn, "I rather fancied I felt a kind of a—bump."

After breakfast we get a cab and set out to see something of the quaint town and of such as dwell therein. Chiefly we delight in the sleek, shaven, cassocked priests, and—oh, memories of youth!—the soldiers; the dear, familiar Tommies, as straight and trim and cheery as the Tommies of long ago. As a splendid officer passes us with clanking sword and jingling spurs, Arizona says, glancing at his feet reflectively, "Gracious!—he might so easily stick himself!"

"He wouldn't care much," I answer. "Godlike creatures like that are stuck on themselves the year round, and bear it—somehow."

We get back to the ship in time for dinner. A gang of ship-carpenters has been busily at work on the hull from early in the day; and by three o'clock in the afternoon the repairs are completed and the ship once more leaves the wharf.

As we steam outward, the river gradually widens, the north shore becoming a fainter and fainter line of blue. The south shore is dotted with constantly recurring clusters of white cottages with a big church in the center. They tell us that in such tiny communities the first man in importance is *Monsieur le Cure*, the second *Monsieur le Docteur* and the third *Monsieur le Notaire*. Farms run stripwise to the river—neat and prosperous looking. In the upper river we saw many "square-heads"—a curious barge-like craft with a single mast stepped well forward and carrying two huge square sails, capable only of running before the wind. Down here the square-heads have disappeared. We see steamers, schooners, stone-hookers, and now and again a full-rigged ship.

Two days out from Quebec and the dim, blue line to the north has faded into nothingness. We skirt close to the south bank, stopping at every little settlement, the people putting out in boats to meet us, with freight and stowage passengers to deliver and take off. The banks are towering bluffs of granite, sprinkled with spruce. Whenever a gorge comes in the mountains, a little plateau about level with the water is left; and here is a cluster of dwellings with a tiny fishing fleet dancing in the fore-scene. When the houses number only a half dozen or so, there will be no church. The banks are so huge that though we are a furlong off, we seem scarcely to move at all. When evening sets in, the herring play, flashing about the bows, and great white porpoises lift in the distance. Everywhere, from Quebec down, we have seen little evidences of an apparently undying, race-hated suspicion and contempt on the side of the English, and suspicion and heaven-knows-what beside on the part of the French. The people along the coast live entirely by fishing, the catch being mostly cod. Sometimes they raise a pig or two, though not often—and cows are rare. Now and again we see a little garden with cabbages, potatoes and mustard growing. The men are hardy-looking, lean, strong fellows—often handsome. They are enormously excitable, swinging their arms like flails and fairly screaming when they talk, with eyes hot as coals of fire.

The fishing boats that put off to us are great, unwieldy things of about the size of an ordinary life-boat, propelled by a couple of giant sweeps, the forward man sitting on a thwart and pulling, the next man standing and pushing, and a third standing upright on the decking by the helm. Usually they have a couple of sprit sails as well. Many of them come over the long and arduous course for some trifling errand—to deliver a letter or to take off a box or a package. Always they have cod to sell—a dozen big ones for fifty cents. The captain stands by the wheel-house shouting a strange jargon of English and *patois*, which they seem to understand readily.

A curious man this captain, the steward who loves him tells us—a man who will neither drink nor smoke, a bachelor nearing the middle time of life, cool, capable, sleepless, patient, but a devil to fight when once he begins—a dangerous man when roused. A big, raw-boned man, Scotch through and through, whose father served for forty odd years as a piper in a Highland regiment. His talk is always interesting—quiet, plain talk that shows a well-balanced and reflective mind—a reading man in a small, slow way, who keeps a lifelong grip upon what he reads and knows how to use it in argument. A humble-proud man whom it is a joy to meet—who definitely knows his trade and loves it. He has quite forsaken the dining-saloon since we left Quebec, living in and about

the wheel house, and sleeping not at all, so far as may be discovered. He has had it out at last with the passenger who beguiled poor Gordon—a plain, flat talk as uncompromising as the Decalogue—not rude or boisterous, nor lacking anything in respect, but sufficient. Gordon is sober now and looking a little sheep-faced when he passes us; and the passenger says the captain is all that it befits a man to be.

These poor fisherfolk, we are told, have their times of terror and misery when cod is scarce and starvation faces them; with winters sometimes beyond belief, the temperature lying below zero for months on end, and fuel grown poor and scant.

At sunset of the second day out from Quebec, we cast anchor off Pointe Seches to deliver 120 barrels of flour. Just as the ship swings round on her cable, we see the fishing fleet coming in, beating against a strong off-shore breeze. Before the fishermen will take their freight they are going to have their supper, it seems; and they pay no sort of heed to the angry appeals of our whistle. It is almost eight o'clock before the first boat puts off from the shore to where we lie rolling heavily from side to side. With a strong wind blowing and a good bit of sea up, it is slow work getting rid of these 120 barrels. In the half light it is very interesting to watch the boats at work. A boat-hook shoves the loaded boat clear of the ship, and then the sprit thrusts the sail up like a suddenly uplifted arm. Very cleverly do these fisherfolk handle their craft, and we pay tribute to the handiness of the spritsail rig. As night sets in, the waves become phosphorescent and the sky is streaked with the beautiful Northern Light. We do not get away until four in the morning.

Judging by some of the freight we have delivered so far, the coast must be in a fairly prosperous condition: Sewing machines, cases of whiskey and gin, a buggy, a horse-rake, lemons, bananas, candies. But the catch is good this year.

The captain grows talkative when there is freight to be handled. That is his time for relaxation. He waxed indignant over the Treaty of Utrecht by which France obtained the exclusive right to catch and dry fish on the western and northern sides of Newfoundland. "It is the finest fishing ground of the island," he says, "that is barred to Englishmen by a shortsighted arrangement entered into over 180 years ago. And the treaty gives France only the right to catch and dry fish; and she doesn't do either. She catches lobsters—and lobsters ain't fish. Now, when an Englishman, acting strictly within the letter of the treaty, ventures to set out his lobster-pots, the meanest kind of a thing happens to him: the Frenchies complain to the nearest British man-of-war, and the man-of-war must step in and confiscate the poor beggar's outfit. France compels England to do her dirty police work. It's an infernal outrage that is justified by nothing under heaven. France is doing nothing with the fisheries, and next to nothing with the lobster catch. She has a few lobster canneries that'd make a cat laugh. It's a dog-in-the-manger piece of business that should be ended."

We have seen an occasional seal, watching us warily and keeping at safe distance; and great numbers of sea-coots, cormorants and gannets.

Oh, the wonder and the beauty of Percé Rock! It lies here in the sea, looking like a piece of unpolished green onyx, and so huge that the ship seems like a tiny toy beside it. Looking at it through a glass, we can see quite plainly its densely-packed population of birds—herring-gull, gannet, albatross, cormorant, and heaven-knows-what other species beside—millions of them, and making a united crying that would be deafening if we were nearer. The ship, lying at anchor, is seemingly trying to roll her rails under; but we are all such good sailors by now that we discuss our dinner in the saloon in calm indifference to shifting angles and tumbling perspectives. When we go on deck nowadays, I wrap Arizona from head to foot in two heavy blankets, for the cold is keen and searching. One cannot read much, for the wind is so high that there is no controlling the fluttering leaves of a book. And, after all, there is so much to see to delight the senses, to talk about, that books seem superfluous. It is enough to be well clothed in woollens and overcoat and go stamping about the shifty deck with a pipe in one's mouth. And then there is the pleasure of thinking how hot it must be in New York! That reflection alone is sufficient to make shivering an unalloyed delight.

When we creep into the harbor of Gaspé that night and go ashore for a taste of terra firma, we experience a curious sensation of suffocation. There isn't enough air for us. It is too sheltered and quiet. We long for the open sea and its wide freedom. We have grown too big for the land. An hour of it leaves us prostrated with bodily fatigue.

They tell us, when we are in the open once more, a weird tale of one of the fishing villages—Grande Mou, I think—of a cluster of human beings left for years to grow up in complete isolation, without guides or teachers, without laws or principles, without marriage or family ties—becoming at last lower than the beasts of the field, until at last the news is told the good Bishop many miles away, and he sends a priest to rescue them. It is difficult for people living sheltered lives with all the unnoticed blessings of civilization about them, to realize the horror of such things.

We hear a genuine *habitant* chant at last; a queer wailing tune in a minor key, elusive in form and most pathetic. As we lie in our bunks on a Sunday morning, only half awake, it floats up to us from the steerage, reminding us in its sorrowful little graces and turns of the songs the Irish women of our childhood used to sing.

"Do you hear it, Arizona?" I say, softly, when the singer pauses.

"Hush!" she whispers, as one afraid of disturbing the mating-song of some shy bird, "he may sing again."

And he does. It is a song of many verses, and all the singer's heart seems wrapped in it. He makes an end of it at last, simply by singing no longer, for there is no finite close, but only a tremulous suspended note that is like an unanswered question. It is said to be a characteristic of all *habitant* songs, that whether sad or gay, they are innocent and childlike, with never a suggestion of license.

WILLIAM EDWARD AITKEN.

A Man o' the Woods.

Chapter I.

It was Sunday, and Sunday, although a day of rest, was never a day very highly esteemed by the men of the Little Thunder logging camp. These men thrived and grew fat on hard labor, whereas a day of enforced idleness had a most depressing effect upon their spirits and became a period of profound gloom. Their mental resources were so very limited that conversation, for the most part, was confined to a few stereotyped remarks, a few oft-repeated jokes or tales of adventure, to which no one, save the narrator himself, paid any particular attention. They lounged about their bunks, smoking and grumbling like so many school boys held after hours in durance vile.

The time of the year was in late November. A bleak, chilling wind howled dismally through the forest trees outside and moaned in low, complaining tones about the walls of the cabin. Only a few of the men had cared to venture forth in quest of game, and these, with the exception of Long Tom Bartlett and Bill White, had returned at midday empty handed. It was growing dusk when the two latter put in an appearance, bearing the carcass of a fat buck between them. Their arrival created a slight diversion, and was soon followed by an announcement from the cook that supper was ready.

Scarcely were the men seated at the table when the cabin door swung slowly open, admitting a gust of wind that caused the lanterns to flicker and smoke, and also called forth a chorus of profane vituperations from the lumbermen.

"Come in or stay out," shouted Long Tom Bartlett. "Only do one or t'other all-fired quick. This ain't no barn."

At this forceful injunction a bulky form entered the room hesitatingly, closed the door and stood leaning against it facing the cantankerous assemblage with one hand on the latch, ready at a moment's notice to beat a hasty retreat if necessity compelled. The newcomer met the many curious, scowling glances without flinching. He was a strange-looking figure, short and squat, but of wide girth and great breadth across the shoulders. He was clad in buckskin breeches, a gray flannel shirt, open at the throat and exposing his deep, hairy chest, and on his feet he wore Indian moccasins. The only covering on his head was a great mass of coarse black hair. A beard and a long, heavy moustache of the same color concealed the greater part of his features.

"The hairy man from Borneo," one of the men muttered in the ear of his neighbor.

"Waal, stranger, what can we do fer you?" Captain Jenkins inquired in hospitable tones.

"I'm lookin' fer work," the stranger replied in a low voice that seemed to fill every nook and cranny of the long room with its deep vibrations.

"So? What can you do?"

"Anything with these," and he spread out two huge hands in a simple but expressive gesture.

"Waal, don't stand thar like a Injun," one of the men called out. "Step up in the light an' let's have a look at you. They ain't nothin' t' be 'fraid of."

"I ain't afraid," the man answered in the same deep voice, advancing further into the room. "I ain't never afraid o' nuthin' or nobody."

As he stood there in the full glare of the lanterns it was very obvious that his statement required no more exact demonstration, for he looked the embodiment of physical strength. He glanced from one to the other of the men in turn, and as his clear, gray eyes met theirs the certain conviction was borne in upon them that here was a man it would be wise to treat with due respect.

"Better set down an' have some grub afore it's all eat up," Captain Jenkins suggested, at the same time moving along to make room for the stranger beside himself on the rude bench that took the place of table chairs. "What might be yer name?"

"Jim."

"Jim what?"

"Jest Jim—plain Jim."

"Jim's only a handle. Ain't you got no regular name what a feller gits married or buried under? What was yer dad's name?"

"Never seen him to speak to, so I dunno. Sometimes they used to call me Squatty Jim. Quinguish had a different name fer me."

"Who the devil's Quinguish?"

"A Injun I used to hunt an' trap with."

Here the Captain, happening to glance around, perceived that the food was rapidly disappearing from the table, so he immediately fell to with an avidity that made up for lost time, nor did he again venture a remark so long as there remained anything of an edible nature in sight. His gastronomic efforts duly consummated, Captain Jenkins heaved a complacent sigh, lit his pipe and turning himself about on the bench, leaned back with his elbows on the table and calmly surveyed the man called Jim.

"How old might you be?" he at length inquired.

"Dunno," the other replied. "Somewhars 'round 'bout twenty."

"You don't seem to know much consarnin' yerself."

"They ain't nuthin' wuth knowin', as I can see."

"Waal," the Captain observed after a brief pause, "dunno as it makes much diffrunce to any of us, only you must 'a' lived longer'n twenty years to find that out. I can always use a good man, an' ef you're as strong as you look, I reckon I can use you, Squatty Jim."

Squatty Jim's face lit up with pleasure.

"I'm dern glad you can," said he. "I'll earn my money."

"That goes without sayin' in this camp," the Captain rejoined. "These are the boys. Boys, this is Squatty Jim, who looks as ef he wouldn't stand a lot o' monkey-shines."

In this manner did this strange being cast in his lot with the loggers, and Captain Jenkins never had cause to regret his choice. Squatty Jim proved an invaluable worker, equal to any two ordinary men. There seemed scarcely any limit to his strength and endurance, and although reticent and uncommunicative at all times, still he became very popular with the entire crew. To this day they tell of his wonderful feats of strength and daring in that part of the world, for in time Squatty Jim became famous among the men of the woods. Some of the tales are hard to believe, but you must keep your

doubts to yourself if the story is being told by some old veteran of the Little Thunder band of woodcutters, unless you care to feel the weight of a hand still steady and firm in spite of its three score and ten years of hard labor.

To Long Tom Bartlett did Squatty Jim especially endear himself. Long Tom, or Old Tom, as he is now called, would tell you, should you happen to come across him, how Squatty Jim saved his life, what time the big bear all but had him in his clutches. It happened in the spring of the year, just before the "drive," when a light snow was still on the ground. The two men were out hunting together, and Long Tom stumbled upon the bear just awakened from his long winter's sleep, and cross and disposed to resent any interference in consequence. Without second thought Long Tom fired, and only succeeded in wounding the animal. The next instant the infuriated bear charged. Long Tom fired a second time and missed, and then tried to efface himself from the landscape. But he had not run ten yards before he slipped and fell heavily and lay half-stunned where he had fallen. At that moment Squatty Jim's rifle cracked, and the bear pitched forward in the snow, but before Squatty Jim could reach his side the huge beast was on his feet again. Squatty Jim aimed quickly and again pulled the trigger. The hollow snap of the hammer told him that he had fired the last shell in the chamber. Without a moment's hesitation he sprang forward in front of his friend and dealt the bear a blow across the head with his rifle. The next instant his rifle went sailing out of his hands, and nothing but his own marvelous agility prevented the swinging lunge of the creature's heavy paw from sending him in the wake of the rifle. And then, like David of old, Squatty Jim trusted the conflict to God and his own strong right arm, and darted forward with a sudden quick spring, and unmindful of the cruel wounds received from the long claws, caught the bear by the throat and with all his mighty strength swiftly brought down his huge fist between the bear's eyes. Four times the fist landed with lightning rapidity, like the blows of a trip-hammer, and the fourth time the bear, weakened by the loss of blood from his wounds and stunned by the crushing blows, sank to the ground, dragging Squatty Jim with him. By that time Long Tom had recovered himself and with a thrust of his long hunting knife he added the *coup de grace* before his friend had succumbed to the bear's deadly embrace.

That is the story, in part, which Old Tom—once Long Tom—Bartlett would tell you while sitting around the camp-fire of an evening; and should you, in your ignorance, feel inclined to smile the smile of the skeptic and the disbeliever, Long Tom would restrain you with his closing words:

"That's the yarn, an' it's the gospel truth, an' ef any man here don't believe it, he'd better keep his mouth shut 'bout it, 'cause lyin' ain't in my line, but fightin' is when I git some riled."

The adventure with the bear incapacitated Squatty Jim for work on the drive, and when the logs went down he was compelled to return to civilization with the teams. Long Tom exacted a promise from him that he would remain in Peshtigo until the crew disbanded, after which he was to accompany Long Tom to the latter's home, there to rest until he had entirely recovered from his wounds.

Long Tom had built a home for himself in the Peshtigo region several years before. Thither, when everything was in readiness, he had brought his wife and his two children, the elder a girl of eight, the other a boy three years her junior. For six years he had labored industriously in his new home, and had prospered, as prosperity went in that part of the world. His clearing furnished ample means of support to his small family, for their wants were few and easily supplied.

When Long Tom arrived home his wife's greeting was tempered with unavowed, but none the less sincere disapproval at sight of the strange-looking being that accompanied him. Long Tom took her aside at the first opportunity and explained matters.

"If that's the case," she replied when he had ended, "it can't be helped, though he's the humiliest man I ever see in my whole life. You mustn't ever leave me alone with him. He looks dangerous. It do beat all how you take up with sech queer lookin' folks, anyhow."

"I'd rather leave you with him than any man I know, barrin' Bill White, mebber," he declared. "I tell you he's a reg'lar rough diamond."

Mrs. Bartlett refused to be convinced, however. She was capable of forming her own opinions, so she said, and in the present case her opinion of Squatty Jim was not of a flattering character. As for the cause of her needless perturbation he would gladly have escaped had his physical

condition permitted of such a means of deliverance from the unwelcome position in which he found himself. He divined Mrs. Bartlett's feeling of antipathy toward himself. It was nothing new. All women were a sealed book to him. His very appearance seemed to inspire them with that same feeling of antipathy, oft times amounting to aversion. By nature of a very kindly, sensitive disposition, he felt their unconcealed disapproval of his presence most keenly, and consequently foreswore their society on every and all occasions.

In time, however, Mrs. Bartlett grew to tolerate him. He was so unobtrusively considerate in little matters pertaining to the care of the household that had she not previously declared her disapprobation and distrust of him, she would doubtless have allowed herself to look upon him with favor. But to a woman like Sally Bartlett an opinion once expressed was not to be lightly cast aside, else of what avail were opinions at all. To the children, Selina and Little Tom, Squatty Jim was a hero, and he in turn repaid their admiration with an untiring devotion pathetic to look upon. Selina, at that time a well-grown girl of fourteen, tyrannized over him from the first, and Squatty Jim, who had never before known the feeling of love—save in his affection for his dog—yielded himself a willing slave to the youthful tyrant and lavished all his love upon the capricious maid.

When Long Tom informed his wife that Squatty Jim had bought a certain "forty" not far from the river and

"What brings Quinguish so far from home?" Squatty Jim inquired in the language of the Chippewas, the Indian's native tongue.

"Quinguish has no home," the latter replied. "The fire will soon burn up everything. White man stay behind and burn, too; Indian run away and save himself."

"Did the Indian warn the white man?"

"No. White man know it all. He would only laugh. All the woods are burning. Soon a big wind will come—in a little while, maybe—and there will be nothing left. Quinguish knows and came to warn his friends. The canoes are waiting at the river."

Squatty Jim pondered a moment.

"Quinguish is a good friend," said he at last, speaking in English. "But Long Tom left his kids alone yesterday and asked me to keep an eye on 'em till he got back from Peshtigo. He won't be back till to-night or to-morrow. How many canoes you got?"

"Three. Koshkish and Sottee waiting for us at the river."

"Good. Well then, you leave me your canoe an' double up with Koshkish. I must go after the kids. The river'll be the only safe place."

"Too late, maybe. Better go before the fire comes."

"And leave S'lina? Not on yer life. What would Tom say? I must go after S'lina an' the boy."

"Then Quinguish go, too. Long Tom is a good man. Squaw can go with Koshkish. We take canoe."

Squatty Jim grasped his hand with a warm grip.

"Good. The same old Quinguish. Y' know whar the trail from Long Tom's place strikes the river?" he asked.

The Indian nodded.

"Meet me thar with the canoe then. I'll git a move on."

"Quinguish be there," the other quietly responded.

Squatty Jim waited to hear no more, but set out in a long, swinging trot in the direction of the Bartlett home, four miles away; and as he sped swiftly along the thought of Selina in danger lent wings to his feet. What if he should be too late to save her? Well, he could at least make the attempt and perish with her if he failed, and perhaps the Indian had over-estimated the immediate danger.

Quinguish looked after his friend until he disappeared from view. He then glanced up at the smoky sky and bent his head, listening intently. No sound greeted his ear—only a great stillness, the hush that always precedes one of nature's tragedies. He shook his head dubiously and with an expressive, "Huh," plunged into the forest on his way to the river.

* * *

Selina had finished her morning labors and was seated in the doorway fanning herself and wondering if it would ever grow any cooler. Five years had wrought a great change in the little Selina who was wont to tyrannize over Squatty Jim. Although far from beautiful—save in the eyes of Squatty Jim—she was blessed with a neat, well-rounded figure, and a bright, vivacious disposition, charms by no means to be lightly overlooked. Squatty Jim thought her an angel and worshipped her accordingly, though he kept his secret buried deep in his heart.

As Selina sat there in the doorway sadly at variance with herself and the weather and the universe at large, she suddenly espied the ungainly form of Squatty Jim hastening swiftly toward the cabin. Selina gave a faint sigh of relief. Here at last was some one upon whom she could pour out the vials of her displeasure.

"Has yer dad got home yet, S'lina?" Squatty Jim called out, as he came panting up the garden path.

Selina was apparently oblivious of her surroundings and gazed absently at an old black hen scratching in the sand. Squatty Jim drew near and touched her on the shoulder.

"I say, S'lina, has yer dad got back yet?" he again questioned, impatiently.

"Was you speakin' to me?" Selina asked in well-feigned surprise. "I thought you was hollerin' at the cattle, Oh, for mercy sake! It's you, is it? Go away. It makes me hotter'n I was before jest to have you 'round."

"See here, S'lina," Squatty Jim interrupted, speaking in authoritative tones that surprised that young woman greatly, "this ain't no time fer foolin'. Look at me."

"You ain't much to look at," Selina began, glancing up indifferently. "For the land sakes! Whatever's the matter?" she exclaimed in the next breath, starting to her feet in alarm.

Squatty Jim's appearance was well calculated to produce a sensation. His face was begrimed with smoke and soot, and his flannel shirt was burned in many places. As he stood there breathing heavily, he gave evidence of having passed through some trying ordeal.

"The woods are on fire," he panted. "Quinguish came



A BULL MOOSE IN CAMP.

Photo. by Dr. Chas. D. Smith.

distant about four miles from their home, Mrs. Bartlett replied with an expressive shrug of her ample shoulders and an ambiguous:

"Hump! Waal, s'posin' he has? Free country, ain't it?" and Long Tom breathed a sigh of relief.

Squatty Jim had taken this step after careful deliberation. The idea of possessing a home of his own had never occurred to him; but having once made up his mind he set about the new undertaking with a will. Long Tom rendered what assistance he could spare from his own duties, and before the summer was over a neat log cabin adorned his friend's land, and the small clearing daily increased in size. All that he needed now to complete his happiness was a mate for his new nest; but Squatty Jim was young and could afford to wait.

Chapter II.

One morning in October, five years later, Squatty Jim stood in the doorway of his cabin and gazed up anxiously at the sky for any indication of the much-needed rain. It was stifling hot—as hot as a day in July. He had cast his eyes longingly in the same direction many a time before during the past months, for that year had brought an unbroken, unprecedented season of drought, and the world was burning up. The air was constantly filled with smoke and the odor of burning forests, and every day added to the danger that those distant fires might extend their destructive arms and envelop the entire northern wilderness.

"No chance of rain to-day," Squatty Jim muttered. "It gits hotter an' hotter every minute."

He was about to re-enter the cabin when he descried the figure of a man in the distance rapidly drawing near.

"Quinguish or I'm a liar," Squatty Jim exclaimed, and hurried forward to meet the approaching figure.

The newcomer was a full-blooded Indian. He was a fine-looking specimen of his race, tall and well-proportioned, with strong, though somewhat forbidding, features. He was breathing hard and the sweat streamed down his face and his neck; his whole manner, indeed, indicated great haste.

to warn me. He's waitin' at the river fer us. I struck a patch of fire 'bout a mile back. 'Tain't much yet, but she's spreadin', an' we'll have to dig out o' this in a hurry. Whar's Little Tom?"

In answer to Selina's repeated calls her brother finally appeared, coming from the barnyard. He was a well-grown boy for his age—a second edition of his father.

"What you want?" he demanded. "Hello, Jim. Gosh! but you look's ef you'd been havin' a hot time."

Squatty Jim explained the situation in a few words. "We'll have to make fer the river," he concluded. "They ain't no time to lose, neither. Git a couple o' blankets, Tom."

"I ain't goin'," Selina emphatically asserted. "The fire won't reach us here."

"Tom, git the blankets," Squatty Jim quietly commanded. "See here, S'lina," he continued, "this ain't no fool business. I tell you we'll burn up ef we stay here. You got to go."

"I ain't takin' no orders from you," Selina retorted. "You're 'fraid, that's what's the matter."

"I ain't givin' no orders, S'lina," Squatty Jim replied, "but you got to go 'long with me an' Tom ef I have to carry you."

"Don't be a fool," Little Tom urged with brotherly frankness, as he appeared at the door with the blankets over his arm. "Ef Jim sez go, we're goin', that's all there is 'bout it."

Selina only tossed her head contemptuously and turned her back upon both of them. Squatty Jim was ever a man of action. Without another word he took one of the blankets, wrapped it around her and stooping quickly lifted her in his strong arms.

"Sorry, but I'll have to carry you," he said in quiet tones. "Come on, Tom."

Selina struggled and screamed, but all in vain. Squatty Jim held her fast and pressed forward with long, swift strides. As they reached the edge of the clearing a strange, ominous sound—a deep, muffled roaring—was borne to their ears. Squatty Jim quickened his pace to a run. Selina ceased struggling.

"What is it?" she asked, involuntarily clutching Squatty Jim's arm.

"The fire," he panted. "Mebbe we'll be too late. Run fer it, Tom, an' save yerself ef you can."

"What do you take me fer?" was all that Little Tom deigned to reply.

"Let me down," Selina entreated. "I can run, an' we can make better time."

Squatty Jim released her, half-reluctantly, and the three started on a run for the river half a mile away, with Squatty Jim bringing up the rear. They had covered about half the distance when a sudden cloud of smoke and flying cinders seemed to descend on their heads from the sky overhead. Selina staggered back and would have fallen had not Squatty Jim caught her. He threw the blanket over her head and lifted her a second time in his arms, and bending low, with the lower part of his face buried in the folds of the blanket, dashed forward down the narrow trail. Little Tom bravely held his own, occasionally glancing back over his shoulder to see that all was well with his companions.

The smoke grew thicker, and the heat became more intense every moment, and the sound of the on-rushing flames grew ever louder and louder. They had but a short distance to go now, but Squatty Jim was half-blinded, and the terrible strain was beginning to tell on him. His tongue was parched, and with every breath it seemed to him that he was inhaling flame. Suddenly Little Tom stumbled and fell forward to the ground.

"Go on," he gasped as Squatty Jim half-paused beside him, "I'm done fer. Save S'lina ef you can."

Squatty Jim tightened his hold on the silent form in his arms and staggered on. At that instant a tall figure dashed by him.

"Quinguish take boy," a voice shouted in his ear.

And then Squatty felt himself slipping down a steep embankment, the smoke cleared away and he found himself standing up to his knees in the water of the river. He waded out until the water reached to his waist. The blanket that enveloped Selina was scorched and smoking with the heat, and Squatty Jim carefully lowered his burden until Selina's head remained above the surface. Supporting her with one arm he dashed water in her face with his free hand. Selina gasped and opened her eyes.

"It's all right, little girl," Squatty Jim murmured over and over again. "Jest keep cool an' we'll save you yet."

He was brought to himself by the voice of Quinguish.

"The canoe, quick," the Indian commanded in his deep guttural. "Quinguish take squaw."

Squatty Jim yielded his charge into the arms of his friend, plunged his head in the cool water and drank a hasty draught and then followed the Indian ashore where the canoe was waiting for them. Little Tom sat huddled up in the canoe wrapped in his blanket. Quinguish placed Selina near her brother and tucked the other blanket about her. Squatty Jim was himself again and ready to renew the struggle. He took his place in the stern with paddle in hand and steadied the frail bark while Quinguish shoved off and stepped lightly in the bow.

"Steady, now, children," Squatty Jim called out. "Don't move or we'll upset. Tom, keep an eye on yer sister."

And then the race for life began. It was a nightmare journey. Squatty Jim could never remember all that happened. To him it seemed that they were sailing through a sea of flame. He bent low, plying his paddle with desperate energy, unmindful of the shower of flying embers that fell all around them in the water with a sharp, hissing sound unceasingly. The heat blistered his body, and occasionally a glowing cinder set fire to his clothing; but he smothered the fire with his hand, unmindful of the pain. His thoughts were centered on that silent form lying before him in the bottom of the canoe.

Little Tom became a hero. Strange to relate, his hat—an old felt one that had belonged to his father—had not been lost in the wild race through the forest, and several times when he saw that the canoe was in danger of catching fire, with a cry to the men to "steady the boat," he dipped the hat full of water and with cool deliberation extinguished the blazing fire brands. Quinguish rewarded him with a grim smile of approval, and Squatty Jim tried to shout words of praise, but only succeeded in

producing a hoarse cry from his parched throat.

Fortunately they were not in the direct path of the fearful cyclone of fire that swept through the forest on that day, devouring everything in its course. They were on the extreme outskirts of the fiery scourge and gradually left the overpowering heat behind them. Just before nightfall they had won a place of safety, and not until then would Quinguish consent to head the canoe for shore and turn his attention to their physical needs.

They were saved by a miracle, but not many miles away the vast sea of fire swept through the wilderness, leaving a black trail of smoking stumps and burning trunks of trees, and finally leaped forth from the forest, a solid wall of flame towering high in the air, upon a thriving town, and there was nothing left to mark the path of the destroyer at that point save a few smouldering ruins or a heap of charred bones in some spot where a few of the unfortunate victims had gathered for safety. There were not many survivors left to tell the tale of that great and woeful disaster. It went down to history as the "Peshtigo fire," but the awfulness of the visitation was overshadowed by a still more appalling calamity a few hundred miles away, where, on that very day, a whole city was laid in ruins by the same destructive agency.

Squatty Jim's first care was for Selina. The wet blanket had protected her from the worst of the heat, but she was well nigh overcome with exhaustion after her terrible experience. Little Tom suffered uncomplainingly. When they had refreshed themselves with a drink of water and had bathed their smarting faces, Quinguish stood on the bank of the river and sent a long-drawn, plaintive cry echoing through the forest. His second call was answered by a similar cry, coming from the distance, and before long two canoes appeared in sight around a bend in the river. There were four persons in the canoes, and as they drew near Squatty Jim recognized the faces of Koshkish and Sottee, old Indian friends. Two squaws were with them.

They beached their canoes alongside the other and stepped quickly ashore. A few words from Quinguish explained the situation and told the story of their escape from the fire. One of the squaws immediately took Selina in charge, and the other fetched some kind of an oil from the canoe, with which she dressed the burning wounds of the men. When their welcome ministrations were completed, they set about preparing the evening meal as though running a gauntlet of flames were an every-day occurrence.

The second day after the fire the long-wished-for rain came, bringing salvation to the northern wilderness. It extinguished the smouldering stumps and logs and quenched the fires in the marshes, where in places the ground itself burned to a depth of three or four feet.

When the rain came, Squatty Jim and Quinguish in one canoe, and Koshkish and Sottee in another, set out on a tour of investigation to ascertain what havoc the fire had wrought at their own homes. When they reached the trail that led to Long Tom's cabin the canoes separated. Quinguish remaining behind with Squatty Jim, while the other two Indians continued on up the river.

The fire had transformed the forest into a blackened waste of cinders and ashes. As Squatty Jim and his friend approached what had once been Long Tom's clearing, they involuntarily paused. There was nothing to distinguish the place from the surrounding desolation save a pile of ashes, where once had stood the cabin and other buildings. Suddenly Quinguish gave a sharp exclamation and pointed toward the ruins of the cabin. Squatty Jim looked, and the next instant ran forward with a loud shout, for a man appeared in the midst of the ruins, seeming to rise from the ground. The man was Long Tom Bartlett.

At the sound of Squatty Jim's voice Long Tom wheeled about and came running to meet his friend.

"The kids, Jim? The kids?" he cried, as he grasped Squatty Jim's hands and eagerly scanned his features.

"Safe and sound six or eight miles down the river. Where's the wife? Safe, too?"

Long Tom shook his head.

"Gone whar the rest of 'em went," he said in dull, heavy tones. "The hull world seems to have burnt up. Peshtigo is jest like this here. Jim, it's simply awful."

"Gosh almighty! You don't say so. How in thunder did you git away an' git back here, then?"

"Don't know. It's jest like a horrible nightmare to me. I don't remember nothin' but a lot o' mixed up things too awful to think 'bout. People burnt to death—twenty or thirty in a place no bigger'n we're standin' on, much—burnt to a crisp, an' not ten feet away the dead body of a little baby, mebbe, without as much as a eyelash singed. I lost Sal afore the fire struck us, an' couldn't find her again. It come so sudden they wa'n't no chance to hunt fer a place to hide in. It come out o' the woods with an awful roar. The air seemed a-blazin' as high up as you could see, an' a great big curlin' stream of fire would come down all of a sudden with a swish an' lick up a hull buildin' an' everybody in reach, jest like some big fiery monster lickin' up his dinner. Ten minutes after it struck us they wa'n't no Peshtigo. The dead was everywhere, an' the livin', what they was left of 'em, was all out of their heads—gone plum crazy. I was as bad as the rest. They jest walked 'round an' 'round with wide, starin' eyes askin' each other, 'Have you seed Bill or Sam, or Mary, or—or Sal?' or else tryin' to find out whar their houses was afore the fire struck 'em. We all thought the end of the world had come. You remember the Simpkins family? They was six of 'em. They all got down into a well. The well was twenty foot deep, an' 'long come one o' them long tongues of flame an' bored down in the well an' licked up the hull family an' everythin', water an' all, clean as a rifle barrel. They was thirty people burnt to death not four rods from me. A man an' his wife tried to git away with their two little kids. They went crazy an' dropped the kids on a bit o' green grass near a spring 'long side a fence. The woman only run a little ways an' then she turned back alone fer the kids, but she couldn't find 'em. She wandered 'round all night long, an' in the mornin' she heerd some cryin', an' she followed the sound an' thar was her two kids right whar she'd left 'em without a hair singed, an' the grass was jest as green an' the spring a-bubblin' jest like nothin' had happened. I drunk out the spring myself that

day, an' thar sat the woman sorter laffin' an' cryin', plum crazy. She asked me whar my kids was, an' then I remembered S'lina an' Little Tom, an' started fer hum. I could tell you a thousand sech stories. Some of 'em you wouldn't believe."

"It's worse than the Day of Judgment," Squatty Jim exclaimed, in horror-stricken tones. "We had a close call ourselves," and then he related in a few words his own experience with the fire. "We might's well go over an' see what's left of my place," he suggested when he had completed his narrative. "We'll go by way of the river. It'll be easier."

They made their way back to the canoe in silence. Squatty Jim longed to comfort his friend, but was at a loss for words in which to properly express his feelings, so he contented himself with an occasional "Brace up, old man. You've still got the kids." He was greatly relieved when they were once more afloat, and his attention occupied with his paddle. They sent the canoe through the water at a great speed, and were soon nearing Squatty Jim's home. As they approached the landing place they were astonished to see a few trees here and there that still showed unmistakable signs of life in the green of their foliage. And soon it became obvious that the fire had spent itself before extending far in the direction they were going, and for some reason had turned out of its own accord.

Hope rose high in Squatty Jim's breast as they left the canoe and started for his clearing. Standing singly or in small groups in this graveyard of the forest a few hemlocks or scattered pines still waved their seared branches aloft in triumph over their foe. Here the fire had turned aside, and beyond the forest gradually lost all traces of the visitation. The rain still fell unceasingly, as though the heavens wept at the havoc that was wrought, and the earth, refreshed by the bounteous showers, gave back many fragrant odors.

Squatty Jim's cabin stood just as its owner had left it, untouched and unharmed by the great scourge. The circle of forest trees surrounding the clearing showed green, and no trace of the fire was visible.

"It's one o' them what-do-you-call-'em things the parsons talk 'bout," Squatty Jim solemnly affirmed. "A parable, or somethin' like that. I'll go back arter the kids. Tom, you wait here. We'll be back afore dark. They won't be room fer all of us in the canoe."

"I'll wait," Long Tom replied, mechanically. "I'm some tired, an' so I'll wait."

"Better lay down an' git some sleep," said Squatty Jim.

"I ain't sleepy." "Cheer up, Tom. Cheer up. Remember you still have the kids."

"Yes, I got the kids," Long Tom repeated the words slowly. "I got the kids, an' the kids ain't got no mother. Bring me my two kids. They're all I got left."

Squatty Jim nodded to Quinguish, and the two knights of the woods hurried away on their journey, and Squatty Jim thanked God in his heart that he still had a haven of refuge for the girl he loved.

Long Tom was waiting for them when they returned. So far he had borne his misfortunes with scarcely a murmur, suffering with that dumb sort of agony peculiar to strong men; but when Selina flew to his arms, and he heard her cry of: "Daddy! Daddy! Here I am. You've still got me," the big fellow burst into tears, and great sobs shook his frame. And then Selina became the little mother and comforted him, and finally persuaded him to partake of some food—the first he had eaten for two days—and later on, when his head began to nod, she sent him to bed, where his heavy breathing soon announced that he had forgotten his sorrows for the time being.

Squatty Jim had curtained off half the room for Selina's special use. Before she went to rest she stepped to the door of the cabin where Squatty Jim stood gazing out into the night. The rain had ceased and a cool breeze had sprung up, making mournful music among the pines. Squatty Jim awoke from his reverie with a start as Selina took her place beside him. Neither spoke for some moments.

"How the wind moans," she at last said, half to herself. "It seems to be singing a fun'ral hymn fer all the people that the fire burnt up." And then the thought of her mother who had perished in the flames came to her, and she leaned her head against the door post and let the tears come unrestrained.

"Don't cry, little girl," Squatty Jim was suffering tortures at sight of her tears. "Mebbe yer ma ain't dead. Anyway, you still got yer dad, an' you can live here as long as you want to, an' I'll only be too glad ef you never move away. It might be worse, you know."

Selina looked up and smiled through her tears.

"You're the bravest man in the world," said she, taking one of his big hands in both of hers; "an' next to daddy the best. If it hadn't been for you we wouldn't be here now. I can't talk to-night, I'm so tired. Good night, dear old Jim."

"Don't talk like that, S'lina," Squatty Jim stammered. "You know they ain't nuthin' on earth I wouldn't do fer you, an' be happy a-doin' it. I ain't did nuthin' much so far."

"Yes you have," she answered. "I never stopped to think how good you've always been to me before. P'raps some day I can pay you back a little of what we all owe you."

"Some day, S'lina, when we git all over this awful time—I mean the fire an' yer ma's death—some day I might git nerve 'nuff to ask you to pay it all back in one big lump. What would you say to that?" His hand tightened on both of hers, and his painful embarrassment made his meaning quite clear to Selina, and she turned away her head to hide her blushes.

"Guess I couldn't refuse," she murmured, with a little sigh.

"Not even ef I was—to ask you—to be my—to live here with me forever, an'—be my wife?"

"Not even ef you was to ask me that," she whispered.

"Good night." She snatched away her hand from his clasp, and, before he had recovered from his surprise, fled from him, leaving him alone with his new found happiness.

FAYETTE DURLIN.

The Tale of Laulu's Hunt.

To some readers the suspicion may arise that this narrative lacks directness and continuity. But, bless you, this is the most simple, straight and plain sailing, compared with some of the tangles in which Samoan stories involve themselves. You just ought to try to follow out the thin and fragile thread of truth in a narrative which it is to the interest of a Samoan to make tortuous. This tale of Laulu's hunt is really very direct and straightforward. Its action is comprised entirely within one night at the full of the moon. It is like a well-written piece of music, for it ends on the very note with which it began, namely, a shirt. It was really hunting, for I was called out by the hunting shout in the early dawn to receive a bonito presented on a gleaming paddle. That it involves more than a slight suspicion of political ambition and jealousy is unavoidable and inherent in human nature.

There was one luxury in Samoa which we could insist upon as no more than a necessity, and that was to keep clean and to look clean. This involved several changes a day, and in the same proportion required a wardrobe of considerable magnitude, though of extreme simplicity. Having two adult male persons to look after—and no mere man knows how helpless he appears when he puts up the cry, "Where's a clean shirt for me?"—I had my sufficient task set out for me in keeping track of the shirt supply of the household. Samoan laundry methods of cleaning clothes in a stream by throwing jagged rocks at them as they lay spread out on one another and a flat stone were sufficiently mangling in their tendency to account for a certain large decrease in the shirt stock of the household. But the deficit was larger than could be accounted for on any principle of laundry mutilation. Then I discovered that the official head of the household was by way of providing shirts for a considerable group of Samoan chiefs. He solemnly swore that each shirt so expended would produce a tenfold crop of friendly alliances among the island politicians. Not being myself official, I made up a firm mind that it must stop. If the interests of the United States in that shabby kingdom demanded the exercise of bribery and corruption to the extent of one shirt for each proceeding of political infamy, there surely must be a shirt fund in the United States Treasury against which to draw. It certainly was not my intention to allow public services to be paid out of a purely private and personal collection of shirts. Just above the lower front hem on each and every shirt I wrote the name of the owner in nitrate of silver ink, in letters an inch high, and in Samoan, so that there might be no failure to comprehend the ownership of the garments thus marked. This indelible record of title did not interfere with the comfort of the real owners of the apparel, for it was out of sight when worn. But it put an effectual stop to the shirt as a corrupting agent and secret service fund for the payment of the price for small diplomatic secrets. No Samoan, chief or other, was supplied with the nerve to walk across his village green on Sunday mornings on his way to his "religion" clad in the spotless white of a wholly pure character with the incriminating legend plain for all to see that he was wearing a shirt that he did not come by honestly. It could not be concealed, for the Samoans, you see, dress differently, in fact the shirt goes outside and quite over all.

Therefore, I was all the more surprised when Laulu came in one evening all dripping with a fresh dubbing of coconut oil and told me that his new boat was on the beach, and that he was going up the coast and would bring me something back. He was, I think, the tallest man I had ever seen; at least the tallest with whom I was acquainted. As he sat cross-legged on the floor he seemed almost to look down on me, who was sitting on a chair. This is that Laulu who made an American tour some years ago with Barnum. The surprising thing was that he wanted to borrow a shirt. The request was a specious one, for he knew very well that a request for a gift would be flatly denied, and he had more than a suspicion that a shirt received as a loan would not be reclaimed. And after a sufficient length of time Tonga could cut out the name and run up a new hem.

Laulu had many reasons why that shirt should be loaned him. For one thing, he was poor, too poor to buy shirts for himself. How well I remember the proud formula of these pleas, "We are an insignificant people on puny islands, set far away in the middle of the flat sea, and great is our poverty." Even with this form of humility on his lips, the Samoan makes you feel that he regards himself as the best there is, and that you are asked only for politeness, when he had the right to demand or to take without demand. It was merely a form of words, this poverty plea, in this instance, for I paid Tonga well for her work for me, and I was well aware that she would not see her big husband lacking anything that would show her pride in him. His better reason was that runners had come stealing in by night from the district in rebellion to tell him that in Faleapuna they were deliberating about calling him to be their ruling chief. There was nothing unusual in that circumstance, even when the rebellion was in far more acute stages there was never any difficulty about surreptitious correspond-

ence back and forth. I knew that both Laulu and Tonga were rebels at heart, and that their continuance so near the court of Malietoa was really that they might serve as hostages, and was tantamount to a mild imprisonment. I rather welcomed the chance to dabble in political intrigue, and I knew that the official member of the household, who was just then in the rebel country in the effort to prevent a threatened breach of the peace, would be sure to hear of Laulu's arrival at Faleapuna in time to stop any action if he were so minded. Accordingly I lent Laulu the shirt, and bade him go off bravely in his hunt for the rank and titles of a ruling chief, the town itself being one of the most important in Samoan political relations. It would take too long now to remember just what his title would be, but it would most certainly be something of the most magnificent description, and would entitle him to a large amount of rich and ripe flattery when speeches were made at him.

And all seemed to depend on the loan of a shirt. He was careful to say that he had shirts of his own, but he wanted one of these shirts with the name in front. That would show all the rebels that he was a man who had a pull with the administration, and politics is politics, whether it is played on a great continent or in a bunch of little islands.



TONGA AND LAULU.

From Mrs. Churchill's forthcoming volume, "Samoa Uma."

Laulu had been gone so short a time that I seemed yet to hear the thump of the loom of his oar in the rowlocks up the lagoon about the big shoal of the Vailoa. Then came Tonga with her maid. Being of an observing disposition and imitative way, my good Tonga had come to the conclusion that what was good for me was quite as good for her, and as she was my maid she had taken a maid for herself in the person of a sturdy young girl of the name of Evai. It being after Tonga's hours for work, she called socially as one lady upon another, and her maid sat dutifully in the background and made cigarettes for her mistress, and when Tonga interrupted her conversation with the interjected command, "Kusi mai le afi," the girl promptly "kused," that being the Samoan equivalent for strike a match. It took several cigarettes to bring Tonga around to the point which had brought her. She wanted really to know if Laulu had been seen that evening.

Tonga and Laulu had been married in about all the ways possible in a community of so much divided jurisdiction, and there was not the slightest doubt that she was Mrs. Laulu with a firmness and fixity that would stand all the tests of the most rigidly civilized country. Therefore, I felt no little satisfaction in relating to her my assistance in furthering Laulu's ambition to become so important a chief.

"She is pig-faced and she stands upon the ground," was Tonga's sole comment.

Thereupon I saw a great light and promptly subsided, for after that it was clear that this being a big chief was not altogether politics.

Tonga was not at all the sort of woman to sit down

when she had a crisis to deal with and idly wait for it to crash. She was in the habit of dealing with an admirably prompt decision with all matters in which she was interested, and this case was no exception. She lost no time in going to the house of her nearest relation in our village and of taking a pair of paddles from their usual position in the rafters of the house. A canoe was soon chosen from the collection drawn up on the beach and carried down into the water. In this frail craft Tonga and her maid set out upon a trip that might extend to some sixteen miles. After the first few miles of still water in the lagoon there came a long stretch of open sea, where the shore reef was broken in but two places that would admit of the safe passage of even a canoe. As Laulu had had nearly an hour's start, and had two men to row his boat, it was altogether unlikely that Tonga could overtake him within the lagoon unless he should stop by the way to talk and drink kava. There was not much chance of this. Laulu was by birth entitled to be the chief of the next village, Matafangaletu, and to bear the name of Asi. But the place had been usurped by another, and the present Asi spent a large amount of time in detailing just what he would do to Laulu should he ever catch him. It was, you will see, by no means likely that Laulu would stop for mere

sociability anywhere in Asi's territory. I was in a state of tremor about Tonga and her canoe when it should come to that long stretch of ocean voyage, which was bad enough in itself, and was made even worse by the sudden dangers of the hidden reef off the Solosolo shore, the Fale Aitu or "House of Devils." But I consoled myself with the thought that Tonga invariably knew what she was about. Indeed, I felt the same sort of fear when I passed out from the lagoon to the open ocean, even in our gig, with its four rowers and 22 feet of length. In time I grew accustomed to breasting the ocean seas in all weathers, and grew to look upon such sport as steeplechase jumps over reefs and through the breakers on shores of absolute rock as nothing more than a half-dime ride on a swan-boat in the park. Tonga was safe enough in her little canoe. I watched the gleam of her paddles in the shimmering lagoon under the moonlight. I watched her course as she skirted the Vailoa sands and then vanished on her way around the point at Moota. I was now interested in two parties headed east over the moonlit ocean. In the lead was Laulu, with his two rowers, in a boat freighted with one shirt and a bundle of political ambition. Nearly an hour behind him came Tonga and her maid in a light canoe, both paddling like all-possessed, and determined to wipe out that handicap. The freight of the canoe was frankly a clever wife's determination that her husband should not make a fool of himself. I fancy that so efficient a woman as Tonga always showed herself was not altogether a peaceful citizen at home; but she never let that appear in public, and never failed to make it appear that she thought her big Laulu was everything that was right.

Having thus dabbled to the extent of one shirt, as a loan, in what might be high Samoan political intrigue or again might not be that sort, and having forwarded Tonga in pursuit, there was no more to be done but to await developments, wishing Tonga more power to her elbow.

Samoans are proverbially unable to keep a secret, and that is true without an exception as to the secrets of others; but in matters concerning which they do not wish to speak, there is no power can wring or cajole or buy the truth from them. The bare fact that Tonga in her canoe overhauled Laulu in his boat well this side of the Fale Aitu, and that he did not go on to Faleapuna, to be made a ruling chief, but went fishing instead, was about the sum of all I ever did learn of the domestico-politico-marine drama that was played out in the moonlight on the open sea. If Tonga's perspicacity was truly founded, and if indeed under the political pretense there was a woman, as Tonga more than implied by her ejaculation of "pig-faced and standing on the ground," which is about the limit of Samoan abuse, in such a case, if I had been Laulu I should have recognized that if I went further I should have been certain to fare much worse, and I think he showed himself a prudent man in that he went fishing instead.

Perhaps my opinion is not entirely unbiased, for I had a steak from that bonito for my breakfast. It appears that when the sea is just right and the tide is making a certain stream around the Fale Aitu, and when it is full moon in a certain quarter of the heavens, and the dawn is breaking with a rare green color at the horizon and fading out to a dainty fawn color toward the zenith, and if your boat is right, and if your fly-hook is tied rightly for luck, and if you are a fit person and will choicely troll in the last gasps of the night breeze offshore and carry your lure through the very center of the Fale Aitu, you will surely get a bonito. What a lot of conditions there always are before you can catch fish! At any rate, they seemed to be all fulfilled that morning in Laulu's case, for he caught a young bonito with all the marks that go to show that it is just at its best for eating.

Tonga returned the borrowed shirt, still in its wrapping of waterproof tapa cloth, and explained that it was all a misunderstanding, that Laulu did not need to bor-

row shirts, for he had plenty of his own, and silk ones. Furthermore, he had no wish to be chief at a small place like Faleapuna. In fact he had tried to communicate to me his purpose of going out on the bonito fishing, but as the bonito is himself a chief, and must only be mentioned in a special language of courtesy, I had failed to comprehend the exact purport of his remarks. Lauulu sat by, looking as good as gold, while his loyal little wife put all the blame on me, and his only comment was to say yes and noe, "Ioe" and "Leai," at the proper intervals, and in the meanwhile to keep up a soft clucking as though calling chickens, which is a compliment of the higher Samoan courtesy, in which duties of the gentleman he was thoroughly posted.

Then Tonga's own maid rolled her mistress a cigarette, Tonga puffed it bright and passed it to Lauulu. In the language of diplomacy, the incident was closed. But I'd give six bits to know what was taking Lauulu toward the rebel country that night.

LEWELLA PIERCE CHURCHILL.

Luck With a Meat Gun.

I BELIEVE it was Didymus who not long ago seemed to imply by a kind of an allusional intimation in *FOREST AND STREAM*, that inferentially I am possibly a back number. Let me protest that I will not permit myself to be tossed into antiquity by any man with the clear brain, the sentiments that "smell April and May" and whose words fly to their mark with snap shot accuracy and precision. While his sentences whirr with the whistling wings of autumn and ripple with the purl of June waters, eddying by mossy banks, is he going to tell us he has had his day, give way to a "younger generation" and try and take some of us with him?

The disciples of rod and gun—particularly of *FOREST AND STREAM* denomination, are never blasted with antiquity. Of what use are all the trophies we have garnered, the memories that enrich the soul, if we are going to turn turtle because of an ache or so more or less in our bones, a little dimness of an eye or an unsteady group of muscles or glands? Zounds! I will, like Jack Falstaff, have my brains taken out and buttered and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift before I will succumb to later comers.

I have never quite realized the virtues of a meat dog, but, know all men, that I carry a meat gun. I have an aspiring dog and a meat gun, and when the dog does not anticipate my operations and go groggy with excitement, scaring everything out of range, there is not a white flag in the mountains that can bounce in view at 300 yards with impunity twice.

My rifle, as I say, is a meat gun. My dog was intended by Providence for pastoral rather than hunting purposes, but he is nevertheless aspiring, and now and then a possibility. His most commendable attribute is his ubiquity, or perhaps it is faithfulness, particularly when a hunt is in prospect. When I go, Shep goes along. Whether I want him or not is outside his capacity or understanding. If his ambition was tempered with judgment, what a dog he would be! Ambition is sometimes a disease. Caesar was ambitious.

Shep has scared a hundred big deer directly out of range of my meat gun, has barked up many a wrong tree, bayed the moon with utter depravity, and done eccentric things generally. If he knows or hears tell of a skunk within four miles of us he looks it up immediately, barks at it until it is at the very zenith of its ability—then he kills it and brings the concentrated essence of its glory home with him. This triumphant spoil of his usually does not wither until his next expedition.

Notwithstanding these things, together with other uncreditable accomplishments, Shep's account is fully balanced, with enough to spare to warrant him the pension he requires to keep the little lamps of light in his eyes until time or fate extinguishes them. His welcome bark and his eternal readiness to go or come to or from any expedition are worth a scared deer or so.

The long dry summer ended with a good soaking shower in October. The dry leaves, pine needles and dead brush were soaked. In the evening the rain ceased, the sky partly cleared and it was just cold enough. Another day and the close season for deer began. There was no meat in the house.

I found myself that evening inspecting, cleaning and oiling the meat gun at the "ranch." My indomitable friend, Shep, was at the door with his usual symptoms of anticipation. There were but six cartridges, the gun was somewhat rusted and looked singularly unpromising. In all probability there was not a deer track within three miles. The mountainsides looked steeper than ever, and I went to bed undecided as to getting up early, or whether to go hunting or do without meat. Venison is dry meat anyhow.

As it happened, I was up early, the morning was a clear, bracing mountain affair in which it is impossible to feel lazy. To turn the scale of doubt, Shep had plainly not forgotten the incident of preparation the evening before, and now by stretching, prancing and other gymnastics signified his readiness and confidence. Putting up a lunch, and contemplating a long, hard climb up the mountain, we started out for meat.

The house is in the pine woods, and the mountains begin all around it. Selecting the most gradual slope, the zealous dog a rod in advance and excited to start, we set out. The rain had made the ground soft and yielding, and as it was covered deep with the pine needles in most places, our movements were silent. We (Shep and I) had gone but a short distance when I saw a small black animal with white stripes meandering in some bushes. It was the real thing—nothing under the sun in the golden West smells like it. It smells longer and louder and more insistently than a rotten mackerel by moonlight, or any notorious thing whatsoever.

Shep immediately detected the striped and impending disaster. He was full of ambition and desire to exhibit strenuousness, open battle and let come what might. I could hear his heart beat his ribs as he prepared to charge. In anxious anticipation he could already taste victory, and he began to slobber in his expectancy. With notable presence of mind, I succeeded in suppressing Shep, permitting the threatening calamity to saunter off

in the independent and leisurely insolence peculiar to its kind alone. Shep was grievously disappointed, and cast many a longing, lingering look behind, as I urged him away from there by the most direct course possible. After we had achieved safe distance we looked back and saw that the little bushy terror of the rocks was still there, waving his plumed tail complacently, if not regretfully.

Luck was with us. The escape was narrow, but any kind of an escape was satisfactory to me. Shep's regrets were soon forgotten, for he never broods over disappointments, owing either to an excess of enterprise or an unstable memory.

We had not gone far and were not yet a half mile from the house, when my infallible four-footed friend, with nose in air, feet lifted high and set down cautiously, intimated that he had wind of game. At first I thought he was bluffing, and then I wondered if whatever it was had stripes on its back. In all probability it was the mate to the little beauty we had passed a short distance down the hill. Shep was insistent, and looked alertly ahead, and now and then glanced back at me, with a very wise expression upon his face. With a hunter's instinct, I let my rifle slide from my shoulder to the hollow of my left arm, while my finger tested the set trigger.

We approached the top of a steep ravine, fairly in sight of the house, and as yet had not seen a deer track. Your true hunter is not often open to surprise in the woods, and as the ravine was thickly wooded with black oaks, with some underbrush, and as Shep was becoming more confident in his assumption of wisdom, I drew back the hammer of the rifle, letting the barrel slip to my left hand, while my right held the arm at a half ready.

The climbing was steep, and every step lifted me until I could see more and more of the little half circle of sheltered bench at the extreme head of the ravine, under the oaks. I succeeded in restraining Shep, so that at all times I could see further than he over the bank, because my head was the highest. As the rim of my hat rose above the last bit of the bank, letting me see the furthest nook, there was the sudden shake of a bush and a slight stir of leaves. Half blended with the background of blue brush, fully alert and ready for instant spring, stood in clear outlines a splendid buck. Like the deer described by Walter Scott,

As Chief who hears his warder call,
"To arms! The foemen storm the wall,"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.
But ere his fleet career he took,
The dewdrops from his flanks he shook;
Like crested leader, proud and high,
Toss'd his beamed frontlet to the sky;
An instant gazed down the dale,
An instant snuff'd the tainted gale—

Then, as the headmost foe appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And, stretching forward—"

There the simile ends. In this case there was no troop of mounted huntsmen or pack of fleet hounds to outrun for his life. There was nothing but Ransacker and a shepherd dog, neither of whom was likely to give the monarch a long or a hard run. But the former of his foes bore in his hands an implement that rules the world. The deer but saw the top of a soft hat which he could make out. The next instant there was a burst of flame and smoke, with a sharp explosion, that caused him to make his frantic leap into the little ravine.

Almost as instantly Shep started forward and had whisked out of view in pursuit before the wreath of smoke from the meat gun had cleared. There was the unmistakable sound of a deer bounding down the rocky ravine, with the dog in full cry close upon him. Muttering my disappointment as I threw a fresh cartridge into the gun, I sprang around a point of brush just in time to see a single dip of the white flag as it went over a rocky knoll upon the ridge opposite, the bearer of it rapidly distancing Shep over the broken ground.

Marking with my eye the course of the deer, where he disappeared, I took the shortest way across the ravine, finding without difficulty his tracks in the soft ground where there were no rocks. Following the tracks to the top of the ridge, I could then hear Shep crying as he ran, now half a mile distant. Worse than this, a close search of the ground did not show a drop of blood, nor was the quickness of the deer's departure any evidence that he had been wounded. I followed on, thinking the hunt for the day spoiled, but as a matter of principle determined to track the deer as long as there was a remote chance of his having been hit. I had taken a fair shot at him standing, not 75 yards distant, and I still insist that I carry a meat gun. However, twigs, deflected light and the instant movements of deer will sometimes swindle the best of us.

For half an hour I followed on the track. Every eight or ten feet the sharp toes of the deer had torn the ground. Every toe was in its proper place, as shown by the punctured soil. My hat would cover them all where a regular intervals they struck. There was no sign of blood, and the course of the deer around, instead of down the mountain, as well as the now distant and deflected bark of the dog, all attested the deer was unhurt.

In a quandary as to whether to continue the hunt by changing my course, I sat down to await the return of Shep, examine the sights of the meat gun, and wonder if there had been a bullet in the cartridge I had fired. If I could not hit a deer like that at such a distance there seemed little use in making a longer climb up the mountain. About the time I had decided to go home and sulk, Shep came back. His tongue was extended after his hard run, but, contrary to his custom, instead of coming to me after driving the deer out of the region, he gave a sharp bark, wagged his tail and kept on along the back track. More than this, there was such a satisfied expression upon his face, I thought I would follow and see what he meant. I saw him pass over again to the ravine where I had shot at the deer, while several times he halted to see what I was doing. "Thinks he will find another to chase," I muttered.

After he had time to reach the ravine and did not return I concluded to go over and see what new wrinkle he was working this time. It was a steep, hard climb again, directly away from the easiest way home. Half an hour and I had reached the spot opposite where I had fired from. Shortly I heard the movements of my erratic dog in the brushy part of the gulch. "He is fooling around the water," I said to myself, but as I wanted a drink, I clambered down. Shep was lying contentedly upon the leaves wagging his bushy tail as though he had done everything necessary. Ten feet from him, with antlers braced against the bushes, as though he was sleeping peacefully, there lay the biggest and best deer in the woods. He was shot through the heart, and had only made about two jumps after the meat gun had spoken.

Ever see a deer lying that way when you least expected it? Well, this one was as sleek as a mole, a five-pointer, and the only mark upon him was a punctured brisket that could only be discovered upon close examination. As he lay he would weigh nearly 200 pounds. He was too fat to skin easily, the tallow being nearly an inch thick on his ribs.

I sat down and communed with Shep, and tried conscientiously to figure out whether he was entitled to credit or blame, and I am not yet clear upon the point in this case. I do not think I would have found the deer without him, but I might. If not, then I might have found others. What business had he to break and follow the deer I had not shot at? I would have got both, perhaps; at any rate, I would not have gone climbing the rocky hill on his tracks. On the other hand, Shep might have argued that he found the deer, that it was not his fault if I didn't know when the deer was killed. How was he to know that the second deer might not be stopped also if he tried? Anyhow, he seemed to say, "There's your deer; that's all the meat we want."

When a deer is killed on a mountain the excitement ends and the sport is over. The work then stares a fellow of a placid disposition not only in the face, but out of countenance. This deer when dressed would be all I could lift, more than I could carry over such ground. I therefore decided to get Jim's horse and pack the deer in. Taking the head and horns and my gun, I went the short distance to the house, where fortunately I found the horse just in from the hills.

Jim's horse is one that everybody else had no use for, and he came by him naturally. He has had horses of a similar description for years. This one he calls Baldy, for no apparent reason, but it would make no difference what he might be called. Nobody but Jim would ever call him. Not by the same name twice, certainly.

Baldy was lounging against a fence, dreaming of his coltish days, when he must have followed some emigrant wagon across the plains before the war. His off front leg is comparatively sound, but notwithstanding this disadvantage to the rest of his anatomy, he maintains a good digestion, and can get over the ground if he has all the time there is. He is supposed to pack anything that he can carry, and is as gentle as a lamb—even as a dead one.

I put a pack saddle upon Baldy, and eventually got him up to where the deer was. I led the horse into the ravine and dragged the deer to the bank above him. He stood like a saw-buck as I lifted the deer to his back and had it almost into the saddle. At about that time the deer and myself became intimately associated in the hazardous enterprise of sliding down the rocky bank, while in the confusion I believe that aged and docile steed stood on his sound leg and kicked with his other three. Together with the deer I got down into the gully, while the horse got out of it on to the bank. In the entertainment in which we participated the horse seemed to think he had done everything necessary, and he then assumed his customary attitude, resting upon his straight leg, awaiting further opportunity very patiently.

In our mix-up and rapid change of positions, the deer had been some protection, and I was not kicked by the talented old fraud, who I could see had, as he thought, every reason to congratulate himself. When he saw me emerge from the gully and regain a hold on his halter he had a startled expression upon his face. I fastened him to a tree, and he thereupon hung back and shut his eyes in anticipation of the laming he deserved. There was a surprise in store for him, for I never touched him. It would have been a waste of time and labor. I dressed and quartered the deer, put it in sacks and burlap brought along, and took the noble equine into the gully again, blindfolded him, and then fastened the deer to the saddle piece by piece. I then led him out of the ravine, and he leisurely made his way home without further attention than a pebble tossed at him now and then to keep him awake.

As a matter of course, my dog Shep was actively engaged at all times, as he never misses a trip. He hunted up the striped terror of the rocks, and had a strictly business interview with that creature. I did not see the result, nor hear the discussion, but there is no question about its having taken place.

RANSACKER.

SHASTA MOUNTAINS, Cal., November.

The Bitter and the Sweet.

SOME weeks ago the New York daily papers contained accounts of the killing of an eagle near Tremont. The slayer of the eagle—which is, of course, a protected bird—was duly located by Mr. J. E. Overton, the game and fish protector, and he recently came to the office of the Forest, Fish and Game Commission in New York and paid \$25 in settlement of his offense against the law.

The "eagle" proved to be a turkey buzzard (*Cathartes aura*), a species quite unusual in this vicinity, though occurring more frequently in New Jersey and to the southward. Turkey buzzards are commonly protected all over the country.

Frank W. Bruns, who was arrested last May by Mr. Overton for selling game out of season, has, it is understood, settled for his offense by paying to the Forest, Fish and Game Commission the sum of \$650. This must represent the profits made on quite a lot of illegal game,

Faithful Fido.

Two Englishmen were speaking with me quite recently about the supernatural, and in the course of conversation we referred to the number of English country houses that are said to be haunted. We agreed that the number of those so favored seems out of all proportion to the remnant to which no uncanny suspicion attaches. But my friends assured me that ghosts are rated at a premium "on the other side," so that, far from being a detriment, an active and well-attested apparition rather enhances the value of the mansion that chances to be the theater of his operations, and that the purchaser of an English country house is apt to pay for it in inverse ratio to his chances of sleeping unmolested under its roof.

It will be seen that we treated the subject in a jocular vein from a high plane of skepticism. I had had glimpses before, however, of the dregs of superstition that lurk at the bottom of every true skeptic's heart, so I determined to sift my Englishmen, each separate and away from his fellow, pan out his hidden faith and crow over him in my own esteem. A few artful questions drew from the elder man a confession of an uncomfortable night spent in a lonely wing of some great house, in company with most unaccountable rappings. He added that his account of the phenomenon, the next morning at breakfast, was received by his host with evident satisfaction and the airy assurance that everybody who slept in that wing heard the same rappings.

I now turned to the younger man. He began by saying that of course it was all rot, "but," he added with a jolly British laugh, "if I have not seen a ghost, my dog has. It happened this way, you know: My people took a house down in Surrey one season, while our place was being done over. I had not heard a word about its being haunted, but I found out afterward there was a spot in the hall, just in front of the big fireplace, that no animal could be induced to cross. They say a murder was committed there, and a body hidden under the flags. Well, the first morning I ran downstairs, with my white bull-terrier Grip at my heels and crossed the hall to go out at the side door. Grip was not beside me, so I whistled to him and looked back to see where he was. There he stood in the middle of the hall, staring at one spot, his hair on end and trembling all over. He would not pay the slightest attention to me, and seemed dazed. I caught him by the collar and tried to pull him along, but he pulled back, and fought me so that he slipped his collar, and making a wide circuit dashed out of the door, as if the devil was after him."

"Did he ever cross the spot?" I asked.

"Well, I don't think he ever did; but I was but a lad at the time, and too careless to pay much attention to such things—besides, it is all such awful rot, you know!"

I was about to agree with him, when a sudden recollection flashed across my mind, and I held my peace. It is easy to laugh at other people's ghosts, but when one has crossed our own path, or even strayed across that of a near relative, they somehow appear less grotesque. This is what the experience of the Englishman's dog had brought back to my mind.

A number of years before I had lived with my parents in Paris. Among their friends was a young American widow of great beauty and some wealth. She, with her parents, had just come to Paris, and while they knew many of the members of the English and American colonies, they had but slight acquaintance among the natives. A conspicuous exception was the Count de C., a middle-aged Frenchman, the head of an ancient but impoverished Breton house, of which he and a brother were the sole representatives. Both had been educated in England, where the younger had taken orders in the church and become incumbent of the English chapel in a Continental town.

The elder brother, being a cultivated and charming man, these qualities, together with his blood and title, made him an acceptable suitor for the widow's hand in the eyes of her parents. Whether the daughter shared her parents' views is left in doubt by the sequel, but at least she did not discourage the Count's attentions, which became more marked as the winter progressed. Toward spring the Americans accepted his urgent invitation to visit his ancestral chateau in Brittany. They found this to be a grim-looking pile, built of the native granite, and standing on a wild and storm-swept coast.

Inside, however, it was comfortable enough, and a certain air of faded grandeur was not without its effect upon their American susceptibilities. A retinue of more or less ancient retainers had aired, warmed and made habitable the vast salons and bedrooms for their master and his guests, so that after a good dinner, washed down with the contents of a couple of cobwebbed bottles (for the Count was, among other things, a gourmet of delicate discernment), the house party gathered in the drawing room, where a roaring fire of driftwood cast a cheerful glow over ponderous furniture, dim tapestries and numerous portraits of departed de C.'s. Music whiled away the hours till bedtime, for the young American, among her charms, numbered that of a sweet voice, while the Count could warble his share of a duet in a very decent baritone.

The Count's guests retired early, being tired from a long day's journey, and as they mounted the draughty stairs and threaded the echoing corridors in search of their rooms, the contrast between the cheerful apartment they had just left and the cheerless labyrinths of the upper floors of the house sent a chill to their hearts. The young American was conscious of a little shiver down the backbone, due, in part, to cold, but more to nervousness; but she followed the old Breton woman who carried her candle, along an endless corridor to the room that had been allotted to her. Here she found her maid, her boxes and her pet dog, and these familiar adjuncts dispelled the last traces of her vague alarm. Drawing the heavy bolts that secured her door, she bade her maid light every candle in the sconces and proceeded to examine her lodging for the night. It was an enormous room. Chests of carved black oak decorated the four corners, and furniture of a rigid and mediæval aspect was dotted sparsely in between. At the further end, some logs crackled in a monumental fireplace, and above it hung a portrait of a young woman dressed in the fashion of about twenty years back. The widow knew that the Count de C. was a widower, his wife having died about fifteen years before, and she felt sure that this must be her portrait, and that the room in which she stood had been that lady's

own. An uneasy feeling of intrusion crept over her, as the eyes of the portrait followed her about, and her own explored the cavernous depths of the four-posted edifice that occupied the center of the room. The aspect of this bed was not reassuring, and she doubted if the former occupant of its grandeur could ever have slept very lightly under the gloomy catafalque of crimson brocade surmounted by the arms of the de C.'s in tarnished gilt. It was the very largest bed she had ever seen, and she wondered whether she could ever find herself again in the morning if she ventured into its unknown depths. The thought even crossed her mind of not going to bed at all, but sitting up in a chair all night, and the absurdity of her imagined self nodding in a stiff-backed chair of most uncompromising angles, while a vast feather bed yawned to receive her, made her laugh aloud.

At the sound of her laugh her little Skye terrier, that had been moping in a corner, sprang upon her knees, pleading to be caressed. Why, there was Fido, her faithful little Fido! He should sleep on the counterpane at her feet, and guard her from the approach of all the ghosts and spooks, and "loup-garous" in Brittany! Besides, was not Marie, her maid, to sleep in the adjoining room? What a little fool she was to give way to nerves! So, with another laugh at her idle fears, and a good night curtsy to the portrait of the late Countess, she climbed into the grim four-poster, settled Fido at her feet, and bade Marie blow out the candles. The dying fire in the grate cast sheer shadows on the ceiling, so, to shut them out, she closed her eyes and was soon fast asleep. How long afterward it was she could not tell, that she was awakened by a low, unearthly wail. A startled glance about the room showed her that the fire was out, and all lay in darkness. The wail came again, and she ducked her head under the bedclothes to shut out the horrid sound. Again and again it came, each time more blood-curdling, till something familiarly canine in its notes disclosed to her that the ghostly sounds emanated from her own, her faithful Fido. The maid, meanwhile, awakened by the midnight solo, came hurriedly in, with a candle, and both women gazed helplessly at the melancholy little dog. The candle light brought him no comfort, for he jumped down off the bed, sat in the middle of the floor, and lifted his voice in renewed lamentation. His mistress, being resourceful little person in the presence of the actual, shook off her fears, gathered Fido in her arms and proceeded to rub his stomach, while she ordered her maid to fetch hot water for compresses.

"He has eaten too many bonbons, Marie, and he suffers a pain in his poor little stomach. I felt sure he would be made ill with petting, when he was brought down to dessert this evening!"

But neither rubbing nor compresses, nor even unlimited caressing availed to restore Fido's peace of mind, although the paroxysms of his howls grew less frequent as the night wore on.

Morning found his mistress and her maid still striving to soothe his pain, which appeared, however, to subside as breakfast time approached.

Both women were tired out, and Fido's mistress would gladly have turned in for a morning's nap, even on the scene of her late alarms. But courtesy to her host forbade a late appearance at breakfast, and more than a laughing allusion to Fido's indisposition brought on, presumably, by too many sweets. The day brought drives to points of interest in the neighborhood, another exquisite dinner, and an evening of renewed duets, during which the attentions and delicate flattery of her host chased from the fair widow's mind the anticipation of another night in the ill-omened bed of the deceased Countess. Bedtime came, however, and the old Breton serving woman and her candlestick. A vague oppression weighed on the spirits of the little widow as she contemplated another night with only Fido's unstable support. But she felt little apprehension of disturbance on his part, as he had passed the day in rigid fasting, only relieved by a saucer full of warm milk, and, her own eyes being heavy with lack of sleep, she trusted that she, the maid and the dog would sleep like tops till morning.

She reckoned without Fido. At the stroke of 12 that faithful animal sat up on his haunches and emitted a howl that caused his mistress to leap from her bed, and the maid to rush to the rescue. This time it was no plaintive wailing, but howls and yells that rent the welkin and froze the marrow in the bones of his two trembling auditors. Bonbons could not account for it, for he had not had one all day. No, it was not on his stomach, but on his mind, that the trouble lay. Fear is catching, and the panic that evidently oppressed the dog's soul infected the two women. They drew close together, and peered into the shadowy corners of the room. The little widow glanced furtively at the portrait over the mantle shelf, and it seemed to her excited imagination that a sinister smile played about the lips of the late Countess de C.

The weird howls of the dog continued at intervals through all the hours of darkness, till at dawn he fell, exhausted, into an uneasy sleep. At breakfast the haggard looks of his guest aroused the Count's attention, but, fearing to hurt his feelings by a true account of the events of the night, she pleaded a headache, which would serve to account for her languor and lack of response to his efforts to amuse her. For the thought of another night to pass under his roof weighed upon her like a nightmare.

When evening came she played and sang with desperate persistence, although her head ached in all sincerity, and even proposed a rubber at whist (a game she abhorred) that might postpone as long as possible the dreaded bedtime hour.

It came at last, as all things must, and with a heart like lead, the poor little woman retired to her room. Had pride permitted, she would have begged to be given another, but that would have necessitated an explanation from which she shrank. She had thought, though, of a way to mitigate the coming ordeal. Her maid should share her bed. Fear had broken down the barriers of caste, and besides, the dreadful bed was so wide, that from opposite sides their outstretched arms could scarcely meet and touch finger tips.

Faithful to his trust, as the hour of midnight struck, Fido sat up and howled. He howled with but slight intermission, until dawn streaked the east. Mistress and maid clung to each other, all considerations thrown to the winds but the craving for human companionship, alternately laughing and crying as the absurdity or the hor-

ror of the situation forced itself upon their minds.

At dawn the American arose and told her maid to pack her boxes, as nothing could induce her to spend another night under the Count's roof.

The caprice of a pretty woman who longs for her dear Paris served as well as it might to cloak her evident desire to get away, and her parents, who were beginning to tire of drives to owl and bat haunted ruins, and even the Count himself, who, perhaps, felt the strain of separation from the boulevards, opposed no obstacles to the gratification of her whim.

Back again in Paris the Count continued his assiduities, and Fido might have howled in vain had not the noise of his lamentations, confided by the pretty widow to a bosom friend, reached, through her, the ears of the whole American colony.

There was at that time a little club, or rendezvous, in the office or reading rooms of Galignani's Messenger (if I remember rightly) frequented chiefly by English and Americans, who met to hear and discuss the latest news from home, as well as the latest gossip from anywhere. It happened that my father dropped in one day, as a fellow habitué was finishing an amusing account of the Count's ill-starred hospitality. My father, feeling some annoyance that his friend's affairs should be so discussed, growled out his mind and subsided behind his Messenger. A Frenchman whom he had noticed glancing at him over the top of his paper now approached, introduced himself and said that, as my father seemed to be a friend of the American family in question, he, as a lover of fair play, invited him to direct the attention of the lady's father or other male relative to the records of the Court of Assizes held at a certain town in Brittany on a certain date fifteen years back, where they would doubtless find something to interest them. He then saluted my father, turned on his heel and walked out.

My father was, at first, inclined to regard the mysterious warning as an effort at wit of a practical joker carrying the ghostly tale to a logical conclusion, but the longer he thought the odder the warning, and the Frenchman's manner of giving it appeared. The whole haunting business began to haunt him, and to lay the ghost he laid the matter before the American widow's father. The latter was impressed, and asked my father to accompany him to the town mentioned by the Frenchman. There they looked up the records at the date indicated, and found that in the year 18—, fifteen years before, the Count de C. had been indicted and tried for the murder of his wife through the administration of slow poison at his chateau in Brittany. The trial had ended in an acquittal. Further research showed that while every step in the accusation had been proved against him, almost beyond doubt, his acquittal had been effected through the pressure of his family's influence in that part of Brittany, at the cost of the greater part of his fortune. The pretty widow soon after found a more congenial mate, in a plain, untitled fellow countryman, while Fido lived and flourished to a green old age in the sunshine of their gratitude and affection.

M. M.

Casey's Wildcat.

BY FRANCIS MOONAN.

Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed.

—Shakespeare.

It was Christmas Eve. Jake Kümmelwasser sat in his favorite chair reading the paper, while Wirt Zaender sat over against him, chewing tobacco and immersed in thought, apparently, as usual. Jake's dog, Sausage (a dachshund imported from the Vaterland, and named by Tim Mulcahy), was cuddled up at his master's feet, the cat (between whom and Sausage a truce had long been declared) was cuddled up at the feet of Wirt, and the canary slept with its head under its wing. The kettle sang on the stove.

Inside in the kitchen Mrs. Kümmelwasser bustled about, preparing the supper, beefsteak and onions, no less, in honor of the day. On ordinary occasions "scrap-ple" or "panne haase" would have constituted the evening meal, and right thankful the boarders were for that, being usually hungry as wolves in winter.

As the odor of the beefsteak and onions (than which to the great mass of humanity there is nothing half so exciting to the nerves of appetite) began to float through the kitchen door, tears of joyous expectancy actually rose to Wirt's eyes, then he ground his teeth and pressed his hands together, as if trying to control himself. Jake showed his emotion by merely breathing more deeply and making occasional little gurgling noises in his throat.

But where was Tim Mulcahy? If echo did not answer Where? something akin to echo seemed to answer, Here! In fact, Tim was fast asleep on the settle bed, snoring blissfully after a laborious day cleaning his gun and smoking his pipe.

"Donner und blitzen! how dot man schnores," said Jake, putting down his paper and removing his spectacles. "Tim—Tim, do you vant to sour der milk? Wake up, man—wake up!"

For all answer to this appeal Tim emitted a snort that would have done credit to an untamed mustang. "I vunder if he schnored like dot when he mit der bear slecht?" continued Jake, recalling a story in which Tim averred that one bitter night he lay alongside of a bear on the mountains.

Wirt paid no attention. He seemed to be wholly absorbed in the subject of the beefsteak and onions. Presently the odor of these became so strong that even the sleeper was affected by it. He ceased snoring, smacked his lips several times and then threw up his hands with a yawn, accompanied by the exclamation: "Yow-yow-yow-ugh!" Sniffing the air he continued: "What's this I smell? Beefsteak and onions! Am I awake, or do I still dhrame?"

As if by answer to this question, Mrs. Kümmelwasser threw wide the kitchen door, which had been ajar, and exclaimed in a shrill voice: "Soo-per!"

With one bound Tim was off the settle bed and at the kitchen door, but quick as he was Wirt was quicker, and led the procession to the supper table. This was spread at one end of the kitchen and presented a sight well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of Wirt and Tim.

At the head of the table sat an immense dish filled with beefsteak "smothered" in onions. At the foot sat another immense dish filled with "smoking murphies

with their jackets off," as Tim expressed it. In the center sat a great earthenware pitcher filled with foaming beer. Around the table, of course, were set plates, with knives and forks and glasses. Mrs. Kummelwasser presided with carving knife and fork in her hands. "Setzen sie sich. Sie sind willkommen," she observed with great affability, as if playing the hostess instead of the landlady, incited thereto no doubt by the unwonted character of the spread.

Wirt and Tim did not require to be told twice.

"Bedad, ma'am," said Tim, "this is a great thrate."

"Ya," assented the lady, with candor; "vat you call it, luxury-ness—ain'd it?"

"Looxuriance," corrected Tim, who among these "Pennsylvania Dootch," as he called them, prided himself not a little on his knowledge of English.

Wirt kept his eyes riveted on the dish at the head of the table, and had no time for idle remarks.

Jake now waddled in and took his seat at the foot of the table, with the exclamation:

"Ha! vat you say, Tim—vat you say, Wirt?"

"It's all right," answered Tim, "all right."

Wirt turned his head for one brief instant to smile beatifically at the speaker, and then resumed his jealous gaze upon the beefsteak and onions. He seemed to be in mortal fear that it would be spirited away or somehow escape him.

Once Mrs. Kummelwasser began to carve it did not take her long to put her guests in the way of doing business, so to speak.

After all plates had been filled, complete silence reigned for awhile—that is to say, there was no conversation, though there was a fearful clatter of knives and forks and other sounds incidental to feasting. At length Jake having taken the edge off his appetite, asked Tim: "Did you effer git beefsteaks in Ireland alretty, Tim?"

"Beefsteaks in Ireland, did you say? Why, man, they grow on the bushes in Ireland!"

"Dey must be pooty tough, Tim," said Jake, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Some av thim," answered Tim, "but we sind thim to Germany, where they fetch a high price."

With merry passages like this the supper proceeded. Wirt never joined in, devoting himself strictly to business. In the quantity of food he got away with, he surpassed himself, and that is saying much; yet it is doubtful whether he really enjoyed it, seeing that while his desire was boundless his capacity was limited. It may be questioned here by some epicurean philosopher whether a man can continue to desire food after he has filled himself; we know not how this may be generally, but we are quite sure that Wirt's desire was as insatiable as the sea.

Gradually the edibles melted away, till there were only a few potatoes left. It is needless to say also that the beer was not neglected. When the last of this had been consumed the convives lay back in their chairs in a state of perfect contentment—all, that is, except Wirt, who sat upright, regarding the empty dishes with a mournful expression.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Kummelwasser a move was made for the bar, where the three friends took their customary seats around the stove. The kettle was still steaming and singing, which caused Tim to remark: "Look at all that fine wather escapin' in shteam—ain't it a pity?"

Jake understood the hint, and in a surprisingly short time had mixed three smoking glasses of rum, finely flavored with cloves, and passed them round. Tim drained his glass without much ceremony, then filled his old clay pipe (the which he would swear he preferred to the best cigar in the world), lit it and took the cat on his knee.

"Did I ever tell yez the story of Casey's wildcat?" he said, regarding his companions.

Jake answered, "Nein—I don't recollection," while Wirt shook his head.

"Well, that's strange, bekase the story's a remarkable one. But better late than never. You must know, thin, that I had a frind av the name av Casey whin I boarded at the Widdy O'Rafferty's. He was marrit and lived a little ways out on the swamp road; a dacent, honest, simple crayture. One mornin' he comes to me in a great state of excitement and says, says he: 'Tim, there's wild geese in the swamp.' 'Well, and fwhat av it?' says I. 'Ain't they got a right to be there?' 'To be sure,' says he, 'but I've been thinkin' that mebbe you might like to go gunnin' for them.' 'Casey,' says I, 'I've somethin' else to do besides goin' on a wild goose chase.' 'Fwhat?' says he, 'are you goin' aither deer?' 'I'm not,' says I; 'I'm goin' to work.' 'Well, thin,' says he, 'mebbe you might be aither lindin' me your gun?' 'Fwhat for?' says I. 'Fwhy, to shoot one av the geese, av course,' says he. 'Fwhin I heard him say this I thought I'h have died laughin'. 'Fwhat are you laughin' at?' says he. 'Oh, at a little reminbrance,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'gettin' a bit hot, 'will you or won't you lind me the gun?' I didn't want to offend him, for he was my frind, as I said, and besides the humor av the thing took me. 'Casey,' says I, 'I'll lind you the gun on one condition.' 'Fwhat's that?' says he—'that I'll give you one of the geese if I shoot two?' 'No,' says I, 'sayin' to keep myself from explodin' agin, 'it's not that, Casey, but it's this: That you won't hould me responsible for accidents.' 'Tim, do you mane to insult me?' says he; 'do you take me for a kid?' 'Insult that? I gev him the gun, though my conscience throubled me. And all the mornin' as I wint about my work I couldn't keep out av me head the thought av Casey brought home on a litter. And I imagined I heard the lamintin's and upbraidin's av his widdy and the cries av his poor orphan childer. 'Tim,' says I to myself, 'you're little short av a murderer. You're sartinly a fool. Fwhat business had you puttin' a deadly weapon in the hands of that overgrown child? His blood'll be upon your head.'

"I got so worked up that I quit in the afthernoon and decided to go in sarch av Casey. I first called at his house. He wasn't there, and his wife knew nothin' av him. I thin wint down to the swamp and began whistlin' wid my fingers in my mouth, and hollerin' 'Casey!' but the only answer I got was the cawin' av an auld carr'on crow that was perched on a blasted pine. I whistled and hollered till I was black in the face, but no sign av Casey. Thin I had a thought that made me heart lep into me mouth. Fwhat makes that auld carr'on

crow sit there? I thought: fwhy ain't she scared? It's around there somewhere 'll be Casey's dead body! And agin I heard the lamintin's and upbraidin's av the widdy and the cries av the orphan childer. 'Tim,' says I, 'il you don't swing for your part in this day's doin's it won't be bekase you don't deserve it.' Wid a heavy heart, thin, I set out to explore, and left no part of the swamp unsarched. Several times I kem near bein' swallowed up in a hole, but me sure footin' (for as I often tould yez I was born in the bog av Wilkinstown) saved me. I had me pains for me labor. Not a thrace av Casey high or low. This gev me a little hope, but thin agin I reflected that though I din't get swallowed up he might have. 'The miserable eejit,' says I; 'sure he hadn't sinse enough to know a bog hole from a mountain!' Though I said this I felt sore at heart for him, for he was me frind, and whin I thought av the widdy and orphans I was ready to wring me hands.

"By and by night began to come on—black and dismal, boys, like a funeral over the mountains—so I gev up me sarch and turned for home. There was a bare chance left that Casey wint into the woods, but I couldn't bring myself to believe it, for I knew that the poor man had a mortal fear av bears. I passed his house on me way back and saw the woman at the dure, nursin' her youngest child and lookin' anxious. 'Good evenin', Mrs. Casey,' says I, 'has Mike come home yit?' 'No,' says she, 'and I'm afear'd that some harm has come to him. Oh, Tim, Tim, fwhy did you lind him that gun?' 'Don't be alarmed, ma'am,' says I, 'thryin' to give the crayture the courage I didn't feel. 'He'll turn up all right. I guess.' I couldn't bear to stand there watchin' her sufferin', so I left her, sayin' I was goin' down to the village to make inquiries. I met two or three min who'd been in the woods and asked thim if they'd seen anythin' av Casey, but they said no, so I wint home, feelin' that it was all over wid him.

"I couldn't ate any supper, and hung around the dure outside. The night was fine, wid a bright moon sailin' in and out among the clouds. I could hear an owl cryin' on the mountains, and it sounded like the banshee. Back'ards and for'ards I walked before the dure thryin' to console meself wid the pipe, but I felt too much like a murderer to dhraw consolation from anythin'. The widdy (Mrs. O'Rafferty, I mane), the kind sowl, kem out more than once to coax me in for a bite, but, 'No, ma'am,' says I, 'I don't deserve bite or sup. I don't deserve to live. It's afther murderin' me frind I am,' says I. Av course she knew all about it, so she only tould me to talk sinse and hope for the best.

"Along towards 9 o'clock just as the moon kem out from behind a cloud, I thought I seen a figure comin' up the road that looked like Casey, only it was half white. 'It's his ghost,' says I, and began to thrimble. In a minute the figure disappeared, as the moon wint behind a cloud. But whin the moon kem out agin I seen the figure not twinty yards away bearin' down on me. Me hair stood on ind, and I tried to cry out, but me vice failed me. Naythur could I stir from the spot where I was, but stood there like a man frozen stiff.

"Prisently up walks the figure and thin I knew it was Casey, sure enough. He had his coat off and carried me gun on his shoulder.

"'Good evenin', Tim,' says he, 'I've brought back your gun and thank you kindly. I had a grand day.'

"Whin I heard the sound av his vice I knew all was right, and me first impulse was to fling me arums around him, but I restrained meself, remimberin' the fright he gev me, and didn't show him any welkum.

"'Fwhy don't you spake?' says he.

"'I see no occasion,' says I, 'for a flow of language.'

"'You're mad,' says he, 'bekase I didn't bring you the goose?'

"'Fwhat goose?' says I.

"'The wild goose,' says he.

"'Oh, the wild goose,' says I. 'To be sure. I suppose the gun missed fire, or didn't carry far enough.'

"'None av your jibes, Tim,' says he, kind of sassy. 'If I didn't shoot the goose I did somethin' that mebbe our cilibrated woodsmen mightn't be alther doin'.'

"'And, musha, fwhat was that?' says I.

"'I got a wildcat,' says he. 'So there's for you, Tim Mulcahy.'

"'You got a wildcat,' says I. 'Shot her, you mane?'

"'No,' says he, 'I caught her!'

"'You caught her!' says I. 'Alive?'

"'Alive!' says he. 'But she tore the coat av me back.'

"'At this I thought the man had gone crazy.'

"'Casey,' says I, 'come into the light till I have a look at you.'

"We intered the house, where the widdy was sated at the fire wid a few av the boys. They all jumped up and shook hands wid Casey and congratulated him on his deliverance.

"'Fwhat the devil sort av a joke is this?' says he.

"I thought it proper to explain the situation to him, but he only seemed the more offended.

"'Tim,' says he, 'you're always thratin' me as if I was a kid, and I won't have it. Mebbe,' says he, scornful as you plaz, 'a kid could go into the woods and ketch a wildcat!'

"'Casey, me poor man,' says I, frekkened for him, 'you need to go to bed and rest. You'll feel betther to-morrow.'

"'Fwhat do you mane?' says he. 'Is it thryin' to gey you are?'

"Now, my idee was that he'd screwed up his courage and gone into the woods, where he seen a wildcat and got frekkened out av his sinses. So I determined to humor him.

"'Casey,' says I, thin, 'don't get excited. For fwhy should we gey you? Sure we're all your frinds. Tell us about the wildcat. How did you ketch her?'

"'Well,' says he, wid a snap, 'I overpowered her, if you want to know.' And not another word could we get out av him, except that the cat was at home in the chicken coop, where any one that liked could see her.

"Wid that he started for home and us afther him—the widdy comin', too, to comfort the poor wife, for we all thought the man was ravin' mad.

"Whin we rached the house, 'Hould on,' says Casey, till I get the lantern.' 'Now, Casey,' says I, 'fwhat's the use? We know the cat's there, so come along in like a good man and go to bed. In troth, you need a rest

afther your hard day thrampin' in the woods, not to spake av your encounter wid the cat.' 'But,' says he, 'I want yez to see for yourselves. I don't want no jokes about this matter hereafter.' 'Oh, all right,' says I, beginnin' to be a bit puzzled, 'get the lantern.'

"Fwhat could it all mane? It was ividint the man had caught somethin', but fwhat? Curiosity sayzed on us all.

"In a little while Casey returned with the lantern, and led us round to the back av the house, where the chicken coop was. Whin I stood fornist it me heart began to bate, but I took a long breath and tried to contrhol meself.

"'Hould down the light,' says I.

"Casey held down the light and there in the corner av the coop was a cat sure enough—but such a cat—the misherablest lookin' object—mere skin and bone and all covered wid scratches and mud.

"'Oh, dear, oh, dear!' says I. 'The poor crayture!'

"'Let me look,' says the widdy, who'd hung back, afear'd.

"I made way for her, and took the light from Casey. As soon as the widdy put her face to the coop the cat jumped up and began to me-aw and rub her sides agin the wires.

"'The saints presarve us!' cried the widdy, claspin' her hands. Thin lookin' up at Casey, says she: 'Mr. Casey, did I undershtand you to say that you overpowered that cat?' 'Yis, ma'am,' says he. 'Thruly,' says she, 'you're a wonderful hunter.' 'Fwhat do you mane, ma'am?' says he, misdoubtin' her accent. 'I mane,' says she, 'that you've overpowered me poor auld Tom that's been lost in the woods and is as tame—as tame as yourself, Mr. Casey,' says she.

"'You're mistaken, ma'am,' says he, but the bouldness had left his vice. 'Any cat that could fight like that must be wild!'

"'Fight like that!' cried the widdy, repatin' him. 'Gintlemn, look at the fighter! Mr. Casey,' says she, 'I'm tould you wint out gunnin' for wild geese. You're lucky that somebody didn't mistake you for one! Come, open the dure and let out me cat!'

"Poor Casey! I was his frind, and I felt sorry for him. But, Lord, boys, how we did laugh!"

And as Tim said this he leaned back in his chair and laughed reminiscently.

"I suspicion," said Jake, "der ket followed Casey home?"

"I never could find out," answered Tim. "It was always a sore subject wid Casey. But me thaory is, that Casey kem upon the cat ready to give up the ghost, as we say, and not doubtin' it was a wild one—for the man was as innocent as a child about everythin' pertainin' to the woods—not doubtin', I say, it was wild thought it a grand chance to redeem his riputation for havin' missed the geese, and so threw his coat over it and fetched it home. But it may be that you're right, Jake, and that Casey's a bigger liar than I thought. Anyhow, I'll freely admit that a gun, or a fishin' rod in the hands av a fool has a very demoralizin' effect."

"Ya, ya," assented Jake, with several wags of the head. "Dot remembers me, when I pelonged to der schuetzen verein——"

When Wirt, who had been all attention during Tim's story, heard his landlord beginning thus he promptly half filled his mouth with tobacco, stretched out his feet and leaned his head on the back of his chair.

Tim also got into a more restful position, with his hands joined across his stomach, but in his civil way he remarked, though a little wearily, "Go on, Jake—I'm listenin'."

Jake immediately, with great earnestness and volubility, and a world of gesture, began to tell one of his stories about the immortal schuetzen verein. For ten or fifteen minutes he kept on, every minute becoming more absorbed and energetic; then he suddenly stopped short and observed his audience. Both were sound asleep.

Jake gave a snort of disgust.

"Werfe nicht deine Perlen vor die Schweine (cast not your pearls before swine)," he said, sententiously, and getting up went behind the bar.

A Bull Moose in Camp.

PORTLAND, Me., Dec. 11.—I was called from my camp one afternoon during my Maine vacation in October last by my guide, who was calling, "Get your camera." On going out upon the piazza I saw a good sized spikehorn bull moose, standing contentedly about forty yards from the door, between us and the river, in the position shown in the photograph. I went back into the camp, got my camera, set it up on the tripod on the piazza, focussed it, and made a two-second exposure, all the time expecting to see the subject make a break, and spoil my "sitting." But he acted as if he wanted another trial, and seemed in no hurry to leave. After a few minutes he turned deliberately, went through the bushes and down the bank as though intending to cross the river. Instead of so doing he returned and deliberately walked up to within twenty-five yards of the piazza where we were standing, undisturbed by our movements or conversation, or the antics of a couple of pet cats in the door yard. Having satisfied his curiosity, he strolled slowly down the tote road, occasionally stopping to look back. As down river was in the direction of possible danger for even so young a moose as he, my guide circled around to get in front of him and drive him back over the ridge behind the camp. This was finally accomplished only by much waving of hats and throwing of clubs, much as one might drive a neighbor's cow out of one's garden.

His behavior would not have been unusual in August, or even in early September, but for late October, in a region where there was much hunting of an extremely noisy variety it seemed a curious freak.

Had I been sure of his apparent willingness to contribute to the success of amateur photography, I might have been tempted to try for a profile, but I have no reason to find fault with such opportunity as I had. The day was lowering, with occasional rain, and the time about half-past two in the afternoon.

CHAS. D. SMITH.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Natural History

Wallihan's "Camera Shots" a Thing of Beauty.

I ARRIVED this Sunday morning from Chicago, and stopping at my office I found upon my desk a copy of Wallihan's "Camera Shots at Big Game," and took it home with me.

It is said of Stevenson's "Treasure Island" that the late Mr. Gladstone became so engrossed in its contents that he actually sat up the entire night until he had finished the book, refusing the entreaties of his family to "wait until to-morrow." And I'll wager it will so prove with every sportsman and lover of nature who peruses Wallihan's wonderful production. I certainly did my best to resist the alluring dinner signal and keep to my book, so engrossed was I in its pages, and I only laid down the work temporarily to keep peace in the family.

What the book cost the author in labor, patience and perseverance no one can ever know. The antlered halls of the mightiest of hunters can show no such trophies as Mr. Wallihan has brought down with his wonderful camera. The frontispiece may be called a masterpiece in wild animal photography. A cougar is photographed in mid air in the very act of springing from a tree at the man with the camera, actually landing within six feet of him! The gigantic cat, with tail standing straight up from the moving body, ears erect and front paws slightly extended, with claws set for a deadly embrace, gazes intently upon the object of its attack as it moves swiftly through the air.

What might have happened to "the artist on the spot" had not the pack of hounds given tongue the moment the animal left the tree to swiftly come upon the place where it alighted, I will not attempt to say, but certainly Mr. Wallihan's weapon of defense in the shape of a penknife would have availed him little. But the cougar feared the dogs and instantly forgot all about the man as it made tracks for the open, only to be overtaken by the hounds. Slipping in a new slide, Wallihan hurries to the fray, and got a snapshot when things were most interesting, and before the dogs had stretched their foe lifeless.

If a photographer ever succeeded in getting action and life upon a plate, Wallihan has in this photograph of a leaping cougar.

Theodore Roosevelt, who knows a thing or two about cougars, elk, bear, etc., writes the introduction. In speaking of hunting with the camera and in hunting with the rifle he says: "Of the two the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought." And when one sees the result of Mr. Wallihan's work he must admit that he possesses the above qualifications in almost unlimited quantities.

To attempt to describe the plates in the book seems almost sacrilegious. The eye and not words should be the medium.

"A surprised band" of deer in the open; another band of deer crossing the stream, "deer drinking," in fact, deer under any and every condition and surroundings are depicted upon these plates. "Deer crossing the river at night" makes one think of an etching by Rembrandt, with its deep shadows and faint reliefs.

Bucks in the velvet photographed in the cover, and bucks in all their antlered glory are shown.

"A hiding fawn" is depicted, and although every surrounding twig, branch and the tree trunk is photographed with most wonderful clearness, yet is the fawn far from being conspicuous. It takes a glance or two to locate the position of the strange object in the foreground, and then you can not swear that it is a fawn. When the mother doe warned it to go away back and lie down it certainly obeyed instructions.

When one considers that many exposures were made at a distance not exceeding twenty-five feet from the object, it is only natural to ask, "How did he do it?"

"A pair of elk" stand out so clearly upon the snow-covered incline 100 yards distant that one is tempted to try a shot at them. Another fawn has been caught by the camera hiding in the shallow growth. The timid animal lies there trembling, awaiting its fate, too frightened to run away.

Six hundred elk are shown upon the snow-covered plain. Then upon a hill several antelope stand out in bold relief against the sky line, and later on this same band of antelope seem to be curiously interested in the camera, for they are taken head on and not many yards away. A band of mountain sheep feeding upon the scanty growth upon the mountain side within easy shooting distance would seem to speak wonders in skill on Mr. Wallihan's part, when we appreciate the elusiveness of these animals. A mountain sheep, an old ram, not more than perhaps fifty yards away, again makes one marvel. I am skipping through the book, not attempting to notice every plate.

A cougar in a snow-clad tree is not found at first glance, but there he is, close up to the trunk of the tree and partly hidden by a protruding branch. And again we see Mr. Cougar perched in the topmost branches of a tree eying the hound that has climbed the tree and is but a few feet away. A cougar hound will follow its quarry even if it must climb a tree. Another cougar, surrounded by hounds, rests upon its haunches and yowls and spits, and the dogs hesitate about closing in.

A wildcat at the very top of a blasted tree and the hound a close second—the dog barking and the cat returning the compliment with snarls and hisses. More treed cougars not twenty feet away—in fact almost too natural and close, even in the photograph, to make the beholder comfortable. Mr. Wallihan either believed he was never intended for cougar bait or carried his nerve with him, to "get next" to these brutes as often as he did. Certainly these cougar pictures, because of the dangerous nature of the beasts, are great. A cougar may run from a dog and refuse to follow a man, but when you face a cornered cougar in a tree but twenty feet away, with nothing more deadly in the way of arms than a camera, accidents are likely to happen. At least the average man unfamiliar with cougars might be pardoned for so thinking.

The last cougar plate makes one think of the Lion of Lucerne. In a recess upon a ledge in the rocky cliff reposes a monster cougar—he having taken refuge there after a long run in front of the hounds. If the camera did not portray so true to life, and did not so clearly delineate every curve and line of the live and breathing animal, one might imagine the animal had been carved, like the Lucerne example, out of the solid stone.

In writing this hurried sketch I feel that I have done almost an injustice to Mr. Wallihan's masterpieces, that should be seen and not described in words. But what is writ is wrote, and Mr. Wallihan must take the will for the deed and accept my best wishes and many thanks for the pleasure his work has given me.

CHARLES CRISTADORO.

Game Bag and Gun.

Pictures.

March 5-19, 1902.—Eighth Annual Show of the National Sportsmen's Association at Madison Square Garden, New York.

The Last Day of the Season.

THE season is over, and as we sit chained to our desk many pleasant memories enliven the dreary hours—the last day of the season, when we were on some of our favorite ground with our grouse-shooting partner, with whom we have been afield for twenty-one consecutive falls. As we climb the steep hill among the laurels and hemlock we enjoy each other's companionship and the ever unfolding view as we go higher and higher. Across the hilltop and down into the woods of the next valley seems but a few moments, although it is nearly an hour's walk.

Separating, we lay out the hunt, and shortly the guns are popping, and in most instances the grouse are disappearing unharmed, and the little gray rabbit that "boused" out with such energy before the dog, is still running in spite of the charge of shot which tore up the ground behind his little white flag. Getting together at the top of the next ridge, our chum has a chance to see us miss a beautiful right-quartering shot on an old cock grouse, which was so startled by our presence that he cackled like a young bird as he rose. A long tramp through brush and old slashing demonstrated our already strong belief that the grouse were all in the beech woods. Crossing the valley and well up to the head of the draw a hill of beech and hemlock is sighted, for which we immediately start. As we approach the woods an old grouse slips off a log, makes a short flight into the woods and one of the dogs is not to be found; but after calling him some time, the old grouse flies back, and alights in the thicket from which he was originally started, and the wayward dog, shamefacedly, returns. We now think we have the old fellow, and while the chum goes on the outside I crawl into the hemlock thicket and boost him out; but as chum touches the trigger the grouse makes a sudden dart to the left and is safe for another season. The depression of an occurrence like this is only heightened by our missing a splendid chance as a grouse rose from the wood road and took it high above the timber.

It is now time for lunch, and as this is one of the features of our day afield, we begin preparations. The first requisites are the dead and dried lower limbs of a live hemlock. The finer twigs are easily lighted, and the larger branches burn down into beautiful coals, over which we toast the sandwich. If the weather is cold, get a big piece of hemlock bark and warm it well, and you will find that it makes a most delightful seat and far superior to a cold and damp log. The cheerful little fire, the perfect companionship and the soothing effect of the liberal sandwich, topped off by a small cigar, drive away the pang of the many misses of the forenoon, and after a half hour of pleasant chat, we again go forth to battle. The afternoon is only a repetition of the morning, a good number of birds and very bad shooting; but even this cannot destroy the pleasure of the woods, the delight in the work of the dogs and the never-ceasing charm of congenial companionship, so that the homeward ride with four grouse under the seat is not one of depression. One old cock grouse's crop was so much distended that we opened it and found fifty-seven beech-nuts, one checkerberry, two unknown seeds and a quantity of torn-up leaves of the bishop cap.

So the season has closed, and we have finished with thirty-four grouse, which brings us within the absurd legal limit. In all seriousness, what earthly good is a law of limit? It only restricts the law-abiding sportsmen from the full enjoyment of the grouse season and leaves more to be shot by the market-hunter, which seems to us is protection which does not protect. I am heartily in favor of the non sale of game, and would also like to see an open season of all small game from Sept. 15 to Dec. 15, and have no game in season outside of these dates.

UNCLE JOSH.

Adirondack Deer.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I visited the Adirondack country again last fall as customary for the past twenty-five seasons. Since my return have noticed in FOREST AND STREAM two articles relating to the hunting of and preservation of deer in that section, the writers giving their ideas as to the proper laws to be enacted for the game's preservation.

The first article advocates that the open season should commence Aug. 15 and close Oct. 31; jacking to be allowed the latter half of August, hounding allowed from Sept. 25 to Oct. 15, only bucks to be killed before the hounds; and offers the following in support of above suggestions: "It would suit many who believe in hounding. Would give opportunity for selection of bucks and sparing of does; would suit the still-hunter by giving him the best of the season; would lessen the liability of the accidental shooting of men in the woods, etc." The

writer of the second article does not advocate the justice in jacking or hounding deer; he thinks the open season too long, and if deer are not to be exterminated the season must be closed on Oct. 31, as the principal slaughter occurs on snow in November.

Now, in relation to the first article, I do not believe jacking and hounding of deer would tend to their preservation. Nearly every State north of the fortieth degree of latitude has passed laws prohibiting the use of dogs in hunting deer, for the simple reason that venison killed before the hound is of a very inferior quality; that it is run and killed in warm weather, when a majority of it spoils, or must be disposed of so quickly as to be of little use to anyone. Up to date no State where the general dogging of deer has been allowed has a record of deer ever holding their own, and much less of their ever increasing in numbers. We cannot believe that the people's representatives of twenty odd States and Territories of the North have misunderstood the sad effects of hounding deer.

In relation to the second article, that the hunting on snow in November is sure to annihilate the deer in the Adirondacks, we may ask, if such is the case, why has it not had that effect in the State of Maine? The open season there extends to the 15th of December, one month later than in this State, notwithstanding its more northern latitude and earlier snows to hunt upon. I think the Maine game law a very just one, for the reason that the open season on deer commences Oct. 1 instead of Aug. 15.

Again, the does at that time are thin in flesh and not in suitable condition (aside from furnishing sustenance to the fawn) to be of much value, when, if left to be hunted in October or November, would have weaned their fawn and been in presentable shape for slaughter.

I am also convinced that summer hunting is at best attended with many lost deer that are not recovered by the hunter, for the reason that they frequently cannot be traced on dry leaves more than a few yards from where they were shot because of their not bleeding or by mixing their tracks with others. Page 407 of FOREST AND STREAM gives an account of hunters in New Brunswick shooting sixteen moose and failing to recover eleven of them. Who can doubt that had that party hunted on snow instead of bare ground they would have secured ten or twelve moose instead of five? The trails could easily have been traced; even taken and followed the next day.

The writer of the second letter also figures out that there were 1,200 and odd does killed and shipped out of the Adirondacks last season, which was in excess of the increase. Now, we have at least 12,000 square miles of timber lands suitable for deer lying within the eight northeast counties of this State. If we cut this tract up into townships of six miles square, we have 333 1-3 townships, and allowing only ten deer to the township, we have 3,333 deer, consisting of, say, 1,333 bucks and 2,000 does, which is a very low estimate. If such be the case, can there be a reasonable doubt that at the rate they are being killed the destruction will not deplete the yearly increase?

OLD SHEKARRY.

MANCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 14.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I hope that our lawmakers for this State will cut down the deer season. Make it the month of October for open season; law otherwise as it is now.

We had to go back further to find deer this season. Where they were plenty last year and year before, there was scarcely a deer this year. Anyway, the last two weeks should be cut out, if we hope to save deer for future hunters.

E. G. SMITH.

The Massachusetts Season.

WAKEFIELD, Mass., Dec. 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* All good gunners have their guns all cleaned and laid away, as it is now close season. There is one excuse for one to be found out now, and that is for the "rabbit" shooter. For the good legitimate rabbit hunter I have the highest respect, as that category many times takes in some of our old sportsmen who are too old to tramp for birds; but we have others who call themselves rabbit hunters who use a ferret, and another class which goes out in a party of six or eight Frenchmen and two hounds, one man armed with a single-barrel gun, the others carrying shovels, iron bars, an old bag and an axe, and perhaps a stick of dynamite, so that no rabbit escapes which takes to its burrow, whether it is in the earth or a ledge.

More or less game birds are shot by these off-season hunters, and the rabbit and squirrel law should conform with the game birds—that is up to Dec. 1.

For my part, I would rather have the law run up to Dec. 15 and commence two weeks earlier. Everybody was finding broods of little chipping quail on Oct. 1. I was chained to business this fall, so I only got out once, but had a good day then.

My Danvers friends all have had a great time shooting this fall, and they say there are many birds left over. I heard of one large flock of quail being seen on the last day of the open season. There are favorable reports on Mongolian pheasants. One man says "he would bet he started over fifteen one day."

Cold weather struck in early here and froze up all the lakes, and the ducks have gone. The black ducks are probably stopping along our coast, where thousands can be seen at dawn of day taking their flight to the open sea. They feed on the river flats and marshes during the night.

The boys are trapping many muskrats and minks in our brooks.

I was glad to see that O. D. Foulks, of Stockton, Md., had his "ad" in FOREST AND STREAM. I was down to his home last spring. He and his family are most agreeable people to be with; they have a good house, and it is situated in just the location for a shooter's delight, and the decoys and sink box and all the other traps to entertain the shooter were there. I saw more ducks and geese while there than I had ever seen before. There had been a big storm, and it drove them along. Of course you can't expect a flock of geese to alight in the door yard every morning, but from what I saw it is one of the best of places for ducks.

JOHN W. BARRITT.

Looking Back.

HERE is something from the Indianapolis News, which O. H. Hampton likes so much that he would like to see it in "Our Paper":

The charm of living is not what it used to be, sighed Assistant District Attorney J. J. M. LaFollette. When I was a boy there was not such an everlasting chase for money as there is now. In Jay county, where I was brought up, we had the big woods all about us; the tinkle of the cowbell was music to us; the bark of the squirrel was an invitation to tramp through the woods where the air was unsullied by the coal smoke; in those days, too the red fox, the prettiest animal that we Hoosiers ever knew, ran for its life to the song of the baying hound.

I used to hunt for the cow that wore a tinkling bell, and I once saw my father stand in the woods and shoot nine squirrels out of trees before he picked any of them up. One of my neighbors was a man who had grown in size, but still retained his youthful heart. He used to come to our little country school-house at noon and play townball with us boys, and many a time have I tramped through the woods with this boyish man with guns on our shoulders and dogs at our heels.

This grownup playmate and I had located the lair of a red fox in the woods. It was in a large tree that had grown in a reclining position, instead of straight up in the air. Far up the trunk there was a cozy opening, large enough for the fox, and there the animal had taken up his abode. The neighbor and I went to the tree one day to rout out Mr. Fox. My neighbor had his dog at his heels and my dog followed me. We routed the fox out of his den.

My, but he was a beauty, and how he could run! As he bounded through the air to the earth we gave a shout to the dogs. Instead of starting for the fox, the dogs supposed we had "sicked" them on each other. One made a lunge for the other, and a genuine dog fight, instead of a fox hunt, began. We could see the red fox running for his life across the woods—running from the sheer joy of leaping through the air, as well as to save his richly-tinted coat of fur. The two animals that had been at our heels continued their battle at the foot of the tree, and from that day to this there has never been such a dog fight in Jay county.

The Quail Shoot of Gov. Durbin's Party.

FOUNTAIN CITY, Ind., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A few weeks ago Gov. Durbin, Attorney-Gen. Taylor and Ernest H. Tripp, who is the father of Indiana's excellent game law, went to Scottsburg, Ind., for a few days' sport with the quail. At that point they were joined by Postmaster John Martin and Mr. James Craig. They found the birds in fairly good numbers, and five guns managed to bag sixty-two quail the first day. On their return to town a reporter for the Indianapolis News asked after their luck, and was told that the party had bagged sixty-two quail. The paper contained a notice of the trip, and stated that the five men had bagged one hundred and sixty-two quail in one day. Owing to the prominence of the gentlemen composing the party and the extraordinary size of the bag reported, and which was considerably in excess of the legal limit of twenty-four birds in one day, the article was extensively copied by the newspapers of the State, and is being commented on quite freely by some of the sportsmen who have heard nothing but the newspaper version of the case, the general tendency of these comments being, that these gentlemen who are the heads of the executive and law-making departments of the State Government, are setting a mighty poor example to their fellow citizens.

The facts are that the party killed just sixty-two quail, and did extraordinary well to get so many as that. There is not a man of the party that is not too much of a good citizen and true sportsman to violate the game laws, and I feel that it would undo part of the mischief if the facts were laid before the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

O. H. HAMPTON.

Springfield Men in Maine.

C. E. WHIPPLE, F. R. Swan, C. H. McKnight and E. M. Wilkins, of this city, and Warner Holt, of Boston, have returned from an enjoyable stay of two and a half weeks at John F. Haynes' island camp in Alligator Lake, Hancock county, Me. They secured four deer and a black bear, and the latter (shot by Mr. Whipple), with their two smaller deer, is now displayed at A. S. Hendrick's market on South Main street. Snow fell soon after the party reached camp, and when they started for home there was from 15 to 18 inches of it on the ground. A trip to Alligator Lake involves a drive of thirty-five miles from either Bangor or Ellsworth, followed by a five-mile tramp from the little village of Great Pond, where the wagon road ends. Mr. Whipple has visited this camp nearly every year for the past seventeen years, and other Springfield men have been frequent guests there.—Springfield Republican, Nov. 28.

North American Association.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., Dec. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual meeting of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association is hereby called, to be held at the Van Ness House, Burlington, Vt., Jan. 22, 1902, at 11 o'clock A. M. It is probable that the business of this meeting will require a two days' session.

JOHN W. TITCOMB, President.

Sea and River Fishing.

Proprietors of fishing resorts will find it profitable to advertise them in FOREST AND STREAM.

J. S. Van Cleef.

(From The Poughkeepsie Eagle, Dec. 20.)

ALTHOUGH in some measure prepared for such an ending by observing the increasing weakness of one whose unconquerable will kept him in active business as long as strength remained, yet the people of this city were startled when they learned that J. S. Van Cleef had passed suddenly away at his home on Thursday afternoon. Some two or three years ago he had a severe attack of influenza or grip, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. A second attack followed, which further shattered his health, and from that time there had been a general and gradual breaking down till the enfeebled heart ceased to beat. For several months past Mr. Van Cleef had been at his office only occasionally, and his last visit was just two weeks ago. Since then, however, he continued to attend to business, giving directions to his assistants at his house. On Thursday afternoon, Mr. John R. Keech, who has for several years been a clerk in the office, visited him for the purpose of consultation, and finding him in bed, went with Mrs. Van Cleef to his side. He failed to answer when she spoke to him, and they immediately perceived that he was in an alarming condition, and telephoned for Dr. R. K. Tuthill, who came in a very few minutes, but too late to render any assistance, as Mr. Van Cleef breathed his last before his arrival.

James Spencer Van Cleef was born at Athens, in this State, on the first of August, 1831, so that he was a little over seventy years of age. He was descended from one of the oldest Dutch families in America, and one whose lineage is traced far back in Holland and Germany. Jans Van Cleef, the first settler of the name in this country, came from Holland to New Utrecht, Long Island, in 1659, and was a delegate to the provincial assembly of New Amsterdam under the old Dutch Governor, Peter Stuyvesant, at the time when measures of defense against the English were under consideration. The descendants of Jans Van Cleef settled near New York, most of them in New Jersey, and there the late Rev. Cornelius Van Cleef, father of J. S. Van Cleef, spent his boyhood and was educated for the ministry. After completing his studies he became pastor of a church at Athens, removing thence to New Hackensack, in this county, in 1833. At New Hackensack he preached for thirty-three years, and then came to this city, where he spent the last years of his life.

J. S. Van Cleef, who came to this county with his father at a very early age, was educated in this city, fitted for college on College Hill, and completed his academic studies at Rutgers College. He studied law in New York, and was admitted to practice there, but came to this city in 1858 and has been for more than forty years one of our most active and successful lawyers. His partners have been Hon. Mark D. Wilber, now of Brooklyn; Samuel W. Buck, now principal of Lyndon Hall school, and his son, Henry H. Van Cleef, but for the greater part of his career here he has practiced his profession alone. Many important estates, and interests involving large amounts, were committed to his care, and he had a wide reputation as one of the most reliable and painstaking lawyers in the State.

The only public office he ever held was that of commissioner of schools, and at the time of his retirement from the board of education he was its oldest member, having a record of a longer service than any other. It is doubtful if any other man has in the history of our public school system contributed so much to its development and efficiency. Besides this, he was a man of active public spirit, one of the founders of the Young Men's Christian Association, a prominent member of the Second Reformed Church, and a hearty laborer for the welfare of the city. His chief amusements were fishing and music. He was a fine amateur organist, and for years played regularly in one of the Reformed churches. As an enthusiastic angler and an authority on fish he was known all over the country. Two or three of the angling clubs of the Catskill and Shawangunk region were founded by him, and he was a leading member in the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game. He was also the author of the general State game and fish law passed in 1895, and with some modification still in operation.

Mr. Van Cleef married Harriet Mulford Howell, of Sag Harbor, L. I., in 1862, and had three children. His wife, his son, Henry Howell Van Cleef, of this city, and one daughter, Mrs. Walter M. Jones, of East Orange, N. J., survive him.

A Maine Freshet.

"WHEN the ice is out," finishes the statutory limit of the close time on trout, landlocked salmon, etc., in most Maine waters. Boston anglers watch anxiously for this event, but the great freshet in Maine and New Hampshire played them a surprise the other day. Many of the lakes and ponds cleared of ice—something almost unheard of in December. Word was jokingly passed around among the anglers Monday and Tuesday that "the ice is out." But no great enthusiasm was created, since the rods and reels must lie idle for four of five months longer. But an interesting question arises: Could one have legally fished in the Maine waters on such a going out of the ice? At the most it could have been but a day, for zero weather has closed the waters again, doubtless till springtime.

The freshet also had the pickerel fishermen at a disadvantage. The warm days, Saturday and Sunday—we don't like to say that the boys fished on Sunday, but they did—started the pickerel fishermen. They thought they would have their hooks set till Monday, and then visit them again. Alas! the ice was gone on Monday; and with it the tip-ups, the lines, the hooks and any fish that were caught over Sunday night. Some of the river fishermen had the satisfaction of seeing their whole rig-

ging floating down and out to sea, fast in big cakes of ice. Two of the Arlington boys, E. L. Rankin and W. H. Puffer, went fishing through the ice on the Concord River Saturday. They concluded to leave their hooks set over Sunday. Monday morning everything was gone down river—hooks, lines, flip-ups, fish and all. Some of the smelt fishers on the Maine rivers, who have their little fish houses on the ice and catch smelt under cover, right through the bottom of the house, had their houses washed out to sea. Some young men, fishing for live bait in one of the streams running into Lake Pennessewassee, Norway, Me., the other day, caught a landlocked salmon 27 inches in length and weighing 7 or 8 pounds. As the law does not permit of salmon being taken at this time of the year, the young men put the fish into a tub of water and took it down to the lake, where it was liberated through a hole in the ice. It is evident that the fish had gone up the stream to spawn and could not get down again, for the ice and low water. It frequently happens that landlocked salmon go up the small streams to spawn, and are caught, if the stream freezes over; since they go up streams so shallow that their back fins can be seen out of water. I saw a salmon several years ago on Rogers Brook, with its back fin out of water. It was struggling to get downstream over a pebbly bottom. It was late in November, and all the pools of the narrow stream were frozen over, with considerable ice on the stones and obstructions in the swift water. We lifted the salmon carefully and measured it with a pocket rule. It was 24 inches in length, and must have weighed 6 or 7 pounds. Its back fin was badly torn, either by the teeth of mink of the beaks and claws of owls. We carried it down over some obstructions toward Long Lake, one of the Sebago chain, and started it in smooth water, though under the ice, toward the lake. It was badly exhausted, and I doubt if it ever reached the lake, at least a mile below.

SPECIAL.

League of Salt Water Fishermen.

NEW YORK, Dec. 19.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the regular monthly meeting of the Protective League of Salt Water Fishermen, held at Wall's Hotel, 106 West Thirty-first street, on Dec. 18, President Baywood in the chair, the reports of delegates were very favorable. The Entertainment Committee reported that after a very lengthy debate on the subject of either holding an entertainment and ball or a stag, it was unanimously decided to drop the subject of the holding of any entertainment this coming winter. The committee, instead, decided to bring before the members in meeting assembled that they recommend that an appeal be issued by the League to its members as to ways and means of having funds enough raised for getting and maintaining their own League rooms. The following members of the committee were present: Messrs. T. Biedinger, chairman; A. Michaels, H. Kotzenberg, E. Flidner, A. E. Medard, L. Berge; B. Rightmire, absent. The committee was discharged with thanks for having rendered such a well-considered report.

A change was made in the by-laws. Instead of having a vacation—or, rather, having no meetings in the months of June, July and August, that was changed to provide that meetings shall be held every third Wednesday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. A committee of seven was appointed by the chair to issue an appeal to the members for the raising of funds to get and maintain our own League rooms, as recommended by the Entertainment Committee earlier in the evening. The committee consists of Messrs. T. Biedinger, H. Kotzenberg, F. Hochgraef, Sr., J. M. Wheeden, D. A. Nesbitt, J. Demand and G. Irish.

Then we had a great many fish stories. Seven new members were enrolled, among whom were the following: Messrs. John Harson Rhoades, president of the Greenwich Savings Bank; D. A. Glubit, M. D., and J. Schleuter. The attendance was not so great as it should have been, but then the holiday season is at hand. I wish all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and many happy returns.

T. BIEDINGER.

Chicago Fly-Casting Club.

THE Chicago Fly-Casting Club held its first dinner for the present close season Dec. 10. Addresses, papers and stories by members and guests of the club gave additional pleasure to the event. Mr. Edwin L. Harpham addressed the club on "Sportsmanship in General," and an exceedingly interesting story on "Black Bass Fishing in Pine Creek, Indiana," written by H. Wheeler Perce, of the club, was received with enthusiasm.

Mr. A. C. Smith was presented with the club cup for the highest general average of all the events for the season—viz.: 95.05 per cent.—and also with a gold medal for the highest average score in the delicacy bait event—viz.: 96.63 per cent.

N. C. HESTON, Secretary.

Portrait of Fred Mather.

WAKEFIELD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* How I miss the writing of Fred Mather. I have several personal letters that were sprinkled with humor and merriment. He also sent me one of his photos. A few days since I hung it up and copied it with my camera and got a very good negative. If any of his old friends of the FOREST AND STREAM want one I will be pleased to print one gratis. I am only a sportsman camerist, and they may not be quite as fine as might be.

JOHN W. BABBITT.

The Kennel.

Many Asked About the Dog.

DANBURY, Conn., Dec. 9.—I have a great many letters coming concerning the dog I advertised in FOREST AND STREAM last week.

CHARLES F. BROCKEL.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

DON'T SHOOT

Until you see your game, and
see that it is game and
not a man.

Canoeing.

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Official organ, FOREST AND STREAM.

'Mid Reef and Rapid.—XXXII.

BY F. R. WEBB.

With all our skill and address, we were most unmercifully knocked and banged about by the heavy, rough water among the reefs of this half mile, which we managed to work through, reef at a time, by making a shoot as it offered, and then lying by in some friendly lee to figure out the next shoot, now pitching head first over a 4ft. fall into the big, yeasty waves at the bottom; again making a long cellar-door slide down the long, sloping face of a reef, anon bringing up with a terrific smash against the ledges, in some unpromising shoot that we were obliged to take as the best that offered.

The water was over the floor boards in my canoe, and the others were no better off. Evidently the tough canvas skins of our poor, abused canoes were succumbing to the fatal rocks, but if the boats would only hold together fifteen minutes more, we would pass out of the Shenandoah into the Potomac, and the cruise would be ended. Several times I threw open my 'midship hatch to see if the whole bottom of my canoe was not smashed in, but the boat still seemed to be holding together, and I determined to stick to it as long as it would stick to me.

Finally, one last landing to reconnoiter, one last plunge over the crest and down the face of one of the largest and riskiest reefs of all, with desperate paddling to secure the proper sharp twist to the left at the bottom, to avoid a fatal smash on the rocks, a cellar-door slide of over 20ft. down a long, sloping ledge, a fierce, rough shoot at the bottom, with the big waves smashing into spray over our decks and drenching our faces and shoulders, and our keels crunching ominously on the hidden reefs, a dizzying swing around, bow up stream, in the eddy at the bottom, a sharp side thrust with the paddles (whose ends and edges were frayed into splinters) against a mass of rock as big as a town lot, which loomed up high above our heads, to keep the canoes from being crushed like egg shells in a sidewise collision against the saw-tooth-like edges of the rock, then a sharp pitch down a steep little shoot and the thing was done, and nothing lay between us and the Potomac but a couple of hundred yards of swift, deep water, free from rocks and reefs.

Just as the 6 o'clock whistles were blowing and the workmen at work on a steam hoisting scow, anchored in midstream of the Potomac, alongside of a pier of the new railroad bridge in course of construction by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad people just above their great bridge over this stream, were knocking off work for the night, they were greatly surprised—and with one accord stopped to stare—at the quiet appearance of three small boats of novel and peculiar shape and build, each occupied by a disreputable looking man, who paddled up from under the middle of the railroad bridge, while, without a word, the three boats were laid alongside each other, a glass and a suspicious looking flask produced from somewhere and the trio solemnly proceeded to pledge each other.

That was us. We had finished the cruise and had arrived.

We were all thoroughly tired out with our afternoon's work; indeed, the day's run for the last six or seven miles being incomparably the most arduous and difficult part of the cruise; it took us from two o'clock until six to make the two and a half miles from Bull's Falls to the Potomac; and, although we had intended to paddle back up the Shenandoah one hundred yards or so, and camp under Loudoun Heights for the night, just across from Harper's Ferry, so that we could pack next morning and drop across the river to the freight depot, to which ignominious resting place the canoes were to be consigned, we were far too exhausted to think of stemming the strong tide that came rolling down that gorge. So we listlessly drifted back down under the railroad bridge, into the waters of the Shenandoah, which shot swiftly far out into the broad bosom of the Potomac, and leisurely paddled across, and finally made a landing on the flat, sun-baked reefs on the banks of the Potomac, under the shadow of the majestic mountain peak where the Blue Ridge breaks off to give passage to the river, a couple of hundred yards or so below the mouth of the Shenandoah. Here we drew up and unpacked our battered, leaking canoes; sponged the water out of them, and carried them into position for the night, and put the tents up over them; and after dry clothes and a good, substantial, hot supper, we felt much better.

Our location was a picturesque one, lying, as we did, fairly inside the portals of the world-famous gorge. To our left Loudoun Heights towered aloft in tree-clothed majesty 1,000 feet or so toward the clouds. Across the broad Potomac, whose flat, still waters were completely

obscured by gigantic masses of rock—the debris of the scooped out mountain chain—standing high above the surface, the bare cliffs of Maryland Heights reared their beetling frontlets nearly as high; while in front, in the angle formed by the two rivers, with the bridges stretching their steel lace-work gracefully across the foreground, Harper's Ferry nestled at the foot of Bolivar Heights, up whose mountainous side the houses and churches straggled.

Our camp was a singularly noisy one. Just opposite us the railroad company were boring a tunnel through a projecting angle of Maryland Heights, the better to approach their new bridge, also in course of construction, and the work was being prosecuted night and day. And the coughing engines, the clang of locomotive bells, the screech of steam whistles and the thunderous, earth-shaking blasts from the tunnel, were the last sounds that assailed our ears before we fell asleep and the first to greet us in the morning. We were too tired to take notice of such trifles as these, however, and our sleep was not particularly disturbed by the infernal din.

I was out next morning some little time ahead of the boys, and shaved, rearranged my clothes-bag, dressed for the trip home and packed my canoe while they were still enjoying their morning nap. There was no hurry—our train did not leave for home until one o'clock that afternoon—so I let them sleep.

While I was pottering around my canoe, putting things to rights, one of the waterside characters always to be found in river towns, pulled up alongside in his boat and disembarked; and after his curiosity had been satisfied concerning our boats and the trip, he told me that we could easily have avoided all of the last mile of falls and reefs if we had slipped under the head gates at the pulp mill dam, up below Bull's Falls, and had come down the canal to the pulp mill; and that by carrying around the mill—which is built directly over the canal—and launching the canoes in the canal again, below the mill, we would have had perfectly smooth sailing from Bull's Falls to the Potomac. Indeed, at a lower stage of water, no other course is practicable, for the pulp mill then absorbs all the water in the river, and the mile of reefs and falls is then almost entirely dry and bare of water; and not navigable for any sort of boat, however small and light.

After a farewell breakfast of bacon, eggs, potatoes and onions and coffee, the camp was photographed and struck, the canoes packed, and, in due time, hauled across the bridge over the Shenandoah (at a rate of toll sufficient to buy the bridge had we crossed a few times more), and deposited in the freight office.

From the exorbitant rates of carriage charged us, it is evident that the laboring population of Harper's Ferry do not often get a chance at unsuspecting strangers; and when they do, they feel in duty bound to make the most of the opportunity. At any rate, our experience here, in this respect, was such that we vowed, should we ever be unfortunate enough to end a cruise at Harper's Ferry again, we would camp on the Loudoun side of the Shenandoah, above the Potomac; and, after breaking camp, paddle across to the town and hire a couple of darkies at fifty cents apiece to carry the boats up to the freight depot for us, or carry them ourselves, rather than again fall into the hands of the Harper's Ferry wagoners.

Before packing our canoes we stowed away our worn and dingy canoeing habiliments, and attired ourselves in something more presentable, in which we looked a shade less disreputable; and after the boats were off our hands we took a stroll, in company with the kodak, around the quaint, picturesque environs of the village; and climbed up the shoulders of rugged old Bolivar Heights through the little, alley-like streets cut in terraces in the solid rock, until, climbing Jefferson's rock, we were rewarded with the sublime view which people have crossed the continent, and even the ocean, to gaze upon. Far away in front, and hundreds of feet below us, the whitened waters of the Potomac, dashing and surging among the obstructing rocks and ledges, flashed their foam-crests in the sun, as they made their way through the great rent in the solid mountain chain; while at our feet, and from far up the defile at our right, the "Beautiful Daughter of the Stars" came smiling and dancing down her mountain gorge to greet her lord and master in a glad embrace. The densely wooded heights of Loudoun smiled down upon us from their superior elevation on the other side, the while her trees and bushes gently swayed their branches to the caressing touch of the breeze, and the shimmering leaves displayed every conceivable shade of living green. Across the broad Potomac, on the other side of the marvellous gateway, the bare, perpendicular cliffs of Maryland shone warm and bright in the glare of the morning sun. At our feet the houses and spires of the village nestled; and from the principal business street, in whose center, hundreds of feet below us, a rock lightly tossed would have fallen, the hum of traffic, mingled with the ceaseless murmur of the waters, fell drowsily upon our ears.

We looked long and lingeringly upon the sublime prospect spread out before us, and then descended the steep mountain point, down the flights of irregular steps, cut out of the living rock and worn smooth and uneven by the tread of generation after generation of sight-seers, and regretfully took our seats in the train and were whirled swiftly and smoothly back up the valley, down which we had so deliberately and laboriously worked our way; and our long, adventurous, delightful cruise—the great cruise of '93—was a thing of the past.

I say delightful advisedly; for while it had its discomforts, trials, and actual perils, the pleasant memories of beautiful and imposing mountain and river scenery, glorified by the bright, golden, autumn sunshine, whose alterations of lights and shades on mountain spurs and mirror-like reaches were exquisite in effect. Of long, shady reaches of still water, mirroring the bluffs and headlands; of exhilarating, rushing rapids, where every nerve was thrilled and every resource brought into play; of imposing mountain views and lovely pastoral glimpses; of pleasant, companionable days and nights in camp; of the unrecorded, every-day enjoyable features which made up the greater part of the cruise, will linger in our minds with an ever-increasing fragrance long after the trials and perils and inevitable petty discomforts will have been forgotten.

Yachting.

Designing Competition.

IN view of the continued and increasing interest in yachting, a designing competition will be opened in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM. In America the yachting season is comparatively a short one, and such a competition as has been determined upon will serve to stimulate the interest in the subject during the winter months. The competition is open to both amateur and professional designers. Three prizes will be given for the best designs of a yacht conforming to the following conditions:

- I. A pole mast sloop.
- II. 25ft. load waterline.
- III. Not over 4ft. draft (with centerboard hoisted).
- IV. At least 50 per cent. of ballast outside on keel.
- V. 5ft. headroom under cabin carlins.

All abnormal features must be studiously avoided in the design; and the construction, sail and cabin plans should be of the simplest character. It was our idea in laying out the conditions of the competition to make them simple as possible, so as not to hamper in any way the designer, and yet convey to all that we wished to produce a safe, comfortable cruiser on which two or three amateurs could live with comfort for a period of two or three months and cruise along our eastern seaboard from New York to Halifax with safety. A centerboard boat of moderate draft was decided upon, as so many more harbors would be accessible to a boat of that type.

DRAWINGS REQUIRED.

- I. Sheer plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.—showing center of buoyancy and lateral resistance.
- II. Half breadth, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- III. Body plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- IV. Cabin plan, scale 1in. = 1ft.
- V. Sail plan, 1/4in. = 1ft., showing center of effort.

The sails should consist of a jib, mainsail, spinnaker and balloon jib. No topsail will be carried. A table of offsets and an outline specification must accompany each design. The drawings should be carefully drawn and lettered. All drawings should be made on white paper or tracing cloth in black ink (no colored inks or pigments should be used). The designs must bear a nom-de-plume only and no indication must be given of the author. In a sealed envelope, however, the designer should inclose his own name and address, together with his nom-de-plume. All designs must be received at the office of the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York City, not later than February 28, 1902. All drawings will be returned, but postage should accompany each.

The FOREST AND STREAM reserves the right to publish any or all the designs.

The prizes offered are as follows: 1st prize, \$25.00; 2d prize, \$15.00; 3d prize, \$10.00. Mr. Theodore C. Zerega offers an additional prize of \$10.00 for the best cabin plan. Honorable mention will also be made of meritorious designs.

Mr. Clinton H. Crane, of the firm of Messrs. Tams, Lemoine & Crane, has kindly consented to judge the designs and make the awards. Mr. Crane's professional standing is so high that he needs no introduction, and every confidence will be put in his ability and fairness.

1901 MARKS the fiftieth anniversary of the winning of the America's Cup, and the year was duly observed and commemorated by three international events. The races for the America's Cup between Sir Thomas Lipton and the New York Y. C.; the match for the Canada's cup between the Royal Canadian Y. C. and the Chicago Y. C.; and the match for the Seawanhaka cup between Mr. Lorne C. Currie, of the Island Y. C., Cowes, and the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal. On the other side there were two boats interested in the big race—Shamrock I. and Shamrock II. On this side there were three boats—Columbia, Constitution and Independence. It was no easy matter for Shamrock II. to beat the old Shamrock, and many considered the older craft the faster of the two. In the Clyde trials Shamrock I. had not been recently scrubbed, the water was smooth, and besides her unsatisfactory sails, she had much heavier fittings throughout than did the new boat. With all these handicaps Shamrock, and many considered the older craft the faster this side of the water the results were very great surprises. The two boats, Constitution and Independence, of which so much was expected, made but an indifferent showing, while Columbia, in peerless form, outclassed both the former. Constitution, while an improvement in design over Columbia, could not be gotten into shape, and with her imperfect sails was a most inconsistent performer. In Independence Crowninshield turned out a wonderful boat, considering that it was his first attempt at a go-footer. This boat proved, as had already been demonstrated in the smaller classes, that the scow type of boat does not show up to advantage in light airs. In a breeze over a triangular course Independence was a match for either of her competitors. Her erratic owner, however, and the exceedingly unwise management of the boat operated constantly against her, and the general feeling among the most expert yachtsmen is, that justice was never done her, and now that she has been broken up, her real qualities will never be known.

The results of the final races for the America's Cup

are too well known to need repetition, but it was a splendid victory for Barr, and to him alone is due the credit of defending the Cup. Shamrock showed wonderful speed, and had it not been that Barr was in charge of Columbia and for errors made on Shamrock, the English boat would have had at least one race to her credit. It was the first time that the Cup had really been in danger.

The races on the Great Lakes for the Canada's cup brought out a great deal of interest, and it served to show how strong a foothold yachting now has in that part of the country. The challenger was designed by Sibbeck, of Cowes, but was built in Canada on the shores of Lake Ontario. Seven boats were built to enter the races for the selection of a defender. Cadillac was selected, a boat designed and built by Hanley, of Quincy Point, Mass., who also designed and built Genesee, the successful challenger of two years before. The two boats were of widely different types, Invader being a keel boat, while Cadillac was a centerboard. The result of the races was due in a great measure to the skipper of Invader, Mr. Emilius Jarvis, who is perhaps the cleverest amateur in Canada, and the cup is now back in Toronto.

The crushing defeat of Grey Friar by Senneville in the matches for the Seawanhaka cup showed how far in the rear the English are in the designing of the extreme scow type of boat in the small classes. Mr. Duggan, the designer of Senneville, a designer and boat sailer of wide experience in small craft, had the English boat beaten at any and every stage of the game.

For some time past it has been realized that there was no possibility for a challenge for the America's Cup for 1902. Now that the races for the Canada's cup have been postponed until 1903, there is only one international race in view for next season—the races for the Seawanhaka cup. Last summer the trial races for the selection of a defender and the final races for the America's Cup monopolized the attention of yachtsmen in general, and in consequence the smaller boats were ignored. There is little prospect that any of the 90ft. cutters will be put in commission next season. The racing between Ailsa, Navahoe and Vigilant was so satisfactory that there is a prospect of all these boats being out. Now that Quissetta has been sold, it is not definitely known whether she will be withdrawn from the ranks of the 75ft. schooner class. Muriel and Elmina will perhaps have to fight it out alone. The English cutters Isolda, Eelin, Senta and Hester will all be in commission, and good racing will be seen in this class, as well as in the new 60-rating one-design boats that are now being built from designs made by Messrs. Gardner & Cox. As yet no new orders have been placed for boats in the 51ft. class. Humma and Altair will be alone in this class, unless Huguenot finds a new owner. Last year this boat was not hung right, and it would be interesting if some keen racing man would buy her, put her overboard early in the season and experiment a little, just to see if there is anything in the scow type of boat in the larger classes. In the 43ft. class Dorwina and Effort will have a new competitor with which to try conclusions. From the 36ft. foot class down to the smaller boats few new orders have been placed; perhaps the new measurement rule has frightened prospective builders.

THE largest steam yachts that have ever been built either in England or America have been for Americans. When Lysistrata was built for Mr. James Gordon Bennett it was generally thought that a limit in size had been reached, but an order recently placed with Mr. George L. Watson by Mr. John R. Drexel proves that this was not the case. Mr. Watson has already designed two steam yachts for Mr. Drexel, namely, Margarita II. and Margarita III. The new yacht will be the largest and most sumptuous private vessel afloat. She will be 300ft. long on the waterline, 40ft. beam, with a tonnage of 2,500.

At the Herreshoff shops at Bristol, R. I., four of the Buzzard's Bay one-design 30-footers are finished and have been removed, and are now on the beach at Walker's Cove. The lead keel has been bolted on to the fifth boat. The sixth one is planked, and the seventh is in frame. The steam yacht building for Mr. Frederick Grinnell is all planked. She has long ends and low freeboard, and is expected to develop considerable speed.

Cape Horn.

BY PAUL EVE STEVENSON. AUTHOR OF A DEEP-WATER VOYAGE AND BY WAY OF CAPE HORN.

WITH the exception of a night passed within the Polar Circle, hardly any experience is so nerve-harassing as the westerly passage of Cape Horn in a sailing ship during the winter season. It is difficult to lay this fact to any one cause, for it is a combination of many perverse circumstances that actually unnerves the average person, be he shipmaster, seaman or mere passenger. Perhaps the principal reasons for this can be assigned to the absence of sunlight and to the intolerable humidity. At the 56th parallel of south latitude, the sun on June 21 has not a greater altitude than about 18 degrees; so that, even with the skies clear, the percentage of sun light during the twenty-four hours is exceedingly small. But the heavens in the vicinity of the Horn in winter are practically always obscured by thick clouds, which, during the advance of the snow squalls which roar up from the Antarctic, assume such a degree of obscurity as to turn midday to twilight. For weeks at a time the mariner must work his ship through these turbulent seas without aid from the celestial bodies, estimating the set of the powerful currents, which vary greatly with the violence and duration of the storms, and on a continual nervous tension lest during the night of nineteen hours he fall foul of the Diego Ramirez, a collection of crags which rises out of deep water fifty-six miles south-southwest of Horn Island. The excess of moisture in the atmosphere throughout the southern regions is the other great factor in the case, proving a powerful ally to the darkness in producing a peculiar debility which attacks the strongest constitutions. Indeed, so depressing is the result of the humidity and gloom south of the Antarctic Circle, that the effect upon the heart's action is most sinister, and death sometimes ensues from cardiac affection alone, vide "The Voyage of

the Belgica." This depression attacks every one on board a Cape Horn; and while of course not so severe as is experienced on a South Polar voyage, is such as to deplete the most able-bodied men, and continues until the ship reaches sunshine far to the northward of the celebrated cape.

Despite all of its vicissitudes, however, a Cape Horn voyage to the westward is pregnant with every factor that attracts the true lover of deep water, of which this world, though, contains but few examples. The very name of the promontory fills the heart with awe, and the memory unwittingly turns back to the ancient voyagers and to their extraordinary courage and endurance; to Magellan quelling the mutiny at Port St. Julian; to Anson's terrible voyage of storm and pestilence, and the struggles and privations of the immortal Cook. These are the men

"Who never see the ocean
But that they feel its hand
Clutch like a siren at the heart,
To drag it from the land."

There are yet some of the old breed left, a handful of men, so to speak, who still work their sturdy vessels around the stormy Cape, battered by the Southern Ocean's tempests; and there are also yet some in whom lies so ardent a fondness for blue water that they willingly abandon the continents for months at a time in order, as passengers, to witness nature's workings from the deck of a sailing ship. To such, no moment of a long passage is wearisome; every day contains some new joy or experience. First the northeast trades fair and fresh; then the majesty of the equatorial calms; the entrance into the Southern Hemisphere; the introduction to the Southern Cross; the fascination of the low latitudes. The sea lover all this time, though, has had before his mind the conquest of the Horn, with all its lore and tradition; and when the Magellan clouds begin to rise high in the sky, and the end of the southeast trades comes in a tempest blast from the River Plate, he experiences a sort of fierce satisfaction at the approach to the direful Horn. Down the bleak Patagonian coast the ship flies before the northerly winds that follow the southeast trades. The ship changes her garments from the dull gray clothes of the ancient fine-weather suit, to the glistening white of strong, brand-new canvas, to resist the icy gusts of the south; and by the time the grim Falklands are abeam, the skysail yards have been sent down and secured on top of the fore-castle house, relieving the ship of a ton's weight 160 feet from the fulcrum.

All unexpectedly one day the sweet northerly wind lets go, and for forty-eight hours the ship frequently lies quietly upon the surface of the ocean, the sails flap against the spars, and the skipper longs for his skysails. This is the moment, too, when the passenger asks the captain if this is what he calls Cape Horn weather, at which the crusty old fellow growls in his chest and mutters, and points to the long tube of mercury which has settled half an inch in half an hour. Then the nor'westers raise their song of wrath, and before long the dim coast of Tierra del Fuego heaves in sight, and for a couple of days the ship lies off and on under the lee of the land, for it is blowing a heavy sou' wester outside, the skipper says, and there would be no use in going out there to sag to leeward like a can buoy. So the big vessel head-reaches slowly along under the lower topsails in smooth water, though the puffs scream off the hills of Staten Sand, and the windward view is a square mile of lashing, snarling water. No one ever forgets the time he passes in the shadow of the mountains which constitute this iron-bound shore. How the gorges yawn inland, where the sea fumes against the ledges! How awful are the precipices which lean far out over the black boulders and fangs of rock, where the tide rips and whirlpools rage! And man holds his breath as the thick snow squalls, black and appalling, whelped far up in the mountains, come whooping down the slopes and burst over the ship in a suffocating storm. Pleasant it is to jump below out of one of these devil's gusts into the cheery glow of the cabin stove, where the skipper sits braced in a chair, looming dim in pipe smoke, absorbed in a newspaper, aged two months. The old man is taking it quietly now in the comparatively smooth water; only too well he knows what stretches before him.

Slowly the gale eases up, and the ship reaches across past the Le Maire Strait, that short but violent pass into the open water to the southward; and at length comes abreast of Cape St. John, and hauls up sharp on the wind, her bow pointing straight to the Antarctic. In another two hours the wild peaks of Staten Land sink into the mist; darkness seems to crawl up the heavens, and the voyagers float in solitude upon the ocean. Outside of the archipelago, exposed to the full strength of the swell, they first recognize the might of the Antarctic Drift. It is not always blowing hard in this region, but that wonderful procession of huge rollers never ceases its majestic march toward the east, for no obstacle presents itself to retard the eternal phalanx. All around the world swing these surges; now for a few hours in a glassy calm, now heaped up in those furious peaks, impelled by the power of a week-long westerly. After lying to behind the land until one of these "busters" exhausts itself, a ship on the open southern seas often encounters light winds for a couple of days or more, while just as the swell exhibits signs of weakness, the glass falls again with the alarming swiftness of the Southern Ocean regions, while lightning trembles on the crest of a storm cloud in the south. Woe to the skipper who, heedless of the electric warning, fails to shorten sail! It is an uncanny visitation, this shimmer of fire that borders the snow squall, and with the old Cape Horners it is a case of all hands aloft to get the canvas off her. Some gifted greenhorns scorn the weird caution and turn up in Port Stanley in a fortnight with a few tattered rags flapping from the stumps of their lower masts. But the prudent ship master has his vessel all snugged down ready to grapple the sou' wester.

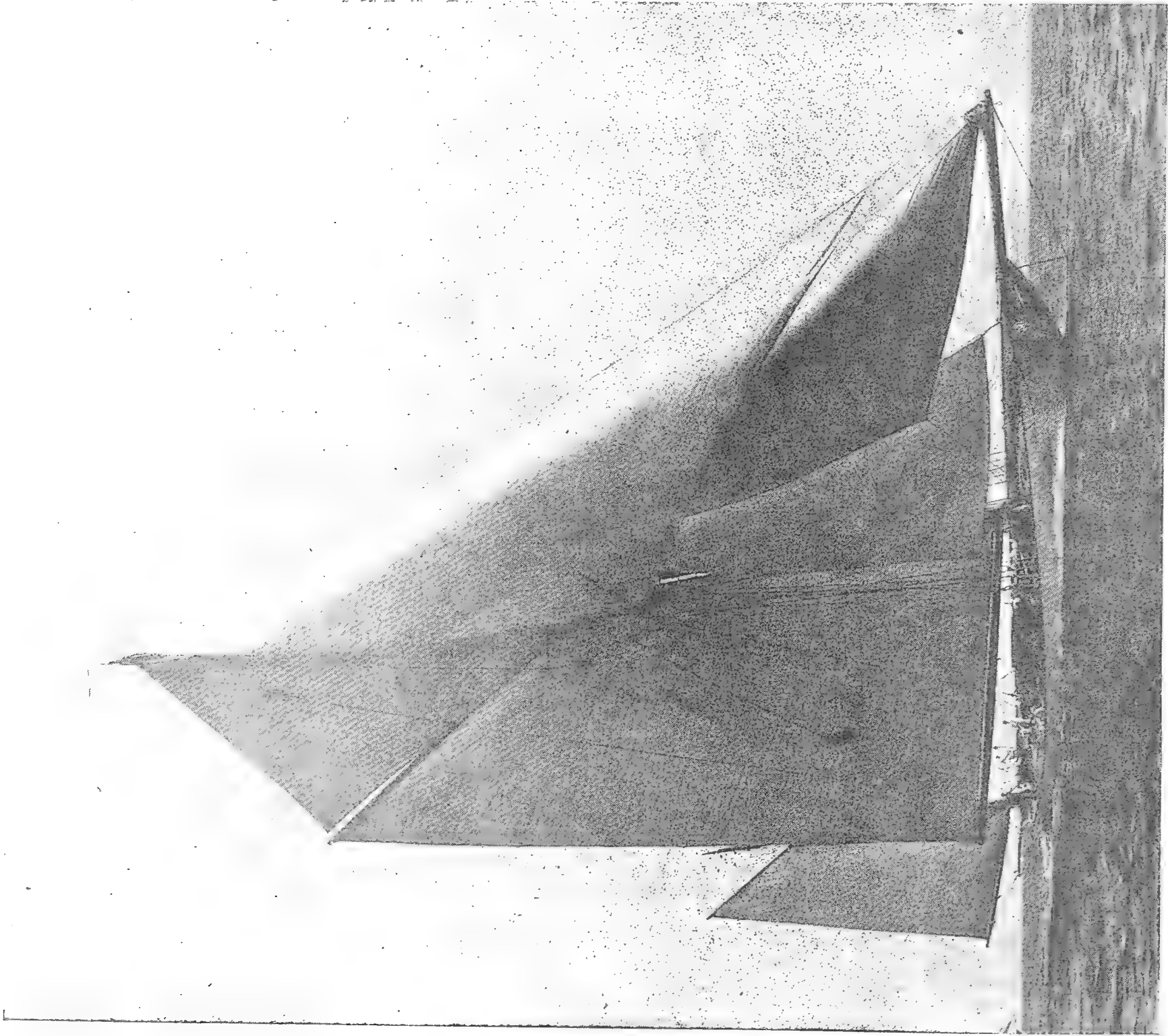
Higher, toward the zenith, sweeps the squall cloud, the boom of the wind fills the air, and the ocean whitens to froth. Deep down to leeward she heels, in spite of the bare yards, till the water flows over the lee rail dark and smooth. Further yet, in defiance of the four thou-

sand tons of cargo battened below, down lower and lower she cowers, while the sea rises to the hatch coamings, the lower yard arms seem to plunge vertically into the froth, and the weather side looms high overhead, an actual shelter for the moment from the clots of spume plucked from the ocean and dashed along with terrible energy. "Hard up your wheel! Weather crojick brace!" yells the skipper in the mate's ear, knowing that he'll lose what little sail he has on her if he doesn't get her before it. Grandly she pays off and heads away to the northward with wind and sea astern, till the first squall has whirled away, mocking, to leeward; then slowly she wears round, and finally comes up head to on the starboard tack with the wind at west-southwest, while the captain strips the canvas down to a lower main-topsail to steady her a little, with the peak of the spanker to hold her head up. Nothing is left unguarded that wisdom and caution can discern. Ahead of them are the heavy winter gales and darkness and stinging cold, and many a tight ship has passed over the Divide in the death strife. Inflexibly, though, these stern men turn their faces to the south, and with the relieving tackle on the tiller, stand by for the month of the tempests that will be theirs. All hands note the dark haze in the southwest, and then the first real breath of the storm booms steadily up, following the lull in the wake of the squall.

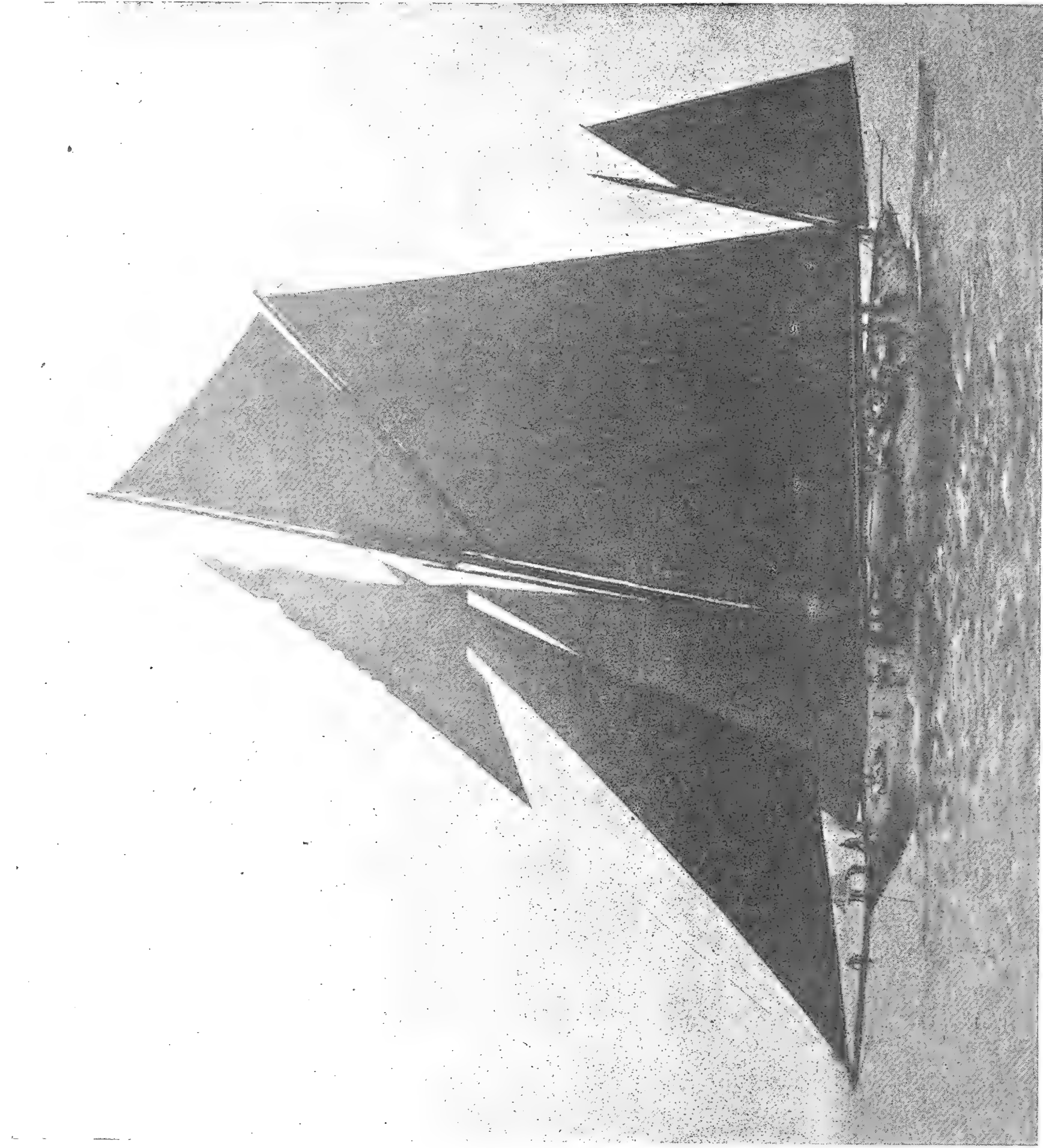
The next morning it is blowing what sailors call a heavy gale. The waters of the earth afford no other such spectacle. Foul weather the North Atlantic certainly does breed—hurricanes of shocking fury; but in the Southern Ocean the mariner battles with a sea so enormous that, like the Himalayas, the mind can scarce grasp its magnitude. The Westerlies seem to have no beginning, and no end, for no land disputes their unbroken sovereignty; nothing impedes them. Splendidly the seas soar aloft in white and gleaming ridges, with vast deeps between, where all is sheltered for an instant from the wrack of the storm. Down into these calm hollows drops the ship, her single strip of canvas momentarily becalmed; then high the following sea flings her, up where the hurricane beats upon her and stuns her with the shock of giant waters. Over to leeward she falls as she nears the awful crest, presenting for a moment to the gale a bold rampart of drenched copper, while the crash of breaking water overpowers the rush of the wind and hanks of rosy spume whirl through the empty shrouds. Follows the terrific weather, heave down the windward flank of the great roller, while the gale yells aloft, and the watch on deck clutch the shearpoles as she fills to the rail and the main deck vanishes under three hundred tons of furious brine, while the deck ports belch their torrents. Out of the frigid south rush the squalls, frightful and dark, blinding the hardest seaman with javelins of sleet. More frantic than ever, the storm roars over the South Atlantic, and more stupendous rise the seas, till they seem to swing through space itself, and the long plummy ridges sweep on, august and inscrutable. Nature's most violent energies seem to have burst asunder and creation to hover on the brink of primal confusion.

For days the ship lies hove to in this monstrous sea. Occasionally for a few hours, the wind lights up a trifle, backing into the northward; the ship comes up to a west-southwest course, and the skipper sets his three lower topsails and lets drop the foresail. Beautifully the ship responds to the press of the canvas and fights her way through the combers with two men at the wheel and the seas making a clean sweep over the fore-castle house. Heeled at a terrifying slope, her lee scuppers sunk under two feet of solid water, the watch on deck huddled under the weather poop rail, for the main deck is a hell of awful water, the range fire killed by a big sea that crushed the weather galley door, the skipper is driving her, till she opens in the bends; and the carpenter, having by superhuman effort reached the pumps, cries out that three feet are slapping around below. Never mind, though. The ship is looking up to her course and doing fully three knots in the hour. Anyway the donkey engine can keep her free enough. All hands smile grimly when the word is whispered that she is making good a west by south course. The skipper leaves the deck for a pot of coffee that bubbles on the cabin stove, and the lank faces of the seamen relax their hopeless stare as a slight thinning out of the muck overhead sheds a little true daylight across the barren scene. Visions of lower latitudes swim before them, and they growl to one another that, come next Sunday, they'll be to the northward of Cape Pillar anyway. Poor wretches! Pallid with anæmia and ill-nourishment, their wrists and necks raw with salt-water boils, chattering in soaked slop clothes, turning into foul, steeping bunks after four or eight hours in a piercing gale, eating grub that a gutter-fed dog would reject, these Heroes of the Sail find a moment or two in which to swap their homely jokes. "Who'd sell a farm and go to sea?" shouts a young Nova Scotian, jabbing with a knife an ugly sea boil on his arm and paling for a second with the pain. "Every damned bloody one of us," yells a pair of legs parceled and served with gunnysacks, to keep out the frost, hanging over an upper bunk. "Got a fair wind anyhow," says a hoary old bear. "Douse that lamp," as a faint show of dawn filters into the noisome den, "and we'll get a wink in this 'ere spell o' fine weather." In another minute the ten men below have forgotten their dreary fate, and have slept perhaps half an hour, when the mate thunders at the fore-castle door. "All hands shorten sail; Git that foresail in afore we lose it!" And out into the terrific southerly "buster" the men stumble, up to their knees in the icy water, while hail beats into their faces as they man the buntlines with a feeble and puny show of strength. Thus for weeks they wage their pigmy warfare against Nature's might, till a favoring gale out of the southeast pushes them up into the South Pacific, until the sun rends the cloudy pall and beams once more upon the ocean's dark blue floor, and a sound of great joy pervades the ship, now that the rigors of the southern winter are at last astern, and the old windjammer points her jibboom for the tropic's balm.

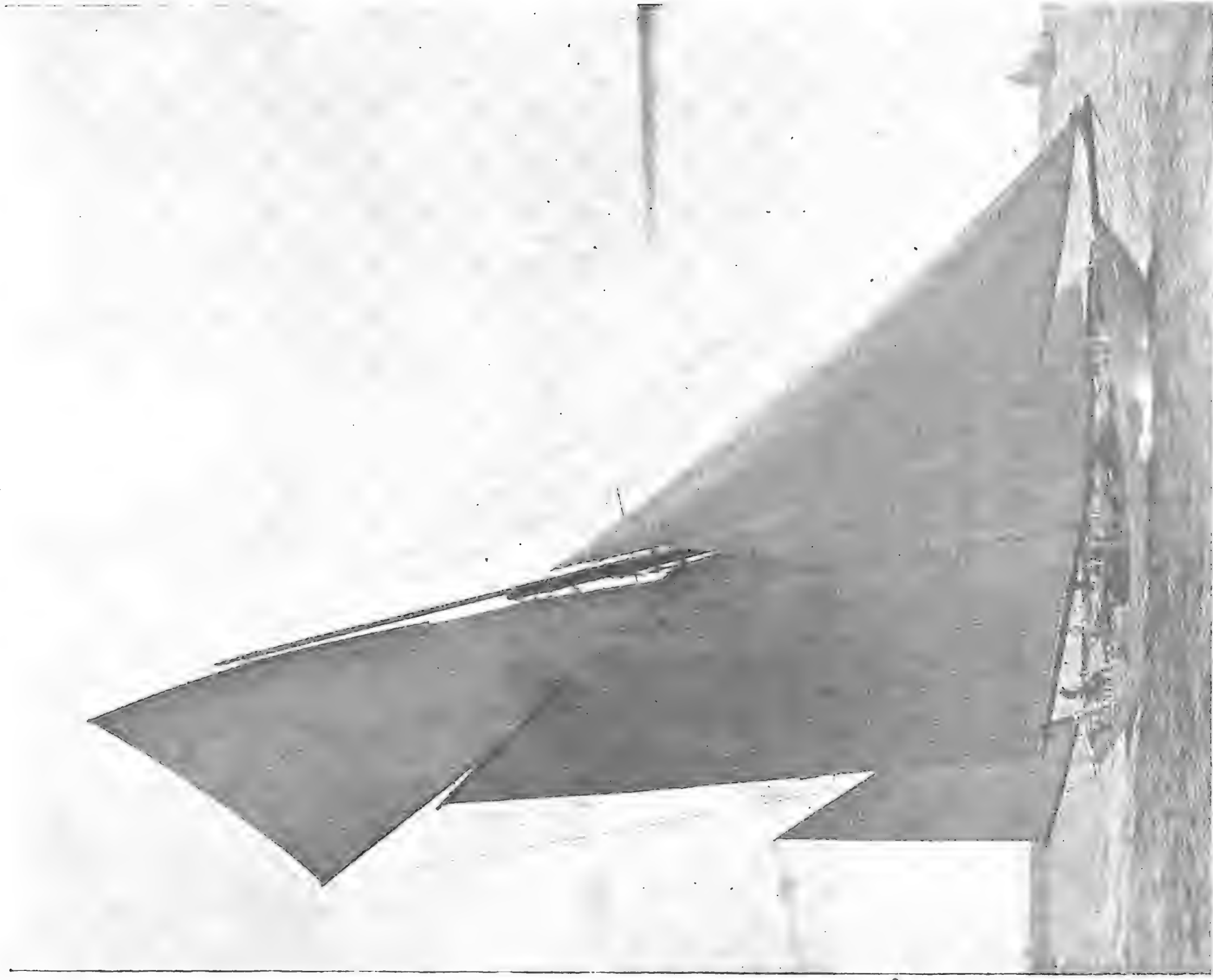
Mr. Prescott Hall Butler, a member of the New York Y. C., died on Dec. 16 at the age of fifty-five years.



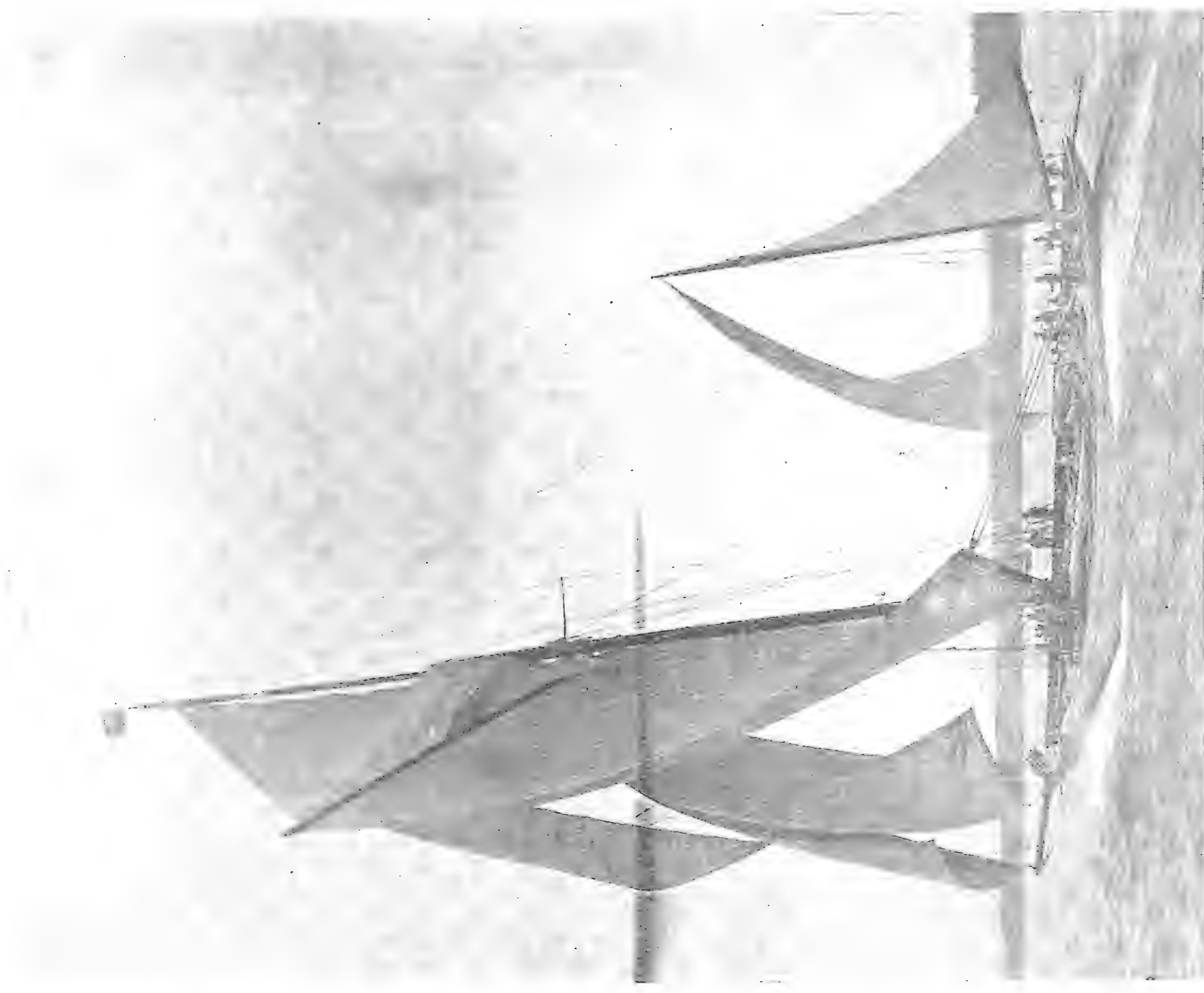
NAVAHOE.
Photo by James Burton, New York.



VIGILANT.
Photo by James Burton, New York.



AILSA IN AMERICAN WATERS.
Photo by James Burton, New York.



AILSA IN ENGLISH WATERS.
Photo by West & Son, Southsea.

Our Boston Letter.

BOSTON, Dec. 23.—This has been rather an uneventful week among eastern yachtsmen. Work in the yards is going along evenly, but with no great rush, although there is plenty of work on hand. At Lawley's the first signs of a rush are becoming apparent. The 46ft. schooner for W. S. Eaton, Jr., is about completed. The 17-footer has been finished, and has been hauled out of the shop. With the 46-footer out of the shop, the whole space will be left for new orders. The 30ft. cruiser for Mr. Bancroft C. Davis has been started. The keel of the 104ft. steam yacht for Philadelphia parties has been set up, and most of the frames are set up. Arnold Lawson's 46ft. schooner has been laid down and the molds are being made. Lawley has an order for a 50ft. launch for Yale College. It is said that the order is from Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and that he is going to present the launch to the Athletic Committee of the college. The English cutter Senta has been overhauled on the railway and some alterations have been made. Alterations are being made on the ketch Mercedes, owned by Com. Benjamin P. Cheney, of the Boston Y. C. This yacht was built for cruising in southern waters, and her underbody has been coppered ever since she was built. This copper is now being taken off and it is intended to replace any of the planking which may have become soaked, by new wood. The wood is, however, in a remarkably good state of preservation, and it is not expected that many planks will have to be ripped out.

I have been informed by a member of the Boston Y. C. that the proposed scheme of absorbing the membership of the Burgess Y. C. is going to materialize. Some time ago a committee was appointed by the Boston Y. C. to thoroughly consider the matter, and was given full power to act for the club. The consequence is that an invitation has been extended to the Burgess Y. C. to absorb the membership of that body in the Boston Y. C. At a meeting of the Burgess Y. C., to be held Friday evening, it is expected that the invitation will be accepted. It has been said that some objection to the scheme has been made by members of the Boston Y. C., but my informant tells me that the objectors are very few, and that the deal will certainly be put through. To the majority of the yachtsmen it seems that the absorbing of the Burgess Y. C. by the Boston Y. C. will be of advantage to both. In the first place, the Boston Y. C. is getting rid of a quantity of opposition and competition in its racing events which would certainly follow if two clubs were to be located on the same side of Marblehead harbor. The men who are now members of the Burgess Y. C. will be benefited in a like manner, for while it means the disbanding of the Burgess Y. C. its members will enjoy the greater protection and advantages possessed by the larger and more powerful club. The Boston Y. C. will be further benefited by the addition of several keen racing men to its membership, and also by the enrollment of several racing yachts.

Small Bros. have been commissioned to design rather a novel cruising schooner for Dr. W. E. Hibbard, of Providence. She will be 25ft. on the waterline, 40ft. over all, 11ft. beam and 4ft. 6in. draft. She will be of the centerboard type, and, as is the case with most modern cruising yachts, the centerboard will house under the cabin floor. She will carry 4,500 pounds of lead on her keel, and will have, in her lower working sails, about 1,000 square feet. She will have pole masts, upon each of which can be swung a fair sized topsail. Dr. Hibbard takes as much pleasure from setting and taking in light sails as he does in sailing his boat, and it is likely that many experiments will be made.

Dr. Hibbard is fond of experimenting with cruising yachts, and in the lay-out of this new one has made a radical departure from staid practice. Her lines are easy, and her sections are carried out very full, as is necessary in getting the room which is desired for cruising; but the accommodations below decks are greater than is usually seen in a 25-footer. It is not that there is so much space under the deck that this boat is different from others, but it is in the manner in which the space has been cut up. Through the companionway the main cabin is entered. This takes up the full beam of the boat. There is a berth on each side, running the full length of the cabin, and 3ft. 6in. wide, with space for stowing underneath. At the after part of the cabin there are two full-length hanging closets. Forward of the main cabin, on the starboard side, is the owner's stateroom, with a berth, clothes closet and bureau. The room is 6ft. long and 6ft. 3in. wide. The berth is 2ft. 9in. wide, but is arranged to extend out to full width. Opposite the stateroom, on the port side, is a toilet room, back of which is a good-sized water tank. A door leads into the galley, which is quite roomy and contains all conveniences for cruising. On the port side is a china closet and two smaller closets, a sink and a stove. On the starboard side is quite a roomy ice-chest. There is a swinging berth on the port side forward, while the remainder of the forward space is given up to the stowing of sails, anchor gear, etc. This seems truly to be a remarkable amount of accommodation for a 25-footer, but it is a feature that has been noticed on all of Small Brothers' cruising designs. They have a faculty of getting the greatest amount of accommodation on a given length.

I heard that much-talked-of Seawanhaka rating rule commended last week. Crowninshield is designing some 30-raters under the rule and it would certainly seem that the best means of ascertaining the value of any such measure is to go right up against it in turning out lines for a boat. Crowninshield says that in his opinion the rule is a good one and is calculated to prevent the construction of freak yachts.

Starling Burgess has had his mind full of large vessels for the past week or two. Since receiving his order for a six-master he has been looking about for comparisons. Last week he took a trip on the Wells.

It is expected that the work of construction will soon be commenced, at Lawley's, on the 60-rater designed by Gardner and Cox for Mr. Henry F. Lippitt. There is a model at the office, and those who have looked it over have been pleased with the lines.

JOHN B. KILLEEN.

All communications intended for FOREST AND STREAM should always be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Ailsa, Vigilant and Navahoe.

THE importation of Ailsa and the rigging of Vigilant and Navahoe as yawls brought three boats together in a class that proved to be one of the most interesting of the season, and splendid racing was the result. Ailsa with her heavy weights and comparative small rig did not show to very good advantage in light weather with Vigilant and Navahoe, but in a breeze and a sea she more than outclassed both these boats. In looks Ailsa is a typical Fife boat, and her beauty and shippy appearance was very generally commented upon, and won for her many admirers. When Vigilant and Navahoe ranged alongside Ailsa their ugliness was accentuated, and plainly showed how far ahead the Farlie designer is in the matter of beauty and form.

Navahoe made a very good showing in the racing—far better than was expected.

The annual regatta of the New York Y. C. brought Vigilant and Ailsa together for the first time. The race was sailed in a fresh breeze, and Vigilant was without her centerboard. Ailsa won by 5m. 10s. Vigilant beat Ailsa in a light breeze in the Glen Cove cup races by 3m. 5s. The next event in which these boats met was at Oyster Bay, where the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. held three days' racing. Vigilant won all three. Light and fluky breezes prevailed on all three days. Vigilant beat Ailsa by 14m. 36s. at Larchmont on the Fourth of July. On July 20 at Larchmont Ailsa got in a flat spot and withdrew, and Vigilant finished alone.

Navahoe, Vigilant and Ailsa started in the race for the Commodore's cup on the first day of the New York Y. C.'s cruise, but they had to meet the other sloops and were beaten. In this race Navahoe beat Vigilant 2s. and Ailsa 2m. 31s. Running in light weather to Morris Cove, Navahoe beat Ailsa 3m. 56s. and Vigilant 10m. 40s. To New London Navahoe won again, beating Ailsa 2m. 22s. and Vigilant 2m. 59s. Vigilant won the run to Newport, beating Navahoe 1m. 50s. and the Ailsa 48m. 7s. From Vineyard Haven to Newport Navahoe and Vigilant both finished ahead of Ailsa, but were disqualified for fouling the committee boat at the start, and Ailsa won the race. Navahoe started in the Astor cup race, but was beaten by Columbia 39m. 5s. She won a special cup in this race offered for yawls to sail for.

In the races held under the auspices of the Newport Y. R. A., Vigilant won on Aug. 1, beating Navahoe and Ailsa. In the next match, which was sailed in a strong wind, Ailsa won, beating Vigilant 5m. 23s. On Aug. 10 all three boats again met in a fresh breeze. Ailsa was disabled and Vigilant beat Navahoe 1m. 19s. In a light breeze two days later Navahoe beat Ailsa 22m. 21s. and Vigilant 26m. 8s. Sixteen races were sailed by the yawls, and Vigilant and Ailsa met in each race. Vigilant won altogether nine first prizes and Ailsa only three. These two yachts met alone in seven races, and of these Ailsa won once. The three yawls met in nine races. Navahoe won four first and three seconds, Vigilant three firsts and two seconds, and Ailsa two firsts and three seconds. Navahoe got one sail over.

Canada Cup Races Postponed to 1903.

OWING to the chaotic state that the measurement rules on the Great Lakes are now in, the Royal Canadian Y. C. and the Rochester Y. C. have mutually agreed to postpone the races for the Canada's cup until 1903. By that time it is hoped that the measurement question will be definitely settled. This decision was arrived at when it was found that even if the measurement rules were adopted within a short time, it would be hardly possible for designers to get out plans and have boats built and gotten in shape in time for the races. The following are the letters that have passed between the Royal Canadian Y. C. and the Rochester Y. C.:

TORONTO, Dec. 18, 1901.—The Secretary, Rochester Y. C., Rochester, N. Y. Dear Sir: With reference to our letter of Sept. 12 ult., accepting a challenge of the Rochester Y. C. for a race to be sailed next summer for the Canada's Cup, I am directed by the Sailing Committee to respectfully request that the Rochester Y. C. agree to postpone this race until the year 1903; the reason for the request being that no decision has been arrived at by the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes in the matter of sailing rules, and it may be inferred by the indications thus far shown that the rules will not be agreed on in time to permit of the building of new boats. I am also directed to request the favor of an early reply. Yours faithfully,

F. J. RICARDE-SEEVER, Hon. Sec'y.
ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1901.—Mr. F. J. Ricarde-Seever, Honorary Secretary, Royal Canadian Y. C., Toronto, Canada. Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., requesting the postponement of the Canada's cup race until the year 1903. This matter was taken up at a meeting of the Rochester Y. C. held on the 19th day of this month, and a resolution was passed granting your request to postpone this race for the reasons mentioned in your letter. Very respectfully yours,
GEORGE P. CULP, Cor. Sec'y.

Yacht Club Notes.

At the annual meeting of the Morris Y. C., which was held at its winter quarters, East One Hundred and Sixty-fifth street, the following officers were elected: Com., George R. Moran; Vice-Com., George T. Isbell; Rear-Com., Aug. G. Miller; Sec'y, A. E. La Vergne; Treas., Louis Regal; Meas., C. Hyde; Directors (for three years), R. R. Kestlon and C. Meyer. The club has been strengthened during the past year by the addition of thirty-two new members, eight of whom were yacht owners.

The annual meeting of the Knickerbocker Y. C. was held at the Hotel Manhattan, New York City, on the evening of Dec. 18. The following officers were unanimously elected: Com., Edward F. Glover; Vice-Com., J. B. Palmer, M. D.; Rear-Com., Walter B. Beam; Treas., George H. Cooper; Sec'y, J. O. Sinkinson; Meas., John G. Honey; Fleet Surgeon, George D. Hamlen, M. D.; Board of Directors, F. E. Barnes, Rodman Sands, H. Stephenson, C. W. Schlesinger and Thomas Wilson. A motion was made to raise the annual dues from \$18 to \$24,

and after some discussion it was decided to lay the matter over until the regular monthly meeting, which will be held on the third Wednesday in January.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. Fred S. Nock, of West Mystic, Conn., has made the following sales: Raceabout Flying Fish for Mr. William H. Thurber, of Providence, R. I., to Mr. John R. Brophy, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; knockabout Eituf for Mr. O. P. Colloque, of New York city, to Mr. William H. Thurber, of Providence, R. I. Messrs. McCreery & Darach, of Mystic, have contracted to build a 35ft. by 10ft. beam hunting launch for James F. Torrence, of Derby, Conn. The cabin will be 12ft. long and have full headroom, and will be fitted for comfort and convenience. The motive power will be two of the latest models of Lathrop's motors, and twin screws. The design was made by Mr. Fred S. Nock, who also has been commissioned to design a 45ft. speed launch for New York parties. She will be equipped with two motors of 12 horse-power each. Mr. Nock is at work on the design of a 55ft. cabin launch for Mr. W. W. Benson, of Chicago. Building from his own designs is a 35ft. open speed launch, a 30ft. open launch and ten one-design 22ft. launches.

The Gas Engine and Power Company and Charles L. Seabury & Co. are building from their own designs a knockabout for Mr. H. H. Rogers, Jr., whose father owns the steam yacht Kanawha. She will be a centerboard boat 24ft. on the waterline, 35ft. over all, 10ft. 6in. in beam. The boat is intended for day sailing only, and will have a flush deck.

Thomas Fearon, of Yonkers, has built from his own designs a speed launch for Com. David Banks, Atlantic Y. C. The boat is 22ft. long, 4ft. 8in. beam and 3ft. 9in. deep.

On Dec. 21 there was launched at Mr. Lewis Nixon's Crescent Shipyards at Elizabethport, N. J., a steam yacht for Mr. Andrew Carnegie. The yacht was named Skibo. She is 82ft. over all, 12ft. beam and 7ft. draft. The yacht is equipped with engine of 300 horse-power, and it is expected that she will develop a speed of sixteen knots.

Mr. L. D. Huntington, of New Rochelle, is building from his own designs a cruising yawl for Mr. Frank Maier. She will be 35ft. over all, 28ft. on the waterline, 11ft. 2in. beam and 4ft. 10in. draft. There will be 4,400lbs. of iron on the keel. The boat is intended solely for cruising in rough water. The overhangs are short and the midship section shows a boat of considerable bulk and power, with a very sharp floor. The cabin house is quite narrow, leaving ample deck room on either side. There is 5ft. 9in. headroom under the cabin trunk. On either side of the cabin there will be two 6ft. berths. Forward on the starboard side is the toilet room, and opposite on the port side is the galley. The keel and frames are of oak, and she will be planked with yellow pine. The finish on deck will be of mahogany. The cabin trim is of mahogany and cypress.

Messrs. Swasey, Raymond & Page, naval architects, have opened an office in the Colonial Building, Boston, Mass. These gentlemen are all graduates of the Institute of Technology in Boston, and have had wide experience in the designing and constructing of commercial vessels and yachts. The firm opened its first offices in Philadelphia, and for several years made a specialty of designing pleasure craft. Some time ago they secured control of the Taunton Yacht Works, where a number of vessels were built under their supervision.

MacConnell Bros., of Boston, have sold the following yachts: 21-footer Harriet, champion 1900, to Frank N. Neal, of Boston; Privateer, to Com. James R. Hodder, of the Winthrop Y. C.; the 21-footer Starling to Walter S. Schultz, of Hartford, Conn.; 40ft. launch, Wild Duck, to Woodbury & Leighton, of Boston; sloop Rialto, to Samuel E. Hathaway, of Boston; Neonym, to H. A. Andrews, of Dorchester; Wasp, to Boston parties; schooner Nautilus to D. Tyrrell, of Chelsea, and 35-footer Bon Ami to Z. B. Davis, of New Bedford.

Trapshooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send a notice like the following:

Fixtures.

Dec. 25.—Tunkhannock, Pa.—All-day tournament of the Tunkhannock Gun Club. Spencer D. Reed, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Haverhill, Mass.—Haverhill Gun Club's all-day Christmas shoot. S. C. Miller, Sec'y.
Dec. 25.—Mount Kisco, N. Y.—Christmas Day shoot of the Mount Kisco Gun Club. Mr. A. Betti, Capt.
Dec. 27.—Cincinnati, O.—Annual live-bird championship shoot of the Cincinnati Gun Club.
Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club target shoot, every Saturday afternoon.
Chicago, Ill.—Garfield Gun Club's live-bird trophy shoots, first and third Saturdays of each month. Grounds, West Monroe street and Fifty-second avenue. Dr. J. W. Meek, Sec'y.

CONTESTS AT INTERSTATE PARK.

Dec. 25.—Interstate Park.—Interstate Park trophy, 15 targets; Christmas Day Handicap, 25 targets; fourth shoot for December cup; Christmas Day Cup, 25 targets; Metropolitan Individual Championship; Continuous match.
Interstate Park, Queens, L. I.—Two miles beyond Jamaica, on L. I. R. R. Trains direct to grounds. Completely appointed shooting grounds always ready for matches, club shoots or private practice. Café and hotel accommodations.

1902.

Jan. 1.—Newark, N. J.—South Side Gun Club's New Year's shoot.
Jan. 1.—Towanda, Pa.—New Year's tournament of the Towanda Gun Club. Live birds and targets. W. F. Dittich, Sec'y.
Jan. 1.—Sistersville, W. Va.—Sistersville Gun Club's shoot. Ed. O. Bower, Sec'y.

The Hazard Powder Company reserves the privilege of changing the above conditions at any time when in their opinion circumstances may require changes.

ON LONG ISLAND.

Sheepshead Bay Rod and Gun Club.

Sheepshead Bay, L. I., Dec. 19.—Mr. A. Bush was victor in the club event. He and Mr. G. Morris tied on straight scores. In the shoot-off Mr. Bush killed 9 straight and won. The conditions were unfavorable for good shooting. The scores follow:

J. McKane, 23.....022222-6	Theo Storm, 23.....2210211-6
W. Van Pelt, 27.....2110222-6	Dr. Wood, 25.....*101001-3
J. Pillion, 28.....2012200-4	A. Busch, 23.....1211122-7
Ed. Voorhies, 25.....0001120-3	R. Smith, 25.....0112022-5
J. Lubcke, 23.....2222200-5	G. Morris, 26.....2222222-7
B. Brown, 23.....1210022-5	H. Montanus, 26.....22*2222-6
D. J. Heffner, 26.....1111210-6	M. Rauscher, 25.....010200*-2
F. Lundy, 25.....2219120-5	J. Tabor, 23.....2001112-5
H. Koch, 26.....1*1211-5	

Shoot-off, miss-and-out:

A. Busch.....211222112	G. Morris.....222222220
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New Utrecht Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 21.—The wind was right-quarterming. stiff most of the time, so that a number of birds, hard hit, were carried out of bounds. The birds were a good, fast lot:

Event No. 1, 10 birds, for monthly average:

R. W. Haff.....121*0*2121-7	*J. P. Bruyere.....212212*221-9
F. D. Creamer.....2222222*2-9	

Event No. 2, 7 birds, for prize. J. H. Jack won first prize, a bronze buffalo; H. Edey second, a bronze bear:

J. H. Jack, 29.....2222222-7	W. F. Sykes, 29.....2*220*-3
F. D. Creamer, 28.....2212221-7	W. L. Losse, 28.....222112*-6
R. W. Haff, 28.....1122211-7	*Magoun, 28.....*02*22-2
H. Edey, 28.....2222222-7	

Shoot-off:

F. D. Creamer, 28.....02*	H. Edey, 28.....021
R. W. Haff, 28.....*1*	

Event No. 3, 7 birds, for prize. H. Edey won first, F. D. Creamer second. The ties in this event were shot off in No. 4:

J. H. Jack, 29.....20w	C. A. Ramapo, 28.....2222222-7
R. W. Haff, 28.....22111*w	W. L. Losse, 28.....222220w
F. D. Creamer, 28.....112112-7	*Magoun, 28.....*2022*-4
H. Edey, 28.....2211122-7	

Shoot-off:

F. D. Creamer, 28.....2222112222	C. A. Ramapo, 28.....221221122*
H. Edey, 28.....2122222122	

Event No. 4, 7 birds, for prize. Ramapo won first, F. D. Creamer second. First prize, bamboo rod; second, shell case:

J. H. Jack, 29.....220w	H. Edey, 28.....2222121-7
R. W. Haff, 28.....1122112-7	C. A. Ramapo, 28.....1112221-7
F. D. Creamer, 28.....1221111-7	

Shoot-off:

R. W. Haff, 28.....220	H. Edey, 28.....12120
F. D. Creamer, 28.....222220	C. A. Ramapo, 28.....112212

*Guests.

Crescent Athletic Club.

Bay Ridge, L. I., Dec. 21.—There was a lot of active competition at the shoot of the Crescent Athletic Club to-day. The December cup was practically decided, Dr. J. J. Keyes scoring the limit. His two previous scores were 50 and 49. Mr. F. E. Mendes also scored 50. On Christmas Day there will be an all-day shoot. The handicaps, scores and handicaps added thereto are given in the three columns of figures. The scores:

December cup, 50 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

	First 25.	Second 25.	Grand
Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.	Hdcp. Brk. Total.	
Dr. Keyes.....	4 21 25	4 23 25	50
F. E. Mendes.....	12 14 25	12 14 25	50
L. M. Palmer, Jr.....	5 18 23	5 20 25	48
H. M. Brigham.....	0 22 22	0 24 24	46
W. B. Marshall.....	6 14 20	6 19 25	45
H. B. Vanderveer.....	5 14 19	5 18 23	42
F. A. Bedford.....	10 12 22	10 9 19	41
M. Borland.....	7 11 18	7 13 20	38

Team shoot for Sykes cup, 25 targets, expert traps, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	Hdcp. Broke. Total.
F. Stephenson.....1 23 24	H. Brigham.....0 21 21
G. Stephenson, Jr.....2 23 25-49	Dr. Keyes.....2 21 23-44
W. Marshall.....6 15 21	
L. Palmer, Jr.....5 21 25-46	

Shoot for trophy, 15 targets, handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	Hdcp. Broke. Total.
Marshall.....4 11 15	Hopkins.....3 9 12
McConville.....5 12 15	Vanderveer.....3 9 12
Meyer.....7 8 15	Brigham.....0 11 11
Keyes.....2 13 15	Mendes.....0 5 11
Palmer.....3 11 14	Borland.....4 6 10
G. Stephenson, Jr.....13 14	Bedford.....6 3 9
F. Stephenson.....0 13 13	

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	Hdcp. Broke. Total.
Marshall.....4 11 15	Meyer.....7 7 14
McConville.....5 12 15	Keyes.....2 12 14

Shoot-off, same conditions:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	Hdcp. Broke. Total.
Marshall.....4 10 14	McConville.....5 8 13

Trophy, 15 targets, expert traps; handicap allowances added:

Hdcp. Broke. Total.	Hdcp. Broke. Total.
Mendes.....5 10 15	F. Stephenson.....12 12 12
G. Stephenson, Jr.....12 13	Vanderveer.....3 9 12
Marshall.....4 9 13	Hopkins.....3 9 12
McConville.....5 8 13	Bedford.....6 4 10
Brigham.....0 12 12	

Sweepstakes, 10 targets: Brigham 9, F. B. Stephenson 7, G. Stephenson, Jr., 7, Bedford 6.

Sweepstake, same conditions: G. Stephenson, Jr., 10, Brigham 9, Vanderveer 8, F. B. Stephenson 7, Marshall 7, Mendes 5, Hopkins 4, Bedford 2.

Sweepstake, 15 targets: Brigham 12, G. Stephenson, Jr., 11, F. B. Stephenson 10, Mendes 10, Bedford 8, Hopkins 7, Borland 5.

Match, 25 targets: Brigham 23, G. Stephenson, Jr., 22.

Sweepstake, 15 targets, F. B. Stephenson 9, G. Stephenson, Jr., 9, Hopkins 7.

Sweepstake, 25 targets: Brigham 22, G. Stephenson, Jr., 20, McConville 17, Meyer 13, Bedford 10, Chapman 10.

Jeannette Gun Club.

Interstate Park, L. I., Dec. 21.—There was a good attendance of members. The day was a fine wintry one, clear, cool and bracing. Some extra sweeps and matches were shot in addition to the club event, and these were won by Messrs. Pape, Thysen, Lott and Steffens. Mr. W. P. Fessenden acted as referee. Job Lott won Class A, Schmidt Class B:

F. Ehlen, 28.....020202010-5	C. Peters, 28.....220202010-5
C. Meyer, 28.....0220111211-8	F. Kastens, 28.....2110111110-8
Job Lott, 20.....211222222-10	G. Greiff, 28.....1122212222-10
W. Rottman, 28.....2111222122-19	W. H. Sanders, 23.....2201110122-8
H. Pape, 28.....2212022020-7	Chris Meyer, 25.....2202221*2-8
C. Stephens, 30.....1222122122-10	H. Lohden, 25.....2120*11201-7
J. H. Kroeger, 28.....11112*1100-7	Wm. Rohls, 28.....2110131*11-8
C. Meyerdiercks, 28.....2211122210-9	C. Thysen, 25.....0903111102-6
J. Schmidt, 25.....0201111221-8	A. Schumacher, 25.....*011000000-2
J. Mohrman, 28.....20122110*1-7	

Miss-and-out, for Class A: Job Lott 15, C. Steffens 15, C. Meyer 2, H. Pape 1, G. Greiff 2.

Challenge medal, 15 birds:

Wm. Rohls, 28.....11211102*22220-13	
C. Meyerdiercks, 28.....2*11202001*0200-7	

Team race, six men on a side:

Greiff, Captain.....01202-3	Steffens, Captain.....22101-4
Kroeger.....21022-4	Meyer.....21221-5
Meyerdiercks.....21020-3	Mohrman.....0*11*-2
Kastens.....11*2-3	Pape.....2222-5
Ehlen.....22011-3	Peters.....21222-5
Schmidt.....02221-4-20	Sanders.....20012-3-24

Oceanic Rod and Gun Club.

Rockaway Park, L. I., Dec. 23.—The scores made at the shoot of the Oceanic Rod and Gun Club are appended. The day was pleasant and enjoyable:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25	Targets:	25	25	25	25	25	25
Westphal	23	23	..	20	20	..	Mull	14	14	13	13	13
Duke	18	25	14	16	20	Richmond	19	21
Harris	14	13	..	12	15	13	Johnson	22	23
Jones	16	14	10	15	..	16							

H. C. Hirschy Blue Ribbon Live Bird Trophy.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 14.—In spite of the extreme cold weather yesterday and to-day the scheduled events for yesterday and to-day took place as advertised. The H. C. Hirschy Blue Ribbon trophy, shot for yesterday at 30 below zero temperature, was won again by Mr. Hirschy. This makes three straight wins for Mr. Hirschy since a week ago to-day. He won the St. Paul Review cup last Sunday, the Hirschy cup Saturday, and the Review cup to-day. Mr. Hirschy is not only popular with his firm, the Hazard & Dupont Company, but with the shooters of the Northwest as well, who all are pleased to keep up his well-known reputation.

It was 20 below when the Review cup was shot for to-day. All stood at 30 yds. The scores:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1901, by Forest and Stream Pub. Co.

4 5 3 2 1 5 5 2 1 4 5 1 2 2 1 5 1 2 5 3 5 3 3 2 1	
Hirschy.....2 1 2	24
2 1 2 5 4 4 1 5 3 1 1 3 3 4 2 2 3 4 2 2 2 2 1 1 2	
Kid.....2 2	22
1 4 4 4 2 4 3 4 5 3 3 1 2 5 5 3 5 5 4 1 5 5 2 4 4	
Bull.....2 0 * 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 0 1 2 2 0 1 1 2	21
5 1 3 4 5 5 5 3 3 5 1 5 4 2 2 5 1	
French.....* 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 0 2 1 2 2 0 2w	
2 4 1 2 3 1 1 1 5 2 5 2 3 2 3 4 3 3 2 2 5 3 5 5	
McKay.....2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	22
1 1 5 4 5 4 3 5 1 1 3 4 5 1 4 2 3 4 5 5 3 4 4 2 2	
Morrison.....2 0 2 2 0 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	21
4 3 2 2 4 2 4 3 2 4 4 5 2 5 5 1 3 3 1 5 1 1 1 3 3	
Wilkinson.....1 2 * 0 2 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 2 1 2	22
2 5 5 3 5 3 5 4 3 4 3 5 3 4 1 3 5 1 4 5 5 4 2 2	
Kabu.....0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 * 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2	22

St. Paul Review cup:

2 3 1 2 5 2 3 5 2 5 3 1 4 1 1 5 5 2 4 1 4 3 3 1 4	
Hirschy, 30.....1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2	24
3 4 2 3 3 1 3 2 2 3 2 3 2 2 4 3 1 4 3 4 5 1 2 2	
Bull, 50.....2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2	24
1 2 2 5 3 5 4 3 1 2 4 1 1 3 2 4 5 5 1 4 4 4 3 4	
Morrison, 30.....2 1 2 * 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 1 2 2 2	23
3 1 4 1 5 2 1 2 1 5 3 2 4 5 1 1 3 3 3 3 5 2 4 4 5	
Perry, 27.....2 2 1 1 1 2 0 0 * 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1	22
5 5 4 4 4 3 2 5 2 4 3 1 5 5 2 5 5 1 5 2 1 4 5 1 2	
Gill, 27.....2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 0 1 1 1 2 0 2	22

Shoot-off of tie:

3 1 3 4 2	2 2 2 2
Hirschy.....2 2 2 2 2	Bull.....0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 *
	Bob.

In Matter of Handicaps.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As none of the schemes devised so far for handicapping trapshooters are perfect and satisfactory in all respects, we give you a new one, which, if properly carried out, would place the shooters of different degrees of skill on equal footing, and we trust that this article will be carefully read to the end without prejudice, then please form and express your opinions on its merits.

Have the events, say, 20 targets, and class the shooters from 12 to 20, the amateur novice who cannot break an average of 60 per cent. of his birds place in the 12 class, and the amateur who is a 60 per cent. man place in the 13 class, and so on up to the expert professional, who should be placed in the 20 class. All the shooters to stand at 16 yds. scratch and shoot at 20 targets each, and rank as they break the percentage in their class. For instance, if a shooter in the 12 class breaks 12 targets or over, he would score 100 per cent. If he breaks only 11, dividing 11 by 12 would give him a score of .9166 per cent. If a person in the 20 class broke 20, he would score 100 per cent., but if he dropped a bird and got only 19, he would score 95 per cent., etc.

Dividing the number broken by his class number gives the shooter his score.

Make the division of moneys high guns; two moneys to every five entries.

To get the shooter's standing have a record of his scores for the past six months, obtained from the secretary of the club to which he belongs, kept with the secretary of the Interstate Association. It would greatly help on gun club matters to have, say, three gun club alliances formed, the Eastern Alliance taking in all the Eastern clubs, with head office in New York; the Western Alliance have a head center in Chicago, and a Southwestern one, with headquarters in St. Louis. Alliance rules, same as Interstate, to govern all trapshooting contests, and the executive committee of the Alliance to have the power to change any shooter's class standing, and also the power to punish any shooter convicted of violating its rules.

Below we give the scores made under this system. The names followed by the class that they are in, then the number of targets broken and their percentage:

Event No. 1, 20 targets:	Class.	Broke.	Percentage.
Heikes.....	20	20	100
Roy.....	20	19	.95
Fan.....	20	18	.90
Mine.....	19	18	.9473
Wells.....	18	17	.9444
Jones.....	17	16	.9411
Greenwood.....	16	17	100
Selby.....	14	13	.928
Soule.....	13	12	.923
Jack.....	12	11	.916

The winners are Heikes, Greenwood, Roy and Mine. If a shooter makes or breaks over his class number he cannot score but 100 per cent.

The shooters should be classed slightly above their general average. A good safe 70 per cent. man should be placed in the 15 class, etc. This system places all trap shots at the same distance from the traps, and gives professionals and amateurs alike an equal chance to get into the money, and gives the bookkeeper but little more work. There may be a little kicking in classing the shooters, but the committee, with the assistance of the secretaries of the different clubs, can easily place the shooters where they belong.

Do not fall into the error of imagining that this system gives the same results as in a handicap event, where broken birds are given

to the weaker shooter. In a handicap where broken birds are given, A, a 20 class man, competing against B, a 12 class shooter, B would get 8 broken targets, and if he broke 11 and A dropped one, they would tie on 19, while, if competing under my new system, A would win, as he should score 95, and B only .9166. In this system, unless where straight scores are made, ties rarely occur; for, excepting on a straight score, it is impossible for those in classes of odd numbers to tie, and in even and odd numbered classes, only the 18 and 12 can tie with the 15 class, and then in only three instances—in the 100, .666 and .333 per centages—and in those classes of even numbers, there will seldom be a tie, excepting, as we have before stated, where full scores of 100 are made.

N. P. LEACH.

WESTERN TRAPS.

Audubon Gun Club.

WATSON'S PARK, Burnside Crossing, Ill., Dec. 21.—The club medal shoot was the one of main interest. The day was clear and cold, with an incoming wind. The bright sunshine on the snow made difficult shooting. On Dec. 28 the Nonpareil Gun Club holds its monthly shoot on this ground:

J. H. Amberg, 1.....0211102221012111	—13
Jim Crow, 3.....11211111*10111010	—14
Col. Felton, 3.....2111221202021201*	—13

Mr. Crow winning to-day left Amberg and Felton tied for the first and second money, each winning five times. In shoot-off Amberg won first and Felton second:

Amberg, 1.....0022212222122222	—14
Felton, 3.....1001120012111110	—12

IN NEW JERSEY.

Trap at Lake Denmark.

Lake Denmark, N. J., Dec. 17.—A team race was shot here to-day between Miss Annie Oakley and Mr. T. W. Morfe on one side, and Messrs. Frank Class and G. H. Cook on the other. The feature of the race was Miss Oakley's shooting. She scored 23 out of 25 from the 25 yd. mark. Morfe, her partner, scored 22. Their joint total was 45 out of 50. Class and Cook scored 36. The birds were of an excellent character. Miss Oakley's load was 42grs. "New Schultze" in U. M. C. Smokeless shell, with 1 1/2 oz. of No. 7 chilled. Her gun was a Parker, weighing 7 1/2 lbs. C. J. Als was referee. The official scorer was E. J. Ketrick. The scores follow:

Annie Oakley, 28.....22111120112122222012121-23	
T. W. Morfe, 30.....2222200212221222222022-22-45	
C. H. Cook, 28.....222200321122022220022202-18	
F. Class, 30.....022220221222 020220011222-18-36	

Ossining Gun Club.

OSSINING, N. Y., Dec. 21.—The feature of the shooting on the grounds of the Ossining Gun Club to-day was a distance handicap three-man live-bird race between W. P. Hall, Danbury Brandreth and C. G. Blandford; the president of the club, Mr. Franklin Brandreth also shot along in the race, for birds only. Blandford was favored in drawing some easy birds, which enabled him to finish in first place. A strong northwest wind made many of the birds quarter to the right. The referee, Mr



